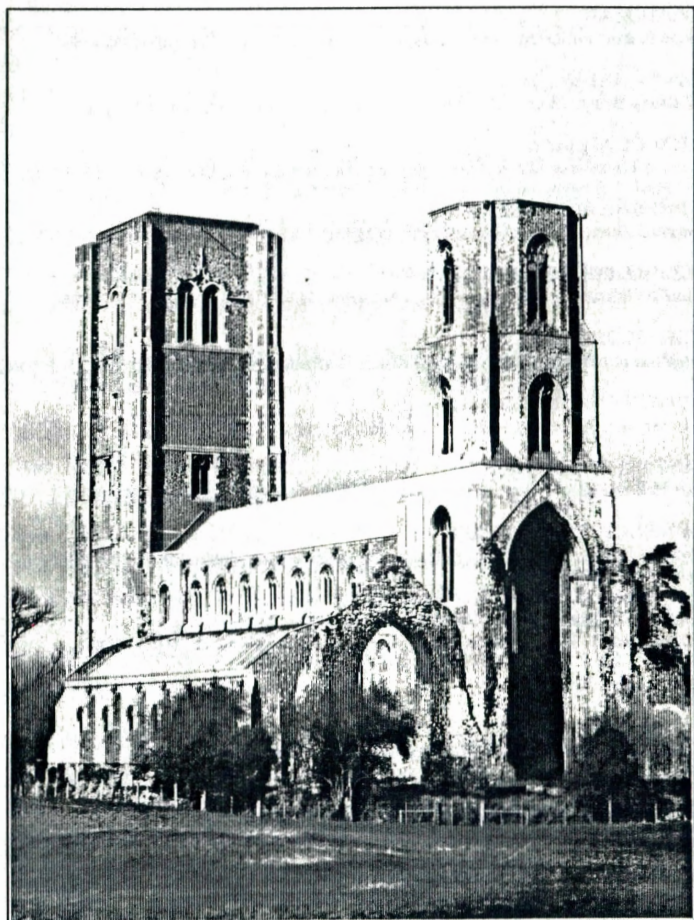


THE NGO JOURNAL

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Dear Members,

By the time you receive this copy of the Journal, the AGM may be history, or history in the making, and we shall be embarking on another Guild year. For me, the past year has been most enjoyable and I know you will want to join me in thanking your Committee for all the hard work, which has provided us with such an interesting programme.

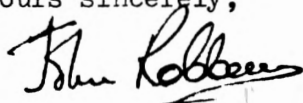
Thanks also to many members who have so readily given their services in a variety of ways.

Special thanks to Chairman Jane, who, at short notice, so competently filled the 'Vacant Chair' with her usual charm and efficiency.

I must say a word about 'Classic FM'. In my opinion, it is doing a first class job despite some initial teething problems. It's popularity is evidenced by the large number of unsolicited compliments passed in over the air. I think it has made the B.B.C. sit up and take stock, which can't be a bad thing. There's an old saying about 'taking a horse to water'.

My very best wishes to you all, and whatever befall, may you find the greatest of joy and consolation in your music.

Yours sincerely,



President.

The Editor writes...

This edition has one or two strong Yorkshire connections. I am most grateful to Dr. Francis Jackson who responded most promptly to my request for an article from him. Whilst being retired, Dr. Jackson is still a very busy man.

I have several recollections of Dr. Jackson from my days in Middlesbrough where he gave the opening recital on the rebuilt Forster and Andrews organ in the church where I was organist. One of the less happy ones was of my taking my A.R.C.O. practical in the Barony Church in Glasgow where the examiners were Dr. Jackson and 'Bill' Lloyd-Webber. I failed!...but blamed it all on the freezing conditions in that building in January, having trudged through the snow to get there. One's breath formed a white cloud as it left the mouth and the two examiners sat, way down in the body of this barn of a building, huddled in overcoats, scarves and gloves. The organloft at a greater altitude was a very chill place indeed and fingers froze as they came into contact with the keys.

The cold apart, what had I done wrong? I decided to get it from the horse's mouth and wrote to Dr. Jackson requesting a lesson. It was duly arranged and on a somewhat warmer day I drove down to York and was admitted to the upper room in Minster Court where I was invited to sit at Dr. Jackson's practise pipe organ.

I played him my two examination pieces; a Prelude in C major of Bach and a Chorale Prelude on 'Down Ampney' by John Gardner. I was made to feel completely at ease and perfectly equipped to pass the examination. *'It is all in the mind'*; Dr. Jackson's advice *'believe that you can do it'*. So in July I did, and I passed. Dr. Jackson passed on to me advice he had had from Bairstow to the effect that one must be confident in one's own ability and relax to the task.

My choir at St. John's used to attend the Diocesan Festival in York which was always a memorable occasion. The introit hymn was always 'All Glory, Laud and Honour', sung as the hundreds of choristers processed in from different robing venues. Under the tower on a podium was Dr. Jackson beating time as the line of the procession was for at least two verses of the hymn, everywhere in the vastness of the nave. The organist, Ronald Perrin, was sat at a detached console which was by most standards a very long way from the organ and had its own time lag. I don't know what it sounded like to Dr. Jackson, but to one of hundreds half way up the North side of the nave there seemed to be singers at every possible stage in the verse!

At one of these festivals the hymn, 'God that madest earth and heaven' was sung to Dr. Jackson's own tune East Acklam, which was to crop up later in my life in an uncanny way.

Many years later when I met Fred Pratt Green I discovered that Dr. Jackson's tune had inspired Fred to write 'For the fruits of this creation' which is now in a wide range of hymn books.

I am sure Guild members would wish to join me in expressing our gratitude to Dr. Jackson for his article and I am sure many thrilling musical moments over the years, and in sending him our greetings and good wishes for many more years of happy and fruitful retirement.



Desert Island Discs

On January 9th 1993 the Guild held its first event of the New Year and what an inspired idea it was to have Professor Peter Aston on his desert island with Ken Smith in the role of Sue Lawley.

This delightful evening was the result of inspiration and meticulous preparation on the part of events co-ordinator Ken, and unfettered participation by the castaway who was always sincere and disarmingly self effacing at several moments in the proceedings.

Here was one of the country's most eminent musicians and composers who was not above sharing with us the embarrassment of his first date, undertaken without spectacles; the admission that he was, in his first piano examination, 'lost' at the keyboard because the piano did not have a keyhole.

Dr. Aston's choice of records traced his life from his childhood home where Dvorak's eighth symphony on seventy-eights was a treasured possession, to his association with the Aldburgh Festival and with both Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears. This episode included Dr. Aston's heroic conducting of a live broadcast from The Maltings having only hours earlier fallen under a collapsing rostrum, been rushed to hospital and then back to get on with the job.

Of the records chosen, two were of Dr. Aston's own work firstly as a researcher, music by Jeffries, and then as composer, his own 'For I went with the Multitude'.

After a break for refreshments Dr. Aston answered questions on a variety of topics in a frank and open way, much appreciated by those present who filled the room at Caistor Hall to capacity.

Ken Smith's own contribution to the proceedings was equally admirable as he led the Castaway through a carefully prepared series of questions, yet making the unfolding of our guest's story always fresh and spontaneous.

This must surely become a regular feature on the Guild's calendar! So it's 'thinking caps on' to find next year's castaway and what a difficult task it will be to find someone to match Peter Aston for sheer fascination tinged with modesty and a sense of fun despite the deeply felt emotions that were obviously experienced as the music was played.

As we imagine the strains of 'Sleepy Lagoon' we say 'Thank you Dr. Peter Aston for being this year's castaway'.

R.W.

A further response to Pauline Stratton's request for information about Brian Runnett from a former Cathedral chorister.

I was a member of the Cathedral choir as a supernumerary alto (that is a "week-ender" who also filled in on other odd occasions), having started under Dr. Statham and overlapping into Michael Nicholas' tenure, and thus working with Brian Runnett for the whole time he was there.

The first thing I heard him play was the R.A.F. March Past (this was at a service for the laying up of a standard in the Regimental Chapel). What an experience after the restrained playing of Dr. Statham (who was no mean player himself!). And, yes, Brian did play the organ at a decibel level in excess of what we had hitherto experienced, but always in a musicianly way. Dean Hook once asked (at the top of his voice during a concluding voluntary) what we thought of "our new organist". Magnificent, I think was the consensus of opinion.

Brian once said, after he had been here a few weeks, that he thought he had now used every stop on the organ, to which we replied, somewhat drily, that we had noticed!

He was very professional in his attitude, (rightly so, of course), and yet generous in praise. One Sunday I was the only alto, the others having been laid low with colds and flu, or whatever, and was commended for keeping the alto line going against the whole choir (although he did join in himself from time to time). On the other hand, there was a particularly difficult verse anthem down for one Evensong which I took home and worked on solidly for a week beforehand, only to get it wrong on the day. After the service he sent for me

and gave me a right dressing down for not having prepared it fully. If only he had known.....

I felt at times that his professionalism got in the way of appreciating what a part-time lay clerk had to cope with, holding down a full time day job and then having to unwind rapidly in order to sing to a professional standard every evening without a lot of rehearsal (or none at all!). It was as if he expected everyone to match his own brilliance, and of course, not everyone could, although, at the end of the day he did appreciate that we did our best.

He was once invited to take the cathedral choir to Snape for a broadcast with the English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Benjamin Britten. Always ready to be involved in active music making, he sang with the altos and Bernard Burrell with the tenors, thus increasing these parts to four voices each to match the basses. We performed a Bach cantata, and I still have a tape of the broadcast (Peter Pears sang the tenor solo, of course).

Having been 'brought up' as it were, in the organ building trade, I was frequently asked to tune the odd pipe or two in the cathedral organ, as he was very fussy about the tuning of the instrument. He once thought that he would like the Choir Unda Maris a little wider, so I retuned it accordingly, too wide in my private opinion, although I didn't say anything at the time. You didn't with him! However, after a week or so he realised that it really was too far out of tune, and I had to put it back to somewhere near what it had been previously. Far be it from me to have said 'I told you so', but the thought did cross my mind.!

The cathedral choir was invited to sing Evensong at his old college, St. John's,

Cambridge, one Saturday afternoon. I had never seen him so nervous as he was on that day, taking his choir to his Alma Mater and his former tutor, George Guest. However, all went well, and I think he earned the approbation of Dr. George Guest.

Professionalism came into play again when we made the recordings. Rehearsal was combined with recording level adjustments and microphone placings, so that the choir approached the actual recording comparatively fresh, rather than having practiced the pieces for weeks beforehand, with the inherent danger of them becoming stale. Again, this was expected as a matter of course and is also a commentary on the standard of the choir.

His control over the choir was masterly: no large swinging arm movements or histrionics, just a slight movement of the two middle fingers of his right hand and, more importantly, eye contact with the singers. One evening, at the end of an anthem, he merely looked at George James, the Cantoris bass, with an ever-so-slightly raised eyebrow, and the bass note of the final chord dropped an octave from that printed, to a beautifully rich bottom D. Those who knew George will know what I mean.

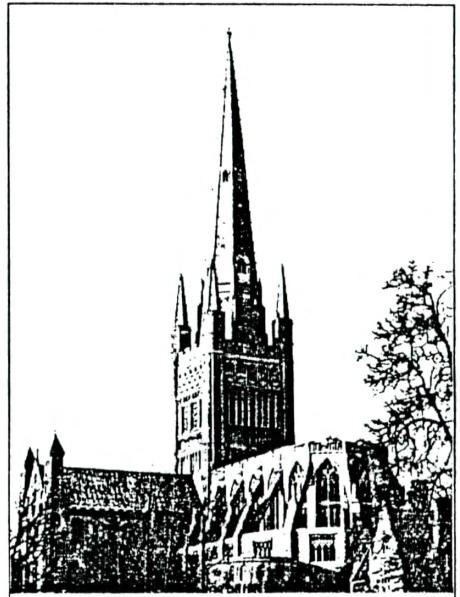
Brian Runnett, besides being a dedicated professional musician was a very sociable character. Every Saturday after practice, he and the lay clerks went over to a cafe in The Strand, or up to the Briton's Arms in Elm Hill, for coffee. He regarded these social gatherings as just as important as the hard rehearsals we had just left, as a means of cementing relationships with his choir.

One of the impressive things about his taking over the choir was the mutual

respect that he and Dr. Statham had for each other. Dickie respected Brian for his virtuosity and musicianship, and Brian had a deep respect for what Dr. Statham had been and had achieved in his long career. There was never any rivalry between them of the 'let's change everything now' or 'what is he doing to my choir?' sort, although Dr. Statham did express a twinge of regret at some of the tonal changes that Brian made to the organ.

David Berwick mentioned in his letter the Promenade Concert in which Brian played the Bach D major at the Albert Hall. I think we all listened to that, but when he got back I asked him how he had got on with the organ. He replied that there was only one adjustable piston on each manual, and the only way to eliminate the unwanted stops from the other pistons was to wedge them with matchsticks to prevent them moving! Don't tell the organ builder!

Richard le Grice



Norwich Cathedral
Photo T.J.Burchell

...from a Cathedral Chorister's Diary...

The following is an account of the Cathedral Choir's trip to the United States of America in 1992 and is an edited version of the Head Chorister's account published in his school magazine, printed with his permission and that of the Editor, Mr. Carpmael, to whom we are most grateful.

On the morning of departure I woke at 5 a.m. At last it was time for the choir to set off on their long-awaited tour of America, for which the choristers were excused the last nine days of the Easter Term. Our party was assembled outside the South Door of the cathedral by 6 a.m.

In addition to sixteen choristers there were twelve men and three organists, Michael Nicholas, Neil Taylor and Rupert Gough.

We travelled to Heathrow by a rather nice Spratts bus having started at 6.30 a.m. with a minor set-back; the bus was heading down a tiny path with a few inches to spare each side (still in the Close), and at the end of it we found the gate shut and padlocked. Mr. Nicholas went off to find a key. Christopher Boden and I got out and measured the width of the bus and then of the gate. The bus measured ten feet and the gate eight and a half! Mr. Nicholas came back with a key and so the nightmare began as we very slowly reversed out of the Close under the direction of Mr. Evans and Mr. Nicholas. The only thing this caused damaged to was a wall, the mirrors and the nerves of the bus driver!

We arrived at Heathrow right on time and it took less than an hour to get through customs. Nearly everyone was upstairs on the Boeing 747. Most of us went to the flight deck on our journey. We stopped at

Montreal to refuel and then went on to Detroit. We met Denny Lamb our bus driver until Lexington, Kentucky (five days).

We made two further flights during the tour, one internal from Atlanta to Richmond, and our flight home from Boston. At night we were divided into ones, twos, occasionally threes and sometimes even fours, to stay with families who had offered to put us up. I had gifts for my hosts who were impressed with the booklets of our cathedral, because American equivalents are not nearly so old or beautiful.

The food was delicious, though by the end of the tour, I think people were getting a little fed up with McDonalds on the long coach journeys. Mr. Nicholas can get a little carried away and this happened when we found ourselves singing spirituals in a *Pizza Hut!* The staff and other customers just stood there with mouths opened!

We covered thirteen states in all, although we did not sing in them all. In Virginia we sang at three places - Richmond, Norfolk and Arlington - and in New York State - Albany and Geneva - and in Ohio Toledo and Akron. The concerts went down incredibly well with our audiences, all ten of them, and so did our recital at Harvard University and four Eucharists and three Evensongs scattered around the various states. Before our services in Washington Cathedral, Albany Cathedral and St. Thomas' Church, Fifth Avenue in New York, we gave short choral preludes. In all our singing we reached a remarkably high standard of performance as many people remarked at the concerts. One of our hosts said to me, 'You must be one of the best, if not the best choir in England!'; 'Every night we did two encores, and standing ovations were frequent. At each concert

Canon Bailey made a small speech which sent the audiences rolling all over the floor, they were so funny!

In Macon, Georgia, a most unexpected thing happened - we had a power cut in the middle of the concert, and it just happened that Canon Bailey was halfway through his speech. He dealt with it superbly and kept us all in high spirits. The audience went hysterical when he said, 'Will you please all raise your left hands.... because I've heard that many hands make light work!'

Some of the places of interest we visited were the Central Park Zoo, the Toledo Museum of Art, the National Air and Space Museum and some huge shopping malls. This all sounds very formal but we did get some good exercise. For example, we went to the gym in Lexington, Kentucky and played basketball, baseball, dodgeball and football and we beat the boys of Richmond, Virginia in a vicious mixed game of rugby/American football! We also went to the movies.

In Norfolk, Virginia, where all the population seemed black, Robert Houssart and I were hugged by two large black

ladies who recognised us as 'stars' from the 1991 Noel Edmonds Christmas Show! - it had been shown in America as well as on BBC1 here.

Throughout our tour we were shown immense generosity, kindness and hospitality from our hosts and from people at the churches and cathedrals.

It had been a long period of difficult but enjoyable travelling and something which I am sure no one from the party will ever forget.

We were all on our way home telling the big story to our families, so none of us had the privilege of seeing how the driver got out of the Close!

This and the article printed in the Winter Journal give us an insight into the wonderful experiences which are enjoyed by a cathedral chorister and the relentless hard work that it entails during term time for the choristers and Michael Nicholas and the assistant organist. The Norwich cathedral choir is as good as any in the land and better than most and we should be justly proud of it.Ed.

Church Music

Alec Robertson

'The heart must bear the longest part' and the heart should tell the mind that here in Church Music there are no barriers of creed or denomination. Here at least there can be unity.

If you were to ask me what kind of music the Church should bring to us, I can think of no better answer than these noble words by the poet Robert Bridges.

And if we consider and ask ourselves what sort of music we should wish to hear on entering a church, we should surely, in describing our ideal, say first of all that it must be something different from that heard elsewhere; that it should be sacred music, devoted to its purpose, and a music whose peace should still passion, whose dignity should strengthen our faith, whose unquestioned beauty should find a home in our hearts and cheer us in life and death; a music worthy of the fair temples in which we meet and of the holy words of our liturgy; a music whose expression of the mystery of things unseen never allowed any trifling motive to ruffle the sanctity of its reserve. What power for good such music would have.

..from the mailbag..

Thanks to those who have given me information about Brian Runnett and his music. His face on my record sleeve has now blossomed into a person who was loved and admired.

The enclosed piece of poetry is printed inside a small second hand book I bought recently entitled 'The Organ of Tradition or its Imitation' by the Rev. Noel A. Bonavia Hunt published in 1939. It compares the pipe organ to the new electric organ and debates whether or not the latter will replace the former.

The poem is part of 'Il Penseroso'. How many more poems are there that mention the organ I wonder?

Pauline Stratton.

With antique pillars massy proof
And stories windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthem clear,
As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

John Milton

Dear Mr. Watson,

I was most interested in your 'Organs in Schools' cry.

I endorse all your remarks in this respect. How do we get organs in schools? I wonder how many organists realize the possibilities for bringing this about.

It is an excellent opportunity for using organs which are no longer required by churches which wish to replace their instruments, or from redundant churches.

Most schools can accommodate a small two manual organ. The craft department has the facilities, which include tools and labour. Parent Teachers Associations could provide the limited cash required.

The initial enthusiasm and inspiration might come from the music department.

I know all this is possible from personal experience having been involved in such a scheme many years ago as I was an organist and a craft teacher myself.

Yours sincerely,

Spencer Prior

Thank you very much indeed for this letter. It seems to me that if these suggestions were somehow followed up, an initiative to place unused church organs in schools could soon get under way. I wonder if the Guild could not take some initiative.Ed.

Dear Mr. Watson,

A friend of mine always lends me the N.G.O. Journal which I read from cover to cover, and I was very pleased to read the tributes in the Winter issue paid to the late Brian Runnett.

As a former village organist (now retired), I had a great admiration for Brian although I never had the pleasure of meeting him, and only once was able to hear him play in the cathedral; but it was an unforgettable experience.

It was on a Tuesday, the 16th September 1969 at 7.30 p.m. at the Norwich Diocesan Festival Service on the occasion of the visit of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Michael Ramsey.

I was almost at the west end of the nave and, as we all stood while the long procession moved in from the great west door, Brian was playing the Fantasia in G by J.S. Bach.

It was only when this was played with the greatest precision, but also with the majestic rolling rhythm that is called for in much of Bach's organ music, and over and above this it seemed to me that with the skillful use of the four manuals and the pistons, plus the knowledge of exactly where the ranks of pipes are placed, Brian was sending the music around from East to West of the cathedral, those glorious cadences going back and forth.

I have never heard such a dramatic effect before or since. It was magnificent!

I wonder if any of your fellow members were present on that occasion and can recall it.

I shall never forget it!

I also much enjoyed reading our mutual friend's contribution on 'Experiences of a hymn writer'. As you know, the Rev. Fred Pratt Green is a resident at Cromwell House. A great man, yet so modest and friendly.

Yours sincerely,

L. J. Stammers

Cromwell house,
Cromwell Road,
Norwich

Thank you for writing. It is nice to know that Journals are passed on and bring pleasure to a wider readership than simply Guild members. Ed.

Dear Ken, Visit to St. Cuthbert's Thetford 1992

Going through my papers I realised to my horror that I had not acknowledged receipt of your kind letter of thanks dated 1st June 1992, nor that of James Lilwall dated 13th July. I hope this puts that straight.

You mention the possibility of visiting St. Cuthbert's again. I would welcome this as I am aware that some people had to leave early to honour their evening commitments. In

fact I would like all Guild members to feel free to drop in on us at any time - a telephone call to me in advance (10 p.m. evenings is never too late) would obviously be prudent! (0842 766175)

Thanks are due to the Guild for the cheque. I believe that it has been put to good use - vide the enclosed which was published in the August issue of our Parish Magazine.

Yours aye,

Dick Hunnibell

A Prayer of St. Richard of Chichester

During July, a cheque was received from the Norfolk Guild of Organists as a token of appreciation of their visit to St. Cuthbert's Church on Sunday Ascension. By common consent it has been decided to use this money, together with a gift in memory of Marjorie Eldred who died in June, to purchase for the choir a short anthem for treble voices by L. J. White based on the prayer of St. Richard of Chichester, the words of which are:

*O Holy Jesus,
Most merciful redeemer, friend and brother,
May I know thee more clearly,
Love thee more dearly,
And follow thee more nearly.
Amen.*

Dear Ron,

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the last issue of the Journal. Congratulations on the fine production.

I have an appeal for readers. Has anyone copies of the Organists Review which are no longer required? I am missing eight issues somehow, those for 1987 and 1988. Could anyone please oblige? Payment gladly made, or a donation to the IAO Benevolent Fund if wished.

I have at long last bought my gift with the testimonial money so generously given by the Guild last year and I am now the proud possessor of a video camera. I am thrilled with it and shall be able to record organs from now on with both sound and vision. It will be a constant reminder of the great kindness of the Guild and friends over the last twentyfive years of the 'Newsletter' and will undoubtedly give me hours of pleasure.

I was surprised at the low wind pressure used in the organ at Wangford, described by Allan Lloyd (Autumn 1992 issue) - a mere 22½ inches!

Every good wish

Ralph

Selective Pedantry

As a priest now retired, and therefore unable to empty his church efficiently, co-operatively, or any other way, may I enter a mild protest at the attitude of the paragraph so labelled? The Reverend Gentleman can look after himself, but he is far from being the only one uneasy on the subject.

Of course no-one knows the actual day or even year when Christ was born, and December 25th is not his birthday, but the commemoration of his birth - not quite the same thing. It is an important Christian festival, and is prepared for by the season of Advent when a lot of thought is (should be?) given to its meaning and our preparation for it.

Then on Christmas Day the Festivity begins (with carols on the Eve) and the festivities are programmed to go on for twelve days, involving perhaps leaping lords, and pear trees, or perhaps not.

What happens nowadays? Carols are prone to break out in supermarkets in November. They become inextricably entwined with the commercial activities (which of themselves are necessary, but overdone). And because Saint Nicholas has been removed from his proper celebration on 6th December, and unfortunately renamed Father Christmas, his pleasant fun has been commercialised too, and the element of fiction connected with it transferred in many minds to the Christ-child himself. (Heard in Woolworths a few years ago, 'What came upon the midnight clear, mummy?' 'Father Christmas, dear.') Yes, I know about the fiction of winter snow, and so on, but that is a very different matter.

Then comes Christmas Day, and instead of heralding a climax, it ushers in an anticlimax, a burst balloon, a time of hangovers, when the lords get overdrafts and the pear trees are vandalised. How often does one hear expressions of being fed up with Christmas!?

One must face facts, and I am not advocating a crusade. The Church in due course will 'baptise' the situation, as it did pagan customs such as the (now) Easter Eggs, and indeed the absorption of the Winter Solstice into Christmastide. The increasing use of Advent Carol Services is one step. There are difficulties caused by school terms; but so far as church use is concerned, there are many clergy who keep Christmas Carols until the nearest practicable time to the Day; but not being picked up by the Press, left in peace to pursue our nefarious activities in private.

In spite of the usual crossword clue 'Christmas hymn in 5 letters' (and a hymn is not a carol) there are carols for all seasons, including Lent. And there's nothing to stop you singing any carol at any time, but not liturgically. You can sing 'Hark the Herald' in your bath whenever you have one, if you can put up with it that often!

The Maundy Thursday analogy is non sequitur. I am not aware that Jesus instructed us to celebrate Christmas Day. But he instructed us to receive Holy Communion 'in memory of me' and the little word 'oft' seems to be involved.

Presbyter antiquus.

What's On

Stainer's Crucifixion

Performed by **The Choir of St. Gregory the Great**
Conductor: **Mario Rizzardi**
Organist: **Ronald Watson**

St. Alban's Church, Lakenham
4th April 1993 at 6.30 p.m.

and

St. Mary's Parish Church
South Walsham
9th April at 6.30 p.m.

Evensong in Norwich Cathedral
on Saturday 15th May 1993
will be sung by
The St. Cecilia Singers
Directed by **Harrison Oxley**
accompanied by **Dr. Francis Jackson**

Saturday 5th June 1993 at 7.30 p.m.
Acle Parish Church as part of Flower Festival

Sine Nomine conducted by **Ronald Watson**
David Morgan organ
Adrian King trumpet

Programme includes 'Nunc Dimittis' by **Burgon**

Saturday 19th June, 7.30 p.m.
St. Martin's Parish Church, Overstrand
'Farewell Concert' for the Rector and his wife.
Jane Berry - Electronic Organ
Elaine Smith - Recorders and Electronic Piano
Bryan Ellum - Organ and Electronic Piano
Refreshments

Sunday 11th July. 7.30 p.m.
East Harling Parish Church
Organ recital by **Bryan Ellum**
on the Walker organ installed by **David Miller**

FRIENDS of ST. ANDREW'S HALL ORGAN

LUNCHSTOP '93

Continuing the successful lunchtime organ concerts of previous years, a further series is scheduled for this summer. Commencing Monday 7th June the concerts will take place every Monday at 1.10 p.m. lasting for about 45/50 minutes and running through until the last one on 23rd August.

Organists will include John Jordan of Kings Lynn, Nigel Kerry (making a return visit), Maxwell Betts, and your very own Editor, Ron Watson. It is hoped that Adrian Lucas will be able to wind up the series as in previous years.

The concerts take place in an informal setting and, as usual, there will be sandwiches and coffee available, or bring

your own if you prefer. For anyone wanting something more substantial, hot meals can be obtained in the crypt restaurant.

Make a note in your diaries: every Monday in June, July and August except for the Bank Holiday, 1.10p.m., St. Andrew's Hall.

Further details will be included in Radio Norfolk's 'What's On' slots nearer the time. If you would like to be informed personally, just drop me a line at St. Andrew's Hall and I will put you on the 'Friends' mailing list.

See you there!

Richard leGrice
Organ Curator

Royal College of Organists

A day at St. Peter Mancroft

Saturday 12th June 1993

Programme includes:

Kenneth Ryder - 'The St. Peter's Organ'
Arthur Wills - 'Composing for the organ'
David Pettit - 'Future plans for the RCO
and the new 1994 syllabuses'
Robin Langley - 'Treasures of the RCO library'
Evensong in Norwich Cathedral
Michael Nicholas - Recital in the Cathedral

Coffee, Lunch and Tea available

Admission: Members free
Non-members £10
Concessions £5

Details: (a S.A.E. would be appreciated)
Ronald Watson

Hitting the Right Note

Francis Jackson

Oftentimes I have wondered what it is that motivates people to attend organ recitals - or piano recitals, or concerts of any sort which seek to purvey what we sometimes refer to as 'serious' music. Is it something more than the choice of music that makes up the programme? Many and varied reasons can be supplied; such attributes as virtuosity, velocity, presentation, musicianship: or from one's own angle, boredom with home life and endless television and a wish to raise the spirits with something inspirational.

When I first began playing in the U. S. A. I was told firmly that one needed to be something more than a good player, and I don't remember whether I was made aware of what the ingredients were. Artists, of course, like all members of the human race, are different, and this provides endless fascination. Organs too come into this category, perhaps moreso than any other musical instrument, and this provides the organist with an advantage from the start. His audience may or may not know something of what it's in for; whether, for instance, the organ is a Harrison of 1910, a Reiger less than ten years of age; a small church with no resonance, a big one with a long (or inexplicably short) reverberation; with a Trompeta Real, etcetera. Add to this your player and his individual qualities, trained at a college of music, or by Dupré or Heiller (or not trained at all!) and the permutations are endless. The choice of programme - all Bach, all Messiaen, Franck or Buxtehude; or Mozart's violin sonata, Haydn's quartets. Or a mixture.

So we make our choice, hop on the bus, buy a ticket and sit there expectantly. In comes he or she - or they - dressed in

what?; a nice evening gown - black or white tie. And so it all begins, and continues, and eventually ends, sometimes in euphoria and multiple encores, or possibly with relief, with an appetite for more of the same, or a determination not to subject oneself again to that particular artist or musical medium.

Organs are the loudest of solo instruments and are thus the most likely to inflict discomfort on folk with sensitive ears. They are also the most complicated in their mechanism, which fact points to the need for a certain dexterity not required by other musicians. In the early days of broadcasting it was not uncommon for liberties to be taken so that changes of registration might be made: a chord might be held or a gap made while the player sought out and executed the desired move. My father's particular bête noir was the prolonging of the final chord of a loud piece, something which seemed to bespeak a certain relief at the achieving of the safe haven, and something to be savoured and relished with no further effort (except in those days by the perspiring blower round the back). Even an orchestra with all its decibel output, cymbals, tam tam and all, cannot sustain a bruising chord to the same extent as a megalomaniac organist with unlimited wind supply at his bidding.

So organists have to be careful. Of course, a lot can be done by the approach. The audience can be, must be, humoured and wooed. Then, if the organist has them on his side, he can do anything at all and they will accept it. But this needs great perception. It is the same with any kind of musical recital - or sermon, lecture or performance.

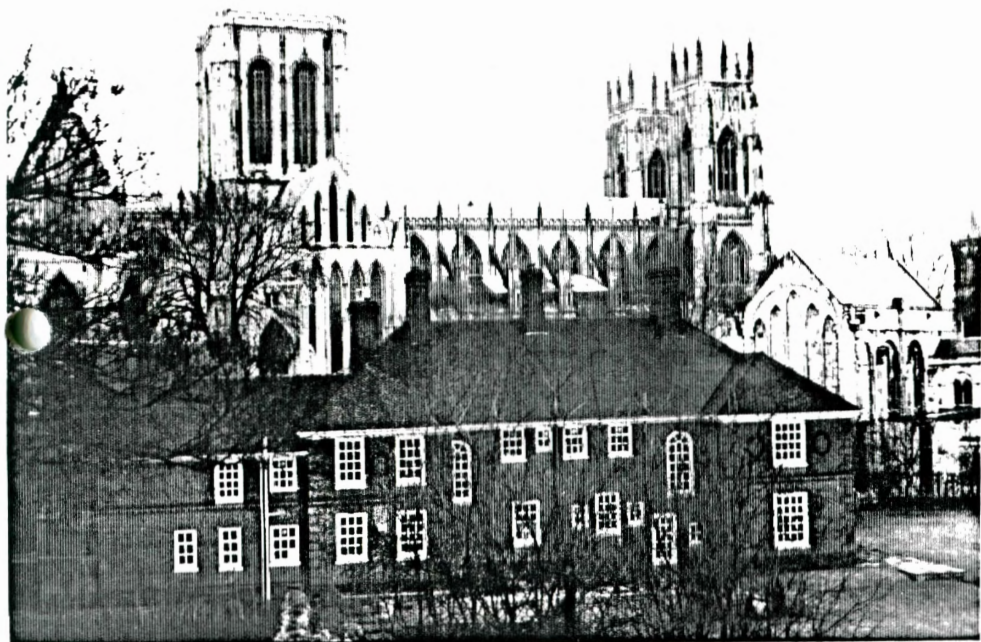
What is it, then, that constitutes the act that turns the audience on? Is it brilliance of technique? A favourite piece? Or is it an innate understanding of the music, born of a deep love of it, which the player wishes to share with the people sitting there who

have come with the express purpose of enjoying themselves? The organist is, after all, on a good wicket - or off to a flying start - before the first note has been struck, and if the listeners cannot be sent home with their souls a notch or two better, no repeat invitation to do so will, or should, be issued. How many times have hopeful concert-goers left, as Omar Khyyâm has it, by the same door wherein they went, or have left in a state of pique and frustration having witnessed the gratuitous mauling of some piece or other?

recitalist has a somewhat awesome responsibility, not to himself so much as to his composers, but most of all to his patient audience, his customers who pay the piper. They are the important aspect of his activity. What they need and are entitled to expect, is first a fine technique which enables the right notes to be played at the

right speed (or at any rate a speed that is acceptable). But more essential than this, a sine qua non in fact, is the absolute necessity to have more than mere notes to bedazzle and confound. The ultimate is the message of the music which they need and have every right to demand. And when they have that, plus all the right notes into the bargain, what more could they ask? Though such an idyllic state of affairs is rare, human beings being but human. But I have little doubt that, in the end, given the choice between one hundred percent right notes or a compelling interpretation, the audience would choose the latter.

A friend of mine, a good amateur pianist, was telling me once about a certain pianist's broadcast which had pleased him: I forget who. 'The interpretation was wonderful, and thank goodness', he added, 'there were some wrong notes too'.



York Minster

Photo: T. J. Burchell

FOR SALE

Norwich Sprowston organ
two manual and pedals
22 speaking stops; usual couplers

4 thumb pistons to Great and Swell acting on pedals; digital reverb; excellent condition.

Further details from
Bryan Ellum
Wensum School of Music.
Tel: (0603) 720535 Tuesday - Saturday
(or home number).

!Organist Wanted!

St. Mary's Church Reepham are looking for an enthusiastic and committed organist to take over a vacant post and build up the music using both traditional and modern church music.

Services are at 10.30 a.m. and range from Family Service to MP/BCP and ASB Eucharist.

Honorarium and fees negotiable with P.C.C.

Organ is two manuals and pedals.

Contact: Mrs. Susan Page
The Greyhound
Back Street
Reepham Norwich
NR10 4SJ
(0603) 870886

Material for the June issue of The Journal should reach me by 31st May 1993

NORFOLK GUILD OF ORGANISTS

PLEASE REPLY TO: KENNETH G. SMITH - EVENTS SUB-COMMITTEE SECRETARY.
39, SUFFIELD CLOSE, LONG STRATTON, NORWICH, NORFOLK, NR15 2JL.
TELEPHONE: LONG STRATTON (0306) 30301

DATE: 27TH FEBRUARY 1993

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

APRIL WE MEET ON SATURDAY 3RD APRIL AT 3.00 PM AT CHRISTCHURCH - (PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS DEANSIDE CENTRAL HALL) - IN KING STREET, GREAT YARMOUTH TO START OUR SPRING ORGAN CRAWL. THE CHURCH IS SITUATED TO THE SOUTH OF THE MARKET PLACE, (NEXT TO ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH WHICH IS NOW AN ART CENTRE), WITH PARKING SPACES NEARBY. WE WILL THEN GO ON TO ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH WHICH IS TO THE NORTH OF THE MARKET PLACE AND WHERE PARKING AT THE CHURCH SHOULD BE AVAILABLE, SUBJECT TO WEDDINGS. FINALLY WE SHALL MOVE OFF TO CAISTER-ON-SEA TO THE PARISH CHURCH WHERE OUR MEMBER COLIN FENN IS ORGANIST AND WHO HAS KINDLY OFFERED TO ARRANGE REFRESHMENTS FOR US.

MAY SATURDAY 15TH MAY AT 3.00PM. WE MEET AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, TUCKSWOOD, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NORWICH, FOR AN ILLUSTRATED TALK ON "COMPOSING FOR THE AMATEUR" TO BE GIVEN BY OUR VICE-PRESIDENT RON WATSON. ST. PAUL'S IS QUITE EASY TO FIND. FROM THE OUTER RING ROAD TAKE THE A140 SOUTH AND ON THE LEFT YOU WILL PASS THE MAID MARION PUBLIC HOUSE AND A PETROL STATION. TAKE THE NEXT LEFT, MAID MARION ROAD, DRIVE TO THE BOTTOM AND TURN LEFT. THE CHURCH LAYS BACK FROM THE GREEN WITH ITS OWN CAR PARK IN FRONT. DON'T LOOK FOR SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A CHURCH - THIS IS A MODERN LOW ROOFED BUILDING. THERE IS A SIGNPOST FOR THE CHURCH ON THE MAIN ROAD BUT IT OFTEN POINTS IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! THOSE HEADING FROM THE SOUTH WILL GO OVER A PEDESTRIAN CONTROLLED CROSSING AND THEN TURN RIGHT. LIGHT REFRESHMENTS WILL BE PROVIDED.

JUNE SATURDAY 26TH AT 3.00PM. ANNE PAGE, THE ORGANIST AND INTERNATIONAL RECITALIST, HAS AGREED TO GIVE A RECITAL/DEMONSTRATION ON MUSIC FOR THE HARMONIUM. HER RECORDINGS WERE FEATURED IN THE JOURNAL A SHORT WHILE AGO. MR. BRUCE DRAYCOTT OF CAMBRIDGE, WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECORDINGS, HAS KINDLY AGREED TO SUPPLY PERIOD INSTRUMENTS FOR THIS, AND IT HAS BEEN ARRANGED FOR THE EVENT TO BE HELD IN SHELTON PARISH CHURCH, WHERE ANNE HAD MADE HER RECORDINGS. THE CHURCH IS AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM AND THE ACOUSTICS HERE ARE SUPERB. SHELTON IS IN THE HALL GROUP OF CHURCHES AND ALTHOUGH A LITTLE ISOLATED IS EASILY FOUND. FROM NORWICH TAKE THE A140 SOUTH TO LONG STRATTON, GO PAST THE CHURCH AND TURN LEFT INTO HALL LANE. FOLLOW THIS ROAD - WHICH TWISTS A LOT - THROUGH TO FRITTON COMMON. AT THE T JUNCTION TURN RIGHT FOR SHELTON AND THE CHURCH IS ABOUT THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE ON THE RIGHT JUST PAST THE SCHOOL. PARKING HERE IS DIFFICULT SO ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING MADE TO PARK NEAR THE CHURCH BUT OFF THE ROAD. ANNE HAS AGREED TO STAGE THIS EVENT AT A VASTLY REDUCED FEE BUT THERE WILL HAVE TO BE A SMALL CHARGE TO COVER THE COST. THEREFORE A CHARGE OF £2.00 FOR MEMBERS, OR £3.00 FOR NON-MEMBERS WILL BE LEVIED. ANNE AND BRUCE WILL TALK, DEMONSTRATE THEN GIVE A SHORT RECITAL ON THE INSTRUMENTS BEFORE LETTING ANYONE THAT WISHES HAVE A GO FOR THEMSELVES, THE PLAYING TECHNIQUE IS QUITE DIFFERENT.

A TELEPHONE CALL FROM THOSE WISHING TO ATTEND ANY OF THESE EVENTS WOULD BE APPRECIATED. IF ANYONE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT ANY EVENT I SHALL BE PLEASED TO HEAR FROM THEM AT ANY TIME.

Lament to the Lord

Mavis Clark

They've brought you up to date, Lord,
Down at St. Cecilia's.
They have pensioned off the organ and
They're praising with guitars.
They've done it for the young ones,
We want to draw them in,
But I do wish they could worship
Without making such a din.

For I am growing rather deaf, Lord,
And when there's all that noise
It gets so very hard, Lord,
To hear you loving voice.
They have written brand new hymns, Lord,
With tunes that I don't know
So I hardly ever sing now
Though I did love singing so.

They are very go-ahead, Lord,
They are doing Series Three,
But the words are not so beautiful
As the others used to be.
They have modernised the Bible and
The Lord's Prayer and the Creed
When the old ones were so perfect that
They filled my every need.

My mind's not quite so agile as
It was some years ago
And I miss the age-old beauty
Of the words I used to know.
It's very clear to me, Lord,
I've overstayed my time;
I don't take change so kindly as
I did when in my prime.

But it can't be very long now
before I'm called above,
And I know I'll find you there, Lord,
And glory in your love.
Till then I'll stick it out here,
Though it's not the same for me,
But while others call you 'You', Lord,
Do you mind if I say 'Thee'?

I SPY STRANGERS!

Ralph Bootman

I wonder how many people spotted that the photograph that appeared of Ralph Bootman in the I.A.O. Newsheet when he stood down as editor of the then Newsletter was of him sitting on a train. Ralph's love of railways and organs were never far apart, even sometimes combined in the events he organised. Read on..

The coming of the railways in the 1800s united England together and bound the country in a web of iron, making travel and transport available cheaply, speedily and effectively, making almost every part of the land within a day's journey. It is true that organ builders existed in both London and the provinces, perhaps every town and city of note could boast its own 'local' builder, but the coming of coal and steam saw the setting up of organ builders in the growing cities of the North. Leeds quickly became the organ building city of the North and saw such firms as Abbott and Smith, Binns and Wordsworth establish themselves firmly, presently to send out instruments to all parts of the British Isles and beyond.

Norfolk has been said to be on the road to nowhere - it is one of the few counties to have sea on three sides - so how was it that Norfolk saw Yorkshire organ builders' instruments in its churches? Certainly they came by recommendation from elsewhere and they were cheaper than those from the leading London builders.

What follows gives an idea of the variety of examples of the work of organ builders from all over England to be found in Norfolk and Suffolk:

From Leeds	Abbott & Smith
" Hull	Forster & Andrews
" York	William Denman

" Sheffield	Brindley & Foster
" Durham	Harrison & Harrison
" Newcastle	F. C. Nicholson
" Plymouth	Hele
" Bath	Griffen & Stroud
" Hereford	Ingram
" Worcester	Nicholson
" Stratford	Hewins
" Oxford	Martin & Coate
" Liverpool	Rushworth & Dreaper
" Lincoln	Cousans
" Ipswich	Bishop & Son
	John Rayson
" Cambridge	Bedwell
" London	Gray & Davison
	Wm. Hill & Son
	Lewis
	Walker
	Willis
	John Compton
	Robert Spurden Rutt
	Positive Organ Company
	Bryceson
	Rest
	Cartwright
	Thomas S. Jones
	Noterman
	Kingsgate Davidson

Of today's leading builders there is one, N. P. Mander who has no representative work in the county as far as I am aware except for a small 'transplant' of a Thomas S. Jones organ from a school in Southern England to Saxthorpe Parish Church, but this was forty years ago and the firm has come a long way since then.

This article would have been twice as long had I included the locations of work by all of the above builders. There are 31 builders listed and so...

....readers are invited to send to Ralph the location of examples of the work of ANY TWENTY-FIVE of those builders listed. Feel free to point out any you think Ralph has missed! Names of those who succeed will be published in the next issue of The Journal. Ed.

Organist amanuensis

Delius did not write any organ music but for as long as I can remember I have enjoyed his music immensely.

The main 'organ' connection is of course Eric Fenby without whose initiative Delius' final inspirations would have been lost, but Fenby was not the first organist to be associated with Delius. It was from an organist in Jackson in Florida that Delius first learned his basic harmony and counterpoint.

Eric Fenby was born in Scarborough and was an organist. He held a church post at the age of twelve and studied the organ under A. C. Keeton after which he held other church posts, as well as earning himself some money playing music in the local cinema to the silent films. But composing was what he wanted to do and both before and after his association with Delius he composed music of his own.

However, being a great admirer of Delius' music and knowing of the composer's plight in that his physical condition prevented him from writing down his music, Fenby offered his services to Delius as amanuensis.

This six year association saw the realisation of Delius' last works, dictated to Fenby, and wonderfully portrayed in the Ken Russell film. It also led to Fenby's publication 'Delius as I knew him' which has proved to be a unique insight into Delius and his music.

It was my love of Delius' music and the fascination with the part played by a young Yorkshire organist that led me, two years ago whilst touring near Fontainebleau, to make the short detour to Grez and look at the house where Delius lived and died and where the work with Fenby was done.

The house is still privately owned and

inhabited by Madame D'Aubigny who has lived there since it was vacated by the Delius household. We stopped off at the Mairie and asked where Delius' house was. The location was pointed out to us along with the suggestion that, whilst it was a private house, the occupants would be very welcoming to visitors genuinely interested in Delius.

So we knocked on the front door which was answered by a young Filipino woman having difficulty speaking French. Once it was apparent that we were English communication became much easier. Indeed the very old Madame D'Aubigny preferred to speak English as, having come of good stock in Russia, had been brought up by English governesses. She told us of the many English visitors that 'dropped by' to see the house, some very famous musicians among them. She had us shown around the house and explained what alterations had been made since Delius' time. She let us wander down the garden to the river, and what an idyllic setting it is. Delius' music seemed to fill the air. (What a pity the 'Paradise Garden' was a pub! This garden was surely very close to paradise).

Having already seen the Ken Russell film it was easy to imagine Percy Grainger throwing a ball over the house from the street and running through the archway to catch it as it came down on the other side though the house used in the film was not the actual one at Grez.

Only a few hundred yards away was the church where Fenby would go, much to the annoyance of Delius.

There were no disappointments. Being in that location was a truly inspirational experience.

What a debt we owe organist Eric Fenby!

How it works

A surprising number of people, some from other organisations who are faced with producing a similar publication, have contacted me enquiring how The Journal is produced.

I receive copy and in all except the rarest cases, re-type it on a computer package called 'Word 3' at my place of work. (I wonder what will happen when I retire!). This package offers a wide range of styles and sizes of letter and can also print out on a laser printer which gives the highest available quality of print.

As the time approaches to compile the publication I send one copy of everything to David Berwick, who checks for spelling, spacing and anything which needs adjusting to make the final product look as professional as possible. At this stage he also makes a mock up of the publication, introducing photographs and other embellishments. All of this he passes back to me requesting minor items like page

numbers and captions for the photographs.

Having made all the adjustments I run off a fair copy of everything which I pass to David.

The cover design and layout of the Journal is entirely David's work and I know from comments I receive how very much people like the finished article.

The work load is about even except that I do my work a bit at a time, whereas David's work is much more compressed into the few days before publication.

Had you noticed that the colour of the cover reflects the time of year? Yellow for Summer, brown for Autumn and ice blue for Winter.

As for the content I rely heavily on contributors and so far have been very encouraged by the range of things people have sent me. Keep it up!

FOR SALE

Hammond 'Cougar' model electronic organ

2 x 44 note manuals: 13 pedals: Drawbars and presets
Self contained.

This is the American built model and is in excellent condition

Full details from:

***Adrian Pickering
'Nūida'
High Road
Repps with Bastwick
Gt. Yarmouth
NR29 5JH
Tel: (0692) 670409***

A Rebuild at Salt

Derek Burton

The story began in January 1992 with the existing small Nicholson & Lord organ showing clear signs of its age (1870) and years of waiting for a major overhaul. The familiar story of scarce funds in the Parish of St. James', Salt near Stafford (well known for its 1662 prayer book tradition and sung Mass) meant that value for money was a key objective.

The Nicholson and Lord was respected by both the chosen builder (J.T. Molineux, Blythe Bridge, Stoke on Trent) and the Diocesan organ adviser (Reverend Timothy Ganz) with tributes like:-

"Good example of the work by Nicholson and Lord"

"Specification eccentric and ought to sound zany but is fine - anything goes with anything"

"A flood of artistic inspiration"

"A good example of off beat specification.....after the 1851 Great Exhibition"

A rebuild, however, was to cost over £9,000 and the organist was less than enthusiastic at the prospect of a continuing short compass and deficient pedal department. The alternative was a Peter Conacher (old firm) formerly in Alltofts Methodist Church, Yorkshire, but then in storage with no prospect of it being heard before taking a decision.

Resisting all thoughts of "a bird in the hand" we decided to plump for the reputation of Conacher and a more attractive specification. The decision was the easy bit. Those of you who have been involved with a Faculty application will be

aware of the care needed. Add a dimension of controversy and time evaporates like the morning dew in high summer.

We were fortunate, however, to have a champion in the shape of Roger Fisher, organist of Chester Cathedral, whose contact network encompassed builders involved with Conacher and he supervised the installation for us. The only change to the specification is to substitute a fifteenth on the Great for the dulciana and we are still seeking a suitable rank for this purpose. The specification of both organs are appended.

Quite the nicest feature of our change is the link with Bryan Ellum who gave the opening recital on the Nicholson when it was installed at Salt in 1970, taught the present organist for one year before moving back to Norfolk and returned to give the opening recital on the Peter Conacher on 3rd October. We had a delightful evening with the following programme, including solos by the Salt organist's wife, Dorothy Burton.

The programme included organ works by Soler, Pescetti, Krebs, Bach, Franck, Saint-Saens/Guilmant, Goss-Custard, Darke and Ronald Watson, interspersed with three soprano solos.

The organ is a success and is appreciated by the congregation. It compliments the Mass with more variety than before and should last for many years. As for Nicholson, there is a possibility of its transfer to a Lincolnshire church, but if not, it is likely to be scrapped.

Specification of the Peter Conacher Organ:

Great

Open Diapason	8'
Dulciana	8'
Stopped Diapason	8'
Principal	4'

Swell		Great	
Viola	8'	Lieblich Flute	4'
Gedackt	8'	Principal	4'
Wald Flute	4'	Ducliana	8'
Oboe	8'	Open Diapason	8'
Pedal		Swell	
Bourdon	16'	Cornopean	8'
Bass Flute	8'	Fifteenth	2'
Octave Flute	4'	Gamba	8'
Couplers		Stop Bass Clarabella	8'
Sw. octave: Sw. to Gt.:		Pedal	
Sw. to Ped.: Gt. to Ped.		Bourdon	16'
Specification of the Nicholson & Lord organ:		Couplers	Sw. octave: Sw. to Gt. Gt. to Ped.

In the last Journal we ran an advertisement for the sale of an organ. The Advertiser writes.....

We would like to thank you for your help in finding a home for the Mack organ which was in the Methodist Church, Cobholm which we have just purchased.

After the details appeared, Mr. Ralph Bootman sent a copy to a gentleman in Gloucester. Through him two gentlemen from Australia arrived on 1st January and immediately made us an offer of £500 which we gladly accepted. After checking another organ in Nottingham they arrived back with us on 5th January and immediately set about dismantling the organ. We both helped them and were amazed to see what was inside it. The following day a young organ builder arrived to help and by 7.30 p.m. the whole organ lay, partly packed, over the whole of the church floor. The following week it was collected and taken to London to be packed into a container with two other organs, and shipped to Perth, Australia. Our organ will be in St. Edmund's Church, Wembley, West Australia.

Should any of your members visit the area and would like to see the organ in its new home they could contact Mr. Dudley Bastian, 3 Baker Avenue, Perth, W. Australia (Tel: 010 61 9 328 7741).

Yours Sincerely,

Les and Joan Potter

ORGAN NEWS

Ralph Bootman

Not a lot this quarter; all our local firms are always busy on routine tuning and maintenance of course.

Messrs. W and A Boggis of Diss (our member Rodney Briscoe) have now finished their work on the large three manual Norman and Beard/Rutt organ in St. John's, Felixtowe and are installing a 'new' organ at Creeting St. Mary, Suffolk. The new organ they recently built for Starston Parish Church - described in the last issue - has been highly acclaimed by all who have tried it; it is well worth a visit.

Messrs. Holmes and Swift have recently cleaned and overhauled the old Gray and Davison organ in Great Ryburgh Parish Church and the naturals of the manuals have been re-covered with bone, ivory now being almost impossible to obtain. They

have also installed a 'Discus' blower to the organ by Hewins of Stratford on Avon, in Holkham Parish Church and are shortly to complete the pedal organ in Fakenham Parish Church with the addition of the long awaited pedal reeds in 16' and 8' pitches. Outside the county at Sutton Bridge the Vincent/Gilks organ has been cleaned and overhauled and, back in Norfolk the work of putting a new electro pneumatic action in the Rutt organ at Heacham Parish Church has been completed. Here a new three-rank Mixture has been added to the Great as well.

The organ advertised for sale in the last issue from the Methodist Church, Cobholm, Great Yarmouth, has been purchased and is to find a new home in Australia. I understand that dismantling began almost as soon as the New Year began and that the organ was loaded straight into containers for its 12,000 mile trip. It would indeed be good to know the original home of this organ, reputedly by William Christmas Mack, and obviously dating from the mid to late 1800s; Cobholm Methodist Church was not built until 1923. Has anyone any information?

HELP!

Volunteers are sought to mastermind the provision of refreshments at Guild events. This is something we all enjoy yet it seems to happen almost by magic. Ken Smith is concerned that reliance on magic might sometime let us down and would like to think that someone was taking care of this important aspect of our gatherings. If you'd like to help in this way please come forward.

Two Reminders

To those members who have not paid their 1993 subscriptions, that the amount due is £12 or £6 for students or those under 18. Cheques should be made payable to *The Norfolk Guild of Organists* and forwarded to the *Membership Secretary*.

To those who take the *Organists Review*. The subscription of £9 should have been paid by 28th February 1993. Cheques payable to *I.A.O.* should be sent to *Mr. R. Bayfield, 25 Rowan Close, Portslade, Brighton*. Please also enclose your address and state that you are a member of the Norfolk Guild of Organists.

Pauline Stratton

HAVE YOU

HEARD.....?

It is a bit early for next Christmas, but I must mention one of my Christmas presents and recommend that you bear it in mind as next Christmas approaches. Norwich Cathedral Choir's Christmas C.D. 'Rejos for Joy' is an absolute must. It has been given excellent reviews elsewhere, all justified. The choice of carols is delightful, the singing and accompaniment superb, and the quality of the recording truly excellent. *Shop early for Christmas! Buy one NOW!*

Priory PRCD 405

In response to my 'Silly Signs' plea...

from Barabara Knowles...

In the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital..

CARDIAC UNIT

NO EXIT

Road Sign..

CAXTON GIBBET

RECOVERY SERVICE

Thank you for these. I must admit that every time I see 'NO SERVICES ON MOTORWAY' I wonder who they are getting at! Ed

Composing forwhat?

Ronald Watson

There are lots of people at it. Why? Well there are many reasons. For professionals it is to make a living; for amateurs it is presumably as a hobby, a therapy, as are painting, amateur theatricals or whatever. I believe, however, that for people who compose, the question 'Why?' has more influence on the finished product than in other pursuits.

Some do it as an intellectual challenge and a problem solving exercise. Writing a fugue provides ample scope for this. Some do it because they feel that they were born to compose in the same way that Van Gogh was a compulsive painter, despite the tragic life that this led him into.

I believe that before beginning a piece the composer must identify what the motivation is. Certainly from a practical point of view, where performance is envisaged, one must be clear of the capabilities of those who are intended to perform the piece and indeed of the instruments involved. It also depends on who you are. If you are Michael Tippett then performers will be found who can sing your very difficult music. If you are an unknown, then such extreme difficulty will almost certainly condemn your music to the waste-paper bin.

If writing for a competition then the first consideration must be to meet the criteria set out by the adjudicators as regards duration, forces, degree of difficulty and such like. Also, manuscript must be grammatical and legible and the composers intentions must be clear. No adjudication

panel will be bothered to rack their brains over what is meant.

The same goes for publishers. As a book publisher, how much consideration would you give to a manuscript which was full of grammatical errors and spelling mistakes? And of course, pieces intended for publication must be such that they will generate income for the publisher either in sales of scores or from performances. The composer must ask, as does the publisher who will buy this piece?

Some compositions are purely personal utterances not intended for public consumption. A good example of such a piece is Chopin's 'Revolutionary Study', reputedly rattled off by the composer as news of the invasion of his beloved Poland reached him.

A piece must surely bear the stamp of the composer and be in some way original. Writing a chorale prelude in the style and idiom of Buxtehude, Bach or Brahms may be very clever, the result may be quite enjoyable but this is not so much a creative act as an academic one. But why re-invent the wheel? Prokofiev's 'Classical Symphony' may be in the style of Haydn but it is most certainly and unmistakably Prokofiev. Prokofiev took the baton from Haydn and carried it into the twentieth century.

If one seeks an income from composing then the market dictates what will generate one. Elgar was once asked 'Why don't you write a symphony', to which he replied, 'I can't afford it'. He did however write two symphonies and sketched a third but not before he had several 'money spinners' providing some income for him.

Perhaps what all composers and other creative artists seek is eternal life.

Happy Birthday!

Ralph Bootman

Beethoven, Mozart, Stravinsky and many others, live on in their music. Countless more over the centuries have fallen silent. What keeps music alive? Surely it is the people to whom the music speaks and who identify with what the music communicates. Perhaps deep in the subconscious in everyone who puts ink on paper or paint on canvas there is the hope of eternity. Who knows what will survive to speak to future generations? But for Mendelssohn the music of Bach would probably be unknown to us. Now we have it with us, yet in his day Bach was overshadowed by Telemann.

Much music has been written 'to order' or 'by request'. Other music because inspiration visited and the composer felt that the music was there all the time; all that was necessary was to capture it.

I remember standing in front of Michelangelo's 'Pieta' in St. Peter's in Rome and imagining a huge, crude block of stone, and inside it that beautiful sculpture. Did Michelangelo see it in there? Could it be that all he did was to chip away the stone from around it? Is composing music like that? Certainly we live in a world of sound and potential sound from which a composer 'selects and organises'.

Whatever ones motivation for composing, one piece of advice must surely hold good; learn your craft. Being 'amateur' does not mean being 'amateurish' and if any sort of recognition is sought then professional standards must be pursued. Even if recognition is not sought, then personal satisfaction is greater from having done a 'professional' job.

1883 saw several organs being built for Norfolk parish churches, and for a school too. From the factory of Norman and Beard Ltd. in St. Stephen's, Norwich, came instruments for Saham Toney, Narborough and Wroxham churches and for Great Yarmouth Grammar School. From William Christmas Mack of Great Yarmouth came the organ for Sedgford parish church, and from the works of Boughton of Thetford came the organ for Larling. The Wroxham organ has gone but parts live on. Great Yarmouth Grammar School no longer exists as such, but the organ, which has been rebuilt, does. And whilst the organ building side of the firm of Boughton has been defunct for decades, the firm still carries on from the premises in the town which saw several organs destined for Norfolk churches being built.

Way back another fifty years saw Holdich provide the organ for Redenhall church. In 1843 waggons drawn by twelve horses brought the instrument up from London and it is recorded that great difficulty was experienced in the transport, particularly at Gun Hill near Stratford St. Mary. The cost in those days was £700.

Yet another fifty years previously in 1793, a new organ was provided for Wymondham Abbey. James Davis was the builder, but the instrument was supplied by Longman and Broderip. It cost £687 3s 0d in all, the odd £7 3s 0d was abated when the bill was paid.

These organs speak well for their original builders; I wonder how many of today's instruments will be about in a century's time, let alone in 150 to 200 years from now!

Music for the Masses

David Berwick

When I had endured the first week of Classic FM I was of the opinion that the presenters should have been put on trial for crass ineptitude. The jury would not have been out very long! But 'was I being a bit hasty?' I had to ponder; after all it was not every day that a new radio channel came on the air with the promised aim of promoting classical music. Yes, no doubt about it, the advent of such a significant event deserved a more balanced reaction.

During the weeks that followed I found myself able to just about absorb the very worst of the trite and often tasteless comments, and managed to allow the music to get through. I found it pertinent to remind myself, however poor the packaging, it was the quality of the content - the music - that really counted. After all, there were no attempts to 'tamper' with the music; that would have been beyond forgiveness. No, there were genuine attempts being made to bring memorable tunes to the notice of the public. In fact, to be honest, wasn't there a niche for such a perhaps more generally broadminded channel?

Radio 3 is no doubt a superb institution but it has never seen itself as a generally wide music market facility. Radio 3 could always be relied upon to promote top class music and musicians and no doubt it will carry on to even better standards. Perhaps one could argue that Radio 3 saw itself as being a bit exclusive. If you were part of the music scene, in whatever sphere, you were already in the musical club, so to speak, and Radio 3 was open to you as you knew the language and already understood most of the background to the composers and compositions.

Music deserves as wide a public understanding as possible and, on reflection, CFM is doing its best. Those of us engaged in musical endeavours at a local level know how difficult it is

sometimes to 'reach' the public and to make what we are about attractive enough for them to want to come and support us. So, within reason, we should applaud the efforts of CFM.

Where CFM went wrong at the start was to treat the 'most beautiful music in the world' with scant regard for the respect that we all know it deserves. Now that CFM is well established it is good to report that the general level of programme quality and presentation has improved. Certainly the listening figures are beginning to look somewhat impressive, good enough to attract sponsorships that they need to keep in business and, perhaps even more to their credit, they are rapidly nurturing a following. Many is the time I have heard recently that a listener has become a regular follower of classical music through their introduction to it by CFM.

Some say that they have been changed by the arrival of lovely music within their lives. We who have known that feeling for years can understand that reaction. At the very lowest level CFM is encouraging people to find out about music. It is unravelling questions in their minds about tunes they have known for years without knowing exactly what the music was, who had composed it and when. So, at the very least, CFM is doing a good educational job.

Perhaps we need longer to tell, but it is very likely that the greatest gift to come from CFM is the increasing number of people willing to support music at a local level; and about time too! It has been heartening to hear many many concerts advertised which indeed come into the realms of the local scene, and it would be fortunate indeed if such exposure was encouraging the 'new music lovers' to desert their radios, (and dare one hope, their T.V.s) for the churches and concert halls in our localities.

So I will join those who encourage CFM to stay on the scene and carry on promoting the joy of music to all who will hear the message.