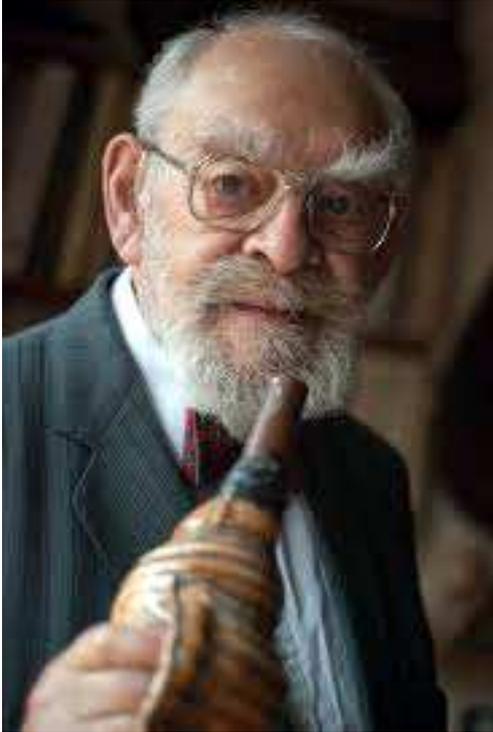


Interview with Jeremy Montagu



Illus.1 Jeremy Montagu, with Japanese conch

Francis Knights: *How did you first get interested in music, and what was your early training?*

Jeremy Montagu (illus. 1): I started at my mother's knee. She had been trained to sing to her own accompaniment. I had piano lessons from an early age but never took to the instrument. We had a gramophone and records, again from an early age: Cesar Franck's Violin Sonata, Rubinstein in Chopin Op.40, the orchestral version of Hungarian Rhapsody No.2 and so on. We walked in Kensington Gardens every day and there were bands on the bandstands. My grandmother had a box at the Albert Hall, in family hands since the beginning – my sister has it still. I have vivid memories of the Henry Wood Jubilee Concert at the age of 10, less vivid of Kreisler, and there must have been many other concerts I went to there pre-war. There was always the synagogue and much of the service is chanted/sung; this could also have been why I've never had trouble with exotic musics, since that also varies from equal temperament and European scales.

I was at boarding school before I was 9 and in those days chapel was compulsory whether one was Christian or not; as a 'non-singer' I pulled out the stops for the organist and got to know all the usual schools-style hymns and chants. In summer 1940 I was evacuated to America. Our

hostess there, an old family friend, had permanent seats at Symphony Hall and the opera. I heard Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra many times, and saw the Met in *Tannhauser* with Flagstad and Melchior, and *Faust* with Kipnis. There was also the cinema; I saw *Fantasia* when it first came out, the Marx brothers' *Night at the Opera* and so on.

Then another American friend of the family sent me to his old boarding school, where the music master let us come to his room on Saturday afternoons and hear the Met opera matinees. I sang in the school choir there, too. And we were asked 'Would any one like to play an instrument in the band?' All American schools had marching bands in those days for the football games. I thought it'd be fun to play that thing one pushes out and pulls in, but they said that the war might end any time and I'd go home, so why not try the baritone where one only has to push three plugs up and down. That was easy to play and after my first term I was told 'We've a baritone too many and a horn too few – you would like to change, wouldn't you?'. So I did. All off-beats for the horn in a band, good training!

In 1943 I came home to take school certificate so have some experience of Britain in wartime. The school had a horn, left behind by a master then in Burma, so I could go on, and this was orchestral repertoire, not band: Elijah with the local village choir; Egmont, first horn dashed off on a fire-call (we had our own fire service) just as we got to the coda, leaving me to it alone etc. Also, we had a quiet period every day, lying flat on the floor while music was played on the gramophone.

In 1946 I was called up to the Army. After failing War Office Selection Board for officer training from the Gunners I transferred to Education Corps and in due course was sent out to Canal Zone. I used to give music education classes (some yammer, lot of records) both to troops and local civilians as well as our normal courses. Also our Education HQ was in the middle of Port Said, with loudspeakers blaring Egyptian music all day. On leave in Cairo, I found myself passing a building with a plate saying some-

thing to the effect of Institut Fouad Premier de Musique Arabe, so I knocked on the door and asked to be told about Arabic music. They were very kind, a bit surprised to see a British sergeant in uniform, and took me into different classrooms where people were learning qanun, ud, nay and other instruments, showed me their quarter-tone piano from Berlin, and gave me an introduction to Hans Hickmann who was then living in Cairo. He was very helpful, too, and showed me his copies of the Tutankhamun trumpets and told me of the great *Congres de Musique Arabe* of 1936 or so – I've been trying to get hold of a copy of its report (*Recueil de...*) ever since, without effect (he told me what had happened to it – one Ministry published it but a different Ministry held the stock, so orders never got filled and stock never got sold, so they pulped it).

Then demob from the army and university. I'd always wanted to be a conductor, but the family wanted me to go for law. I agreed to try, with first year economics and second year law (it was a two-year degree in 1948). Economics as taught at Cambridge then had no resemblance at all to modern life or conditions so I spent all my time playing music (orchestras, harmonic groups and so on – I'd picked up a second-hand horn from a music shop in Darlington while in the army – I had hoped to be posted to Germany where one could pick up an Alexander for a packet of cigarettes in those days, but no luck, so it was a Mahillon with piston valves). I'd started conducting the Trinity orchestra (along with Raymond Leppard) when our music don had asked if anyone wanted to try. I had one experience with conducting the CUMS second orchestra, in which I played, which came off as a real performance and after that there was no turning back. Anyway, I did so well in my exams at the end of my first year that they gave me a Special (something between a 3rd and a 4th) and said that either I gave up this music nonsense and did law properly or would be sent down.

That led to a somewhat traumatic summer vacation, and to cut the story short, I wrote in September to the Royal College of Music, who said 'come for an audition next September and start next year', so I wrote to Royal Academy of Music, who said 'come to an audition in November and start in January', so I wrote to the Guildhall School of Music, who said 'come to an audition on Thursday and start next week'. So I went to GSM.

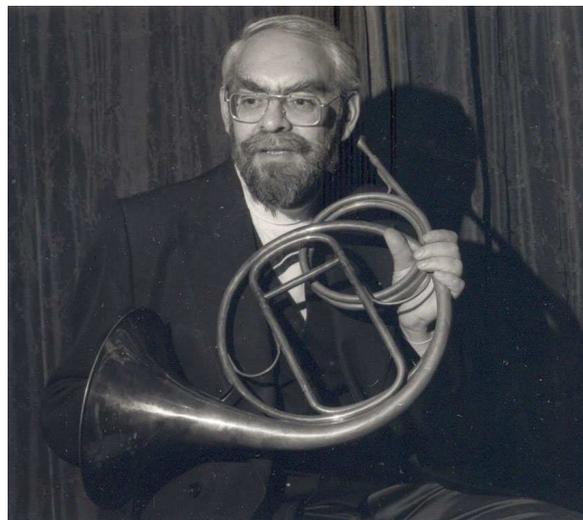
My first study was conducting with Joseph Lewis; my second was horn with Alan Hyde; and third was viola on which I was hopeless – too old at nearly 22 to get my wrist round. Joe Lewis taught conducting with records, but while he stressed the importance of always having a baton in the hand while listening to music at home; I already knew that it was fatal to follow an orchestra. He was a mine of information: 'Sing down the stick', 'tie your stick to the violinist's arm' and so on. Well, I already knew about singing down the stick – if you don't project to the orchestra, you won't get a performance, and I'd done that with CUMS. And once I was waving the stick vaguely while a friend whom I was going to accompany, at his lesson, when his teacher took over, saying 'play it like this' and I at once knew what Bratza was going to do a couple of bars ahead. Conducting, and especially accompanying, is all thought transference.

A group of us started a small conductors' orchestra; we'd get sets of parts out of Westminster Public Library and carve our way through them. The others often said 'Jerry, I've not had time to look at this – would you like to?' Well, I reckoned that if I couldn't read a Mozart or Haydn score faster than a small student band, there was something wrong with me, so I got much more than my share of experience. ('Jerry' is a name I dislike, incidentally – both a domestic utensil in those days, kept under the bed, and our recent enemies). I started my own string orchestra with fellow students on an exchange basis with my synagogue: free rehearsal space in return for free concerts. In those days all students were playing in amateur orchestras to get experience – I was playing in several every week.

By that time, too I'd switched conducting teachers to Aylmer Buesst, a much more serious teacher, and had also been switched from horn to percussion, the same story as at school, 'we've a horn too many and too few percussion – you would like to change wouldn't you, and it'd be so good for your rhythm as a conductor'. I had six weeks to learn to produce a side-drum roll for the first acoustic test in the Festival Hall in 1950, and I was the first person to play under a conductor there because all concerts started then with the National Anthem. It was a disaster – we were doing *Capriccio Espagnol* and when it got to the violin entry, I couldn't hear Leonard Friedman (the acoustics were dreadful) and kept trying to roll softer, which I hadn't the skill to do so the roll kept stopping.

By that time, too, I'd been working for the Boyd Neel Orchestra as platform manager or whatever it's called – putting up the stands, putting out the music, saying, 'it's time to go on', and so on, especially out of town. I got to know all the players, and some of them, Cecil Aronowitz and others, were kind enough to come and play in my own student band concerts to 'stiffen' them. I was also, once my drumming had become tolerable, like a lot of students, playing as a professional in amateur orchestras, and I joined the Musicians' Union in 1950. I'd asked Jimmy Blades to teach me timpani and percussion – he was an angel. After a while I went to Norman Del Mar for private conducting lessons – he was a brilliant teacher.

Eventually, because we were all turning professional, I had to turn my orchestra professional, too. By that time I'd learned a lot about music, and we used to play baroque music in the first half and first or early performances in the second – baroque because I liked it, and early or new to attract the critics. I learned a lot from Jane Clark, my continuo player (we borrowed an original single-manual harpsichord from Fenton House, as one could in those days). All modern strings; there weren't any reproductions in those days, not even bows, but added ornaments, *inégale*, and so on. We were doing the best we could. I even did a Handel Concerto grosso with Julian Bream on lute for the concertino and Jane on harpsichord for the ripieno. While touring with the Boyd Neel in 1951 I bought my first handhorn – I'd been aware that the thing I was playing was not what Mozart and Beethoven, even Mendelssohn (eg the Nocturne), were writing for. Eric Halfpenny, whom I'd met playing in amateur orchestras, introduced me to Reginald Morley-Pegge, who showed me the French tradition of playing handhorn (illus.2).



Illus.2 Jeremy with a Besson handhorn

Tell us about your performing career.

My professional conducting career finished in 1956 after Gwen produced our first child. Until then I'd first been living with my parents, and what I earned as a player I could lose as a conductor; then after marrying Gwen I could live off her and do the same, but once she had to leave her job to have Rachel I had to feed the family. I went on for many years (till I came to Oxford), conducting amateur orchestras and choral groups as evening classes. I went on a little doing so in Oxford but I'd conduct a group for a term or so and then put in a student to carry it on, since that was how I'd got my own start. I did manage to run a conducting class at the Faculty (unofficial and 'below the line' on the lecture list) because I was professionally trained and student conducting standards were so abysmal.

As a player, once properly trained by Jimmy Blades (he put me into a *L'Histoire du Soldat* that he didn't want to do – Colin Davis was the clarinettist, I remember), I entered the freelance world, picking up work here and there as one does, playing in most of the BBC orchestras as an extra, a number of years with BBC Symphony but often also the odd gig with one of the provincial orchestras. Lots of chamber orchestras as timpanist; *Threepenny Opera* at Royal Court for six months followed by *Good Woman at Sezuan*, and then *Chant sans Parole* (after-play of the Brecht 'Dustbin play' as we called it), where I first met John Beckett, with whom I later worked with Musica Reservata; a two-week stint in the Gipsy Band in the Lyons Strand Corner House; lots of pantomimes, first at Cambridge Arts Theatre (my first long run – must have been 1951), later year after year at Northampton Rep, then one at Stratford Shakespeare Theatre; touring reviews; regular Festival Ballet tours; stint with the reformation of the BBC Concert Band under Gilbert Vinter – play through one piece for balance, run through the programme and go home, no need to rehearse as we could all play the dots and Vinter was absolutely clear what he wanted; long European tour with American Jose Limón modern dance company in 1957; regular extra for Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in Beecham's last years, normally extra percussion but 9th timpanist in his performance of Berlioz Requiem; and so on.

The great advantage of being a drummer is that one can take all sorts of work, gipsy band one week and Royal Phil the next; one only needs to know the styles required and it's easy to pick those up if you listen. Then film sessions with Maurice Jarre – he was fascinated with the instruments in my collection and I blew and hit lots of them for him in several films – and others. Again, an advantage as a drummer is that you not only hit things but also blew others as effects – we play anything that the regular members of the orchestra are too posh to do: cuckoos (an Italian opera, can't remember which), rattle chains (*Gürrelieder*), nightingale whistles (Malcolm Arnold's *Sweeney Todd* ballet), chromatic scale of conch shells (*Alien*); bird warbler (a spider's movement in a Pink Panther film); devil's fiddle (*Magician of Lublin*); Tibetan trumpet (*Passage to India* and *Man Who Would be King*), and so on.

All this plus teaching instruments in schools, conducting amateur orchestras etc, and weekend work at the Horniman (to which I'll return) as Officer in Charge, was my living from 1951 to 1981, when I came to Oxford. Oh, and also fixing players for Denys Darlow – that could be a nightmare, finding enough flutes and oboes for two or even three simultaneous Matthew Passions on one weekend. It all added up to making a living, a bad week here being compensated with a good one there, playing all sorts of music and being able, as we're trained to do, sight-reading anything put in front of us on one rehearsal, or at a recording session putting things straight into the can, quite often on the first take. This is a bit of a summary, and there's lots of stories involved, but I think it covers most of my playing career



Illus.3 Playing the Iron-Age Irish horn

What about your involvement with the Galpin Society and other music organizations?

I got to know Eric Halfpenny in the pub after rehearsals with one of the amateur orchestras with which I played in my later student days. He was the founding secretary of the Galpin Society and this must have been 1951, maybe 1952. In those days, even if one was already playing professionally one would also play with amateur orchestras – the more repertoire one learned the better. I was never frightened of *The Rite of Spring* as a pro, as many of my older colleagues in the Royal Phil still were whenever we played it – I'd played it all as an amateur, and as long as you got a clear downbeat, and could count, you'd always get through. Eric knew I was interested in instruments (illus.3), especially hand-horn, and as I've said, he'd introduced me to Morley Pegge, also a founding member of the Society. Eric persuaded me to join the Society, so I got to know other members. Eric was good at pushing younger members and I soon found myself on Committee, meeting in those days in a back room of a pub in Baker Street – free to meet there so long as we drank.

It was at a Galpin meeting that Michael Morrow came up to me and said 'Can I give you a leaflet for our first mediaeval concert?'. I asked him 'who's your percussion player?'. I played that first *Musica Reservata* on jazz tomtoms, modern side drum, tambourine and so on. That didn't seem right, when all the others were playing 'period' instruments, so I went to the British

Museum (this was long before the days of the British Library) and looked at some mediaeval manuscripts to see what they were playing. The more I looked, and the more people I asked, they started saying that the only people who could tell me more would be the Galpin Society, and by that time I was the Galpin Society's expert on mediaeval percussion. I knew how drums worked; I had some idea by then of how they were made round the world, so I started to make them.

I'm no real craftsman, so I bought copper mixing bowls in the cookshops in Soho, picked up drum shells from Vic O'Brien (a small dealer and repairer, also in Soho), bought second-hand drum skins (I didn't need full size timpani heads, so one with a split near the edge was fine) to add to my own stock, and bought pre-stretched yachtsman's line from a yacht chandler at the top of Shaftesbury avenue. Vic had glued two tenor tomtom shells together for me to make a deep tabor, Provençal style. The rest was just stitching things together, sewing straps, fixing brackets on shells for the strap, and so on. I'd seen Basque tabors using a fiddle peg to tension the snare, so I adopted that idea. I knew that some makers were snared and some weren't so I wanted to be able to use them both ways, and I knew that all tabors in the Middle Ages were snared on the batter head. I knew how to lap drum heads on modern instruments – Harry Taylor had described the whole process to me over a litre of beer during an RPO German tour – he was shocked that I didn't lap my own, all drummers of his period did that themselves. When I'd finished all my own instruments I published what I'd done in the Galpin Society Journal to help others.

Later Tony Bingham commissioned Paul Williamson to make mediaeval percussion instruments under my inspection that he (Tony) could sell, giving me one example, if I wanted it, of each as a consultant's fee. Paul was a good craftsman and made much better instruments than I could, and he could learn from all the mistakes that I knew I'd made. I preferred the sound of my tambourines with hammered brass jingles to Paul's, who used cast brass ones. I used his makers, some of his tabors, but kept my own deep one (that was how we'd met – he couldn't get his snare to lie on the head when he made a deep one). When the Early Music Shop started making their own mediaeval percussion, unlike Tony, they didn't acknowledge what they'd learned from me, and they had theirs made in Pakistan from my Galpin article. I played with Musica Reservata from then on, around 1959 or maybe 58, until I came to Oxford in 1981.

In 1960 Eric Halfpenny asked me if I'd be interested in a year's work at the Horniman Museum as Curator of Instruments while the permanent incumbent had a year's sabbatical. Work as a player was a bit thin then, so I said yes. Eric had influence there, as he and Lyndesay Langwill had been Adam Carse's executors, and of course the Carse Collection was the main instrument collection there, so I got the job. I was able to keep up a lot of my school teaching connection by filling up hours at the weekends as Officer in Charge of the Museum – my colleagues didn't like the regular weekend stints, and I needed the money. I went on doing that weekend job until 1970, sitting in the Library and dealing with questions of any sort, and wandering around the museum from time to time to keep half an eye out. While I was there full time I got to know much more of the ethnographic instruments as well as the Carse, and also I got on well with the Curator, Otto Samson. He introduced me to the Royal Anthropological Institute, and more of that later. I also made a number of contacts with other museum curators. And of course I learned a lot about museum technology, which all helped me get the job at Oxford. I used also to go with Dr Samson to dealers when he heard that there were instruments for sale, and so I got to know them, too.

Around 1965 Eric Halfpenny was asked if he'd become editor of the Galpin Society Journal. He came to me and said 'Time to give back'. He knew how much I'd benefited from the Galpin Society, information from other members, what I'd learned from working at the Horniman, and so on. And so would I please take over his job as Galpin Honorary Secretary. No option with that approach, so I did. Various things happened in my time as Hon. Sec. One was an approach from Sheffield University Student Union for an exhibition of instruments. I explained that the Society didn't have a collection but that I did (more about that later, too) and I was persuaded to set that up for a couple of weeks, which was quite successful – one necessary preliminary was to catalogue just what I had, already about 300 instruments. This was in 1967.

At much the same time, the Society decided to have an exhibition in Edinburgh to celebrate its 21st Anniversary. That was basically planned up there, but I was asked to do the actual mounting 'on the wall'. Perhaps it was a result of that exhibition in 1968 that the Society decided that it should have a collection of its own. Several people gave instruments, and what really got it going was Geoffrey Rendall's bequest of his very considerable collection. This led to a traumatic series of events which I'm not prepared to go into in public, with ensuing legal discussions, but what eventually happened was that the Edinburgh Collection was established under the aegis of the University, now in St Cecilia's Hall, combining the Rendall

Collection etc, with the major Russell keyboard collection that they already had. Another event in my time was our First Foreign Tour (mainly organised by Gwen to Budapest and Prague), which was the first of many other tours to museums all over Europe.

One of the problems that I felt was serious with the Society was that it should be a Society, a group of like-minded colleagues, but while we had a worldwide membership, our only contact points with members were an annual journal, an AGM in or near London, and a bulletin. Eric had always claimed the bulletin as the Hon Sec's territory and had kept it informal – I tried to make it more informal still, as a friendly message from the Society to the membership at large. Some members of Committee felt that it was too informal, 'not conducive to the dignity of the Society' (one of the objectors was a Treasury Solicitor!). I explained my purposes with it, to make people who couldn't get to meetings feel that they were a Society rather than just subscribers to a Journal, but to no avail. So I said that if they didn't like my bulletin they could write their own and I didn't stand for re-election after my five-year stint. Years later they elected me a Vice-President, and since then I've been elected President, an Honorary (ie a non-executive post – the Society has always been run by the Chairman and Committee), but I try to be as active as I can.

After some years, I had missed the contact with members, which had grown up through the bulletin, so I was an easy sucker when Ephraim Segerman and Djilda Abbott asked me to be Hon. Secretary of a group they wanted to form, the Fellowship of Makers and Restorers of Historical Instruments (FoMRHI). A number of professional restorers of instruments objected to our use of that term, so we changed the word to Researchers as we wanted to retain our acronym. I ran that for 25 years, from 1975 to 2000, and I kept the bulletin as informal as I liked, making many friends as a result, and I insisted on publishing a List of Members every year, with a geographical and an instrumental indexes, updating it in every Quarterly, to encourage members to make easy contact with each other when travelling or by correspondence.

What was it like in the early days of the historical instrument movement?

Frustration a lot of the time. We knew what we should be doing – lots of evidence from texts reprinted by people like Dannreuther, Dolmetsch et al, Fritz Rothschild had given a talk at GSM about Bach accentuation, much of which made sense, but we didn't have the equipment. There were people like Dolmetsch playing viols etc, but while one could gather an orchestra from time to time of Galpin members etc, enough of whom had oboes, flutes and clarinets, the orchestral strings were a desert, and even if we had them, how could we persuade professionals to use them? I was giving two or three concerts a year, Bob Dart much the same – nobody could make a living from that. Remember this was 1954 or so. And professionals weren't trained to it either – one had to persuade them to start a trill on the upper auxiliary (Del Mar argued fiercely with me against that in slow movement of Brandenburg 6). I was convinced that when a composer titled a movement in French such as Menuet, Rejouissance, Badinerie, he meant it to be played in French – I had to mark every part with dots and tails, just occasionally getting away with 'swing it gently', and had to write in the grace notes at cadences. I asked my leader, Tessa Robins, 'could we play this without vibrato?' No, she said. Why not? It won't be in tune, and of course she was right – the modern orchestral vibrato covers a multitude of sins.

Some things were growing: Teddy Croft-Murray with Eric Halfpenny, Joe Wheeler and David Rycroft were reviving natural trumpet playing – plenty of natural trumpets around, easy to crook them into D, plenty of French trompes de chasse which I could play as well as a lowish trumpet part with them. In the last year of my string orchestra we were talking about getting bows – not very good ones, but the Dolmetschs were making them of a sort. But the arrival of children to feed cut that off in 1956.

In Musica Reservata we were using a treble rebec (Dolmetsch I think), a tenor rebec 'constructed' from a Sumatran gambus with a wooden belly by Dietrich Kessler, viols and lute (no problems there), recorders – well whatever we had, but when we were on tour in Germany we bought some Bärenreiter 'renaissance' ones. Sackbuts were pea-shooter trombones with an inch or so of the bell cut off. Chris Monk was making serpents and cornetts, but hardly anyone could play either in tune. People had started making crumhorns and they got played in anachronistic things simply because they made a nice noise.

Musica Reservata concerts were successful – we could very near sell out the Queen Elizabeth Hall while the Festival Hall was quarter full because a lot of people were put off by the BBC craze against anything that sounded like a tune – we’re getting into the 1960s now. Other ensembles were imitating us, David Munrow and others. But still there was a lack of orchestral strings and people willing to buy them and use them, even if anyone was making them.

By the mid-1970s, FoMRHI was encouraging people to make early instruments and use them, with a lot of practical information from one maker to the others. A Dutch group, Bouwers-Kontakt, was doing the same. And by that time people were beginning to make and to remodel orchestral strings, woodwind players were buying antiques and a few people were making reproductions.

When I went to the Bate in 1981 I organised weekends for players and makers, the makers mostly recorder, but also reed-making for oboes and bassoons – I could ask players to come and teach because I knew so many of them, and we had a spare room and so could save costs by putting them up. And by that time, early music was pretty well established. There’d been an Early Music conference at the Purcell Room, chaired by Howard Brown; John Thompson had started NEMA in the mid-70s and persuaded OUP to publish *Early Music*, and produce three small books, and we were all getting more knowledgeable and professional players more willing.

Some people were starting to say we were all bogus, and of course to a great extent we were. The ambience was wrong; much of our style was wrong; so was a lot of playing technique – fiddles gripped under the chin and so on, but it’s difficult to unlearn a lifetime of technique. But we were doing our best, and in many ways we were more than halfway there. We may have been playing in the QEH and RFH (even once a Prom in the Albert Hall) and not the Hanover Rooms nor the prince’s salon, but a lot of the time we were making something very near the right sound, and music is sound, and producing something near the right style.

Of course there were anomalies and there still are. Trumpets with holes like colanders because people don’t have time to learn to ‘bend’ the notes, and because conductors are terrified of the odd cracked note (Crispian Steele-Perkins told me after a concert ‘Peter won’t let me’ so he’d had to use a finger-hole trumpet); baroque horns with hands in the bell (not much of that now); the same oboe being used for Bach and Mozart (how many oboes can you afford to buy?); the same harpsichord being used for a recital of music from two centuries or three countries (how many harpsichords is there room for on one platform or that you can afford to hire?), and so on.

But when we started with Musica Reservata in 1958 or 59 there was nothing like it; just some people playing harpsichord and clavichord, the soft sound of genteel viols, the twitter of recorders, the hoot of church-trained singers. Mediaeval music took off, Renaissance followed, and look where we are now. And it has spread over the world. there’s early music ensembles in pretty well every country that plays ‘Western’ music, and it all really started here. All the Musica Reservata concerts, recordings, and broadcasts are preserved in the British Library Sound Archives, as are those of other groups, and they are still worth hearing.

When did you start collecting instruments?

In 1946, when I bought my own French horn, then in 1947 or 48 when I bought those two instruments in Egypt. Then when I became a percussion player, because I had to have a side drum to practice on and gradually I acquired kit as, when, and where I found it. Then my first handhorn in 1951. All these apart from the two Egyptian instruments were for playing – I played the Brahms Trio on the handhorn with two fellow students.

The real kick-off came in 1961. The Horniman had a policy of not letting its staff give lectures in the museum, because if they were employed there it couldn’t pay them for doing so. But after my year was up I was no longer an employee, so they asked me to give a talk. That was a disaster: lights up to show an instrument, lights out to show a slide. Some of the slides were upside down; it was one of the attendants who operated the machine – no computerised buttons in those days and anyway the machine was

up in the balcony and I was down on the platform. So by the time he'd turned the slide over, with a large thumbprint on the slide, and the audience was blinking with the lights, I said Never again: from now on just the instruments.

I'd already learned enough about instruments and their spread and development to plan lectures round music clubs and so on and had found an agent. So, having met a lot of the dealers with Dr Samson, I started to build. Also, within the Galpin Society there was a good deal of swapping and so on. And I had a school-teaching round. Often one school over the lunch hour and another after school. In those days there were junk shops and quasi-antique shops everywhere. On my trips from school to school (there were two or three hours available between each) I never passed such a shop without going in. The owners got to know me and what I was looking for, so they often kept something for me. And when I was driving from home to a gig I also kept an eye open. And sometimes I'd get a tip-off. One Good Friday Messiah, one of the trumpets told me he'd seen an old cornet in its box in a shop at Clapham Junction. Saturday I was in synagogue; Sunday they were closed and on Easter Monday, but Tuesday I was there and so was the cornet, original box and all crooks. Another time I called at a shop and a man was trying to sell the lady some ivory flutes. I asked if I could look at them and saw the name on one of them; I said if she bought them could I buy that one (I couldn't have afforded all of them). Of course it would have been wrong to ask the man directly to buy it from him. It was a Friday again, and I was teaching all day on Monday, but Gwen went round there Monday morning and when I got home, there on my desk was a one-key Stanesby jr ivory flute. Gwen used to say that when I went into a shop, instruments would come crawling out of the walls. One I remember I went into and the man said, 'Can I help you?'. And I said, 'Have you any musical instruments?'. 'Oh no', he said (meaning he had no violins or pianos), but there was a boxwood one-key flute and an African *mbira*, and something else I can't remember. The flute cost £2 10s, and when I showed it to Morley Pegge he was horrified – he'd never paid more than 7/6! So, bless him, he gave me four more! Once, driving Philip Bate down to see Morley we took three hours to get a mile down one road in Croydon – it was littered with shops and we stopped at every one of them – as far as I remember I got one instrument out of the lot of them, plus phoning a pupil to tell her of a pair of timps.

So the collection grew, and I gave many lectures in schools and music clubs all round the country, laying out a long line of instruments and talking about the Origins and Development of Musical Instruments, playing some notes here and there and just showing others. Eventually of course that became a book. The collection grew and grew – that's how I had enough for that exhibition in Sheffield.

I had a big boost when I was a visiting Professor in Iowa. For one thing, each small town had its junk/antique shop, and two or three of us would drive round at weekends, and for another of course I was on local radio and people in the town would know I was interested, and show and offer things. As a result, while I'd taken boxes of slides to illustrate my lectures, plus a few instruments, I came back with 150! Gwen had to hire a van to meet me at the dock (I was travelling by ship, as one could in 1971). I was offered some during the Sheffield Exhibition, too, a Giorgi flute among them, and our best tuning forks are made there (John Walker), actually made by Mr Ragg, who also made Granton knives, many of which I already had in my kitchen.

And of course the more instruments you have, the more you learn about them – there's nothing to match actually having an instrument in your hand. One learns from instruments in museums, too, and in those days you could often ask if they'd open a case and let you handle it, especially when you were there by appointment. We spent one holiday in Gothenburg where there's a wonderful ethnographic museum (pre-arranged visit of course) and they said 'Here's the card catalogue; anything you want to see, just put the card on the table and the instrument will be there tomorrow'. Things like that don't happen any more, but they did then, though even that was exceptionally kind behaviour. I learned an enormous amount in that way, and that's why people come to see my collection because I still make it available like that, as I also did at the Bate because Philip Bate gave the collection so that it could be used both for study and for playing.

Also, the collection has been invaluable for my books. Publishers allot you a certain number of illustrations, and if you're limited to getting pictures from a museum it means one instrument per illustration

(and the cost), though I did once persuade two museums to take a picture with a metre stick and then put two pictures together by matching the two sticks. But with my own collection, I can take one photo with a whole group of instruments and so side-step the publisher by showing far more instruments than their allowance. And of course I used the collection to illustrate my university lectures, taking a suitcase or even a trunk with me, as well as inviting the students home at least once each term to see everything else.

Tell us about your teaching career.

Teaching kids to play instruments is a depressing business on the whole, but it's a living if you get enough of it. Most of the time, no practice, no progress, not much enthusiasm, sometimes reasonable excuses – Dad wanted to watch the telly and made me stop. I had one public school where I taught timpani and percussion all day (boys were responsible for the timetable so that they didn't miss the same lesson each week, though one managed to skive off Latin for most of a year till they caught up with him), the boys were keen and interested, some of them in pop ('had to take the family Daimler, couldn't get the kit in the Jag'), all willing also to play classical, two of them now well-known composers, so that was a good one. One of the other teachers also taught my son piano at another school and we used to moan together that he never practised; they spent their time sight-reading piano duets, and that was a good way of teaching him. At a Girls' Public Day School Trust I taught both brass and timp and percussion. There was one good timpanist, I got her into an amateur orchestra. One good trumpeter who wanted to play natural trumpet – interesting. One totally hopeless, wanted to please Daddy by playing an instrument – had tried several and eventually came to me, surely she could hit a drum. She could hit but she couldn't count four in a bar. Daddy was a colleague so I'd meet him on gigs and told him he was wasting his money, but he said she really wanted to try, so we agreed that some kids you're paid to teach and some you're paid to suffer. The rest were average, and one or two that I've heard from in subsequent years seem to have enjoyed their time with me.

Several back-street state schools had wide differences. At one I taught a group of kids and one went behind my back and nicked the wallet out of my jacket. The school was angry that I'd reported it to the police (the police found my wallet sans money but with everything else). The school expected me to go on teaching that group, including the lad who'd nicked my wallet (he had a record) and was surprised when I refused to go back. Another was totally different. The headmaster knew none of the boys would pass any exams so he encouraged music and drama (one of the boys was in the first production of *Oliver*). The boys were so keen I started an evening class orchestra for them. The Head asked me to get them a set of steel drums long before these became popular in schools. I found a local bus driver who said if we paid him £10 he could get a batch of oil drums to make a new set, and we could have his old ones – he came into the school and taught the boys to play them. We set up a big local concert with several other schools, a music master wrote a suite for orchestra and steel drums, Schott's were so impressed that they allowed us to transpose bits of *Carmina Burana* down a tone to make it easier for them (but the local Catholic school pulled out because their kids could understand the words). The concert was a great success – I got Sir Robert Mayer, the founder of the Children's Concerts, to come and he was rightly impressed with what we'd achieved. But the headmaster retired, his successor was doctrinaire (Every boy must pass exams) and the whole thing collapsed. Lots of things happened there, though. Two twins shared a horn and one day they came in with it with the bell folded back like an umbrella – when we got the story out of them, one had been standing just inside their room and the other came in in a hurry, result: one door-bashed French horn. Others, 'please Sir, I dropped my mouthpiece in the road and a car ran over it'; 'please Sir, I dropped my mouthpiece out of the window on the top floor'; 'please Sir, I can't get my mouthpiece out'. I took to carrying a tool kit. But also 'Saw you on the telly last night, Sir' – a concert in which I'd had a big cymbal crash so was on camera, but there they were, back-street kids, watching a symphony concert. I'd had *carte blanche* there to pick up any junk violin for less than a fiver – the ILEA couldn't allow them enough string instruments but would repair any that they had.

I taught brass beginners from the Oxford song book – if you start a player on a tune s/he knows, it helps! Several children worked out for themselves how to change fingering for a necessary chromatic. So does playing against a drone for intonation. I wrote exercises, especially for timpani ('Paukendoodles' I

called them) that would cover things they'd need to be able to play. I had always made my own timpani sticks (I had asked Jim Bradshaw, the finest timpanist of my time, for lessons, but he asked me who'd taught me, and when I said Jimmy Blades, he just said 'Ah, very nice' – his brother Bill Bradshaw played with Jimmy, and Jim and Bill had been enemies for years. But he did show me how he made his sticks, which were better than anything one could buy). So when I started a timpanist I sold a kit for ten bob, sticks, heads, knobs, felt and nylon thread, so that they could make their own like mine. And I started carrying a stock of side drum sticks because shops would always try to palm off warped ones to a child and wouldn't let them open a packet and roll them on the counter to check if they were straight. I matched the sticks for pitch, too – every stick has a pitch (like a xylophone bar, though fainter), because if one stick is higher pitched than the other, consecutive strokes will sound different.

And of course I learned all the different ways to get a concept into the head of a child. So that was one sort of teaching. Another was the lectures round music clubs and schools – I was teaching them how music and instruments were universals round the world.

One day someone came to see my collection (I've no memory of how he came, a friend of a friend, I assume) and he asked me why I didn't come and lecture in colleges in USA – 'Invite me' I said, and he did. So I was Heath Visiting Professor at Grinnell College in Iowa in 1970-71. I lectured at other Universities while I was there, as well, and even appeared on the Today Show. What I can't remember (I'm hopeless at dates) is whether this was before or after Bob Dart had asked me to lecture at King's College London. What I taught, and what I cover in my books, is, as above, that music and instruments are a human universal and that instruments travel and develop, changing to suit the local cultures as they go. After a while I moved over to Goldsmith's and taught there. And then John Blacking asked me to come over to Belfast once a year and teach at Queen's, and he sent some of his students to me for detailed work on classification. So after a while I was doing less school teaching and more at university level. I was also examining vivas for PhDs, including one trip to Sweden as Opponent – students there have to defend their thesis in public. This was in Gothenberg, and all the musical instrument big-wigs came over from Stockholm for the occasion – with people like Ernst Emsheimer there I was nearly as frightened as the student! I didn't have to dress up in white tie and tails, though, as they used to, but the Opponent is treated as a very honoured guest.

So I was well accustomed to university lecturing when I applied for the Bate when Tony Baines retired. I had applied the first time, too, but when I heard that Tony had also applied (the Collection then was exclusively woodwind, and he was the world expert on woodwind) I said to Gwen on the morning that I went up for interview 'You know, if they're unkind they might ask me, "As secretary of the Galpin Society" (which I still was in 1968), "who do you think we should appoint?"', to which the only possible answer was 'Tony Baines'. They were kind and didn't ask me that but they did have the good sense to appoint Tony. But I did get the job in 1981, and I lectured three times a week, as well as giving tutorials and supervising graduates for the DPhil. One series of 16 over two terms (we have an eight-week term in Oxford) was on our instruments from the Middle Ages to the present day, illustrated with slides and instruments; another was on the instruments of the rest of the world, which I illustrated with snatches of tapes so that they'd hear the instruments in their own contexts and also hear some of the music, plus slides and instruments. The third series was either on things that interested me or that Faculty Board suggested.

A lot of my colleagues at the Ethnomusicology Committee of the Royal Anthropological Institute were very generous at giving me excerpts of tapes from their field work, and it was those, plus bits from the BBC, that I used in my lectures. I forgot to mention the RAI earlier. I'd been elected a Fellow at Dr Samson's introduction at the time of their big Ethnomusicology Conference in 1960 or 61 and I soon found myself on their Ethnomusicology Committee, then becoming its secretary, and also being its representative on RAI Council. I think it was Klaus Wachsmann who'd pushed me into being secretary. He later also asked me if I'd take over running the International Folk Music Council (now the International Council of Traditional Music) as Maud Karpeles wanted to retire. But Maud had always covered her own expenses, including travel worldwide, and I couldn't afford to do that, so I had to say no. As a result, head office moved abroad and it was some years later, when I was at Goldsmith's, that we started a UK branch of ICTM with conferences that Gwen ran – John Blacking always thanked me publicly for run-

ning each conference even though it was Gwen who'd done all the work, but he was a natural mcp, as she said. I also became one of the founding members of his European Seminar in Ethnomusicology, at one stage after his early death becoming its President. I also got involved through ESEM with giving several series of lectures in Barcelona on global Mediterranean music and instruments (those lectures are on my website as free downloads).

The RAI Ethnomusicology Committee was always interesting, though the anthropologists, on the whole, were more interested in the social side (who can marry whom and so on) than the culture such as music, especially not the material culture, such as instruments. I wrote to all the Anthropology Departments in the country, offering introductory talks on music, because students doing field work would hear music all round them, but not one replied. Gradually the Committee metamorphosed into a group listening to each other's fieldwork, with fortnightly meetings followed by a drink and meal, usually in an Indian restaurant. This went on for two or three years, maybe more, until two of our kingpins, Nazir Jairazbhoy and Raymond Clausen, left, Nazir to Canada and then UCLA and Raymond back to Malekula, after which it dwindled away. Recently the Ethnomusicology Committee has been revived, and I've been re-elected back on to it, partly because I was the only survivor from the original Committee and could provide links and memories from it.

One other point from the Bate: as Lecturer-Curator I was entitled to a College Fellowship, but a museum curator isn't a lot of use to a college – I wasn't prepared to teach harmony and counterpoint, subjects that I'd been no use at in my own student days. There was a number of us in that position of limbo – the great advantage of a Fellowship is that anything one wants to know is available around the college, and if not in college through someone who knows someone. So I asked Philip Bate if he'd be willing to nominate me as a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, which he kindly did. Eventually the powers at the University got tired of our complaints at the lack of college affiliations and they launched a mopping-up operation in which we could choose a college and the colleges could choose from among us, and I became a Fellow of Wadham College, which I still am as an Emeritus, being now beyond the retirement age. The teaching I now still do is partly through my books and other writings, partly at long range, answering emails from all over with queries about instruments, and partly with short courses here for people who particularly want to study particular aspects of instruments in detail, especially classification of instruments or world instruments outside their own local areas.

And of course there are always conferences, where one gives a paper, which again is a form of teaching, though I've been doing less of that in the last year or so – travelling is tiring as one gets older. One regular for a number of years has been ANIMUSIC, a Portuguese society in imitation of the Galpin Society, which I helped to establish. Another is CIMCIM, the musical instrument branch of ICOM (the International Council of Museums) of which I've been a member for many years, though that's sometimes further away than I want, or can afford, to travel.

Why teach? There are two good reasons: one is that there's little point in learning unless you pass it on. Some people hold on to their learning – this is my research, my learning, my craft skill. They are the thieves of learning, they've learned from others but they keep things to themselves. They're like the people who'll steal a Picasso and stash it away in a cupboard so that only they can see it. The other is that the only way you can thank the people who've taught you things, is to do the same – pass it on, teach it to others.

What were your ambitions for the Bate Collection, as Curator?

Well, initially was to get it sorted out. When I arrived at the beginning of July in 1981 it was all lying on a bare concrete floor with bare plaster walls, humidity dangerously high in the 90s, too many windows with dangerous light levels. We were moving into the new building where the Bate still is today, and the builders were still working all around us. I had the display area to sort out with showcases; I had an office to get sorted (that's been taken away from us since my time and is now used by a different Faculty member, meaning that the Bate Library, all Morley Pegge's, Tony's, and later Philip's books, are now in store and inaccessible); I had a workshop to get fitted out (which is now the Bate Office as well, so no room for lathes and things anymore); and I had to get the instruments up on the wall. I'd hoped to get a

fair of amount of my collection in as well, as an introductory display of the initial history of instruments, but I found there was no space for that, and all I could do was to fill a few gaps, so there's only about 200 of my instruments down there on loan.

Eventually we got it all sorted, having found a local shop-fitting firm to make the cases – we couldn't afford the prices quoted by the museum outfitters. I put showcases in front of most of the windows and so got light levels down to a tolerable level; we got the humidity down to a safe level, though being partly subterranean we still have to keep an eye there, not helped by floods caused by incompetent architects who don't know that straight lines of pipes can expand and contract as temperature changes, or that pumps can fail. So at last I got it all set up, taking Bob Barclay's advice that a), due to gravity, all instruments should be supported underneath, not from above; and b), since the Faculty could not afford beautiful museum quality fittings, that common garden iron wire covered by shrink-tube would protect the instruments just as well. I got every instrument mounted so that it could be lifted out with one hand so as to support it with the other at its bottom in case joints slipped apart – just one instrument needed a screw removed.



Illus.4 Welcoming visitors to the Bate Collection

A further ambition was that Edgar Hunt had given Tony seven years to raise the funds to buy his collection. Edgar kindly gave me a further year to go on trying. I went to the Vice-Chancellor to tell him what we were at risk of losing. He said 'Have you tried the Equipment Fund?'. I did, it worked, the Faculty chipped in, and when I went to see Edgar and collect, he kept saying 'Have you got one of these?', and, bless him, he kept adding things to what he'd initially offered.

Wider ambitions were to fill some gaps over the years (Tony Bingham was enormously kind, giving us long periods to raise money to buy things); to raise money to buy instruments that we had on loan that owners eventually needed to sell; to create a Friends of the Bate; to get people to draw plans and measured drawings; to open the Collection for more days in the week and longer hours; to make recordings of some of our instruments; to take photographs and produce postcards; to provide Guides and Catalogues (all those to raise funds to create a Purchase Fund, which we didn't otherwise have); to get the Collection used more; to get the local community from beyond the University to visit the Collection; and to get the Bate better known both within and beyond the University. All these were successful, but in the end the last was perhaps tactless – there grew a feeling in the Faculty that the tail was wagging the dog, that the Bate was becoming better-known than the rest of the Faculty's work.

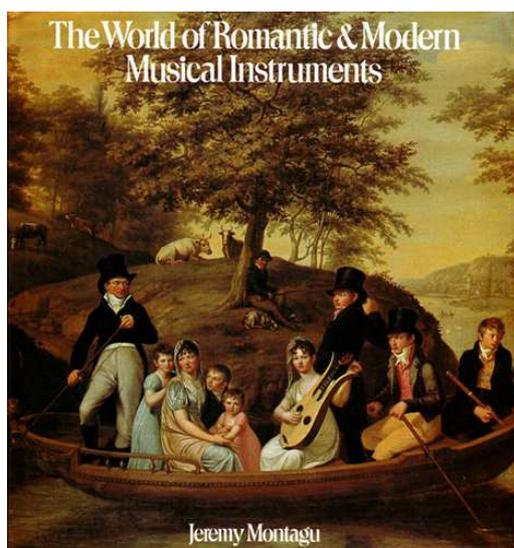
Students did use the instruments more. There were playing groups of various sorts; there were various weekends with both students and outsiders; there were meetings with special interest Societies such as the British Clavichord Society, the Galpin Society, and others; Thames Valley Early Music Forum met first in the Bate; after we were given our Javanese Gamelan that was played weekly with players from within and without; students were studying organology and sitting exams in the subject; we did have plans and drawings for sale; we did have recordings and postcards for sale; we do have a Friends, and the Friends have established a Purchase Fund and have contributed more than generously to appeals in emergencies. We do have far more visitors than we did, but nothing like the numbers that the major University museums attract, but we are a special interest. And we are not one of the University Museums – we are a Faculty Collection and this limits us in some respects.

In 1995 I came to retirement age (67 in those days). My successor was tragically short-lived, but her successor, Andy Lamb, has achieved great leaps and bounds above what I achieved. My great failure, since I

retired, is that while Philip gave the Collection on the basis that the instruments would be used and that there would be a Lecturer/Curator, that last has been allowed to lapse, and since my retirement there has been no organology teaching within the Faculty; the Faculty has felt that it had other needs, that the funds available should be spent on other subjects and other administrative posts, and that the University has subjects in greater need than the study of musical instruments. Horace Fitzpatrick raised enough money, a few thousand pounds in the mid-1960s to cover the then cost of a Lecturer; today the endowed cost is well over a million for a Lecturer, and that is why Andy is the Collection Manager, or words to that effect, and not the Lecturer/Curator.

Tell us about your many publications. What has driven your research interests?

Initially I was encouraged by Eric Halfpenny to write an article for the Galpin Society Journal on some unusual wooden-shell timpani I'd bought during our long European American modern dance tour, and then another on an equally unusual Indian horn in the Horniman. Then Bill Fagg at the British Museum encouraged a couple of articles in the RAI's lesser journal MAN (which he edited), correcting his classification and terminology on some African instruments at the BM. So there I was, already established in the way I would go on, writing as much about European as ethnographic instruments – I emphasise again that instruments are an universal. This is why it is the ethnomusicologists who are the true musicologists – they see music and instruments as a worldwide whole in society, whereas our conventional musicologists concern themselves with only one small corner of the world, and even then with only minor aspects of the music itself, mostly ignoring its place in society.



Illus.5 'Romantic and Modern'

Then I was approached by an agent, who'd had a request from a publisher, and was asked to write a book on the other main subject that has concerned me since: the instruments of the Middle Ages. Perhaps this came to me because, being large and bearded, I was a very obvious performer of that music. Anyway, that was my first book, *The World of Medieval and Renaissance Musical Instruments*. The publishers dillied and dallied with it so much that David Munrow's very different book on the subject came out first and lost me a lot of UK sales, but due to simultaneous publication in America and Australia mine sold well, so much so that I was contracted for three more, abbreviated as *Baroque and Classical*, *Romantic and Modern* (illus.5) and *Antique and Ethnographic*. *Med & Ren* had been hacked out three times, top to bottom, on a manual typewriter, but its sales had been good enough to cover an electric machine for the others – I was taught that submissions to a publisher should be clean – no manuscript emendations cluttering the page, which is why the whole was typed out every time. *Rom & Mod*

had not sold so well, so *Ant & Ethn* got cancelled, but I had an agent and they fought and I got paid!

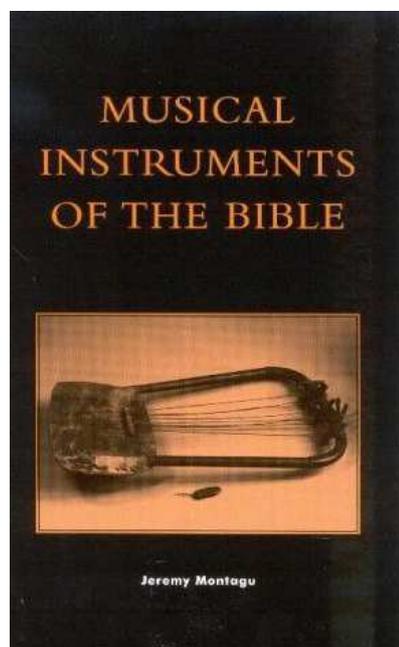
After I'd written *Med & Ren* but before it was published, John Thomson asked Jimmy Blades and me to write a couple of small books on Early Percussion, Jimmy to write the history (though in fact I'd written a draught of the chapter on that subject for him for his own major book on Percussion) and me on the playing of it, and a second book just of mine on making the instruments (when OUP took that out of print, I bought up the remainder and *Making Early Percussion Instruments* is still available from me and from the Bate).

Rom and Mod was published in 1981, which is when I was appointed to the Bate (no doubt partly on the strength of those books), so for lack of time, both teaching and running a museum are more than a full time job, that was my last book until I retired, but there was time to write articles, for Early Music (including the regular Saleroom reports as well as articles such as that on Beverley Minster), the GSJ, and various others, as well as my Guides and Handbooks for the Bate. It was while I was at the Bate that the

Amstrad personal computer became available – I’d wanted to write guides etc, and to produce them ‘in house’ at A5 size, four A4 pages on one A4 sheet, just as we did FoMRHI Quarterlies, which meant multiples of four pages of text, less one for a title page, but the idea of writing seven or fifteen pages and having one word too many was a real no-no. But a computer would solve that problem, so I bought one, and typed out my first Guides at home, and then the Faculty bought me a second so that I could work on them in the Bate as well. So I was the first person in the Faculty to get computerised, and later the first to get on line, and that helped a lot with our international connexions.

Shortly before I retired, I was asked to write a book to accompany a large collection of photographs of English church carvings of musicians that had been photographed by an American who had spent many years travelling around the country to take them all. He had recently died and his widow was a friend of a publisher whom I’d met while teaching in USA. So I got Gwen to write the church history side of it while I wrote about the instruments, just we had done together on Beverley Minster, the greatest collection of church carvings of instruments in this country. After *Minstrels and Angels* was published I got Mrs Nicewonger’s permission to deposit the collection of photos (they were all 35mm slides, which had complicated the publication process) to the National Buildings Record, where I presume they still are (now in Swindon).

Other books followed. Yale asked me to write the first book in their series on musical instruments, designed to replace the old Benn series which had been written by those I consider my teachers and forefathers, Morley Pegge, Philip Bate, Lyndesay Langwill, Geoffrey Rendall, who in their turn had been successors to and friends of Canon Galpin. So that was *Timpani and Percussion Instruments*. I wrote, too, my *Musical Instruments of the Bible* (illus.6), a book designed to elucidate just what were all those terms that appear there. From the Middle Ages onwards, with the writings of the Pseudo-Jerome, people had used their imagination to try to explain what all these Hebrew (and Aramaic for Daniel and the Targumim) terms meant. I included a quadri-lingual index of the Hebrew/Aramaic, Greek (for the Septuagint), Latin (for the Vulgate), and English (AV/King James) names, and used my own knowledge of Hebrew, of archaeology, of etymology, and of ethnography to do my best to sort them out, though there are still terms that can only be guesswork, often due to just one mention in the Bible.



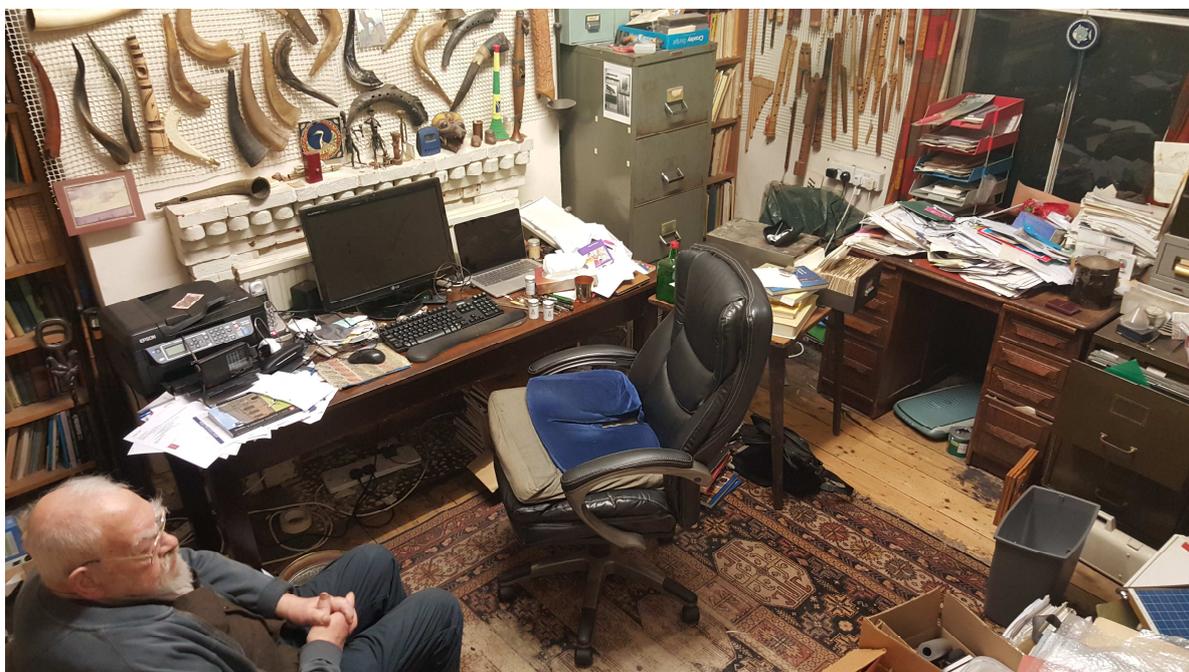
Illus.6 Musical Instruments of the Bible

Then I was approached by a publisher to revise the great Curt Sachs book on the *History of Musical Instruments*, which he’d written in 1940 after arriving in New York as a refugee from Hitler. That book had been based on two earlier books of his, written in 1917 and 1925, *Geist und Werden* and the *Handbuch*, and while some of it was out of date even in 1940, much of it was badly out of date in the 1980s. I said ‘No – it’s a classic and it shouldn’t be touched, but I’ll write you a new one’. So that was my *Origins and Development of Musical Instruments*, my first really worldwide book, for Timpani and Percussion, while it had included some ethnographic instruments, was obviously meant to cover mainly our instruments and playing. That sold well enough that they were open to more, so I suggested ‘Horns and Trumpets of the World’, which they accepted as an idea, but the writing of it was interrupted by a request from Laurence Libin to be one of the area editors for a revised edition of the *Grove Dictionary of Musical Instruments* – I had written some entries for Stanley Sadie in the 1984 edition and some for the main *Grove Dictionary*. I’d also written the instrument entries for the *Oxford Encyclopedia of the Arts* and for a recent update of the *Oxford Companion to Music*, and much earlier for an *Everyman Encyclopedia*, as well as a chapter in a general book on mediaeval instruments.

I felt that it was a duty (as well as compliment) to work for *Grove*, so ‘Horns and Trumpets’ was put aside (the publishers weren’t pleased, but accepted my reasons). So for the next four years I was commissioning articles from people all over the world to write about the instruments of their areas, to update entries

as best I could for areas where I could find no one willing (there were some surprising refusals, sometimes due to the inadequacy of the fees we could offer, occasionally due to personality clashes between an original author and a potential reviser), and also to write the entries myself for areas where I had special knowledge or interest. For example, I had written a potential update and revision of the Hornbostel & Sachs 'Classification of Musical Instruments', which had been meant to be a basis for international discussion, but having been published in 1914 this had never happened – my version had become the basis of the current ICOM version (except for the electronics, which is way out of my field).

After *Grove* was done, during which I had made many friendships, especially with Libin, I went back to my publisher and asked if they'd still be interested in *Horns and Trumpets*, and luckily they were. That, like *Origins and Developments*, was on a world basis. And then it was followed by *The Shofar*, the biblical ram's horn, which I'd blown in my London synagogue for many years and had always been a special interest. Unfortunately, personnel had changed at my publisher and they made something of a mess of that, omitting the general index and ignoring proof-corrections, so I was less than inclined to go back to them next time. Jeff Nussbaum of the Historic Brass Society, of which I'd been a member since its beginning, had suggested that I write a book on *The Conch Horn*, saying that I knew more about it than anyone else. It's a very specialised subject, even more so than the Shofar, and I couldn't find a publisher, so my son is sorting it out and will be putting it on my website as a free download, and maybe if there's enough interest as print-on-demand.



Illus.7 At home, in the office

There's a lot of other things there on my website, including articles that have appeared in some of the more obscure periodicals (not *G&S* nor *Early Music*, since these are easily available), some conference papers, some lectures, my autobiography, and my one excursion into fiction (some entertaining and fairly ribald stories about a dragon called Wendy, with a lot of musical references, initially written to entertain my mother in her last illness). I'm still writing things to go up there (illus.7), and they're all free downloads.

Jeremy Montagu was born in London in 1927, and is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London; a Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute; and an Emeritus Fellow of Wadham College, University of Oxford. His website is at www.jeremymontagu.co.uk