

the british
ART MUSIC SERIES



CCMF - All About Kids
19th October 2012



What is CCHF All About Kids?

Since 1884, CCHF All About Kids (formerly known as The Children's Country Holidays Fund) has helped over two million disadvantaged children, mainly from London, to take a residential break from the destructive factors that impact upon their lives.

Our Aims

Our breaks are all about the children having fun, whilst building self confidence and self esteem.

Each year literally 100's of children aged 7-11 enjoy a residential break, with trips to local beaches and educational days out in the countryside.

Our Team

We are a small staff team, and manage to keep our costs down by working with over 500 volunteers.

Our Funding

It currently costs £311 to give a disadvantaged child a residential break.

We would like to sincerely thank the British Art Music Series for supporting our work this evening. With no statutory funding we rely 100% on voluntary support such as this to be able to continue providing breaks for vulnerable children.

Could you help?

As you are enjoying tonight's concert, vulnerable children in London are suffering from poverty, abuse and neglect.

Could you help with a donation, volunteering or leaving a gift in your Will?

For more information Tel: **01273 847770**

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or visit our website:

The British Art Music Series

19th October 2012

The Actors' Church, London

Children and Childhood

Introduction | Ben Fleetwood Smyth, Director of the British Art Music Series

Conductor | Hugh Brunt

Composer | Debbie Wiseman MBE

Orchestra | Students from: Eltham College | Godolphin and Latymer School |
The London Oratory School | Kings College London | The British Art Music Series Consort

Readers | Amy Beth Hayes | Angus Imrie

www.bamseries.com

Patrons | Dr James MacMillan CBE | Libby Purves OBE | John Wilson

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Welcome

Oscar Wilde produced two volumes of fairy tales: *The Happy Prince* (1888) and *A House of Pomegranates* (1891). Both of this evening's fairy tales, *The Nightingale and the Rose* and *The Selfish Giant*, are taken from the earlier volume.

Many critics feel that this period of his writing saw Wilde at the height of his creative powers, assimilating and often challenging the theological, political, and social concerns of his day. Following the publication of his *Poems*, many at the time found that the seemingly orthodox fairy tales jarred uncomfortably with the subversive, amoralistic Wildean voice they had come to expect. However, some reviews, such as one from June 1888 in *The Universal Review*, stated that the tales:

“...show Mr Wilde's genius at its best”.

Then and now numerous questions remain as to the significance of the tales: are they fairy tales or folk tales? Are they ideologically conformative or primitively subversive? Radical or conservative? Dangerous or edifying? Declan Kiberd, the Donald and Marilyn Keough Professor of Irish Studies at The University of Notre Dame, has suggested cagily that “Wilde's fairy tales are intended, perhaps mainly for adults – but for children too.” The symbolic and allegorical richness of the tales provide a fertile ground for the reader's imagination and abound with Greek and Ovidian references and their later, very obvious, Christian incarnations which explore reason and emotion alongside the meanings of love, sacrifice, sin, and salvation, among others.

Clifton Snider, Emeritus Professor of English at California State University, suggests that the tales appeal to the ‘collective unconscious’; that Wilde transmits through codes and symbols ideas which reverberate with multilayered religious (very often Catholic), political, geographical, and cultural meaning.

Unlike most fairy tales, as Déborah Scheidt argues, Wilde's do not conform to the ‘lived happily ever after formula’. In fact, in all but one tale from his two volumes, the protagonist dies as part of systematic and tragic development.

Richard Palmer, in *Tragedy and Tragic Theory*, suggests there are several thematic and structural elements present in the tales: tragic heroes, tragic villains and martyrs, issues of fate, guilt, will, self-recognition, death and suffering, as well as the recurrence of paradox, tragic structure, and poetic elevation of language. Benedict Morrison, by way of introduction to each of the pieces this evening, will give a more detailed account of the tales' dense symbolism.

Wiseman's accompaniment is carefully subtle, sensitive, purposeful, and very beautiful. The wonderful orchestral phrasing, the melodic soaring solo lines (so reminiscent of the best of British early 20th Century composition), the shimmering musical palette and the word-painting combine not only to move the tales along, but also to broaden and deepen the effectiveness of each narrative.

The music cushions the tales and elevates them; it gives colour to their poignant agonies and makes them heartbreaking. The listener is led through the tales' exposition; their rising and falling action, their climax, and their denouement; each turn sensitively rendered.

BFS

“So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden.” **The Selfish Giant**

The British Art Music Orchestra 2012

FIRST VIOLINS

Daniel Pioro

BAM Consort | Leader | Soloist

Georgia Hannant

KCL | Leader for rehearsals

Ryan Chung *LOS*

William Cracknell *LOS*

Sophia Frankford *KCL*

Ajay Kapur *EC*

Conor Murphy *EC*

SECOND VIOLINS

Charlotte Bonneton *BAM Consort*

Kieran Reed *EC*

Henry Rodriguez-Broadbent *LOS*

Eun-Joo Yoon *KCL*

VIOLAS

Robert Ames *BAM Consort*

Caspar Barrie *LOS*

Takeo Broadbent *EC*

Tom Hood *EC*

Marijke Welch *KCL*

CELLOS

Rebecca Herman

BAM Consort | Soloist

Liam Connery *LOS*

Josh Davis *EC*

Tobias Dekker *LOS*

Midori Jaeger *KCL*

Joe MacKenzie *EC*

DOUBLE BASS

Harriet Scott *BAM Consort*

FLUTES

Chris Roberts

LOS | Soloist
(The Selfish Giant)

Alex Robinson

EC | Soloist
(The Nightingale and the Rose)

OBOE

Joe Beesley *EC | Soloist*

CLARINETS

Poppy Beddoe *KCL | Soloist*

Brandon Marshall *EC*

BASSOONS

Finan Jones *LOS*

Tilly Walker *GL*

HORNS

Nicholas Ireson *BAM Consort*

Matthew Cracknell *LOS*

Arun O'Sullivan *EC*

TRUMPET

Louis Barclay *EC*

TROMBONE

Barney Philpott *BAM Consort*

TIMPANI/PERCUSSION

Ruari Paterson-Achenbach *EC*

HARP

Martino Panizza

BAM Consort | Soloist

PIANO

Richard Hills *BAM Consort | Soloist*

EC, Eltham College | GL, Godolphin and Latymer | LOS, The London Oratory School | KCL, Kings College London | BAM Consort, The British Art Music Consort

Programme *Each fairy tale will be introduced by Benedict Morrison.*

The Nightingale and the Rose

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin."

But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her"; and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale. "For a red rose?" they cried; "how very ridiculous!"

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air.

In the centre of the grass plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "but go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "but go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "but the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree; "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn

must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered; "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to

think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

And on the top-most spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, but the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white. And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and

wilder and wilder grew her song.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began



to beat, and a film came over her eyes.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now"; but the Nightingale made no answer, for

she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out. "Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" he cried; "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life." And he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel. "You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world."

But the girl frowned. "I am afraid it will not go with my dress," she answered; "and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student." And she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What I a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

— THE END —

Programme

The Selfish Giant

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were 12 peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden. "What are you doing here?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board. **TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.** He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds.

Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden.

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it

seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world.

Then a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene.

Only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever."

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again.

Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him.

And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said: "the boy I put into the tree." "We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. In the farthest corner of the garden

was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger. For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

.....
— THE END —



Rehearsal photographs

Thanks

“In normal life we hardly realize how much more we receive than we give, and life cannot be rich without such gratitude. It is so easy to overestimate the importance of our own achievements compared with what we owe to the help of others.”

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Letters & Papers from Prison

Debbie Wiseman, for her help, counsel,
and generosity.

The performers: musicians and readers, this
evening would have been nothing without you.

Stuart Valentine, for his untold generosity
and friendship; thank you a thousand times.

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www.sav.co.uk, for being superb friends.

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of this concert.

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effort to advertise this concert.

The Rev Simon Grigg and Charles Grant
from this church.

Jon and Simon from Cantate Communications



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Hamptons Mayfair

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Lettings. 020 7717 5467 mayfairlettings@hamptons-int.com

Hamptons City & West End

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