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Creative hotspot: a cultural history of Dartington International Summer School of Music, 1953-1959

by

Harriet Cunningham

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Certificate of original authorship

I, Harriet Cunningham, declare that this thesis, is submitted in fulfilment of the requirements for the award of Doctor of Philosophy, in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences at the University of Technology Sydney.

This thesis is wholly my own work unless otherwise referenced or acknowledged. In addition, I certify that all information sources and literature used are indicated in the thesis.

This document has not been submitted for qualifications at any other academic institution.

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To Jeremy Wilson and Clare Addenbrooke-Brittain,
always there with me, at home and out to sea

Abstract

Creative hotspot: a cultural history of Dartington International Summer School of Music, 1953-1959

Britain, 1948. Across Britain and Europe, deep scars remained as communities rebuilt bombed town centres and broken lives. Artists were displaced; study, cultural exchange and critical thinking were all, to a greater or lesser extent, on hold. In Britain there was a profound sense of isolation from the artistic vibrancy of old Europe.

Culture and the arts were widely seen as a way to heal a fractured physical, social and economic environment. The Arnoldian vision of culture as a civilising, revitalising force led to a dramatic flowering of arts activity in Britain and Europe immediately post-war. But what kinds of arts activity should there be? Was the aim to entertain or to ennoble, to escape or engage? To rebuild, restore or reinvent?

This thesis investigates one response to the situation.

The International Summer School of Music is a residential school and festival founded in 1948 and established permanently at Dartington Hall in 1953. Its first artistic director, William Glock, pursued an approach of juxtaposing a diverse and rapidly expanding range of program elements, from the artists he invited to the music he programmed.

The Summer School's archive, an extensive and unexamined collection of photos, letters and printed material, provides the starting point for my research, which uses mixed methods informed by the historiographic philosophy of R. G. Collingwood, combined with Antoine Hennion's application of Actor-network theory (ANT) to music and listening. The thesis encompasses empirical analysis using a range of qualitative and quantitative approaches in dialogue with creative responses to the archive, including short stories and historical re-constructions. Both are grounded in data and both are intended as ways of making meaning.

My findings reveal that the Summer School represented a pioneering approach to music-making which actively engaged with conditions of modernity and tradition, becoming an

'intensified contact zone' for different people and different ideas. I argue that this approach resulted in a hotspot for creativity which had a lasting impact on music in Britain in the second half of the twentieth century.

This case study builds on existing research in the field of ethnography and music sociology, offering an original contribution to knowledge on two dimensions. First, as a methodological experiment, it engages with and extends an ongoing discourse on historiography. Second, it is a case study of an artistic phenomenon drawing on ethnographic and sociological research, suggesting the 'intensified contact zone' has significant implications for creativity on a broader stage.

Keywords: music, post-war Britain, British music, William Glock, Dartington Hall, modernism, classical music, avant-garde music, 1950s Britain, music festivals, music education, creativity

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Introduction

'Creative hotspot' is a study of music, modernism and creativity located at the intersection between history, music and cultural studies and informed by theoretical reading in these areas as well as the sociology of music. In this thesis I investigate conditions for creativity in classical music in 1950s Britain, with a specific focus on an influential music festival that still takes place in rural England.

The International Summer School of Music is a residential school and festival which emerged as part of post-war Britain's surge of restorative culture in the decade after the end of the Second World War. It was established by the music critic William Glock in 1948, and in 1953 moved to its final home at Dartington Hall, a medieval estate which, since 1925, had been the site of a rural regeneration project run by the progressive American multi-millionaire Dorothy Elmhirst and her husband Leonard. From 1953 on, the Summer School welcomed an expanding range of artists and thinkers, professionals and amateurs, to assemble for four weeks a year in a festival of hands-on music-making and communal listening. My thesis examines the first decade of the Summer School at Dartington and considers how the *time* – 1950s Britain, the *place* – a progressive retreat, and the *people* – a significantly diverse collection, many of them displaced by war, influenced the *music* and, by extension, the broader British music community. My investigation of this unique confluence of factors leads me to complicate notions of modernism and the avant-garde in 1950s Britain, and to align with recent scholarship which argues that modernism is more usefully described as a *set of conditions*, rather than an historical period. I argue that the time, the place and the people during the Summer School's first decade created an intensified contact zone, embodying a post-colonial sensibility of appreciating what Edward Said calls 'narratives of integration, not separation' (2014b, p. XXX).

Furthermore, my study aims to address an absence of Dartington Hall and the Dartington International Summer School of Music in the literature on post-war music in Britain, and to make the case that the Summer School acted as a creative incubator, profoundly influencing music in Britain in the second half of the twentieth century. I note the political dimension to curation and suggest that the artistic director's catholic approach to

programming, amongst other factors, provided the conditions for mid-century British modernism to thrive. This leads me to explore how the juxtaposition of conditions for modernity with the solace of tradition can be an accelerator for creativity.

My findings have implications for programming in music and culture, then and now, to engender creativity, diversity and tolerance.

Cultural institutions' approaches to programming are something I have been closely engaged with throughout my professional life. Throughout all of my life, in fact. I still remember the smell of a newly printed season brochure from the National Theatre or English National Opera, poring over all the possibilities. When I began writing marketing copy for arts organisations, I acquired an insider's view. I became fascinated with the challenges of arts programming: how to balance selling an unknown artist to a conservative audience with spruiking an operatic warhorse to a jaded public; how to connect with different demographics, how to engage with contemporary issues. How to be *relevant*.

For cultural organisations today, relevancy is not just a 'nice-to-have'. It is an essential part of their defence against the dark arts of the market economy. Taking the lead from Theodor Adorno's theorising on the sociology of music (Shepherd & Devine 2015, pp. 67-72), the arts are, by definition, non-commercial. They must, inevitably, seek discretionary funding from government or philanthropy, and in doing so they compete with worthy non-arts causes such as medical research, education, the environment or social justice.

Although it is a constant and urgent task for me, arguing for the importance of music and the arts is not the purpose of this study. My life as a musician and writer is predicated on that being a given. However, my investigation of the circumstances of a post-war cultural institution and the choices made by the artistic directorship in response to these circumstances leads me to make comparisons to the state of programming in my own time and place, namely, Sydney, Australia, 2019. Specifically, it fuels my frustration with the conservative programming of some of our largest, most heavily funded, and most prestigious cultural institutions, and my passion for breaking out of the hegemonic grip of classical music's canon, whereby a night at the opera or an afternoon at the symphony

becomes, at best, a 'bedtime story' (Small 1998a, p. 187) and, at worst, a pathway to intolerance.

In so doing I hope to demonstrate that building a program, like curating an art exhibition, is about more than just designing a marketable cultural product. It is about setting an agenda, outlining a philosophy. It is about making choices, taking responsibility, and daring to lead.

*

In this introductory chapter I will contextualise the study, reviewing the literature which has informed my work and drawing out the intersections between music history, cultural history and modernism. I will then review my sources and methods, and articulate the overarching methodology for my thesis.

Dartington Hall and the International Summer School of Music

Dartington Hall, its owners, and the various activities taking place there have been addressed in literature across many different fields including education, rural regeneration, architecture, visual arts, dance and theatre, landscape gardening and social policy. Architectural historian Anthony Emery's 1970 monograph *Dartington Hall,* for example, describes the building as the most spectacular medieval mansion in the West of England, while dance historian Larraine Nicholas discusses Dartington as a point of intersection for American, European and South Asian dancing styles in her 2007 book *Dancing in Utopia: Dartington Hall and its dancers,* and David Jeremiah (Brassley, Burchardt & Thompson 2006) documents the role of Dartington as an experiment in rural regeneration.

Many of the more substantial reports, monographs and personal accounts have been authored by people directly associated with the Estate – former employees, residents or students – or have been commissioned by the Trust itself.

Victor Bonham-Carter and William Curry's 1958 monograph *Dartington Hall,* for example – an account of the experimental school set up by owners Dorothy and Leonard Elmhirst – was commissioned by the Dartington Hall Trust. Similarly, Maurice Punch's *Progressive*

Retreat: a sociological study of Dartington Hall School (1927-1957) and some of its former pupils, an assessment of the educational and social outcomes of the school, was funded by the Trust. (Interestingly, an introduction on behalf of the Trust acknowledges Punch's work but does not endorse his findings).

Michael Young, the Dartington School student and protégé of Leonard Elmhirst, later to become Lord Young of Dartington, is the author of *The Elmhirsts of Dartington* (1982), the most substantial account of the Elmhirsts, their philosophy and, in particular, the vision of Leonard Elmhirst. Jane Brown's recent biography of Dorothy Elmhirst (2017) fills out the portrait of an extraordinary woman. Peter Cox's *The Arts at Dartington* (2005) is a personal account of his time as arts manager at Dartington from the 1940s to 1990s, and the 1988 publication *Imogen Holst at Dartington* is an oral history of Holst, compiled by Cox and the head of music, Jack Dobbs. Mention of Dartington in many other biographies and novels – not to mention countless unpublished journals, letters and monographs – is an indication of the personal impact Dartington Hall has on many who pass through it.

Beyond its impact on individuals, however, there has been limited scholarly attention paid to Dartington Hall and almost none relating to the International Summer School of Music. Ann Rosser Upchurch's 2013 paper, '"Missing"from public history: the Dartington Hall Arts Enquiry 1941-1947', reexamines the central role of Dartington Hall in the establishment of the Arts Council of Great Britain, and Hermione Ruck-Keene's 2018 doctoral thesis, 'Taking Part and Playing Parts: musical identities, roles, participation, and inclusion at Dartington International Summer School', offers a contemporary ethnographic study, but the role of the Summer School in post-war music is under-examined. As Philip Rupprecht notes, 'a documentary study of Dartington [Summer School] remains to be written' (2008, p. 319).

I hope this study provides a way in.

Music in post-war Britain

In today's crowded landscape of festivals and summer schools it is easy to overlook the fact that in 1948, when the International Summer School of Music began, it was a rare bird.

Consider the time. The war was over, but there were still uniforms everywhere. Food was scarce and rationing harsher than in 1944 (Kynaston 2008, p. 8). Politically, reform was afoot at home and abroad, creating uncertainty about the future. Across Britain and Europe, deep scars remained as communities rebuilt bombed town centres and broken lives. Venues were damaged or destroyed; artists were displaced; study, cultural exchange and critical thinking were all, to a greater or lesser extent, on hold. In Britain in particular there was a profound sense of isolation from the artistic vibrancy of old Europe (Rupprecht 2009, p. 276).

Culture and the arts were widely seen as a potent strategy for healing the fractured physical, social and economic environment. The Arnoldian vision of culture as a civilising, revitalising force (Arnold & Garnett 2006), combined with a desire to restore tourism, travel, trade and political exchange led to a dramatic flowering of arts activity in Britain and Europe immediately post-war.

But what kinds of arts activity should there be? Was the aim to entertain or to ennoble, to escape or engage?

The policy makers at Britain's most influential purveyor of culture, the BBC, were inclined to fall back on John Reith's stated priorities, 'to inform, educate and entertain' (Reith 1925). This included the launch of the Third Programme in 1946, which broadcast music, drama and poetry intended for active listening rather than background noise or muzak. And, largely via the Third Programme, it included a re-engaging with explorations of the knotty sounds of 'ultra-modern music', sounds which were still being denounced as either elitist or unpleasant or both by audiences and critics (Doctor 1999, p.119; 2009; Glock 1991, p.45).

In the introduction to his 2015 monograph *British Musical Modernism: the Manchester Group and their contemporaries*, Philip Rupprecht paints a vivid picture of the conflicting reactions to a 1956 concert of 'modern' music a decade after the end of the war, citing reviewers who find the music by turns 'experimental and epigrammatic', 'severely forbidding' and 'shapeless, dismal and ear-corrupting' (p.6). The knee-jerk reactions and sneers are not,

however, the point: more important is understanding the complex interplay of ideology and identity, technology and tradition. He writes:

> In an era of ideological suspicion and escalating existential anxiety – tests of a British nuclear deterrent advanced throughout the Fifties – the Manchester Group's self-conscious modernity was simply a matter of its perceived formalism. Abstraction itself, in this particular climate, bears a hermeneutical trace and harbors a paradoxical national significance (p. 8).

It goes without saying that understanding music in the second half of the twentieth century demands a nuanced discourse, one which sees modernism in music as a 'rambling and picaresque tale' (Fox 2007a, p. 7). Indeed, it is beyond the scope of this thesis to retrace the rambling pathways leading out from this post-war crisis in 'modern' music beyond the overview below. However, the recent flood of scholarship in this area[1] underlines for me how crucial this aspect of the International Summer School was, and how studying the Summer School reveals much about attitudes to modernism and modern music in 1950s Britain.

Modernism in music

In the introduction to the *Routledge Research Companion to Modernism in Music* the editors, Bjorn Heile and Charles Wilson, remark on the 'striking re-emergence of modernism as a topic of research and discourse in musicology' (p. 2), and the way it continues to be a mobile and contentious topic. There is, for example, the periodized definition of modernism, although whether that period is set somewhere between 1850 and 1920 or, in the case of Virginia Woolf's theory of modernity, it arrives in December 1910, is up for debate. Then there is its transformation, in musical terms, during the late 50s and 60s into an institutionalised, esoteric art of the academy, in the hands of established (and, as Heile and Wilson point out, 'invariably white male') composers such as Milton Babbit[2] and Pierre Boulez. Then, in the 70s and 80s, comes a 'new musicology' counter revolution, calling out

1 Scholars working in this area include Mark Carroll, Jennifer Doctor, Christopher Fox, Bjorn Heile, Michael Iddon, Philip Rupprecht, Richard Taruskin, Charles Wilson and many others. The recent publication of the *Routledge Research Companion to Modernism in Music* (Heile 2019) brings together key ideas (and demonstrates the timeliness of this research focus).

2 The uncompromising, aesthetic autonomy of Babbit's position is succinctly evoked in the title of his 1958 paper, 'Who cares if you listen?'

modernism in music as a phallocentric and teleological cult[3]. And in 1999 Arnold Whittall opens the door to applying 'moderate modernism' to twentieth-century composers such as Sibelius (Jackson, Murtomaki & Murtomäki 2001)and Elgar (Harper-Scott & Whittall 2006).

But what is it? A time period? A set of rules? An attitude?

Georgina Born provides an insightful outline of in her 1995 study of Pierre Boulez's Institut de Recherche et Coordination Acoustique/Musique (IRCAM) *Rationalizing Culture: IRCAM, Boulez, and the Institutionalization of the Musical Avant-Garde*. She sees Modernism in music as characterised by a radical reaction to the previous aesthetic or 'language', observing that the radicalism of the reaction means that it often needs to be explained, hence a prevalence of theorisation, which contributes to an air of esotericism. Modernist music might also invoke science and new technology, it might invoke rationalism or its opposite, and it might take a political stance, but these are not defining factors. Above all, it has ambivalent relations with populism and pop culture, and sees a concessional approach to audiences as a dilution of the art. This summary, although broad, captures much of the spirit of modernist music in the period this thesis explores.

But beyond specific characteristics, what is interesting to me and, equally, to Heile and Wilson, is that an essential understanding of what we are talking about when we say modernism in music remains in spite of the fundamental shifts in theorisation and evaluation.

What changes is not modernism, but our reaction to it.

Hence my investigation in it is not as a musicological phenomenon, but as a sociological, political and cultural one.

A note on terminology: the words 'avant-garde', 'modernist' and 'contemporary' are sometimes used interchangeably in reports from the 1950s. With reference to Sarah Collins

[3] See Susan McClary's swingeing takedown, 'Terminal Prestige: the case of avant-garde music composition.'

work on the ISCM (Collins, 2019 in Heile, 2019, pp 56-85), I interpret 'contemporary music' as implying art music which is up-to-date, or of the moment, with no stylistic or ideological overtones, noting that this usage is specific to Britain. I interpret 'avant-garde' in its literal form, as the advance party, venturing beyond the main body of the army, and acknowledge it as implying a style considered radical, provocative or 'difficult'. As discussed above, my use of 'modernist music' here (as opposed to 'modernism') implies music which is an artistic response to social changes wrought by modernity.

Modernism and modernities

Others have written on modernism in British music in the 1950s (Doctor 2004; 2009; Doctor, Wright & Kenyon 2009; Garnham 2018) from a musicological and historical standpoint. My sociological approach is complemented by an understanding of modernism based on Susan Stanford Friedman's conceptual framework where, rather than accepting a spatial-temporal definition of a singular concept of modernity, Friedman advocates consideration of *modernities,* arising anywhere, anytime, from a distinct set of circumstances:

> I regard modernism as the expressive dimension of modernity, one that encompasses a range of styles among creative forms that share family resemblances based on an engagement with the historical conditions of modernity in a particular location (Friedman 2006, p. 432).

Friedman acknowledges that 'anywhere, anytime' can become tautological, meaningless. She therefore attempts to bring some definition to the conditions that she considers to foster the 'expressive dimension of modernity':

> modernity is often associated with the intensification of intercultural contact zones, whether produced through conquest, vast migrations of people (voluntary or forced), or relatively peaceful commercial traffic and technological or cultural exchange. Indeed, heightened hybridizations, jarring juxtapositions, and increasingly porous borders both characterize modernity and help bring it into being (Friedman 2006, p. 433).

Friedman sees the generative effect of 'intensification of intercultural contact zones' as a phenomenon occurring as a byproduct of colonialism, so it perhaps goes without saying that Friedman's study of global modernisms is profoundly influenced by post-colonial studies, the new world literature studies and the anthropology of travelling cultures. She acknowledges this in the introduction to her 2015 book *Planetary Modernisms: provocations on*

modernities across time, citing Edward Said's formative text *Orientalism* alongside the work of scholars including Frantz Fanon, Edouard Glissant, Homi K. Bhabha, Mary Louise Pratt, James Clifford and Rita Felski among others.

Her use of the term 'contact zone' is derived from Mary Louise Pratt's 1992 book *Imperial Eyes: travel writing and inculturation*. In it Pratt introduces the concept of contact zones as 'social spaces where disparate cultures meet, clash, and grapple with each other, often in highly asymmetrical relations of domination and subordination such as colonialism and slavery, or their aftermaths as they are lived out across the globe today' (p. 7). While Pratt's reading of an historic manuscript – a seventeenth-century letter from an Andean subject of the Spanish invaders – is deeply conscious of the way in which the asymmetrical power relationship between colonised and coloniser is manifest, it also considers the 'possibilities and perils' (p.7) of this dialogue, a dialogue that can challenge a Eurocentric reading of history in an elaborate, skilful and potentially enlightening way.

In the wake of Mary Louise Pratt's discussion, James Clifford proposes the contact zone as a place of radical creativity, suggesting that 'Cultural action, the making and remaking of identities, takes place in the contact zones, along the policed and transgressive intercultural frontiers of nations, peoples, locales' (1997, p. 7). He extends this framework to characterise museums and other sites of cultural performance, 'not as centers or destinations but rather as contact zones traversed by things and people'(p. 8) with the potential to become a 'utopian space of interaction and performative improvisation' (p.197). It is through this lens that I view the Dartington Summer School, as a site of cultural performance on a transgressive intercultural frontier.

This characterisation, purveyed by a white British-Australian scholar writing from an epistemology principally informed by Western art, is, of course, vulnerable to critique. Would it not be more honest to see these incursions of modernity in 1950s Britain as an exoticism, irreconcilable with British identity, indeed, as Peter Maxwell Davies puts it in a 1956 essay, as 'something slightly indecent'? Clifford, himself a white scholar from the United States of America (hereafter America or US), addresses this critique head on by acknowledging that the proliferation of museums (and, by extension, festivals) can be seen

as a relentless collection and commodification of culture practised by the hegemonic and opportunistic coloniser. While recognising the power of the Eurocentric legacy, however, Clifford proposes a position which holds these tensions in delicate balance between 'processes of identification and antagonism that cannot be fully contained' (p.9). Thus his vision for the museum is as a place where the collection becomes 'an ongoing historical, political, moral *relationship'* (p.192).

In my characterisation of the Summer School and its curation of 'exhibits', as one might call the teaching design, concert programming, repertoire and artist roster, I attempt to demonstrate the same approach, where the maintenance of a delicate balance between tradition and the new, between cultural, regional, religious and political positions creates a relational environment, full of creative potential. The intrinsic relationship of the post-colonialist's 'intensified contact zone' with modernity is key to my understanding of the cultural developments at the Summer School in the 1950s.

While many of the scholars using Friedman's work are theorising principally in the field of anthropology and comparative literature, a growing number are taking this approach into the field of music.[4] In her study, for example, of the development of 'ultra-modern music' in 1930s Britain Jennifer Doctor picks up on Susan Stanford Friedman's use of the word *parataxis* – the juxtaposition of things without necessary connection – to describe the peculiarly English clash of tradition and the new which she sees as characteristic of British approaches to musical modernism. This passage, which she quotes from Philip Gibbs's 1935 ethnography *England Speaks,* is redolent of contradictory attitudes to modernism which, I argue, still existed in post-war Britain:

> the two worlds live side by side, the old-world England hardly touched by the increasing rhythm of the speed mania which is called Progress, hardly affected by the trash of the mind, the jazzing up of life, the restlessness, the triviality, which goes by the name of the Modern Spirit… All this modernization is, I find, very superficial. I mean, it has not yet bitten into the soul of England or poisoned its brain. (Gibbs 1935 cited in Doctor 2009, p. 89)

[4] It is a move which recognises the centrality of music to life and work for Edward Said. Said's words on music are, to an extent, peripheral to his scholarly work, in that he writes as a journalist on music, not claiming to be a musicologist. Nevertheless, many musicologists claim Said as one of their own.

Meanwhile, Rachel Beckles-Willson (2009) writes extensively on the West-East Divan Orchestra, a consciously curated intensified contact zone of Palestinian and Jewish young musicians, formed by Edward Said in collaboration with conductor Daniel Barenboim. For her, the question is whether the program fulfils its utopian aims and whether its medium – music of the Western classical canon – undermines these aims. It is a consideration which is, of course, highly relevant to the Summer School as well.

Moving beyond notions of nationality or canon, Brigid Cohen, in her 2009 biography of Austrian-American composer Stefan Wolpe, argues that cultural plurality is at the very heart of modernism. Cohen's narrative is one of conflict, exile and constant reinvention, where a diasporic musician uses his art to perform an ethics of pluralist interactivity and belonging. Wolpe is, perhaps, an extreme case study: while by no means the only artist to have been forced to move from country to country in search of a safe haven, his passion for social and cultural exchange meant that his work was informed by constant cross-cultural connections which wrestle with traditional narratives. In Cohen's eyes, he is a 'nodal figure in the history of modernism' (p. 4).

This thesis is not Wolpe's story, but it is perhaps no coincidence that Wolpe has a connection to the Summer School, firstly via his involvement as a teacher and composer from 1957-1959 and, secondly, as the father of Katharina Wolpe, his estranged daughter, who performed and taught at Dartington throughout the 1950s and 1960s. Coincidences aside, Cohen's strong identification of modernism with cultural plurality and, by extension, with narratives of exile and diaspora, is not only resonant in terms of the Summer School, but also of direct relevance to Dartington Hall itself, because of its ongoing role as a physical space for sanctuary, first welcoming refugees and exiles from Nazi Germany during the 1930s, then child evacuees during the 1940s[5]. As Raymond Williams says in *Politics of Modernism: against the new conformists,* 'it cannot too often be emphasized how many of the major innovators [in modernist art and thought] were …immigrants'(1989, p. 45).

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[5] This work continues today, with the Dartington Hall Trust taking an active role in the South Devon Refugee Support Network, including offering buildings for emergency accommodation. See https://www.dartington.org/about/refugees/ accessed 27 March 2019.

Refugee artists, displaced people and exiles are a persistent thread running through this study, both because of the significance of their presence at the Summer School in the 1950s, but also because, to quote Cohen again: 'in this ongoing "age of the refugee", they remain relevant to current debates about the legacy of aesthetic modernisms in the troubled aftermath of the twentieth century' (2012, p. 8).

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Creative hotspot: an interdisciplinary experiment

My study is interdisciplinary, operating across the fields of history, music and cultural sociology. It therefore uses a non-traditional format which puts critical analysis in dialogue with creative writing in an attempt to complicate and consider them in relation to a cultural phenomenon which has received little scholarly attention to date.

Sources: the archives and the archivist

There are two primary sources for this investigation: the William Glock Collection at the British Library and the International Summer School of Music Archive.

The Glock Collection comprises: manuscripts of music written for or dedicated to William Glock; nine volumes of correspondence; assorted pocket and desk diaries; photographs and other papers relating variously to the Dartington Summer School of Music, the Bath Festival, Glock's editorship of music journal the *Score* and his role as Controller of Music at the BBC. The extensive correspondence – over 350 letters to artists, composers, other writers and music critics, academics and personal friends – gives a fascinating insight into how central Glock was to the web of cultural connections which formed in the wake of the Second World War. The collection was bequeathed to the British Library by Glock and received in instalments between 2000 and 2005. A comprehensive study of this archive remains to be carried out.

The International Summer School of Music Archive consists of a complete set of prospectuses and programs from the festival's inception in 1948 up to the present day; a series of letters between the artistic director, the arts administrator, various artists and the arts manager at Dartington; two collections of photographs by (self-appointed) official

photographers; personal reminiscences in the form of letters solicited from long-term attendees by the artistic director when preparing his autobiography; a range of interviews over a period of three years; and multifarious pieces of ephemera, ranging from telegrams to annotated concert programs.

In using archives as a primary source I acknowledge their limitations as a site of knowledge production. An archive cannot be comprehensive: by definition, it is a selective collection. And the choice of what to put in and what to leave out is, inevitably, in the gift of the archivist, whether an individual or an institution operating under a set of more or less rigid guidelines. No matter how far back you trace the decision-making process, there comes a point where choices are made — to include this, to exclude that. In the case of the Glock Collection, the papers represent the music scores and letters that Glock himself chose to preserve. In the case of the Summer School Archive, it represents the work of archivist Jeremy Wilson.

Wilson is a retired surgeon and a keen amateur musician who has attended the Summer School almost continuously since 1950 (when he was a student at its first location at Bryanston School). Across the seven decades of his involvement he has occupied many different roles, from stage manager to artist manager to advisory committee and board member and, now, participating attendee and honorary archivist. Honorary, as in unpaid and, to a certain extent, untrained, although his partner is a professional archivist and his administration of the Archive has been recognised by the Summer School and its governing body, the Dartington Hall Trust, as invaluable.

Jeremy Wilson is also my father.

This primary source, therefore, is more than just a physical collection of words and pictures. It involves memories – mine, my father's, those of other people, including other family members – an involvement which, to use Verne Harris's term, spells trouble. As Harris observes, the space between the archive, with its notions of stability, longevity and evidence, and with memory, more often associated with fragility, decay and personally-inflected reconstructions, is a minefield (Harris 2012, pp. 147-57). Therefore, in this work I

consciously regard the contents of the Archive as not just a source, but also as a rich and at times intoxicating collection of Derridean traces, 'a tear in the fabric of time, a glimpse offered into an unexpected event' (Farge, Scott-Railton & Davis 2013, p. 15).

Is this over-romanticising an historical endeavour? Perhaps. But I am as susceptible as the next person to the waves of nostalgia and stings of recollection which hijack methodical research in the archive, and an unsentimental awareness of the multiple layers of meaning engendered by archives and memories informs the non-traditional format of this thesis. In other words, my method of enquiry encompasses both historical analysis and creative writing in order to take into account the interplay of source and trace in my research.

Mixed methods

The wide range of data collected has driven my development of a mixed methods approach informed by cultural sociology's turn towards methodological pluralism (Friedman et al. 2015). The initial strategy for collecting data was archival research using the Summer School Archive, a collection of different materials ranging from official documents to personal letters to photos and ephemera. This was supplemented by field research at the Summer School, including interviews and oral histories elicited from various Summer School participants who are contemporaries of the archivist, Jeremy Wilson. The primary sources were then put into a broader historical context using secondary sources, and with additional archival research in the William Glock Collection.

So much data. So many different formats. Using a single qualitative or quantitative approach to make sense of this patchwork of personal, institutional and historical information risked limiting the possible outcomes. I have therefore used a range quantitative methods, analysing different archival materials following the example of Mark Carroll (2003) and Lisa Jakelski (2016), who identify repertoire choices as a form of historiography, using them as 'ways of interpreting the present and remembering the past [that] articulated ideas about identity, community, and what it meant to be modern.' (Jakelski 2009, p. 2). This analysis consists of: a longitudinal study of the repertoire performed at the Summer School over the first decade; a cross-sectional study of the program for one year, set against festival programs in other locations; and an interpretation

of the demographic profile of prominent participants as identified by statistical analysis of the index of photographs in the Archive.

Complementing this quantitative analysis, I take the lead of Peter Burke who, in his 2006 monograph *Eyewitnessing; the uses of images as historical evidence* argues that photographs are not merely mirrors on a moment, but extensions of the social contexts in which they were produced, warranting a richer mode of visual interpretation.

A key example which informed my approach is Richard Powers' first novel. In *Three Farmers on Their Way to a Dance* (1985) he uses a single photo to generate a profound and beautiful meditation on memory, history and identity. He considers the photo from many angles: the historical context, the subjects, the photographer and the observer. He describes the subjects' gestures, their clothes, how each of the three figures wears their hat, holds their cane. He wonders about what sounds might accompany this image, about what they have been talking about, what they say to the photographer. What happened before this moment. What will happen after. He looks into their eyes as they look into the camera lens, searching for an interiority which conventional history cannot supply.

> the lens slices a cross-section through time, presenting an unchanging porthole on a changed event. The frame invites us to feel a synchroneity with the photographer the way museum-case glass, slicing through a beehive, invites us to live in the colony. We cannot worry too much over what lies to the right or left of the restricting frame. If the path between sense and significance opens, it will open in those moments when, momentarily delighted by some overlooked detail or construed resemblance, we become aware of what lies in front of the plane of the photo (p. 257).

It is that moment of synchroneity, when '…momentarily delighted by some overlooked detail or construed resemblance, we become aware…', that defines my approach, not just to the photos, but to all the various ephemera in the archive.

It is a method perhaps best described as *listening*. Not just any kind of listening. The kind of informed, critical and, above all, *close* listening which I have brought to my professional role both as a classical violinist and as a classical music critic for a major metropolitan newspaper in Sydney. The kind of listening where one notices subtle cues, minute changes,

the choices made and consequences of those choices, and seeks to translate these observations into meaning.

This micro-attention to details tends towards both the thick descriptions of qualitative sociology, but also the world-building of fiction. Telling details such as a hand on the shoulder, or a sideways glance captured by a candid photo, or the pencilled comment on a printed document fire up my creative writer's instinct to ask 'what if?', to run with an idea, to play with possibility. Reading personal letters and public statements, I pick up the timbre of voices of the various people involved with the Summer School and begin to imagine conversations which might provide answers to unresolved questions hanging in the air of the archive. My use of different voices allows me to encompass different writing genres, different modes of expression and different ways of making meaning.

It is important to note that my use of multiple voices is intended to be historically additive, rather than distractive. In particular, I stress that while the stories are works of fiction, they are not fantasy. Therefore I present an interpretation anchored to a network of related discourses, where the speculative elements of my writing are in dialogue with existing scholarship. As in *Three Farmers on Their Way to a Dance*, creative and analytic modes are integrated and integral to each other.

A number of reasons informed my decision to present creative work alongside scholarly writing. First, my background as a professional journalist and copywriter has meant that my writing has always been grounded in the need to communicate clearly. Put bluntly, if it makes no sense, and if it is tiresome to read, it is not the reader's fault. It's mine. This is not always the approach of the academic writer, an approach trenchantly described by feminist theorist Barbara Christian in *The Race for Theory* (1987). 'I am appalled by the sheer ugliness of the language... its lack of pleasureableness', says Christian, observing that, by contrast, her theorizing is often in 'narrative forms, stories, riddles, proverbs, the play with language' (p.72). It is a provocative and, potentially, productive observation and, in this spirit, I consciously use writerly techniques, both in creative chapters and in historical ones.

Second, I argue that making sense of the world is not the exclusive territory of the academic writer: indeed, fictional and creative accounts can bring to a phenomenon a nuanced understanding with an immediacy that a rigorous scholarly description may not achieve. In other words, rather than explaining some of the emotional responses to the Summer School, I create narratives which attempt to convey these feelings directly.

I am not claiming this as a new technique: indeed, one of the most often cited rules of creative writing is 'show, don't tell'. More important for my purposes is the realization that, as comparative literature and modernism scholar Rita Felski argues, different modes of description and, furthermore, different modes of description *in dialogue with each other*, can enhance our understanding. As an example, she recounts her approach to teaching post-colonial theory using texts ranging from classic essays in the field to literary memoir, arguing that the memoir 'explores the anguish of dislocation and the losses of migration, in ways that the theoretical essays fail to acknowledge'(2016, p. 12).

Felski provides an argument, but James Clifford goes further, providing a model. In the introduction to his 1997 work, *Routes: Travel and translation in the late twentieth century,* he explains the purpose behind his non-traditional monograph, in which he experiments with different writing styles, putting travel writing, vignettes and memoir alongside more traditionally presented research. As he says:

> The purpose…is not to blur, but rather to juxtapose, distinct forms of evocation and analysis. The method of collage asserts a relationship among heterogeneous elements in a meaningful ensemble. It brings its parts together while sustaining a tension among them. Discursive domains, like cultures, are shown to be constituted at their policed and transgressed edges (p. 12).

It is as if his text embodies the sense of dislocation and translation that he seeks to articulate in his interpretation of culture. And it is with this model in mind that I structure my own thesis, as a contact zone between history and music, fiction and memory, culture and politics, fact and feeling.

Methodology: metaphysics meets pragmatism

Bringing together the fields of music, history and cultural sociology has led me to use a methodology based on the work of two scholars, the historian and philosopher R. G.

Collingwood and the musicologist and sociologist Antoine Hennion, to understand what I think of as history, and what I think of as music.

R. G. Collingwood's work has informed the process of moving backwards and forwards between speculative narrative and historical analysis. *The Idea of History* is a posthumously published collection of lectures and writings articulating a philosophy of history and historiography. In it he challenges the value of what he calls a 'scissors-and-paper' history, that is, a history constructed from a collage of sources of authorities, and instead invokes a scientific and philosophical approach to history. He urges would-be historians or, as he would have it, would-be metaphysicians, to ask not 'what happened?' but 'why did this happen?', not 'what did they say?' but 'who is she, why is she saying this, what is she *not* saying, why is *she* saying it and not someone else…?' Or, as New Zealand cultural musicologist Christopher Small would say, 'what's really going on here?' (2011, p. 14).

For Collingwood, the historian solves a puzzle, answers a question, not by laying out every piece of source material and synthesising them, but by using the source materials to recreate or re-enact the thought state of the historic agent. Collingwood sees self-reflection as one of the historian's most powerful tools and, indeed, responsibilities. Thus the work of history is trying to uncover that which was not necessarily articulated at the time, by re-creating that moment then noting, self-reflexively, the thinking. He is, in effect, proposing an experiential approach to writing history which uses a combination of action, inquiry and self-reflection. By asking questions, he argues, rather than accepting sources as authorities, you use the sources to become an authority yourself:

> When a man thinks historically he has before him certain documents or relics of the past. His business is to discover what the past was which has left these relics behind it. For example, the relics are certain written words; and in that case he has to discover what the person who wrote those words meant by them. This means discovering the thought (in the widest sense of the word) which he expressed by them. To discover what this thought was, the historian must think it again for himself (Collingwood & van der Dussen 1993, p. 283).

While on one level, Collingwood's invocation, the 'historian must think it again for himself', provides a convenient battle cry for the speculative historian or writer of historical fiction, it also has profound implications for how we think about history at an ontological

level. Collingwood is not just giving us permission to re-enact, re-think, re-create. He is defining history not as a way of establishing the truth, but as a way of making meaning from the past. It is a challenging and liberating definition.

This study is not the place for arguing about the precise location of truth on the spectrum from documentary evidence to historical fiction. In terms of the short stories which punctuate chapters of this study, I take Peter Carey's position: I made them up[6]. But, like my over-arching investigation of what was happening at Dartington in the 1950s, my methods involve interrogating a broad range of primary and secondary sources. Some of these sources are used to inform, illustrate and argue for my understanding of the cultural phenomenon. Others are translated into a narrative form, contributing to reconstructions of real and imagined scenarios and dialogue. Now my role becomes not just historian or writer but also *translator*.

As Rita Felski says, 'translation is associated with unpredictability, ambiguity, impurity, and increase in "noise"' (2016, p. 752). The point is not to say how good, bad or impossible translation is, but investigate the uses and merits of translation, 'which involve losses and gains and misunderstandings, but also the possibility of new affinities and attunements'.

In short, translation makes connections. It makes meaning. But it also alters. It changes things.

Noticing how things change is at the heart of my research methodology in the field of music. It is, I argue, a fundamentally *pragmatic* approach, one which takes the investigator outside disciplinary boundaries, so that they can talk about music in terms of cultural sociology, as a phenomenon as well as, and sometimes instead of, an artefact.

It is an approach best understood through the lens of Actor-network theory (ANT) or, as I prefer to think of it, twenty-first century pragmatism.

Since the early 1990s French musicologist Antoine Hennion has worked alongside Bruno Latour and Michel Callon at the Centre Sociologie de l'Innovation, developing a new way

[6] As referenced in Inga Clendinnen's *Quarterly Essay*, 'The Question of History' (2006)

of thinking about the place of science and culture in society, referred to as Actor-network Theory. Hennion has pioneered the use of ANT in cultural settings, starting with his 1993 monograph *La Passion de musique*, and developing across the next 25 years a sociology of music, mediation, taste and passion (Hennion 2001b, 2004, 2010, 2015, 2017).

As Hennion acknowledges in his 2016 account of the development of ANT, there are close parallels between Hennion and his colleagues' approach and that of William James and John Dewey, nineteenth-century founders of pragmatism (p. 301). And it is in the outlines of pragmatism that we see the potential for a shift in how we think about music, and how we write about music.

First, a pragmatic approach rejects dualism as a path towards absolutism: the quest for a pure form of truth is a sterile exercise which relies on narrowing the field of vision and bolstering assumptions. Following on from this, pragmatism rejects the re-ification of concepts and theories as, at best, unhelpful and, at worst, dangerous. Trying to define 'music' leads to a dead end. Instead, Hennion, Latour, and James before them, look at the relations, the processes of exchange and influence, the way things change each other, with the central understanding that the world is 'plural and open, an expanding tissue of heterogeneous realities, but connected loosely, "still in process of making"' (2016, p. 302).

That phrase, 'still in the process of making', is Hennion quoting William James's *The Meaning of Truth* (James 2004). It's key to Hennion's argument, and to mine. For if we think of music as 'still in the process of making' we re-frame the abstract noun as action, action encompassing all the agents, all the factors, all the difference-makers that go towards what we experience when listening to music. For Hennion, the study of music is, therefore, about studying the mediators of this experience, in all their complexity, whether they be notes on the page, impulses of sonic energy, the rhythmic clash of wood on metal, or the shiver down the spine triggered by an insistent bass pedal. 'Pragmatism is not a theory of practice,' says Hennion, 'but a taking into account of things, which is a different matter entirely' (p.307).

This turns text-based musicology on its head. Instead of investigating a fixed entity in the context of external determinisms (such as the perennial argument over social versus aesthetic factors) Hennion investigates and theorises what happens when people *do* music, whether they are listening, playing, remembering, hating, avoiding… By flipping the way we think of music from an artefact, 'the work', with all the accompanying arguments about its finite location, to thinking of music as the effect it has on its environment and how that comes about — in other words, the 'work of music' — we simultaneously take account of the many factors that come into play in the construction of organised sound, but also that the confluence of these factors results in something which is 'still in the making'. Thus, Hennion's working definition for music becomes 'a heterogeneous body of practices for attaining a state of emotional intensity.' (2001a, p. 19)

This has a number of implications: first, as already stated, it emphasises music as an action rather than an object. In this Hennion aligns with the early work of Tia DeNora (1986), who describes music 'as a place and space for work', and with Christopher Small (1998b), who coins the word 'musicking' to express the sense of music not as a thing, but as an action. By extension, 'the work of music' becomes a Latourian *assemblage*, a 'heterogeneous body of practices' (2001a, p. 19), a collaboration.

Second, if the work of music is a collaboration, then in order to understand, to extract the meaning from a piece of music, one must not just investigate the manuscript, the recording, the notes themselves. One must also experience the music with a self-conscious, self-reflective awareness of its effect, taking into account the circumstances of all the historical/musicological agents. This expansion of the territory under investigation has the effect of giving agency back to all those factors — human and non-human — which have been excluded from musicology as lacking specialist knowledge or information for interpreting the narrowly-defined phenomenon of Western art music. In other words, twenty-first century pragmatism puts music back into the hands of the mediators, the translators, the 'workers of music':

> It is in this sense we can claim that music lovers have written the history of music, as much as the history of music has produced its amateurs. They have composed each other. Without common history, music is nothing. It does nothing to those who make nothing of it (Hennion 2008, p. 45).

By acknowledging a more diverse range of factors, a pragmatic approach flattens the ontology, rejecting a perceived hierarchy of opinions and evidence in favour of noticing things.

This underlying methodology is at the core of my practice, in terms both of creative writing and historical research. I have already argued that if we adopt Collingwood's conceptual framework then my engagement in re-thinking, re-creating, re-enacting is the work of history. Likewise, adopting Hennion's conceptual framework, my engagement with music – as a practising musician, a close listener, a critic, a researcher and a lover – gives me authority to do 'the work of music'.

Not only that – it informs who and what I listen to as an authority. I am not just listening to the professional history-makers, the records and documents. I must also listen to 'the common history': the refugees, the traces, the amateurs.

Chapter Outline

The opening chapter, 'A Walk around the Gardens', is a personal essay which introduces Dartington Hall, the Summer School and key characters. It acts as a scene setter, a deliberately rich evocation of the sounds, smells and sights associated with an historic site, and it locates the researcher – me – within the study by offering snapshots of my time, my place and my people.

The second chapter, 'Time: between the past and the future' takes its subtitle from Hannah Arendt's 1961 collection of essays, *Between Past and Future.* In it I locate the Summer School in time – post-war and 1950s Britain – and identify the unique characteristics of this time, such as rupture and renewal, the rapid pace of social and political changes, nostalgia for a disputed past and hope for an unknown future, as evidenced by contemporary reports and the Archive itself. The chapter includes a brief outline of Bryanston Summer School, the forerunner to Dartington. Then, using close readings of selected photos from the

Catharine Scudamore collection, I identify conditions for modernity as suggested by Susan Stanford Friedman's 'matrix of converging changes' (2010 p.47).

'The Odd Couple' is a short story which explores the delicate relationship between the two key executives of the Summer School, the music director William Glock and his chief of staff, John Amis. Starting from two letters contained in the Archive, it speculates on the gap between what is said on paper and what the two characters actually mean. It functions as a dramatic introduction to the two central characters and also as a demonstration of the dual function of archival evidence, as source and trace.

'Place: a magical space' focuses on the impact of place on the Summer School of Music. In it I introduce Dorothy and Leonard Elmhirst and their ambitious design for a centre for rural regeneration and progressive education at Dartington Hall. The ideas and actions of the Elmhirsts take this investigation of place beyond the geographic, and into social, political, and philosophical realms. Using Svetlana Boym's taxonomy of nostalgia, I identify Dartington Hall as a site of reflective nostalgia and consider how this feeds into the factors generating a significantly creative environment.

'The Traveller's Tale' is a short story which reconstructs events from 1957 when Igor Stravinsky was guest of honour at the Summer School. Using photos, letters and personal reminiscences, I try to see the Summer School, first, through the eyes of the Stravinsky party and, second, through the eyes of two of Dartington's permanent residents, Peter and Bobbie Cox, who deal with the upheaval involved in hosting such celebrated guests. My re-enactment is an attempt not only to convey the lived experience of both parties, that is, the globe-trotting Stravinsky party and the limited experiences of the young family of Peter Cox, but also to convey a sense of place and nostalgia directly, as a foil to the theoretical gestures of chapter three.

Chapter 4, 'People: a plurality of voices', investigates the people who came to the Summer School in its first decade, by invitation or happenstance. In this chapter we meet the photographer, Catharine Scudamore, through whose eyes we see Summer School participants meeting, playing, talking, making music in a collection of over one thousand

photographs. By analysing the index to the photographs, I focus in on a representative group. Then, using secondary resources and a close reading of the photos, I fill out characteristics of these people, make observations in terms of sex, gender and nationality and construct a preliminary social network analysis of their connections with each other. I then take a detailed look at six people who, I argue, occupy critical roles within the field. In so doing, I develop an alternative typology for their place and role within the field, leading to observations on how, as roles become destabilised and complicated, new opportunities for creativity emerge.

'Katharina', is a fictional interlude which imagines a young pianist, Katharina Wolpe, rehearsing and performing a work by her father, Stefan Wolpe. Using photos, secondary sources and the music itself as creative prompts, I try to enter the mind of Katharina as she is trying to enter the mind of her father and, in so doing, I reflect on the act of performing and composing music.

'Music: at home' and 'Music: a few yards out to sea' examine the Summer School program, both in terms of concert performances and teaching. 'Music: at home' focuses on classical music, that is, music composed before the First World War, and 'Music: a few yards out to sea' explores how the Summer School presented 'new' music, including music composed in avant-garde idioms.

In the first of these two chapters I historicise music appreciation and the phenomenon of listening, playing, and composing music and, in so doing, consider the agency in music – what music *does* – in relation to the range of music which featured in the first decade of Glock's Summer School. Then, using the printed concert programs as a data source, I analyse the range of repertoire performed during the first decade and consider to what extent it aligns with the canonical expectations of the classical music establishment. I make an argument for how Glock's approach to programming – the artistic choices he made – were, in themselves, a contributing factor to conditions for modernity and, therefore, a conscious manufacturing of a creative environment.

'Meeting Beethoven' is another fictional interlude, a short story about the experiences of a young student experiencing the music of Beethoven as a performer, as an audience member and as a stage manager at the Summer School. Through it she learns that appearances and reality, aesthetics and beauty are not the same thing.

In 'Music: a few yards out to sea', I look at the paths William Glock cut through the landscape of new music, at the choices he made and the implications of these choices on models for creativity and cultural leadership. The chapter opens with an account of the historic premiere of a seminal work of the post-war avant-garde, Pierre Boulez's *Le Marteau Sans Maitre,* looking at its reception and what that says about attitudes to the new, at the Summer School and more widely. The chapter then offers an analysis of the twentieth-century repertoire performed at Dartington, and compares the findings to two other festivals, the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts and the Darmstadt Ferienkurse. Following the example of Mark Carroll (2003) and Lisa Jakelski (2016), I interpret these repertoire choices as a form of historiography, using them as 'ways of interpreting the present and remembering the past [that] articulated ideas about identity, community, and what it meant to be modern' (Jakelski 2009, p. 2).

'We Three', is a fictional re-enactment based on the summer of 1959, when three students, Susan Bradshaw, Richard Rodney Bennett and Cornelius Cardew, attended the Summer School together for the last time. Also centred around the premiere of *Le Marteau Sans Maitre,* in which Rodney Bennett and Cardew played, I re-imagine how each of them make sense of the bleeding edge of modernity and their place within it. My portraits of Bradshaw, Bennett and Cardew aim to dramatise some of the radically divergent attitudes to the avant-garde, and the challenges facing any artist trying to engage with new music in the 1950s.

My thesis concludes with 'Creative hotspot, creative unbalance', a chapter in which I summarise my findings and reflect on the methodology of using creative writing alongside empirical research to create new insights.

Finally, 'A walk around the harbour' is a personal essay which complements the opening, 'A walk around the garden', by relocating the researcher, me, in my current home in Sydney, Australia. In it I recount my father's most recent visit to Australia, back in 2014, and our experiences at the Four Winds Festival in Barraga Bay, six hours drive south of Sydney, and then at the Handa Opera on the Harbour, an outdoor operatic extravaganza presented by Opera Australia in Sydney. This provides a personal context for my thesis, not just in terms of the familial connection, but in terms of my professional life and public identity within the Australian cultural arena, working for the daily broadsheet, the *Sydney Morning Herald* as a classical music critic. This is the context of my study, a place to begin and end.

Preamble: A walk around the gardens

> Memory and love and magic. What happened over the years of my expeditions as a child was a slow transformation of my landscape over time into what naturalists call a local patch, glowing with memory and meaning. Mabel is doing the same. She is making the hill her own. Mine. Ours.
>
> -- Helen MacDonald, *H is for Hawk* (2014)

It's been such a long time but walking through the Dartington Hall gardens is like cramming my mouth full of madeleines.

The steps at the entrance are grey flagstones, dark, wet, and crusted with a prickly coating of leaves dropped by the evergreen trees at the entrance. The steps take you down to the right, past a Buddha statue and onto a broad walkway, flanked by a high stone wall and a row of twelve poplar trees, each trimmed into the shape of a flat-topped babushka doll. The Twelve Apostles and the herbacious border.

My father, a committed gardener, loves a good herbacious border. He reads the border like a book, reviewing the state of the roses, the tobacco plants, the small shrubs and lambs' ear leaves. Once upon a time he would be taking mental notes, storing away interesting plant combinations and particularly successful new introductions as something to try in his own garden. Even now you'll often find him of an afternoon sitting on one of the benches with a book, soaking up the gentle rays of a kindly sun.

It's 2012, and I'm returning, after a gap of 25 years, to my childhood retreat, my *bildungshaus,* the place that made me who I am. Dartington Hall, the site for the International Summer School of Music, to where my parents made an annual pilgrimage, there to soak up art and reconnect with a dense network of musicians, artists, writers and lovers.

I'm here for my father. He's been curating the Summer School Archive for many years now. He's pulled together all the haphazardly-filed correspondence, the ephemera, the photos sourced from friends and former colleagues as their lights begin to blink, fizz and extinguish. Over the last decade, he has been accumulating cardboard boxes full of inky

carbon copies, brochures tanned with age, black and white and colour photos of younger selves.

This year my father turns 80 and, to mark the occasion, John Woolrich, current artistic director of the Summer School, has commissioned a new work for piano and bassoon – my father's instruments. Tonight is the world premiere. The composer will be there, as will the artistic director and the great and good of the organisation, all to honour my father.

Which is how I find myself wandering through the medieval estate where I spent every summer from my birth to my 25th year. It's been two decades since I visited. So much has happened. Jobs. Houses. Marriage. A death or two. Some births. A new country. But as I walk across the stone paving, past the pine trees, as I hear the pigeons in the eaves of the East Wing, and the cheery 'Hello, Summer School of Music' floating out from the office, I'm transported back in time.

*

We usually approached Dartington Hall via the road from Staverton, along the back drive. The turn-off was just after the church, onto a one lane road between high hedges. On the left, the Old Postern. On the right, the school cricket pitch and, up above it Foxhole, the school building. Then up a steep hill and past High Cross, the headmaster's house, a blocky white building stained with lichen. A few hundred metres on, the top gate to the gardens, shadowed by foliage, looking dark and spooky.

My brother and I would be beside ourselves with excitement. It was a long journey and we itched to get out of the car. My parents were doubtless eager too. The weary howl of the Renault 16 engine and the never-ending squabbling from behind must have been tiring.

We passed the entrance to the courtyard, went down the hill past Higher Close, then swang right, across the cattle grid, onto the road leading up to Hall itself. Arriving early, two days before the Summer School began, all was still relatively quiet. Just a gardener clipping a hedge, perhaps, or a van making deliveries to the White Hart.

Except that the emptiness was an illusion. Is an illusion. For this is a memory, a palimpsest of time, where empty picture-postcard views become populated with detail as you zoom in.

*

My earliest memories of Dartington Hall are inevitably coloured by childhood. Eating slices of neapolitan ice-cream sandwiched between wafers, sitting by the swimming pool at Aller Park; the broken concrete and patterns on the pavement outside the schoolhouse; the smooth wooden bannisters down the big staircase, with elegant little spikes every three steps to discourage sliders; the tennis courts where I sat, hot, fat, bored and inconvenient, while my mother ran around like a young Diana, glowing in the admiring gaze of her opponent on the other side of the net.

We were usually billetted at Aller Park because it was the only accommodation with family rooms. Sometimes we were in the big house, and sometimes we were in one of the three flat-roofed, Bauhaus-inspired school blocks: Blacklers, Orchards and Chimmels.

My brother and I were always beside ourselves with delight to arrive at Aller Park. It was our place. I'm sure there must have been adults around in those early days, but I don't remember them. I just remember days exploring the woods behind the school – 'Don't go near the river!' – or climbing the rope rigging left in the trees by students. One year someone had managed to sling a rope over a high branch of one of the great trees in the woods. My brother and his friends discovered it on one of their sorties and persuaded me to come and see. It all felt very adventurous. Especially when my brother let go of the rope at the height of its arc, where the land fell away, and fell ten metres to the ground. Dense thicket broke his fall but he still howled all the way home.

*

It's 1983.

Fig. 1: Jenny takes a photo. Photographer: Charles Davis, author's personal collection

I can see myself, there on the lawn, posing with a group of friends while Jenny takes a photo. I'm on the far right. My brother is on the far left. All grown up now, no more swimming at Aller. Snatching a moment in the sun before it's time to go to work.

The shutter clicks, and over Jenny's shoulder we see people appear, one, then two, then many, a crowd spilling down the steps leading from the Great Hall. The choir rehearsal has just finished. Men, women, young and old, they are all beaming, euphoric with song. That's our cue. It's coffee time. Peter and Zoe, the couple in the middle, are serving and I'm the runner, ferrying jugs of hot, milky coffee and acrid black from the kitchen to the tables set up under the pine trees. I'm on notice after too many late nights and too many hungover mornings. One more dropped jug of coffee and my prized holiday job as kitchen hand will be in danger.

Now it's 1954, earlier, before I was born. Same place, another time.

Fig. 2: the Bryanston Piano Trio, l-r Christopher Bunting, Olive Zorian and William Glock, 1954.
Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive < ID Scu54.99>

On the right is the first artistic director of the International Summer School of Music, William Glock[7]. He's tall, blond, and wearing a suit and middle-age with distinction. He has a quiet authority: tall but not big, good-humoured but remote. A benign patrician. Glock is a British pianist and music critic by trade. Since the end of the war (during which he was an air traffic controller in the RAF) he has transformed himself into a well-regarded arts

[7] Sir **William** Frederick **Glock**, CBE (3 May 1908 – 28 June 2000) was a musician, music critic and musical administrator. An organ scholar at Cambridge, he studied piano in Berlin under legendary piano virtuoso Artur Schnabel from 1930-33. On his return to the UK he made a living as a performer and music writer, becoming music critic for the *Manchester Observer* and the *Scotsman*. After serving in the RAF during the second world war in 1947 he was invited to establish what would become the Dartington International Summer School of Music. In 1949, he took on the editorship of a music journal, the *Score,* which led to his occupying key positions in contemporary music circles: from 1954-1958 he was chairman of the music committee of the Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA), and delegate to the International Society for Contemporary Music (ISCM). He also ran the International Music Association, a London-based venue which became a hub for Glock's artistic agenda, put into use for meetings, rehearsals and a series of recitals by international visiting artists. In 1959, shortly after the closure of the IMA, Glock was appointed Director of Music at the BBC. He remained in this position until 1973 and during his tenure was instrumental in rejuvenating the BBC Symphony Orchestra and the BBC Proms. He continued to write, teach and curate well into his 80s and died, at 92, in 2000.

impresario, editing an influential music journal, curating concert series at the exclusive London club of which he is manager, and presiding over an annual gathering of international talent at Dartington Hall. There is something about his bearing, an upright posture, not so much military in its nature but certainly statesmanlike. He moves gracefully, purposefully and invisibly around the estate. Is it my imagination that he speaks with a slight stutter at times? He certainly talks with a caution verging on diffidence, only speaking up when his words will find a useful place in the conversation. As I try to remember him in his later years, when I sit beside my parents, listening to him give lectures, I hear in my memory his careful, correct tone.

I hesitate to call him the hero, but William Glock is a central figure in this narrative.

Standing next to him are the other two members of his trio: cellist Christopher Bunting and violinist Olive Zorian who is married to Glock's chief of staff, John Amis, pictured below.

Amis[8] cuts an unmistakeable figure: very tall, with scrappy hair, pink lips, and thick-rimmed spectacles dominating a head which looks too small for his body. From a distance, he resembles a bowling alley pin. Amis is also a pianist, also a music critic. Perhaps he also thinks of himself as an arts impresario. He's certainly a good organiser. During the war he ran Dame Myra Hess's series of concerts at the National Gallery and acted as conductor Sir Thomas Beecham's right-hand-man at the Royal Philharmonic. He has a bulging address book full of useful names and numbers but, despite so-called friends in high places, he lives a rather hand-to-mouth existence as a freelance writer and broadcaster. John is not handsome and not always nice. He does, however, have a nose for opportunity and an instinct for dealing with artists which, in addition to his passion for music, makes him a

[8] The music critic, broadcaster and writer John Amis (17 June 1922 – 1 August 2013) was born and brought up in Dulwich in South London. His father was a banker and a keen amateur musician, so Amis grew up making music at home and being taken to concerts and operas from an early age. At nine, he contracted a severe case of mastoiditis which was nearly fatal. He recovered, but lost the hearing in one ear. He left school at 17 and started work as a record salesman before becoming a freelance music administrator and writer (taking on some of William Glock's commissions when Glock was too busy). In 1948 he established, with William Glock, the International Summer School of Music, and was its administrator until 1979. Amis became a regular contributor to BBC Radio and is best remembered as a panellist on the popular radio and TV show, 'My Music.' He published several books on music and for many years presented 'Music Now' on Radio 3.

lynchpin at the Summer School. He is the man on the ground, running the stage management team, beaming at artists and students alike, and generally keeping the peace.

Fig. 3: John Amis on the steps of the Great Hall, 1953. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive < ID Scu 53.11>

Let's follow Amis as he strolls down the steps from the Great Hall. He's heading towards a wooden door at the bottom of some stone steps. It looks like the entrance to a dungeon. Behind the door is his lair, the Summer School office, where he runs the day-to-day goings on in partnership with the registrar, Beatrice Musson, and a hand-picked team of volunteers.

Bea, as she's known to everyone, watches impassively as John squeezes past her desk to his own seat at the communal trestle table set up against the window. Beatrice Musson is a small, birdlike woman with black hair tied into a bun at the nape of her neck. She favours striped fishermen's jerseys and ballet pumps, à la Audrey Hepburn. Her face radiates calm, while her hands move quickly, cleverly, across a page of figures. Once the numbers add up, she folds the pile of cheques inside a sheet of paper and puts it on her lap before using both hands to manoeuvre her wheel chair back from the desk, and over to the safe.

Fig. 5: Bea Musson, 1957. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive < ID Scu 57.129>

Bea is a quiet but essential part of the Summer School story. She has been confined to a wheelchair since her twenties, when a bout of polio left her paralysed from the waist down. She gets around Dartington with the help of a team of volunteers who lift her up the steps to the Great Hall. She goes to every concert, sitting at the side of the stage next to the stage manager's bench, and is in the office from 9 to 5 each day, attending to participants' needs. She's a good listener, like Glock, but she's also a do-er, like Amis. Without Bea, Glock and Amis would be lost.

It's 1977. Bea looks up and catches the eye of a 10-year-old child hovering around the table aimlessly.

'Harriet, dear. Could you run these numbers over to Doris, please?'

'Doris?'

'In the kitchen, dear. Just say you've got the order for after-concert sandwiches. Someone will know what to do.'

The child – her god-daughter, and also me again – accepts the handwritten note with gravity and heads out to complete her errand. As she half walks, half runs over the grass, buoyed up with the heady joy of being visible for a moment in a world of adults, she almost forgets where she's going. She hesitates at the threshold, wrinkling her nose at the smell of used cooking oil, not daring to set foot inside.

She looks around, distracted for a moment by watching the gardener describe concentric ovals on his ride-on mower. Someone will surely come out, for a cigarette or a breather. She'll wait.

*

Time has shifted again. The shadows are longer but the trees are younger. 1959. A group of students in short sleeves and dark glasses sit, lounge, lie on the grass across from the White Hart bar, prostrate before their guru, an older man, wearing a suit and bow tie. It's Hans Keller, a musicologist and writer originally from Vienna, and one of the many émigrés and

refugees who have found a welcome at Dartington. He lectures in music analysis, composition and performance. He looks and sounds forbidding, but Keller is one of those educators who can find fascination in a grain of sand, who can unravel a complex idea with such articulacy that it seems blindingly simple... Until you try and explain it yourself, later, when you've stepped out from under his spell, and find it tangled once again.

Fig. 4: Hans Keller's Analysis Class, 1959. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive < ID Scu 59.100>

The students fanned out around him are too young to have any real notion of his life experience. It's 1959. When Keller was talking his way out of Germany (after a terrifying two days in a Gestapo cell) they were infants, or not even born. They listen, avid for the wisdom which they know can be coaxed from his mouth, if only they can keep him talking a little longer.

As I look at the photo I see faces I recognise, and names that will appear in concert programs and newspapers and honours lists in the future. Behind Keller, in sunglasses, frowning, is a young Richard Rodney Bennett, soon to become famous for his film scores

and symphonies. On the other side of Keller sits a young Thea Musgrave. Like Bennett, she will become a leading voice in British music, and will receive a CBE for services to music. In sunglasses, to the right of Musgrave is Bennett's great friend and fellow composer, Cornelius Cardew and, lying across the front of Keller, with short hair and in a summer dress, is pianist and writer Susan Bradshaw. Bennett, Cardew and Bradshaw are all students at the Royal Academy of Music and they've come to Dartington together. They are a formidable trio. Together, they will take up the challenge of avant-garde music like a team of scientists trying to split the atom. Worlds will explode.

Fig. 5: L-R Susan Bradshaw, Richard Rodney Bennett, Hans Keller, Thea Musgrave, Cornelius Cardew

*

A hundred yards beyond this pastoral scene, where the gardens proper begin, there's another little drama playing out. My father is there, and this time he's a young man, dressed to play tennis. He's 28. He's a junior doctor, working at the Middlesex Hospital in London, but come August he jumps into his racy Sunbeam Alpine and drives down the windy roads to Devon. He's sitting on a bench outside the summer house, pretending to wait for a friend. In fact, he's waiting for my mother to walk past. He has heard her practising the flute and knows she must emerge soon.

'Hullo.'

'Hi.'

'Clare, isn't it?'

She nods, shyly.

'I'm Jeremy. Heard you practising. Sounded wonderful.'

The compliment wins him a broad smile.

'Thank you.' Not so shy now.

'Will you be at the concert later on?' He looks over his shoulder quickly, trying to maintain the fallacy of a friend to meet, a place to go.

'Yes.'

'Might see you there, then.'

'Yes.'

'Right-o.'

*

My brother startles me with a hand on my shoulder.

'It's just five. We don't need to fetch Dad for another half an hour. Shall we get a drink?'

It's 2012 again. My brother is, like me, here for our father's premiere. He's just driven down from London. I have come from Sydney. I'm jet-lagged and fighting off the urge to sleep.

'I might walk a bit, if you don't mind. I need to get a bit of sunshine on my synapses before going inside.'

‘Sure. Let’s walk up to the echo point.’

We take the path along the herbaceous border, then up a steep path and left past the seven sweet chestnuts which have stood there for three centuries, each of them a colossus. Past the Henry Moore statue of a reclining woman, her back to the Tiltyard and Hall, across the grass to the echo point, a paved area enclosed by the curve of a stone wall with a wooden bench built into it.

Fig. 6: View to the hall with Henry Moore statue, 2014. Photo: H Cunningham, personal collection

From here we can look out over the cascade steps, a dramatic sweep of stone stairs lined with flowering shrubs and trees, often slippery with wet leaves. But looking isn’t the main attraction: the echo point is all about listening. If you stand in the circular paver in the centre of the little terrace, facing out over the cascade, and give a hearty yell, you can hear your voice bouncing back and forth. It’s a deliberate trick of the design, which never failed to delight me as a kid. My brother and I reach back into our memories to dredge up a

youthful lack of inhibition. He howls, I whoop and, sure enough, our voices boom and eddy back at us. We stand, listening, as our voices decay and silence returns.

Then, suddenly self-conscious, he looks at his watch.

'We'd better get back.'

My head is clearing as we walk, briskly now, past the summer house. The memories of doughnuts and Doris, of William, John and Bea, of Leonard and Dorothy, of angry young men and women, wise teachers and calm listeners hang in the air as we wander across the lawn. And there at the wooden table outside the White Hart, sits the 80-year-old former surgeon, the archivist, our father, waiting patiently for us. He looks up and smiles, his face all crags and gullies. It's time to go and meet old friends, to tell stories and reminisce, to talk about the Archive and listen to a new work.

It's time to listen.

1: Time: the gap between the past and the future

> When the thread of tradition finally broke, the gap between past and future ceased to be a condition peculiar only to the activity of thought and restricted as an experience to those few who made thinking their primary business. It became a tangible reality and perplexity for all; that is, it became a fact of political relevance.
>
> -- Hannah Arendt, *Between Past and Future*

A photo of two men, both middle-aged, both in a suit and tie, wearing brogues and carrying well-thumbed documents, standing in front of a wall covered in some vigorous climber. In the background an archway frames a distant glimpse of trees, a woman walking towards them, and the back wheel of a car. The ground beneath them is a mixture of cobbles and flagstones -- not a road, nor yet an urban pavement. A pathway, then, a decorative garden pathway and, yes, a rose bush in flower to one side. It must be summer, an English summer, warm enough for roses but not warm enough to take your jacket off. Or perhaps these are gentlemen who observe life's formalities; gentlemen who do not take off jackets until expressly told to do so.

It's a picture from August 1953 in the courtyard of Dartington Hall. On the right of the photo is George Barnes, Director of BBC Television. He's in Dartington to give a lecture on the new broadcast medium. Maybe the papers he is holding are his lecture notes.

On the left of the photo, smiling faintly, is William Glock, the artistic director of the new Dartington International Summer School of Music, a residential summer festival which brings professional musicians, talented students and enthusiastic amateurs together for four weeks of classical music and cultural enrichment. The folio under his left arm is probably a piano score – a Beethoven Piano Trio, perhaps, since he's due to give a concert later that night. The two of them look relaxed in each other's company in spite of their formal attire.

Fig. 7 William Glock and George Barnes, 1953. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive < ID Scu 53.37>

There are many tensions, many contradictions in one picture. Two cultural opinion-makers of the 1950s, both known for their progressive outlook, are standing in rural Britain dressed for lunch at a gentleman's club. One, Glock, clutching a score of Ludwig van Beethoven, is known as a champion of new music and young composers. The other, Barnes, a public servant and peer of the realm, deeply embedded in the establishment, knighted for his leadership in using cutting edge technology to televise the young Queen Elizabeth's coronation earlier that year.

How did this strange meeting of the past and the future come about? How did this clash of tradition and the new impact on attitudes to modernism? Was there something about this moment in time that contributed to a set of conditions peculiarly conducive to creativity?

In this chapter I explore the years following the Second World War[9]. I see them as coloured by the counterpoint of tradition and the new, a political and cultural environment captured in Hannah Arendt's words as 'the gap between past and future,' and I make the case that this environment contributed significantly to the formation of a creative hotspot at Dartington International Summer School of Music. I note anecdotal views of attitudes to modernism in post-war Britain, including the pervasive myth of the 'timelag'. I then investigate the attitudes to modernism revealed through a close reading of the program of the Bryanston Summer School (1948-1952). In the final section of the chapter I revisit the 'gap between past and future', introducing Susan Stanford Friedman's concept of the 'intensified contact zone', and illustrating how it is manifest at Dartington in 1953 using close readings of photos.

A musical bombsite

In his detailed survey of British Musical Modernism Philip Rupprecht maps out the crude but pervasive narrative of early twentieth-century British music.

> Conventional wisdom argues crudely that by the early twentieth century, British music was dominated by a folksong-rich pastoralist mode (symbolized above all by Vaughan Williams's music), a quintessential expression of the native and the indigenous; and that all this was swept away, post-1945, by a modernism that was structuralist in conception, abstract in expression and

[9] For the purposes of my argument, I am considering the years 1946-1952 as 'post-war'

> anonymous in geographic affiliation. The land without music, one might almost say, gave way to a post-war music without land. (Rupprecht 2015, p. 20)

This mythology achieved a wide critical currency, not least in the period with which this thesis is concerned, namely 1953-1959, the first eight years of the Dartington International Summer School of Music. As such, it is an important part of the critical mindset of the period, informing attitudes to modernity in the 1950s. It is, however, an egregious oversimplification. As Rupprecht says, 'so simple a plot will not do.'

Jennifer Doctor provides a much needed complexity with her investigation into the BBC's commitment to promulgating the Ultra-Modern, as the works of Bartok, Schoenberg and the Second Viennese School were known, and finds that during the interwar years there was a concerted push by the BBC music department to introduce the listening public to modernist music (Doctor 1999), to develop what was perceived as a sophistication of taste, rather than what we might now call 'dumbing down'. She also notes the key role of technological advances in recording, reproducing and broadcasting music, which enabled esoteric works to reach a broad audience.

By contrast, her account of twentieth-century music at the Henry Wood Promenade concerts during World War II, under the auspices of the BBC from 1942 on, reveals a marked change in approach.

> From an analytical perspective, it is vital to recognize that the political scene encouraged the programmers to shun the predominant Continental modernist trends from before the war to reveal an underlying tapestry of musical activity. Of Stravinsky, one heard the suite from *The Firebird*, not *The Rite of Spring*. Of Strauss, one heard *Ein Heldenleben*, not *Elektra*. Barber was premiered rather than Bartok, Schelling rather than Schoenberg. (p. 108)

She calls it, 'an uncharacteristic time when the needs of audiences were seen as paramount, eclipsing (while perhaps simultaneously fueling) modernist inclinations of creative artists.' (Doctor 2009, p. 91)

So while it is wildly misleading to imagine early twentieth century music in Britain as a land largely untouched by modernist music, by the 1940s the BBC, the same cultural institution

which had promoted avant-garde music to a broad audience between the wars was backing away from 'Continental modernist trends'.

Instead, broadcast and live music became important during the war not so much for their intellectual challenge as for their ability to entertain, distract and generally keep up the spirits. Some activities were serendipitous and voluntary, and some were strategically targeted via government policy. Pianist Myra Hess, for example, came to the National Gallery with a proposal to offer free lunchtime concerts in the museum to counteract what gallery director Kenneth Clark called 'the cultural blackout' (Weingartner 2012). Every effort was made to keep the Proms -- Henry Wood's Promenade concerts --going, including moving them to the Royal Albert Hall when the Queen's Hall's was bombed.[10] And, in 1940, the government established the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (CEMA) – later to become the Arts Council of Great Britain – and appointed music teachers like Imogen Holst (daughter of composer Gustav Holst) to tour rural communities and organise morale-building musical activities.

This use of music as a solace and the concomitant eschewing of modernism in public performances and broadcasts might have been short-lived and temporary but it created a long lasting impression. Indeed, the whole cultural landscape of post-war Britain was imbued with a sense of geographical, intellectual and artistic isolation. Anecdotal reports of this feeling of isolation appear again and again in biographies of the time, and in relation to the Summer School and its importance. Composer and performer Richard Rodney Bennett, arriving in London in 1953, found 'musical life . . . centred around the classical repertoire,' a scene he likened to 'a musical bombsite' (Harris & Meredith 2011, p. 1556/12635). And in his autobiography John Amis writes about the aims of the 1948 Summer School in the context of the time:

> The regular colleges had got extremely conservative and insular during the war and were making no efforts to get less stuffy. It was necessary to provide somewhere for students to receive their further education, to show them that there was something over their limited horizons... (1985, p. 123)

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10. Jennifer Doctor's 'The Parataxis of 'British Musical Modernism' (2009) gives a detailed analysis of the Proms concerts in wartime London.

This sense of being behind the times, sometimes dubbed the Time Lag[11], was a persistent hang-up for composers through the 1950s and 1960s, and an important part of the backdrop to the design of the Summer School. As Rupprecht says, 'whether or not composers had suffered from a deprivation of foreign contacts, or had been poorly received by audiences with a too-provincial outlook, they *felt* they had, and said so publicly' (p.47).

It was a cause which the Summer School would take up with a passion.

A Rallying Point for the Arts

1946 was a tough year in the UK. The war was over, but there were still uniforms everywhere. Food was scarce and rationing harsher than in wartime.[12] The weather was terrible. The economy was in turmoil. Far from feeling like a country at the start of a new age of peace and prosperity, post-war Britain was cold, wet and hungry.

Culture and the arts were widely seen as an effective part of a strategy for healing a fractured physical, social and economic environment in the aftermath of the Second World War. Matthew Arnold's 1869 vision of culture as a civilising, revitalising force, as an antidote to anarchy, coincided neatly with a desire to restore tourism, travel, trade and political exchange. There was an urge to rebuild, to re-establish connections, and to recreate a cultural network in Europe (Harvie 2003; Quinn 2005), an urge which resulted in a dramatic flowering of arts activity in Britain and Europe immediately post-war.

The inaugural International Festival of the Arts took place in Edinburgh in 1947 and, to everyone's surprise and delight, it was a huge success. Notwithstanding sooty streets and grey skies, the city welcomed a cosmopolitan crowd of performers and arts lovers, and bathed in the economic, political and spiritual benefits of a city-wide celebration.

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11. Wood & Scott (2007) and see also discussion of the myth and perception of the time lag in Rupprecht (2015) and Fox (2007a).
12. In 1946, after torrential rain destroyed much of Britain's wheat crop, bread was rationed. After the harsh winter of 1946-7, even potatoes were rationed (Kynaston p.247).

There was ballet, there was opera, there was theatre, there was music. Ralph Richardson directed Alec Guinness in Shakespeare's *Richard II*; Louis Jouvet brought Moliere's *L'Ecole des Femmes*; Glyndebourne Opera Company presented Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*; orchestras from across Britain and Europe came, including the BBC, the Scottish, the Vienna and Liverpool philharmonics and the Colonne Orchestra of Paris, bearing swathes of Brahms, Berlioz and Beethoven.

Despite the festival's success, not everyone appreciated the emphasis on the great masterpieces or, for that matter, agreed on what they were. Charles Stuart, writing in *The Musical Times*, wished that the 'broadmindedness' of the Jacques Orchestra repertoire, which included Britten, Bliss and Bartok, 'should be emulated by those in Festival circles who think that music came to a full stop something less than a century ago' (Stuart 1947). It reads as yet more evidence of a prevailing critical argument over where art and culture should stand in relation to the past, the future, and now.

Edinburgh was the first of the great city festivals, but others, such as Avignon, Amsterdam, Spoleto, Wexford and Cheltenham, were not far behind. Alongside these grand urban gestures came a small but significant second stream of cultural activity: a broader, more participatory model of arts festival, involving teaching, performing and creating as well as passive consumption.

Three examples stand out: the 'Ferienkurse für internationale neue Musik' – International New Music Summer Course in Darmstadt, West Germany; the Aldeburgh Festival, in Suffolk, UK; and the Bryanston Summer School, in Dorset, UK. All three began in 1948.

Aldeburgh was established by a nucleus of artists involved with the English Opera Group, including singer Peter Pears, librettist Eric Crozier and composer Benjamin Britten, and was distinctive for its embrace of the local Suffolk community.

Bryanston and Darmstadt, on the other hand, had more international and didactic ambitions. Darmstadt was founded by musicologist, music writer and critic Wolfgang Steinecke, in his capacity as cultural adviser to the Departure of Culture in Darmstadt, with

funds from the United States military government as part of their program of regenerating and infiltrating cultural life in preparation for a post-Nazi Germany. Bryanston was established by two students of Artur Schnabel: Gwynn Llewellyn-Jones, who financed the first school and William Glock as music director.

The first summer school

In a typewritten proposal dated early 1948, William Glock defined the object of the Summer School as 'To provide an opportunity for interested persons to develop their understanding of music', listing three target groups: music students, music teachers and concert-goers. He added, 'great importance is attached to [concert goers] as the cause of music could be well-served by "training" two or three "concert-goers" from some two hundred different places in the country' (1948).

The 1948 program was ambitious and perhaps a little self-important, built on grand narratives and great traditions. Each week offered overviews of a particular area of repertoire: Beethoven's piano sonatas, for example, or the development of the piano concerto. The program also featured talks on broader artistic subjects of the sort to be found on the BBC's new 'Third Programme': Wyndham Lewis lectured on 'The Artist and Contemporary Society', E. M. Forster addressed 'The raison d'etre of criticism' and V. S. Pritchett introduced 'The Contemporary English Novel.'

More challenging - more evangelical, perhaps – was the 'retrospective', 'An introduction to the four major influences in contemporary music,' namely Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Hindemith and Bartok, with a week devoted to each. In the first week Nadia Boulanger[13], was tasked with introducing Stravinsky's oeuvre to students. She also performed in the festival program, which included multiple performances of recent works from Stravinsky: *Elegy* (1944), Scherzo a la Russe (1944) Concerto in E Flat 'Dumbarton Oaks' (1938), Duo Concertant (1934) and extracts from *Persephone* (1933). In the second week Erwin Stein lectured on Schoenberg, Berg and Webern. In week three Paul Hindemith was in attendance, giving composition lessons and performing his own works. In week four

[13] Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979) French composer, conductor and teacher.

musicologist and conductor Walter Goehr lectured on Bartok and conducted the Guildhall School Orchestra playing the Divertimento for Strings.

It was a didactic approach – at times, emphatically so. The introductions encompassed lectures and analysis, followed by the opportunity to attend open rehearsals, then a performance of the work studied, and then, a few days later, a second performance. Not just a bluffer's guide, then, or a superficial skim across the landscape, but a deep dive into the anatomy of the artform. Likewise, the presence of prominent writers and philosophers underlay an unapologetic embrace of intellectualism. The sheer *romance* of ideas, of serious thinking and listening, of recognising and engaging with culture, was a constant theme.

The first Summer School ended with breathless praise and bouncing cheques. Its original backer, Gwynn Llewellyn Jones, after all his grand plans, withdrew from the enterprise after the first year, leaving unpaid bills and disgruntled artists. Glock and Amis, both determined to continue, passed the hat round and established a new company structure. They recruited the Earl of Harewood, the headmaster of Bryanston School, T. F. Coade, and the principal of the Guildhall School of Music, Edric Cundell, as company directors. Meanwhile, the executive consisted of three people: Glock as artistic director, John Amis as secretary, responsible for music administration and artist management and Beatrice Musson as bursar, looking after accommodation and customer bookings. This triumvirate was to run the Summer School for the next thirty years.

Over the next four years the Summer School at Bryanston fell into a rhythm. The daily program developed from the 1948 format into a three-part day, with lectures and a choral rehearsal in the morning, masterclasses and individual practise in the afternoon and concerts at night. The emphasis was still very much on an integrated program of study, a three-pronged approach to music. Thus, theory in the morning, practise in the afternoon, appreciation at night, all centred around common repertoire. Glock continued to attract international figures such as French cellist Pierre Fournier, composer Georges Enescu and one of the first counter-tenors of modern times, Alfred Deller. He also established a comfortable circle of artists and repertoire — an accidental canon, as decreed by its artistic director. Paul Hindemith did not return, but Boris Blacher became a regular composition

teacher. Imogen Holst attended several more times, and the Amadeus Quartet became a fixture, as did pianists Noel Mewton-Wood and Maria Donska. Lectures included Elias Canetti on 'The Orpheus Myth' and Stephen Spender on poetry.

Learning, playing, listening — it was a template for approaching a work from multiple angles - not merely a score, or a performance, or even the idea of an idea in a composers' mind, but an artefact that belonged to many and, indeed, could only be created by many.

Finding a space

From 1948-1952 the Bryanston Summer School built a loyal audience and a cosy coterie of artists. It was, however, clear that Bryanston, as a venue, had fundamental problems: after the first year it had trouble making the dates work with academic commitments; the accommodation was too basic for the older clientele on who the School depended to underwrite students; and the food was awful, even for people used to wartime rationing.

A letter from John Amis dated March 1949, to Peter Cox, then acting principal of the Arts Department at Dartington, suggests that Amis was contemplating a move from Bryanston after just one year. There is no response from Peter Cox to that letter on file but in 1950 Glock was invited to give lectures at Dartington and, in turn, invited their new head of music, John Clements, to conduct at Bryanston. Clements finally persuaded his employers, the Elmhirsts, to invite the Summer School to make Dartington its new home.

The intensified contact zone

When Dartington Summer School began on 1 August 1953, it was against a backdrop of lingering austerity, political change and insularity, vying with an urgent desire to expand horizons, make up for lost time and re-engage with progressive intellectual and cultural ideas. The rich and largely Austro-Germanic tradition of classical music still dominated the stage even as new voices jostled to the front. For artists, composers and performers the question of where to go next was still very much unresolved.

In this final section of the chapter I examine this 'gap between past and future', introducing the concept of the 'intensified contact zone' and using close readings of photos from 1953 to illustrate how it was manifested at Dartington.

In her 2009 study of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts during the Second World War, Jennifer Doctor observes that while assessment of *aesthetic* value in new music remained highly partial and political, other aspects of modernity such as the profound technological advancements in recording and broadcasting were willingly embraced. She argues that the foundational *Stunde Null* aesthetic so pungently expressed by Hans Werner Richter[14] in 1946, the Nietzschian idea of a ruthless forgetting, is inconsistent with reality, where parataxis makes the coexistence of tradition and the new not only inevitable, but to be embraced. Indeed, it is a key aesthetic strategy of modernism which can get lost in the noisy practice of blowing up the past and starting again.

It is a view of modernism and modernity which Susan Stanford Friedman grapples with more comprehensively in a series of papers which aim to set the concept of modernism free from its spatial and temporal boundaries, and instead to characterise it as a way of thinking which can and has occurred in diverse times and places. In 'Periodizing Modernism: Postcolonial modernities and the space/time borders of modernist studies' (2006) she characterises modernism as a state of mind resulting from a specific set of cultural circumstances, most commonly 'cultural translation or transplantation produced through intercultural encounters' (p.430).

At the heart of Friedman's concept of modernity lies the intensified contact zone, a term that refers to that space where, in Friedman's words, 'radical juxtapositions of difference and consequent intermixing of cultural forms that can be alternately embraced, violently imposed, or imperceptibly evolved' (p.430).

It is a rich and muddy space which explores and expands on cultural anthropologist James Clifford's 1997 view of museums not as centres or destinations for authoritative culture, but as contact zones (Pratt 1992), places where things and people and people and things meet, not to homogenise or categorise, but to inform and transform each other. The

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[14] "Faced with the smoke-blackened picture of this European landscape of ruins, in which human beings wander aimlessly, cut loose from all outdated bonds, the value systems of the past turn pale and lifeless… Because of the complete dislocation of life feeling, because of the violence of the experiences which have become a part of and which have shaken the younger generation, this generation believes that the only possible source for a spiritual rebirth lies in an absolute and radical new beginning (Richter 1946)".

implication is that collision is creative, that difference is a powerful force for new thinking, and that historical moments which intensify this phenomenon tend to be characterised by dynamic encounters leading to transformation. It is a concept which resonates strongly with the way I read cultural developments in post-war Europe and, more specifically, the Summer School of Music which, in the hands of Glock, becomes a carefully curated contact zone, intensified by the circumstances – a four-week break from day-to-day life – and the surroundings.

Friedman opens up the concept of modernism, releasing it from its Eurocentric, late-nineteenth-century to mid-twentieth-century box, to acknowledge that the modernist impulse is not exclusive to Western art or recent thinking. Rather than accepting a spatial-temporal definition of a singular concept of modernity, she advocates consideration of *modernities,* arising anywhere, anytime, but from a distinct set of circumstances:

> I regard modernism as the expressive dimension of modernity, one that encompasses a range of styles among creative forms that share family resemblances based on an engagement with the historical conditions of modernity in a particular location. (2006)

Noting that this study is heavily (although not exclusively) focussed on Western art music and a distinct period of time, I nevertheless embrace this standpoint. Dartington, August 1953, is not *the* foundational site for musical modernism, British or otherwise, but it is *a* site where there exists an unusually dense combination of converging changes which contribute to the cultural environment, an environment which I characterise as a hotspot for creativity.

Between yesterday and tomorrow

So what are these converging changes? In *Planetarity: musing modernist studies* (Friedman 2010) Friedman develops what she calls, with self-conscious and self-reflexive hesitation, a matrix of converging changes, a set of conditions which can have generative effect on creativity and modernisms.

Modernity as Matrix of Converging Changes

Vortex of Change:
technological, commercial, political
cultural, religious, aesthetic
familial, sexual
uneven
unequal

Radical Ruptures:
shattering breaks
movement, mobility
acceleration, speed
collisions
fluidity
dynamism
freedom/unfreedom

Hybridity Heightened:
encounters
contact zones
mixing, mimesis
convergence, conjuncture
transaction, translation
juxtaposition
innovation

Phenomenology of the New and the Now:
utopic/dystopic
exhilaration, alienation
disorientation, defamiliarization, despair
nostalgia
the other elsewhere and within
epistemological flexibility
ruthless forgetting
haunting
invention of tradition

At the beginning of this chapter, I observed the phenomenon of the ‘gap between past and future’ in a photo of William Glock and George Barnes from 1953. I now look for Friedman’s ‘converging changes’ in two more photos from the same year.

Fig. 8: Vegh String Quartet in evening dress, 1953. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive < ID Scu 53.44>

Here, for example, four men in evening dress stand to attention in the courtyard of Dartington Hall.

The gentleman on the far left looks into the middle distance, chin raised, shoulders broad, but weight distributed unevenly across his feet - not in a stiff pose, but not at ease. The centre two wear faint smiles, and one of them holds a cigarette, a languid curl of smoke rising from his hand. The fourth figure, on the far right, is the only one who looks directly at the photographer. His hands are in his pockets, his feet are angled away from the camera and he’s not smiling. What’s going on? Is this a formal occasion? Is this an official photo?

The photo is not dated, but I would like to imagine it is taken on the evening of 1 August 1953, capturing four artists taking a quick cigarette break before going on stage. Despite

being in rural Devon, miles from anywhere, the formality of their dress – tail coats, white bow ties, shoes shined, handkerchiefs arranged just so – is worthy of a gala at the Met. They are smart, they are urbane, and they wear their finery like the habitual uniform it is. They're dressed in their work clothes, about to make a significant *debut*.

The group pictured is the Vegh Quartet, a string quartet from Hungary. Sandor Vegh, the portly gentleman with a strained expression, standing on the far left, is the leader and founder of the quartet, which he put together in 1940. He's an alumnus of the Budapest Conservatoire, where he studied with composers Zoltan Kodaly and Bela Bartok.

After the war the Vegh Quartet won the 1946 Concours International d'Execution Musicale de Geneve and took the opportunity to leave Hungary, now under Soviet control, to settle in Switzerland. From there, they established a successful recording and performing career (Mortimer). In particular, they brought the string quartets of Bela Bartok to the world.

Bartok was one of the key voices of the twentieth century for artistic director William Glock. He had written about and given lectures on Bartok as a priority ever since the 1948 Bryanston Summer School, in addition to giving his music a prominent position in many concerts. Sandor Vegh and his colleagues represented a real find for Glock, providing an authentic link to the composer.

In 1953, the first of many visits to Dartington, the Vegh Quartet gave four concerts, working their way through a formidable range of repertoire: four Bartok quartets, including the fifth (which Vegh had rehearsed with the composer before the first performance in Budapest back in 1934) and the sixth, completed in 1941. They also played works by twentieth-century composers Hindemith, Berg and Debussy, and works from the First Viennese School of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven.

Back to the picture. The men stand in rank order – first violin, Sandor Vegh, second violin, Sandor Zoldy, the viola player Georges Janzer and cellist Paul Szabo – but it doesn't feel quite right for an official pose. They are dressed for an audience, but without their

instruments, which would be essential signifiers in a publicity or news shot of a relatively unknown ensemble. They are not looking to the camera. Not this camera, anyway. And that cigarette... It is not sanctioned, public documentation. It is a stolen snap of artists getting a last minute breath of air (and nicotine) before the start of something new.

Fig. 9: Vegh Quartet and family at Totnes Station, 1953. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive < ID Scu 53.41>

Here's another picture of the quartet, taken a week later. Again, the photo has no date against it, but an informed guess places it on Sunday, 9 August, the day after their last concert (and the same day as the photo of William Glock and George Barnes at the beginning of this chapter). We are looking at a group who, last night, performed two mighty works: Bartok's String Quartet No. 6, and Beethoven's String Quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 131. Both works were composed late in the composers' lives, both considered pinnacles of the genre. They have just been up Everest and survived. You can almost see clouds of relief hanging over the group as they wait for their train, a job well done.

They're on the platform of Totnes Station, where trains depart for London and Plymouth, and this time it is a posed picture. The quartet members are all there, along with their partners and children, plus a small farewell committee, including the arts manager of Dartington, Peter Cox (with hand to his face), a young music journalist John Warrack (laughing), and Summer School chief of staff, John Amis (in glasses).

Everyone is in casual clothes: men in open neck shirts, unbuttoned jackets, sunglasses and sandals; women in blouses and skirts. Sandor Vegh is a man transformed, head tilted to one side, an easy smile on his face. He wears what looks like a panama hat, pushed back on his head and holds his violin case.

Georges Janzer still has a cigarette in hand. He is grinning across the crowd - it looks like he's sharing a joke with Warrack. Paul Szabo also smiles as he and his wife look to the camera. Their children, dressed in short pants and *lederhosen,* peer out obediently from their mother's skirt, squinting in the sunlight. And in the centre of the group the young couple, Sandor Zoldy and his wife, are caught looking into each other's eyes. The two profiles, and the thick plaits curled across her head remind me of that Piero della Francesca double portrait of the Duke of Urbino and his wife, except that here, unlike the painting, they look like they are actually seeing each other. In fact, each other is all that they see. At the moment the photographer presses the shutter release the rest of the world has entirely disappeared for Zoldy and his wife. A private moment in a public space.

The Vegh Quartet was to become a Summer School regular: they returned annually through the 1950s and beyond to perform and teach, playing music old and new, and passing on their musical heritage.

These two photos, then, represent a kind of before and after. Before, tense and formal, in uniform, with a job to do, a tradition to honour, a heritage to convey, a performance to give. After, relaxed, relieved even, and, somehow, more themselves. People, not artists. Real life, not art.

I am not suggesting that these two photos are a direct metaphor for the dichotomy I have been trying to trace, of a past and a future held in precarious balance. That would be too neat. Nor yet am I suggesting that the transformation of the quartet from up-tight, military style formality to a laid back, happy family group is due to a week at Dartington (although perhaps a holiday, even a busman's holiday, has done everyone good). What I am interested in is how these photos and their background circumstances shed light on how, in this debut season of a new artistic endeavour, the past and the future meet and co-exist. It is not so much the conflicting dualisms of tradition and modernity, or past and future, but the existence of them side by side, simultaneously, in a state of parataxis, a non-hierarchical, values-neutral juxtapositioning of difference.

Looking at Friedman's verbal map (above, on p. 65) elements from her matrix jump out as already identified in the photos, contemporary reports and historical context of the first Dartington International Summer School of Music in 1953.

The 'vortex of change', for example, is captured by the technological parataxis of Barnes and Glock, standing side by side, discussing television and Beethoven; the bumpy path in the courtyard, designed in the 1920s as a modern embellishment to the restoration of a medieval estate; the Vegh Quartet, dressed in Edwardian splendour to deliver a premiere.

'Radical ruptures' can be picked up in the mobility and speed implicit in the group portrait at Totnes Station, and the look of freedom on Sandor Vegh's face. More to the point, the members of the Vegh Quartet, uprooted from their homes by war and now finding themselves, almost unbelievably, in a rural village in the UK, playing Bartok, epitomise the shattering breaks and collisions of post-war Europe. The relaxed, smiling group at the station also suggests new friendships, 'hybridity heightened' by mixing, encounters, translation, contact zones.

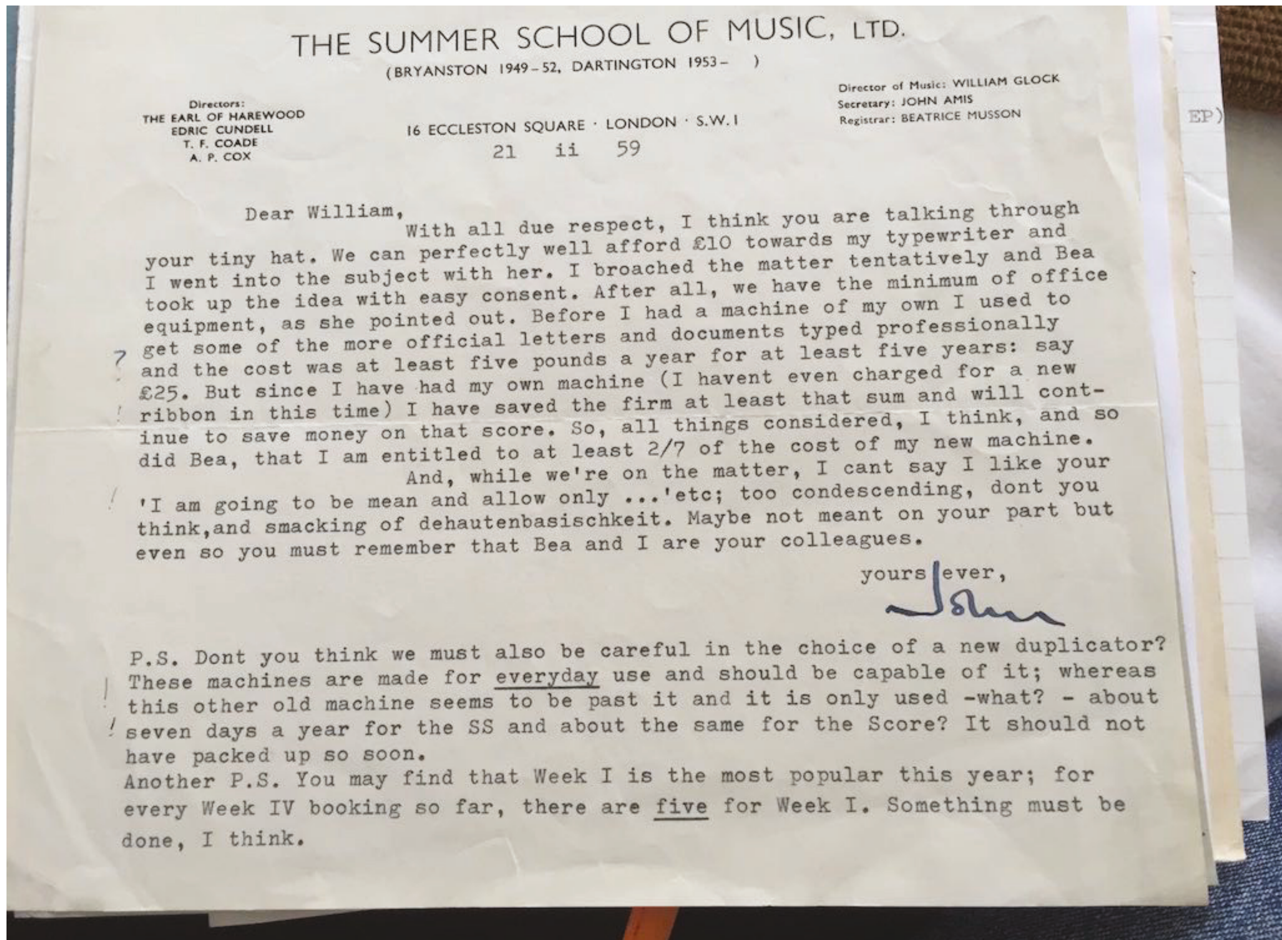
Finally, the 'phenomenology of the new and the now' comes across in the expressions of exhilaration and utopian thinking; the invention of tradition; the deliberate juxtaposition of different styles of music; the close encounters with different people; the epistemological flexibility of Glock and Amis, making it up as they go along. Perhaps, too, a sense of

ruthless forgetting as they move past difficult years. And at the heart of it all, the mimesis, translation and invention inherent in the act of performance.

I will return to Friedman's matrix, specifically the phenomenology of the new and now and heightened hybridity in the next two chapters. But for now I stay with 1953 Britain, with its dichotomies of insular Englishness and international yearnings, of heirloom values and rampaging new technologies. A time of social revolution, of hope and austerity. A time which, by its very nature, amounted to an intensified contact zone, a temporal space within which a cultural experiment was uniquely primed to develop in new and surprising directions.

Not so much a leap into the unknown, then, but a productive clash of tradition and the other. Perhaps the gap between the past and the future can be a uniquely creative place.

The Odd Couple[15]



THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC, LTD.
(BRYANSTON 1949–52, DARTINGTON 1953–)

Directors:
THE EARL OF HAREWOOD
EDRIC CUNDELL
T. F. COADE
A. P. COX

16 ECCLESTON SQUARE · LONDON · S.W.1

Director of Music: WILLIAM GLOCK
Secretary: JOHN AMIS
Registrar: BEATRICE MUSSON

21 ii 59

Dear William,
With all due respect, I think you are talking through your tiny hat. We can perfectly well afford £10 towards my typewriter and I went into the subject with her. I broached the matter tentatively and Bea took up the idea with easy consent. After all, we have the minimum of office equipment, as she pointed out. Before I had a machine of my own I used to get some of the more official letters and documents typed professionally and the cost was at least five pounds a year for at least five years: say £25. But since I have had my own machine (I havent even charged for a new ribbon in this time) I have saved the firm at least that sum and will continue to save money on that score. So, all things considered, I think, and so did Bea, that I am entitled to at least 2/7 of the cost of my new machine.
And, while we're on the matter, I cant say I like your 'I am going to be mean and allow only ...'etc; too condescending, dont you think,and smacking of dehautenbasischkeit. Maybe not meant on your part but even so you must remember that Bea and I are your colleagues.

yours ever,
John

P.S. Dont you think we must also be careful in the choice of a new duplicator? These machines are made for everyday use and should be capable of it; whereas this other old machine seems to be past it and it is only used -what? - about seven days a year for the SS and about the same for the Score? It should not have packed up so soon.
Another P.S. You may find that Week I is the most popular this year; for every Week IV booking so far, there are five for Week I. Something must be done, I think.

Fig. 10: John Amis to William Glock, 21 November 59, Summer School Archive

William Glock's house, Hampstead Heath, February 1959

It was not a very nice letter. I don't believe it was about...

William sighed. Not quite right. He put a line through the second sentence and tried again.

It seemed to be concerned less with

Difficult. Very difficult.

[15] John Amis and William Glock exchanged hundreds of letters through their lives. Some of them were chatty, some of them formal, often attending to Summer School business. Two letters, one of which was never sent, reveal the tensions behind their relationship and have inspired this 're-enactment'.

*

William didn't remember the specific moment when he met John. John told him it was that night at the Wigmore Hall, when he'd been roped in to accompany Peter Pears at the last minute. Busking his way through, one eye on Ben's delicate music, one eye on Peter, watching for the moment, for the cue – shoulders squared, weight in the balls of his feet, like a soldier poised to charge – to hit that top note. John insisted that he had been there that night, in the audience, and then afterwards, in the dressing room, at the restaurant. That they had met, even talked briefly. Very likely true, but William remembered nothing of it. His memories of that evening were more bound up in his own troubles, inevitably. Running onto the platform at Loughborough as the doors were slamming, the station master shouting 'Stand away!' even as a helpful arm from within pulled him into the moving carriage. It had been a close call, but he'd just caught the earlier train to London and thank goodness, because he'd had to walk from Paddington to Bond Street.

'You're Glock? Good. Go straight on in. They're already on stage.'

He'd studied the score on the three-hour journey. He knew Ben's work, of course. Everyone knew Benjamin Britten[16]. Everyone always wanted to hear a new commission. Seemed straightforward enough, but the devil was in the detail with Ben's music. What looked, on the surface, like an innocent scale in C major, somehow became pregnant with meaning on its way up. He hoped he would be equal to the task.

He remembered little of the actual performance, and the after party was the usual blur of faces and uniforms. He remembered Ben sitting at the head of the table, pale and febrile, talking very little, while Peter[17] grinned and laughed and drank as he rode the tidal wave of post-performance adrenalin. And Clement[18] – was she there? He thought so, yes. She had arrived late to the restaurant, making a grand entrance, as ever, the film star in painting overalls. Clement was there and – yes, that's right – she was sitting next to John, who was

[16] Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) English composer, conductor and pianist.
[17] Peter Pears (1910-1986) professional singer and life partner of Benjamin Britten.
[18] Clement Davenport (?-1956) scene painter at the Royal Opera House, married to John Davenport, novelist, and later to William Glock.

immediately captivated by her explosive charm. Yes. He remembered being relieved that, once they had exchanged greetings – 'Darling, Tottenham Court Road's a bombsite. Took me hours to get a bus. But I hear you were wonderful' – she had settled down to unravel a gossipy long yarn with that tall young fellow with the thick round glasses and ill-fitting suit.

Bloody Clem. I can say that now that she's dead.

He looked back at the letter. He'd read it once, fast, but the spiteful jibes had brought him up short. Then he'd gone back and read it slowly.

> So, all things considered, I think, and so did Bea, that I am entitled to at least 2/7 of the cost of my new machine.

The words dripped with a self-righteous whine. He winced.

Yes. It was Clem that brought John and he together. 'I've invited him to dinner tomorrow, darling. He's a bit of a twit, but he makes me laugh.' John would arrive at their apartment, all shiny and eager, and sing for his supper by telling Clem gossipy tales of 'tea at the Sitwells' and 'concerts with the Dame'.[19] Then he and I would sit down at the piano and play duets. I'll say that for him. He's a decent pianist, and knows his stuff. Not a performer, of course, no sense of aspiration to anything approaching *meaning*, but you couldn't wish for a more jovial and enthusiastic companion for rattling through great swathes of symphonic repertoire. We did Mozart, we did Mendelssohn, Bach. He was always game, always interested. An able and rewarding student, if not a promising one. And so undeniably useful. Always so useful.

*

A holiday cottage in Lyme Regis, November 1985

I've done it. I've finally finished the chapter on William. I think I've done him justice. Whether I've done justice to myself, or not, I don't know. No doubt the pain, the hurt,

[19] Refering to Dame Myra Hess (1890-1965), pianist, for whom John Amis acted as stage manager and page-turner during her National Gallery concerts during the Second World War.

shows through. I've never been one to hide my feelings. But perhaps a little time and reflection is wise.

What do I say, for example, about his piano playing? God knows how he got into Schnabel's classes. For a man obsessed with the perfect performance, his were anything but. Lovely touch, illuminating insights, but fistfuls of wrong notes. And the groaning. As a broadcaster, you'd think he'd be more self-aware.

And the gambling? I suppose we all have our youthful vices. God knows, I'm no saint. But sometimes, when we were meeting with some BBC dignitary and William was doing his regal thing the image of him, hunched over the phone, making a call to his bookmaker in the middle of a planning session, flashes across my mind and I have to suppress a little giggle.

And then there's the matter of the women. Actually, we had similar taste in women. Way too similar, to be honest, although I was never going to be competition for William, young Adonis that he was then. I do sometimes wonder, however, whether Clem didn't wonder about me. I did, about her. Clem was fun. William was fun, too, when he was married to Clem. Anne, though she was ultimately better for him, seemed to bring out his serious side. I miss the old William. I miss Clem.

*

Hampstead Heath, February 1959

> Dear William,
>
> With all due respect, I think you are talking through your tiny hat. We can perfectly well afford £10 towards my typewriter and I went into the subject with her. I broached the matter tentatively and Bea took up the idea with easy consent. After all, we have the minimum of office equipment, as she pointed out.

William shook his head as he read over the lines again. Bloody Amis. So useful and yet...

William frowned. What was it about John? It was, he had to admit, a relief to find someone who could make a half decent fist of reviewing during those crazy war years. After all,

juggling a syndicate of writers, seeing concerts, writing reviews and fulfilling one's duty to the country had been quite a balancing act. It made life much more straightforward when John was able to take on his work at the *Scotsman,* lock, stock and barrel. And then, when the Summer School was in the wind and William was scrambling to get things organised, John was the obvious person to ask. He'd been such an effective stage manager for the Myra Hess concerts, and was Beecham's right-hand man. Yes, that was it. John was someone who really understood artists. He could make them feel nurtured, could coax their best selves out when nerves or hubris threatened. But all that was dependent on his *not* being an artist himself. At least, not being a prima donna.

He leant over the paper and wrote.

> I don't believe it was about the typewriter at all, but about but with your resentment that in fact we aren't, and can never be, equals where the Summer School is concerned.

There. I've said it.

William stood up and walked to the window. He heard the low clunk of the front door. Anne, back from a walk with the children. Should he go to her? Should he ask her advice? He already knew what she would say.

The difficulties had been there from the start, now he thought about it, but had only become severe in the last two years. John would huff and puff in the Bryanston years, chastising him for making sudden changes to the program. He'd hand out jobs to his chums. But mostly he was a model of efficiency, and a good source of ideas too, always on the sniff for young artists who might come to the Summer School for a pittance. It was when the big names began to come... One of the big names, in fact. It was Stravinsky. If it had been John's choice, there would have been a terrific concert of *Firebird* and *Petruschka.* Maybe even a two-piano version of the *Rite.* But that would have been a waste. To have Igor there, in Dartington, and not to perform his latest work, would have been a travesty. No. It had to be *Canticum Sacrum,* even if it scared the choir. Surely that was what people came to the Summer School for?

William thought back to the summer of 1957, that dreamlike two weeks, a mixture of exhilaration and sheer terror. Welcoming Mr and Mrs Stravinsky, long sessions spent talking over the latest art and music, jovial dinners with plenty of red wine. Igor and Vera and Robert had been so delightful, such good company, and Anne made it all so easy, like a French house party. If only John hadn't been there all the time, hanging around, his face drawn with slavish adulation, hanging on Stravinsky's every word. Fawning. And then that hang-dog look when William had said, no, they wouldn't have a big party, they were going out to dinner with the Stravinskys, just a small group, no, he wasn't required. Was that so wrong?

He took a deep breath, sat back down at his desk and wrote again.

> There has to be a director of the S.S, someone who will stand by the decisions that make it what it is, who will be responsible financially and artistically; and that person, for good or ill, is myself. We are not co-directors. I feel that it is necessary to say this, not only because of Monday's letter, but because I have had a growing impression during the last 2 or 3 Summer Schools Augusts that you ~~have made try no give everyone possible the wish to impress on all the people around it convince try to~~ wish everyone to understand that ~~you the crucial importance of J.A.~~ the S. S. revolves around you. The office does, naturally; but nothing else.

It was not in William's nature to be blunt, nor yet cruel. He despised people, whether teachers or managers or artists or conductors, who wielded their power like little tyrants, basking in the glow of hope mixed with fear. But sometimes it was necessary to confront the issue. Damn it, he was a critic, wasn't he? Critics should say what they mean.

'*Cheri*?'

A gentle query. Anne.

'*Que fais toi*? Why are you still hiding away in your cave? It's a beautiful day. Come out and get some air.'

William turned to greet his wife, gracious and persuasive as ever.

'I'm trying to write a letter.'

'Who to?'

'Johnny.'

'Ah.' An all-encompassing expression of sympathy and forbearance. 'What now?'

William handed his wife John's letter.

She walked over to the window to catch the afternoon light and frowned at the inky type.

"tiny hat?' What is he talking about? '...condescending'?' Anne pursed her lips. '*Et quoi*? "*dehautenbasischkeit'*? Really, William? What does he mean?'

William opened his mouth to let out the answer which had been forming in his mind but Anne could not wait.

'He is the most sorry character, William. I know you love him like a brother but, as I well know, even family can be insufferable sometimes. He is obsessed with being *like* you, with *being* you.' She placed the letter back on the desk then stood before her husband, one hand caressing his cheek.

'He's not your equal. He never will be. And that will always be his tragedy, but it must not be yours.'

She touched her lips to his, then turned and walked away.

*

Lyme Regis, November 1985

I've come to love this view. The hills are not quite that drunken green of Devon. They have a more uncouth lurch, ending in those tumbled cliffs. A smuggler's delight. Funny that I should end up here, in the middle of nowhere, writing a memoir. Who would have thought that the boy they called 'Bumface' would grow up so grand? Certainly not me. I just wanted to listen to music. Still do, really. Listen and play and talk about music.

I often wonder, had I not been 'let go' from the record store which gave me my first job, whether I would still be there today, happily testing the equipment, sampling the new

recordings, chatting to the customers about which was better, the Toscanini or the Von Karajan version of Beethoven 9? Mind you, London at that time was like a honeypot to me. Us musicians – I have always thought of myself as a musician first – were a tight-knit bunch in those strange and heady days. Had to be. There was so little opportunity to hear good music that when someone did put on a show, word got around. Once I'd found out about the scene at Morley College, once I'd been made welcome by Michael Tippett and his friends, I was ready to fly to greater heights than the front counter of EMG. I would have jumped eventually, had I not been pushed.

But I'm getting distracted. I'm meant to be writing about the Summer School and William. How heavenly it all seemed in those early years! Standing around the piano with the great Nadia Boulanger analysing some piece of music, taking it apart and putting it back together again so that you heard it with new ears. The Amadeus Quartet finding their feet. Trying to explain the rules of cricket to a leading German composer! It was like a musical wonderland. I never wanted it to end. I loved the busyness of it all, the running around soothing egos, solving problems, saving the day. William wafted around being wise and erudite and inspiring but I... I was indispensible. I was *there*.

And all I would get was a tiny mention in his 'end of term' speeches, a mere 'I must thank John Amis for all the hard work he has put in.' Most years it was Bea Musson and I who did eighty per cent of the hard work. Mind you, that twenty per cent of his was inspiring.

Yes, inspiring. That's the word I should use. That's how the chapter on William must end. Let me see...

> 'Inspiring' is perhaps the key word to use about William. If you didn't get on well with him, didn't get beyond the cold outer circle, you could have no idea of the bright flame of his personality. That flame may not have always been warming but it made you righter, sharpened your susceptibilities and sensibilities, inspired you.

*

Hampstead Heath, February 1959

William looked at his watch. He could catch the last post if he hurried. Three letters sat to one side of his desk, sealed in envelopes, addressed, stamped, ready to go. It only remained to finish his response to John. What was it John had said again?

> And, while we're on the matter, I can't say I like your 'I am going to be mean and allow only ...' etc; too condescending, don't you think, and smacking of dehautenbasischkeit. Maybe not meant on your part but even so you must remember that Bea and I are your colleagues.

He could tell that Anne was furious. She would never let someone speak to her like that. No-one would ever dare. And her loyalty to him, William, made her burn with rage. No wonder she always found some excuse to avoid inviting him to our home. Poor Johnny. No more piano duets for you.

> I think I understand the dissatisfaction in you which leads to such an attitude. Such aggrandissement always comes from some misery or another, and I wish to God it were not there but I really don't think I am responsible for it. I value tremendously your help with programs and with the enlistment of first rate artists, the friendships which enable you to introduce many first class people who might otherwise stay away and the way you manage the office But the fact remains: there is only one director of music.

*

Lyme Regis, November 1985

The old man pulled the sheet of paper from his typewriter, smoothed it out and re-read the double-spaced lines, nodding gently as he made his way down the page. He read the final paragraph twice, pen in hand, hovering above the words, ready to strike. Then he breathed out slowly. It had been a long day. The light had begun to yellow, the shadows were filling in the gaps. The words on the page were beginning to melt. He blinked, and his sight cleared for a moment as the moisture pooled in the corner of his eyes. He allowed himself a sentimental sniff before picking up the pile of papers and giving its end a sharp rap on the table, to straighten up the edges. Then he slid the pile into the brown A4 envelope waiting beside him, scribbled a quick covering note to his editor. No point in agonising over words any longer. The manuscript must go up to London first thing.

*

Hampstead Heath, February 1959

He paused. He could hear the children shouting, and Anne's soft voice, asking them to calm down. It was time to go and downstairs and hear about their days.

Oh Johnny. Dear Johnny. What am I trying to say?

> If you resent my position as director of music and as the person whose name is primarily associated with the Summer School you ought I believe to found a summer school yourself in which your enterprise could find fuller scope and more open reward.

William put down his pen and put his hand to his face. He closed his eyes and sank into himself, sighing deeply as words and thoughts and notes and sounds turned over and over in his mind. Then he opened his eyes, sat up tall, picked up the letter and, without a further glance, slid it into the wastepaper bin at his side. There.

32B CORNWALL GARDENS
LONDON S.W.7.
WESTERN 0982

23. 2. 59

Dear Johnny,

It was not a very nice letter.

the typewriter at

your resentment that in fact

we aren't, and can never be, equals where

the Summer School is concerned. There has to

be a director of the S.S, someone who will

stand by the decisions that make it what it

is, who will be responsible financially and

artistically; and that person, for good or ill,

is myself. We are not co-directors. I

feel that it is necessary to say this, not

only because of may's letter, but

because I have had a growing impression during

the last 2 or 3 Augusts that you

the crucial importance of J.A. Such self-

aggrandisement always comes from some misery or

another, and I wish to God it were not there.

e..

Fig. 11: Draft of letter from William Glock to John Amis, 1959, Summer School Archive p. 1

but I really don't think I am responsible for it. I value [friendly] your help ~~& the friendships~~ which enable you to introduce to the S.S. many first-class people who might otherwise stay ~~away~~ and the way you manage the office.

& yr help in the office.

But the fact remains: ~~is only one director of music,~~ if you want to point as director of music & the person whose name is [illegible] associated with the S.S., you ought to believe to found a school of yr own, in wh. yr enterprise cd find fuller scope & more open reward.

yr ever

William

Fig. 12: Draft of letter from William Glock to John Amis, 1959, Summer School Archive p. 2

2: Place: a magical space

> Bluebells a thick mass – lovely. Returning from London after 4 days absence the whole scene has changed – everything has come at once. I think this is the most utterly moving and beautiful moment I have ever known here. Oaks, beeches, even the chestnuts and planes are coming now – and the great beech at the top of the steps from the terrace looking down I wondered how everything could be so overwhelming yet real. David and Eleagnus wonderful – and the Dell – oh – what richness. I am amazed at the success of the colour – I can't find anything to change.
>
> -- Dorothy Elmhirst's garden notebooks 1962

What is Dartington Hall? First of all, it is a place. The River Dart carries the rain, melted snow and spring water down from Dartmoor to its final destination, the English Channel, via Dartington, Staverton, Totnes and, eventually, Dartmouth. The Dartington Hall estate is tucked into a series of bends in the river, its banks giving onto deep green water pastures fringed by willows and ash trees. The land rises steeply up from the river, and the clutch of buildings that make up Dartington Hall proper line the winding, precipitous road through the estate.

Fig. 13: Dartington Hall today

Above the road is the Courtyard, a quadrangle of medieval stone buildings, beautifully restored by Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst, who bought the estate in 1925. At one end there is the gatehouse, a long stone archway into the courtyard, flanked by the Barn Theatre and the library. At the other is the Great Hall, with its clock tower and buttressed stone walls. More stone buildings complete the quadrangle, the East Wing on one side, the Barton on the other. In the corner between the Barton and the Great Hall is the Private House, once the residence of the Elmhirst family, and generations of Champernownes before them.

Beyond the Hall lies the private garden, and then, through the romantic arched ruins of a second courtyard, the landscape gives way to the Dartington Hall Gardens, brought to life by Dorothy. The centrepiece is known as the Tiltyard, a sunken rectangular arena bounded by massive terraces. Along one side are twelve ancient yew trees; the Twelve Apostles, as they are known. Opposite, there used to be a magnificent Monterey cedar tree clinging precariously to the cliff face of one of the terraces, dominating the view. That tree fell in 2007, due to old age, but it is still there in my memory.

Around the Tiltyard the gardens spread, in little vistas: a stone pond with a sculpture of two swans, nested together; the glade, a marshy pond full of vibrant water flowers; the folly, a pseudo-Greek temple; the echo point, the cascade steps. And everywhere mature trees, with trunks metres thick, trees that must have borne silent witness to centuries of change.

It is curious to think that this picturesque oasis has only really existed for one hundred years. The river is timeless. The trees have been there forever, of course. And the Hall dates from the fourteenth century. But the roads, the car park, the houses? They grew, like mushrooms, from 1925 onwards, as did the intricately designed anatomy – the paved walkways, the elegant steps, the secret sculptures – of the gardens. For when Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst took ownership of the Dartington Hall Estate, it was a ruin. It was overgrown, frequently inundated, and the Great Hall had no roof. Within ten years, in the 1930s, its miraculous renaissance was in full swing. It became a centre for learning, a school, a theatre, an agricultural experiment, a hub for small business. Then in the 1940s it became a refuge for evacuees and a refuge for political and economic theorists imagining a

better world. Transforming again in 1953, it became the home of the music school and festival which is the subject of this story, the Dartington International Summer School of Music.

This chapter contextualises Dartington Hall and its owners, the Elmhirsts, and makes the case for the contribution of the place itself to the impact of the International Summer School. In it I consider Dartington Hall as a site located in time, as a site for nostalgia, and as an intensified contact zone acting as a dynamic, generative space for new ideas.

Could Glock have created his International Summer School of Music somewhere other than Dartington? Of course he could have. While it claims to have been the first of its kind, there are many other summer schools and festivals with a more or less similar mixture of practical, immersive music-making which appeared in the cultural regeneration of post-war Europe. The examples mentioned in the previous chapter – the Edinburgh Festival (1947) and the Ferienkurse (1948) at Darmstadt – were city-based. The London Schools Symphony Orchestra began as a holiday course for secondary school students in suburban London on the Easter weekend in 1951. Benjamin Britten's Aldeburgh Festival began in a small fishing village on England's East Coast in 1948. And, of course, Glock's Summer School ran for five years at Bryanston School in Dorset, from 1948-1952 before moving to Devon in 1953. I am not arguing that the nature of the location – its rural setting, its distance from business capitals – was essential to the nature of Glock's Summer School, although it certainly contributed. What I will argue is that the particularity of Dartington Hall – its history, its owners, its resources and its physical beauty – were a factor in the Summer School's impact, a factor in providing an ideal environment not only for creative ideas, but for transgressive and transformative ideas.

So how did Dartington Hall become the Summer School's ideal home? To answer that question, we need to understand a little more of the Dartington back story. We need to meet the founders of the Dartington Hall Trust, Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst.

The Gentleman Farmer and the American Princess

Leonard Elmhirst (1893-1974) was an agronomist and idealist. He was born into landed gentry, one of nine siblings, and was brought up on the family acreage in Yorkshire. At the

age of eight he was sent to boarding school, first at a local prep school then at Repton College. His greatest impression of his traditional public school education, he later revealed, was loneliness, humiliation and brutality.[20]

Creating an alternative to his experience of childhood became, then, a driving force behind his life's work, and a primary aim of 'the great experiment' he was to initiate with his future wife Dorothy. He wished to see a school where children were self-directing, self-governing and, above all, happy.

His second great enthusiasm was agricultural economics. After a brief and unconvincing flirtation with missionary work in India and other corners of the British Empire, and a period of hands-on labouring on the home farm, he took the advice of YMCA mentor Sam Higginbottom and went to study the business of farming at Cornell University. It was at Cornell in 1920 that he met the recently widowed Dorothy Straight.

Dorothy Straight, née Whitney (1887-1968), was a professional patron and a second-generation millionaire. At the time of her birth her father, William Collins Whitney, was Secretary of the Navy under President Grover Cleveland. Whitney was toast of New York politics: Dorothy's birth was reported in every newspaper, and her baptism was attended by members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and the heads of the Army and Navy (Brown 2017).

After Cleveland's political defeat in 1896, Whitney decided against a tilt for the presidency and instead went back to business. His business was making money, and he was very good at it. Indeed, Whitney was one of the original robber barons, benefitting from the struggles between oil companies and railroad companies and putting together, among other companies, British American Tobacco, Consolidated Edison, and the Guaranty Trust Company. When he died in 1904 he left the 17-year-old Dorothy US$15 million, the equivalent to well over US$400 million today[21].

[20] The Elmhirsts' story is drawn principally from Michael Young's *The Elmhirsts of Dartington* (1982) with additional material from Jane Brown's biography of Dorothy Elmhirst, *Angel Dorothy* (2017).
[21] The news made the front page of the *New York Times:* 'HALF OF THE WHITNEY ESTATE TO ELDER SON; Payne, Under the Will, Receives Only a Tenth Part. STEPCHILDREN GET $500,000 Three-tenths Are Bequeathed to Dorothy and One-tenth to Pauline, Now Mrs. Paget.' *New York Times,* 25 February 1904, accessed 29 July 2019.

Dorothy was brought up in a wonderland of luxury: her father's house in New York resembled a Renaissance palace, with Raphaels, Rubens and Van Dykes hanging on the walls and private concerts every Sunday night from musical luminaries. Wealth, however, could not defend her against tragedy. Between the age of 6 and 17 she experienced three deaths: her mother then, a few years later, a much-loved stepmother, then her father.

By now, Dorothy was what the New York society columns dubbed their 'Number One Marriageable Heiress' but she resisted the crowd of circling suitors and endless proposals, instead, travelling extensively through Europe, China and India, with the relatively impoverished diplomat and soldier Willard Straight. They married in 1911 and started a family the next year, but their marriage was cut short when Straight fell victim of the influenza epidemic of 1919. When she met Leonard Elmhirst in 1920 she was still grieving.

So what was it that brought a bereaved American princess and a renegade agronomist to create a utopian community in a green pocket on the south coast of England?

Money, love, religion. Science, arts, nature.

But first religion or, perhaps more accurately, *belief*.

As the second son in the family, Leonard was destined, in the tradition of English landed gentry, to take religious orders. He duly studied divinity alongside history at Cambridge and graduated with an undistinguished third before taking a position with the YMCA as a missionary and pastor in various corners of the British Empire.

It was religion, in a sense, that brought him to conceive of the 'English Experiment'. Religion, but not *a* religion. The belief system which formed in the young Leonard Elmhirst's mind was borne out of diverse experiences: first, Church of England hymns and rituals, then exposure to progressive thinking at Cambridge University and then the hard reality of conflict and poverty during his time with the YMCA after graduation. During a stint in Basrah he wrote to his mother:

> The old creeds, formulas, hymns and doctrines no longer sum up my experience or satisfy my reason. They have not gone for good, and I think the fact of dissatisfaction is not necessarily bad. It only means that when one has to work out a whole new philosophy of life, one tends often to be destructive at first rather than constructive (cited in Young 1982, p.27).

By the time this much-travelled young Englishman had arrived at Cornell to study agriculture, Leonard had had a succession of narrow escapes from conformity.

Leonard first met Dorothy in New York in September 1920. He was there canvassing for funds to keep Cornell's Cosmopolitan Club, of which he was president, going. He was directed to approach Dorothy as the widow of a Cornell alumnus. Her response was unexpectedly positive, and a warm but intermittent correspondence ensued. This was not a whirlwind romance, and her reticence was understandable. Dorothy was a shy young widow with three small children, and the added responsibility of enormous wealth, which she was very concerned to use properly. She had several suitors. It would be another four years before their relationship developed to the point where she accepted his proposal of marriage.

Another attendee at the court of Dorothy was Rabindranath Tagore. Tagore was author of the acclaimed *Gitanjali*, which won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913. Leonard was familiar with his poetry, and something of a kindred spirit. They met in New York in 1921 and Tagore immediately invited Leonard to become his assistant at his education project in Santiniketan in rural India, where he was trying to renew communities by means of farming, education and the creative arts. Leonard was intrigued. After completing his studies at Cornell, he joined Tagore in India and, with the help of generous funding from Dorothy, took up the role of Director of the Institute of Rural Reconstruction in Surul, near Santiniketan. Together, he and Tagore planned a new school, Siksha Satra (seat of instruction).

The prospectus, like the partnership, is a heady mix of poetry and practicality:

> The aim, then of the Siksha Satra is, through experience in dealing with this overflowing abundance of child life, its charm and its simplicity, to provide the utmost liberty within surroundings that are filled with creative possibilities, with opportunities for the joy of play that is work.
> (cited in Young 1982 p.83).

The new school or, rather, an English version of it, became the joint dream that finally inspired Dorothy to accept Leonard's proposal in 1924. The two would marry and undertake what they variously referred to as 'the Great Experiment' and 'the English Experiment'. The concept was lofty but vague: a school, a farm, a community in rural

England which would be an agent of reintegration, bringing together science, the arts and nature.

And so it was that on 3 March 1925 Leonard, accompanied by his sister, worked his way down a list of properties in South Devon. He rejected a Georgian mansion at South Brent out of hand, because it was dull. Next on the list was the 'ancient and historic demesne' (Young, p. 105) of Arthur Champernowne, Esq., Dartington Hall, for sale for £33,000. That was it. All that was required was the approval of Dorothy.

The English Experiment

The purchase of Dartington Hall went through in 1925 and remedial works started almost immediately to make a liveable home for the newly-married couple. They re-roofed the Great Hall and refurbished the ancestral home. With Dorothy's investment, Leonard set up a model dairy farm, equipped with the latest technology, to run alongside the existing farm using traditional methods, as a pseudo-scientific experiment. He and Dorothy commissioned school buildings, recruited students and, after a substantial period of trial and error, an effective staff.

Dartington Hall School opened on Friday 24 September 1926, when Dorothy and Leonard were chauffeur driven to the local station, Totnes, to collect six pupils. They moved into single rooms in the East Wing and began their education according to the principles laid out in the prospectus, titled 'Outline of an Educational Experiment'. There were four key tenets, derived from an amalgam of ideas from Rabindranath Tagore, Genevan philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau and American educationalist John Dewey. First, that the curriculum should flow from the children's own interests – child-centred education, as we would call it now. Second, 'learning by doing', or hands-on learning.[22] Third, adults were to be friends, not authority figures. And fourth, the school was to be a self-governing community.

The school's fame – infamy, in fact – spread, not least because of the students' reputation for enjoying nude, mixed bathing in the river. Former student Michael Young remembers:

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22. 'Handicraft will be regarded as of vital importance, involving as it does that close co-operation of hand and brain which makes co-ordinated growth possible. In this way the child will have natural access to the world of form, colour and line in the handling of stone, wood, clay and textiles' (Elmhirst 1926).

> We children welcomed the notoriety that our naked adolescent bodies seemed to attract. We bathed nude in the river Dart as a matter of course, and to delight the outsiders would sometimes jump high out of the water when the train from Totnes to Ashburton passed by. It was said that local people crowded the train in the hope of seeing something they could wax indignant about. (Young 1982, p. 177)

Many of the children who came in the first instance were from families linked to progressive causes. During the 1930s Bertrand Russell's two children attended, as did Aldous Huxley's son Matthew, and Stefan, Clement and Lucian, grandsons of Sigmund Freud. Artist Ben Nicholson's triplets were students at the School, and he was known to have sometimes paid the fees in art works.

Michael Young – later, Lord Young of Dartington – was enrolled at Dartington School in 1929 by his Australian grandfather, initially to learn about modern fruit farming. He went on to become one of the school's most illustrious graduates, writing the Labour Party's winning post-war election manifesto, establishing Which consumer's organisation and founding the Open University. It was a life lived very much in the spirit of Dorothy and Leonard's social ideology.[23]

Leonard and Dorothy's commitment to progressive thinking reached well beyond the confines of the Dartington Estate. In 1931, then journalist and conservationist Max Nicholson approached the Elmhirsts to help fund the establishment of the Political and Economic Planning group. The PEP was to be an independent group of non-politically-aligned intellectuals, a policy think-tank, which could build on Nicholson's 1931 essay, *A National Plan for Britain,* written in response to the economic and social challenges of the Great Depression. Leonard, a close friend of Nicholson, chaired the first meeting at Dartington, alongside zoologist Julian Huxley and Marks and Spencer director Israel Sieff. The PEP, which was renamed the Policy Studies Institute in 1987, made important contributions to the transformation of social, cultural, economic and educational policy in post-war Britain.[24]

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[23] See Appiah (2018)

24. For more on PEP and Dartington see Arthur (1964), Upchurch (2013) and *A history of Dartington Hall in twenty-three moments* (2017).

As for Dorothy, she spread herself thinly but effectively across the tasks of being a good wife, mother, society lady and intellectual. She gave birth to Ruth, her first child with Leonard, in 1926, and to a son, William, in 1929. Meanwhile Whitney, Beatrice and Michael, her three children from her first marriage, initially remained at their boarding schools in America. After their first visit to the new school in 1926, however, they decided they wanted to finish their schooling at Dartington. And by 1932 there were two more children in the nursery: a niece, Eloise, and baby Dorcas, the child of one of the teachers at the school, both adopted due to various family crises.

Dorothy was a devoted but frequently absent mother. It took a large entourage of servants, advisors, admirers, connections to fulfil her multifarious roles. Family summer holidays in the country or by the sea were sacred but for the rest of the year the day-to-day care of children was up to the ferocious nanny Miss Jefferies in the nursery and the teaching staff in school (Brown 2017). Dorothy dabbled in teaching – my mother, who was at Dartington School in the 1950s, remembers reading Shakespeare aloud with her – but for her offspring it sometimes felt as if she preferred other people's children to her own (Straight 1983).

Above all, Dorothy felt a deep sense of responsibility to use the great fortune that she had inherited for the benefit of society. Her family had to compete with her more-than-full-time role as philanthropist to an endless queue of causes. Chapman Catt's Women Against War, the League of Women Voters, Chinese Famine Relief, the Edward McDowell colony for artists, the Red Cross, to name just a few. There were conferences, meetings, lunches, parties, society weddings and theatre to attend.[25] And that was on top of the exciting developments at the School and the estate.

Dartington and Music

Dorothy was interested in everything – education, universal suffrage, social justice and, especially, the arts. Brought up surrounded by visual art, music, dance and theatre, she began to acquire many works of art to fill their kingdom, including a Picasso, a Rouault, and several paintings by a young Ben Nicholson. She also invited artists to her court, not

25. In Jane Brown's recent biography, *Angel Dorothy,* she compiles lists of activities from Dorothy's diaries, which are preserved in the papers of Dorothy Whitney Elmhirst 1914-1968, held at the Devon Record Office in the UK.

just acquisitively (although she was certainly a collector of people as well as things), but to be practitioners, teachers, partners. And as the 1930s wound on she welcomed many artists fleeing Nazi Germany. Kurt Jooss's ballet company and school arrived in 1933; Walter Gropius was commissioned to oversee the conversion of the Barn Theatre; the sculptor Willi Soukop was plucked out of the National Art School in Berlin and Michael Chekhov, former director of the Second Moscow Art Theatre, was invited to set up a drama studio. There was a school of mime, a puppetry practise, and a pottery studio. And so enthusiasm, idealism and an unlimited budget fuelled the development of the Dartington Arts Department:

> For a few years the courtyard, itself a cross between a theatre and a Court, was teeming with young Germans, young Hollanders, young Americans... Robin Johnson, the Dartington archivist, remembers the whole courtyard abuzz with talk, people standing on the grass arguing or flirting, others hanging out of the windows of the students' rooms. There were endless parties...
> (Young 1982, p. 238)

The Second World War put a stop to the parties. Many of the European refugees given safe haven at Dartington in the 1930s were threatened with internment. Dorothy wrote countless letters, making introductions for their safe resettlement in America, or pleading with authorities on their behalf. Meanwhile a tide of grubby, confused evacuees arrived to replace them, swiftly followed by new recruits to the Army, billeted in accommodation built for the Jooss Ballet. Leonard continued to travel to India and the US as a representative of the British Government and, in 1941, Leonard and Dorothy went on a joint lecture tour of the States as part of the effort to build support for bringing the US into the global conflict.

Amidst the mess of war, Dorothy resolved to keep pursuing her vision of 'a new kind of community life, based on singing and dancing, painting, acting and all the activities we love so much' (Brown, p. 2907/5137). She worked closely with the arts department manager, Christopher Martin, to create a new arts program, a program which would benefit the community beyond the confines of estate. To this end the Dartington Hall Trust invested some £19,000 in a national arts enquiry in 1941. The inquiry played a significant role in the development of the Arts Council of Great Britain and the Design Council of Industrial Design (Upchurch 2013).

One of the arts professionals recruited to provide input into the enquiry was Imogen Holst, a brilliant musician and educator who was, in 1941, acting as a music traveller for the Council for Encouragement of Music and the Arts (CEMA). Her role was to travel the countryside on bikes and trains, like a visiting nurse or social worker, cheering up the community by conducting choirs, forming recorder ensembles, leading sing-songs, tirelessly encouraging existing community music activities and establishing new ones. In 1942 Dorothy invited an exhausted Holst to spend some time recuperating at Dartington. Christopher Martin immediately recognised her potential and suggested she come and help with the arts enquiry and make Dartington her base. Between the two of them, Martin and Holst dreamed up a music program at Dartington. By 1947, when Holst resigned her position at Dartington to pursue further studies, the arts department had become a fully-fledged education centre, with studios and practise rooms for dance, drama, music and visual arts. Holst's description of her vision for the department is uncannily close to Glock's initial concept for the Summer School:

> [It] was a golden opportunity to train young music students to be future Rural Music School teachers, but we didn't want to limit it to that. I had learnt from my father [the composer, Gustav Holst] before I learnt it from anyone else, that you don't want to have either just Rural Music School teachers or just brilliant young singers or violinists. In such a community as Dartington there was a wonderful chance to mix them all up together and let them learn from each other (Holst, cited in Grogan 2010, p. 139).

It is no coincidence that when William Glock was preparing his first Summer School (at Bryanston) he approached Holst to design the classes for music teachers and non-specialists. Her lectures, which covered topics such as 'How to Listen' and 'Music in Dance', attracted a far wider audience than initially expected.

Meanwhile, the influence passed in both directions. Glock was invited to lecture and perform at Dartington in 1951. He immediately began negotiations with the trustees about moving his music endeavour there, and reached an agreement in July 1952.

It is important to note that when the Summer School established itself at Dartington in 1953 it was as an outside hire, independent of the Elmhirst's core activities. There was financial support from them but no evangelising, no demand for the Summer School's participants to adopt their progressive attitudes. Nevertheless, while Glock and the Summer School remained at a distance from the Elmhirst's progressive endeavours, they

shared the heroic – and sometimes naive – ethos whereby cynicism and reality could be set aside, temporarily, in the pursuit of grand plans.

Dartington Hall has been the home of the International Summer School ever since.

A site of reflective nostalgia

The Dartington estate certainly offered practical advantages and creature comforts, the lack of which limited the viability of the initial years of the Summer School at Bryanston. At Dartington there were studios, practice rooms, a small theatre and the Great Hall, with its ideal acoustic for concerts, particularly for chamber music. Thanks to Leonard Elmhirst's desperate experience of boarding school, the accommodation was all single rooms (rather than Bryanston's dormitories), and the food was at least bearable. Unlike Bryanston, Dartington was used to welcoming artists – dance companies, theatre companies, puppeteers, sculptors and musicians -- and tolerated the colourful behaviour and eccentric hangers-on that came with them. And by 1953 there was a year-round arts department at Dartington which employed dedicated arts professionals, many of whom would play a role in the Summer School.

Dartington also offered aesthetic advantages. The surroundings at Bryanston were handsome: an eighteenth-century country home, albeit revamped as a boys boarding school, set in the rolling hills of the Dorset countryside. Dartington, however, beat Bryanston for beauty on a myriad of counts. It was greener, older, bigger, with a grand ornamental garden, farmland and wilderness. Its beauty was seductive.

In his autobiography William Glock recalls his first contact with Dartington, saying that he 'had at once fallen under the spell of its idyllic surroundings and the splendour and history of its fourteenth-century courtyard and Banqueting Hall' (1991, p. 57).

Glock was by no means the only one to fall under Dartington's spell. But what, exactly, was it? What magic was going on here? I argue here that Dartington Hall, through a combination of location and history, became – and still is – a site for nostalgia, that sense of longing associated with loss, home and identity. And as such it provides a space for many of the conditions of modernism – from heightened emotions to identity

transformation to utopian thinking – which contributed to making the creative hotspot of the Summer School.

First, however, a consideration of how I understand nostalgia and how it relates to space, time, memory and identity. In *Space, Place and Gender* (1994) social geographer Doreen Massey initially builds a dualistic concept of space and place: space is associated with the unknown, with fluidity, an absence of boundaries. It is timeless, fluid and female. An absence, waiting to be filled. Place, on the other hand, exists by definition. It has attributes. It can be described, ring-fenced even, by specifics of time, location, society. It's known, it's safe, it's male. It's also, potentially, controlling and static. Place plays an important role in defining identity, and by association, tradition, *nostalgia*.

However, Massey goes on to challenge the seductive neatness of this duality by stressing how her notion of place is much more complicated. It is, she reflects, inevitably constructed of multiple elements – location, class, gender and race to name but a few – but, more importantly, each individual constructs their own version of a place according to their composite identity. Indeed, Massey's concept of place means it is, by definition, multivalent and mobile. A place is what it is *because* of its multiplicity, not in spite of it.

> If one moves in from the satellite towards the globe, holding all those networks of social relations in one's head, then each 'place' can be seen as a particular, unique point of their intersection. It is, indeed, a meeting place. Instead then, of thinking of places as areas with boundaries around, they can be imagined as articulated moments in networks of social relations and understandings (Massey 1994, p. 195).

In discussing the concepts of place and space, Massey also acknowledges the negative connotations of place as an essentialising construction. She cites Edward Said: '[Place] is a constructed, manufactured, even, in some cases, invented object, with a history of struggle and conquest behind it.' (Said 2012) By association, nostalgia, with its dependence on place attachment, becomes an indulgent emotion, one which romanticises the cultural concept of home and invites 'opting-out from Progress and History'.

Svetlana Boym further explores the dangers – perceived and real – of nostalgia in her 2007 essay 'Nostalgia and its Discontents'. She notes nostalgia's dubious relationship with history and the way in which it can become a divisive entity:

> The promise to rebuild the ideal home lies at the core of many powerful ideologies today, tempting us to relinquish critical thinking for emotional bonding. The danger of nostalgia is that it tends to confuse the actual home and the imaginary one. In extreme cases it can create a phantom homeland, for the sake of which one is ready to die or kill (Boym 2007, p. 10).

This, however, is only one of the manifestations of nostalgia, she argues, a manifestation she dubs 'restorative nostalgia', characterised by a longing for return to origins, a singular version of national identity and fixed universal values; close to the dangerously hegemonic 'static, recurring, a-temporal' space identified by Doreen Massey (2005, p. 32).

Boym (2007) proposes a second form of nostalgia. Reflective nostalgia explores ways of inhabiting many places at once; a collective framework, acknowledging diversity of social memory, taking time out of time and grasping the fleeing present. Restorative nostalgia fears loss and longs for home with paranoid determination, whereas reflective nostalgia defers, perhaps even fears homecoming. After all, things might not be how you remember them. But stay reflective, and you can create your own memories because, as she says, 're-flection means new flexibility, not the re-establishment of stasis' (2007, p.16).

This is the form of nostalgia which I associate with Dartington Hall.

Dartington Hall was not a blank canvas at the beginning of the twentieth century when our tale begins. Anything but. It was an established rural community with buildings dating back to the fourteenth century. It was, however, in a state of decline with no clear and viable way forward in its present state. Thus, in 1925, when the estate went up for sale, Dartington Hall was, in Massey's terminology, a *space*.

It then became the construct of a man and a woman – Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst – each bringing with them a strong agenda to shape the space into a place. They were not so unworldly as to propose a new Eden, but there was a sense of starting again, and making a better world. There was also a strong element of making it up as they went along.[26]

Inevitably, making a better world was not a straightforward task. The Elmhirsts initially wanted to create a place to enrich the lives of local people and provide employment to stem the flow from the country to the city. But that plan was foxed by many locals being

26. 'For some years they waited for something to happen, receptive, but too unsure to *make* things happen...' (Young 1982, p. 217)

suspicious of the new American money at the Hall, so in the end Dorothy resorted to bringing over artists and experts from America (which did not endear her to the local community).

In the 1930s the Elmhirsts opened up the Hall to an influx of refugees and refuseniks, all making a new home in a strange space. It was an exciting yet anxious time full of strange meetings and creative chaos as the Elmhirsts struggled to realise a dream which they had not really defined in advance. Then, in the 1940s, there was another influx of the confused and displaced as they offered up their facilities as accommodation for troops and evacuees.

Thus the Elmhirst's Dartington was, right from the beginning, a shifting, multivalent space, a concatenation of social intersections and juxtapositions. And its mix of a grieving heiress from New York, political refugees, displaced peoples, and confused evacuees from London shared something: they were all far from home.

In her discussion of reflective nostalgia, Svetlana Boym (2007) refers to a 'diasporic intimacy', that shared feeling of uprootedness, exacerbated by the inability to return home, characterising it as 'both a personal tragedy and an enabling force'. As she observes, 'Ordinary exiles often become artists in life who remake themselves and their second homes with great ingenuity.' In other words, that the sense of uprootedness becomes a key part of how they make sense of the world.

> It is precisely this defamiliarisation and sense of distance that drives them to tell their story, to narrate the relationship between past, present and future. Through that longing, they discover that the past is not that which no longer exists, but, to quote Bergson, the past is something that 'might act, and will act by inserting itself into a present sensation from which it borrows the vitality.'
> (p. 16)

So this run-down, rural space becomes a site of nostalgia for the various waves of nomads who come and go (noting, of course, that the Elmhirsts themselves travelled constantly, with Leonard working in India and the two of them spending large parts of their year in America and Europe).[27] And this site of nostalgia, this place for retelling the past, present

27. 'The Hall was always bursting forth into clumps of suitcases and trunks plastered over with yellow labels, CUNARD LINE – STATEROOM. ... They never wearied of journeys.' Young 1982, p. 325

and future, forms the basis of an intensified contact zone, acting as a dynamic, generative space for new ideas.

So what about the Summer School? Could it sustain and feed off that sense of Dartington as a site for nostalgia, given its temporal location in yet another Dartington, the Dartington of the 1950s? My thesis is that Dartington Hall remains a powerful site of nostalgia then and now, for Summer School participants, both through its ongoing relationship between the past and present, and through the time-limited nature of the Summer School.

Holidays, festivals and summer schools have always occupied a liminal space in human activity. A festival is not work. It is not home. It is a break in routine. You are meeting new people, discovering new ideas. It is a place to be different. A place to be subversive; rude, even, if you take a Bakhtian view. But when Homi K. Bhabha introduced the term 'third space' to cultural theory in his 1994 book, *The Location of Culture,* he was drawing attention to the socio-political dimensions of art and art-making which goes beyond aesthetics.

The third space, for Bhabha, is that neither-here-nor-there place where individuals can express themselves in a way neither defined by their home – the first space – nor yet their established social network (such as school, church, work) – the second space. In the third space, dominant cultural narratives can be resisted, challenged and reconfigured in disruptive and hybrid ways.

After the Second World War then, when Dartington welcomed yet another influx of artists and audiences and students and all-comers to the Summer School, they were not escaping Nazi Germany or Europe in crisis. They were escaping their everyday lives, seeking pleasure and enlightenment. Thus Dartington became a homeland for a diaspora (Curtis 2010), a progressive retreat (Punch 1976), even a third space (Bhabha & Bhabha 2012).

The cry of radicalism which the Elmhirsts brought to their new home, the progressive views of intellectuals – including William Glock – who gathered at their court, mixed with the reflective nostalgia of a constantly changing stream of humanity still hangs in the air at Dartington, echoing and amplifying the Summer School's third space songs of dissent. To be at Dartington and, by association, to be at the Summer School, is to embrace subversity, while simultaneously revelling in the traditions and heritage of an ancient desmesne.

But it is also important to note the fragile nature of this welcoming yet disruptive space. In Peter Cox's oral history of Imogen Holst, she issues a warning: 'I remember walking around this exquisite garden in early spring and thinking, 'now, you could live here for the rest of your life.' It seemed a kind of heaven on earth, and then thinking, "no, you have to go on learning and you have got to go on having really strict criticism." So I asked if I might leave.' (Cox & Dobbs 1988, p. 27)

As we will discover in later chapters, leaving home, geographically and psychologically, is a profoundly creative act.

Fig. 14: Igor Stravinsky outside the office, 1957. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive <ID Scu 57.40>

The Traveller's Tale

In 1956 Igor Stravinsky and his entourage came to London to attend performances of a new work, *Canticum Sacrum*. Over a series of meetings William Glock persuaded Stravinsky to accept his invitation to be guest of honour at the Summer School the following year:

> We met many times for lunch or dinner at one place or another. Sometimes there were other guests, such as Jean-Louis Barrault or Pierre Boulez; at others we were alone. Altogether this visit in December 1956 left memories of a splendid concert, of conversations that blossomed to the accompaniment of Montrachet, Mission Haut Brion, and Chateau Latour 1944, of warmth and kindliness, of the promise that the Stravinskys and Robert Craft would come the following year to Dartington. (Glock, 1991, p.74).

This short story imagines the visit of Stravinsky from another angle, that of Bobbie and Peter Cox, who live and work on the Dartington estate.

Telephone:
GROSVENOR 7308-9

14 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1

12th April, 1957

Peter Cox, Esq.
THE ARTS CENTRE,
Dartington Hall,
Totnes.

Dear Peter,

I have just heard from Stravinsky that he is anxious to have a house in the neighbourhood of Dartington, rather than to stay as someone's guest. Could you therefore please redouble your efforts to find somewhere very pleasant for them to stay, but without redoubling the offer of rent? I leave it to you entirely to decide what is robbery or not, but the Summer School can put £16. 10. 0. a week towards it.

Do please let me know as soon as you can about this. Stravinsky is evidently impatient to have news before actually deciding to come.

With best wishes,

Yours ever,

William

Fig. 15: Letter from William Glock to Peter Cox, 12 April 1957, Summer School Archive

2 Warren Lane, Dartington Hall Estate, home of Peter and Bobbie Cox.

Peter Cox, Dartington Hall's arts manager, is sitting at a big wooden farmhouse table. He has his head in his hands. His wife, Bobbie, is peeling potatoes at the kitchen sink.

'The house in Totnes won't do, apparently. They have to be here to get to rehearsals and such.'

'The flat in the Barton? Or in the Private House?'

'Leonard and Dorothy are there with all the family. It's not going to be possible. And while Totnes is too far, the Courtyard is, it would seem, too close. They want to be able to get away from the adoring crowds.'

Bobbie snorts. 'The crowds? 200 music students? That's hardly a crowd.'

Peter shakes his head.

'It's about 190 people more than Monsieur Stravinsky wants to know, according to William. He likes people to listen to his music, but he doesn't necessarily want to talk to them about it. And you know what the Summer School students are like. They want to ask earnest questions over tea.'

'And make eyes at the maestro over a drink in the White Hart.'

'He's 75, and he has his wife in tow.'

'That won't put them off,' says Bobbie. 'But you're right. He's probably not worried about the flirtatious young twenty-somethings. It's those deeply serious young men wanting to discuss whether serialism is the end of music as we know it, or what he thinks of Elvis Presley.'

She rubs a smudge of mud from the last potato. 'I can understand his wanting to avoid them.'

'Yes,' says Peter. 'Yes, indeed. But the puzzle remains: we need to find somewhere for the Stravinsky *ménage à trois* to set up house for the week. Somewhere nearby, comfortable, with at least two bedrooms and a piano, which isn't prohibitively expensive.'

He pauses, and looks at Bobbie helplessly.

'Somewhere like here, you mean?'

Peter looks around the neat cottage, with its threadbare rugs, the canvases leaning against the wall, the artfully-tousled sofa and inviting piles of books.

'Yes.'

'I knew it.'

The potato knife hits the steel sink with a loud clatter. Bobbie turns round to face her husband and as she does her hand-knitted pullover seems to visibly stretch across her pregnant belly. Growing before their eyes.

'OK,' she says, her lips tight. 'I see I'm going to have to sort this one out.'

She wipes her hands on a tea towel and throws the balled-up linen rag at her husband. Then she walks over to the little mirror by the front door and smooths her hair.

'You make dinner. I'm going out.'

24th July, 1957

Dear William,

I thought it better to write than to ring up so that I can give you all the details about the arrangements for the Stravinskys.

I have had a long session this morning with Mrs. Nightingale and have been carefully over the house. She is being very helpful and I have no doubt that we can bring the house up to a reasonable standard.

Mrs. Nightingale is prepared to move over to Aller Park on Saturday, the 3rd, and we shall have Sunday, Monday and Tuesday to get the house into good shape. I will lay on a small army of people to lend a hand. It is unfortunate that it is that particular weekend but I expect I can find enough people to help despire the Bank Holiday.

Bobbie and I are going to lend bed-covers and cutlery and I am hoping to find from the Arts Centre certain bits of furniture and carpets to supplement what is already there. There are two items which are a problem. The first is bed linen. We can lend from the Arts Centre but it means that we shall be very short there and in any case the sheets belong to the grade of "institutional cotton". If you feel that they ought to have something much better than this, is there any chance of borrowing some in London?

The second problem is glasses. The Nightingales have some old family glasses, which they cannot be expected to lend, and the remainder is a pretty good hotch potch. Would you be able to bring down a set of tumblers, wine glasses, sherry glasses, etc. from the I.M.A.? Because of the tourist traffic it will be impossible to hire or borrow at this end.

The Nightingales' piano is at the Hall and so it means bringing one over for the occasion. Because their living room is small, an Upright would be best, and I wonder whether it would be alright to bring over one of our English made ones from the soundproof practice rooms? The Upright Steinways are very heavy and cumbersome to move (in fact worse than a big Grand).

I am afraid this arrangement is all going to prove rather expensive but I had better go into this with you and John when you come down. The

Fig. 16: Carbon copy of letter from Peter Cox to William Glock, 24 July, 1957 p. 1 (of 2), Summer School Archive

- 2 -

main problem is that the Nightingales have to be provided for for the first week of the Summer School in order that the Summer School should have their house. I shall also have to spend some money getting in labour over the Bank Holiday weekend to get the house up to the level you require. By today's standards in this part of the world a 10-guinea a week rent implies a house and no more than the bare bones of furniture and equipment.

Finally, the question of wine. I could let the Stravinskys have two or three/bottles of a reasonable claret from Averys (value about 8/- to 9/- a bottle) but if you want something very much more expensive it would be best for you to bring it from London or to order it in advance from Bentall Lloyd's catalogue, which Judith Sutherland has got.

doz

Yours,

William Glock, Esq.,
International Music Association,
14, South Audley Street,
LONDON, W.1.

Fig. 17: Carbon copy of letter from Peter Cox to William Glock, 24 July, 1957 p. 2 (of 2), Summer School Archive

Nightingale Cottage, Warren Lane, Dartington Hall

'I think that's it.'

Bobbie, wearing an oversized man's shirt covered in paint, a scarf around her head, looks around her. A sofa with-freshly plumped cushions and an idly-draped throw. A new tea set on the dresser, fresh glasses in the cupboard, a tapestry on the wall, hiding the worst of the mould. A piano – only an upright, but serviceable – against the far wall. Sort of Bauhaus meets farmhouse.

'Percy's fixed the tap. Judith and I have made up the beds and she will arrange for the supplies to be delivered early tomorrow morning. The piano tuner's been.'

'The wine?'

'Arrived this morning. I told Percy to grab our wine rack and set it up by the back door.'

'Bobbie, you're a marvel.'

'Yes, I am. And you're a doormat, Pete. I hope William appreciates our efforts. I am going to be beholden to my dear neighbour, ruddy Mrs Nightingale, for the rest of my life.'

Peter Cox looks at his wife with a mixture of fear and fondness.

'God, I hope it will be worth it.'

*

Plymouth Passenger Terminal, Devonport

'That's her. The *Liberté*. French Line. They should be here soon.'

Peter Cox is pacing up and down beside the Elmhirsts car, parked on the dockside. The Elmhirsts' chauffeur, Dick Rushton, is looking on with the impassivity of a cow contemplating its digestion.

'Big ship,' says Dick.

'Yes.'

'From New York, y'say?'

'Yes.'

'Mmph.'

This isn't Dick's first trip to Devonport. Oh no. He's picked up Mr and Mrs Elmhirst, the little ones, Mr Straight, any number of guests from this same spot. He's seen them tumble out of the gates, treading gingerly, testing out the ground, looking around. In the early days it was all wonder at the quaint old English town on the edge of the moor. Later, after the war, at the bleak newness of the waterfront, its concrete lines harsh against sky's gun metal clouds and the land's dark undulations.

'Looks like rain.'

'Ah, yes,' says Peter, his eyes fixed on the exit of the passenger terminal.

'I'll get some umbrellas.'

'Yes, thank you, Rushton.'

Just then a porter with a trolley laden with bags comes through the gates, clipping the gate post and sending a pile of hatboxes and suitcases flying. As various people run over to restack the escaping bags Cox becomes aware of a figure standing just beyond the trolley in a double-breasted suit. A small, elderly gentleman, with aquiline features and a few tufts of white hair emerging from beneath a black beret. Igor Stravinsky. Just like in the pictures.

'Mr Stravinsky, over here.' Cox waves. 'Rushton, can you bring the car over?'

Cox marches purposefully over to the old man.

'Mr Stravinsky, I...'

'*Non*!' The old man holds up his hand, as if to stop Cox in his tracks. 'Wait, please. *Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq...'* He moves to one side to let his travelling companions, an elegantly dressed lady and a dapper young man, step forward to meet Cox.

'Good afternoon. Mr Cox? Delighted to meet you. Craft. Robert Craft. And this is Madame Stravinsky.'

'Vera,' says the lady, holding out her hand. '*Enchantée.'*

'Peter Cox, Arts Manager at Dartington Hall. And this is Mr Rushton, Dick Rushton.'

'Madame.'

'I do hope you had a pleasant trip.'

'Oh yes, very pleasant,' says Mrs Stravinsky. 'A very smooth passage. We were very fortunate.' She turns. 'Igor. IGOR! Come and meet Mr Cox.'

'*...dix-huit, dix-neuf, vingt, vingt et un, vingt-deux. C'est tout.*'

The old man leaves the great tower of bags and steps neatly towards the small group by the car.

'Yes, yes, Vera. All in good time. If I don't check the bags you know what will happen.'

The lady sighs and gives Cox a coquettish smile. 'Ah yes, the bags. We are professional travellers, you see, Mr Cox. Trains, boats, cars. Our lives are in those suitcases.'

'Quite so. Rushton, could you...?'

But Dick is already at work, opening doors, strapping travelling trunks into the capacious boot of the Rolls Royce, directing the porter under the critical eyes of the old man. They are going to have to hurry if they are to miss the rain.

'So, Cox, how far is it to Dartington Hall?' The young American gives Cox a collegial smile.

'Oh, not far. Just a couple of hours. It's a pretty drive. I think you'll enjoy it.'

'I can't wait to have a meal on dry land.' The American glances over his shoulder, back towards the ship, still disengorging the hordes. 'Well, Madame *Li - her - tay,* I confess I'm not sorry say goodbye to you,' he says.

At these words the old man looks up, and speaks to Cox directly for the first time. 'Poor Bob.' He inclines his head towards Robert Craft with a precise, meaningful twitch. 'Bob vomits.'

Then he walks up to Cox holding out his hand. 'Stravinsky. Igor. Delighted to meet you.'

'If you'll pardon me, sir, I think you should get in the car.' Rushton is standing at Peter Cox's elbow. 'It's about to pour.'

Cox turns to look at the sky.

'Dear me, yes. Look at that. Mrs Stravinsky, Mr Stravinsky, Mr Craft, may I...' He stands back and allows Dick Rushton to usher them into the car, installing himself in the front passenger seat. As the doors slam shut, the heavens open, great teacups of water splatting onto the windscreen.

*

'Let's take them up the front drive, Rushton.'

'Right-o Mr Cox.'

The rain has run its course, leaving the sky grey but bright, and the high hedgerows a dark, moist green. The big car threads its way through the emerald maze, along the narrow roads paved with gravel and cow manure.

'What *is* that smell?' says Madame Stravinsky.

'It smells like shit.'

'Igor!'

'Well, it does, Vera. I know shit when I smell it.'

'We're just passing the dairy now,' says Cox. 'The Dartington herd walks up this road most days.'

'You see. Cow shit.'

Madame Stravinsky reaches into her sleeve and brings a crumpled linen handkerchief to her nose. Her husband looks pained.

'*Alors,* Vera. We are in the countryside now.'

'There is the church,' says Cox, pointing to a stone building with a square tower, 'and that road is the back drive. We could turn there to the Hall, but we'll continue along past Shinner's Bridge and take the front drive.'

Robert Craft peers through the windows of the Rolls. 'Is that the river?'

'Not *the* river. That's Bidwell Brook. It runs into the River Dart. It powers the water mill at Shinner's Bridge.'

There is the dull tick of the indicator and a roar of spinning discs as Rushton marshals the engine into a lower gear.

'And here we are,' says Cox.

Heads incline to look out of the windows. They have turned left and are approaching a pair of stone gateposts next to a damp looking cottage.

'That's the gatehouse and here we are crossing the water meadows.'

Amongst the blaze of green to the left of the drive stand a flock of large brown and white cows, following their progress with interest. As the car slows to cross the metal cattle grid visitors and bovines face off.

'Wow, the eyelashes on that beast,' says Craft.

From the water meadows, the drive climbs steeply upwards and then levels out to trace the contour line.

'If you look right,' says Cox, 'you'll see the river now.'

All eyes go right. The land falls away, a lush green slope studded with enormous trees, down, down to a shady ribbon thickly fringed with willows.

'Ah.' Madame Stravinsky lets out a breath. '*C'est magnifique.*'

'That's quite a view,' says Craft.

‘So many shades,’ says the composer, taking in the myriad degrees of green, the square lines of the fields beyond.

The engine note crescendos as the car labours up the hill, then turns sharply to the left.

‘The gardens are over there,’ says Cox, pointing left, ‘and here is the Hall, just coming into view now.’

The car has slowed almost to walking pace now as it fords a dip then begins to climb again. Rushton sounds the horn at a gaggle of students, all carrying instrument cases, strolling along the middle of the road. They hug the side of the road, letting the car go on, up the hill, past the archway and right into Warren Lane.

’And here is your home for the next week,’ says Cox as Rushton pulls on the handbrake with a metallic rasp. ‘Welcome to Warren Lane. Welcome to Dartington Hall.’

Four figures are standing at the door of the Nightingale’s cottage: William Glock and his wife Anne, the housekeeper Judy Drew and Peter Cox’s wife, Bobbie.

Fig. 18: Mr and Mrs Stravinsky, 1957. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive <ID Scu 57.39>

'Igor!' Glock steps forward, his hands outstretched, as the tiny man climbs down from the car.

'William, my dear,' he says, clasping William's hands in his own. 'Anne. *Enchanté, comme toujours*,' he says, bestowing a kiss on each cheek, and then another.

And so the introductions commence, the welcomes are made, doors opened, keys exchanged, and all the creature comforts explained. Then begins the grand unloading. Dick Rushton and Peter Cox empty the Rolls and are about to start taking the trunks and bags into the house, when Stravinsky brings them to an emphatic halt.

'*Attendez*. Wait, please. First, I must count. *Un, deux, trois...'*

Madame Stravinsky gives Peter Cox a weak smile. Igor and his funny ways.

'*quinze, seize, dix-sept, dix-huit...'*

An anxious note enters the composer's voice. A frown.

'*Vingt, vingt et un...'*

'Do hurry up, Igor,' says Madame Stravinsky. And quietly, to the audience, 'He loves to count.'

'Shh, Vera. Please.' Stravinsky grasps the passenger door and climbs inside, turns around, looks under the seats. Then he trots around to the luggage compartment and sticks his entire upper body inside, groping agitatedly, thrusting his arms to the very back of the dark compartment. Then he marches to the driver's door and peers through the window, squinting at the details on the dashboard.

'Vera! Bob! *Mon portefeuille.* My briefcase!'

'Oh hell,' says Craft, turning to Glock. 'Igor's scores. That's where he keeps his scores. All his workings. His new piece.' He massages his temples with thumb and forefinger of his plate-like hand and presses his lips together in concentration. 'We've got to find it!'

'Good God,' says William. 'Igor, my dear, what can we do?'

But Stravinsky is not answering any questions. Instead he stands, his arms folded staring at the ground with a look that would burn through rock.

'Did it come off the boat?' hisses Bobbie to her husband.

'You know, I'm sure it did,' says Cox, turning to Vera, who has a hand on her husband's shoulder, the only person who dares touch him.

'Madame Stravinsky, was it a black leather portfolio?'

'Yes,' she says, nodding to Cox. 'With the broken handles.'

'I'm sure I saw it on the dock,' says Cox. 'Rushton, did you see it? Black?'

'Yes, Mr Cox. That I did. It was sitting by the low stone wall on its own. We must have missed it in the rush to get out of the rain.'

'Well then, no time to lose,' says William. 'Rushton, you must go back with all speed. I shall telephone the overseas passenger terminal. We will find that bag!'

And so the Rolls Royce drives away in a muddy cloud of exhaust, leaving the special guests and the welcoming committee standing, deflated, at the door.

*

Igor Stravinsky stands in the doorway, watching as Bobbie does up the buttons on her toddler's knitted woollen jacket. He notes the sigh as she picks up her child and balances him on her hip. He smiles as she turns and, with a start, sees the small Russian man standing there.

'Oh. Mr Stravinsky.'

'Igor. Please. You must call me Igor.' He takes in the lines of fatigue on her young face, the shirt stretched over her belly, with grandfatherly concern.

Bobbie is flustered. She can hear laughter coming from the living room. The little lunch at their cottage – 'Don't do anything fancy, just an informal meal' said William – has turned into quite a party. She sees her husband, Peter, walk back across the room holding a bottle of wine in one hand, a corkscrew in the other. Jonson is starting to grizzle. It's going to be a long afternoon.

'We are so very inconvenient to you.' He speaks clearly, but with a heavy accent. An unmistakeable Russian accent.

'Oh, no, Mr Stravinsky. I mean, Igor. It is an honour. And a pleasure.'

'You are too kind,' says Stravinsky. 'You welcome us into your home, you turn everything upside down for us, when you should be lying on a velvet lounge, being brought sweetmeats and tea.'

Bobbie does not know quite what to say. She sees his attention has been caught by the baby on her hip. He is looking at Jonson with such fascination. Then she watches, delighted, as the old man widens his eyes, blows out his cheeks, then... pooff, he pops them like two balloons, all the while holding the gaze of the rapt infant.

Jonson frowns. Then, as if he's just got the joke, lets out a delighted crow. Bobbie cannot help but smile.

'Such a fine fellow,' says Stravinsky. 'He laughs at my jokes.'

Then the edges of the little mouth turn down.

'Oh dear. Not funny any more?'

'Don't worry, Igor. He's just tired. I must put him down for a sleep.'

'Of course, my dear, of course. He is weary of our raucous nonsense. How very sensible of him.'

'I'm just not sure he'll settle with so much excitement.'

Bobbie looks over Igor's shoulder. She can see the guests, deep in conversation, leaning across the table.

'Ah, yes,' says the old man. 'All these fools prattling away. I remember my wife – my first wife, God rest her soul – shouting at my brother and his noisy children to be quiet, to let the little ones sleep.'

Bobbie sees a distant look cross his face.

'But that is a long time, a long way back. Half a century ago, half the world away.'

To think of this 75-year-old man with a young family. 'Where did you bring them up?'

'Oh, here and there. St Petersburg. Clarens. Ukraine. Paris. Switzerland. Poland. So many places. But the place I'm remembering now is Ustylug, my beloved home in the Ukraine.'

Bobbie sighs. The old man looks as if he is about to tell a story, and she wants to hear it, but the baby is so very heavy and her feet are complaining.

'Do you mind if I just put Jonson down?'

'Of course. My apologies. What a bore I am.'

'No, no. Not at all. It's just that he's heavy.'

'And I'm sure Vera will be wondering where I am.'

Bobbie catches the little tag of weariness in his voice.

'Stay longer, if you like. Stay and tell me a story.'

The old man brightens. Bobbie motions to the wicker chair pushed against the wall. 'Please. Sit. Talk. It might help the baby get to sleep.'

'Very well,' says Stravinsky, lowering himself onto the patchwork cushions. 'Just a moment.' He directs his attention to the baby, now swaddled. 'Just a short story, mind.'

Then he puts his hands together, crosses his legs and sits back.

'Hmm. Where shall I begin?'

'Tell me about your home. Your family home. Where you brought up your children. It was in the Ukraine, you said.'

'Ah, yes. Ustylug.' The strange name hangs in the air, like a talisman. 'My beautiful Ustylug. We built that house, Katya and I, with our own hands. A little house on the banks of the Luha. Ustylug was a heavenly nook for work. I even had my grand piano moved there from St Petersburg. Every summer we would flee the mad city life and settle in to the peace and natural rhythm of this farming village. It was there I did my best inventing.'

He pauses. The baby's eyes are closed, now, but Bobbie still stands by the cot, rhythmically patting his back. Casting the mother's spell.

'But you know all about this place.' He gestures towards the window. 'You know the woods and the rivers, the fields where the wheat grows high and gold, where the sky tells the time. I look out and see memories of Ustylug.'

Bobbie looks through the window where the old man is pointing, onto the muddy track bounded by the mossy stone walls, leading down to the farmer's field of hay. Then she looks back at Stravinsky.

'Have you been there since?'

'To Ustylug? No, my dear. No more Ustylug for me.'

'Would you ever go back?'

'No.' He presses his lips together. 'No. Ustylug is gone. And besides, that was then. That was another time. It's foolish to dream of the past with such longing.'

He looks up at the young woman, still rhythmically patting her son.

'You don't understand that now. You are at home. But one day you will see.'

His face hardens and his hands grip the side of the chair as he braces himself to stand up.

'Now I must return to the present. But thank you, my dear, for this little bedtime story. And thank you for your enchanted, enchanting house in the heart of this magical place.'

And with that, he bows to Bobbie. A small, stiff bow. Then he turns to the door and heads back towards the party.

*

'Who is that violinist?'

Igor Stravinsky and William Glock are sitting in the second row of the Barn Theatre, watching the final rehearsal of *The Soldier's Tale*.

'Manoug Parikian. Student of Joe Szigeti. Rather good, wouldn't you say?'

'Yes.'

The conversation is cut short by the music. A drumbeat, then the violin. A sinuous, elastic melody, dancing around the beat of the drum and yet not quite following it. Then the sound of a clarinet weaving in and out of the violin's steps.

Sitting in the darkened auditorium, still conscious of the after-effects of an excellent lunch, Stravinsky allows his mind to wander. Those deliciously angular rhythms. The eerie prettiness of the princess's dance. The visceral chill of the devil's music. It is still all there. What a time that was. 1918. The end of the war. The end of the world. Ah, yes. The old man's eyes flicker shut. Not sleeping. Thinking.

Was it Ramuz who came up with the idea, he thinks, or was it me? We were so close in those hungry days, we thought as one.

He can still picture it. Sitting outside on the mainstreet of Morges, a pitcher of sour red wine and two grubby tumblers balanced on an upturned wine barrel, one man smoking a cigarette while the other sits hunched over his sketchbook. Charles and Igor, two artists far from home, chasing ideas in the bizarre peace of Switzerland.

We had nothing, then. No money. No home. No future. Just a little place out of time. How rich we were!

He allows his mind to wander beyond the stage, beyond the dark loom in the theatre. That walk yesterday in Madame Elmhirst's extraordinary gardens, hewn out of the countryside with the brilliant hubris of a jeweller cutting a gemstone. Who would have thought such a place could exist, a place where, notwithstanding the constant clamourings of earnest well-wishers, I can walk, and talk, and think and feel so strangely unencumbered by reality. Another Morges, another Ustylug, but without the horror.

He opens his eyes and looks up, annoyed with himself. He despises those precious *fanatiques*, who listen with their eyes closed, faces contorting with sustained enlightenment. Such affectation!

At that moment, Craft stops the ensemble and speaks quietly to the violinist, who nods. He turns to the auditorium, his hand over his eyes, shading them from the lights, squinting to see his tiny audience.

'We'll run it, OK?'

'Hmph.' Stravinsky gives his assent.

Craft turns back to the stage, meeting the eyes of all three actors, the dancer and the seven-piece ensemble. 'From the top.'

And so begins *The Soldier's Tale*, a brittle little story of human triumph and folly. A runaway soldier meets a strange fellow who asks to buy the soldier's violin. The soldier refuses, but the stranger offers him a book which, he says, contains untold powers. Then the devil – for that is who the stranger is – invites the soldier to spend three days with him to learn the ways of the book. The soldier agrees.

Three days later, the soldier is back where he began, walking down the road, looking forward to getting home, but when he arrives the villagers run away from him in fright. It turns out he has been gone not for three days but for thirty years. They think he is a ghost.

The soldier and the devil are now inextricably bound to each other. The book enables the soldier to become rich and successful, but he cannot get back the time and the family he has lost. Then the soldier outwits the devil at cards, and grabs back his violin. It seems like he might yet escape this deadly contract. His playing wakes the beautiful princess from her deathly trance. He can make the devil dance to his tune. A happy ending, perhaps?

*

The run through is going well. The soldier has played. The devil has danced and now lies, exhausted, broken, on the floor while the soldier and the princess exchange a rapturous kiss. Over rich, triumphant chords from trumpet, clarinet and violin, one of the actors on the little stage steps forward and gives solemn counsel:

> You must not seek to add
>
> To what you have, what you once had;
>
> You have no right to share
>
> What you are with what you were.
>
> No one can have it all,
>
> That is forbidden.
>
> You must learn to choose between.

Stravinsky sniffs. That translation. So strange. Is it better in French? Better in Russian? No. Forget Russian. Yes, *bien sur,* it's Russian. But what is Russian? It's a tale of a half-starved peasant yanked from his village and sent to, I don't know, the Balkans, the Crimea, wherever, to fight someone else's war, but that is not what Charles and I were interested in when we sat down to write. This was a story, not a history. It was a story about the choices a man makes in the face of evil. Russia does not have a monopoly on evil. Not now, not then. Especially not then.

> One happy thing is every happy thing:
>
> Two, is as if they had never been.

I miss Charles. I miss those long afternoons, drinking coffee, drinking wine, making plans. The excitement of our little enterprise, as we booked venues, rounded up players and followed the soldier on his dusty trail... The delicious fizz and bite of creation which made the hideous world around us fade, temporarily. The past was over. There was no future. It was just now, here, out of time.

*

The music of the Great Chorale still hangs in the air as the narrator steps forward again. The soldier and the princess stand triumphant, holding hands, ready to walk happily into the sunset.

The composer leans forward. He knows what is coming, but it is still a moment to be savoured.

'They're on their way', says the narrator. 'They're nearly there... He has gone on ahead. She has stayed behind. He calls her, turns back, then changes his mind.

'The devil greets him at the frontier.'

Pause.

The silence is terrifying.

'The soldier has had his day. The devil holds the violin,' says the narrator, gesturing to the actor, assuming a Paganini pose. The final, chilling words. 'And he begins to play.'

An eruption of music. The clarinet shrieking its raucous song, the bass drum pounding out the relentless heartbeat, with side drum wrecking any attempts at order. The violin cannot help but dance to the rhythm now, ever more frenzied, all rasping chords and gritty scrubbing, till it falls silent, leaving the dry and pitiless playout to the drum.

*

? STRAVINSKY

23rd August, 1957

Dear Joy,

The Stravinskys have now moved off and your house is vacant. As far as I can see, there are only three breakages: a teapot, a tea-cup and saucer, and one china fuse in the fuse box. In all other respects I think the house is in good condition, though Judith and I couldn't remember where all the pictures and rugs went so that you may find some things out of place. Judith also was unable to find the picture over the mantelpiece in the living room which you asked her to put away into a safe place. She had to leave in a hurry and couldn't locate it, but I am sure it will turn up behind some piece of furniture or in Leathley's store-room. The piano hasn't yet been moved out and it is just possible that this will not have gone by the time you return.

I was hoping to mow your lawn today before going on holiday but as it is pouring wet it may not get done. I will have a go at it when I come back with a motor mower if I fail.

I have arranged with the Summer School that they will send you a cheque for £30 rent plus £1 for breakages and from this sum they will deduct £12.10.0d. as your contribution to 9 days' board and lodging for five people. I hope you will feel this fair. The electricity and telephone accounts will be paid separately but I think a certain amount of your fuel has been used for the Agamatic. Perhaps you would be prepared to include this in the rent.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. C. L. Nightingale,
The Old School,
Old Bosham,
Sussex.

Fig. 19: Carbon copy of letter from Peter Cox to Joy Nightingale, 23 August, 1957, personal communication, Summer School Archive

*

‘Pete? Is that you?’

Bobbie is in the kitchen, hanging nappies, blankets and tiny clothes on the airing rack. Then, to no-one in particular, ‘Damn this rain. I don’t know how I’m going to get everything dry before we go.’

Peter Cox stands in the doorway to the kitchen, shrugging off a raincoat.

‘And now you’re dripping everywhere.’

‘Sorry.’ Cox looks out from under his dark forelock, his face a mix of stress and sheepishness. ‘Just tidying up loose ends.’

‘Is next door all sorted? Joy said they would be back on Friday.’ She shook out a cot sheet with a brisk snap. ‘I’d better go and have a look.’

‘No, Bobbie. It’s fine. You stay where you are. Judith and I have been over the house with a fine-tooth comb. The sheets have gone back to the school, the kitchen is spotless. I’m just waiting for someone to move the piano.’

‘Good.’ Bobbie sat down. ‘What a relief.’

‘Yes.’ Peter sits down across the table from her and reaches out to take her hand. ‘We did it. You did it.’

‘Oh, I think there will be people queuing up to take credit for the last two weeks,’ says Bobbie. ‘But we know what we did.’

She looks across to the living room, where a single rose stands in a tall vase.

‘What a sweetheart he was,’ she says, remembering how the old man had leaped from the car just as it was about to pull away calling, ‘Bobbie! Bobbie!’ and had thrust a huge bunch of roses into her arms. ‘And how angry Madame Stravinsky was!’

‘Well,’ says Peter, with a cautious smile. ‘To be fair, they were her flowers.’

Bobbie looks at him with raised eyebrows.

‘Were. But now they’re my souvenir from the time that the most famous composer in the world came to stay next door.’

She allows herself a quick smile, until a new burst of sunshine switches her out of her reverie.

‘Ooh look, Pete. The rain’s stopped. If it holds off you can mow the Nightingale’s lawn.’

3: People: a plurality of voices

> I understand for the first time that our sense of belonging is all about participation. We belong because we are part of the work of this place.
>
> -- James Rebanks *The Shepherd's Life: A Tale of the Lake District*

Fig. 20: Group of musicians after rehearsal, 1956. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive <ID Scu 56.35>

It is a classic scene, a sort of English *déjeuner sur l'herbe*. Eight people sit on the lawn in the courtyard, surrounded by instrument cases, violins and violas. Taking a break, perhaps, from a rehearsal or a coaching session, enjoying some sun. It is summer, it is the Summer School.

But who are all these people? Where do they come from? What do they represent? An investigation of some key participants reveals a network dense with significant international and intergenerational connections, of links between teachers and students, of threads of influence, occurring by design and by coincidence. I've discussed the significance of the time and place in which they met. In this chapter I will use documentary and photographic evidence alongside secondary historical sources to investigate the characteristics of these

agents; to map the connections and lines of influence between them; to zoom in on a number of key agents; and to conceptualise the cohort by their function and their effects on others within the field. I make the case that, far from limiting participation to established contacts, the artistic director, William Glock, constantly strove to expand and disrupt the network of artists passing through Dartington. By resisting a closed cartography, a static 'old boys' network' of known values, he created an environment which existed to challenge artistic preferences and preconceptions – including his own. The result, I argue, was a deliberate blurring of distinctions between role and status which produced a field of cultural production the very instability of which drove individual and creative reinvention as people learned to *listen*.

Mapping the field

A typical week at the Summer School in the 1950s involved up to 70 artists working with up to 250 students. The focus of this analysis will be on the artists rather than students, partly because there is no record of students, but also because the artists are there by invitation, hand-picked by the artistic director and his team, and thus represent a consciously constructed community. I am interested in the choices Glock and Amis made: where the cohort came from within the greater field of music; what they represented, in social and cultural terms, and what roles they took within the Summer School field of cultural production.

Identifying the artists who attended is relatively straightforward: the Archive contains a full set of brochures announcing the program for each year's Summer School, with details of teachers and performers, plus a full set of day-by-day programs issued at the start of the festival. The documents detail names which lead me to associated historical and biographical backstories. With this overview of the grand design, I have the data to attempt an initial visualisation of where the cohort came from, their geographic, social and cultural origins.

As a counterpoint to this institutionally-centred point of view, I also look at the people through the eyes of photographer Catharine Scudamore, who documented the Summer School visually through photographs from 1948 to 1960. The index of names derived from her photo collection provides a useful alternative source of data to the printed programs.

More importantly, the photos themselves give insights into individuals and their identities: how they present themselves to the world and to others.

The Observer

Photographer Catharine Houghton Scudamore (1933-2006) first came to the Summer School when it was still at Bryanston, in 1950. There are only a handful of photos that year, and they include this one, of a bashful schoolgirl standing next to her piano teacher hero.

Fig. 21: Denis Matthews and Catharine Scudamore, 1950. Photo: unknown, Summer School Archive, <ID Scu 50.4a>

From 1950-1963 she faithfully documents the Summer School through her images, but always from behind the camera. Scudamore's photographs are published in several biographies and held in various archives, including the Georges Enescu Museum in

Bucharest and the Roberto Gerhard Archive in Cambridge. However, she seems to have largely abandoned photography from 1963 on, instead becoming involved in arts administration. She worked as retail manager for the music publisher Schott & Co from 1961 and for Oxford University Press from 1966, and spent much of her life managing concerts and artists, including the Smetana Quartet, with whom she had a close association from 1960-1989.[28]

Scudamore's favourite hunting ground is the courtyard at coffee and teatime, a place where most participants gather between teaching and performance sessions. It is a notably democratic arena, with students and teachers, amateurs and professionals mixing unselfconsciously. She prefers to capture moments spontaneously, almost covertly. She is an insider, a regular feature of the Summer School, but also an expert in being ignored. As the years go by she takes more and more group photos and posed portraits, sometimes by request from the subjects, and sometimes, presumably, on her own initiative as she grows more confident in her expertise and more assured in her role as official documenter. From 1954 her dog, a small black pug, appears regularly, particularly in posed group photos: no doubt it is a handy ice-breaker. Some of the most evocative pictures, however, are the earlier ones, unposed, stolen from life, like the method of the almost invisible ethnographer August Sander,[29] described by Richard Powers in his novel *Three Farmers on their way to a dance.*

> With the cataloguing urge of a natural scientist, he treats them as specimens… Depriving them of their active desire to be photographed, Sander enforces his subjects' accountability to the camera. They are caught in the act of revising their own biographies under the examining eye of history, which is the lens (Powers 1985, p. 258).

It is this strangely detached observation of people, often either unaware or unprepared for a picture, that is so revealing.

[28] Biographical details for Catharine Haughton Scudamore have been provided by her sister, Amoret Tanner, via email (Tanner, 2018, personal communication 12 November 2018)
29. August Sander (1876-1964) was a German portrait and documentary photographer.

Table 1: Individuals featured in photos taken by Catharine Scudamore, ordered by frequency. Harriet Cunningham 2019. Source: Index to Catharine Scudamore collection (compiled by Jeremy Wilson).

Name	Freq.		Name	Freq.	
John Amis	32	Magda László	9	Juilliard family	6
William Glock	31	Michael Tillett	9	Julian Leigh	6
Cecil Aronowitz	22	Nina Milkina	9	Michael Flanders	6
George Malcolm	20	Robert Brink	9	Morley College Orchestra	6
Julian Bream	19	Vlado Perlemuter	9	Ossian Ellis	6
Igor Stravinsky	18	Benjamin Britten	8	Peter Cox	6
Christopher Bunting	17	John Carewe	8	Peter Gellhorn	6
Maria Donska	17	Manoug Parikian	8	Priaulx Rainier	6
Lionel Tertis	16	Peter Maxwell Davies	8	Roberto Gerhard	6
Maurice Eisenberg	15	Pro Arte Musica Antiqua	8	Susanne Davis	6
Norman Del Mar	15	Sybil Eaton	8	Vlach Quartet	6
Bach Cantata	13	Amadeus Quartet	7	Alice Bohdjalian	5
Peter Pears	13	Colin Davis	7	Amaryllis Fleming	5
Thea Musgrave	13	Hermann Scherchen	7	Angela Richards	5
Bernard Naylor	12	Joyce Rathbone	7	Anna Raquel Sartre	5
Juilliard Quartet	12	Melos Ensemble	7	Charles Rosen	5
Andre Mangeot	11	Noel Lee	7	Jeremy Barker	5
Ann Glock	11	Office Staff	7	Luigi Nono	5
Berlin Octet	11	Susan Bradshaw	7	Meredith Davies	5
Hans Keller	11	Denis Stevens	6	Nan Merriman	5
Hugues Cuénod	10	Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau	6	Oriel Glock	5
Richard Hall	10	Donald Swann	6	Peter Fricker	5
April Cantelo	9	Gérard Souzay	6	Roger Sessions	5
Bee Musson	9	Hugh Wood	6	Roman Vlad	5
Bruno Maderna	9	John Clements	6		
Elisabeth Lutyens	9	Judith Jackson	6		

The Field: an overview

The index to the Catharine Scudamore photo collection lists over 400 individuals, many of them celebrated artists. Igor Stravinsky, Aaron Copland and Benjamin Britten are some of the stand-outs in the field of classical music, but the list includes many other notables. There are performers such as Vlado Perlemuter, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, the Amadeus String Quartet and Julian Bream; composers including Luigi Nono, Malcolm Arnold, Roger Sessions and Stefan Wolpe; critics and writers including Wilfrid Mellers, Hans Keller, Cecil Day Lewis and Kenneth Clark; and teachers including Georges Enescu, Imogen Holst, Cecil Aronowitz and Lionel Tertis.

One can tease out notable characteristics even from the brief list of names in the paragraph above: many foreign names, a range of ethnicities, many different roles speaks to a high degree of diversity. Taking the top 70 individuals – the ones who appear most frequently in the Scudamore photos – as a representative sample, an analysis by nationality shows that only 50% of the artists are from the UK, with others coming from Armenia, Austria, Canada, France, West Germany, Italy, Russia, Czechoslovakia, South Africa, Spain, the US and Uruguay.

An analysis by gender is revealing: the men outnumber women two to one, but considering the male dominance of prestigious positions in the music industry at this time – women only made up 8% of orchestral musicians in the US in 1947 (Tick & Tsou 2007) and women conductors were virtually unheard of – the number of women is significant.

The policy of inviting artists to attend with their families also made an impact on the field. This was no boys club: you can see composers – male and female – travelling with their toddlers; musicians wrangling children between rehearsals; string quartets posing with their extended family, blurring the boundaries between the personal and the professional.

Fig. 22: Juilliard String Quartet Family, 1960. Photo: C. Scudamore Summer School Archive <ID Scu 60.88>

Scudamore's photos show women not just as mothers, not as just partners but as active musicians, composers, lecturers and, indeed, conductors. In the context of the 1950s the Summer School emerges as a field populated with an unusual ratio of powerful and empowered women.

It is not possible to make similar claims about participants' sexuality. This is, after all a time when homosexuality is still a criminal offence.[30] As musicologist Philip Brett says in the pioneering study, *Queering the Pitch,* 'although heavily populated by lesbians and gays, the various branches of music have been slow to exhibit any overt opposition to the heteronormative order of things'(Cusick et al. 1994, pp. 16-8). What can be said is that many discreet but openly gay and lesbian artists appear on the sample list, including Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears, Maria Donska, Priaulx Rainier and Joyce Rathbone. They are enabled by what Brett calls the 'open secret', the tacit agreement, 'not to conceal knowledge, so much as to conceal the knowledge of the knowledge.' (Miller 1988, p. 206)

30. In the introduction to *Wolfenden's Witnesses: homosexuality in Post-War Britain,* Brian Lewis characterises the time as 'a period of intense introspection about homosexuality and the law'. (2016, p. 3)

Or not, if you are Judith Jackson, a regular Summer School participant and former student at Dartington School:

> I can remember Jeremy Noble, an Oxford musicologist. He was walking across the courtyard and Amis said to me, 'He's...' – I think the word used was 'queer' in those days. We hadn't got as far as 'gay'. And I said, 'surely not'. And Amis said, 'Yes.' So I said to Jeremy, 'Amis says you're a homosexual. Is that true?' Because I thought the only way you can find out is to ask. Then you know. And he said yes (J Jackson 2015, personal communication, 9 August).

This anecdote suggests an awareness and speculation about gender and sexuality, an awareness not limited to this particular interviewee. Gossip, speculation, jokes and stories about the sexual behaviour of some artists at the Summer School – tales of conductors having their pick of the chorus, or teachers preying on students – are common in first person accounts. It is perhaps inevitable that an environment coloured by the heightened emotions of wall-to-wall performance and the licence of being on holiday resulted in a degree of promiscuity and sexual freedom.

As for class and racial diversity, it is difficult to make specific observations beyond saying there was very little. People of colour are largely absent in the photo collection. Likewise with class: higher education was the norm amongst the artistic cohort, either at a specialist music facility or at university, frequently Oxford or Cambridge. Furthermore, the Summer School's first association with a private school, Bryanston, then an exclusive progressive school, Dartington, ensured that it was from its earliest years predominantly an upper middle-class activity.

There are a few notable exceptions: guitarist Julian Bream was the son of a commercial artist, born and brought up in Battersea. According to John Amis's testimony, he sported his humble beginnings with pride, responding to an admirer enquiring about his origins with, 'Wot me? I was born in Battersea, between the Dog 'Ome and the Par Station' (Amis).

Another participant with lower-middle/working class origins was composer Harrison Birtwistle, who came to music via his local pit band in Accrington, where he played clarinet and took part in local Gilbert and Sullivan performances. Likewise, his close associate and contemporary Peter Maxwell Davies was brought up in Salford and initially inspired to take an interest in music by a local performance of *The Gondoliers*.

Bream, Birtwistle and Maxwell Davies were all identified as musically gifted at an early age: Bream won a junior exhibition scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music at the age of 12 and Birtwistle and Maxwell Davies were grammar school students who won scholarships to the Royal Northern College of Music. Thus they came to the Summer School in spite of their class, not because of it. And by the same token the Summer School was limited in terms of class and race by omission rather than commission, a situation that can be attributed to the systemic exclusiveness of both higher education and classical music then and now.[31]

The predominance of upper-middle-class liberally-minded intellectuals at the Summer School, while challenged on a regular basis and from its earliest days by the awarding of bursaries and scholarships, is hard to ignore.

To summarise, the cohort as demonstrated by the Catharine Scudamore index is notably diverse in several categories, including that of nationality, gender and sexuality, but less diverse in terms of race and class.

[31] There are various reports that Bream was could move easily between his vernacular 'Sowf Lundun' accent and received pronunciation (RP), a marker of the middle and upper class: in film footage from 1965, we see him talking to Igor Stravinsky, using the most clipped of accents, a quintessential RP (*Julian Bream plays for Stravinsky (vaimusic.com)* 2007). It would be nice to think that the non-exclusive aura of Dartington allowed him to relax his assumed middle-class accent, but his use of both the vernacular and RP on different occasions suggests he is highly conscious of his class and class assumptions.

Pathways to Dartington

A preliminary social network analysis of the 'top 70' list provides insights into the connections in action, and hence the outline of the cultural field in which the Summer School was embedded. [32]

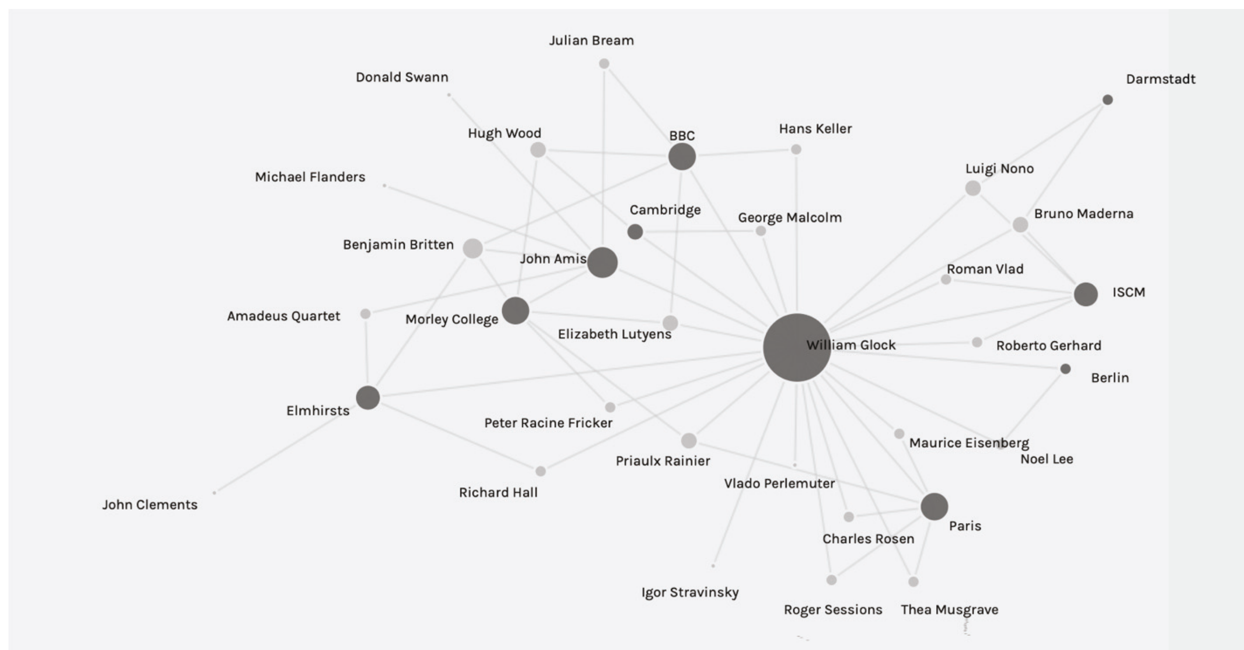


Diagram 1: Summer School Social Network Analysis, Harriet Cunningham 2019. Source: Summer School Archive

It shows Glock at the centre of the largest web of influence, and it is no surprise that associates of institutions he worked for turn up at Dartington. Glock gave talks and contributed to programming at the BBC, for example, and at Morley College, which was a hub for the limited amount of avant-garde music being performed during the Second World War. Conductors such as Peter Gellhorn, George Malcolm and Hans Oppenheim all conduct BBC ensembles. Meanwhile Imogen Holst, Priaulx Rainier and Michael Tippett, all teachers, conductors and composers attending the first Summer Schools, were linked with Morley College.

32. This visualisation is generated using Palladio, a tool developed by Humanities and Design at Stanford University as part of 'Networks in History: data-driven tools for analysing relationships across time'. The source data was constructed using the index to Catharine Scudamore's photographs. Using biographical information (derived from general sources in the public domain), I noted individuals' connections to a range of institutions. For more information on Palladio, see Edelstein et al. (2017).

Students of Artur Schnabel such as Noel Mewton-Wood and Maria Donska featured prominently in the early Summer School programs, although by the time it moved to Dartington the link was less pronounced. More significant was Glock's increasing involvement with the International Society for Contemporary Music (ISCM), which put him in contact with many influential composers. Through the ISCM he was invited to Nicolas Nabokov's grand 1954 'Music of Our Time' Festival in Rome and met many European composers, including Bruno Maderna, Roman Vlad and Roberto Gerhard. They all came to Dartington at his invitation, and some of them become close personal friends.

Nadia Boulanger was a composer, conductor and teacher at the Paris Conservatoire who attracted students from all over the world to her 'Boulangerie' at the Paris Conservatoire. She and Glock were introduced through one of them, the South African composer and teacher Priaulx Rainier and, after Glock had put his ideas for the Summer School to her, Boulanger wrote back expressing her enthusiasm. Nadia Boulanger only attended the Summer School twice, in 1948 and 1949 (the pre-Dartington years at Bryanston) but her influence after her early visits continued to resonate as she referred many of her students including Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, Daniel Barenboim, Ralph Kirkpatrick, Daniel Pinkham and Thea Musgrave, to go to the Summer School.

Although Glock is clearly central to the development of the Summer School cohort, a second look at the network visualisation complicates the picture. Glock is the biggest spider, but John Amis, his second-in-command, also has a sizeable web. He too was connected to Morley College, and his myriad projects during the war gave him a bulging book of contacts, which he used to source artists for the Summer School. He recruited students and teachers from Morley to an orchestra; he invited soloists and ensembles from his time at the National Gallery concerts; his contacts from the Bloomsbury group, the Apollo Club and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra all came into play.

A third hub is Dartington Hall. The Elmhirsts, their English Experiment and the people they took under their wing during the 1930s brought participants of cultural and social significance to the Summer School. The arts had always been an essential element of the Elmhirsts' grand plan, even if the implementation was a little haphazard. From the moment they took up residence they bought artworks especially for the renovated Hall and gardens.

They commissioned sculptures and tapestries; they invited artists to take up residency; they bankrolled new work. And in 1933, as they opened their doors to a steady stream of refugees from Hitler's Germany, Dartington became an international crossroads for the arts. When the Summer School set up at Dartington in 1953, it inherited a body of artists with an ongoing artistic and emotional association with the place.

Indeed, the Elmhirsts' humanitarian efforts during the 1930s had ripple effects on the people coming to the Summer School. In particular, a high proportion of Europeans coming to Dartington were displaced: either émigrés, like the conductor Peter Gellhorn, who left Austria when Hitler came to power; or refugees, like musicologist Hans Keller, who fled Vienna in 1938. Indeed, there's an intriguing subset of individuals who met in internment camps on the Isle of Man during the Second World War. Both Keller and Gellhorn were interned in Mooragh Camp on the Isle of Man from 1940-41. Meanwhile the legendary Amadeus Quartet grew from a friendship of three émigrés, violins Norbert Brainin and Siegmund Nissel, and viola Peter Schidlof, who were sent to internment camps on the Isle of Man.

By 1940 many of Dartington's collection of refugees and émigrés had moved on or been sent to internment camps in the UK to make way for evacuees from London and other urban centres under immediate threat. However, under the auspices of Imogen Holst, Christopher Martin and Peter Cox, the development of the College of Art established a resident cohort of artists, many of whom became significant contributors to the Summer School. The Elmhirsts also provided patronage to Benjamin Britten and invited William Glock to lecture there during this time.

In *The Politics of Modernism* Raymond Williams writes 'it cannot too often be emphasised how many of the major innovators [in modernist art and thought] were ...immigrants.' (Williams & Pinkney 1989) While he is referring to literary modernisms of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, if we hold fast to Susan Stanford Friedman's conception of a modernity unchained from a specific time and location, the proportion of people at the Summer School who were recent émigrés and refugees must be significant. People from many different backgrounds (including some deeply traumatic ones) come together to listen and play and explore music in a place of great natural beauty and, inevitably, they are

thrown into what Friedman sees as a matrix of converging changes, of heightened hybridity, collisions and encounters, juxtaposition and translation.

The Field: a closer look

It is beyond the scope of this thesis to attempt detailed descriptions of the 400 individuals who appear in the index to the Scudamore photos. However, I would like to focus in on a number of photos and use them to elaborate on some key artist participants from the top 70, chosen to illustrate the various characteristics and pathways – the who and the why – discussed above. They are not presented as hard evidence: I'm fully aware that I'm cherry-picking or, should I say, *curating* images, images which have already been curated, intentionally framed, by the photographer. They are, however, presented as illustrations, case studies, zooming in on some of the Summer School participants with significance to my overarching thesis.

Fig. 23: Office staff, 1954. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive, <ID Scu 54.113>

First, a group from 1954, posed, and all smiling for the camera. The seven figures are in a doorway next to a sign which reads 'Office'. The young man in the centre of the back row is my father, Jeremy Wilson. He's 22, and studying medicine at Cambridge, but this is his summer holiday, so he's volunteering as a musically-informed dogsbody at Dartington.

He's flanked by Donald Swann[33] on the left and John Amis, in a cricket jumper, on the right. In front of them sit Michael Flanders[34] and Beatrice Musson, the registrar. Kneeling at the front left is Angela Richards. I haven't managed to identify the woman on the front right.

This photo is, of course, significant to me, because it shows my father, looking fresh-faced and happy. He is obviously in his element. But beyond the personal dimension, I point out this picture because it demonstrates something of the casual diversity which I have observed in the Summer School cohort. Just count the 1954 executive team: four men, three women, two wheelchairs.

The Truth-teller

The photograph below is one of my favourites. There is something about the 1950s formality – the young men in jackets, the leather briefcase leaning against the archway – mixed with cheerful subversion. There is an undemonstrative but frank embrace of the modern: jackets but no ties, open-toed sandals and the kind of dark glasses more often seen on a Hollywood starlet than a 1950s music student. They are all holding cigarettes – indeed, the man on the left, the one in the sandals, is taking a determined drag, even as he squints at the camera. I would like to think the glass the woman in front is holding contains gin, although it is probably orange squash. Most of all, I love the way she looks at the camera, calm and invincible in her dark glasses. She's not posing. She's not trying to please.

33. Donald Swann (1923-1994) was a composer, musician, comedian and writer, best known as half of the comic duo 'Flanders and Swan'.
34. Michael Flanders (1922-1975) was an English actor, broadcaster, writer and performer. Michael Flanders and Donald Swann developed their early comedy routines at the Summer School before launching their successful show, *At the Drop of a Hat*, in 1956.

Fig. 24: L-R Cornelius Cardew, Richard Bennett, Susan Bradshaw, ? 1954. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive, <ID Scu 56.76>

This woman is Susan Bradshaw and in 1956, when this photo was taken, she was a student at the Royal Academy of Music.[35] She was at the Summer School to participate in a course in writing music for film, given by the Italian composer Roman Vlad.

Bradshaw was born in 1931 into an army family. She studied piano with Harold Craxton and composition with Mátyás Seiber, a Hungarian émigré teaching at the Royal Academy of Music. At the Academy she became friends with Richard Rodney Bennett (in the photo, sitting behind) and Cornelius Cardew (far left), and together they became a little avant-garde outpost, giving brave performances of works considered outlandish and daunting. Bennett tells his biographer, 'we did, amongst others, Bartok, Stravinsky, Britten, Tippett and various students' own work. One of the problems was that all this music was very difficult to play – it was a completely new language. Certainly the style was beyond most of the professors' (Harris & Meredith, 2011, p. 1577/12635) .

Bradshaw also found her way to the legendary Ferienkurse für internationale neue Musik – the International New Music Summer Course – in Darmstadt, where the hardcore avant-garde music of Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen ruled. After graduating from the Academy she and Richard Rodney Bennett both went to Paris on a French government scholarship to study with Boulez. (Cardew, meanwhile, became assistant to Stockhausen).

Returning to the UK in the late 1950s she put composition aside and forged a career as a performer, particularly of new work. In 1965, with the encouragement of William Glock, she and virtuoso singer Jane Manning formed the Vesuvius Ensemble, a flexible collective of musicians that went on to become a byword in cutting-edge music in the UK for the next decade. She also taught and wrote on music, including translating (with Richard Rodney Bennett) Pierre Boulez's aesthetic treatise, *Penser la Musique Aujourd'hui* (Boulez on Music Today) (Bradshaw & Bennett 1971) and continued to be a champion of composers, new music and young musicians.

[35] While Bradshaw is mentioned in many biographies and memoirs, there is very little published biographical material available beyond obituaries in the *Guardian*, the *Independent* and the *Musical Times*. An archive of her papers has just been announced (5 July 2019) as available for consultation at the British Library. See https://blogs.bl.uk/music/2019/07/the-susan-bradshaw-papers-archive-of-an-insightful-communicator-.html, accessed 29 July 2019

Fig. 25: (L-R) Rainer Schuelein, Susan Bradshaw, Peter Maxwell Davies. Photo: C Scudamore, Summer School Archive <ID Scu 58.18>

Bradshaw died in 2005. In her obituary, friend and fellow composer Gerard McBurney (2005) cites a dedication written at the head of a work by Giles Swayne, composed for Bradshaw's 60th birthday: 'To dear Susan, conscience of composers.' It signals the discreet but powerful position she held in the field. Looking at her, sitting on the steps into the Hall, between composer and flautist Rainer Schuelein and Peter Maxwell Davies, she is, again, at the centre of things and, again, not posing for the camera. She is who she is: a talented, intellectual, versatile young woman, first among equals.

In a letter from Bradshaw to Glock in 1988 she recalls the young woman she was, and the impact that the Summer School had on her:

> It was a truly mind-blowing experience in every way, and I still remember the heady excitement of trying to savour everything on offer in the action-packed days. As a bridge between student and adult musical life it was invaluable – just as I later found it to be an invaluable means of re-charging the batteries of a hectic professional existence. Was it perhaps this that made Dartington unique at the time: the seriousness with which the students were treated, together with the feeling that everybody was learning and absorbing ideas from everybody else, regardless of age or professional status? (Letter from Susan Bradshaw to William Glock, Summer School Archive)

Note the mention of how progressive – 'mind-blowing' – Dartington seemed, in comparison to everyday life as a music student at one of London's leading conservatoria, and note also that recurring sense of cultural mobility, of a blurring of roles and a flattening of the hierarchy of cultural capital as artists and students learned from each other.

The Analyst

Later in the same letter Bradshaw mentions my next key participant, the musicologist and writer Hans Keller. Bradshaw and Keller met at Dartington and went on to become colleagues and co-conspirators at BBC Radio 3.

Fig. 26: Hans Keller in a bowtie, 1960. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive, <ID Scu 60.02>

This picture shows him in his trademark bow tie and linen jacket, a walking, talking representative of the Jewish diaspora and Viennese intellectual tradition which still inhabits such a crucial role in classical music.

Hans Keller (1919-1985) was brought up in a wealthy suburb in the Austrian capital in a family of Jewish descent[36]. His father was an architect and both parents were keen amateur musicians, and encouraged him to learn the violin. In 1938, after the Anschluss, he managed to obtain a visa for Britain but before he could get a passport to leave he was arrested by the Gestapo and held for six days. On his release he somehow managed to talk his way onto an aeroplane heading for London, in spite of not having the correct papers. The experience affected him profoundly: in his essay, 'Vienna 1938' (1974) he recalls his resolution at the time that, 'if, against all realistic expectations, I was going to survive, I would never again be in a bad mood.' He remained fascinated by psychology, perception and morality all his life, publishing in the field of psychology and philosophy as well as music and football.

When he made it to England Keller was arrested and interned, first in Liverpool, then on the Isle of Man. It was here that he befriended other Viennese émigré musicians such as Peter Gellhorn, Paul Hamburger and Norbert Brainin, all of whom came to Dartington.

With the support of the composer Ralph Vaughan Williams, who chaired the Committee for the Release of Interned Alien Musicians, he was released in 1941 and went on to pursue a freelance career playing viola and writing on music.

A prolific writer and critic, he co-edited the short-lived polemic journal *Music Survey* from 1949-1952, and it was via this that he came to the attention of William Glock, who was then editing his own journal, the *Score.* As rival editors, their first encounter was by no means cordial.

[36] Alison Garnham and Susie Woodhouse's *Hans Keller 1919-1985: A musician in dialogue with his times* (2018) is the most comprehensive biography of Hans Keller to date, published for the centenary of his birth. See also Garnham (2018) and Keller, Wintle & Garnham (2003).

FROM HANS KELLER,
30, HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.24.

TELEPHONE: BRIXTON 8321

7

2.12.52.

Dear Mr. Glock:

I am replying to your letter of June 17 which reached me half an hour before I left for a 4 months' stay in Austria.

Why do people always start to teach you as soon as they feel offended? I have a horrible suspicion that teaching is a chronic state of offendedness.

What you call my arrogance is the orchestration of my frankness and, like all good orchestration, a means of economy.

In point of fact I am extremely humble, in that I feel too ignorant to talk about certain things (say, Sibelius) about which I know more than many who write about them in the most self-assured manner.

Years back, John Amis told me that my attitude reminded him of yours, that you and I ought to meet, and that we should probably get on very well with each other. That's why I was abrupt. I simply dropped preliminaries.

I know when I know and shut up when I don't. Just as the latter attitude isn't self-abasing, the former isn't overbearing. In fact, they're both the same: realistic.

In a word, it seems improbable that I'll have changed - in this respect - by 1960.

I did not want to offend you: I respect you too much. I did not intend to seem what I am not (arrogant): I respect myself too much.

Yours sincerely,

Hans Keller

P.S. Despite our row, you will perhaps agree with my Editorial in MS IV/3 (enclosed).

Fig. 27: Letter from Hans Keller to William Glock, 2 December 1952. British Library MS Mus. 954. William Glock Collection. Vol. xii. Kallin–Myers; 1943-1987, n.d. ff. 7-21

The above letter (replying to a letter unfortunately missing from Glock's archive) is a perfect example of his spiky intellectualism, simultaneously precise and obfuscatory.

Despite the rough beginning to their relationship or, more likely, because of it, Glock invited him to lecture at Dartington. There his provocative analyses and passion for enquiry made him an unexpectedly charismatic professor of music from Bach to Boulez. Susan Bradshaw writes of the 'unquenchable intellectual energy' he brought on his first visit in 1958, saying, 'he forced us to question everything' (Bradshaw to Glock, 1988, Summer School Archive).

Fig. 28: Hans Keller with Dartington String Quartet, 1960. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive <ID Scu 60.24>

Figure 29 shows Keller in 1960, in the centre, with the moustache and light jacket. He's flanked by members of the Dartington String Quartet, a young group of musicians based at Dartington Hall, who have been working closely with him on Keller's ground-breaking new methodology for analysing music.

Keller worked intensively with them and other chamber ensembles to grasp the underlying structure of a work, and to use this deep understanding to inform their performance. It was through this practice that he developed 'wordless functional analysis' (often referred to as just 'functional analysis' or FA), a methodology for using live performance to uncover a work's latent coherence, or, as he referred to it, 'the unity of contrasting themes'. Keller

would prepare an arrangement derived from a specific work, but picking up melodic fragments or gestures from, say, the first movement, and placing them side by side with fragments from a different movement, then teasing out the similarities until the common material between two different melodies became clear.[37] The key to FA was that it bypassed words, thereby dodging the age-old problem facing anyone who attempts to translate or describe music using written and spoken language. He wrote about his new approach in the *Listener*: 'All conceptual thought about music is a detour, from music via terms to music, whereas functional analysis proceeds direct from music via music to music' (Keller 1957, p. 326).

The Summer School provided Keller with both a space and an audience: Glock commissioned several of his Functional Analysis scores, and it was at Dartington that he delivered his seminal lecture series on 'The Principles of Composition', published in the *Score* in 1960. His style was combative, especially towards figures of authority, not least William Glock. He pushed and poked and provoked. He was rude and objectionable, and he was loved.

The Spirit of Music

Take a look at the three people in the photo below. It is another story about connections. The woman in the centre of the picture is in a smart dress. She has a double string of pearls at the neck, a broad brimmed hat and matching handbag. Apart from her sensible sandals, she would not look out of place at a Buckingham Palace garden party. The man to her right is more casually dressed, but he still wears a collared shirt, and has a jacket under his arm. The woman on the left, meanwhile, wears what looks like a polo shirt on top and a calf length skirt on the bottom. Her hair is drawn into a hasty bun, with wisps escaping. They all look very much at home. They *are* at home.

37. In Anton Weinberg's 1986 documentary on Hans Keller you can see the Lindsay Quartet demonstrating one of Keller's functional analyses (available at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HelYB5XdtQc 10:42).

Fig. 29 L-R Imogen Holst, Dorothy Elmhirst and Peter Pears, 1959. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive <ID Scu 59.49>

The central figure is Dorothy Elmhirst, owner of Dartington Hall. She and her husband Leonard were not always in residence for the Summer School: they tended to drift between residences in the US, England and Europe. But she is here this time, in August 1959, because one of her favourite protegés, the composer Benjamin Britten, is a featured artist. The Elmhirsts were longterm supporters of Britten. They often visited his home in Aldeburgh and commissioned his opera *The Rape of Lucretia* (1946) to be performed in the Barn Theatre. Britten wrote *Five Flower Songs* (1950) as a 25th wedding anniversary present for the couple.

The man on the right is Peter Pears, singer, muse and life partner of Britten. On the left is Imogen Holst, who has for the last ten years been Britten's assistant. Holst is the person I am most interested in, because she is a significant character both in the history of the Summer School, and the history of Dartington Hall.

Imogen Holst (1907-1984)[38] was born in Richmond, Surrey, and educated at St Paul's Girls' School where her father, Gustav Holst, was director of music. She studied composition at the Royal Academy of Music and became a freelance musician in 1931, teaching and performing, as well as editing and arranging her father's music. In 1940 she was one of six musicians taken on by the newly formed Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (which was to become the Arts Council of Great Britain). Her role was to tour rural communities to organise morale-building musical activities for the war-worn populace, ranging from conducting brass bands to what she called 'drop in and sing' festivals.

She worked hard. So hard, indeed, that in 1942, exhausted by the work, she went on leave. She was invited by Dorothy Elmhirst to come to Dartington Hall to recuperate and then, in 1943, was asked to stay and run the music program there. The program she devised was modelled after the work of her father, who created the music teaching program for Morley College. It catered to a huge range of abilities, from an all-comers choir of locals, staff and children, to conservatory graduates. Then, in 1948, when William Glock came to set up his first Summer School at Bryanston, she was invited to teach.

[38] Christopher Grogan's 2010 biography, *Imogen Holst: a life in music,* includes extracts from her own writings, including diaries and letters. He also includes parts of Peter Cox and Jack Dobbs' 1988 oral history, *Imogen Holst at Dartington*.

John Amis describes her:

> Imogen Holst was one of the finest lecturers I ever heard…She was thoroughly prepared always, and yet gave the impression of complete spontaneity…Her lectures could be on the simplest of subjects: 'How to Listen', 'Rhythm', 'Tunes', all riveting, the elementary things of music disclosed in such a way as to bring tears to the eye. (Amis, n.d.)

Indeed, there is a much-told anecdote of a class on rhythm at Bryanston where Holst reportedly had the composer Paul Hindemith and the pianist Artur Schnabel, alongside ordinary students, using coins in handkerchiefs as improvised percussion instruments to illustrate her point.

By the time the Summer School established itself in Dartington, Holst had moved to Aldeburgh, but her influence continued to touch many different aspects of the Summer School. She returned several times to take the choir, often in repertoire by Britten or Purcell, and she frequently referred young musicians to Dartington. Most significantly, she was to a great extent responsible for the ensemble with the longest and most illustrious record of performance at the Summer School: the Amadeus String Quartet.

This legendary ensemble consisted of three émigrés, violins Norbert Brainin and Siegmund Nissel, and viola Peter Schidlof, who all reached England via the last of the *kindertransports* in 1938. Like Keller, the three youths were sent to internment camps on the Isle of Man. When they were released from internment, they all went to study with Max Rostal, assistant to Carl Flesch. Rostal introduced them to the cellist Martin Lovett and encouraged them to form a quartet.[39]

Holst came across the oldest of the three émigrés, Norbert Brainin, when she heard him playing in Cambridge. She was immediately captivated by his tone and his musicality and, after the concert, invited him to come and teach at Dartington. One thing led to another. The Elmhirsts, with their trademark generosity, bought him a fine violin – a Guaneri, no less. Then Holst invited the three of them, along with Martin Lovett, to give a quartet concert at Dartington in 1947. She then offered to underwrite a London debut for them at the Wigmore Hall. It was the first time they had performed under the name of the Amadeus and it was a sell-out success. They immediately signed with an agent and began to

[39] As told by Muriel Nissel, wife of Siegmund Nissel, in her 1988 memoir *Married to the Amadeus: life with a string quartet.*

perform, record and broadcast across the country. When the Summer School moved to Dartington in 1953 it was inevitable that the Amadeus Quartet would become one of the resident quartets, and a lasting legacy to Holst's ear and Dartington's open door policy.

The last picture I'd like to discuss is the one below, from 1958.

Survivors

Two gentlemen meet outside the door to the Barton in the courtyard. One is in a jacket and tie, the other in a cardigan and dark glasses. He carries a big pile of music under one arm.

On the left is the American composer Aaron Copland (1900-1990). He's an influential figure in America, the composer of the hugely successful *Fanfare for the Common Man* and *Appalachian Spring*. He's often referred to as the 'Dean' of American composers (Johnson 1976). He's also discreetly Jewish, discreetly gay and discreetly left wing. The 1950s in America have been difficult for him.

On the right is the Polish-Jewish pianist Vlado Perlemuter (1904-2002).[40] Perlemuter studied in Paris with the legendary Chopin virtuoso, Alfred Cortot. At his graduation recital he won first prize playing a work by Faure in the presence of the composer. In 1925 he heard Maurice Ravel's *Jeux d'Eau* and decided to learn all of the solo piano music. To this end he spent six months in 1927 at the composer's home, living and working with Ravel. On the score under his arm you can make out the word *Miroirs,* the 1905 suite. He is performing it later in the day.

[40] A biography of Perlemuter appears in his obituary, written by William Glock and published, post-humously, in the Guardian on 6 September 2002.

Fig. 30: Aaron Copland and Vlado Perlemuter, 1958. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive <ID Scu 58.145>

Though the two of them are based on different continents, they have much in common: both Jewish, (perhaps both gay?), and both studied in Paris, Perlemuter with the pianist Cortot and Ravel, and Copland with Nadia Boulanger. Perlemuter hides the scars of a wartime escape to Switzerland under his dark glasses. The scars Copland has from being blacklisted by the FBI and questioned by Joseph McCarthy are not captured by a photo.

Copland only came to the Summer School once and, like Stravinsky, his presence was significant at least as much for the legitimacy it conferred on the Summer School as for his musical contribution. Perlemuter, in contrast, returned to the Summer School again and again, teaching, performing and linking revered figures from the past – Cortot, Ravel, Fauré – to artists of the future.

Roles and positions

Moving beyond this overview of the people who made up the Summer School's unique environment, I would like to propose a contrapuntal model for describing roles. Rather than classifying people by their social characteristics: their nationality, their gender, their abilities, their sexuality etc, I propose classifying people by their *effects* on others. Specifically, three categories: the *hero,* the *democratiser*, and the *disruptor*.

The *hero* is an aspirational figure; one who lends glamour, kudos and a powerful dose of cultural capital to the landscape. While the Summer School could not afford to become dependent on the 'star power' of high profile artists, the motivational pull of an occasional Schnabel, a Stravinsky or a Britten is clear. Heroes tend to stand a little apart at the Summer School: it wouldn't do to get too close, in case one's hero turned out to have cracks in the varnish, to be a little too human. After instigating the Summer School in 1948, Schnabel preferred to watch from afar. Stravinsky was strictly a one-off, but his appearance gave the Summer School a real-world boost, opening the door to other one-off stars such as Copland.

The *democratiser* is a figure who breaks down barriers by making people feel less different, more at home. They teach, they listen, they inform and enable. In Bourdieusian terms, their aim is to level the cultural-capital playing field: art for all. You can see many democratisers in action at the Summer School. Imogen Holst, for instance, giving lectures on the most

fundamental of questions, such as 'What is music?, teaching music theory from the ground up, and conducting the all-comers choir. Indeed, the choir is a principal agent for democratisation: anyone can be a performer, a *real* performer, working with professionals, singing in the end-of-week choral concert. If you are lucky, you might even work with, say, Robert Craft, in the presence of the composer, or a young but clearly brilliant Simon Rattle.

Other democratisers include Cecil Aronowitz, Julian Bream and Thea Musgrave. Aronowitz was a South African viola player who coached amateurs, conducted student orchestras *and* regularly performed with the Amadeus Quartet. (Photos suggest he was also a party animal.) Bream was a guitarist and gifted communicator who spoke with a broad South London accent, charming students with his wisecracks and encouragement. Musgrave, a student of Nadia Boulanger, taught amateurs and graduates composition alongside each other.

The *disruptor* is the wild card who provides an essential destabilising effect to counter the other two roles. They are the ones who ask difficult questions, or come up with provocative points of view, the composer's conscience. Elisabeth Lutyens, for example, who taught at Dartington over a number of years in the 1950s[41]. A one-of-a-kind, Lutyens claimed to have invented her own version of dodecaphony or atonalism, without reference to Schoenberg, from studying early English polyphony. Resolutely unconventional and often ungracious, she was nevertheless a sought-after teacher.

We've already met two other arch disruptors: Susan Bradshaw and Hans Keller. The most famous example of their iconoclastic antics is the Piotr Zak affair in 1962, when the two of them infiltrated a BBC broadcast of modernist composer Bruno Maderna with a piece of cutting-edge new music, *Mobile,* by the little-known central European composer Piotr Zak. Except that, of course, Zak was a fictional character, and the work was produced by Bradshaw and Keller in a studio full of all the percussion they could scurry up for the occasion. When critics wrote lukewarm reviews of the new Zak premiere they revealed his true identity:

41 See *A Pilgrim Soul* (Harries & Harries 1989), *Lutyens, Maconchy, Williams and Twentieth-Century British Music: A Blest Trio of Sirens* (Mathias 2016), and Lutyens' 1972 autobiography*, A Goldfish Bowl* (Lutyens 1972).

> The resulting scandal, when the hoax was exposed, was noisy and, to their satisfaction, earned both Keller and Bradshaw the lasting distrust of some of their colleagues (McBurney 2005).

While Keller maintained that the hoax was intended to expose the uninformed, uncritical nature of music criticism, it was also interpreted as a trenchant comment on the inanity of much avant-garde music which, he implied, was indistinguishable from random improvisation on found objects. It was a question which had to be asked.

Most of the names on the top 70 list can all be allocated to one of these three categories. A few wander between two. It is interesting to note that the only one who straddles all three is the first person on the list. William Glock is a hero to many: even John Amis insists, despite their troubled relationship, that William is 'inspiring' (1985, p. 142). Glock is also an impassioned teacher who, from the very outset of the endeavour, conceives of the Summer School as a way of building cultural competence in order to democratise music. And yet, he is also an arch disruptor. Not a provocative, performative one like Keller, nor yet a square peg, like Lutyens, but that most effective of disruptors, one who can work alongside and on the same terms as the establishment. It is Glock who exposes his audiences to baroque music and hard-core avant-garde music in the same evening; who, to my mind, hires the insubordinate Keller because he needs a devil's advocate; who perhaps even tolerates Amis, the spectre of a former, lesser self, to correct his inclination to intellectualise. It is Glock who says:

> The right principle seems to be that of a creative unbalance... There are so many different interests – warring interests, some of them. Composers want, and need, performances. Listeners want, and should have, the best that we can possibly give them. What can be done to reconcile the two, where reconciliation may be necessary. (1991, p. 204)

That phrase. Creative unbalance. It is the key to his approach, to his practice of acknowledging different perspectives simultaneously, treading a precarious path between serving all areas of the field, preserving the continual state of an intensified contact zone.

But what do you do?

Another example of this state of flux, of this ongoing sense of contingency which, I believe, is such a fundamental characteristic of the Summer School, is one which cuts to the heart of how we conceptualise society on a day-to-day basis. 'What do you do?' is an everyday question, answering a primal need to understand, contextualise and classify a

newly encountered member of the human race. And so, in describing the individuals in the photos above I have given them roles: Copland is a composer; Perlemuter is a performer; Bradshaw is a performer. And a composer. And a writer. Hang on. She teaches too. So does Perlemuter. Is this significant? I believe it is.

Classifying these individuals as either composers *or* performers *or* critics *or* teachers is misleading, because most have more than one role. In fact it would be rare, at Dartington, to find someone who didn't perform a range of roles, interacting with the field on multiple levels. Roles range from *creators* to *performers* to *audience* via any number of positions, including publishers, broadcasters, journalists, critics, academics, philosophers, musicologists, teachers, writers and students. Not to mention page turners, music copyists, artist managers and companions. But while Bourdieu & Johnson (1993) propose a hierarchical field of cultural production, I believe that mobility, overlap and the crossing of boundaries was a significant structural feature of the Summer School field, and one with implications for creative development.

Diagram 2: Top 70 Artist-participants grouped by roles, Harriet Cunningham 2019, Source: printed programs, Summer School Archive

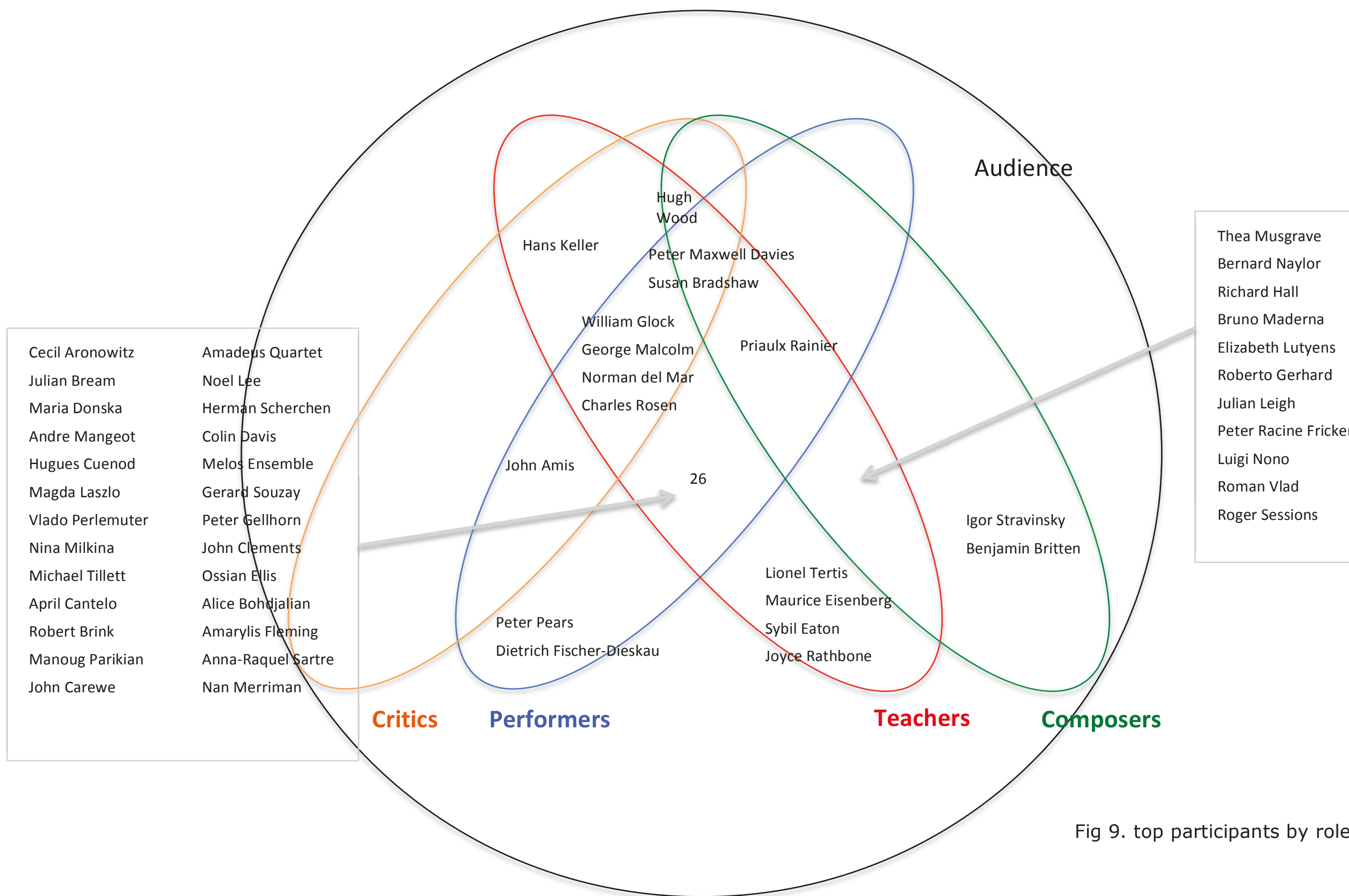


Fig 9. top participants by role / overlap

In diagram 1 (above) I have identified and distributed the top 70 names across five overlapping roles: composer, performer, critic (musicologist), teacher and audience. William Glock, for example, appears in sector a, as a performer/critic/ teacher/audience. He's in somewhat exclusive company: the only others in this sector are the pianist/musicologist Charles Rosen, the cellist Christopher Bunting and the conductor Norman Del Mar. Susan Bradshaw occupies an even more exclusive sector B, at the cross-section of all five roles. Her only company in this sector is Peter Maxwell Davies. The most crowded sector is C, representing the overlap of performer and teacher: a non-teaching performer, such as Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, was the exception, as was a non-teaching composer: only Igor Stravinsky and Benjamin Britten avoid formal teaching duties.

Thus, while we might conceptualise the Summer School as a Bourdieusian field of cultural production or, for that matter, as an example of an art world (Becker 1976), there is something else going on. The range of positions and roles are there, each with corresponding values, generated by ongoing social, economic and cultural dynamics. What makes it different is the level of fluidity which exists. At the Summer School, artists and students, professionals and amateurs eat, sleep and work alongside each other. Stars like Stravinsky or Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who distance themselves from the main activities or restrict themselves to one role, are the exception. Roles are fluid: you often can't tell the difference between an artist and student. Not only can you not tell; the roles can also change. Students – Susan Bradshaw and Peter Maxwell Davies, for example – become teachers. The mobility goes in all directions: the virtuoso viola player and teacher Lionel Tertis chooses to attend the Summer School as a student.

Amateurs and professionals

The Tertis example raises an important point about the role and status of the amateur in this setting. In *Hitler's Émigrés* (2004), Daniel Snowman observes how some of the artists seeking refuge from the Weimar Republic who made their home in the UK expressed disdain at a perceived lack of professionalism in English art and culture. Nikolaus Pevsner, for example, writes with a conspicuous continental sniff that 'the amateur [is] altogether characteristic of England', describing it as a country which has 'produced a nice crop of amateur painters from maiden aunts to Prime Ministers' (1957). For Pevsner the amateur is

sub-professional, a dilettante rather than an expert, and thus something to be looked down on. Meanwhile, within the Bourdieusian cultural field, the amateur is at the bottom of the hierarchy, a 'cultural dope' (Hennion 2017).

Closer to home, the amateur is a class-ridden literary trope: the British gentleman amateur, most widely seen in sport but also in the arts, is a well-educated all-rounder who can indulge his enthusiasms without needing to make money from them. By the 1950s the idea of the 'gentleman amateur' is already contested[42], subsumed by the rise of a middle class. Nevertheless, shades of this undeniably hegemonic version of the term, where 'amateur' is synonymous with 'gentleman' (and women are presumably too busy to be amateurs unless, of course, they are maiden aunts) remained (Stone 2018).

Why then, does the Summer School bother with amateurs? Are they purely a means of financing the artistic ambitions of an arty but impecunious group of intellectuals? Are they passive consumers onto whom the artist can project his or her creations?

On the contrary, the amateur at the Summer School does not resemble either the 'cultural dope' or the 'gentleman amateur' model. As Glock's initial proposal states,[43] amateurs were regarded as an essential part of the mix from the start, defined not as substandard professionals or upper-class dilettantes but, taking the etymological sense of the word, as concert-goers, as music *lovers*. Rather than go on holiday, they attended the Summer School to work hard at their music, because they loved it. While it was undoubtedly populated principally by the intellectual end of the middle class, it did not seek to exclude the less able or even the beginner. Indeed, classes such as Imogen Holst's 'Amateur music-making' and even 'How to Listen', offered at the first Summer School in 1948, challenge the assumption

42. In 1956 Political and Economic Planning, the think tank founded by Leonard Elmhirst, published a report on the Cricket Industry, criticising it as a 'preserve of snobbery and class distinction.'
43. From Glock's typewritten proposal:
Object: To provide an opportunity for interested persons to develop their understanding of music. The school will cater for three broad categories of students:-
(A) young students who intend to embark on a professional career in music;
(B) professional teachers of music who would like to take intensive refresher courses;
(C) concert-goers who would like to develop their appreciation of music.
Great importance is attached to (c) because the cause of music could well be served by 'training' two or three 'concert-goers' from some two hundred different places in the country.
(Summer School Archive)

that the pursuit of perfection is the ultimate, the most highly valued, the most valid manifestation of music.

It also fits with the way that musicologist and sociologist Antoine Hennion conceptualises the amateur, the discerning, active lover of music, as one who participates not as a consumer but as a *mediator*, an intrinsic part of the work of music. In an extensive investigation of the poetics of taste and attachment (Hennion 2001a, 2004, 2008, 2010, 2015, 2017), he disputes the idea that taste is formed by external determinisms such as social origins and/or the aesthetic qualities of a given work. He argues instead that music lovers are proactively constructing their taste, their repertoire of attachments, on an individual basis, and as they do they are undertaking the work of music. In doing so they become just as much a part of the act of music-making as the composers, the performers, the transcribers, the conductors and the many other agents who contribute to this thing we call music. It is in this sense that I refer to John Amis as the *professional amateur*. He is essentially motivated by *love*, not money. As are the student participants and many of the artists participants, who came to Dartington for minimal fees and the promise of a free holiday for their family.

While this study is primarily focussed on the professionals, the body of artist participants brought together by Glock and Amis to form the creative nucleus of the Summer School, to ignore the amateur, as conceptualised by Hennion (2010), is to overlook a fundamental part of the endeavour with profound implications for creativity and attitudes towards the new. As Peter Tregear observes, Edward Said took pride in his status as an amateur:

> an amateur musician was one, he thought, who practices his or her art outside the professional need to be restricted by the conventions of established practice–and thus who uses this position to think afresh, to think anew, to say things denied those locked in by the limits of convention or tradition. (2007, p. 211)

To think anew. To say things denied. It is a sentiment echoed by composer Stefan Wolpe, an artist whose work is characterised by 'emphatically pluralist modes of assembly and interaction' (Cohen 2012, p. 144), here talking about his work in Palestine, before his eventual migration to the US:

> Why do I busy myself with these amateurs, these inventors of new folk idioms? Because here a living precipitate becomes intelligible, an amalgamation of direct connections between the most

> difficult cultures comes to be, and an arsenal of observations is created in that we now establish the preconditions to free the tongue through such a popular communication; we heighten the energy with which the most different kinds of cultures and productiveness, such as one finds in Palestine, unite (cited in Cohen 2012, p. 143).

If you are not an expert, there is no longer a need to always be right: you need not bow to the existing *doxa*. And if you take on different roles, drifting between performer and audience, teacher and student, professional and amateur, you can more easily dodge the perceived limits of convention. If this fluidity of role, of identity, permeates the whole cohort it has the potential to create an environment where thinking differently is an accepted way of being. It is almost as if the meeting of amateur and professional provides another example of the 'intensified contact zone' which Susan Stanford Friedman sees as a catalyst for modernism.

Taking the notion of the amateur and their contribution to the artform a step further, the importance of *mediation* – whether one is composing or performing or listening or in any other way interacting with music – ultimately shifts how we conceive of music, away from being an abstract (and highly elusive) noun, a thing, to a hands-on, participatory verb, a doing. As Tia DeNora puts it in her 1986 exploration of the location of meaning in music, music is a place and space for work. Christopher Small, meanwhile, proposes the neologism 'musicking', as an active solution to the frustrations of defining music, and one which shifts the field away from the semiotic swamps of styles, elitism and canons (Small 2011). Hennion takes it a step further, suggesting a purpose, a driving force behind this activity, challenging us to think of music as 'a heterogeneous body of practices for attaining a state of emotional intensity' (2001, p. 19). In the next chapter I explore further what I understand as 'the work of music' and the profound ontological implications this understanding has for music and its relation to social and aesthetic value.

For now, however, I return to diversity of people at the Summer School, both in demographic terms but also in relational terms. At the Summer School everyone is, ideally, an amateur. More importantly, at Dartington everyone – whether artist or participant, professional or amateur – is also an audience member, a listener. This is significant: the performer has the opportunity to listen to colleagues performing; the composer is experiencing the reaction to his creation in real time; the performer on stage knows that

many of the audience members are peers. The connection between composer, performer and listener is complete, present, now: an intensified contact zone of creative potential. Thus everyone, professional or amateur, contributes to the mediation and everyone can claim a status and, ultimately, a role in the creation of the music. As Hermione Ruck-Keene and Lucy Green (2017) remark in their case study of the Summer School in recent times, 'For the duration of their stay at summer school [students participants] can call themselves musicians, like the professional counterparts'. As they observe, this is a rare phenomenon, 'an atypical setting for Western Art Music' (p. 363).

In this chapter I have argued that the cohort assembled at the Summer School in the 1950s was notably diverse across many dimensions, from demographics to individual identity, and that this diversity contributed significantly to the factors driving what I describe as a creative hotspot. The space afforded to women, children, refugees and émigrés, people of different abilities, ethnicities and sexualities, made the Summer School, in effect, an intensified contact zone, existing in an arena limited by space and time: an artificial and, indeed, volatile environment, but one which, by demanding individuals were open to reimagining themselves and their impressions of others, had the power to instigate and catalyse creativity. It leads me to conclude that enabling roles to be in a state of constant negotiation can create an environment within which the marginalised – émigrés, refugees, women, ethnic minorities – are perhaps, for once, at an advantage, as they clutch their difference like a weapon (Said 2013, p. 509). A place where 'the arts may perform an ethics of pluralist interactivity and belonging' (Cohen 2012, p. 8). A place of notable diversity, giving a space and an audience to voices not heard on the outside. The Summer School is, indeed, a site for listening.

Katharina

Fig. 31: On the steps, (L-R) Elliott Carter, John Carewe, Katharina Wolpe, George Malcolm, 1957. Photo: C. Scudamore, Summer School Archive, <ID Scu 57.86>

Four people sit on the steps leading up to the Great Hall. The American composer, Elliott Carter, sits on the far left. Next to him is John Carewe, young conductor of the New Music Ensemble and a specialist in avant-garde music. On the far right is George Malcolm, choral director, pianist, scholar, and a regular at the Summer School, where he takes the choir and plays the harpsichord. In the centre is Katharina Wolpe, a 27-year-old pianist, originally from Vienna, now based in London. She is here to teach and perform.

Katharina Wolpe was born in 1931 in Berlin, where her mother, artist Olga Okuniewska was studying at the Bauhaus. When her father, the composer and political activist Stefan Wolpe, fled the Gestapo in 1933, Olga took her daughter to Vienna. Then, after the 1939 Anschluss, they too were forced to flee, eventually finding refuge in Switzerland. From

there, Olga went to London to try and make her way as an artist, leaving Katharina in the care of foster parents. Katharina was just 7, and weak from a serious bout of scarlet fever.

The next time Katharina saw her father was in 1948, on his first visit to Europe after the end of hostilities. By then she was 18, and an accomplished pianist. She married the next year and, with her Scottish husband sculptor William Turnbull, moved to Paris, where she was welcomed by Turnbull's circle of artist friends, including Max Ernst, Georges Braque, Fernand Léger, Alberto Giacometti and Constantin Brancusi. The couple returned to London in 1950, where Katharina earned a living as a fashion model and a pianist in nightclubs. After making her classical debut at the Wigmore Hall, (in a concert funded by Humphrey Bogart, who was one of her nightclub admirers) she came to the attention of William Glock, who gave her performance opportunities at the Institute of Contemporary Arts and the Summer School.[44]

In this story, Katharina, recently divorced from Turnbull and now making a living as a professional pianist and teacher, reflects on life, music and family while she prepares for the premiere of Passacaglia*,* a challenging new work by her father.

[44] Biographical information on Katharina Wolpe is scarce. Sources include her obituary and YouTube video of her appearing at the Tate Modern, on a panel discussing her father's music. See Carter 1972; Clarkson 2002; Clarkson 2014 and Cohen 2012). Music extracts in the story come from Passacaglia but are there as decorative devices, not for reference.

It looks so neat. So orderly. There it is on paper, laid out with luminous clarity, the contents of my father's brain. Everything is apparent. Everything makes sense.

And then it doesn't.

*

I try so hard to remember the house in Vienna where I first met my father. I don't remember him, of course. I was only two. He was just one more of the shadows of men who came and went. Came with their bundles of clothes or battered suitcases, went with a kind word and a worried glance over their shoulder. But I try to picture the house in Grinzing, with the view across the vineyards. I can't tell if I'm remembering the house proper, or just remembering the photos. Do we remember in colour? Have I repainted the acid green of young vines, lit from behind by milky sunlight, with my mind's eye? That time, that place is like a dream.

Mama says my father came and visited me a second time, for just a few hours, when we were in Berne. I don't remember that either. The endless walk, 'just a bit further, *liebling*', sleeping in a barn, the long lines at the camps, the bare rooms and rag rugs on the floor at my foster parents, have all merged into one picture, a picture which I've tried hard to crush into nothing. But try as I might to forget, I still remember waking in panic, struggling to

breathe, my throat burning as if I'd swallowed bleach, and the warm salty water they gave me to sip.

No. The first real memory I have of my father is from his visit to my school in 1948. By then the war, and my childhood, were over. I was excited as I brushed my hair and smoothed my skirt. I was curious to meet my fabled father, the revolutionary, the avant-garde artist, who had travelled across Europe, escaped the Gestapo, been to Israel, to – oh the glamour – America! Imagine my disappointment when my hero turned out to be a middle-aged man dressed in a three-piece suit, like any shopkeeper or librarian. But he was kind to me, took my face in his hands and looked deep into my eyes, as if looking right into my soul. Then he stepped back and asked me to play for him. How could I refuse?

*

So here I am, practising in a little studio almost entirely filled by a grand piano. There's barely room for me, and as I unleash the sounds prescribed by my father's score I imagine the room sighing, groaning, bursting. This music needs to get out. It needs to get off the page, out of my head and into the air. It will be better in the Great Hall, when the ideas and the notes can fly free, uncontained by soundproof doors and double-insulated walls. I need to get out. I need to be free. But music is a harsh task-master as well as a consolation.

Passacaglia was waiting for me when I got back from Paris in 1950. Paris! What a time that was! After the whirl of intellectual and artistic stimulation, it was strangely anticlimactic to arrive back in London and be nobody once more. Thank goodness for Mr Bogart, and thank goodness for my foolhardiness. But, really, what was I to say when Mr Glock asked me to perform at the ICA at such short notice? Yes, I said. I know the Webern. Yes, of course. I know the Schoenberg. Yes, and now I must run away and learn the music. How I cursed as I took that tiny, intricate, devil of a piece apart and then put it back together, note by note. But, as I said to myself, if I can learn this, I can learn anything.

I don't know if my father was surprised when I suggested I play some of his music. He was certainly pleased. And when Mr Glock invited me to give a first performance of *Passacaglia* here at the Summer School I couldn't wait to let him know. He was over the moon: his

beloved Black Mountain College was no more, and he was once again set adrift. Why not float on over to Europe, for the first time in a decade?

Now I'm drifting. Come on, Kathi. There's work to do. From the *Allegro moderato*, again.

*

John turned pages for me on Tuesday. He's a sweet boy. Yes, a boy! Even a suit and tie and those long, long legs cannot make him look his age. What must it look like? Me, the wandering divorcee; him, the nice young man from Manchester. But, I remind myself, don't be fooled, because behind those freckles lies a formidable thinker, someone who can read the most elaborate score and know what it's meant to sound like immediately. Which is a good thing, because it takes someone with their wits about them to read my father's spidery hand.

It's a strangely intimate relationship, that between soloist and page turner. We're on stage together, next to each other at the keyboard. I am the star, but we are both under the spotlight, exposed and vulnerable. And then, once I start playing, I must put my trust in you. With that timely, noiseless flick of the page I can continue, seamlessly. But a moment's break in concentration, a corner fumbled, a page sticking awkwardly to the next, and…disaster. Suddenly, you, the page turner, are in charge of whether the music keeps going or not. You can stop me. You can stop time. But you won't. Of that, I am sure.

*

Here we are, in the Green Room. Mr Glock's trio has just gone on stage. That gives me, say, twenty minutes to wait. We're all sitting around, trying to look more relaxed than we

feel. It's not so much like patients in a waiting room; we're keyed up, excited, but all feeling the weight of responsibility, to ourselves, to the audience, to the music. I remind myself, it's not my responsibility alone. It's not just me. Only through listeners can my father's music become a reality. But, as I turn the pages of his score, seeing that command, *impetuoso,* that heralds a thick barrage of warring chords, overwhelming the simple passacaglia in a brutish torrent, I shake my head. *O Vati, Vati…* Why does it have to be so hard? The carapace is so thick...

Music, then silence, then the sizzle of clapping coming from the stage. John stands up, looks at me and raises his eyebrows. He won't risk a smile, but I feel his optimistic gravity. I look back at him, to acknowledge the words which haven't passed between us, but no more. I am saving every last drop of communication for on stage. Mr Glock and the trio walk in, relief written across their faces, then the stage manager turns to us.

'Shall we?' His hand is on the door knob, ready to usher us onto the stage.

*

Now the Passacaglia is mine. I needed to perform it my way, without the spectre of the creator stalking my peripheral vision. I don't need him, and nor does the piece: the notes are in my gift now. And I give them to the audience, to do with them what they will.

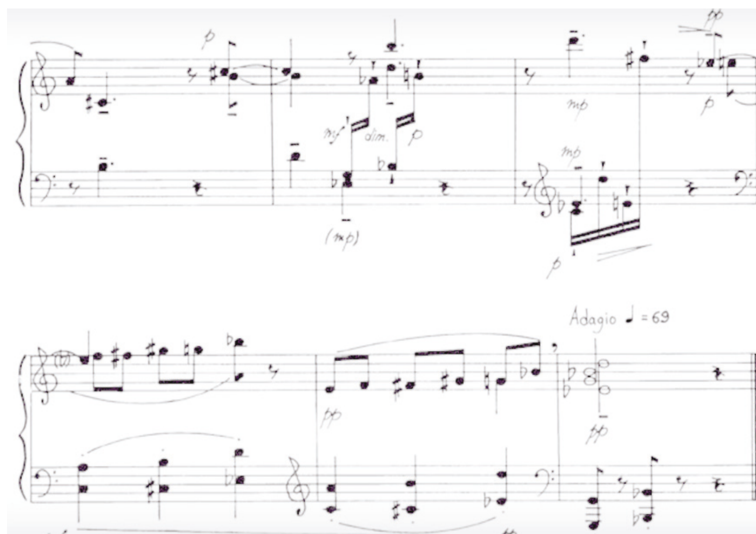
I wonder... What *do* they make of it all? I thought it so simple at the beginning, a stumbling walk from one note to the next... But then it transforms into a fizzing, twitching grab bag of not-quite chaos, and I'm completely consumed by the intellectual and physical challenge of putting the right finger in the right place at the right time. There's no room for ambiguity, no possibility of smudging a chord with a dab on the pedal. Every time I so much as miss the precision of a sixteenth note, every time I touch the key with the wrong

weight, I feel his eyes burning into mine. And I have to toss my head, blink furiously, and resubmerge myself in the endless cascade.

Once you are on stage the time for thinking is over. No more looking around, no more noticing the colours of the tapestries from the walls, or the gold shoes of the lady in the front row. Stop it. Don't think about last night. Don't think about your father. For god's sake, don't think about the past. It is entirely, profoundly irrelevant. All that matters is now.

The sinuous passacaglia theme unfurls beneath my fingers and everything around me falls away. The juddering, repeated semiquavers, like machine-gun fire, turn the stage into a battlefield, then into a lugubrious back alley, then into the endless gold corridors of a palace. As I play I see my father blink, frown, sneer, in my mind's eye. Sometimes it's as if he is channelling his struggle through his music, and hence through me. It takes a turn of the page to snap me out of this distracting line of thinking and throw me back into the moment.

The *allargando* wrings every last bit of strength from me, but it's not over. A cheeky coda, an intricate little dance down what has become a narrow, winding street with a blue sky overhead promising escape. I pause before the last two chords, savouring that rare, precious space between notes, stretching the thread as thin as it can go before letting my hands fall, gently, benignly, on the final cluster. There. Done.



A crash of applause, young hoots of triumph as I take my first breath for what seems like an hour. The world is back, and it's loud. I stand, glowing, and search for the face in the crowd that I have been trying to forget all this time, the keen eyes and quiet smile hiding that apocalyptic imagination. It's there, he's there, on the end of the third row. He's clapping and nodding. And now he's standing up. I bow, then I hold my hand out to him.

Come, *Vati*, come share the applause.

He walks down the aisle and steps onto the stage. Then he draws me to him, holds me in his arms for a moment, then kisses my forehead, like a blessing.

'My Kathi. My beautiful Kathi.'

I meet his eyes. There he is. My father. A fugitive. A restless soul. A man who makes excessive demands on everyone – players, listeners, the public. But not, I realise, one who is sadistic or thoughtlessly ugly. No. As I drink in his radiant smile I see a father, a fighter, and a dreamer. I feel the soundwaves of his music still reverberating in my bones, I see the fire in his eyes and suddenly I get it. This music, this exhausting dance is not a punishment. It's a struggle, a struggle for us all. The fire burns to light us to a better world. His music says, 'It will be better. It has to be.'

We smile at each other, then turn back to the audience, hand in hand, to embrace the noise.

4: Music: at home

> Classical music is not escapism; it is a form of consolation. A retreat certainly, but a retreat into reality, rather than away from it.
>
> --Andrew Ford, *In defence of Classical Music*

In *Listen to This* (2010) New Yorker music critic Alex Ross evokes the special atmosphere of Marlboro Retreat, a summer gathering in Vermont in the US. Founded by pianist Rudolf Serkin in 1951, Ross describes Marlboro Retreat as 'a chamber-music festival, a sort of finishing school for gifted young performers, and a summit for the musical intelligentsia' (p. 246). He might be talking about Glock's Summer School as he observes the effect of Marlboro on its participants:

> Performers are liberated from tight schedules; managers, agents and publicity people do not watch from the wings. Works of Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms melt into a landscape that resembles the pastoral settings from which those composers drew inspiration; when [Mitsuko] Uchida and a group of players rehearse a Dvorak Quintet in a hut on a hillside, it mixes with fugues of birdsong and the ostinato of insects... Marlboro causes a stretching out and slowing down of time (Ross 2010 p. 249).

In his conclusion, however, he resists the temptation to rhapsodise about the picturesque setting.

> Marlboro is an enchanting place, but, in the end, there is nothing especially remarkable about it. The remarkable thing is the power of music to put down roots wherever it goes (p. 264).

It is an important observation: the holiday atmosphere, the mixture of people, the idyllic surroundings are part of what makes Marlboro special but, beyond that, there is something intrinsic to the music, something independent of its specific social and physical surroundings, that exerts an agency on its participants.

A similar phenomenon can be seen in reviews and reminiscences from the very beginning of Glock's Summer School. As mentioned in chapter one, the first version of the International Summer School of Music took place at a boy's boarding school, Bryanston, in Dorset. The surrounding countryside was beautiful and the headmaster, T. E. Coade, was largely sympathetic to the aims of the Summer School but the accommodation and facilities were basic: shared dormitories, shared bathrooms, limited practice spaces and terrible food.

And yet, according to contemporary reports, the Summer School could still generate a starry-eyed euphoria. Pianist Joyce Rathbone, in a letter to William Glock, recalls her first experience of the Summer School at Bryanston.

> My first – but not last – reaction to Bryanston (week 3 in 1948) was as if a volcano had erupted within... For the first time I felt that I had found my world – a world where only music counts, where friendships, love affairs, the lot came through musical experiences, where music occupies one's life 24 hours a day. (Letter from Joyce Rathbone to William Glock, 8 October 1985, Summer School Archive)

The effects, including heightened emotion ('a volcano…'), shared intimacy ('friendships, love affairs'), identity formation, a sense of belonging ('I had found my world') are delivered not by the location but 'through musical experiences, where music occupies one's life 24 hours a day'.

Meanwhile, there is a breathless account from Melbourne-born musicologist and writer Robert L. Jacobs, who gushes over performances and echoes Rathbone's sense of Bryanston as representing a kind of home, a place where the participants could find and celebrate their identity:

> This, one felt, was not a mere audience, a mere agglomeration of listeners, but a live community assembled to celebrate and pay hommage to an ideal…that at Bryanston a new, valuable musical institution was created: a forum in which for once the diverse species who make up our sprawling musical life – composers, conductors, soloists, orchestral players, teachers, musicologists, students, concert-goers – could meet and affect each other, could function together as members of a music-loving, music-making community (Jacobs 1948).

It is, to quote Massey, 'a particular, unique point of…intersection'. It is, indeed, a meeting place (Massey 1994, p. 195), but not one which relies on a physical location. The locating factor, the place which provides a space for heightened emotion, shared intimacy, identity formation, a sense of belonging and even utopian thinking, is *music itself*.

Music is everywhere at the Summer School. Listening is key. To walk across the courtyard is to hear the choir warming up in the Great Hall; a soloist practising in the West Wing; a chamber group sight-reading Telemann in the Ship Studio… Whether it's Bach or Berio, the natural surroundings are filtered through a backdrop of competing underscores.

Music has become a destination in itself, a community, a nexus. A place.

In the next two chapters I will historicise and discuss this phenomenon – music as place, the agency in music, what music *does* – in relation to the range of music which featured in the first decade of the Summer School. In doing this I make an argument for how Glock's approach to programming – the artistic choices he made – were, in themselves, a contributing factor to conditions for modernity and, therefore, a conscious manufacture of a creative environment.

But first there is a need to expand on what I mean by 'music'.

What is music?

The word 'music' is one which, like many abstract nouns, invites complication with little prospect of resolution. At its most basic, it can be conceived of as organised sound.[45] Sound is, of course, the raw material, and 'organised' implies its conscious production, with all the ensuing implications for ways that the constructors might make decisions: for emotional, aesthetic, economic, social, historical or any number of other reasons.

Organised sound is a useful catch-all but, for the purposes of this argument, I am adopting a sociological understanding of music as 'a place and space for work' (DeNora 1986, p. 85) made up of a 'heterogeneous body of practices for attaining a state of emotional intensity' (Hennion 2001b). Still a broad definition, but one which approaches an ontology of music: what it is, what it does, what place it occupies in everyday life. In particular, DeNora's description emphasises the agency of music, its role in the process of becoming, while Hennion's description emphasises the purpose of music, 'for attaining a state of emotional intensity'.

That said, labouring over a finite definition of the word 'music' somehow misses the point: we already know what music is. We know the difference between speech and music and sound because they perform different roles in our lives, with different results. We don't dance to speech; we don't jump out of the way because we hear music; we don't have a dialogue with the sound of an approaching car. The point of my discussion is not to define this abstract phenomenon made up of consciously manipulated sonic energy: it is to map

[45]The phrase first coined by Edgard Varèse in lectures published under the title *The Liberation of Sound* (1966).

out an understanding of its role and function within everyday life, and from that understanding to draw insights about how the program design of the music at Dartington Summer School shaped the creative environment.

In his 2001 essay 'Music Lovers: taste as performance' Antoine Hennion gives an overview of the changing nature of music performance and listening practices across the last two hundred years. He argues that reducing music to causal factors is an impossible and unhelpful process and proposes, rather than an historical account based around names and dates, composers and works, a performative socio-history of listeners which:

> entails seeing music not as a static product, on a score, or a disc or in a concert program, but as an unpredictable event, a real-time performance, an actual phenomenon generated by instruments, machines, hands and action (2001b, p. 2).

His interest, then, lies in the observation of what happens to people when there is music. What happens when people *listen*.

Hennion's overview provides important historical context to the investigation of music and its effects at Dartington. With reference to the work of William Weber on repertoire and concert-programming (1994, 1999, 2003; 2005) and Julian Johnson on listening (1995) we can observe that, along with the public concert and its associate rituals and etiquette, *listening* to music is a relatively new phenomenon.[46] Indeed, the conscientious listener, the listener who seeks out particular music works, who makes assessments based on informed preferences and curates their likes and dislikes, their taste in music, barely existed before the twentieth century.

[46] Peter Gay describes the cult of listening as a by-product of the romantic movement, 'a time when the art of listening to music and poetry developed into a posture almost religious in its ardour and when romantic notions of love secured a vast, largely uncritical public' (1996, p. 8).

WEEK ONE

GENERAL SUBJECTS

THE ART OF LISTENING

PURCELL AND THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION TO THE MUSIC OF STRAVINSKY

SPECIAL STUDIES

COMPOSITION : Individual tuition and seminars under NADIA BOULANGER

CHAMBER MUSIC GROUPS under PRIAULX RAINIER

ORCHESTRA GROUP AND CLASSES FOR MUSIC TEACHERS under IMOGEN HOLST

(*NOTE. These Classes and Groups will take place during the afternoons. Subjects and times will be announced at the Summer School*)

SATURDAY, JULY 31st

Summer School officially opens at Dinner.

8.30-9.45 p.m.

MOZART PROGRAMME

1. Variations in G major, K.501, for Piano Duet
   HELEN FOGEL and KARL ULRICH SCHNABEL
2. Duo for Violin and Viola in B flat, K.424
   PETER SCHIDLOF and NORBERT BRAININ
3. Fantasia in C minor, K.475
   KARL ULRICH SCHNABEL
4. String Quartet in D major, K.499
   AMADEUS QUARTET
   NORBERT BRAININ (1st violin)
   SIEGMUND NISSEL (2nd violin)
   PETER SCHIDLOF (viola)
   MARTIN LOVETT ('cello)

10.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dance

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1st.

Morning

10-11 a.m.
IMOGEN HOLST : How to Listen

11.15 a.m.-12.15 p.m.
J. A. WESTRUP : The English Lute Song

Afternoon

3.30-4.30 p.m.
BACH RECITAL by PAUL ROGERS, (organ)
Fantasia in G major
Three Chorale Preludes
Prelude and Fugue in B minor

5.30-6.30 p.m.
WYNDHAM LEWIS : "The Artist and Contemporary Society"

Evening

7.45-10.45 p.m.
KING LEAR by William Shakespeare
Boys of Bryanston School

3

Fig. 32: Bryanston International Summer School Program 1948, Summer School Archive

For Glock and his colleagues, the concept of skilful listening was a current and central topic. Percy Scholes, who compiled the first edition of the *Oxford Companion to Music*, was a much-cited authority on the concept of music appreciation, the act of teaching people how to listen and what to listen for (noting, of course, that it was almost always associated with classical or Western art music). His *The Listener's Guide to Music – with a concert-goer's glossary* was first published in 1919, followed by *'Music Appreciation' in Schools – how and why?* in 1925.

With the arrival of public broadcasting in 1927 came the active consideration of and exhortation to skilful listening from the BBC itself. In the 1928 handbook, Filson Young writes:

> I would urge upon those who use wireless to cultivate the art of listening; to discriminate in what they listen to, and to listen with their mind as well as their ears. In that way they will not only increase their pleasure, but actually contribute their part to the improvement and perfection of an art which is yet in its infancy. (BBC Handbook 1928)

By 1930, the BBC handbook includes an explicit guide to 'GOOD LISTENING', written in capitals, with comments such as 'IF YOU ONLY LISTEN WITH HALF AN EAR YOU HAVEN'T A QUARTER OF THE RIGHT TO CRITICISE.' (*Yearbook* 1930)

The concept of music appreciation is still current more than a decade after Percy Scholes' guides and the introduction of radio. In 1943, The Norwood Report, the government's review of curriculum and examinations in secondary schools, distinguishes between the skills of 'appreciation' and 'executive function' and makes a case for both to be part of music education.

Most children have at least latent power of appreciation, which can be brought out, even if they are deficient in executive ability. Much is now being done by visits and by lectures, exhibitions and concerts, to bring children under influences which will awaken and strengthen aesthetic sensibility, and we regard this as a valuable step forward and wish to encourage further development along these lines (BOARD 1943, p. 127).

The first summer schools, at Bryanston, were clearly influenced by the 'music appreciation' movement, the idea of teaching listening skills: note 'The Art of Listening' as the first of the general subjects, and Imogen Holst's 'How to Listen' as the first lecture.

Central to these twentieth-century evolutions was technology, namely the introduction of recorded sound – the first commercially-produced record player, Emile Berliner's

Gramophone, was patented in 1887[47] – and radio, with the first entertainment broadcasts from Marconi's Chelmsford factory in 1920 leading to the establishment of the British Broadcasting Company in 1922 (which was to become the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1927)[48]. Suddenly, music was not limited to public, liturgical or social settings. With a radio, you could enjoy a concert from the comfort of your own home. With a gramophone, you could create your own concert from your selection of discs.

Hennion identifies this radical transformation of technology of the early twentieth century – what he calls 'discomorphosis' (2001b, p. 4) – as a key factor in bringing music into the reach of the amateur. Indeed, we can see this in action in the case of John Amis, Glock's assistant, who began his music career working in a record shop, where he prized his role in assisting customers to make informed choices about what record to buy next. He describes serving a customer in his autobiography:

> We talked several times when he came in and he actually asked my advice as to what to try next, for he found that he had by then obtained all the Beethoven string quartets. I suggested the second Bartok quartet, just then issued. He took it and came back some months later to say how much he was enjoying it. Was there anything else I could recommend? (p. 58)

A banal memory of a 17-year-old's first job, perhaps, except when he reveals with delight that his customer on this occasion was T. S. Eliot. Suddenly the young music-lover could be a connoisseur, making recommendations to a famous poet. It is, I argue, this same sense of being able to claim authority, or derive meaning, which Glock's program of concerts and activities offered to the participants of the Summer School.

With this concept of listening as a refined and skilful pastime came the practise of criticism and evaluation, of identifying likes and dislikes, and designating better and worse works. In other words, it contributed to the development of a musical canon, a hierarchical playlist of genres and individual works, the knowledge of which could confer authority and kudos, good taste and discernment. The very currency of Bourdieu's cultural capital.

The implications for those in positions of artistic leadership are clear: having the power to choose what music appears on a program means having the power to express identity, to

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[47] <https://www.loc.gov/collections/emile-berliner/articles-and-essays/gramophone/>

[48] <http://www.marconicalling.com/introsting.htm> **

present a point of view, to influence your audience, to judge. As Tia DeNora says, 'the issue of aesthetic control and its relation to the constitution of agency is serious…music's presence is clearly political, in every sense that the political can be conceived' (2000, p. 163).

With this in mind, any discussion of the impact of Glock's Summer School must take a close look at the repertoire, the teaching program, how these developed and what they meant for the Summer School as a creative environment.

An analysis of the concert repertoire presented at the Summer School from 1953-1962 reveals much about the attitudes to music, to listening and concert-going, to traditional and avant-garde art in 1950s Britain.

I have compiled a list of repertoire from printed programs held in the archive. Each record represents one work, one piece of music. The record includes the year of performance, date of performance, unique concert number, week number, then the composer, the composer's nationality, the performer's nationality, the duration, the instrumentation, in which century the work was composed, whether or not it was a world premiere, the composer's gender and the performer's gender.

The list contains some assumptions: duration and instrumentation are indicative i.e. projected from the work's title. And programs are forecasts rather than reports: there will have been changes, omissions or additions. (Sometimes handwritten annotations note last-minute program changes.) Notwithstanding these contingencies, I believe the dataset is valuable as a resource for studying what music was presented across the first ten years of the Summer School.

In this chapter I look at the music which appeared most frequently on the Summer School concert programs, the emergence of a distinctive repertoire over the first decade, and to what extent that repertoire mirrored the classical canon. In the following chapter I look at works outside the classical canon and their place at the Summer School.

Table 2: List of composers whose music was played at the International Summer School of Music from 1953-1962 ranked by frequency of performances, Beethoven-Weelkes (Harriet Cunningham 2019). Source: printed programs in the Summer School Archive (Columns labelled '#' denote no. of performances across the ten years i.e. 88 performances of works by Beethoven)

Composer	#	Composer	#	Composer	#	Composer	#
Beethoven	88	Bennett	5	Cherubini	3	Gounod	2
Mozart	83	Boulez	5	Couperin	3	Henze	2
Bach, J.S.	78	Copland	5	Dufay	3	Honegger	2
Haydn	56	Fricker	5	Frescobaldi	3	Hopkins	2
Schubert	41	Gibbons	5	Jannequin	3	Landino	2
Stravinsky	34	Goehr	5	Kodaly	3	Liszt	2
Bartok	28	Lassus	5	Lambert	3	Lully	2
Debussy	25	Messiaen	5	Machaut	3	Mahler	2
Handel	21	Morley	5	Palestrina	3	Milner	2
Purcell	21	Poulenc	5	Pergolesi	3	Musgrave	2
Brahms	20	Roussel	5	Shostakovich	3	Nono	2
Schoenberg	18	Boccherini	4	Skalkottas	3	Ockeghem	2
Britten	16	Carter	4	Wolpe	3	Ortiz	2
Schumann	12	des Prez	4	Anon (13th C.)	2	Perotin	2
Webern	12	Dunstable	4	Anon (15th C.)	2	Rachmaninoff	2
Hindemith	11	Dvorak	4	Arnold	2	Rainier	2
Ravel	11	Hall	4	Badings	2	Smetana	2
Chopin	10	Hamilton	4	Barber	2	Susato	2
Dowland	10	Lutyens	4	Birtwistle	2	Tallis	2
Anon16	9	Martin	4	Bradshaw	2	Tortelier	2
Faure	9	Maxwell Davies	4	Burt	2	Turina	2
Mendelssohn	8	Naylor	4	Cabezon	2	Villa-Lobos	2
Berg	7	Rameau	4	Campion	2	Vivaldi	2
Janacek	7	Satie	4	Cardew	2	Weelkes	2
Scarlatti	7	Tippett	4	Corelli	2		
Schutz	7	Wolf	4	Dallapiccola	2		
Byrd	6	Bach, C.P.E.	3	Duparc	2		
de Falla	6	Busoni	3	Gerhard	2		
Monteverdi	6	Buxtehude	3	Gluck	2		

Table 3: List of composers whose music was played at the International Summer School of Music from 1953-1962 ranked by frequency of performances, Albeniz-Zangius (Harriet Cunningham 2019). Source: printed programs in the Summer School Archive

Composer	#	Composer	#	Composer	#	Composer	#
Albeniz	1	Durante	1	Malipiero	1	Seiber	1
Allison	1	Farmer	1	Manasce	1	Sermisy	1
Anerio	1	Ferrabosco	1	Marenzio	1	Sessions	1
Anon (14th C)	1	Fine	1	Marini	1	Shapero	1
Arne	1	Flecha	1	Maw	1	Simpson	1
Babbitt	1	Francaix	1	Mellers	1	Soler	1
Bach, W.F.	1	Frumerie	1	Menotti	1	Sommer	1
Banchieri	1	Gabrieli	1	Milhaud	1	Steffani	1
Berger	1	Garsi da Parma	1	Mompou	1	Stockhausen	1
Berio	1	Gastoldi	1	Moniusko	1	Sweelinck	1
Berkeley	1	Geminiani	1	Morales	1	Szymanowski	1
Berlioz	1	Gershwin	1	Mortet	1	Talma	1
Binchois	1	Ginastera	1	Morton	1	Taverner	1
Blow	1	Gombert	1	Mozart-Busoni	1	Telemann	1
Boismortier	1	Granados	1	Mudarra	1	Tomkins	1
Brindle	1	Guastivino	1	Mussorgsky	1	Vaqueiras	1
Bruckner	1	Guédron	1	Newark	1	Varese	1
Brudieu	1	Holst	1	Nillson	1	Vaughan Williams	1
Bull	1	Hummel	1	Novak	1	Vautor	1
Caccini	1	Ingegneri	1	Obrecht	1	Verdi	1
Caldara	1	Isaac	1	Paisiello	1	Visee	1
Chambonnieres	1	Ives	1	Passereau	1	Vittoria	1
Cimarosa	1	Johnson	1	Philips	1	Wagner	1
Cooke	1	Jones	1	Phillips	1	Walton	1
Cornish	1	Klebe	1	Pinkham	1	Ward	1
Cornyshe	1	Krenek	1	Ponce	1	Weber	1
Crequillon	1	le Grant	1	Praetorius	1	Weichowicz	1
d'Amiens	1	Leclair	1	Prokofiev	1	Wilbye	1
de Lantins	1	Lee	1	Reger	1	Wilkinson	1
de Victoria	1	Leguerney	1	Robinson	1	Williamson	1
del Encina	1	Leigh	1	Rodrigo	1	Wood	1
des Moulins	1	Lipkin	1	Rossini	1	Zangius	1
Dibdin	1	Lupo	1	Sarti	1		
Dohnanyi	1	Maderna	1	Schuman	1		

Heartland

Beethoven. Mozart. Haydn. Bach. Schubert. More Beethoven.

It cannot be overstated how central these composers were to the repertoire in the first decade of the Summer School. Table 2 and 3 above list all the composers whose music was played. It shows that music of these five composers made up a third of the total music performed.

Overall, the repertoire across the decade is broad, with 111 different composers programmed at least twice, and another 134 represented at least once. There are 20 different composer nationalities identifiable, of which German and British composers top the list. Given this statistic is contingent on the constant shifting of national boundaries in Europe over the last 500 years, it is not useful in empirical terms, but it does bear out the prevailing sense of the classical canon being dominated by Germanic masters. The highest-ranking British composers in terms of frequency of performance are Handel and Purcell, followed by Benjamin Britten.

A longitudinal view (Diagram 3, below) reveals the inevitable influence of the artists who attended: a Stravinsky focus in 1957 slews the program towards his music, and the presence of the Vegh Quartet, who studied with Bartok, guarantees performances of Bartok's string quartets. Ralph Kirkpatrick brings Scarlatti in 1955, Julian Bream brings lute songs from 1956 onwards and, in 1958, Safford Cape's Pro Musica Antiqua offers vocal music from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. With the arrival of Vlado Perlemuter in 1959, Chopin and Ravel move up the ranks.

A closer analysis, looking at the frequency of individual works, reveals a number of Summer School favourites. Schubert's *Winterreisse* is presented four times, twice with William Glock at the piano. (He also regularly performs Beethoven's Piano Trio in B flat major, Op. 97 ('Archduke') and Beethoven's Piano Trio in E flat major, Op. 70 No. 2). Purcell's *My Heart is Inditing* is a choral favourite, and Bach's *Goldberg* Variations receive multiple performances, as do solo keyboard works and piano sonatas, in particular by Bach, Mozart and Beethoven.

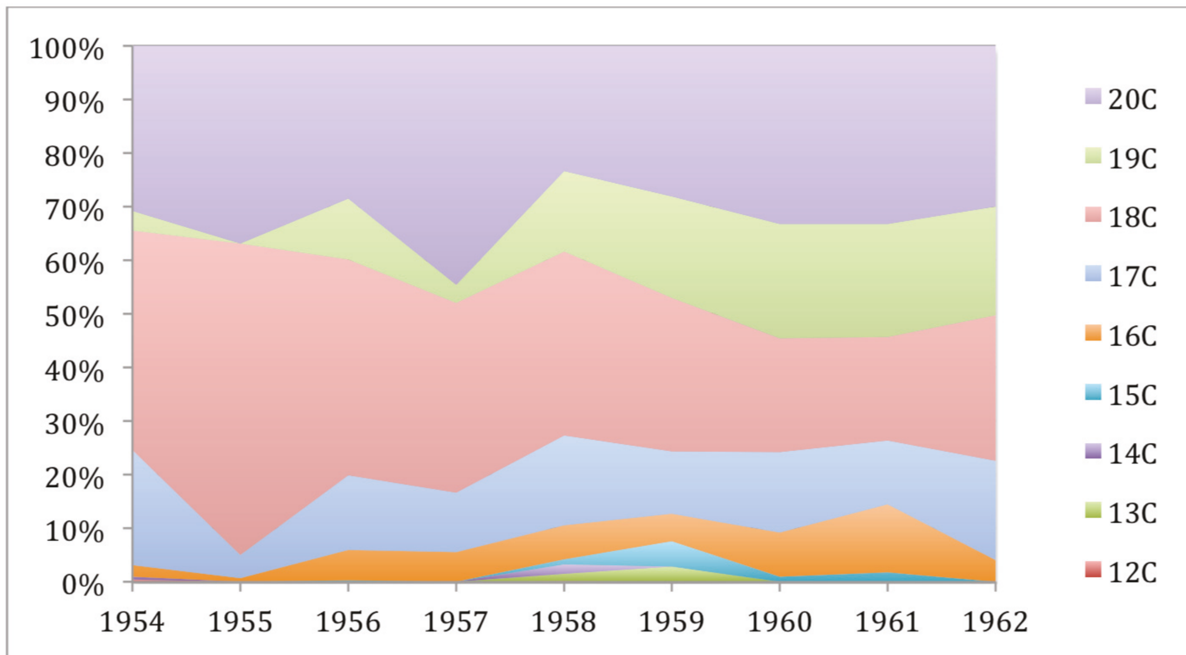

Diagram 3: Longitudinal representation of music performed at the International Summer School of Music 1953-1962 by frequency of period, Harriet Cunningham 2019, Source: printed programs in the Summer School Archive.

The standout works, however, are string quartets: Haydn and Mozart quartets are regular concert openers, while the quartets of Bartok and, especially, Beethoven are most likely to appear in the second half of a program. Notably, Bartok's final String Quartet No. 6, composed in 1939, has six performances across the first decade at Dartington, and Beethoven's late string quartets, No.s 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and the *Grosse Fugue,* return over and over again, as the climax of a concert. The most frequently performed work is Beethoven's final String Quartet No. 16 in F major, Op. 135, composed in 1826, which is performed at least seven times.

What does this tell us about the Summer School, about music programming and attitudes to classical music more generally in the 1950s?

To an extent this reflects the Summer School's focus on solo instrumental and chamber music. It is a repertoire suited to the modestly sized auditorium, and a good fit with the collegiate, hands-on approach to music. There are many works which student participants might aspire to play themselves, albeit not as well as the experts, and virtuosic showpieces – the Paganini Caprices*,* say, or Rachmaninoff Preludes – are by-and-large an exception.

It also reflects the power of the classical canon, as identified in Joseph Kerman's 'A few canonic variations' (1983). He traces the emergence of the classical canon, a hierarchical playlist, to the prevailing music critics of the early nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

> When E. T. A. Hoffmann in 1810 proclaimed Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven as the three great Romantic composers -though Beethoven was clearly primus inter pares -- an idea that caught so much of the resonance of contemporary aesthetics itself resonated hugely into the future…Of all early twentieth-century critics, Schenker was the most rigidly committed to the concept of a canon, which for him consisted of J. S. and C. P. E. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Brahms, and no further (p. 112). [49]

Flick back to Table 2 and, sure enough, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Haydn and Schubert take the top five spots.

William Weber goes beyond individual composers, identifying a systematic hierarchy of genres emerging from the mid-nineteenth century with chamber music, focussed on the quartets of Beethoven 'accepted as its pinnacle' (1999, p. 354).

This version of the canon is certainly reinforced by the Summer School programming: of the ten string quartets making their debut at Dartington, nine play Beethoven, five play late Beethoven, and five play Beethoven's final quartet, Op. 135. The Summer School programming also, inevitably, reflects the background, personal preference and philosophy of William Glock.

The music of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Haydn can be characterised as Glock's heartland, the music he studied intensively during his formative years under pianist Artur Schnabel. Notwithstanding his reputation as an iconoclast, Glock always specialised in the First Viennese School and remained a passionate student of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn and Schubert all his life. In his autobiography he devotes an entire chapter to Mozart, in which Glock traces his 'pilgrimage' from early studies with Schnabel to a performing career to producing a documentary on Mozart for BBC Television in 1956, the 200th anniversary of Mozart's birth. 1956 is also the only year when works by Mozart greatly exceed works by Beethoven.

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[49] E.T.A. Hoffmann (1776-1822) was a novelist, composer and music critic. Heinrich Schenker (1868-1935) was a music theorist and critic.

Glock's attitude to Mozart gives a telling insight into his attitude to music as a whole. He writes of his first performance with a professional orchestra, in the Cambridge Theatre in 1938:

> The greatest joy I had was in preparing, and then taking part as soloist in, Mozart's C major Piano Concert, K 503… It was an exciting evening, but one which only helped to remind me what unattainable qualities are needed in attempting to realise any one page of Mozart. One never succeeds. But Schnabel used to say, of his own career, that the only true satisfaction for him lay in spending his life with music that was better than it could be played (1991, p. 81).

This reference to his teacher reminds us of the influence Schnabel had over Glock's approach to music. Who was Schnabel, and what did he mean by 'Music that was better than it could be played'?

Artur Schnabel (1882-1951) was a piano soloist, teacher and composer revered not for his technique or powers of expression but for a unique seriousness of intent. At a time when technological developments in instrument building and the growth of a culturally avid middle class were fostering the rise of the virtuoso soloist who could take on the extreme challenges of high romanticism, Schnabel was drawn to classical repertoire. He was devoted to the music of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. More importantly, he preached stylistic classicism, playing without extremes of interpretation, charisma, subjectivism or improvisation. The performer was the servant of the work, striving to realise it in the most ideal form possible. With this almost mystical veneration of the work itself came the impossibility, for a mere mortal, of ever reaching perfection. Schnabel's philosophy thus revolved around the unattainable 'truth' of a work, and the perpetual inadequacy of a performer to reach this truth:

> I am attracted only to music which I consider to be better than it can be performed. Therefore I feel (rightly or wrongly) that unless a piece of music presents a problem to me, a never-ending problem, it doesn't interest me too much (Schnabel 1988, p. xiv).

Schnabel was immensely influential as a pedagogue and music philosopher between the wars. His large circle of acolytes included Australian pianist Noel Mewton-Wood, French pianist Monique Haas and, of course, the young William Glock, whose first experience of hearing Schnabel perform he identified as a life-changing event. So when Glock founded the Summer School at the instigation of Schnabel, this striving towards a better, and probably unattainable, goal, this notion of transcendence, was fundamental to his vision.

It is this approach, rather than any generic, period or composer-based canon, I would argue, that is one of the driving forces behind Glock's work in that it opens a way into an understanding of music as more than just organised sound, more than entertainment or retreat.

It opens music up as a place for utopian thinking.

Music and Transcendence

> *Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden, Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt, Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden, Hast mich in eine Beßre Welt entrückt.*

> O blessed art, how often in dark hours,
> When life's wild orbit wraps around me,
> Have you kindled warm love in my heart
> And transported me into a better world.
>
> -- Franz von Schober, *An die Musik*

It's hard to think of a more succinct evocation of the capacity of music to transport the listener or performer to a better world than Franz Schubert's setting of a poem by Franz von Schober, 'An die Musik'. Ruth Levitas quotes it at the beginning of her essay reflecting on music and utopia as conceived by Ernst Bloch, 'Singing Summons the Existence of the Fountain' (2010) and I repeat it here because it feels so apposite when talking about Glock's attitude to music. It's no coincidence that Schubert's songs appear in the Summer School concert programs almost as often as Mozart quartets.

Levitas's 'working definition' of utopia is 'the expression of a desire for a better way of being or living.' (p.217) She argues that the two forms that [Bloch] identifies as most quintessentially utopian are music and architecture: music, in a sense, the most abstract of utopian expressions, architecture literally the most concrete.

> music as a whole stands at the frontiers of mankind, but at those where mankind with new language and the *call-aura around captured intensity, attained We-World*, is still only forming. And precisely the order in musical expression intends a house, indeed a crystal, but from future freedom, a star, but as a new earth. 1103 (Bloch 1986, p. 1103)

W. Hudson, in *The Marxist Philosophy of Ernst Bloch* (1982) elaborates on Bloch's words, saying:

> Music expresses something 'not yet.' It copies what is objectively un-determined in the world… In this sense there is a pre-appearance . . . of the realisation of the realising factor in music: a proleptic promise of a new heaven and a new earth (Hudson 1982, p. 175).

This reaching out to a 'not yet' ideal is at the heart of Bloch's concept of humankind and its urge to go beyond. Because music has a direct route to the emotions, and leaves a great deal unsaid and, indeed, unsayable, it is uniquely set up to embody utopian aspiration. The evocation of absence, the way that music must leave something unsaid, is the key to what he calls music's 'utopian surplus' (Hudson 1982, p. 181).

The expression of 'a desire for a better way of being' becomes, in practice, transcendence, in the sense of reaching out to a better place. This tantalising experience of the sublime, is identified with music and music-making, particularly with the ability of music to express and embody not just harmony, but something beyond, the glimpse of a better self.

Examples abound of music as transcendent: performance is described in heightened, almost religious terms, invoking ideas of stepping outside time, of harmony, oneness, of community and understanding without the need for words. Vikram Seth, for example, expresses this sensation in his 1999 novel about the Maggiore String Quartet, *An Equal Music:*

> A strange composite being we are, not ourselves any more but the Maggiore, composed of so many disjunct parts: hairs, stands, music, bows, instruments, musicians – sitting, standing, shifting, sounding – all to produce these complex vibrations that jog the inner ear, and through them the grey mass that says: joy; love; sorrow; beauty…I love every part of the Haydn (p. 86).

Note the way the speaker, Michael, who is the central character, considers every factor constructing the phenomenon that is their performance of a Haydn quartet: a perfect example of Antoine Hennion's 'heterogeneous body of practices for attaining a state of emotional intensity' (2001a, p. 19).

10.8.63 IN FLIGHT...

JET CLIPPER

The President Special

Dear William,

I've got it at last: it's love that makes Dartington what it is. I realized this watching Judy's face on the train back yesterday. She looked like someone who had just had a love affair: sad, happy, dreamy and somehow trans-lucent.

For myself, the past week was a crucial time: I shall never be the same again. It's the most creative experience to feel one is loved – it makes one want to deserve it, it's the highest possible incentive.

You will hardly believe this, but our German boy, so hopeless in the Chopin scher 30, astonished everyone 2 days later by a stag-gering performance of the last 2 pieces from Bartók's Out of Doors! All was there: superb pianism, élan, poetry. The opening of „Musiques nocturnes" took my breath away: it was so delicate one was almost afraid of breaking the thread by mere listening. It was Jekyll

Figure 33: Letter from André Tchaikovsky to William Glock, 10 August 1963, Summer School Archive

It's also a sensation which many Dartington participants – artists and students alike – expressed. Figure 38 above is another example: a letter from pianist André Tchaikovsky, written within hours of leaving the Summer School saying 'I've got it at last! It's love that makes Dartington what it is.'

But while transcendence in music performance is a common enough trope, what I am interested in is the result, namely music's agency, its power to change emotions and, indeed, its power to exert control. It is an issue which Tia DeNora (2000) addresses in *Music in Everyday Life*:

> With the modern institution of 'serious listening', to listen 'correctly' is to be transported, to abandon, albeit temporarily, the realm of material and temporal being… To the extent that music can be seen to get into or inform subjectivity and action, then, the issue of aesthetic control and its relation to the constitution of agency is serious… (p. 158)

She goes on to say 'music is much more than a decorative art;…it is a powerful medium of social order' (p. 163)

The title of Richard Taruskin's 2008 collection of essays, *The Danger of Music*, makes this double-edge of transcendence even more explicit as he discusses how the canon can be seen as prescriptive thinking, in itself a step on the road to an ideology. He argues that, in the wake of the Cold War, utopian thinking becomes synonymous with intolerance: 'today's utopian is tomorrow's totalitarian' (2008, p. 8). The idealistic transcendence offered by music can be uplifting but, at the same time, its sybaritic nature, the urge to enjoy basking in wide-eyed wonder makes one vulnerable to naivety, if not credulity.

My analysis of the concert programs reveals a repertoire developed over the first decade of the Summer School which is aligned with the classical canon prescribed by Hoffmann and Schenker and confirmed by Kerman and Weber. If we accept the fact that music has an agency, a power to influence ways of thinking and feeling, does this mean the Summer School, in its alignment with a nineteenth-century canon, represents a nostalgic comfort zone? Is it a retreat from the uncomfortable re-imaginings of the post-war avant-garde? Or even a furthering of the hegemonic ideology of Western culture? In the next section I argue that, rather than perpetuating a canon, the Summer School becomes a space for challenging and transgressing tradition.

A New Canon

In 'A few canonic variations' Joseph Kerman (1983) makes a clear distinction between a repertoire (or repertory, as he refers to it) and a canon. Like Christopher Small, Antoine Hennion and Tia DeNora, he conceptualises music as an action, not an abstract idea or reified object. For Kerman, music is 'process, action, activity' (p. 108). It is the act of recording, writing it down, translating the actions into words or other symbols, which reifies what is otherwise a transitory, time-based action. Music-the-action then becomes a score, an album, a concert. The canon is a byproduct of this reification, as it is only when music is given a permanence, as a score or recording, that connoisseurs can collect, curate and rate individual 'works'.

As Kerman says, 'A canon is an idea. A repertory is a program of action' (p. 107). Thus, 'repertories are determined by performers, canons by critics -who are by preference musicians, but by definition literary men or at least effective writers about music.' (p. 112)

It is significant that William Glock, the main designer of the Summer School repertoire and canon, was both performer and critic: his dual roles enable him to resist the inevitable urge to canonise.

Glock was a regular performer at Dartington, even after he had taken on the role of Controller of Music at the BBC. One might suspect an element of self-promotion or narcissism, but John Amis, despite his difficult relationship with Glock, insists that Glock's performances were soundly based on merit, on a 'supreme musicianship' in his preferred repertoire. This repertoire, as the programs reveal, was fairly limited: he favoured chamber music by Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn and Schubert. Amis fondly recalls Glock's playing of the trio in Schubert's 'Trout' quintet as 'like flashes of the sun through trees' (1985, p. 137). Thus it could be said that music as a form of utopian thinking, a quest for transcendence or the 'not yet', was at the heart of Glock's personal music practice.

It was not, however, the key to his public music practice.

As already discussed, in Table 2, the list of composers by frequency, the top five composers mirror the Schenker canon (as identified by Kerman). It is in the rest of the list that the Summer School repertory begins to diverge from Kerman/Schenker's list of Bach,

Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven then Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Brahms. The last four of these, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Brahms, all make it into the top 25 Summer School playlist, but they are joined by many others: Stravinsky, Bartok, Debussy, Schoenberg, Webern, Ravel, Fauré and Hindemith, for example, from the twentieth century, and Purcell and Dowland from sixteenth-century England. So while a third of the music performed is dominated by the Kerman / Schenker canon, the other two thirds is made up of a diverse and rapidly expanding repertoire. In the next chapter I analyse this area of the repertoire and its implications. Before that, however, I will discuss an aspect of the Summer School which is as important, or perhaps more so, than the concert program.

The teaching program

Dartington International Summer School of Music was (and still is) an esoteric enterprise, an intellectual retreat. But from its very beginning, Glock was determined to push the boundaries of the participants' — and his own — knowledge. A teaching program to complement performances was essential, and thus any overview of the Summer School's content is not complete without the all-important participatory side of things. As we have seen in the previous chapter, rather than being limited by a binary audience/performer dynamic, many activities encouraged the blurring of roles between students and amateurs and professionals and listeners and performers. Thus the teaching program reveals not just a stylistic and chronological diversity of repertoire: it introduces a diversity of roles, of identities, of traditions, while pursuing an ambitious range of areas of exploration, a range which increases exponentially across the first decade. Glock delights in bringing together different agents in the field of music, from student to professional to teacher to concert-goer to create a 'fruitful symbiosis of professional and amateur' (Glock 1991, p. 51). There are even instances of professionals attending Dartington as student participants, including leading violist Lionel Tertis who, Glock notes, came as a student in 1953. (He was swiftly recruited to lecture and coach chamber music in following years.)

What began at Bryanston as a basic, generalist course mirroring the conservatoire offerings of musicianship, analysis and performance in 1953, with the move to Dartington, became more adventurous, year by year. Thus, in 1954, there was a focus on French music, the

addition of conducting lessons, lectures on deciphering medieval manuscripts and talks on making period instruments. The next year Italian music was centre stage, with the addition of an opera school and the first recorded occasion – not just at Dartington, but anywhere in the world, to the best of my knowledge – of a class specialising in composing for film. In 1957, the program expanded to include music theatre, in honour of Igor Stravinsky's visit. In 1958 Australian composer Marc Wilkinson gave the first recorded class on composing for electronic instruments.[50] Meanwhile, in 1959, there were two new classes inviting participants to learn new ways of performing music of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and to experience a hands-on introduction to Chinese instruments and music, given by Peter Crossley-Holland, a BBC producer and ethnomusicologist. The prospectus gives a detailed description of this course:

> Comparison of Chinese music and European music, each against its own background, (ethnic, spiritual, social, geographical, climatic and historical)… If sufficient progress is made and if the necessary resources can be assembled, students may be invited to take part–as singers or as players of simple instruments–in the first experimental reconstruction of a very important form of Chinese music, now obsolete (Printed program 1959, Summer School Archive).

Leafing through the brochures and poring over Glock's notes, the impression is of an exploding frame of reference, informed by the Western canon but rapidly pushing beyond it, both to early music, new music and new kinds of music. Each year sees another innovative line of enquiry in the teaching program, from opera to film music to early music to the cutting edge of electronic music. They are not always sustained — the opera course falls by the wayside for a while — but early music and electronic music are recurrent areas for study alongside the ever-present core repertoire and canonical works. At a time when the field of ethnomusicology was in its infancy, when early music and original instruments were novelties, and when synthesisers, tapes and computer-generated noises were less than a decade old, the teaching program represents an unprecedented range of musical investigations.

The expansive (and probably unsustainable) development of scope reached its peak in 1959, the same year that Glock took up his post as Controller of Music at the BBC. That

[50] Marc Wilkinson (b. 1929) was one of the pioneers of the newly established BBC Radiophonic Workshop.

the program stabilised for the next decade, during which time Glock took over programming the Proms, is not, in my opinion, a coincidence.

From appreciation to participation

Beyond the subject matter, the approach to teaching continued developing in order to make use of new methods and new technologies. The Bryanston model of morning lectures, afternoon practice and evening concerts evolved to include a wider range of activities which emphasised access and participation rather than the old model of music appreciation. There were still lectures – plenty of them, often from public intellectuals such as Cecil Day Lewis, Stephen Spender and Kenneth Clark – but they moved to a 5pm timeslot as they became more aligned with the festival side of the program. The lectures were performances, star turns, rather than lessons.

Central to the Summer School ethos of participating was the choir. From the 1954 prospectus: 'Every morning a work will be rehearsed in preparation for a performance at the end of the week. We hope that most visitors to the School will take part.'

The choir played an important role in establishing the musical community, encouraging participation and offering everyone, indiscriminate of ability, the chance of standing up on stage at the end of the week. (A student orchestra, introduced in 1955, played a similar role.) At first, the choir was entrusted to the then Director of Music at Dartington, John Clements, a versatile conductor experienced in directing community choirs. From 1955 on, however, Glock and Amis were more ambitious in their appointments: that year German conductor Hermann Scherchen took the choir in a performance of Beethoven's *Der glorreiche Augenblick*; in 1957 Robert Craft, American musicologist and assistant to Igor Stravinsky, conducted Bach and Stravinsky; and in 1959 Benjamin Britten directed the Summer School choir in his own work, *A Boy is Born*.

The choir was also a place for younger British conductors to 'cut their teeth': Colin Davis, Richard Hickox, Roger Norrington and Simon Rattle all directed the choir at some point. One long-term participant writes:

> the huge pleasure of learning major works from the inside, the exhilarating discipline of trying to reach the exacting standards of George [Malcolm], Colin Davis, Hermann Scherchen, Roger

> Norrington, and the excitement of the end-of-the-week performances with fine soloists (Letter from Etain Todd to William Glock, 1988, Summer School Archive).

Another innovation in teaching format was the *masterclass*, an open lesson for an advanced student participant, given by a leading performer in front of an audience. The first masterclasses featured virtuoso gurus including violinist and composer Georges Enescu, cellist Paul Tortelier and pianist Yvonne Lefebure. These classes were significant in the way they broke down the formalities of classical music presentation: rather than a traditional concert experience, where audience and stage remain in ritualistic isolation, the masterclass gave the listeners access to leading artists in the collegiate setting of a classroom. This was not the old model of music appreciation, where the work is analysed like a piece of literature or art. This was real time music-making, with the added opportunity of commentary from a 'master'.

Brian Gavin's 1989 documentary, *A Few Yards Out to Sea,* includes footage of Glock himself giving a masterclass (Gavin 1989, 8:36). This is in the 1980s, so Glock is in his late 70s, but it is still a useful demonstration of the delicately balanced dynamic between listener, performer and teacher. Glock listens – *really* listens – to the student's first go, then gently points out a missed note, one note in a rapid flourish, and asks the student to try again, and to notice the difference in sound. It's not slavish accuracy he's looking for. It's the effect. By picking up on a detail, a tiny nuance, he is not just instructing the student; he is also showing the audience how he listens.

Indeed, the masterclass setting is another example of the role fluidity discussed in the previous chapter: the student is now the performer; the performer is now the listener; the listeners are not just audience members, but fellow students.

The masterclass was an intimate experience. Audiences could expect the artist to talk, to tell anecdotes, to give generously of their wisdom, of their personality, and to answer questions – and maybe even to continue the conversation over tea or dinner.

In his 1955 diary Hugh Wood describes a class given by Italian composer Roman Vlad:

> At the beginning, boredom: at the end, we were all hanging round the piano as he added the last few phrases with much suggestions and comment from the class... It was, I said extravagantly, like

> Zum Roten whatsis in Vienna when Schubert sat writing at the cafe-tables (Hugh Wood 1955 diary, Summer School Archive).

Most activities were open to all, no audition required, and catered to mixed abilities. It was an approach not without its difficulties: Wood goes on to describe a torrid argument between the participants in Vlad's composition class – which included keen amateurs and fiercely serious students – over whether to teach the basics of serialism or whether to leave it as assumed knowledge:

> By this stage the whole lively discussion had begun to remind one of meetings one had read about between rival splinter groups of the Communist Cause in the Spanish Civil War... God, I thought, the sight and sound of intellectuals trying to make arrangements, trying to organise their lives. (Hugh Wood 1955 diary, Summer School Archive).

Wood writes it as a comedy sketch, but the underlying scenario is of a mixed-ability, student-led and, above all, passionate, sense of enquiry: music nerds united in enthusiasm. And while not everyone was convinced of the value of avant-garde directions in music, being exposed to new ideas and technologies challenged, encouraged and even flattered the intellect of the participants. Thus one of the key effects of the integrated teaching and performance program was that everyone could feel that their contribution to the 'work of music', whether it be singing in the choir, or just reacting to what they heard was as valid, as intrinsic to the process of making art, as its initial generation.

For anyone trying to maintain a stable canon this multi-directional mediation is profoundly disruptive. Indeed, while the Summer School certainly championed the transcendent potential of Beethoven, chamber music and the classical canon, I argue that it was not a site for *restorative* nostalgia, to use Svetlana Boym's taxonomy (2007), but a *reflective* one, a space for appreciating, challenging and transgressing tradition.

Performance as Transgression

Both the concert program and teaching program at the Summer School were ultimately geared towards performance, a factor which I believe is fundamental to the creative environment at Dartington. In particular, in contrast to the Schnabelian notion of close reading and fidelity to the music text's 'true' meaning (Botstein 2001), I observe the element of *transgression* involved in performance, by which I mean the element whereby every new performance is a striving towards a reinterpretation and, ultimately, a

transgressive recreation of the non-existent no-place utopia that is the original work of a composer.

'Original'. 'Composer'. 'Music'. Words which build a hornet's nest of contention amidst the current discourse around the ethics of cultural appropriation. But the more constructive view, originating from Edward Said, is to consider the potential of performance to 'travel, cross over, drift from place to place in a society' (1991, p. xix). To perform a piece of music is to put aside one's own identity, to immerse oneself in another, or even an *other*. Indeed, as Peter Tregear (2007) argues, with reference to Said and Adorno, performance has the potential to become resistance:

> First, the transgressive aspect of performance is in conflict with an insistence on regional identity, which Said saw as merely the flip-side of imperial identity, since both were 'expressions of essentialization' (2014a). Second, performance can be thought of as the conspicuous inhabiting of an artistic style by a culture that otherwise might be thought to be estranged from it, an act with considerable critical potential (p. 213).

Thus performance – engagement with the world, rather than being an exhibit in Lydia Goehr's imaginary museum (1992)– becomes a way to discuss and challenge identity. It is something which Tregear characterises, ultimately, as *trangressive*. Far from the idea of there being one true way, an ultimate and perfect outcome, music, performance and meaning shift 'like desert sands' (p. 213). By extension, Tregear suggests that performance can be seen more generally as an act of resistance, pushing back against the confining nature of a static identity and even effecting a temporary colonisation of a style by another culture. Thus the very act of performance is aligned with utopian thinking, not in the sense of wide-eyed longing, but in the sense of striving for a better world. Remember Glock's wry comment 'Always aim to be a few yards out to sea'? It echoes Bloch's 'not *yet',* and Michael Young's 'the realm of what might be'.

Perhaps the utopian thinking behind the abundance of classical repertoire at the Summer School is less about transcendence, and more about transgression, about reaching beyond tradition and imagining a better world. Perhaps it is another manifestation of conditions for modernity.

Meeting Beethoven

Iris heard her first complete Beethoven string quartet cycle from behind closed doors. They were big double doors, made of solid oak panels, thick and heavy with an iron ring for a handle. The music filtered through, muted but still resonating with the wooden stage. The real thing to listen for was the clapping. The crackle of applause was her big moment: time to twist the iron ring, open the door a few inches and watch, unseen, as the quartet took their bows. Then, when they exchanged a look with each other – yes, enough – and turned to walk off stage, Iris would open the door, step aside, switch hands and stand back to let the four musicians walk through with their instruments.

Iris was twenty and it was her first year as a 'trog' at the Summer School of Music. Trogs – (from trogolodyte, n. person who lives in a cave) – are semi-volunteers who work at the Summer School. Their role is a mixture of stage management, artist liaison and customer service. The trogs look after the artists, making sure they have what they need – chairs, stands, mint-scented water, ear-plugs, whatever the artistic temperament requires – and co-ordinate the daily program of events. It's hard work and badly paid but you get to hear some of the greatest musicians in the world and at the end of the night there's always a party somewhere. Iris spent her childhood playing at her parents' feet as they trogged their way through every summer, so to now be assuming the role herself felt like she had finally come of age.

For the first week Iris was assigned to the Quartet. 'You're a fiddle player. You'll get to hear the whole cycle,' said the chief trog, an earnest, Oxbridge graduate with an eye for detail and a nose for trouble. 'It's easy. Just pushing on, really.'

Iris met the members of the Quartet the next day. Four middle-aged men, looking for all the world like chartered accountants, or middle-management in a transport company in Stroud. It was late in July, and the sun was getting bolder. There were rumours the temperature might crack 23 degrees, and the lawn outside the Great Hall was already littered with students in t-shirts and shorts. The leader of the quartet walked up the big stone steps, carrying his violin and a battered leather briefcase. He wore grey flannel

trousers and a long-sleeved, collared shirt with a thin blue stripe. His cheeks were red and you could see beads of sweat forming on his upper lip.

'Quite warm,' he said, to no-one in particular, as he walked past, up the aisle to the stage.

His colleagues followed: the second violinist, with young wife in tow – 'I'll see you later, darling' – the viola player, lanky and grim, carrying a case the size of a baby's coffin, and finally the cellist, close-clipped grey hair and mahogany skin, in jeans and a t-shirt with a washed-out logo of some company Iris didn't recognise.

'Hello, my name's Iris, I'm the trog looking after you.'

She proffered her hand. The first violinist looked at it, puzzled, as if he wasn't sure what it was. She dropped her hand to her side.

'Right. Good.' Then he turned his back to her as he put his violin case across two chairs in the front row and busied himself digging out his instrument.

'Hi,' said the cellist, putting down his case and stepping forward, his hand outstretched. 'Michael. Nice to meet you, er...'

'Iris.'

'Right. How about we get a bit more light in here, and can you rustle me something more practical than that awful chair?' He flashed a winning smile.

Iris shook his hand bravely then shrank back with purpose, glad to have something to do. Adjust the lights, fetch one of the piano stools for the cellist, and check the four stands. Within a few minutes the musicians were tuning up. Another two and they were flicking the pages of their music. Then a quick 'From the top?' from the leader and the music began.

If she had felt out of place at first, Iris now felt completely redundant. Beethoven's string quartet in G major, Op. 18 No. 2, was floating out across the space, all filigree decorations and baroque curls, like a grand master doodling. Every note was in the right place, everything was in balance, in perfect harmony. Nothing to add.

They stopped at the double bar.

'Going on?'

'Hang on.'

The viola player stopped to adjust something on his instrument. As he made himself ready to play the leader looked around the hall. His eyes locked onto the dumpy, hot girl sitting on the aisle, ten rows back, poised for action.

'Hmph. You still here?' he said.

Iris smiled nervously. He looked back to his colleagues.

'OK, chaps. Going on.'

And so the music went on.

Beethoven's quartets have a certain mystique about them. 'Ah, the Quartets...' people say, with a far off look in their eyes, in the same way as they talk about, say, reading Hermann Hesse or discovering Machu Picchu. But while they span a huge gamut of emotions the quartets are, almost by definition, intimate works, inward-looking by design, if not by intent. Hearing a performance often feels like eavesdropping on a private conversation. When you listen to a quartet playing one of those hushed slow movements or throwing cross-rhythms around the room in a *scherzo* – it is as if you are being let in on a secret.

If it's intimacy – secrets are *so* delicious – that draws you into the quartets at first, it is the out-and-out weirdness that makes you stay. Over and over again one asks what the hell was Beethoven thinking? What possessed him to start the first Razumovsky with an unaccompanied rhythmic pattern in the bass, leading nowhere in particular? Where on earth is he going when he sets up what seems like a series of slow, random notes, so quiet as to be almost inaudible, and going nowhere, in Op. 132?

In the end, they are questions for people who don't necessarily want answers. As Beethoven writes over his final quartet, Op. 135, '*Muss es sein? Es muss sein!*' 'Must it be? It must be.' His meaning? Clear as mud. And yet, it feels like a peculiarly satisfactory answer

from the perspective of someone who has been drawn into the world of the quartets. The questions remain. The answers swirl around you, often transforming into more questions as fast as you assimilate them.

*

The Beethoven concerts were at 5pm, daily, in the Great Hall. The regulars arrived every day, pious and eager to worship before the altar of Ludwig van B. The older listeners would arrive on the dot of 4.30pm and shuffle down the aisle to claim a seat in the central bank of chairs. Those with younger bones chose the wooden bench seating along the sides of the hall or to sit in the window seat nearest the stage, the Gothic windows, glazed in lead-lined panels of bottle-thick glass.

Meanwhile, Iris was backstage, in the Private House. A downstairs lounge served as green room. Here she hovered, trying to be inconspicuous yet ubiquitous, as the quartet went through their pre-performance rituals. If they were nervous, it didn't show: there was no sense of reverence, no hushed preparation. If anything, the leader just seemed more irritable. He faced the wall, as far as possible from the windows which gave onto the courtyard, and with his back to the rest of the quartet, refusing to engage, except to express frustration with the bloody this or the bloody that.

There is only so much filling of water glasses and checking of watches that one can do. Iris usually ended up retreating to the gloom of the stairwell, listening, imagining the auditorium behind those big doors, filling up with sunburnt students and retirees. It was always a relief when one of her colleagues arrived from front of house.

'Ready when you are.'

The words went through the four musicians like electricity. Shoulders straightened, heads up. A nervous pull at a tight collar, a testy brush at a white mark – rosin probably – on a trouser leg. Then the leader looked around the room, like a captain about to take his troops over the top.

'Gentlemen, shall we?'

Iris assumed her position by the doors. They gathered, four dark suits, four honey-coloured instruments.

'Toi toi toi,' said the First violin. 'Toi toi toi', echoed the others.

Then she opened the door.

*

After the performance he was a different man. He smiled. He joked with his colleagues. And when he saw the tray of cream cakes that had been sent over from the kitchens, left over from high tea, he beamed.

'Ooh lovely. Cakes.' He looked around for permission and, seeing Iris standing there, spoke to her for the first time. 'Are they for us?'

Iris nodded, and he grinned like a greedy schoolboy. 'Just let me put my fiddle down.' He laid his instrument down in its velvet-lined case, hooked the bow into its holder, and then turned round with intent.

'Come on chaps! Cake.'

The others joined him, one by one. The mood was mixed. The leader's ebulliance threatened to drown out undercurrents but the second violin's face looked drawn and tense, and the viola player wouldn't meet his colleagues' eyes. He caught Iris's, as he cast about the room for a safe place to look. Iris offered what she hoped was an encouraging smile. 'Bravo, terrific performance,' she said. 'Mm. Thanks. Another day, another bullet dodged,' he replied, *sotto voce.*

As for the cellist, he seemed entirely unmoved by the entire experience, leafing through a little notebook, already onto the next thing.

'OK, I'm off,' he said, cramming a pastry into his mouth and hoisting his cello onto his back.

'So soon?' said the leader.

'Yep, sorry. I promised to meet a student to work on her audition piece.'

'Oh?' He raised his eyebrows. The cellist did not react, his handsome features a mask of indifference. 'Well, see you later.' As he left he gave Iris a meaningful look. 'Good cakes. Lay those on every day, and we'll play even better.'

*

It wasn't until Iris returned to Edinburgh at the start of term that the quartets began to sink in. It was sitting in the draughty living room of a Morningside tenement building, the furniture pushed back, revealing all the scuffs and mug rings on the wooden floors. A gas fire in the corner, radiating heat out to a distance of, roughly, a metre, before giving in to the dense chill. Four brave individuals sitting in a circle, rugged up, warmed by wine and Beethoven.

'From the top?'

'Hang on. I'm sharp. Can you give me another A?'

The first violinist sounded his A string, a generous hum. The viola and second violin – Iris – joined in. A tentative unison, a tonal centre drawing the cello sound in like a black hole.

'OK. Sorry. Better. Let's go.'

The cellist looked out from under her mop of hair, eager. The leader nodded and, putting his violin under his chin, muttered, 'One, two, three and…' and the music began.

Beethoven's String Quartet in F major, Op. 59, the first 'Razumovsky' quartet was one of the best things about Iris's university career. All the other best things were quartets too. The 'Harp'. Mozart's 'Dissonance'. Schubert's 'Death and the Maiden'. Four years of study, thousands of words read, written, but what Iris would remember most, apart from the endless humiliation of the Latin unseen exam, was the sound of two violins, viola and cello, swirling around her.

She met the quartet in her first year, at the first rehearsal of the university chamber orchestra. Iris was deeply flattered to be invited. Gordon was president of the orchestra, a

music ringleader and doctoral student of non-organic chemistry, who practised the viola – with a mute – in his lab while his complex crystals were forming. Drew was first violin, an economist with a funny, bumbling walk. For a socially-inept introvert he was surprisingly engaging, and he played the violin like a dream. Big Bill Crewe was the cellist. He was about three metres tall and looked like Superman. He was studying to be a primary teacher. At Iris's first rehearsal with the three he made tomato soup from a can, adding a tin of real tomatoes and a glug of wine. She was blinded by admiration and the glow of reflected glory.

When Bill graduated, in Iris's second year, Samantha, a wiry medic with a penchant for women's rugby, replaced him. Half his size, she nevertheless filled the space he left with a manic energy.

The student quartet began, as everyone does, with the classics. Mozart's G major, the first in the book, out of tune because that's how everyone plays it when they start out and the habit never goes away. It wasn't long, however, before they started exploring further afield. When it was discovered that Drew had a freakish facility for fast, high, virtuoso passages Haydn called. Then Gordy and Iris, the ignorable inner parts, decided it was time for Beethoven.

Iris wasn't sure how they had arrived at Opus 59. Perhaps it was the first page of the new, handsomely-bound set of parts Sam's parents had given her for Christmas. No-one knew what to expect: everyone was sight-reading, as far as Iris knew. It was the blind leading the blind. Or perhaps the deaf leading the deaf.

*

Iris always laughed when she thought of the program notes Gordy wrote for their performance at a music department event:

> Opus 59 is a collection of three quartets written for Andrey Kirillovich Razumovsky, a Russian diplomat based in Vienna and a keen amateur violinist. Count Razumovsky was a friend of one of Beethoven's longstanding patrons, Joseph Franz von Lobkowitz.
>
> The relationship between the struggling artist and the wealthy diplomat was dignified sponsorship rather than servitude: Beethoven felt himself respected as an equal, intellectually if not socially, to his well-heeled benefactors. Furthermore, Razumovsky had his own house quartet, a very fine

> ensemble led by violin virtuoso Ignaz Schuppanzigh. Schuppanzigh was a good friend of Beethoven, and taught him violin. So the ingredients were all there: financial support, faith in his ideas, and skilled practitioners to turn Beethoven's scribbles into sound. Furthermore, the scribbles were flowing freely: Beethoven had spent two years mired in perfecting the final version of his only opera, *Fidelio.* When it was, at last, premiered, to warm acclaim, there was a queue of pent-up ideas, waiting to come out.

So far so good. Then:

> The first of the three Razumovsky quartets was written contemporaneously with Beethoven's fourth, fifth and sixth symphonies. It's described as his 'middle period', but another way to describe it would be his 'blow-up-the-world-as-we-know-it' period.

Yes. That feeling of surprise and wonder as they hacked their way through that first Razumovsky. It could have been the wine, but she thought not. This music drew sounds she'd never imagined from their instruments. It made them better musicians.

It was completely at odds with the Beethoven of her childhood imaginings. Growing up in a musical family, the canon of classical composers were familiar characters who hung out with all the other significant figures of her imagination, like Tom Sawyer, Captain Haddock and Jo March. Mozart was the crazy kid with white hair and twiddly tunes. Haydn was the one who wrote boring symphonies. And quartets. And more symphonies. And Beethoven was the grumpy one, the deaf one, who banged on and on and died in a thunderstorm. He was a drunk and a misanthropist who never married, never had a family, was always an outsider. When she played bleeding chunks from his symphonies, badly, in the local junior orchestra, she could see his face in her mind's eye, looking up angrily towards some inspiration in the distant heavens.

And yet, she thought, Op. 59 No. 1 had nothing to suggest a man who was outwardly considered 'malevolent, stubborn, or misanthropic...' as he described himself in the famous Heiligenstadt Testament. There was no suggestion of the egotistical, self-styled genius who once tried to break a chair over the head of his main benefactor, Count Lubowsky, nor yet the suicidal depressive who wrote to his brothers in the same letter 'with joy I hasten towards death'.

Just a few months later, Beethoven wrote on the manuscript of the Razumovsky quartets: 'Let your deafness no longer be a secret–even in art.' A dramatic transformation,

considering the desperate confessions of Heiligenstadt. But if you read an expression of the composer's state of mind into their music, then the Beethoven of Op. 59 No. 1 is someone who looks forward, with curiosity, restlessness and perhaps even hope.

Iris thought back to the airy, benign cello melody that begins the quartet, and the heavy blanket of quavers in the instruments above, trucking along with comforting predictability. Predictable, she thought, except that the melody didn't resolve. It ran for four bars then veered off into another key, and handed over to another instrument, to become something else.

'Expect the unexpected,' said Gordon, as they lurched into the development.

Indeed, thought Iris. There was a curious sense of freedom, free from the tyranny of always needing to reach a destination. Anything could happen. Like at bar 82, when the quartet end up passing four curious chords around, like sound-collectors inspecting a particularly interesting specimen. Or that owlish beginning of the second movement, where four inconsequential phrases are laid out, like jigsaw puzzle, before being put together into a magnificent whole. Yes, there are the thumping cadences, the grand gestures, but they co-exist comfortably with the many ironic side comments and whispered last words.

For the rest of her time at Edinburgh, Beethoven became Iris's secret vice. The quartet met frequently, in addition to regular rehearsals for the various university orchestras. In the summer term Gordy would hawk their services to every faculty and department big enough to throw a garden party or end of year ball. Most Saturday nights they'd frock up and rock up to a Georgian assembly room or a soulless modern hotel to play Pachelbel's Canon and *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* on repeat. Then, after the cruel lights went on and the ugly brothers and sisters spilled out into the night they'd go back to one of their flats – Drew's had the thickest walls – and play Beethoven into the small hours. Iris's friends all thought she was having an affair. She was, of course. With a rude, ugly, self-obsessed, alcoholic visionary.

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The quartet's Beethoven cycle ran its course across the week at Dartington, finishing up with a bewildering *Grosse Fugue*. The applause was warm and loud.

The after-show party was in the Barton. Like the rest of the rooms giving onto the courtyard, it was cosy in proportions and institutional in decor. A cheap partition concealed a kitchenette from which the trogs would run an open bar for the invited guests. They'd pull the corks, pour the glasses, and hand around the sandwiches while the artists and entourage held court, or drank away their adrenalin, or just floated gradually down to earth.

Some after parties were almost religious in tone, like a kind of musical adoration of the magi. The artist – usually one, usually male – might expect his admirers to form a queue, like a receiving line at a wedding, in order to congratulate him, shake his hand and offer a brief effusion of praise, one-by-one, before retiring to recover in silent contemplation.

Then there were the raucous ones. Anything involving students, of course, and anything involving larger ensembles. The solo artist who undergoes the exquisite ordeal of baring their soul to an audience often shrivels like an empty balloon once the applause is over. Someone who has been performing in an ensemble, on the other hand, usually has something of themselves left over. Not only that, but if it's been a party on stage, there is a grand appetite to continue the party offstage, fuelled by adrenalin. Iris watched artists transforming from pent-up balls of discipline, skill and concentration into louche, garrulous lounge lizards, telling bad jokes to spellbound admirers.

Not that there was any of that after the Beethoven quartet series. There weren't even cream cakes. (Iris had asked, in her desperation to please, but no. They were just leftovers from another function. Sorry.) The party list included a few family members, a couple of VIPs and two Beethoven experts, who spent the hour arguing. The Summer School's artistic director dropped in for hearty congratulating, vigorous nodding and swigging of wine before breezing out to the next gig. And there were a few students there. Not the ones in search of free wine. The earnest ones. The ones seeking the patronage of older, wiser masters.

The first violinist did patronage well. While his first language was music, he also spoke, at length, on matters musical, especially the Beethoven quartets, giving his insights into the grand body of work. It was impressive, but you wouldn't exactly call it communication. It

was more of an artistic reverie, an erudite internal monologue accidently put on display. Like *Ulysses*, but without the Irish charm.

Quite what he would find to say to the earnest student body, Iris couldn't imagine, but they still hovered, hopeful that he might find them more interesting than Beethoven. Not a chance.

The after party ended with a slow fizzle, a gradual drift towards more compelling events – the evening concert for some, or a few hours of practise, a game of squash or dinner. For Iris it was the daily ritual of packing the dishwasher, counting the empties and scoffing leftover sandwiches. Beethoven, crumbs and red wine stains.

She was just wiping the counter when Michael, the cellist, walked back in.

'Still here, Cinderella?'

Iris turned. 'Just about done now,' she said, gathering the half finished bottles.

'You're not chucking that away?' said Michael, producing a glass from somewhere and reaching out to grab one of the bottles. 'Why don't you join me? – a quiet little drink after all that racket.'

Iris shrugged. 'Sure.' It was part of the job to keep the artists sweet. And besides, she had been too busy to stop and have a drink herself. She found another glass from the draining board and held it out to the middle-aged man, like an obedient child.

'That's the way. Now come out from behind the counter. I need someone to keep me company.'

'Where are the others?'

'They're boring sods. They've all gone off to hear William play Schubert. At least, that's what they said. Ten hours of Beethoven and now they want more bloody music.'

He shook his head. 'I suppose that's where you'll be off to as well, as soon as you're done here.'

Iris hadn't thought.

'Or maybe I should help you tidy up these bottles?' Michael refilled his glass. Iris hadn't even noticed him drain the first. 'By the way, I must apologise for my colleagues – we didn't say thank you to you for all your efforts.'

'You're welcome,' said Iris. 'It was a pleasure. So great to hear the full cycle...'

'Yes yes, Beethoven, rah rah.'

'...Even if it was from behind a door'

'Ah, poor Cinders,' said Michael. 'You didn't miss anything. We're not much to look at. Except me, of course.'

Was that a flicker of a wink? By now Iris was leaning against the wall, cradling her still full glass of wine, and Michael was drifting almost imperceptibly closer.

'Good old Ludwig. If he'd spent half as much time living as he did writing music...'

He leant in, conspiratorially. 'Y'know the trouble with Ludwig? He had some very fine things to say. Very fine indeed. But he took an interminably long time to say them.

'So, tell me, do you play, Cinders?' Even closer now. Close enough to reach out and brush a stray curl of hair off Iris's face. 'There you go. That's better. Now I can see you.'

Every muscle in Iris's body stiffened. Here we go. He was looking at her with blunt, opportunistic desire. An artist, a musician, an old man, sizing up his quarry. Stop, now, she thought. Just stop.

'Hello? Anyone here?'

The door swung open with a heavy clunk. It was the First violin. He was carrying his violin case and looking vaguely bemused.

'Oh. Good. You're still here. I just wanted to, um...'

Michael leant back against the counter, defeated.

'I just wanted to say thank you. Good job this week. Top show. You made all the difference. Here.' He clumsily produced a flower from behind his back. 'An Iris for an Iris.'

The flower delivered, he reached for his colleague.

'Now, come on Michael, stop boring the poor girl. You and I shall go to the bar and get disgracefully drunk.'

And with that, he took the cellist by the arm and marched him toward the door.

'Thank you,' called Iris as they left. The flower – actually a lily, and obviously purloined from one of the arrangements in the Private House – was a sweet gesture, she thought. Did he realise that he was saving her from an unwelcome advance?

She rather thought he did.

> in truth the neo-serialists are intent on serialising everything under the sun: rhythm, dynamics, timbre, and what they call 'densities'. (They must be quite distressed, one feels, when they happen to meet their friends in the wrong order or the wrong combinations.) The ordinary listener's problem in seeing the point in such procedures is thus rendered greater than before by geometrical progression.' Shawe-Taylor, D. 1959, 'Musicians at School', *Sunday Times*, 16 Aug 1959.

> 'William, what on earth is all that Bach doing?' Luigi Nono

On Thursday 6 August 6, 1959, at 11pm in the Great Hall at Dartington, the New Music Ensemble, a group of young British musicians under the baton of John Carewe, performed Pierre Boulez's landmark work, *Le Marteau sans maitre* (The Hammer with no master). It was the first public performance by local artists of *Marteau* in Britain.[51]

On stage was a brave and fiercely brilliant ensemble put together over the previous twelve months: a special forces for new music. It included pianist and composer Richard Rodney Bennett, drafted in to play percussion because the original player did not cut it, and fellow Royal Academy of Music student Cornelius Cardew, originally a pianist, cellist and composer, but who taught himself guitar in order to take part. Bennett had studied with Boulez, as had the conductor, John Carewe, a tall, lanky fellow who looked much younger than his 27 years. The group had been rehearsing over the last nine months.

The audience, meanwhile, was peppered with musical movers-and-shakers. Italian avant-garde composer Luigi Nono was there, as were many of his students for that week, including a young Peter Maxwell Davies and others from what was already being called the 'Manchester School'. And from the other end of the new music spectrum, there was English composer Benjamin Britten, in Dartington to conduct his *A Boy is Born.* The two composers, famously, did not meet (Ross 2008).

That year my father Jeremy Wilson was attending his tenth Summer School, this time as a volunteer stagehand, a trog. He and his trogging colleague, Hugh Wood, were part of the

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[51] The first UK performance, also at the instigation of William Glock, was in May 1957, when the composer himself conducted the Marigny Ensemble in the concert hall of Broadcasting House before an invited audience. It was a revised version of the 1955 score which had made such an impact with its world premiere at the 1955 New Music Days, the annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music, at Baden-Baden. See O'Hagan (2016) p. 309.

audience for this historic performance, sitting on the hard wooden benches along the sides of the fifteenth-century banqueting hall. The 85-year-old Jeremy Wilson still remembers it:

> I had never heard anything like it before. It was fascinating and quite convincing. As we left the Hall Hugh [Wood] said 'Well, that was enough to freeze the bollocks off a brass monkey. (Email from J Wilson to Harriet Cunningham, 2018, personal communication)

A memorable, if gnomic, comment. But it would be bold, if not arrogant, to pass aesthetic judgement on such an outlandish work on first listening. Especially in such esoteric company. And especially before you'd found out what other people thought. What might others think? What might it say about you?

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The last chapter, 'Music: at home', explored the Dartington teaching and performing program against the backdrop of the traditional classical music canon, exploring the role of music in identity formation and utopian thinking. This chapter, 'Music: a few yards out to sea' looks at twentieth-century music at the Summer School and considers its impact in the context of 1950s British music. In particular, I grapple with the phenomenon of listening to 'difficult' music, music which does not, to paraphrase Glock, yield its secrets at first meeting.

The chapter falls into two sections: the first describes music and modernism in the 1950s, both as represented in contemporary anecdotal and media reports, and as represented now, through the lens of cultural history. I then outline William Glock's role in the contemporary music scene of 1950s London in the context of composition and new music at Dartington.

The second part of the chapter presents the twentieth-century repertoire performed at Dartington between 1953 and 1962 and considers its significance from a number of different angles, including a comparison with two other contemporary festivals. In conclusion, I suggest that Glock's experiences at the Dartington Summer School laid the groundwork for his signature concept of 'creative unbalance' (Glock 1964).

Music, modernism and the avant-garde

To understand Wood's and Wilson's reactions to their first experience of *Marteau* or, for that matter, Shawe-Taylor's faint disdain, it is necessary to have an understanding of attitudes to new music and modernism in the 1950s.

It is a period which, in recent years, has seen a huge increase in scholarly interest. Frances Stonor Saunders' 1999 monograph *Who Paid the Piper? The CIA and the Cultural Cold War* has, for example, initiated a number of investigations into culture in Cold War politics (Monod 2006; Saunders 2013; Schmelz 2009; Westad 2013); Amy Beal (2000, 2003) has written on the role of American music and broadcasting in occupied West Germany; and Mark Carroll (2001, 2002, 2003) , Ben Earle (2013), Anne Shreffler (2013) and Ian Wellens (2017) have investigated music and ideology in post-war Europe. Meanwhile, Philip Rupprecht (2008, 2015), Jenny Doctor (1999, 2004, 2009), Alison Garnham (2018, 2019), Nicholas Kenyon (2009) and David Wright (2009) have written on this period in Britain. This study aims to build on the ongoing work of recent studies investigating this period rather than attempting a detailed unravelling of the intricate and knotty post-war cultural environment.

Attitudes to modernism

When the Bryanston Summer School began in 1948 Arnold Schoenberg was in his 70s, living a comfortable life in Beverly Hills, California, not far from his contemporary, Igor Stravinsky. An established and revered figure, Schoenberg's contribution to the modernist revolution for sound organisation was widely acknowledged in European cultural centres, and his pupils, especially Alban Berg and Anton Webern, were seen as heirs to the blueprint for a brave new sound world[52]. But that did not mean that their music was universally understood, enjoyed or even valued.

Consider, for example, responses to the British premiere of Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder,* detailed in Jennifer Doctor's *The BBC and Ultra-Modern Music, 1922-1936: shaping a nation's tastes* (1999). As she reports, Eric Blom of the *Guardian* writes, 'When all is said, one remains under the spell of Schonberg's immense creative power', while the critic from the

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[52] Mark Berry (2019) gives a useful introduction to Schoenberg, Webern and Berg in an article for the British Library.

Evening Standard says, 'to be frank, the first twenty minutes proved boring, and even at the interval nothing had been heard that justified so vast an assemblage of performers' (p. 116).

The point to note here is not the diverse reactions to a major premiere in 1929, but how reactions to new music thirty years on are no less diffuse and polarised. Compare for example Wood and Wilson's dazed admiration for *Marteau* to Blom's vague catch-all enthusiasm for *Gurre-Lieder*. Then compare the erudite sarcasm of the *Times* music critic Desmond Shawe-Taylor (at the head of this chapter) to the *Evening Standard* critic's blunt sneer.

Resistance from the British music establishment and an understandable flight to familiarity during the war left those with an appetite for the new feeling like they were starting from scratch. Despite enthusiastic support from the BBC and the Henry Wood Proms, 'ultra-modern' music retained a marginal status amongst audiences, critics, orchestras and teaching centres, with attitudes ranging from enthusiasm to polite interest to derision. Thus, listeners like Wood and Wilson, and even official critics like Shawe-Taylor, had to grapple not only with gut reactions and personal preferences, but also with divergent public opinion and polarised expert viewpoints.

Shawe-Taylor's printed review of the Dartington premiere of *Le Marteau Sans Maitre* for the *Sunday Times* encompasses two respectful but slightly bemused paragraphs:

> The music is exotic and generally romantic in character, extremely delicate in texture, and at the same time monotonous in colour, owing to the marked preponderence of xylorimba and vibraphone in the scoring. The vocal part is not so jagged as in most twelve-tone music, but refined and almost caressing, with soft sprays of grace-notes and bouche fermee passages; at the same time it is fantastically difficult and demands, one would guess, a singer endowed with absolute pitch, as well as a superfine rhythmic sense, presence of mind and sheer musicality.
>
> All these demands were fully met by Miss Rosemary Phillips; indeed there was not a weak link in the whole ensemble, which had devoted months of successful work under their brilliant conductor, Mr John Carewe, to the appallingly difficult task of getting every note in place. Such devotion deserved, and received, the warm gratitude of even those who could make little consecutive sense of the music as a whole. Scores like 'Le marteau sans maitre' seem to be flying away from the world of the intelligent amateur with the velocity of light, and are perhaps designed to be captured once and for all by a tape recorder, rather than to be tackled here and there for the love of the thing. (Shawe-Taylor 1959)

He is descriptive but not prescriptive, hedging his bets with a faintly praising damnation, symptomatic of the ongoing crisis of new music, of how to comprehend, let alone find beauty in what Susan Bradshaw calls 'totally ordered disorder' (1995, p. 140).

Post-war ideology

Attitudes to new music in the 1950s were further complicated by the spectre of ideology. Age-old arguments around intellectualism and populism, between the relative value of the abstract and the applied, between aesthetics and politics, were heightened by the emerging superpowers of the US and the Soviet Union taking sides. While both agreed that the Third Reich's vilification of artists was abhorrent, their alternative preferences, as expressed by government patronage, were radically different.[53]

The Soviet Union had, since 1932, expected state-sponsored artists to follow the path of socialist realism, producing art which espoused the virtues of state and party and depicted scenes relevant to the proletariat. In musical terms, that meant popular songs and folk-inspired melodic (i.e. tonal) works, ideally exploring historical and national legends.

Meanwhile in post-war America atonalism was associated with freedom of expression: art which ruptured ties to tradition – be it your own or someone else's – and eschewed any sense of national voice as parochial. Art for art's sake, not as a tool of the state. For avant-garde composers in America and Western Europe this sent new music barrelling towards a reductio ad absurdum position: the more esoteric a piece of music was, the more it was purely aesthetic, the greater the value but the more impossible it was to listen to. The more accessible it was, the more it was slave to commercial or political motives. Jean-Paul Sartre puts it more poetically: `An art that is free but abstract, or an art that is concrete but indentured? A mass public that is ignorant or a learned listener who is bourgeois?' (cited in Carroll 2002, p. 606)

Then, in one of the more bizarre twists of post-war culture, avant-garde music was enlisted in the service of 're-education' as the Allies contributed to rebuilding Germany's cultural infrastructure. Specifically, John Ewarts and Everett Helm, two high-ranking music officers

[53] Mark Carroll unpicks the relationship between modernism, political belief and the avant-garde in *Music and Ideology in Cold War Europe. (*2003)

in the Office of Military Government, United States (OMGUS) began directing substantial funds towards the Darmstadt Ferienkurse summer school for composers, founded by music critic Wolfgang Steinecke in 1946.[54] Although recent studies have demonstrated that the Ferienkurse was far from proscriptive and welcomed students and teachers in many different styles, a string of charismatic composers including René Liebowitz, Pierre Boulez and John Cage resulted in Darmstadt becoming a byword for the radical avant-garde, for twelve-tone composition and experimentation[55].

Further complicating matters, many of the most avant of avant-garde composers at Darmstadt embraced both twelve-tone composition and progressive politics. The second quote in this chapter's epigraph is from Luigi Nono, a leading light at Darmstadt from 1955, an ardent avant-garde composer and committed communist. His challenge to William Glock was why the artistic director had included music by a three-hundred-year-old German protestant in a 1959 music festival when there were people composing brand new sounds. How could Nono reconcile his socialist outlook with the esotericism of his music? Rip up the past! Down with the bourgeosie! Should we even be listening to classical music?

I am, of course, describing a historical position, subject to challenge and complication in recent years, as musicologists and historians review and investigate the role of culture in the Cold War. As Anne Shreffler points out in her comparison of music historians Carl Dahlhaus and Richard Taruskin and their very different accounts of this period:

> Whereas Western propaganda used to rage at the dangers of the Socialist Realist straitjacket for composers such as Shostakovich, now musicologists hint in conspiratorial tones about CIA plots that propagated serial music as an emblem of Western values around the world (Shreffler 2013, p. 15).

Meanwhile, in the UK, attitudes to avant-garde and contemporary music were mixed. While 'difficult' music attracted dismissive criticism in some media, and London teaching institutions were conservative in outlook there were a number of organisations pursuing a

[54] Amy Beal (2000, 2003) and David Monod (2006) give detailed accounts of the post-war cultural activities in West Germany.

[55] Christopher Fox has carried out extensive historical studies in the archives of the Darmstadt Ferienkurse, collated in a special issue of *Contemporary Music Review* (Fox 2007b) (see also Osmond-Smith & Attinello 2007)). Richard Taruskin responds in the following issue (Taruskin 2009) and in his *Oxford History of Western Music* (2013), while Martin Iddon writes specifically on Darmstadt in the 1950s and 60s in the aforementioned *CMR* special issue (Fox 2007b).

more progressive approach to music. Morley College, for example, the Institute of Contemporary Art, and the International Musicians Association.

A musical underground

In 1949 William Glock was offered the opportunity to edit a music journal, the *Score*. This publication gave him a reason and an authority to contact leading composers, performers and musicologists across Europe and the US, in search of content and subscriptions. His letters, now archived at the British Library, encompass correspondence with over 350 individuals. While many of these postdate his appointment as Director of Music at the BBC, in 1950 he is already corresponding with composers such as Igor Stravinsky, Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, Virgil Thomson, Edgard Varèse and Roger Sessions.

Glock's influence as editor of the *Score* during the 1950s led to his occupying key positions in contemporary music circles: from 1954 he was chairman of the music committee of the Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA), and delegate to the International Society for Contemporary Music (ISCM). He attended Nicolas Nabokov's influential 'Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century' Festival in Paris in 1952,[56] and the follow-up, 'Music in Our Time', in Rome in 1953, both magnets for forward-looking composers and critics.

He also became something of an impresario, albeit on a small scale, when he took on the management of the International Music Association, a modest club in London, encompassing a restaurant, lounge and reception rooms. In Glock's hands, these became rehearsal spaces for visiting artists and an intimate concert venue for adventurous programs of new music.

Glock's campaign resulted in one of the most significant features of every Summer School at Dartington: the composition class. It was, as Glock says in his autobiography, 'a small corner of the Summer School that I always looked upon as being more important than any other' (1991, p. 61).

Contemporary reports suggest that major music conservatoires in London offered tuition from tenured professors, almost exclusively British, and writing in a neotonal or traditional

[56] The subject of Mark Carroll's *Music and Ideology in Cold War Europe* (2003)

style (Amis ; Bennett 2011; Davies 1956; Harris & Meredith 2011; Kassler & Lutyens 1974). The Summer School, by comparison, invited influential composers from Europe and America, including some of the young firebrands at the forefront of the experimental and avant-garde.

> [The] list of those who took composition classes during my last twenty years or so at Dartington…includes Luciano Berio, Bruno Maderna, Luigi Nono, Witold Lutoslawski, Stefan Wolpe, Elliott Carter, Aaron Copland, Elisabeth Lutyens, Roberto Gerhard, Boris Blacher, Harrison Birtwistle and Maxwell Davies. I suppose only Olivier Messiaen and Pierre Boulez were lacking to make it an incomparable galaxy of teachers. Indeed, Boulez had agreed to come in 1957 but withdrew because he had fallen behind with the composition of his Third Piano Sonata (1991, p. 62).

Through this impressive line-up of influential teachers, the Summer School attracted a generation of students who went on to become significant composers themselves. This has led to the Summer School being widely cited as a significant hotspot for avant-garde composition (Ross 2008; Rupprecht 2015). It has also seen Glock cast as 'a revolutionary who would neglect tradition on behalf of the wild men of the Continental avant-garde' (Rupprecht 2015, p. 96). But, like the ubiquitous generalisations about atonalism and ideology, there is more to Glock's carefully constructed program than meets the eye. Was the 'mind-blowing' and 'unique' (Bradshaw 1988) nature of the Summer School a result off its assuming the role of an 'English Darmstadt' (Addison 2016), pushing the cutting edge of music to a country isolated and hungry for new ideas? Or was its impact due to a more pragmatic, less dualist approach?

Participants at the Summer School at Dartington were keenly aware of the discourse around music and modernism. It was hard to avoid. Hearing the music of Stravinsky, Schoenberg and Bartok was a key part of music director William Glock's manifesto: a favourite tactic of his was to include a performance of a 'difficult' work before *and* after interval, making it hard for neophobes to avoid it. Furthermore, his recruitment of disruptive intellectuals such as Hans Keller, Stefan Wolpe and Luigi Nono made sure the questions kept being asked, the challenges kept coming.

That the younger generation of musicians seeking inspiration at the Summer School were also aware of the contentious nature of new music is evident from published essays, interviews and autobiographies, and from the fact that a significant cohort attended both

Dartington and Darmstadt. At Dartington, however, this urge to set up dualisms – between the political and the aesthetic, left and right, between radical and traditional – this intransigent approach to modernism, was forced to rub along with a more pragmatic world view.

The retreat-like setting and experimental ethos of the Elmhirsts' Dartington no doubt contributed to the Summer School's pragmatic approach to music, but it was also heavily influenced by William Glock's tight-lipped but catholic approach in terms of the cultural menu he served up. Was Glock being naive in his refusal to take sides? Or disingenuous? Eschewing politics is, of course, in itself a political position. And he was not without strong opinions, as demonstrated by the abrupt end to his career in music criticism for the *Guardian.* But in spite of being a music critic for much of the 1930s and 1940s, by the 1950s he was taking a position not so much informed by ideology but intellectual passion. '[I was] instilled with the conviction that more was to be gained from works that were challenging and formidable than from those that yielded their secrets after a performance or two' (Glock 1991, p. 59).

It was this conviction rather than any ideological stance, I argue, which drove what he describes as a 'campaign of insurrection' (p.87) to open out the British music scene to international voices and avant-garde ideas.

A new repertoire

An analysis of the professional performances given over the course of the decade provides some counter-intuitive statistics. A quantitive survey of the repertoire presented over the Summer School's first 10 years reveals just 25 world premieres were given — 3% of the music in total. It is not particularly signficant, especially in comparison to more specialised events such as the Ferienkurse at Darmstadt. Even a non-specialist season, such as the London Promenade Concerts, consistently fielded 'novelties' (Doctor 2009, p. 90) as an intrinsic part of its overall offering.

Twentieth-century composers Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Hindemith and Bartok were central to the Summer School repertoire from the start. This reflected a foundational viewpoint

articulated in Glock's earliest workings on the venture. His first foray into programming, the 1948 Bryanston Summer School, stated a clear agenda to bring his audience up-to-date with contemporary trends:

> It is evident that concert-goers are taking an increasing interest in English music of all periods and in contemporary music. During the four weeks of the Summer School, therefore, two series of talks and performances will be arranged under general titles of 'English music from the sixteenth century to the present day' and 'An introduction to the four major influences in contemporary music'. The latter series will serve as an introduction to Stravinsky, Schoenberg and school, Hindemith and Bartok, one week being devoted to each of the four. (Typewritten proposal by Glock, 1948, Summer School Archive)

Things had moved on by the time the Summer School was established at Dartington, but these four composers still represented cornerstones for an understanding of the music of the twentieth century, as confirmed by their high place on the list of composers ranked by frequency (Table 2, p. 182). Other composers, including Britten, Debussy, Webern and Ravel, joined them as a twentieth-century canon developed but, as observed in chapter four, further down the list the repertoire was more diverse in terms of chronology and style: Mendelssohn and Scarlatti from either end of the classical era; Monteverdi, Byrd and Schutz from pre-classical and baroque eras; plus three arch-modernists, Boulez, Bennett and Berg.

By 1959, the program included music written as long ago as 1400 and as recently as 1959.

Table 4 (below) shows the diversity of the range of styles of twentieth-century music performed. As Henry Martin (2000) discusses in his paper 'Seven Steps to Heaven: a species approach to twentieth-century analysis and composition', styles of music are not easily ring-fenced, but exist on a spectrum. However, the purposes of comparison, I have made three divisions on the spectrum, categorising each composer as either avant-garde (ie following the school of Schoenberg, taking a rigorously serial approach), neotonal i.e. following the lead, if not the school, of Stravinsky in experimenting with different tonalities but not abandoning tonality altogether – I include Britten, Janacek, Copland, Bartok and Hindemith in this group -- and tonal (i.e. remaining broadly within the tonal landscape, including Rachmaninoff, Mahler, Gershwin, Rodrigo etc).

Avant-garde/atonal		Neotonal		Tonal	
Schoenberg	310	Stravinsky	685	Faure	80
Webern	150	Bartok	565	de Falla	60
Berg	140	Debussy	435	Satie	60
Messiaen	100	Britten	330	Kodaly	30
Carter	80	Ravel	225	Lambert	30
Boulez	70	Hindemith	165	Milhaud	30
Goehr	65	Janacek	150	Villa-Lobos	30
Tippett	60	Copland	90	Albeniz	20
Hamilton	55	Arnold	60	Holst	20
Fricker	50	Poulenc	60	Mahler	20
Lutyens	50	Shostakovich	60	Rachmaninoff	15
Skalkottas	50	Hopkins	50	Turina	15
Wolpe	50	Martin	50	Cooke	10
Bennett	45	Tortelier	35	Francaix	10
Hall	45	Vaughan Williams	30	Mortet	10
Maxwell Davies	45	Badings	20	Rodrigo	10
Milner	45	Barber	20	Wilkinson	10
Henze	35	Honegger	20	Gershwin	5
Naylor	35	Krenek	20	Mompou	5
Dallapiccola	30	Malipiero	20		
Gerhard	30	Manasce	20		
Maderna	30	Menotti	20		
Nono	30	Prokofiev	20		
Birtwistle	25	Klebe	15		
Burt	25	Pinkham	15		
Musgrave	20	Berger	10		
Rainier	20	Berkeley	10		
Schuman	20	Fine	10		
Seiber	20	Frumerie	10		
Sessions	20	Ginastera	10		
Wood	20	Guastavino	10		
Bradshaw	15	Jones	10		
Cardew	15	Lee	10		
Babbitt	10	Leguerney	10		
Berio	10	Lipkin	10		
Brindle	10	Nilsson	10		
Busoni	10	Shapero	10		
Leigh	10	Talma	10		
Maw	10	Walton	10		
Mellers	10	Williamson	10		
Stockhausen	10	Ives	5		
Varese	10	Ponce	5		
		Szymanowski	5		
		Weichowicz	5		

Table 4: Twentieth Century composers by frequency and style

The duration of the work is estimated from available information and the assumption that most concerts include 60 minutes worth of music. Durations are rounded to 5 minute blocks. This information is derived from statistical analysis of programs by content.

According to my categorisation, avant-garde music forms 33% of all twentieth-century music, versus neotonal (58%) and traditionally tonal works (8%). So avant-garde and neotonal music is favoured over tonal, but avant-garde music is not the dominant style.

This data confirms the impression of 'A Correspondent', who writes in the *Times* in August 1959:

> Modern music has a prominent place at this summer school; actually, it is no more prominent than Haydn or Chopin or Dufay or Byrd, but it seems so by comparison with usual musical experience which starts at Bach and ends at Richard Strauss...('Holiday for the Enthusiastic Music Maker')

Comparisons

The Summer School is notably diverse in its range of repertoire 'by comparison with usual musical experience', but what is the *Times* critic's frame of reference? What is usual? A broad survey of concerts given in Britain and Europe in this period is beyond the scope of side-by-side with the Summer School is revealing. I have already referred to the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts (the Proms) and the Darmstadt Ferienkurse (Darmstadt). Table 5 and Diagram 4 (below) represent analyses of the repertoire for the 1959 festivals.

The 1959 Proms began at the Royal Albert Hall in London on 25 July. The first notes were, of course, the National Anthem, played by the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Over the next six weeks, 5000 people flocked to the Royal Albert Hall each night for music from Tchaikovsky, Sibelius and Brahms. The festival culminated, by tradition, in the infamous 'Last Night of the Proms', an evening of old favourites and audience participation. However, the jingoistic, populist nature of the final night program was not reflective of the broader programming. The Proms in 1959 featured mainly orchestral music by a broad range of composers, mostly from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including a number of commissions and an extended review of the music of England's most distinguished composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams, who had died the previous year

Table 5: Composers listed by frequency, festival comparison. Harriet Cunningham 2019. Source: Archives of the Proms, Ferienkurse, Summer School

PROMS '59			DARMSTADT '59			DARTINGTON '59		
Grand Total	**176**		**Grand Total**	**66**		**Grand Total**	**117**	
Tchaikovsky	10	6%	Boulez	4	6%	Mozart	10	9%
Beethoven	9	5%	Stockhausen	4	6%	Beethoven	8	7%
Vaughan Williams	9	5%	Kagel	3	5%	Bach	8	7%
Mozart	7	4%	Schoenberg	3	5%	Haydn	6	5%
Strauss	6	3%	Varese	3	5%	Bartok	5	4%
Brahms	5	3%	Berio	2	3%	Mendelssohn	5	4%
Elgar	5	3%	Cage	2	3%	Handel	3	3%
Stravinsky	5	3%	Cardew	2	3%	Britten	3	3%
Wagner	5	3%	Henze	2	3%	Chopin	3	3%
Berlioz	4	2%	Kotonski	2	3%	Janacek	3	3%
Dvorak	4	2%	Maderna	2	3%	Schubert	2	2%
Handel	4	2%	Messiaen	2	3%	Stravinsky	2	2%
Rossini	4	2%	Webern	2	3%	Debussy	2	2%
Sibelius	4	2%	Ballif	1	2%	Schoenberg	2	2%
Debussy	3	2%	Berg	1	2%	Anon	2	2%
Grieg	3	2%	Blomdahl	1	2%	Schumann	2	2%
Haydn	3	2%	Brown	1	2%	Boulez	2	2%

Meanwhile, in Germany, composers, performers and students of composition gathered in the German town of Darmstadt for an intensive ten days of listening, performing and discussing the bleeding edge of the new. In 1959, the Darmstadt participants surveyed the new music scene in Poland, Korea and Japan (using recordings rather than live performances). Luigi Nono and Karlheinz Stockhausen led the composition course, and new works by Boulez, Nono, Berio and Stockhausen were the order of the day. The majority of works were composed in the 1950s. *Pierrot Lunaire,* composed in 1912, was virtually early music.

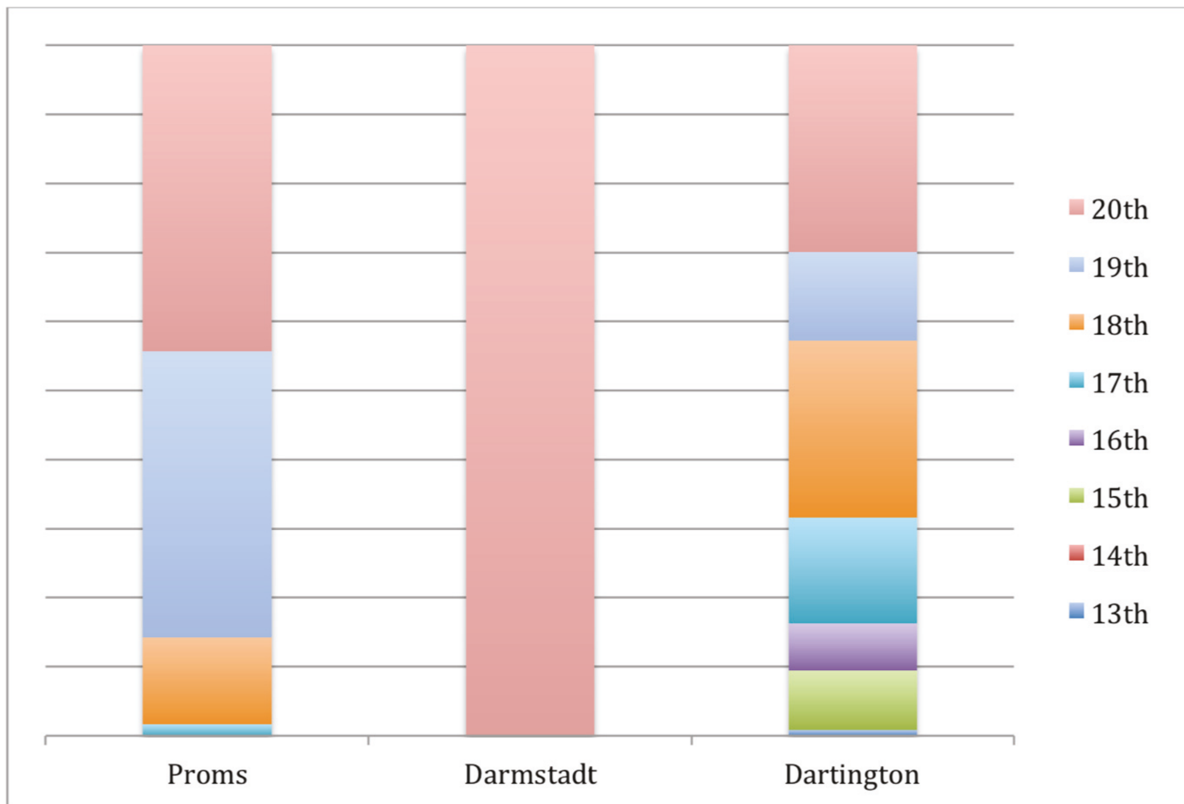

Diagram 4: Repertoire by century of composition, festival comparison. Harriet Cunningham 2019. Sources: festival archives (see bibliography)

The most striking contrast between the three festivals is the range covered: Darmstadt focusses on 1900-1958, the Proms is dominated by nineteenth and twentieth century music, while Dartington presents music from eight centuries. This breadth of repertoire is something that Glock frequently returns to as the key to creating an impact through programming, not just on the macro level, across an entire festival, but also on the micro level, within a single concert. Glock's handwritten notes (made in preparation for writing his autobiography and preserved in the Summer School Archive) reveal a penchant for deliberately mixing things up.

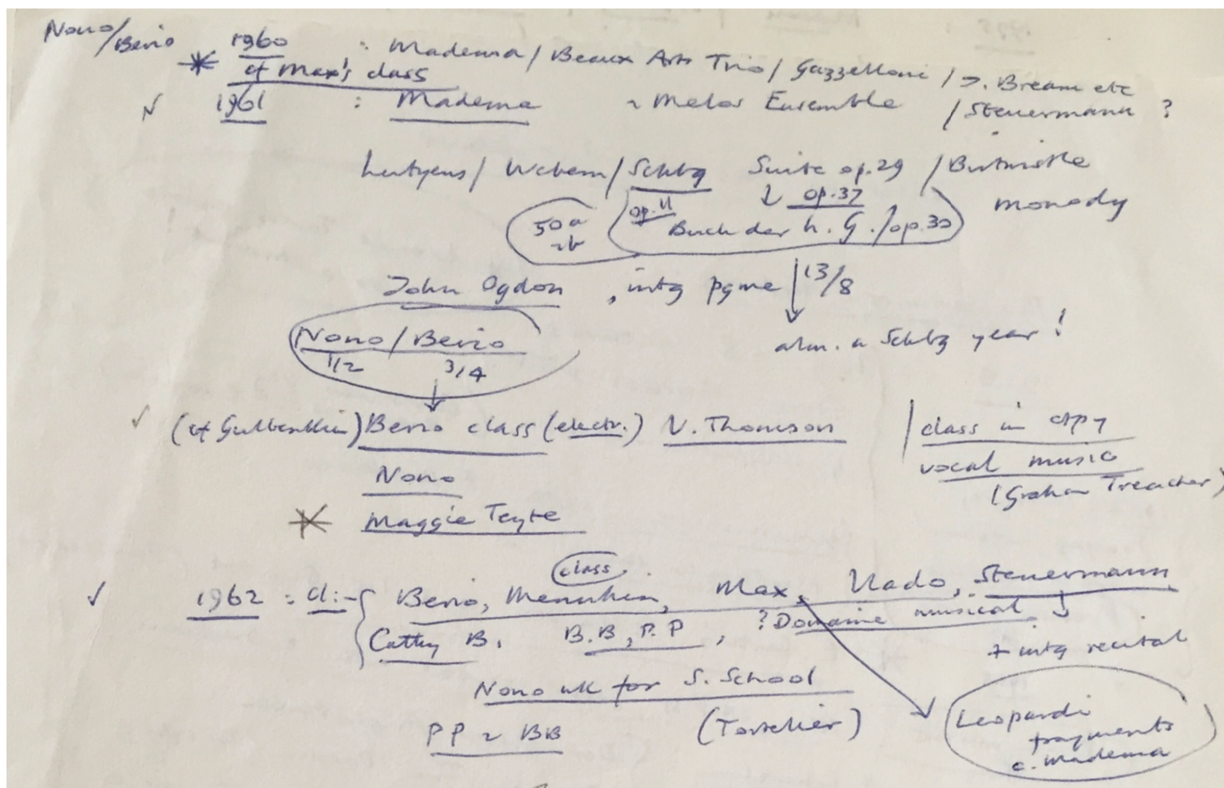

Fig. 34: William Glock's notes for his autobiography, Summer School Archive

Among the notes shown above, for example, 'John Ogden, intg pgme 13/8' refers to a concert from pianist John Ogden which begins with Bach, then includes ultra-new works by Harrison Birtwistle and Bo Nilsson, before finishing with Beethoven. And there's another comment – '+ intg recital' — for a concert where pianist Ernst Steuermann plays Mozart, Schumann, Schoenberg and Beethoven.

Glock articulates his approach in his 1963 lecture, 'The BBC's Music Policy', reproduced in full in Glock's 1991 biography, *Notes in Advance*, pp 200-213. It is a spirited defense against accusations of bias during the first three years of his tenure as controller of music for the BBC. In it, he outlines three principles: mixed programming, 'creative unbalance', and the need to challenge listeners. By 1959, the Summer School embodies these principles: indeed, I argue that the first decade of the Summer School is the proving ground for Glock's role from 1960 on as 'the greatest musical impresario in the world'.[57]

[57] As the *Times* diarist puts it in the entry for Feb 2, 1971 (cited in Rupprecht 2015, p.99)

Mixed programming is, at one level, a principle both disarmingly simple and not particularly new. The BBC's first controller, John Reith, established the policy as fundamental to the ethos of the BBC from its earliest years. In addition to his familiar summary of the new broadcasting service's mission to 'inform, educate and entertain' he also championed a policy of mixed programming, whereby listeners were served up a variety of programs — news, drama, sport, religion, music etc — on the one channel. While this was partly a function of limited options in the earliest days of broadcasting, it had far-reaching implications: firstly, it brought a wide range of interests together in one place, so that listeners tuning in for the news would also hear music, or drama, or sports which previously were only accessed by niche audiences. And, conversely, it put a general audience in contact with niche subjects. This 'fundamentally democratic thrust of broadcasting' (Scannell 1990, p. 13) provided the groundwork for Glock's own approach to programming.

Creative unbalance

Glock's second principle reveals an agenda which combines the personal with the political:

> If you are to maintain an interesting repertory, a repertory that will be relevant and stimulating, then you should not only broadcast every imaginable kind of good music but also try to sense the things that at any given moment need perhaps a little more than their natural share of programme time…Such things are difficult to define and difficult to grasp in practice. But one thing seems certain. Nothing truly alive and worth while could ever be achieved by working to a system of quotas. And who, after all, is to decide what these should be? The right principle seems to be that of a creative unbalance, as I have just tried to describe: and behind this, again and always, the exercise of every ounce of judgement that one may possess. (1991, p. 204)

I quote Glock here at length to show how vehement he is, insisting on how he uses 'every ounce of judgement' and how much a sense of mission he has in his role as a national purveyor of the 'truly alive and worth while'. That, and his emphasis on *creative unbalance*, characterising the process of programming as an art. As he says in Barry Gavin's 1988 documentary, 'Program making is a kind of higher criticism. You have to stand by it, be judged by it, and still more than that, the choice of what works go with what. I have sheets of worn Proms planning paper which are worn through with attempts to find a program here and there' (Gavin 1988, 0:33).

The third principle, build on his agenda for creative unbalance, requires that audiences should be challenged, taken beyond their comfort zone. In his lecture on BBC music policy he invokes the memory of Henry Wood, founder of the Proms, who included Schoenberg's Five Orchestral Pieces within three years of their composition.

> In trying to follow his example, we were determined in 1960 [the year in which Glock took responsibility for programming the Proms] to venture a few yards further out to sea where contemporary music was concerned (1991, p. 207).

Elsewhere in his autobiography, Glock goes on to make the link between his approach at the BBC and his early experiments at Dartington explicit.

> At the Dartington Summer School I had tried out a few programmes in which works of very different periods were placed side by side, in the hope that they would combine with each other in an illuminating way. Sometimes, the idea had come off well, sometimes not. But the principle attracted me strongly, and shortly after joining the BBC I suggested a similar series of chamber concerts in the Third Programme. The idea was agreed, and a generous allowance given to each programme, so that very often it was possible to include different instrumental forces on the same evening, or a contrast between instrumental and vocal. This gave the concerts a quite dramatic profile, and became one of their main attractions. But the fundamental character of these Thursday Invitation Concerts, as they were called, lay in a repertoire that extended from the fourteenth century to the twentieth, in giving an equal importance to contemporary works and to those of the past, and, as at Dartington, in trying to combine them with advantage to both. (1991, p.111)

*

My close study of the Summer School of Music's unique performing and teaching program from 1953-1962 reveals an approach which, I argue, is significant in a number of aspects. First, the breadth of repertoire and, in particular, the juxtapositions of repertoire encourages – compels? – participants to venture out of their comfort zones. Second, the participatory nature of the combined festival and school, involves everyone in 'the work of music', be it listening, playing, composing or just talking about it over a drink. And, third, the variety of activities encourages participation at different skill levels, from novice to expert, audience member to performer, resulting in a disconcerting but generative instability of roles. I believe each of these three factors, on their own, can contribute to breaking down the assumptions, the *doxa,* which can hinder creativity and modernist thinking. The three of them combined, along with the Summer School's location in time and place, generated an unusually potent environment for creativity and new thinking.

Once again, it is a demonstration of Susan Stanford Friedman's conditions for modernity, where putting the jagged discords of the avant-garde next to the alien sounds of early polyphony and the comforting classicism of the First Viennese School invites an uniquely catholic approach to listening, one where preconceptions are put aside, where a Beethoven quartet can be just as revelatory as Boulez. And where moving between the roles of audience and performer, expert and beginner, chair mover and Schubert acolyte, creates an unstable but exciting environment where norms are questioned, the past becomes present and the unimaginable transforms into the potential.

We three

10pm, August 7, 1959

In a smoky corner of a bar sat three people.[58]

Cornelius Cardew[59] spread out across the wall, his long arms and oversized jacket taking up luxurious amounts of space, with the sense of entitlement of someone who feel he has well and truly earned his place. The 23-year old musician was a star graduate of the Royal A of Music and personal assistant to one of Europe's most notorious avant-gardists, Karlheinz Stockhausen. Why, he had virtually written half of the man's new commission! And last night he had been on stage, playing the guitar in the Boulez premiere. Yes. He deserved to sit here, at the International Summer School of Music, drawing on his cigarette with the faintest hint of contempt.

Opposite Cardew sat Susan Bradshaw, on a stool, drinking with determination. Pianist, writer, composer and fellow graduate of the Royal Academy, she had been in the audience last night. Not on the stage. That rankled a bit. But as an outside observer of last night's triumph, she was claiming the authority to give her considered opinion on her colleagues' performance. Perhaps one more drink first, though.

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[58] In 1954 three students from the Royal Academy of Music, Richard Rodney Bennett Cornelius Cardew and Susan Bradshaw, came to the Summer School together for the first time. By 1959, when this story is set, Bennett, Cardew and Bradshaw have all graduated from the Academy and are out in the world, trying to make their way forwards as dedicated music radicals. Bennett has been studying in Paris with Pierre Boulez; Cardew has been assisting Karlheinz Stockhausen; and Bradshaw has joined Bennett in Paris. Meanwhile, Bennett has also begun making good money as a composer of film scores, Cardew is studying Mao Zedong, and Bradshaw is suffering a crisis of confidence.

The story explores the relationship between the three characters, their different ways of understanding the tangled philosophy of avant-garde music at the time, and the cracks that were opening up between them at this, their last summer school together. It is drawn from a variety of sources including interviews, letters, diary entries, biographies, newspaper features and journal articles. All the names mentioned are real people, but the story is, ultimately, fictional.

[59] Cardew writes an account of working with Stockhausen in *Tempo* in 1961 and publishes a polemic, *Stockhausen serves imperialism*, in 1974.

Meanwhile the third in this little trio of musical boffins, the louche and lanky Richard Rodney Bennett, rifled through a pile of manuscript, trying to get the pages in order. Also 23, his musical apprenticeship had taken him from the Royal Academy of Music to Paris, and to study with none other than the charismatic arch modernist Pierre Boulez himself. But sitting here, trying to proofread his latest creation, the world of serialism and atonality seemed like a long time ago. He scowled as a draught from the open window blew ash from Cornelius's cigarette across his workspace.

'For pity's sake, Cor. The studio needs the parts by next Tuesday.'

'Sorry.'

Susan breathed out, an elegant trace, multiple shades of grey, curling up towards the ceiling.

'Come on, Richard,' she said. 'Put it away. Put down your pencil. Put it out of your mind, for one millisecond. Please.'

'Yes, take a break, for God's sake.' Cor leant forward and tapped the end of his cigarette, with pointed exactitude, in the ashtray. 'You're making us feel irrelevant. What masterpiece of mass consumption are you scribbling away at anyway?'

Richard looked up and frowned.

'If you must know, it's called *The Man Who Cheats Death,'* he said. 'It's schlock-horror nonsense, and by my reckoning it will have one showing and sink without trace. But not before the studio has paid me for the film score.'

He grabbed the papers and began shoving them back into his satchel with clownish enthusiasm.

'But if Britain's cutting edge of new music needs me, I'm here.'

A smile spread across Cornelius's face.

‘I’m not sure we *need* you. But since you’re the only one earning here, you might get us another drink.’

‘Gin, please,’ said Susan.

Richard did not take the bait.

‘I don’t feel like another drink. We’ve been sitting here all evening. I need to move.’

He looked around the bar. It was empty of its usual crowd of ageing choristers and enthusiastic chamber musicians, who had all departed to the local church in Totnes for the night to sing a new work by Benjamin Britten. The avant-gardians had the place to themselves.

‘What mischief can we three do?’ Richard was smiling that old, irresistible smile.

Susan and Cor exchanged a look. Better. Promising.

‘I know,’ said Cor. ‘Let’s go and hunt for ghosts.’

‘What, like the dying spirit of modernism?’ said Susan.

‘Now now.’ Richard wagged his finger with a schoolmaster’s gravity.

‘I’ve always wanted get up onto the ramparts’, said Cor. ‘We could start there. If we can get up the tower.’

‘Yes!’ Susan’s face lit up. ‘There’s no-one here. We can sneak up the spiral staircase.’

Richard grinned.

‘Ghosts and towers. Yes. Let’s go.’ He picked up his glass and tipped the remaining beer into his mouth.

The three of them filed out of the cramped little bar into the dining hall and picked their way through the tables, then through the arch to the screens passage. It was only as they

stood at the door to the spiral staircase that they began to realise how drunk they were. Richard tripped on the uneven flagstones, lurching into the wall.

‘Damn. That was my toe.’

‘Shush, someone will hear us.’

‘They’re all in Totnes.’

‘Listening to *lovely* music.’

‘Really, Cor. No need to be rude.’

There was a thick rope pinned at intervals to the outside wall of the spiral staircase, acting as a handrail. The edges of the great stone segments, piled upon each other to form a stairway, were worn by centuries of foot traffic.

‘Are we allowed up here?’ Richard asked.

‘Of course we’re not,’ said Susan. ‘What would be the fun in that?’

‘Right. Just checking.’

She led the way, past the lower solar, past the upper solar, up, up, until she reached a small door, barely five feet high. She turned to look down at her colleagues on the steps below, panting slightly with the effort.

‘Moment of truth.’

She turned the big cast iron handle and leant her whole weight against the door. A rasp, a creak, then the door yielded.

*

10.45pm, the day before

Susan sat in one of the window seats of the Great Hall, score on lap, as people fussed around, moving chairs and stands and instruments and music. It was a complicated set up for *Marteau*: xylorimba, vibraphone, piano, music stands, chairs and piano stools. Richard appeared for a moment to check his array of percussion instruments. Susan tried to catch his eye, to offer a hand or just an encouraging smile, but he did not look up. She sighed. Susan was not used to being useless. She didn't like it. But the stage crew had it under control, the ensemble were backstage, and the audience were outside, chatting, drinking, waiting. Nothing to add.

Susan cracked open the window at her back and peered out. She could hear an excited chatter as the audience gathered for this big event. She could see the dull loom of the green room windows, where her friends would be warming up. It stung. Try as she might to clear her mind and to concentrate on something else, she kept coming back to the same stale refrain. Her best friends, Richard and Cor, were about to perform in an historic premiere, and she was on the sidelines. Why wasn't she on stage too? Surely she could have played? Or assisted John?

Actually, she knew why. It was Richard. It was Paris. It was her. Why had she fallen for him, for her best friend, her best *queer* friend? Why had she been so stupid? How could she – someone who spent so much time with him – not have known, not have worked out what everyone else seemed to know. That he just wasn't interested?

She looked down and saw her knuckles white from gripping the manuscript, as if holding on tight would stop an overwhelming embarrassment from seeping out. The name on the front of the score, 'Pierre BOULEZ', mocked her with unwanted memories.

Buck up, Susan, for goodness sake, she said to herself. Don't throw away this moment. Don't spend the rest of the night dodging regrets. Sit up. Open the score. Listen.

'There you are.' It was Thea, a fellow tutor, climbing up the risers. The doors must have opened, thought Susan. Here we go.

‘Can I sit next to you?’

‘Yes, of course.’ Susan shifted into the corner.

‘I thought you’d be backstage, with the others.’

‘No. They don’t need a hanger on. I was just having a little moment of quiet before the storm.’

Thea smiled. ‘Is that what we’re expecting?’

‘What? A storm? No. I don’t think so. What I’ve heard so far has all been rather beautiful. Strange, but beautiful.’

The two of them looked out across the rows of seats beginning to fill up as the audience filed in. It was late: the sun had, at last, gone down. The windows were a latticework of dark blue. The sandstone walls of the Hall glowed. The late hour and the special occasion had weeded out some – but by no means all – of the older attendees, leaving a noticeably young crowd, buzzing with anticipation. Susan returned a wave from some of her piano students. One of them was holding a glass of beer.

‘Can I take a look?’ said Thea, meaning the score, which still lay unopened on Susan’s lap.

‘Of course. Here.’

She passed over the weighty volume. Thea turned the pages slowly, reverently.

‘Did you get to talk about it with Monsieur Boulez? Any insights from the man himself?’

Susan shook her head.

‘No. Not really. We talked, but not about *Marteau.’*

‘What, then?’

‘Oh, y’know... Art. People. Politics... Oh, look. Here we go.’

The heavy oak door at the side of the stage swung wide, admitting the seven performers who took their places in amongst the low scrub of music stands, stools and instruments. Bringing up the rear was the conductor, John Carewe. A clatter of early applause grew into an encouraging burr as the performers stood to acknowledge their audience.

'Morituri te salutant' whispered Susan as the hall fell silent.

*

10am, the next morning

Susan McGraw
Oak Villas
London N 6

Dear Sue,

Well. It's done. *Le marteau sans maitre*, safely despatched. Congratulations all round, and the ensemble went off to get spectacularly drunk, as you can imagine. I was invited, but I felt a bit self conscious – there were plenty of hangers on. And I wanted to put my thoughts about the music down as soon as I could, without wine and gossip to fuddle my brain.

Marteau is, in a word, bedazzling. I bet that's the last thing you'd expect from Monsieur Boulez, after picking our way through *Structures*. But there it is. Bedazzling but, I confess, fairly opaque. Not unlike the poetry of Rene Char, so maybe that's the point, but I can't help feeling like he is, in some way, playing with us all. Who is this for? What is it for? Is there meaning within? Should I be able to hear it? Ultimately, it comes back to that old chestnut, what is music?

I'm sorry not to have any firm answers. What I will say is that it is disarmingly beautiful. The range of timbres is amazing: things that ping, tap, click, twang, plus the human voice, in all its various forms. It's fascinating how he layers the different voices - sometimes it seems as if they are imitating each other, bouncing off tiny gestures, transforming as they cross.

Then there's the abiding sense that he is deliberately avoiding anything that could be construed as harmony, in the traditional sense. Or structure, for that matter. The arrangement of the movements is all upside-down and through the looking glass – variations before theme, development before exposition. And on a bar by bar level it sounds utterly disorganised, except that it's constructed down to the minutest detail: two

players seem to be improvising, and yet their lines meet, run together, chase each other, in a way which is far from random.

M. Boulez says 'Schoenberg est mort!', as if that's all we need to wipe the slate clean and start again. But if this is stick of dynamite to the Great Canon of Western Music, I'm afraid it's a failure: bits of tradition turn up, a little cracked and damaged, but still there. So much for the blank page. Schoenberg is mort but there are so many other dead composers to deal with! I hear Debussy in the delicate gestures of 'Bel Edifice...', and Rameau in the motor rhythm of Commentaire I De 'Bourreaux De Solitude'. And then there are all the live composers too, and I'm not just talking about Darmstadt. That dry sound that Cor drew from the guitar is just how I imagine a Japanese koto.

I've been scanning my memory of what I hear as I read Boulez's own commentary[60]. I'm not sure it helps, if understanding is what you're after. If anything, it is more evidence of a deliberate – mischievous? – obfuscation. He says he is 'breaking away from the one way form' and yet the last movement offers 'the solution, the key to the labyrinth'. If so, why is the key last? Why not first? Why not somewhere in the middle?

The whole concert left me feeling quite discombobulated. Some of the sounds were beguiling, and the musicians certainly put on a spectacular performance. Cor was bent over his guitar like a little black beetle, while John twitched and flapped with military control. And I could almost see the sweat on Richard's forehead as he laboured over the tricky tambourine! And yet, I couldn't help feeling frustrated. Me, a musician by trade, a champion of the avant-garde, and yet I felt completely in the dark, stupid, thrown into a sensory jangle while my brain searched for some kind of pattern, some kind of meaning to emerge. Is this the future? Is this the void?

I bumped into Hans and Milein as I was walking back from the Green Room and he asked me what I thought. I'm afraid I was a tiny bit naughty. I said I was going to perform my new work tomorrow night, scored for cello, washing line and assorted crockery. They both looked politely interested, then I said, 'and I'm just off to write it now!' At that, Hans tried to keep a straight face, but Milein caught my eye and we both burst out laughing. It's naughty, but I'm sure I'm not the first person to have had such sacrilegious thoughts.

Don't tell the others. They won't understand. Or perhaps they do understand, but don't want to. I don't know. I'll see you soon.

Love

Susan

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[60] A facsimile edition of *Marteau* includes Boulez's original note. See O'Hagan 'From Sketch to Score: A Facsimile Edition of Boulez's 'Le Marteau sans maitre' (2007).

*

11pm, August 7, 1959

Three dark figures sitting in a corner of the square turret, under the night sky.

'Cigarette?' said one.

'Thanks.'

The scratch of match on strike paper and a sudden, tiny blaze of light.

'Here.' Richard leant in close to Susan's head, his hand cupped to shield the flame from the light breeze. She drew and the end of the cigarette glowed red.

'Cor?'

'Thanks.' The match was out. He accepted Richard's lit cigarette and used it to light his own. Then they sat in silence, listening to the stars.

'Another Summer School nearly over,' said Susan.

'Yes.'

'I can't believe I'm heading back to London tomorrow. I won't see you both till... Till Darmstadt, I guess.'

'Barely four weeks away,' said Richard.

'I know. It's just that... Well, Darmstadt's not quite like Dartington.'

'Not so many girls.' Cor, with a grin.

'Not so many boys,' said Richard.

‘Too many men.’

‘Not enough Bach.’

‘Too much Stockhausen.’

‘*Much* too much Stockhausen.’

Susan glanced at Richard to her right and Cor to her left and smiled conspiratorially.

‘I have an announcement.’

‘Oh no,’ said Richard. ‘Please don’t tell me you’re in love with...’

‘No. God, no!’

‘What then?’

Susan stood up, a little unsteadily, and leant on the ramparts, facing the two men.

‘I have decided I am giving up composition. I am done. No more. From henceforth, I shall dedicate myself to... to...’

She gesticulated grandly.

‘To ghost-hunting!’ said Richard.

‘To... me?’ said Cor.

‘No! Again no. You two are useless. I am dedicating myself to... Oh look, I don’t know. I thought writing about music. But maybe ghost-hunting is more fun.’

She collapsed down against the wall.

‘My turn now,’ said Richard, standing up portentously.

‘Oh God.’ Cor shook his head.

Richard paused for effect.

'Go on. What's your announcement?'

'I've just got a new commission.'

Susan and Cor exchanged wearied looks.

'No, seriously. It's a good one. And I need to pick your brains.'

Cor put his face in his hands. Susan gave him an exasperated smack.

'Sorry, Richard,' said Susan. 'We're excited. Really we are.'

Cor put his hands down and turned to face Richard.

'Come on. Spill. What is it?'

'A one-act opera. For the Wells.'

Susan jumped to her feet and flung her arms around Richard.

'That's wonderful. I'm so happy for you, I really am.'

They stood there for a moment, until Richard accepted Susan's embrace and returned it, warmly.

'I know I've been a pain,' she said into his shoulder. 'But I'm your biggest fan, I really am.'

'And I yours,' said Richard. 'I mean it.'

Cor was still sitting in the dark corner, chewing over the news.

'Sadler's Wells?' He dragged a last tarry puff from his cigarette then, squinting through the cloud of exhaled smoke, stubbed it on the wall. 'Nice work.'

Richard grabbed for both their hands. 'And you've got to help me. You've both got to help. I need ideas. Now.'

‘Oh no,’ said Cor. ‘I’m not falling for that one again. I’ve already spent the last year writing ‘ideas’ for Stockhausen, only to see them turn up in the score of *Carré*. If you’re looking for a real collaborator, that’s different. But thievery, no thanks.’

‘Cor.’ Richard sounded faintly hurt. ‘Would I?’

Cor grunted in reply.

‘Come on, Cor. Cheer up. It’s only a stupid opera. You probably think it’s irrelevant.’

‘*Bourgeois*,’ added Susan.

Cor got slowly to his feet. They were all standing now, Richard and Susan still holding hands. Their eyes now accustomed to the dark, they looked out over the estate, deciphering the shades of grey and darkest blue.

‘You really want an idea?’ said Cor. ‘I’ll give you an idea.’ He turned and scrambled up onto the ramparts. The walls of the tower, about a metre thick, were easily wide enough to stand on but, looking out onto the roof five metres below, he swayed.

‘No!’ said Richard, dropping Susan’s hand and lunging for his friend.

‘Leave me ALONE. Don’t touch me, Richard. I swear if you touch me...’

‘Cor, please.’ Susan’s voice, ragged. ‘You’re scaring us.’

‘For God’s sake, Cor,’ said Richard, icy. ‘Stop being an idiot.’

Cor looked over his shoulder at them. He was grinning.

‘It looks so inviting. The night sky. The starry night sky. I could so easily fly away.’

‘It’s not funny, Cor.’

‘But it would be such a glorious end. Such an *operatic* gesture. I can see the headlines now. ‘Avant-garde composer plunges to his death. The world still turns. Death by irrelevance.’

‘Jesus.’ Richard shook his head.

Cor stretched out his arms, Christ-like. He looked once again over his shoulder at his two horrified friends. He looked out across the courtyard. Then he fell, backwards. Knocking over Richard, and landing on Susan, who howled. A drunken trio of people, gasping, grasping at each other.

‘You bloody idiot.’

‘There,’ says Cor. ‘There’s your idea. There’s your horror movie. Composer on the edge.’

‘You bastard,’ said Richard. ‘You utter bastard.’

Epilogue

1959 was Richard, Susan and Cornelius’s last Summer School together. Richard and Susan remained in touch for the rest of their lives, often performing together. Richard continued his runaway success, writing film scores for Hollywood blockbusters and getting high-profile commissions. Susan led a busy life teaching, performing, writing about music and asking questions. As for Cornelius, he drifted away from the avant-garde crowd. In the 1960s he formed the Scratch Orchestra, a collaborative improvising group, which eventually collapsed into anarchy. Then in the 1970s he became involved in Maoist politics. He was killed in a hit and run incident in 1983. It was probably not a political assassination.

Richard’s one act opera, *The Ledge*, premiered to great acclaim at Sadler’s Wells Theatre, London, in 1961.

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Conclusion: creative unbalance

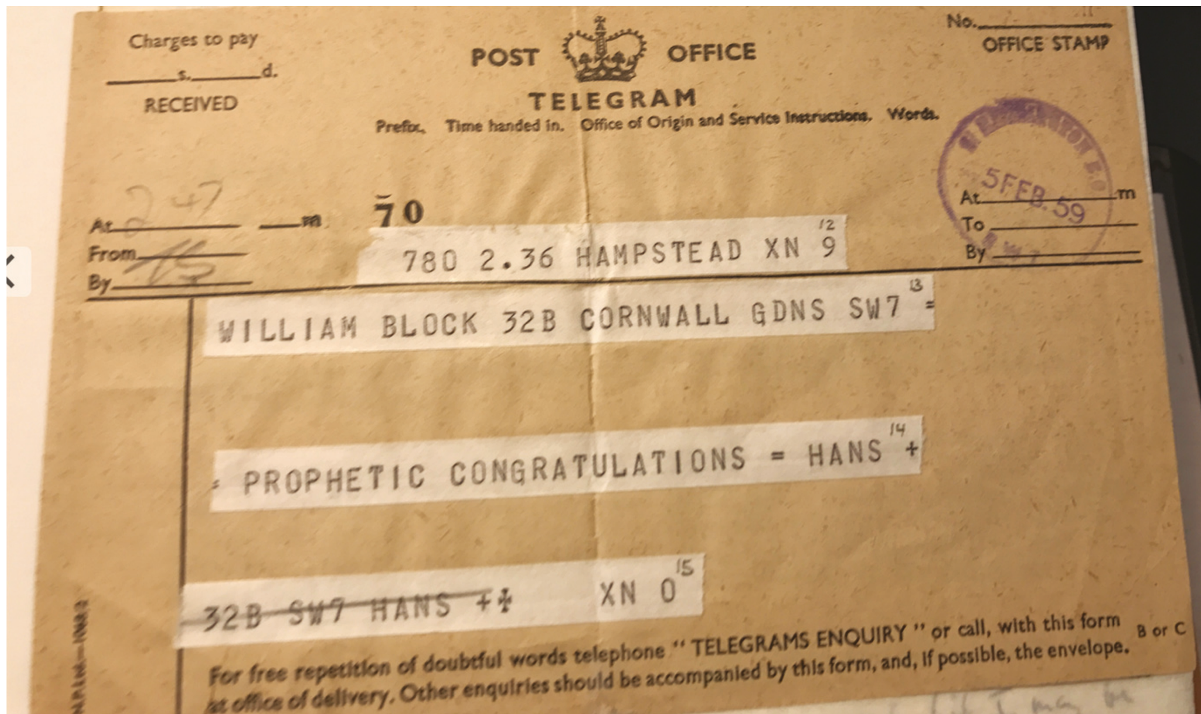

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Fig. 35: Telegram from Hans Keller to William Glock, 1959, British Library, MS Mus. 954. William Glock Collection. Vol. xii. Kallin–Myers; 1943-1987, ff. 7-21

A cryptic telegram from Hans Keller to William Glock. It is dated 5 February 1959, sent to Glock's home address. What does Keller mean?

The telegram was sent on the eve of a meeting of the board of governors of the BBC, where the board would decide whether or not to ratify the decision of Lindsay Wellington, the Director of Sound Broadcasting at the BBC, to appoint William Glock as Controller of Music. As Glock recalls, in his autobiography, this meeting was the culmination of a tense few weeks of negotiations: the position was not publicly advertised, and required the BBC's lengthy chain of command to consider the appointment at every level. Meanwhile, Glock was in the final stages of interviewing for the directorship of the Guildhall School of Music.

The decisive phone call came on 20 January, less than an hour before Glock's final interview at the Guildhall. Lindsay Wellington had spoken to the Vice-Chairman of the

Board and was ringing to convey the BBC's hope that Glock would drop the Guildhall candidature.

The BBC appointment was duly ratified on 5 February and made public on 13 February. It was the start of a 15-year reign during which Glock redesigned the Henry Wood Proms, transformed the BBC Symphony Orchestra into a world-class ensemble and, along the way, revolutionised classical music broadcasting.

*

Throughout this thesis I have described the Dartington International Summer School of Music as a phenomenon which has had a significant impact on British Musical Modernism and post-war music more broadly.

Looking at the social, cultural and political environment of the first ten years of Dartington Summer School and the choices that its artistic leader, William Glock, made in that setting, I make the case that the Summer School was a brave and enduring experiment in modernity, a creative hotspot that set subsequent generations of musicians on a new trajectory. In so doing, I find myself considering and complicating ideas of modernity and, by extension, identifying conditions which can engender creativity.

But while I have identified the factors contributing to this unique environment I have not offered empirical evidence for my initial claim – that of the impact of the Summer School on post-war music. As I bring this survey of the Summer School's early years to a conclusion, it is perhaps time to step out of the 1950s and take a longer view.

In other words, what happened next? Where did all these characters go from here? And did their trajectories bear out my so-far unsubstantiated claim for the significance of the Summer School? As I summarise my findings I also make a case for the impact of these characters on British and international music in the second half of the twentieth century.

First, of course, comes the artistic director, William Glock, a man the *Telegraph* describes in his obituary as 'the most radically reforming Controller of Music in the first 50 years of the

BBC's history' ('Sir William Glock' 2000). We met Glock in the prologue and in 'Time: between the past and the future', in which I described cultural and social aspects of post-war Britain, characterising it as a time balanced between a weighty and traumatic immediate past and an uncertain future.

Ten years later, Glock acceded to one of the most powerful positions in classical music, Controller of Music at the BBC. His remit would include the gamut of classical music broadcasting, including running various concert series including the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts – the Proms – and having control over all five BBC orchestras. The move represents to me the culmination of a decade of rapid development, both in personal terms for Glock – the slew of new positions which placed him at the centre of avant-garde music and, not least, his second marriage – but also in cultural terms, for Glock and for the wider music establishment. That Dartington Hall and the International Summer School of Music is a constant backdrop to this leap in cultural and critical thinking is, for me, evidence of its cumulative significance. Indeed, David Addison argues that avant-garde music was from 1959 embedded in the cultural and social world of the 'long 60s', with Dartington and its chaotic offshoot, Wardour Castle, as the 'backbones of British modernism' (Addison 2016, p. 247).

By the time Glock joined the BBC he had amassed a portfolio of positions: editor of the *Score*; chairman of the Music Committee of the Institute of Contemporary Arts (ICA), which involved presenting a concert series in the ICA's London headquarters and acting as delegate to the ISCM; and, of course, music director of the International Summer School. After a year at the BBC it was clear something had to give so, in 1962, with regret, Glock abandoned the *Score*. The Summer School of Music, however, was not something he was prepared to give up, and remained central to his year throughout his time at the BBC. William Glock received a knighthood for services to music in 1970. He retired from the BBC in 1972 and from the music directorship of the Summer School of Music in 1979.

A second character introduced in the prologue was writer, critic and secretary to the International Summer School from its outset, John Amis. In addition to running the Summer School until 1981, Amis became a regular contributor to BBC radio and television,

hosting the BBC2 magazine program 'Music Now' and presenting and producing concert broadcasts and documentaries. In 1974 he joined the team of the panel quiz show 'My Music', initially on Radio 4 and, from 1977, televised on BBC2. This afforded him minor celebrity status and – unlike Glock – he is still a household name for a generation of BBC Radio listeners. His television and radio success did not make up for the disappointment and sense of betrayal he felt when, in 1979, Glock failed to appoint him as his successor at Dartington.

The first chapter includes an analysis of two photos from the Archive, read through the lens of Susan Stanford Friedman's 'Matrix of Converging Changes', which lead me to characterise the first decade of the Summer School as an intensified contact zone between the past and the future.

The next principal character is Dartington Hall itself. In chapter 2 'Place: a magical space', I describe how the thirteenth-century stone hall, courtyard and grounds owned for centuries by the Champernowne family, was transformed through the radical efforts of Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst from a run-down farming community into a quasi-utopian model for rural regeneration. I make the case that the Elmhirst's progressive approach to education, bold experiments in agronomy and vigorous patronage of the arts created an environment where tradition and modernity were set in a continuous dialogue, and that this environment contributed significantly to the development of the Summer School. It would be wrong to suggest that the Summer School could only have taken place at Dartington. It did, indeed, have an auspicious beginning at Bryanston, and has provided a model for many subsequent ventures in other places. However, the influence of the Elmhirsts' Dartington Hall, in terms of both its underlying ethos and its profound physical beauty, cannot be overstated. In considering this interplay of politics and aesthetics, I characterise Dartington Hall and the Summer School itself as a site of reflective nostalgia where creativity was fuelled by a 'diasporic intimacy'.

A demographic analysis of the people who came to Dartington in the first decade of the Summer School in chapter 3 finds that the cohort was significantly diverse, with a high proportion of refugees, displaced artists and other marginalised groups, including women,

finding an audience and a sanctuary for their practise at the Summer School. In 'People: a plurality of voices', I look at the cohort from an ethnographic angle, and observe how the atmosphere of discovery and self-development led to an unusual fluidity of roles, where performers, students and audiences became interchangeable. Furthermore, I see this fluidity of roles as driving a re-evaluation of cultural status, whereby music lovers and amateurs are acknowledged as essential experts in 'the work of music'. I identify this flattening of the hierarchy as a powerfully generative element for the creative environment.

Chapters 4 and 5 address the program of the Summer School across the first decade. I analyse the spread of repertoire, looking at significant works, and discuss the innovative aspects of the teaching program. The repertoire analysis in Chapter 5 'Music: at home', shows that while the Summer School programs are heavily weighted towards the classical canon, Glock resists the ossifying and ideological traps of an accepted canon by expanding the remit of the Summer School, both in terms of performance and teaching, year on year.

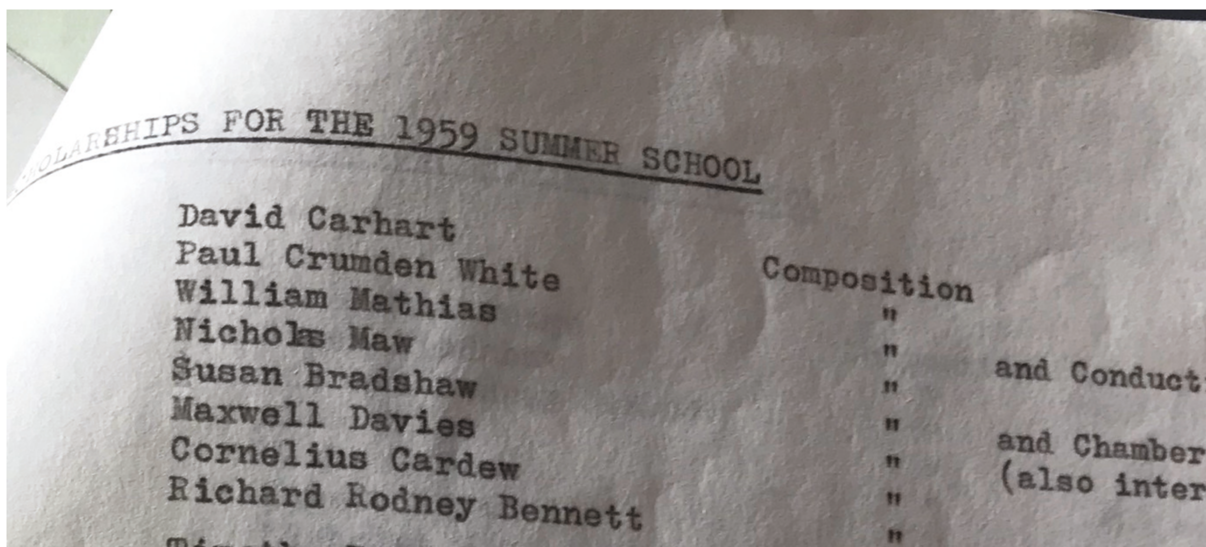
Then, in Chapter 6 'Music: a few yards out to sea' I tackle the place of twentieth-century music and attitudes to the avant-garde, analysing the range of styles presented and placing the choice of repertoire in the context of other contemporary festivals. Above all, I argue that it is through this decade, and as a direct result of his experiments in programming at Dartington, that Glock develops what he calls 'creative unbalance', his adaptation of the Reithian 'mixed programming' approach, which places disruptive and challenging content side-by-side with traditional works.

The impact of Glock on the BBC, music and culture in Britain from this point on is a story for someone else. My fascination remains with the first, crucial, decade of the Dartington International Summer School, while Glock was actively developing his approach to programming, unrestrained by the politics of institutional requirements. It is not, however, too much of a stretch to say that this decade of experimentation has had a lasting impact on British music culture and culture more broadly: on a macro level the Summer School provided a space not just for new music from young composers, but also for the nascent early music movement, a movement which would change the face of recording and

performance in the ensuing decades, and for other music, music of other cultures and other aesthetics. And on a micro level, Glock's programming techniques, especially his rejection of period-based homogeneity in favour of a paratactic approach to concert building, continues to inform and influence modern arts organisations[61].

Beyond Glock and the BBC, what did the first decade of the Summer School mean for the wider field of music in Britain? Can the impact of this combination of factors – the uncertain times, the unusual setting, the diverse and fluid group of people, and the program that placed tradition and the new in constant dialogue – be evaluated?

Scoring culture is a fool's game, but a typewritten A4 sheet from the Summer School archive headed, 'Scholarships 1959', makes for interesting reading.



LARSHIPS FOR THE 1959 SUMMER SCHOOL

David Carhart
Paul Crumden White   Composition
William Mathias   "
Nicholas Maw   "
Susan Bradshaw   "   and Conduct
Maxwell Davies   "
Cornelius Cardew   "   and Chamber (also inter
Richard Rodney Bennett   "

Fig. 36: Scholarship list, 1959. Summer School Archive

This is the composition class for 1959. Eight students, here to study with the radical avant-garde communist, Luigi Nono. All eight went on to make their careers in music and all of them have works lodged with the British Music Collection (BMC).[62] Paul Crunden-White

[61] An Australian Chamber Orchestra concert scheduled for October 2019 exemplifies this approach, framing works by Kurtag and Dean with Bach and Marais. (See https://www.aco.com.au/whats_on/event_detail/intimate-bach-2019)

[62] https://britishmusiccollection.org.uk/content/about-british-music-collection. The following biographical notes are compiled with reference information lodged at the BMC.

(his name is mispelled in the list) was better known as an organist and David Carhart worked as a performer and academic. Of the remaining six, all held prominent positions in or made a significant impact on the British music establishment.

William Mathias became an Oxford University Press composer, specialising in choral music. His most famous work is a choral anthem performed at the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Nicholas Maw served on the faculties of Yale, Boston and Cambridge universities, winning a 'Grammy' award for his violin concerto, written in 1992 for violin virtuoso Joshua Bell.

Susan Bradshaw was a writer, academic, teacher, broadcaster and performer.

After three years as assistant to Karlheinz Stockhausen, Cornelius Cardew left serialism behind and formed an experimental ensemble of non-experts, called the Scratch Orchestra, which met at Morley College. His work 'The Great Learning' was commissioned by Glock for the Proms in 1972. Cardew died in a car accident at the age of 46.

Richard Rodney Bennett was one of the most prolific composers of his generation, receiving a constant stream of commissions. Alongside his 'serious' concert music, Bennett won many awards for his film scores (including an Oscar nomination for *Murder on the Orient Express*) and performed in a succession of jazz duos with singers including Cleo Laine and Marion Montgomery. In 1998 he received a knighthood for services to music.

As for Peter Maxwell Davies, after earning a reputation as an enfant terrible in the 1960s, he established an ensemble, the Fires of London, with composer Harrison Birtwistle and became a leading figure as composer, conductor and festival director. He was Glock's chosen successor at Dartington, directing the Summer School from 1979-1984. He received a knighthood in 1987 and was appointed Master of the Queen's Music in 2004.

With the help of hindsight, the list reads as an intense cluster of talent. An isolated snapshot, perhaps, but ongoing evidence suggests that Dartington International Summer School of Music continues to create connections and transform identities. As an

Australian-based music writer I note that Dartington has been a springboard for many major Australian composers and performers, starting with pianist Noel Mewton-Wood and including Anne Boyd, Peter Sculthorpe, Roger Smalley, Carl Vine and Roger Woodward. It's a connection which remains strong today: Australians including Lotte Betts-Dean, Taryn Fiebig, Joseph Havlat, Erin Helyard, Kirsten Milenko, Ian Munro, Matthew Thomson, Joseph Twist, Stevie Wishart and Sally Whitwell have a close association with Dartington. The Australian connection looks set to continue by virtue of an award in memory of John Amis established by Amis's partner, Isla Baring. Baring is Chair of the Tait Memorial Trust, which offers awards and grants for young Australian and New Zealand musicians and performing artists to help further their careers while resident in the UK. Since 2016 the Tait Memorial Trust has awarded an annual 'John Amis Award', which enables an Australian student to spend two weeks at Dartington[63].

The intense cluster of talent continues...

*

Having made the case in brief for the impact of the Summer School on post-war British music, I will now revisit some of the findings in the context of the existing literature in the areas of music in post-war Britain and modernity.

In Philip Rupprecht's *British Musical Modernism: the Manchester group and their contemporaries* (2015) he notes that, 'A documentary study of the Dartington Summer Schools remains to be written.' This thesis is not a complete documentary study but it represents a starting point which incorporates an initial investigation of the William Glock Archive and a thorough investigation of the Summer School Archive, including the compilation of a database of repertoire. Reading Rupprecht, it becomes clear that the eleven key composers he covers under the heading of 'the Manchester group and their contemporaries', while they come from various artistic upbringings, all have something in common: Dartington

[63] http://taitmemorialtrust.org/2016/09/21/john-amis-award-at-dartington-international-summer-school/

and the Summer School. Indeed, I would argue that there is a case for a new, more specific name for key composers in British music modernism: the 'Dartington group'.

My study also provides more evidence for use in the long-running debate over the legacy of William Glock's time at the BBC and the Proms. The lines have been heavily drawn by scholars: Neil Edmunds (2006) argues that under Glock a cohort of non-progressive composers were sidelined, 'blocked by Glock'; David Wright (2008) vigorously contests Edmunds' claims. This is a partisan debate and, as someone who has had a long relationship with the Summer School, I am clearly not without bias. However, as observed in my analysis of the repertoire between 1953 and 1962, there is no significant difference between the amount of avant-garde music and neotonal or non-progressive music programmed, a fact which weakens Edmunds' claim of bias.

There are countless other threads to be followed in future research arising from the Summer School Archive and the William Glock Archive. The preliminary social network analysis in chapter 3, for example, reveals some unexpected connections. An analysis of William Glock's letters using social network theory could potentially redraw lines of influence on post-war music in Britain, Europe and North America. Another area which is a priority for me is further research on the impact of women such as Susan Bradshaw, Thea Musgrave, Imogen Holst, Katharina Wolpe and Yvonne Lefebure, who are present in the Summer School programs but, in comparison to their male colleagues, fade to near invisibility outside Dartington.

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Modernity and attitudes to the new are central themes in this study. In particular, analysis of photos and other artefacts with reference to Susan Stanford Friedman's 'matrix of converging changes' has revealed the complex mix of tradition and the new which came together at Dartington in the 1950s. In Friedman's words, modernity is marked by radical ruptures, heightened hybridity, a vortex of change, all contributing to a phenomenology of the new and the now, characterised by utopian thinking, exhilaration, disorientation,

nostalgia, epistemological flexibility and re-invention of tradition. You do not have to look hard to find examples of all these phenomena at the Summer School.

My study characterises the Summer School as a multi-dimensional intensified contact zone where parataxis – the juxtaposition of things without necessary connection – generates 'the expressive dimension of modernity' (Friedman 2006, p. 432). In social terms, the Summer School brought together a notably diverse cohort where liminal agents – refugees, displaced people, the disabled, the non-heteronormative and, of course, women – could find a voice, a social space 'where disparate cultures meet, clash, and grapple with each other' (Pratt 1992, p. 7). In cultural terms, it placed tradition and the new side-by-side, pairing Bach with Boulez, medieval architecture with modernist art. In technological terms it explored the latest broadcasting methods and the fundamentals of listening, how to make a lute and how to operate a synthesiser. Essentially, viewing the Summer School as an intensified contact zone, for me, gets to the core of why it was such a creative hotspot in the crucial decade following the Second World War.

My investigation has led me to consider modernity, attitudes to the new and conditions for creativity more broadly and, in so doing, I have observed how at Dartington the disorienting conditions of modernity were moderated and challenged by a consistent presence of tradition and traditional beauty, acting not just as a refuge, a flight from modernity, but a foil, 'a retreat into reality rather than away from it' (Ford 2005, p. 38).

It's dangerous out there in the realms of modernity. The intensified contact zone may result in greater potential for creativity, for the generation of new ideas, but it is also typically more unstable the further the ideas go from the canonical or hegemonic norms. Against this Dartington as a place – with all its advantages including beauty, history, plus the benevolence of its owners – is a potent grounding force. It is reassuringly familiar, its old stones unchanging from year to year, making return participants feel somehow at home, safe, yet its owners' generosity and progressive ethos welcomes adventurers. The effect of the place is to increase the resilience of these adventurers so they can survive longer in the arena of the unknown which, I believe, is an ideal environment for creativity.

Lydia Goehr says in her 2002 book *The Quest for Voice*, 'Home for an artist is a place that allows her to feel constructively alienated from home – for truth is better grasped at a distance' (p. 180). If so, one might think many artists today are finding themselves at home in this, 'the age of the refugee'. But sadly, while artists such as Behrouz Boochani and Abdul Aziz Muhamat[64] grasp the truth with both hands, the space from which they create is sorely lacking in 'home' comforts. Indeed, for many displaced artists, the ability to create is inhibited by political instability, personal danger and relentless hardship. But what if there was a place which could, for a brief period, provide a constructive alienation, a creative distance, in conjunction with the elements of home that humans need to feel secure? What would it look like? And what might it tell us about the nature of creativity?

*

So far I have discussed specific findings of the empirical research but I have not attributed any findings to the non-traditional element in this thesis, the inclusion of seven short stories. In my introduction I note the various roles, the different work these stories do. The two 'walks', for example, function as rhetorical devices, establishing the setting, introducing characters and showing the personal nature of my research through the use of poetic rather than academic language. Likewise, 'Meeting Beethoven' acts as a dramatic interlude, stepping back from theorising to engage with the emotional and psychological side of the work of music through the use of experiential writing (Clendinnen 2006).

The other four stories – 'The Odd Couple', 'The Traveller', 'Katharina' and 'We Three' – are proposed as doing the work of history with re-enactments in present thought (Collingwood & van der Dussen 1993; Hughes-Warrington 2003). As such, in the process

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64 Behrouz Boochani (1983-) is an Iranian-Kurdish journalist detained on Manus Island. His memoir *No Friend But the Mountains: Writing from Manus Prison* won the Victorian Prize for Literature and the Victorian Premier's Prize for Nonfiction in January 2019. (Wahlquist 2019)
Abdul Aziz Muhamat (1995-) is a Sudanese refugee activist detained on Manus Island. His podcast *The Messenger* won the New York festival's International Radio Program awards in 2017 and in 2019 he won the Martin Ennals Award, the international human rights prize. ('Manus Island refugee No QNK002: Abdul Aziz Muhamat wins international human rights prize' 2019)

of writing these four stories I carried out syntheses of diverse archival and secondary sources.

In 'The Odd Couple', for example, John Amis's reflections on how Glock's character changed radically with his re-marriage led me to investigate Glock's life before and during the war as a brilliant but unreliable artist who was a prolific gambler and womaniser. The period between Glock's return from Berlin and his engagement as artistic director of the Summer School is glossed over in his autobiography and represents an intriguing lacuna which invites future research.

In 'The Traveller's Tale' I have brought together accounts of Stravinsky's visit to Dartington from a wide range of sources, including letters, memoirs and personal recollections. The exchange between Stravinsky and Bobbie Cox, and Stravinsky's internal monologue as he listens to 'The Soldiers Tale', are attempts to 'think it again' for myself. In doing so, I explore themes of nostalgia and travel that are central to the empirical argument.

'Katharina' is an interlude, a reverie inspired by photos. I note the dearth of information about Katharina Wolpe, a brilliant pianist, teacher and thinker. Like Susan Bradshaw, her chief record of note is in the form of an obituary. Further studies beckon.

'We Three' is a reflection on the tangled attitudes to avant-garde music in the 1950s, a polarising debate which has endured and intensified through the second half of the twentieth century, causing ideological rifts. This story is an attempt to dramatise the debate, using three close colleagues to characterise three different standpoints. Richard Rodney Bennett is the 'natural', making music for himself or to order, as a way of life. Cornelius Cardew is the artist as revolutionary, who seeks (and fails) to reconcile an avant-garde aesthetic with left-wing politics. Bradshaw is the artist as critic, who brings self-knowledge and pragmatism to the field. While the conversation between them and the dramatic final scenario are my own inventions, many of the words, especially artistic statements, are pieced together from diaries, letters and published papers.

In all four re-enactments I use writerly observations of speech and gesture, gleaned from letters, memoirs and personal recollections, to give a flavour of the time in an experiential manner: the 'show, don't tell' approach.

While the empirical findings from re-enactment as research – undertaken to honour R. G. Collingwood's directive to be the best historian I can be (Hughes-Warrington 2003) – provide insights and suggest new areas for investigation, the three most significant findings for me have concerned my own writing practice and, by extension, my conceptual framework in understanding both music and history.

First, navigating my way through the spectrum which spans from the documentary evidence of public records to the historical speculating involved in 'thinking it again for myself'; second, the multi-modality of archival materials as not just source, but also a trace; and third, the reconciliation of 'modal fictionalism'(Hughes-Warrington 2015, p. 280) with the work of history.

The history-fiction spectrum was thrown into context when writing from personal experience. In the case of 'Meeting Beethoven', for instance, I drew on my own memories of stage-managing concerts at the Summer School and playing in a string quartet while at university, but for the story to earn its place in the collection presented here it had to be a narrative with purpose, making a dramatic point which contributed to the thesis. To do that, I needed to allow myself to curate memories from different occasions into one narrative. This included interpolating one memory – narrowly avoiding the attentions of a sexual predator – into another – stage-managing a Beethoven string quartet cycle. Both happened. Putting them together, however, is not factual. Rather, its intention is to make meaning of the experience. It was nevertheless important to acknowledge the fictional nature of the story and distance it from memoir by putting the narrative into the third person under a different name. Not history, nor yet historical fiction but, I would argue, 'the work of history'.[65]

[65] This is an area of emerging research, particularly in the recently-established Creative Histories cluster in the Faculty of Arts at Bristol University department. http://www.bristol.ac.uk/arts/events/2017/july/creative-histories.html

As for the second finding, the multi-modality of archival materials, it becomes clear when one adopts an actor-network theory (ANT) point of view. Take the telegram at the head of this chapter, for instance: on one level, it is a text confirming, among other things, the fact that Hans Keller knew about the crucial meeting of the BBC Board. But reading it with 'generalised symmetry' (Latour 1993, p. 94) it is also an artefact and an agent: it is an outdated piece of technology which was the fastest way to send a message at the time but, by the nature of the technology and the way the Post Office charged for telegrams, by the word, encouraged brevity (which was not something normally associated with Keller). Furthermore, the foxed paper and crooked white tape have an effect on the researcher, generating in me a wave of nostalgia, a sense of history, a trace. All of which have the effect of me wondering about that day, and the relationship between Keller and Glock. Again, the feelings that the telegram inspires in me are not documentary history but they are, I claim, the work of history. The twenty-first century pragmatism espoused by Latour's ANT, indeed, is the key to my reconciling the 'modal fictionalism' (Hughes-Warrington 2015, p. 280), making sense of the past using 'a taking into account of things' (Hennion 2016, 2017).

The vagueness of the word 'things' is significant in broadening the perspective of a historical study, if a little overwhelming. It asks us to view reality – past and present – as an assemblage. For one individual to perceive the assemblage as a whole is impossible because, by definition, an individual does not have all the possible aspects of human nature, cannot feel everything available to be felt, cannot be everything available to be. Trying to encompass the entire network is, literally, mind-blowing: to do that would mean ceasing to be an individual. And because this is impossible any study, no matter how objective or positivist it tries to be, must inevitably have an element of subjectivity. But broadening the range of 'things', acknowledging a more diverse range of factors, takes away a perceived hierarchy of opinions and evidence in favour of noticing things.

This brings Hennion's pragmatism into the orbit of R. G. Collingwood's idea of history. If we reframe writing history as 'the work of history' then, like Collingwood's historian, the writer (and the reader for that matter) is also engaged in re-thinking, re-creating, re-enacting, collaborating and, in so doing, has a degree of agency, authority, even.

Does the extension of this way of thinking result in an unusably loose framework? The pragmatist would counsel against chasing the extremities of what is bound to become a dualist argument but, that said, I'm not arguing for 'anything goes'. Rather, I'm arguing that the intention behind the action validates its purpose, whether we are talking about music or history. Just as music is a 'heterogeneous body of practices for attaining a state of emotional intensity,' so history is, to paraphrase Hennion, 'a heterogeneous body of practices for making meaning from the past'. Not everyone is claiming to be a historian and not everyone is claiming to make meaning, but those who have the intention to make meaning are carrying out the work of history.

*

In reviewing my findings I also need to acknowledge the limits and failures of some of my methods. My initial approach to research was essentially a grounded one, a curiosity-led wander through the Summer School Archive. It was only when I took an ethnographic and self-reflexive lens to the activity that I began to see the layers of meaning and the ways of meaning-making associated with archival research.

In particular, while the oral histories that I undertook were invaluable as a creative stimulus, it quickly became clear to me that, as a source of factual information, their use was limited for a number of reasons. Above all, my choice of interview subjects was determined by my own personal network of friends and relatives associated with Dartington which affected how the interviewees behaved. While interviewing my mother, for example, she would agree to be recorded but then, as she talked about her behaviour in the early years of her marriage she would lean over and turn the recording device off. She talked, but it was very much off the record. For me as a creative writer, this was deliciously intriguing, but for me as an investigator it underlined the multi-layered nature of oral history, not just as a form of remembrances, but as a social and cultural exchange which reveals and complicates the gaps between individual, social and public memories (Hamilton & Shopes 2009, p. viii).

The close relationship between me and my interviewees also brought the ethical issues of repurposing people's memories as fiction or historical source much closer to home. Could I use parts of the interviews in a fictional recreation? Could I put words into the mouth of someone who was still alive? Or, for that matter, dead? I have made the historiological case for combining speculation with documentary evidence above, but my integrity as a researcher means I cannot ignore the ethical ramifications of sharing people's stories. Making things up, like making meaning, carries with it a power, and a responsibility.

*

This thesis investigates the phenomenon of a creative hotspot through a critical analysis of archival materials. It contemplates the impact of various factors, from political and social circumstances through to geographical and aesthetic factors through to artistic leadership, on creativity and attitudes to the new.

The findings have a significance, both in historical terms and, particularly, when one chases their implications into modern life and public policy: if we accept that music and the arts have a power which endures beyond the time or place-based limits in which they are experienced, then we acknowledge they have the power to change people, to change society. My argument is that this power is not so much in the hands of the artist, the maker, but in the curator, the arts professional, festival director, radio programmer, critic, as they exercise control over the transmission of art from maker to receiver. They make the choices on what art is seen and heard, where and how. They mediate art's power to transform minds.

Another power. Another responsibility.

These are things I think about as I make my way through life as a writer, artist, musician and, not least, a music critic in prominent online and mainstream media. And as I observe the lack of a clear policy for the arts in Australia, where I live, and the political nature of appointments to major arts organisations, funding bodies and advisory panels.

More importantly, I observe the insidious takeover of curation and programming of content in today's largest arena, the internet, by search engines designed to narrow one's focus, to exclude diversity and feed the creation of personal canons. Facebook. Google. YouTube. Amazon. Sometimes the curation is transparent, with the suggestion of 'If you liked x, you might like y'. More often, it is invisible, making decisions about what content you see, and what content you don't see, using an algorithmic confirmation of bias to steer you into an ever-narrowing channel of taste. It is the antithesis of mixed programming, and of Glock's 'creative unbalance'. It is undemocratic and polarising, excluding the less powerful voices, voices which are frequently, by their very circumstances, operating in conditions which must respond to the challenges of change and modernity with insight and creativity.

This study is offered as a contribution to resisting what sometimes feels like an inexorable devaluation of serious engagement with art in all its guises, from challenging to infuriating to foolish to beautiful. For recognising participation and agency at all levels. And for giving a platform not just to the loudest voices.

For learning to listen.

Coda: A walk around the harbour

The engine note drops as we round Bennelong Point, the fast ferry sitting back into the water to meet the strict speed limit in Circular Quay. A perfect speed for photos of the craggy profile of Sydney Opera House.

'Should I take a selfie?' says my father. He toys with the word, half amused, half mocking. He's always had an ear for neologisms. Always been a good listener.

'No,' says Maggie. 'Let me. Go on, Harriet. Stand next to your father.'

We – my father, stepmother and me – are on our way in to the city to see a performance of *Madame Butterfly* and it's going to be a little bit special. It's the latest Opera Australia production, a grand affair performed on a floating stage set up in Farm Cove. More important, I'm seeing it with my dad and my stepmother, Maggie, who are visiting from the UK.

My dad is in his eighties now. If anything, he looks even smaller than he did nine months ago when I last visited Dartington. He's taken to using a stick, partly for balance and partly, he explains, for self-defence. It comes in handy in the wild back streets of Budleigh Salterton, no doubt. And he still brandishes his laser cut intellect and insatiable curiosity. His world, he admits, is shrinking a little, but he still seems interested in *everything*.

Last weekend I introduced him to a music festival at which we – me, my husband and two kids – have become regulars. The Four Winds Festival is a biennial event which takes place on the Sapphire Coast, somewhere south of Bermagui, in a field where the land forms a natural amphitheatre. As the years have gone by and the festival has become more established the site has acquired a permanent stage and most modern conveniences. It's become quite a mecca for musicians and audiences in the know, and I'm pleased to be able to introduce it to my dad. Pleased, and a little nervous, because, well... It's not Dartington.

We usually drive down the coast with a car full of wetsuits and bicycles and stay in a caravan park on Wallaga Lake. This year, in honour of our guests, we've hired a beach house looking out over the ocean and the township of Bermagui. To get to the Four Winds

site at Barraga Bay, however, we have to drive on down the coast, past Three Brothers Rock and Cuttagee Lake. It's one of those remote, ragged stretches of the Australian coastline, where dense forest opens up miraculously onto golden beaches, and ramshackle causeways span bird-flecked coastal lagoons. I love the busy rumble of the wooden planks as you drive across. They set off a sudden memory of the 'clatter grids', as my mother used to call them, on the road to the Hall, there to keep the cows from going astray as they walked from pasture to milking parlour.

At Barraga Bay I take my father's arm as we walk across the grass down the slope to the amphitheatre. I have folding chairs in my other hand. Maggie will bring the coffees. It's early for a concert, but Four Winds is two days of music, starting at 10am and finishing at 4pm. A marathon of listening. The program is eclectic: it starts from classical music, but there is the feeling that, in keeping with the boundless nature of the site, musical boundaries are somehow irrelevant. Anything might happen.

My concerns about whether my father and Maggie will cope with such an outlandish event are, of course, completely unfounded. We listen to Bach, to Ligeti and Beethoven. To Cole Porter and Kate Neal. We stretch our legs and eat our picnic. 'Just a little weekender', says my Dad, raising his glass of wine. He's enjoying himself. I can tell. We stay to the end, to hear a new Australian composition on stage while, in one of the big gum trees overhanging the seats, a flock of rosellas squabbles over where to roost.

You don't get rosellas in Devon. Or gum trees.

*

A week later, we're back in Sydney, in step with the crowds trudging along East Circular Quay. It's early evening, late March, and the view is rapidly changing as the cafes and gift shops, restaurants and hotels on Sydney Cove switch to night mode.

There is a cruise ship docked at the Overseas Passenger Terminal. It's massive. As big as a block of flats. Like a great tree felled from Sydney's forest of skyscrapers, and now floating, like a log waiting to go downstream. Strings of lights and lit windows chequer the sides,

and you can just see outlines of small figures standing at the rails on every deck: it must be about to depart. We can wave as they go past.

‘I don’t think I could bear going on one of those cruises.’

‘Really?’ says Maggie, brightly. ‘We’ve been thinking of going on a cruise.’

‘Seriously?’ I try to imagine my father and stepmother at the all-you-can-eat buffet, or having a flutter in the onboard casino. ‘The very idea of being stuck in some bizarre floating hotel, idling away the days playing deck quoits and bingo.’

‘Oh, come on, Harriet,’ Maggie says. ‘Don’t be such a snob. There are some rather lovely ones nowadays.’ She and my father exchange an amused look.

‘Go on, tell her,’ says Dad, to his wife.

‘No, you.’

‘Maggie’s been asked to go on a river cruise. To give lectures. Art lectures.’

‘How fabulous,’ I say, with genuine enthusiasm.

‘And I’m going to accompany her,’ he says, ‘to make sure she behaves.’

They exchange looks. He’s proud of her.

‘That sounds like fun. Where? When?’

‘Copenhagen,’ says Maggie. ‘In May. It’s coming up fast. I’ve got to get my talks organised.’

I can’t resist. ‘But will there be a casino?’

My father leans jauntily on his walking stick and gives me a buoyant grin.

‘I *do* hope so.’

The Opera House looms into view. As we get closer the crowd slows as tourists stop to take panoramic views of the harbour. Everyone wants the perfect shot. I dodge the groups and strike out towards Man O'War steps, glancing over my shoulder to check that Maggie and my father are still following.

'I assume you know where you are going,' says my father.

'Yes,' I say, taking them across the forecourt, from which the great, grey, concrete steps, running across the width of the whole building, rise up, like an Aztec temple. We look up towards where the sails over the Opera House's various theatres fly, bright white against the darkening sky.

This is my home, I think, looking at my father picking his way through the crowd. Sydney is my home now. And the Opera House is where I work.

'It is *so* spectacular,' says my father, catching up with me. 'Even if it is unfinished.'

He speaks with authority. He's been reading a book he found in a second-hand shop, all about the building of the Opera House, so on the way back from Bermagui I've been told the whole story of the troubled build, the walk outs and compromises, the way politics always seems to barge in where it's least wanted.

'All the best cathedrals take generations to build,' says Maggie. 'Just think of Sagrada Familia.'

'Or York Minster.'

'Or Barangaroo,' I say. 'Actually, the whole of Sydney. It feels like just one big maze of cranes.'

My father shrugs. 'That's what cities are.'

'I suppose.'

*

I turn my back on Sydney Cove and its gaudy blaze. Farm Cove stretches out in front of us, like a black featureless hole, edged by pinpricks of light. On the far side you can see the scaffold and bleachers for *Madame Butterfly*, bathing in floodlights.

'Wow,' says my father.

I'm not sure whether he is impressed, or whether he is being ironic. There's not much to see, yet. But irony has become a habit, his preferred defence against all sorts of adversities, from social anxiety to the humiliations of being old. I know. It's a habit he's passed onto me.

We join a well-mannered queue for the water taxi. No-one's in any hurry: there's still an hour before the show starts, and we're all enjoying the harbour by night. My father clutches the deckhand's proffered arm as he steps from the jetty onto the boat, pausing to get his balance before making his way down into the seating area. Maggie and I hold our breath as we watch him lurch into one of the front seats.

'What?' He looks at us with low level belligerence.

I don't dare ask if he is comfortable. But I'm wondering whether the water taxi was a bad idea.

We walk across the road which runs around the headland pausing as we go to admire the *ficus*, the magisterial fig trees whose limbs defy gravity. My father has always been a big tree fan. Perhaps that's where I got it from, I think to myself.

As we cross the road confusion greets us: people directing traffic, motorised and pedestrian; people selling programs; volunteers in their uniform t-shirts and opera goers in their glad rags. There's a busy, buzzy atmosphere.

We find our seats in the bleachers and take in the view. It's splendidly picturesque: the dark harbour, studded with little stars, masthead lights on boats out past bedtime. The Opera

House, floodlit, its white sails clean-cut and shiny against the messy cityscape. And, in the background, the harbour bridge, like a skeleton rainbow, framing the vista. It's hard to see how a performance, even when it's a big budget opera, is going to upstage Sydney's glamorous best side. But then the cool, moody cocktail bar music coming over the public address system fades out, the stage lights go on and the crowd quietens. It's time.

*

'Ooooh... Aaah'

The crowd greets the colourful explosion of fireworks as Cio Cio San's and Pinkerton's lips meet. It's just like at the movies: love blooms and the voices boom as the sparks fly. The quintessence of romance. Oh, Puccini, you clever man, writing the soundtrack to our collective hearts.

'Not sure about the moon,' says Maggie, in a loud stage whisper.

She's referring to a giant, papery globe which has appeared behind the stage like a giant IKEA lampshade.

'Shhh!' her husband says. But it is undeniably distracting. Indeed, it's hard to know where to look. There's so much to see: the huge stage, with fifty ants running about it, dressed in spectacular costumes; the leading ants, picked out in pools of light, while their voices come to us via the loudspeakers; bats and boats and that amazing backdrop... It is a truly impressive occasion. But as I listen to the voices rise and fall and spin out from the speakers, strangely remote from the spotlit figures on stage, I remain curiously aware of my surroundings. I'm not transported. I'm not gripped. I'm not even sure that I care what happens in the end. And this is confusing to me.

*

Two weddings, one birth, a death and three hours later, the moon has set and it's time to go home.

'Well,' says Maggie. 'That *was* fun. I loved all those grand entrances. The speedboat and the taxi... But I'm still not convinced by the moon.'

'Do you have to go and write a review now?' asks my father.

"Not this time. I have a conflict.'

As well as working as a music critic, I write brochure copy and marketing blurbs for arts organisations, including Opera Australia. In fact, I've written the blurbs for this show which rules me out as a critic. Thankfully, considering how I feel about it.

'How nice. So you don't have to work tomorrow morning?'

'No, just the usual.' The dog, the kids, the laundry...

The thought of it takes the edge off my operatic afterglow. But my father lights up at the news.

'Excellent,' he says. 'Then you can tell us what you *really* think.' He leans in, an eager conspirator.

'Yes, go on,' says Maggie. 'What do *you* think?'

I open my mouth. Then I close it. I've never been good with words. Spoken words, that is. Writing things down is how I make sense of them. And my feelings about the performance we've just seen are so tangled up with my feelings about Opera Australia, which I've been working for now for seven years, and opera itself, which I've been in love with for many more, and the people I'm with and the strange, upside-down country I now live in, a country which still delights me with its strangeness at times. It's complicated.

I play for time.

'What did *you* think?'

'Oh, yes, very good. Very clever.'

'The singing was fine,' I say.

'Yes, the singing was *fine,'* says Maggie. She's doing that thing she does again. Emphasising a word unexpectedly to turn a statement of fact into a question.

'I can never quite get used to these amplified voices,' says my father. 'I must be getting old.'

'I must be getting old too, then,' says Maggie.

'No.' I shake my head. 'I don't think that's the problem. Or perhaps I'm getting old. But I think it's something more fundamental, something about how we connect with the performance. About what we want from an opera, or any work of art. I'm not sure what we've just seen is it.'

I sigh.

'Sorry. It's awfully late to be philosophising about the nature of art.'

'It's never too late to talk about art,' says my father, expansively. 'Besides, we have time...' He gestures out of the window.

We're in a taxi, crawling through the city in one of those late-night Sydney snarl-ups, heading for Glebe. It's barely a mile away as the crow flies, but the crow can fly over the cliffs and inlets, not to mention the eight lane highways between us and our destination. It will be a while.

'Come on, then,' says Maggie. 'What are you thinking?'

I flick through the glossy program as I try to marshall my thoughts. 'Sensational!' 'Spectacular!' 'Magnificent!' The superlatives pepper the page like sneezes.

'I think what troubles me is the way that we get served up opera as if it is some dazzling, decadent museum piece. It's all about the flashy frocks and the champagne. The *experience.* All this demonstrative glamour, dressing up a story about a woman who is treated miserably then kills herself. Mind you, the woman gets it in most operas, I suppose.'

'It's awful,' says Maggie.

'But I don't think that is what is bothering you most,' says my father, carefully, recognising my silence as a pause rather than a full stop. 'Go on. Try and explain.'

I look out of the window at the garish string of cars on the Western Distributor. Who needs fairy lights when you have traffic?

'I still remember seeing *The Soldier's Tale* at Dartington, the impact it had on me.'

My father frowns. 'You weren't born, surely?'

'Not the first one. Another one. I think it was 1976. Simon Rattle was conducting. I remember everyone being very excited about him. But I was just excited because I was allowed to stay up past bedtime.'

'Ah, yes,' says my father. 'That one. In the Great Hall.'

'Yes. And I remember being exhilarated and fascinated and scared witless.' I feel the shudder of fright like a nine-year-old. 'What I fell in love with,' I say, 'is actually the *story-telling*. That combination of music and words and action; the way two people can talk at the same time, say different things, and still be a perfect duet. The way that the music is in their bodies and in your body and all around. So it can reach out and grab you.'

'Yes,' says my father. 'That moment when we all feel something special is happening.'

'A sense of involvement,' says Maggie. 'Of intimacy.'

'Yes. The sitting around a fire, or a piano, or a stage, listening to a story, and looking round to see other people, their faces lit by the glow of the flames, listening too.' I smile. 'That's why we keep on going to the theatre, to the concert hall, to the live performance at the pub. For that special moment when magic happens.'

'And the fact that it's not guaranteed,' says my father, 'but if it happens, we're there, waiting, listening...'

'Yes,' I say. 'Listening. Always listening. You taught me that, Dad.'

'Did I? Did I really?'

'Yes.' I think a moment. 'You took me to Dartington. You and mum. It was sitting in the Great Hall as a child, no preconceptions, taking for granted the fact that someone was going to come and make some noise, and that I would listen. And that I might find it funny, or exciting, or frightening, or beautiful.'

'Ah, yes,' says my father. 'A child's ear. Perhaps it doesn't matter where or when. You just have to be ready, prepared to listen, to catch the patterns, to understand, to feel. What a gift that is.'

'I sometimes worry that Opera Australia, Sydney Symphony, all those big ticket outfits think we've lost that ability. That we don't want to be challenged. That we just want to see the old masters in gilded frames. With frocks and champagne. I sometimes worry that people think that is what culture is – a spectacle, a place to be seen, an aspirational event.'

'And that *is* partly what culture is,' says Maggie. 'But it's not the *whole* story.'

'Yes,' I say, relieved. My father is nodding. They get it. 'I just wish I could put what I'm feeling into words.'

'Maybe,' says my father, 'you should write it down.'

I realise the taxi has been stationary for a while.

'I *think* we've arrived,' says Maggie.

*

Sydney Airport. My father and Maggie have checked in and are about to disappear into the nowhere land of intercontinental air travel. I can't put it off any longer. Time for goodbyes.

We embrace.

‘Thank you, love,’ he says, his voice husky. ‘That was just brilliant.’

‘Yes,’ I say. ‘It was.’

‘And we’ll be back,’ says my father. ‘We’ll be here for the next Four Winds.’

‘Great.’

Neither of us go near the ‘if...’ that hangs in the air. He’s 83.

‘Well...’ I step back. ‘See you in August, then.’ I am already planning my trip to the Summer School.

‘We’re already looking forward to it,’ says Maggie. Then she gently puts a hand on her husband’s arm. ‘Jem. We should go.’

‘Yes. Time to go home.’

I put my hand to my mouth, to blow a kiss.

‘Safe travels.’

Archives

The Dartington International Summer School of Music Archive

William Glock archive, Music Collection, British Library

John Amis personal papers (viewed at his flat in 2014, with gratitude to his widow, Isla Baring).

Britten-Pears Foundation
https://brittenpears.org/explore/research-and-collections/collections/archive-collections/

BBC Proms Performance Archive
https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/articles/3SsklRvCSPvfHr13wgz6HCJ/proms-performance-archive

International Music Institute Darmstadt (IMD) Archive
https://internationales-musikinstitut.de/en/imd/archiv/

Interviewees

James Wilson

Clare Addenbrooke-Brittain

Jeremy Wilson

Maggie Giraud

Judith Jackson

Barbara-Sue White

Hugh Wood

Carmel Hart

Sue Anderson

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