

A Composer in Africa

Essays on the life and work of Stefans Grové



Stephanus Muller & Chris Walton



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with an annotated work catalogue and bibliography

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&

Chris Walton

foreword by John Tyrrell



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Dedicated to Alison Grové

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Foreword

Dear Stefans (or 'Mr Grové', as I remember calling you)

You won't remember me since many students have passed through your hands since then, but in 1961, when I was in my second year at Cape Town University, you taught me for a semester. I remember the first time you came into the class. 'Please sir, could you speak louder', someone said. You explained, speaking just as softly, that if we listened really hard, we would hear every word. And so we did. You commanded total attention. You held that attention in all sorts of ways. There were the graphs. What, you asked, as you drew a jagged, up-and-down one on the blackboard, did that represent? We discovered that it was a graph of a 'typical student's emotional life'. This was then compared to a graph with gentle curves, 'the emotional life of a student who regularly listened to Handel'. I listened to Handel thereafter, much calmed, and grateful to you for introducing me into a wonderful new world. Then there were the jokes (one, for instance, about how alcohol-making ingredients were sold during American Prohibition with the words 'don't', 'never', 'not' liberally applied). There was the story of the little girl who had been brought up to read only the alto clef and found that much more satisfying than the treble and bass clefs that she eventually encountered. But above all there was the professionalism of well-organized, committed and knowledgeable teaching. We found ourselves wanting to work hard for you, doing regular assignments and getting back your regular and enlightening comments. We were amazed how quickly we picked up new skills and how much we learnt from week to week. The only sadness was that it was so short, just one semester. No-one who taught me afterwards measured up to you.

Until I encountered you I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life. After those few months, I knew I wanted to be a university music teacher 'just like Mr Grové'. I can't believe that it's more than forty years ago, and that you're now over eighty. I thank you from my heart for what you taught me, for your example, and for all that I've been able to pass on to my own students.

Yours

John Tyrrell

Professor John Tyrrell, Cardiff University

Executive Editor, *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (2001)



Stefans Grové

Introduction

To publish a book of essays on a living composer is a risky enterprise. Riskier still, if that composer is a personal acquaintance, much loved by his colleagues. The scholarly objective of a book of essays on any composer is to investigate, analyse and dissect, not to please. But in a volume that was prompted by the eightieth birthday of the composer, such a metaphorical act of vivisection is hardly what the birthday boy should expect from his friends.

And yet: it is a poor tribute that confines itself to praise. The present writers share not merely a dislike of *Festschriften* (the round birthdays that they commemorate tend to inspire a pseudo-musicological hagiography that demeans both the author and the object of his attention), but most of all a great love and respect for the music of Stefans Grové. To be sure, there are uneven moments in his oeuvre, as with any composer of stature; but he has created a body of work whose objective significance transcends local boundaries, and will, we are confident, outlive both its composer and us. It is this that is the real *raison d'être* for the present volume, the composer's eightieth birthday in 2002 merely presenting us with an excellent excuse. We have therefore endeavoured to gather together a series of essays that mixes personal reminiscence with critical comment, and that does not shy away from difficult questions.

As is the wont of such projects, this volume grew in scope such that the composer's birthday came and went while we were still battling the many-headed hydra of his bibliography. There can be few composers who have penned so much prose, while at the same time keeping so little track of what they have written, and of when and where they published it (but there again, had Stefans Grové been his own archivist, he would have had far less time to be creative, and that would be a far more serious matter of regret). No sooner had one extensive bibliographical source been exhausted than another was discovered. This is the first volume devoted to the life and work of Stefans Grové, so we have attempted to document his vast oeuvre, both musical and literary, as fully as possible. At the same time, we have had to acknowledge that lacunae are bound to remain. A further delay was caused by the theft of the computer on which was stored the final version of the manuscript; but since Grové's oeuvre has in the meantime expanded to include two concertos, an orchestral work and a number of piano pieces, we owe our anonymous thieves a debt of gratitude that we have been able to make the work catalogue included here even more comprehensive than it would have been without them.

This volume would never have reached completion without the generous help of numerous individuals and institutions, the majority of these being listed in a separate paragraph below. Particular thanks must go to the University of Pretoria for financial assistance towards publication. All our authors kindly and unhesitatingly agreed to contribute; and we were greatly aided by our research assistant Alet Joubert. Principal

vi thanks, however, must go to Stefans Grové, who has shown remarkable generosity of time and energy (and patience) during the genesis of this book, while at the same time allowing the present writers complete editorial freedom.

This book is dedicated to his wife, Alison: without whom not.

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University of the Free State

Chris Walton
University of Pretoria

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Place, Identity and a Station Platform

Stephanus Muller

A small boy and his father pace the length of a station platform at ten past five on a freezing winter's morning in the small town of Bethlehem in the Orange Free State. They are expecting family who will be arriving from the South. The patriarch breaks an awkward silence and, without looking at the boy, starts speaking of his future: 'It is my wish, and it is a self-indulgent wish, that you obtain a doctorate. Just think, in less than ten years people will address you as doctor. "Good evening, doctor. Not at all bad, doctor, and how are you?"' The pacing continues in silence for a few minutes. Then the father resumes: 'When a medical doctor adorns his rooms with his diplomas, or an attorney or pharmacist for that matter, one can still understand it. One does not allow a quack to operate on you, nor to draft your last will and testament. But for someone who has studied philosophy or history to frame and hang his diploma on his study wall, seems to me a form of vanity. With such learned people one runs no risk, except that they might bore you.' More pacing. 'So you must be wondering why I am first telling you that I want to see you obtain a higher degree and then warn you against vanity. With your willingness to learn, and with your humility, I believe that you will not become a vain freak of nature, or at least I hope so. Your subject is also broad enough so that, once you have obtained your doctorate, you won't occupy the mountain tops alone.'¹

Fortunately for South African music, Stefans Grové did not become a philosopher or an historian or a musicologist armed with a doctorate. He became, mainly, a composer. And if his 'willingness to learn' propelled him to the position of *primus inter pares* (Henri Arends's words) among his colleagues in America where he studied and taught for eighteen years, and in South Africa where he spent the preceding and subsequent years of his life, his humility has preserved in him a sense of wonder for the world and has imbued him with a youthful outlook uncommon to most octogenarians.

It has been remarked of internationally celebrated South African visual artist William Kentridge, that two points of reference are important in trying to understand his work: the fact that he has devised a hybrid medium that in its fusion of old and new, has pushed at and has superseded the limits of what has been achieved before. Secondly, the fact that he is South African and that his work offers, in the de-centred, post-colonial world, a gravitational point that also provides access to the arts outside the metropolis.² Indeed,



Stefans Grové in Bloemfontein, aged 17.

allowing for important differences (of which the most important probably resides in the distinction between 'hybrid style' and 'hybrid medium'), these statements could be applied equally productively to the music of Stefans Grové. And, as Dan Cameron continues after he makes these observations with regard to Kentridge, even though one risks trivializing the international achievements of the artist by insisting on some residue of artistic meaning caught up in his cultural identity, it is the challenge of scholarship and critical comment to examine the intersection between these two seemingly disparate statements.³ This collection of essays hopefully goes some way towards doing that.

Grové belongs to a group of composers who can be considered the founding fathers of South African art music. Professor William Henry Bell (1873-1946) remarked to another member of this group, like Grové born in 1922 and who celebrated his eightieth birthday in 2002, that 'the future of South African music lies in the hands of you three Afrikaner boys.'⁴ Apart from Hubert du Plessis, to whom he was directing the remark, he was referring to Arnold van Wyk (1916-1983) and Stefans Grové. It is noteworthy that Bell's comment excluded Stanley (Spike) Glasser (*1926), and the fifth white male member of that generation of composers, John Joubert (*1927). Also, the female composers Priaulx Rainier (1903-1986), Blanche Gerstman (1910-1973), and Rosa Neptgen (1909-2000), did not figure highly in his estimation (at a time when white English South Africans and Afrikaners were thought to belong to different races, few were contemplating crossing another colour bar). Bell's reasons for positing an Afrikaner male troika as the 'hope' for South African music are unclear; perhaps the nineteenth-century man in him still thought in terms of a 'national' school, or perhaps he was not convinced that the English boys' talent matched up to that of the young Afrikaners, or that women were much good as composers, but in retrospect it is natural enough to group these eight names together as the pioneers of what was the first blossoming of a home-grown South African sound on the concert stages of the country and later, in a modest way, the world.

Conceptually creating the kind of 'school' Bell loosely hinted at can be useful in some respects, but also holds the danger of smoothing over the substantial differences between strong individuals. Indeed, although their paths crossed as students at the University of Cape Town and Stellenbosch respectively, Grové never knew Van Wyk or Du Plessis that well.⁵ Mutual respect for one another's work existed, but from both personal and creative points of view Grové was an ill-matched third member of Bell's Afrikaner troika. The three composers did not share the same emotionality, moved in different circles, enjoyed a different sense of humour and had different friends. But more importantly,

both Van Wyk and Du Plessis were musical neo-romantics (Du Plessis no longer actively composes), whilst Grové's complex artistic development can be traced from Debussy and Ravel through to Bartók and the neo-classicism of Hindemith, with passing passions for Messiaen and a more lasting fascination for Bach and early counterpoint. It would be fair to say that Grové's music was the more 'unconventional' (in a literal sense) of the three, striving from very early on to create musical narratives more closely aligned to speech and sensuous intuition than to 'contain' a twentieth-century idiom in the conventional formal and tonal patterns of the nineteenth century. Whereas the latter strategy might be said to provide an important source of the creative tension in the music of Van Wyk and Du Plessis, it is the support of the extended musical narrative shorn of conventional props that provides the challenge in Grové's music. Hence the prevalence of tightly strung and highly worked motivic trellises, fashioning small motivic fragments into the conduits of Grové's palpable nervous energy. This does not even touch on the all-important point that, of the three, Stefans Grové was the only one prepared to consider and eventually to develop consistently a *rapprochement* between his Western art and his physical, African space.

Perhaps there is even a case to be made for contextualizing Grové with regard to the creative work of fellow South Africans abroad like Glasser, Joubert and Rainier rather than with that of Du Plessis and Van Wyk. Having left South Africa for England at various stages in the first half of the twentieth-century (Rainier left in 1920, Joubert in 1946 and Glasser for the first time in 1950) and having eventually settled there, these composers remained physically in closer proximity to the European avant-garde of their time. This was also the case with Grové, who left for the United States in his early thirties.

Grové had first studied music with his uncle, the composer D. J. Roode (whose Afrikaans songs are still often sung today). In 1942, he took his Performer's and Teacher's Licentiate on piano, and his Performer's Licentiate on organ. From 1945 to 1947, he studied at the South African College of Music at the University of Cape Town, where he numbered Bell, Cameron Taylor and Erik Chisholm amongst his teachers. Bell only taught Grové for less than a year (he died in 1946), but described him as 'extremely talented, and an enormous worker'.⁶ After completing his studies, Grové taught music to small children at the College of Music



Four Composers in 1948. Clockwise, from left: Arnold van Wyk, Hubert du Plessis, Stefans Grové and Blanche Gerstman.



Stefans Grové (fourth from left) as a member of the composition seminar of Aaron Copland (far left). Tanglewood, July 1955.

and Rainier, thus soon benefited from a more stimulating cultural environment and a freer society than the South Africa of D.F. Malan's National Party. Since Harvard offered only studies in musicology, the practically-minded Grové also enrolled from 1953 to 1955 for private flute lessons at the Longhy School of Music in Cambridge, studying with James Pappoutsakis of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His first year at Harvard was extended when a rich benefactor, Peter Stone, offered to pay for a further year in exchange for recorder and piano lessons for his children. At Harvard, Grové was taught by Walter Piston and, after winning the Margaret Croft Scholarship, by Aaron Copland at the Tanglewood Summer School in 1955. Copland told him, 'You know, almost all autodidactic composers are worth nothing, but you are a fine exception to the rule.'⁷

After graduating, a year stint at the idyllic Bard Liberal Arts College in 1956 was followed in 1957 by a fifteen-year tenure at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. Grové's biography was thus determined in large part by his experiences in the America of the late fifties and the sixties, a cultural environment in which figures such as Earle Brown and John Cage loomed large. His tenure at Peabody was punctuated by a sabbatical spent back in South Africa in 1961, where his old mentor Erik Chisholm (for whom Grové still expresses great admiration) employed him to teach for a semester at the University of Cape Town. After returning to the USA, he composed his Symphony (1962), though his creative work now ground to a virtual standstill (excepting a few smaller works) under the load of his teaching responsibilities. Grové had to return to South Africa to consolidate his stature as composer. This he did in 1972, and almost immediately his creative work started to flourish again. Asked to describe the most salient features, musically or otherwise, of the twentieth century, Grové gives a personal answer. His life, and therefore the previous century, only began in 1977.⁸ That was the year in which he married Alison Marquard and an often turbulent personal life, part of the reason for his return to South Africa, became more settled. But musically, another life awaited when he started composing his African series, now numbering thirty-two works, in 1984.⁹ With

until he was able to take up a post as an accompanist for the South African Broadcasting Corporation in 1950, remaining there until 1952. It was in 1953 that Grové left South Africa, when a Fulbright Scholarship allowed him to enroll for his Master's at Harvard (he was, in fact, the very first South African ever to receive a Fulbright). His own career, like those of Joubert, Glasser,

this project Grové pre-empted the cultural imperatives of majority rule in South Africa by a decade, and another context is introduced in which the composer and his life's work may (perhaps should) be read: apartheid.

A gentle and politically uninvolved man, Grové was neither an anti-apartheid campaigner nor an enthusiast. It was only in the United States where he realized the madness of pigmentation discrimination, but he was no activist either way. Because of its long chronological span, Grové's creative output, especially between the years 1972 to the early 1990s, also provides a locus for the critical examination of how creative work survives and flourishes in politically restricted environments. Like Shostakovich, Grové might not emerge from such enquiries undamaged, even though he was never required (as was Shostakovich) to adopt embarrassing and compromising intellectual and artistic positions in public.¹⁰ History teaches that political pacifism in the face of suppression is easily equated with moral indifference and that this is not easily forgotten, even if the artist and his art become part of posterity. Although Grové was living outside the country for most of the time during early Nationalist rule, his admiration for conductor Anton Hartman who was, in his words, 'the father of South African serious music',¹¹ indicates such indifference and perhaps disinterest in the matter of South African politics. It cannot be disputed that the historically accidental congruence between Afrikaner Nationalist cultural politics and Grové's artistic pursuits led to an indirect identification with a specific political order of which Hartman was the musical face. Hartman's nationalism (he was also a member of the secret Afrikaner organization, the Broederbond), and his historically unparalleled promotion of South African art music were inextricably interwoven, making him a complicated nexus of sometimes irreconcilable forces defying easy signification.

What is beyond dispute, is that in their encomias for the composer at various stages in his career, establishment figures like the formidable Professor Jacques P. Malan made it clear that in Grové they saw a man of the Volk, a musical pioneer of which South Africans (read Afrikaners) could be proud. If his international, cosmopolitan style was conveniently allied to the cultural aspirations of the Afrikaner élite and aspiring upper middle classes, it is equally true that his 'conversion' to an African-inspired idiom allowed him to position himself at the unlikely age of sixty-two as a man of his time and place in the already immanent South Africa of Nelson Mandela. This either makes Grové a man opportunistically in step with the political and social imperatives of his time (he had to reverse his early opinion that black music could never be a productive source of inspiration for South African art music),¹² or an extremely fortunate artist whose artistic choices have somehow managed to remain one step ahead of politics in a country where politics have frequently encroached on the integrity of art and artists. The truth is probably somewhere in between, confirming a give-and-take relationship (not unique to South Africa) between artistic intent and socio-political conditions. On balance, the political chronology of South Africa's political transition and Grové's personal indifference to politics make accusations of 'opportunism' ring untrue, a conclusion



Stefans Grové as a student in Cape Town in the 1940s.

strengthened when taking into account the manner of his intellectual involvement with the problematics of a truly national South African sound that date from his earliest published essays in 1952.¹³

Referring to Goya, William Kentridge remarks that it is the specificity of his work that gives it its authority.¹⁴ The more general it becomes, the less it 'works.' This is a useful reminder of the need of drawing together the threads of Stefans Grové the important late twentieth-century composer and the seemingly paradoxical importance of his cultural identity. In the parochial context of South Africa, Grové was already thought by Bell in 1945 to be one of his star pupils. In 1982, when Arnold van Wyk was still alive and before Grové embarked on his 'Damascus Road' on which he experienced his all-important 'conversion' to Africanity, Henri Arends wrote that 'without doubt,

Stefans Grové is the most prominent and productive composer in South Africa.'¹⁵ But one suspects that it is above all his musical 'Damascus Road experience', resulting in his fixation on the identity of place, that will eventually become the factor securing for Grové lasting international importance.

The *sine qua non* of this identity, despite (or because of) its conceits of 'Africanness', is his Afrikaner heritage. In an article written to honour the composer on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, Jacques Malan wrote that 'For the realization of his musical calling it was necessary for Grové to return to South Africa. Only here did he find the sounding board (*resonansbodem*) that enabled him to sound the way the Creator meant for him to sound.'¹⁶ Even though he regrets his 1972 return to South Africa in some ways, and would probably cringe at the narrow nationalist tone of Malan's pronouncement, Stefans Grové agrees in principle.¹⁷ His attachment to South Africa and the Afrikaner is confirmed by his published short stories that speak of an intimate knowledge of and empathy for Afrikaner people, stories from which the paraphrase of the introductory paragraph derives and that are reminiscent of Roger Ballen's famously disturbing photographs of rural Afrikaners. While his cameos of Afrikaners cover his vulnerable subjects in the warmth of understanding, Grové's music criticism, the most extensive critical journalistic musical writing by any one South African, also betrays a deep and almost exclusive commitment to the musical world of the white South African establishment during the years of Afrikaner rule.

Clearly this is not all there is to the man or his music. But if reading Stefans Grové or his output only as belonging to the context of an Afrikaner troika or a pioneering South African 'school' is too parochial a vision to do him justice, situating him in the context of sixties America is to remove him from the sources of his musical meaning. Historically

reconstructing his creative work as that of a silent collaborator of ideology under a repressive régime mistakenly reads apartheid as a monolithic construct, but also ignores the truth of Grové's essential humanity and apoliticism. For if one has had the privilege of knowing Stefans Grové, it soon becomes clear that beneath the easy accessibility there is a shy and very private person. Perhaps one should take one's cue here not only from Grové's widely varied contributions in academia, journalism, literature and music, but also his own *Credo* of artistic versatility, acknowledging that these are all aspects of the truth, if truth exists in a random kind of way.¹⁸ All said, it remains a reasonable conclusion that Stefans Grové is, quite simply, a major composer of the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries who happens to be, and derives one of the main impulses of his creativity from being, a South African and an Afrikaner. Musically his place could be alongside other twentieth-century creators of a national sound like Alberto Ginastera, Heitor Villa-Lobos or Carlos Chávez. Although his proper context is universal and timeless, the importance of his work remains intertwined with the specificities of place and language.

In conclusion we return to that little boy pacing the station platform in Bethlehem with his father. Contrary to his father's predictions he scaled many peaks which he occupied alone, without company and with courage and integrity. He exceeded his father's expectations by eventually obtaining two honorary doctorates, becoming a distinguished professor of composition and receiving many awards and accolades. But he also succeeded in becoming the kind of person people warmed to, not only unafraid of being bored by him, but being positively delighted and dazzled by his sense of humour, his eloquence, his humanity and old-world charm.

Endnotes

- ¹ Paraphrase from the autobiographical short story 'Winteroggend' from Stefans Grové's *Oor mense, diere & dinge*. Cape Town: Human & Rousseau, 1975, p. 45.
- ² Dan Cameron: 'Procession of the Dispossessed', in *William Kentridge*. London: Phaidon, 1999, pp. 36-81, esp. p. 38.
- ³ *Ibid.*, pp. 38-9.
- ⁴ Remark made by Hubert du Plessis during a conversation with the author on 27 May 2001.
- ⁵ For a vivid description of a typical day spent in each other's company in 1940s Cape Town, see Hubert du Plessis: 'n Ope brief van Hubert aan Stefans', *Die Burger*, 30 July 1987.
- ⁶ Hubert du Plessis, ed.: *Letters from William Henry Bell*. Cape Town: Tafelberg, 1973, p. 70.
- ⁷ Unpublished interview with the present author, 10 December 2001.
- ⁸ *Ibid.*
- ⁹ An aesthetic already hinted at in the 1976 ballet, *Waratha*.
- ¹⁰ In fact, a short story like *Monna Osoro het gekom*, published in the Afrikaans newspaper *Hoofstad* on 25 June 1982 and also included in this book, shows an undisguised distaste for the implications and skewed human relationships resulting from apartheid.
- ¹¹ Stefans Grové: 'In memoriam Anton Hartman', *SAMUS*, Vol. 2, 1982, pp. 45-6 and unpublished interview with the present author, 10 December 2001.
- ¹² See 'Die probleme van die Suid-Afrikaanse komponis' in *Standpunte*, Vol. VII/I, 1952, pp. 69-79, for Grové's carefully argued point in this regard.

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ Interview with Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev in *William Kentridge*, pp. 8-35, esp. p. 34.

¹⁵ Henri Arends: 'Pionier 'n besondere mens', in *Hoofstad*, 23 July 1982.

¹⁶ Jacques P. Malan: 'Stefans Grové – 60 jaar', in *Hoofstad*, 23 July 1982.

¹⁷ Unpublished interview with the present author, 10 December 2001.

¹⁸ Stefans Grové: 'Credo', in *South African Music Teacher*, Vol. 59, 1960, pp. 7-8 and p. 16.

Stefans Grové: The Flute in his Life

John de Courteille Hinch

Stefans Grové was born in 1922 in Bethlehem, in the then Orange Free State, and grew up in Bloemfontein, which was, in the early thirties, a small and intimate city.¹ The musical instruments that were played there, and hence those that the young Grové heard, were the piano and the organ; one might have occasioned upon a violinist or a cellist, but not a flautist. From his early teenage years, Grové developed the habit of listening to the radio in the afternoons. 'In those days the radio was still very civilised'; classical music was presented every afternoon. So, by the time he had matriculated, just by listening to the radio, Grové knew all the main symphonies and chamber music works, though he had not yet been exposed to the flute and its literature.

In 1945, Grové enrolled at the South African College of Music in Cape Town. He had not yet embarked on his flute studies, but was playing viola, piano and organ. He relates how he once walked down the main passage of the College. The practice rooms all had little narrow windows, and he saw a very attractive girl playing the flute rather well. He thought to himself: 'Well, if she can do it, then I can too.' There were, of course, quite a number of flute students, and Grové met the orchestral flautist Reginald Clay through them and other acquaintances.

Grové contacted Clay with regard to taking private flute lessons. There began a very fruitful relationship with him, both as a friend and as a flute teacher. 'On Sunday mornings I'd go to his house and the lesson would end with a glass or two of whiskey!'. Grové describes him as a very outgoing sort of person, with a dry sense of humour. Clay was an excellent teacher with an enormous breath control. He relished the long triplet passage in Bach's B minor Sonata; most players in those days had to stop in the middle somewhere to take a quick gasp of breath, but Clay could easily play right through it. Grové remembers Clay performing the passage during a lesson: 'When he got to the end he looked at me, winked, and still went on for some bars. He used to say that one needs the breath of a horse.'

Clay played a silver Rudall Carte flute with a wooden head-joint. But he also played the recorder – as did some of his colleagues in the orchestra – and Grové often took part in recorder evenings. On walking into Clay's lounge, there were about twelve recorders lying on the table; you could just pick any one and pipe away. Grové relates how the recorder

helped to stimulate his interest in the flute. There are, of course, many similarities, such as the tonguing, breath control and cross-fingerings.

Grové did not always like or concur with what he heard other flautists doing. Clay, for instance, played the flute without vibrato, like many other flautists of his era who had learnt the old English style. Grové's ear could not accept the blandness of this style of playing, and so he learnt vibrato clandestinely, never utilizing it during lessons.

In those early days, as far as the flute literature is concerned, one work made a tremendous impact on Grové, namely Johann Sebastian Bach's Sonata in E flat Major, BWV 1031 – 'It's such a gentle piece'. Grové was particularly struck by its almost *galant* style, especially of the *Siciliana* movement.

In Cape Town, Grové heard much more flute music. On the radio, again, he heard a large number of flute works – not only by Bach, but also by numerous other composers. He fell in love with Bach's G minor Sonata as he had with the one in E flat. Although admitting the possibility that neither sonata is authentic Bach ('the last movement of the G minor, with those repeated notes, sounds very strange'), both works gave impetus to Grové's flute studies and to his continuing interest in the works of J.S. Bach.

Grové began to develop an interest in Bach's cantatas, especially in the flute solos in the arias. One cantata in particular made a lasting impression, namely No. 151, *Süsser Trost, mein Jesus kömmt*. In the opening aria, the flute describes very gentle curves; when the vocalist enters she tries to imitate those curves 'but, of course, it's not very vocalistic!'. The middle section, 'The heart and soul rejoice', is very fast, and becomes a real duel between the flute and the voice. The arias from the cantatas awoke a very strong interest in Grové the composer on account of the manner in which their flowing lines – often for wind instruments – are woven into piquant counterpoint.

'What I like so much about the Baroque treatment of the flute, in contrast to nineteenth-century flute music, is that it is mostly based on the lower register – the most beautiful register of the flute. It is such a very expressive sound; sort of reedy. If you take the nineteenth-century flute music, it is almost entirely up there in the higher register.' Despite his love for this 'Baroque treatment' and for the flute music of J.S. Bach, Grové prefers the lower register as produced by the modern metal (silver) flutes. 'I never really liked the wooden flutes.' To emphasize this point, Grové described how he came to acquire his Cuesnon flute: 'I remember that Reg Clay got a flute for me somewhere – second-hand, I presume. I found the embouchure hole very wide, making the low register very difficult. When I switched, at some stage, to a flute with a narrower embouchure hole (the Cuesnon), the low notes were very much easier.' This was a critical step for a musician with such a refined ear. This love of the flute's lower register has continued to influence Grové's writing for the flute.

In 1953, as a result of his Fulbright Scholarship in musicology and composition, Grové moved to Harvard University. He also enrolled at the Longhy Music School in

Cambridge, for it was not possible at the time to study an instrument at a university in America. 'If you showed any aptitude for an instrument, they all looked at you askance. They were all musicologists, you see!'

Grové took flute lessons from James Pappoutsakis, the second flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a very fine flautist. Pappoutsakis was always very correct, and had a conservative outlook on both life and music. When beginning a lesson, he took off his jacket and hung it on a chair. If the next student were female, he would make a dash for his jacket and put it on again at the moment that she entered. He smoked a lot of cigarettes, but with a holder – to protect his lip, so he said.



The Old School House at Mooiplaats, 1974. 'The old apple tree, under which so many unique friendships were formed, in the early morning light. This was my thinking tree, my coffee-drinking tree, my indaba tree.'

When Grové took up his first full-time job, at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, he became friendly with a number of the flute students. This was especially the case after he formed the *Pro Musica Rara*, to which he refers as a 'sort of chamber orchestra', performing mostly Baroque music, and specializing in the lesser known of Bach's church cantatas. Grové conducted this orchestra on many occasions, and their performances included a number of flute concertos by Quantz, Telemann and others. Grové is typically modest when describing his conducting efforts: 'Of course, that was not conducting in the manner of interpreting the music. One needed only to be accurate and gently shape the music.'

After returning to South Africa in 1972, Grové gradually lost track of most of his American friends and colleagues, including the flute players. He joined the Music Department of the University of Pretoria and lived on a smallholding just outside Pretoria named Mooiplaats. He describes it as an old, dilapidated schoolhouse that had not been inhabited for many, many years. Grové did much of the renovating himself, ripping out the ceilings and replacing them. He was also forced to reglaze countless broken windows.

One afternoon in 1975, upon coming home from work at the University, he found that there had been a hailstorm. Many of the new windowpanes were broken, and his couch was full of hailstones. He felt miserable, and 'I thought I would like to incorporate that feeling of misery into a piece of music.' The result was his composition *Die Nag van 3 April* (*The Night of 3 April*) for flute and harpsichord. The sparse textures of the work indeed imbue it with a sense of unease verging on foreboding.

Pan and the Nightingale for solo flute was written in 1981 on commission from the Department of Music Examinations at the University of South Africa (Unisa). Initially included in the flute licentiate syllabus, it is now in the Grade 8 list, testimony to the increased expectations and abilities of wind instrumentalists over the past few decades. *Pan* is very expressive, and may even perhaps be described as Neo-Romantic. It is an ideal examination piece, exhibiting most aspects of advanced flute technique, though without presenting an inexperienced young performer with any insurmountable difficulties. Nothing is used other than for aesthetic reasons. *Pan and the Nightingale* is a gem of a work in the mould of Debussy's solo flute work *Syrinx*.

The musicologist, mythologist or ornithologist perusing the score of *Pan* for evidence of some storyline and/or actual birdsong quotations will be disappointed. But Grové points to there being an evident duality of Pan the god and flute player, and then the nightingale 'sort of imitating'. Nevertheless, he does admit to using birdsong in two of his works. In *Afrika Hymnus I* for organ, 'the second movement is a song of an old lady at daybreak and then the birds start to wake up'. And in his Trio for Flute, Cello and Piano (1999) entitled *Die Sielvoël (The Soul Bird)* written for the Hemanay Trio, Grové consciously includes some bird calls. Of this piece he relates: 'It's very interesting when the flute player begins the piece backstage and walks slowly onto the stage while playing'.

When questioned about the lack of 'African' elements in his flute works, especially in the recent Trio, Grové retorted enigmatically and with a deep chuckle: 'I don't know why there isn't; maybe it is because it is based on a legend that I concocted myself. That legend is not very typically African, and maybe that's the reason why it is not so African like some of my other pieces.' He declined to elucidate further.

When surveying Grové's flute works, one might sense the influence of Prokofiev or Martinů, but Grové admits only to being 'still very much taken with Hindemith while writing my Flute Sonata; he was the fountainhead of this piece'. Although a modest man, Grové did allow himself a single self-congratulatory moment: 'I think – if I might say so – that this is a good piece'. Anyone who has heard the Sonata performed will surely agree. It is all the more the pity that this intricate and fascinating flute work, written in 1955, has never been published.² It is currently in the Unisa Flute Licentiate syllabus.

At the first performance of the Sonata, Grové himself played the piano, though admits that 'I found the piano part of the first movement quite tricky!'. The flute part was performed by a fellow Harvard student, a friend of Grové's who had played flute in the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, but had given up orchestral playing in order to study musicology. Although still playing flute at this time, Grové never performed his Sonata, nor did his teacher Pappoutsakis. He admits that 'I was never very good, because I didn't want to practise too much – I always hated practising!'. The inspiration for the work is unclear: 'I just wrote it because I thought that since I was taking flute lessons, I should write something for the instrument'. Grové was awarded the New York Bohemian Club Prize for the Sonata in 1955.

Mary Rörich describes the harmonic language of the Flute Sonata as ‘not overtly tonal’, adding that ‘it nevertheless reflects Grové’s grounding in tonal principles and procedures as well as his intuitive feeling for logical and interesting pitch relationships.’³ The style is essentially Neo-Classical, and is eminently accessible to players and listeners alike.

Grové relates how the second movement of his Flute Sonata was written at night in his lodgings. These were heated by means of steam that coursed through a system of pipes. The system was activated automatically at night – though unfortunately not silently! On the evening when Grové began writing the second movement, the heating system emitted a drone on the B flat below middle C, which pitch is reflected in the music. Although the flute ends this movement on a G flat, Grové suggested to the performer that he would have preferred it to end on a low B flat! The lowest note on most student flutes is middle C, and most American flutes extend a semi-tone down to a low B. The flautist who was to perform the work diligently went to the famous Boston flute maker William Haynes and had an extension manufactured, in silver, to allow his flute to reach this low B flat. In performance he discretely slipped this elongation onto the foot of his flute just before the final bars of the movement.

Notwithstanding this eccentricity, any ‘effects’ that have found their way into Grové’s scores are there for purely musical reasons. Thus his flute writing displays only the occasional harmonics, and a few notes marked to be played with flutter-tongue (marked *fl. t*). Harmonics occur towards the end of *3 April*, and he writes a similar passage in *Pan*, in a very evocative postlude:

Example 1: *Pan and the Nightingale*, bars 33-35

* Onderste noot met gewone vingersetting. Blaas derde bowetoon.
Finger bottom note and overblow.

In *Chain Rows* (1978) for large orchestra, each of the four movements includes a Cadenza that employs its own colourful instrumentation. In Cadenza II, Grové employs an alto flute, giving it an extended passage using harmonics. As in the above example from *Pan*, Grové shows his intimate knowledge of the flute by relating to the performer exactly how to create the harmonics. This score is marked ‘overblow from fundamental, so that the diamond-shaped harmonic results’. The orchestration of this Cadenza II is extremely unusual. The alto flute begins on its lowest note, C, and continually refers back to it.

14 At the same time, Grové uses the piccolo in its rarely heard, idiosyncratically rustic low register:

Example 2: *Chain Rows, Cadenza II*



Together with the cor anglais, bass clarinet and viola, these two members of the flute family create a mysterious euphony.

Grové has frequently used flutes to good effect in his large-scale works. His *Suite Juventuti* (1980) for winds and percussion opens with the evocative interweaving of two flutes in their lowest register. This immediately brings to mind Smetana's use of two flutes to conjure up the image of the two rivulets that represent the early meanderings of the river *Vltava* in the symphonic poem of the same name. Grové's *Symphony* of 1962 begins with an extended solo for alto flute in its low register, once again affirming his long-held affinity for this timbre. To end the dramatic third movement, Grové again utilises an alto flute, which dolefully reiterates a four-note figure. The conductor Edgar Cree relates that for the first performance, the SABC had a difficult time getting an alto flute. They had a player, but not an instrument. So a conspiracy was arranged to get the owner of one inebriated enough to agree to lend it out; the ruse was successful, and the recording was made.

Grové has also composed two short examination pieces for Unisa: *Swaaiende takke* (*Swaying branches*) and *Koraal* (*Chorale*), both for flute and piano. The former, a Grade 3 piece, offers a gentle undulating flute part in three cycles of a 2/8, 3/8, 4/8, 5/8, 6/8, 5/8, 4/8, 3/8, 2/8 metric pattern. *Koraal*, a Grade 1 piece, presents a very simple hymn-like flute part in an appropriately limited range, whereas, by conscious contrast, the pianist is afforded a much more interesting and challenging part. Grové has stated that he thought he would give the accompanist 'something more substantial to play'.



Stefans Grové in July 1946.

Grové relates that flute playing, besides helping him get a feel for the flute literature, 'taught me the articulation aspects of woodwind instruments – as the viola gave me

the feel for string articulation. Composers too often write long slurs for the flute and thus lose the interesting possibilities of varied articulations.' One needs to spend only a few moments perusing his use of slurs and articulations to discern the truth of his statement. Grové's sense of phrasing, and his clarity in notating his articulation requirements, are impeccable. While challenging the performer, he never requires anything that will detract from the interpretation due to its difficulty of execution.

Although not intending to further pursue flute playing, Grové still has the old Cuesnon flute in his possession. Just a case of nostalgia? Perhaps its very presence forms both a concrete and an inspirational reminder of the possibilities inherent in the instrument that helped shape the career of this South African composer.

Endnotes

- ¹ Some of the material used in this chapter has been extrapolated from an interview that I held with Grové on 11 October 2001 with a view to writing an article for the South African Flute Society's magazine *FLUFSA News/Nuus*. All quotations are taken from this interview. Further short discussions were held with the composer during January 2002.
- ² SAMRO has made authorized copies of the original score and flute part available (Accession No. A 02396).
- ³ Mary Rörich: 'Stefans Grové', in Peter Klatzow, ed.: *Composers in South Africa Today*. Cape Town: Oxford University Press, 1987, p. 81.

1
Dem Verfasser gewidmet

Vivo ♩ = 116

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems, each with two staves. The tempo is marked 'Vivo' with a quarter note equal to 116 beats per minute. The piece is dedicated to the composer. The key signature starts with one flat (B-flat) and changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) in the third system. The score includes various dynamics such as *p*, *mf*, *pp*, *f*, and *ff*. There are also performance instructions like *senza ped* (without pedal) and *sv* (sforzando). Articulations like *secco* and *legato* are used to indicate phrasing. The music features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and dynamic swells.

Facsimile of Glimpses No 1: 'The limping lion', for piano.

Imagining Afrikaners Musically: Reflections on the African Music of Stefans Grové

Stephanus Muller

Ek ken die Afrika-son wat warm op my musiek skyn. Ek ken die nagsugte en die fluistering van die 'vuurmense' oor eeue-oue dinge in die skadus van vervloë mane. Ek voel die geluid van Afrika in hart en wese. Ek is 'n Afrika-mens wat Afrika-musiek skryf.¹

I know the African sun that shines warmly on my music. I know the sighs of the night and the whispers of the 'fire people' about ancient things in the shadows of passing moons. I feel the sound of Africa in heart and soul. I am an African person writing African music.

Stefans Grové

Afrika-mens. Africa(n) person. Not African, but *Africa(n) person*. Somehow the English translation of the Afrikaans concept is inadequate, for what the speaker refers to is more a state of being than a description or classification of race, nationality or even geographical origin. It is African existence as a lived symbolic form, as opposed to blander 'namings' such as 'South African' or even the now somewhat pejorative 'Afrikaner'. An Africa(n) person composing Africa. How does this music sound and where does it come from? Europe, where Stefans Grové's ancestors hail from, the United States, where he spent 18 years teaching and composing, or (South) Africa, where he has mostly lived in white suburbia? None of these, Grové seems to say when he writes of his seminal *Sonate op Afrika motiewe (Sonata on African Motifs)*:²

This sonata ... is the first work I composed after my stylistic Damascus Road experience. It can be seen as a bridge between my Eurocentric and my Afrocentric styles, as the first two sections represent my leave taking of my previous style, whilst the last three are my first homage to the way I am bound to Africa [*Afrika-gebondenheid*].

The last three parts are based on an indigenous song that I heard one day, under the midday sun, as sung by a pick-axe wielding black man. The song first appears

in its totality at the beginning of Finale II. In parts 3 and 4 fragments thereof try finding their way, and the strongest of the motives is worked out to such an extent that the appearance of the 'mother theme' from which it is taken, forms a logical conclusion.³

The question of where this music comes from elicits a surprising response. A stylistic Damascus Road experience suggests that it comes from 'above', or 'beyond', or 'inside', or wherever that place is that is inhabited by metaphysics and/or divine inspiration. And, somewhat unexpectedly, Jean Cocteau. For it is he to whom Grové points as the catalyst of his musical catharsis – his pronouncement that 'the more a poet sings from the family tree, the more authentic his song shall be'⁴ supposedly triggering the *Sonate op Afrika motiewe* and with it Grové's musical 'African' series in 1984. We return to Grové's short programme note on the *Sonate*, and especially his mention of the indigenous song. It is worth pausing on the *idea* of this song (see Example 1), that recalls the Primitivism so much in vogue during the previous *fin de siècle* and the early part of the twentieth century; a Primitivism very much part of the panoramic modernist gaze enmeshed in the ideologies of empire and colonialism.

Example 1: Grové, *Sonate op Afrika motiewe*, *Finale 2*, violin, bars 7-10

Meno mosso ♩ = 138

Sul D

Violin

f

Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger* of 1907, the picture symbolizing the inauguration of Modernism in the arts, provides a fitting analogy. Like Grové's five movements, three of Picasso's five female figures display stylized African masks. The figures are blunt and flattened, as is the space of the room. A revolutionary idea of space-time, availing itself of the voodoo magic of ancient and primitive ritual, where the conceptual rudimentariness of the African artifact is perhaps more of an energizing authority than an obsession with primitive societies of a distant past. Grové's 'song' is a bit like these stylized African masks, sharing their space with the two remaining etiolated European faces: ahistorical, anonymous and devoid of the political potency infusing the song of the African who, under the strain of centuries of repression, breaks into song. But there is more to Grové's project than the trajectory linking his practice with the Primitivists would suggest, and it is to trace the multiple references and overlapping fields of meaning that we now turn to examine the *Sonate op Afrika motiewe*, indexing as it does the more ambiguous discourses and phantasms of belonging that refute the idea of cultural homogeneity and

that constitute the politics of memory and the search for new identities in post-apartheid South Africa.

The five parts of the sonata are called *Recitativo: Notturmo 1, Ditirambo, Intermezzo: Finale 1, Notturmo 2, Finale 2*. As Grové has himself indicated, the first two movements fit together conceptually, as do the last three. At first hearing, a significant contrast does indeed become apparent between the first two movements and the rest of the work: in the former the absence of an identifiable melodic, harmonic or rhythmic idea creates a *universal* law impervious to the accident of time and place. As Christopher Waterman has pointed out, the metaphoric forging of correspondences between musical and social order is often more a matter of expressive qualities (timbre, texture, rhythmic flow) than of abstracted musical structures,⁵ and indeed the self-conscious juxtaposition of registral soundscapes in these two movements becomes primarily a description of universal space. Diachronic time absents itself from movements one and two: static passages hypnotize temporal awareness in movement one, fractured melodicism mesmerizes the listener in its almost palpable sensuous sound in movement two. Time and place float out of reach in the fusion of the composer's own deep spirituality and modernity in a dream of unity and wholeness of which the 'meaning' is no longer *in the world* (and therefore not merely global), but truly transcendental and universal. But the claim to this kind of 'wholeness' can be traced to a Platonic-Christian metaphysic scope that is essentially anti-terrestrial and where the 'truth' can only be asserted in what Wole Soyinka has succinctly described as 'an idea of the cosmos that recedes so far, that while it retains something of the grandeur of the infinite, it loses the essence of the tangible and the immediate.'⁶ In movements one and two we therefore observe Modernism's deceitful conceit: the promise of wholeness (exposed as an *imagined* unity), maintained only by the sheer impossibility of bridging the chasm between the tangible and the imagined.

In movements three, four and five, however, this cosmic Manichaeism is shattered by the motivic scatterings of the song breaking forth from the African soil, as it were. Time and space are localized and cosmic totality reasserted by reclaiming that mundane part of it which is the *local place*. The invented nature of the category 'indigenous' in Grové's description of the song he uses, invoking long-defunct Western fixities of place and identity, hardly matters. Though not reducible to a local dialect ('working in Afrikaans', as Breyten Breytenbach contentiously asserts of the painter François Krige),⁷ Grové's music does posit (like Krige's paintings) the possibility that the 'universal' embracing African and Western musics lies not at the level of immanent structures, but at the level of poietic and esthetic strategies.⁸ It is a move that partakes of the goal of all symbolic practice: the returning of the whole,⁹ becoming no less than the transformative gesture of the global imagination with which Grové enters Soyinka's 'fourth space' of African metaphysics: 'the dark continuum of transition where occurs the inter-transmutation of essence-ideal and materiality.'¹⁰

There is another crucial structural relationship at work in the sonata – one that is first hinted at not in the music but in the accompanying rubrics – that suggests that movements one (*Notturmo 1*) and four (*Notturmo 2*) have a special relationship, as do movements three (*Finale 1*) and five (*Finale 2*). Indeed, *Finale 1* and *Finale 2* exhibit obvious similarities: the motoric momentum, the ever more recognizable African melody, the airy textures, the dance-like rhythm. *Finale 2* takes the music up where *Finale 1* has left it, providing the postponed ending to the false start of the end promised by *Finale 1* (movement three). It is the nocturne of movement four that creates a fissure in this act of closure. The rubric inevitably turns our thoughts back to movement one, also entitled *Notturmo*. It is not difficult to see or hear the musical relationship between the two movements, a relationship most notably confirmed by a dialogic form and piano chords composed out in elaborate diminutions (see Examples 2a and 2b).

Example 2a: Grové, *Sonate op Afrika motiewe*, movement one, bars 1-6

Sognante $\text{♩} = 54$

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a Violin (Vln) and Piano (Pno) part. The first system is titled "Sognante" with a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 54$. The Violin part begins with a *mp* dynamic, followed by a *mf* dynamic. The Piano part starts with a *p* dynamic and a *marc.* (marcato) marking, then moves to *mp*. The second system features a *mf* dynamic in the Violin part, which then increases to *f* and *p*. The Piano part has a *pp* dynamic. The third system shows the Violin part with *mf* and *f* dynamics, while the Piano part has *mp* and *pp* dynamics. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic hairpins.

The image contains three musical excerpts, each with a Violin (Vln) and Piano (Pno) part.

- Excerpt 1 (Top):** The Vln part starts with a natural sign (*nat.*) and a dynamic of *p*. It features a series of triplets and a five-note glissando marked *poco accel.* and *rit*. The dynamics range from *p* to *pp*. The Pno part has a *mf* dynamic.
- Excerpt 2 (Middle):** The Vln part begins with a *mp* dynamic. The Pno part starts with a *p* dynamic and includes a *mf* dynamic. There are *ped.* markings at the bottom.
- Excerpt 3 (Bottom):** The Vln part starts with *Sul G nat.* and fingerings 0 and 4. It includes a *senza vibr* instruction. Dynamics range from *p* to *pp*, with a *dim.* marking. The Pno part is mostly silent.

But there is also a difference: in the first nocturne the violin's voice, although distinct, remains anonymous, whereas the emerging violin in the second nocturne can be recognized as belonging to *both* Africa (the first notes of its initial appearance, marked in bars 4 and 6 of Example 2b, are taken from the African song), and the occidental world of the first nocturne. This latter identity is the result of the repeated major 2nd interval (marked in bars 4 and 6 of Example 2b), that follows the African notes, and is taken from the first two notes of the violin in the first Nocturne (marked in bar 2 of Example 2a). Though made present by the iconic prominence of the major 2nd, the latter world is now transformed (transposed): the distinctness of the major 2nd concatenated into a single sound gesture by a glissando that becomes a feature of its subsequent appearances. The two worlds, (South) Africa and the West, are imagined on a sliding scale transfiguring

power from the structured interval of measured difference to the agency of the irreducibly ambiguous physical sound that now fills it.

There is another striking feature of the second nocturne, namely the long periods in which the music seems to lose interest in the 'plot' of thematic development. The haunting stasis of the first nocturne becomes a presence so dominating that emptiness itself becomes a feature. It is almost as if one expects visual compensation for the lack of direction, for some sort of choreography to fill the stage of the mind. But whereas music itself seemed hypnotized by the ultimate Modernist dream of totality in the first nocturne, the music of the second nocturne accompanies the questioning look, losing interest in anything other than its own physical presence.

Example 2b: Grové, *Sonate op Afrika motiewe*, movement four, bars 1-7

Molto lento e misterioso ♩ = 72

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes Violin and Piano parts. The Violin part has a melodic line with a slur over the first two measures. The Piano part has a harmonic accompaniment with dynamics *pp*, *mp*, and *p*. The second system continues the Violin and Piano parts, with the Piano part marked *p* and *mf*. The third system shows the Violin part with a more active melodic line and the Piano part with dynamics *pp*, *mp*, *accel*, and *rit*. The score is in a key with one flat and a 3/4 time signature.

* Lang en vinnige stryke met veel vibrato of elke ♯ en ♭ met veel vibrato ten aanvang van iedere toon.
Long and fast bows with much vibrato on each ♯ and ♭; with much vibrato at the start of each tone.

The temporal ‘enclosures’ (see Example 3) created by what can perhaps be called ‘timbre modulations’, are significantly enhanced by their occurrences as a calculated interruption of *Finale 1* and *Finale 2*. Grové makes clear here that his art consists in making things heard, not the things he *represents*, but those he *manipulates*. To paraphrase Barthes on Cy Twombly, Grové permits the sounds to linger in an absolutely aerated space; and the aeration is not merely a plastic value that forges unity of form, it is a kind of subtle energy that makes it easier to breathe. These spaces are big rooms which the mind seeks to populate.¹¹ They invite active participation (and communality) in the delights of sheer physical sensuous soundscapes and spaces which constitute nothing but sound, thus becoming a kind of musical background to a ritual drama, i.e. drama as a cleaning, binding, communal and recreative form.¹²

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system features a Violin part with dynamics *f* and *p*, and instructions "senza sord.", "pizz.", and "(non gliss)". The Piano part includes a "gliss" instruction. The Riscaltato part is marked "simile". The second system shows the Violin and Piano parts, with the Violin part marked "(non gliss)". The third system continues the Violin and Piano parts, with the Violin part marked "(non gliss)" and dynamics *p* and *f*. The Piano part includes a "rit" instruction.

And yet it is clear that the conception of the work owes more to the Beethovenian reworking of small motivic cells in an exquisitely translucent counterpoint than to a process of exotic collage. A theme is prepared in such a way in order that its appearance at the apotheosis of the work is perceived as 'logical'. That this material is derived from an African theme is almost incidental, but nevertheless noteworthy in one important respect: Grové uses his technical facility as an art music composer to make the outcome, which he imagines as the transculturated movement, sound 'logical'. One might add, 'natural'. The *technique* used is anything but natural in relation to the aims sought, and we are reminded of Arnold Schoenberg's disapproval of what is in fact a Bartókian idea: 'ideas from folk-art [are] treated according to a technique that [was] created for ideas of a more

highly developed kind. The difference between these two ways of presenting an idea [is] overlooked, and there may even be an underlying difference between two whole ways of thinking'.¹³ What Schoenberg did not think possible is what we are contemplating here: that this perceived discontinuity between materiality and technique can *only* be resolved in the person of the composer, who experiences both African (sonic) identity movement and the technical means with which he manipulates it as 'logical' and 'natural' and thus as somehow not only compatible but even the same, or identical.

To interrogate Grové's Africanicity (especially as a token of political good faith) is of no use. To quote Roland Barthes writing about Erté's *Women*, it says nothing more than itself, 'being scarcely more loquacious ... than a dictionary which gives the ... definition of a word, and not its poetic future'.¹⁴ The characteristic of the signifier is to be a departure; and the signifying point of departure, in Grové's music, is not Africa; it is Authenticity, i.e. a restoration of (art) music as symbolic fact into a living social and cultural content. The music's conceit is that of a microcosm, which, as Wole Soyinka has written with regard to ritual African theatre, 'involves a loss of individuation, a self-submergence in universal essence'.¹⁵ But with Grové the loss of individuation taken aboard by vicariously adopting Africa as 'theme' is checked by the vigorous assertion of creative individualism that makes diversity the single most common denominator of the composer's 'African series', and while the name of 'Africa' is invoked over all this difference, it would be fanciful to say that these compositions *evoke* 'Africa' in any sense. Grové's (possibly disputed) success in *denoting* 'Africa' is not immediately (if ever) apparent in or through his soundscapes, but rather through the concurrent structures of titles, fables, dreams, intertexts, narratives and descriptions. One example is the fable that accompanies *Soul Bird*, the Trio for flute, cello and piano of 1998:

Once in far away times, in a far away, far away land lived an ancient people in a desert-like landscape where the sun shone hot during the day and the stars seemed very bright and near at night. And so, one night, when everyone was asleep and the chieftain of this tribe of soulless people sat alone next to the dying fire, he suddenly saw a bright shooting star. The star became a strange bird which settled in the tree next to the old man, and began to sing a plaintive song of great longing. The chieftain spoke to the bird and asked the reason for its sadness. The bird answered that it was a soul without body, and only visible to the chieftain. It said that the chieftain was a body without a soul – like an animal. If the two of them could be unified they would be wise like the spirits of their ancestors; like the sun, the moon and the wind. And so it happened that body and soul became united. Then suddenly at midnight shooting stars began to rain from heaven and each turned into a bird, a soul bird. And they began to sing their dream songs of yearning to become part of the other tribe members. Towards dawn each of the souls had found a body, and all rose from the ground and flew towards the rising sun to meet with him, and to become wise like him.¹⁶

It is tempting to think of this kind of story as a borrowing from the easy intercourse between the living and the dead that forms such an integral part of oral traditions in languages like Zulu, Xhosa and Sotho. But again the searching gaze is frustrated in its quest for its African Other, for this kind of 'magic realism' is also rooted in Afrikaans literature from where it is developed by the ghost stories of the *Voortrekkers* and later the work of Eugène Marais, Louis Leipoldt and C.J. Langenhoven. Grové is in step with what André P. Brink has called 'the inevitable return to roots which political events and the *fin de siècle* have prompted in South African writing across the cultural spectrum'.¹⁷ This constant in Grové's compositions since 1984, namely that we have musical structures existing side-by-side with linguistic ones, also manages to leave much *unsaid*. In fact, Grové creates two heterogeneous structures that occupy separate if contiguous spaces *informing* one another, but refusing either to homogenize or mingle. The denoted message of 'Africa' is, for now, nothing but Name – open and vague – and therefore encouraging of connotation. How do we relate the analogue (which is the Name) to the concurrent musical structure? I have tried to show how, in the case of the *Sonate op Afrika motiewe*, this can be done as an act of conscious imagination, but not without the aid of language. Grové knows, and here I am following Barthes closely again, that the Name has an absolute (and sufficient) power of evocation; that if a work is called *Afrika Hymnus*, for example, we need not look for 'Africa' anywhere except, precisely, in the Name. To write *Boesmanliedere* is to hear Bushmen. Ignore the title (language) and the composition, it would seem, escapes.

In a sense, to compose a work like the recent piano concerto called *Raka*, is to stage a performance of (Afrikaner) culture: N.P. van Wyk Louw's historical text is not represented, but *evoked* by the Name. In short, what is represented is (Afrikaner) culture itself, or the inter-text (which is the circulation of anterior or contemporary texts in the artist's head or hand).¹⁸ But to represent Afrikaner culture, in the context of an adumbrated symbolic Africa, is to restore to it (and art music with it) its local *space*. Grové's concept of authenticity does not seek to undermine The West, or even the individual as a major Western Idea. His music represents an adaptation of the traditional art music framework rather than a radical break from it. The suggested trajectory linking Grové's project with that of the *musique nègre* of the early Modernists in Paris is therefore not as fortuitous as his Cocteau-derived credo might imply. One recognizes in the work of the Primitivists Grové's commitment to the colonialist idea of the primordial African space, an ahistorical space, if you will, where history can be started afresh, as well as a continuation of what Glenn Watkins has called a 'venerable tradition of appropriating the foreign in the service of defining the familiar'.¹⁹ This is music that conceives of Africa as a *meaning* (and identity), not as subject. But, and this is an important difference, with Grové the adoption of Africa as analogue is both an act of participation in the reconstitution of meaning *and* social *gestus*. This music does not metaphorically enact the crossing of two radically opposed worlds, but rather suggests a gesture at interaction between two facets of the same social space.

This reconstitution of meaning and identity is generally misunderstood by the urgent need to prove synthesis as a trope for a 'unified South African nation'. In Grové's work, Africa *does* resume her rightful position in a global polity. But also, 'singing' about Africa as 'home' transforms all those engaged with the total musical fact into parts of that imagined space through the construction of metonymy. Illuminating the misunderstandings to which an imposition of political imperatives on Grové's *oeuvre* is likely to lead, is a review of a concert dedicated to Grové's works in 1997, in which eminent South African musicologist Mary Rörich makes the following remark about the Afrikaner choir that performed Grové's *Psalm 150* for double choir and percussion on a Southern Sotho text:

Trapped in colour-coded, humourless robes whose designer label surely reads Calvin (without the Klein), the Unisa Ad Libitum Choir shuffled their way self-consciously through their prescribed choreography, faces buried in scores and emotions reduced to mere vocal emissions. One cannot but wonder what a black choir might have done with the music and its celebration.²⁰

This injunction for Afrikaners to become something which they are not is not issued to Grové's music:

Grové has reached a pivotal point in his development, one in which technique has truly become the handmaid of a unique dream and extraordinary compositional gift.²¹

We are left to reflect on the oddity: that even though Rörich describes a white Afrikaner's music as a 'unique dream', she yearns for its performance by black South Africans as its only suitable celebration. Rörich is wrong to think that Grové's music is about representing Africa: far from 'composing Africa', the composer is using a sign that stands for Africa, that is taken for Africa and that imbues his work with 'native' identity.²² Grové's music does not generate synthesis, xenophobia, or discernible affection for Africa. The approximate translations of the 'ethnic' fall short of fashioning a 'national style' in the way Ralph Vaughan Williams or Zoltán Kodály achieved with their use of folk elements, while it is also too diluted, even tangential, to form the basis of a stylistic alternative (in the way Bartók's music did) to the already replete stylistic palette displayed by twentieth-century music.

The 'African series' of Stefans Grové presents us with a form of representation that at once familiarizes and distances. The metonymical aspect of making a part stand for the whole is making Africa familiar and knowable, yet, to quote Erlmann in another context, the same African tune, as a generic type of 'African' music, 'also distances its user from a specific locale and tradition and in so doing it is substituting representation with historical practice.'²³ In this way Grové's music partakes in play with (Afrikaner) identity that is sufficiently subversive not only with regard to South African political imperatives, but also vis-à-vis the oppositional stereotypes maintained by South African musicological discourse. As such Grové's music *transforms* the meaning of 'African' to

include Calvin ... and Jean Cocteau, that extroverted collagist whose chimerical presence laces an obsessively narcissistic discourse with welcome irony. For it was also Cocteau who said: 'Since these mysteries escape me, I will pretend to be their organizer.'²⁴

Endnotes

- ¹ Stefans Grové, programme notes to an *Exhibition of Music* held in the Old Mutual Hall at the University of South Africa in Pretoria, 24 May 1997 (my translation).
- ² The *Sonate op Afrika motiewe* for violin and piano was composed in 1984-5.
- ³ Taken from Stefans Grové's programme notes to the Obelisk concert held on 22 November 1997 in the Old Mutual Hall, University of South Africa, Pretoria (my translation).
- ⁴ Cited in Stefans Grové's programme notes to an *Exhibition of Music*.
- ⁵ Christopher Waterman cited in Veit Erlmann: *Nightsong: Performance, Power, and Practice in South Africa*. Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1996, pp. 236-7.
- ⁶ Wole Soyinka: *Myth, Literature and the African World*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1976, pp. 3-4.
- ⁷ Breyten Breytenbach: *Dog Heart: a Travel Memoir*. Cape Town and Pretoria: Human & Rousseau, 1998, p. 117.
- ⁸ See Jean-Jacques Nattiez: *Music and Discourse: Towards a Semiology of Music*, tr. Carolyn Abbate. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1990, p. 67.
- ⁹ Erlmann: *Nightsong*, p. 133.
- ¹⁰ Soyinka: *Myth, Literature and the African World*, p. 26.
- ¹¹ Roland Barthes: *The Responsibility of Forms: Critical Essays on Music, Art, and Representation*, tr. Richard Howard. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1991, pp. 182-3.
- ¹² See Soyinka: *Myth, Literature and the African World*, p. 4.
- ¹³ Arnold Schoenberg: 'Folk-Music and Art-Music', in *Style and Idea*, ed. Leonard Stein, tr. Leo Black. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1975, pp. 167-9.
- ¹⁴ Roland Barthes: 'Erté, or À la lettre', in *The Responsibility of Forms*, pp. 103-28, esp. p. 114.
- ¹⁵ Soyinka: *Myth, Literature and the African World*, p. 42.
- ¹⁶ See Stefans Grové's programme notes to the Obelisk concert of 23 July 1998.
- ¹⁷ André P. Brink: 'Interrogating Silence: New Possibilities Faced by South African Literature', in *Writing South Africa: Literature, Apartheid, and Democracy, 1970-1995*, eds. Derek Attridge and Rosemary Jolly. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998, pp. 14-28, esp. p. 26.
- ¹⁸ Roland Barthes: 'The wisdom of art', in *The Responsibility of Forms*, pp. 177-94, esp. p. 190.
- ¹⁹ Glenn Watkins: *Pyramids at the Louvre: Music, Culture, and Collage from Stravinsky to the Postmodernists*. Cambridge, Mass. and London: Bellknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1994, p. 57.
- ²⁰ Mary Rörich: 'Grové's Creative Urge Honed by the Passage of Time', *Business Day* (Johannesburg), 4 June 1997.
- ²¹ *Ibid.*
- ²² See Erlmann's discussion of the sartorial aspects of the African Choir in London in *Music, Modernity and the Global Imagination*. Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1999, pp. 102-6.
- ²³ *Ibid.*, p. 106.
- ²⁴ Paul Griffiths: 'Jean Cocteau', *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, ed. Stanley Sadie. London: Macmillan, 1980, Vol. 4, pp. 514-5, esp. p. 515.

Stefan

Elam (Ray) Sprenkle

We called him Stefan. Not to his face, of course, but we always called him Stefan when we talked about him, and as I think on it, he was among the few at the Peabody Institute referred to by the student body via an affectionate diminutive. I wonder if we would have added the final 's' and called him Stefans had we known?

My name is Elam Sprenkle. I was born and raised in polite, provincial Pennsylvania, and, completing high school in 1965, first attended West Chester State Teachers' College outside Philadelphia. For me, it was a school that bore the distinction of being located in the hometown of Samuel Barber, my favorite composer when I was seventeen. Here I met a young, just-starting-out violinist-composer named Thomas Reed who played Bach every chance he got, championed twelve-tone music and criticized Copland, the other composer whose music I loved, as being old-fashioned. (I add that at this point in my life I had never heard of the Second Viennese School, let alone the names of Stravinsky, Bartók and Hindemith.) Reed had just completed his doctoral studies, and he had come to work at West Chester the same autumn I arrived. As it turned out, he joined a music department staffed by graduates of a conservatory of music located in Baltimore, Maryland. About this Peabody Conservatory – 'Peabody Institute of Music' it reads over the entrance – Reed offered mixed reviews. About a particular teacher there, however, he never hesitated. Reed was much travelled. He had attended the music school at Oberlin College in Ohio and then had gone on for graduate work at the New England Conservatory before deciding to complete a Doctorate at Peabody. By then he had come to know the musical landscape at Juilliard and Curtis as well, and, as he was by far the most impressive musician I had thus far encountered, Reed's assessment of what was available 'out there' I perceived as a form of Holy Writ. To put the matter



Stefans Grové teaching at the Peabody Institute in 1962.

simply, Reed said a man named Stefan was the finest one-on-one teacher of music that he had yet experienced. I was introduced to Stefan Grové for the first time in December of that same year.

The Peabody Institute is an old school, by American standards a very old school. It is older, for example, than Kansas City. Chartered in the late 1850s and built a decade later, Peabody is older, in fact, than most of the United States west of the Mississippi River, and, as Christmas approached, I walked into a smoke-filled Peabody room crowded with men dressed in suits and told them I wanted to study composition. The room was spacious with a high ceiling, and Stefan was there, though I did not know which smoking man in a suit he was. I was armed with a composition, several, actually, but the magnum opus was a pretentious piece for brass ensemble I had persuaded a West Chester group to tape record in November. One Tyrone Byringer who, I later heard, had gone on to play first trombone with the Philadelphia Orchestra, led the band. He was enthusiastic when I had approached him with my score written out in semi-decipherable hand in a spiral notebook, and he had given my *American Sketch* a fair chance with his players who seemed to respond with pleasure. That, at least, was how I perceived it. I, of course, had ascended into some special heaven as I heard my notes come alive whereas Thomas Reed did not. He had come to the reading, and he pointed out that the music simply 'sat still.' 'It doesn't go anywhere,' he said, but I didn't really hear him, and I proudly brought the tape recording to my Peabody audition. The door through which I entered was older than my grandparents, and to this day I sometimes have trouble with the locks. About the audition I remember very little save the smoke so thick in one corner I couldn't see the examiner's face. He turned out to be Charles Kent. He was Director of the Conservatory.

Kent also did most of the talking as I pleaded my case. I wanted to be an American composer and to write an American music. Kent rebutted I was an American and what I wrote was American music by default. I played my tape for them and another gentleman said that my music was more a sketch than a finished product. I admitted as much in the work's title, I responded. A third asked me to sing some intervals. A fourth asked me to spell a chord. I was accepted into the Conservatory but I did not get the largest scholarship. That was reserved for a future classmate who apparently dazzled everyone by his ability to roll shimmering piano clusters in two directions at once. This fellow traveler was acquainted with the American avant-garde as I was not, or so I told myself. I never did figure out which one was Grové.

Spending the spring semester shuttling between West Chester and Philadelphia; between the Juilliard String Quartet playing Schoenberg at nearby Swarthmore College and then explaining the music to a sympathetic audience; between trips to Roger Sessions's home where Sessions's son had just died from cancer; where the composer had written a chamber piece to his son's memory which contained soft, speaking parts as well as a post-Webern angularity, I whiled away the last free period in my life before officially enrolling to study with Grové in autumn of 1966. Schoenberg was now a name I knew,

but I did not like Schoenberg's music. I did not care for post-Webern angularity either. I was determined to be Copland or Barber, but I did not know Copland and Barber had long before abandoned their intuitive populist styles. I did not even know that Grové had worked with Copland at Tanglewood. When I told people in my hometown that I was going to Baltimore to study with Stefan Grové, one knowledgeable sort thought I said Ferde Grofé and congratulated me. So it was when October 1966 approached and I walked through one of those old doors, whose locks have always been a puzzle and shook hands with the most singular of the influences on my life. I thought then, and I think as I write, that he was and probably still is, at bottom, an enormously shy man.

Grové was tall, well proportioned, with a harmonious face almost elegant but not feminine, and he was distant, by which I mean restrained in a manner not common with Americans. What I had introduced myself to was a product of high European culture, but when I was eighteen, high culture was Philadelphia. We, the both of us, had just come from what at Peabody was called Composition Seminar, a weekly gathering where the various student composers played their works for faculty and classmates, and where I soon learned that the work was usually panned before it was played. New students had yet to be measured, and I had volunteered to play my piano sonata (composed that summer) before the assembly at its first meeting of year. I fooled most into thinking I could play the piano, but I could not fool Grové who held his opinion of the sonata's worthiness to himself for our first one-on-one meeting. He didn't like my sonata – he called it 'flimsy' – but he wouldn't say so in a crowd. He said it to me face-to-face, because his shyness was exceeded by his sense of courtesy. He encouraged me to try again, to go deeper. And so I did with a horn sonata and a short orchestral piece. At semester's end my grade read B+ and not an A. My music was still flimsy.

Peabody, during the musical season 1966-1967, was like all of America, caught up in forces no one comprehended. The Civil Rights movement had accumulated strength, and the protests against American involvement in the war in Vietnam were beginning to spread. The women's movement was also just beginning and, all in all, it was an electric time to be alive, especially if one was in college where the lines separating the larger society from the local classroom were vanishing before one's eyes. The musical scene was equally intense as I look back: an all-out competition between International Modernism and the American avant-garde; between, in different words, a common practice which had been made out of materials derived from the Second Viennese School with offshoots extending into Messiaen, and the aleatoric explorations of John Cage and admiring followers just realizing the implications of Darmstadt. The two camps had squared off, but when combined they defined the horizon and in a very real sense determined what was and what was not stylistically acceptable. To be in the club was to be a member of either side. Not to join was to risk being cut off. I wrote tonal music by instinct. I was in trouble.

My real education with Grové and Peabody began during the spring semester. Stefan became the teacher instead of letting me write what I wanted to write, and he encouraged both a deliberate study of polyphony and a roaring toccata for piano. Composing became hard work, and there were frustrations, especially with the varieties of counterpoint we covered. I remember an incident. Grové asked, after a particular exercise, if I felt I was beginning to understand fugue. Summoning all my courage, I gave him the best answer I could. 'I'm not sure,' I said, and he smiled, a gentle, laughing smile that suggested I was making progress at last. This was a good moment for me, but I could not shake a growing awareness I was not one of his more talented students. I speak in terms of the natural gift here, but there was a full stable of Grové disciples at Peabody when I first started, twelve or so of them, and I had slowly begun to know them. Without question, several were of a different order than myself. Talent is not measurable but it does make itself felt.

No matter; duty called, and I pressed on, and there were compensations. In January of that season Grové invited me to sing as tenor chorister at his church. I would be substituting for a brilliant singer who in turn was substituting for a tenor in the Metropolitan Opera Chorus. Here one of the great doors of my life opened and I am, to this day, thirty-five years later, a practicing church musician. Grové was organist-choirmaster at Franklin Street Presbyterian, and he captained an interesting ship, to say the least. We rehearsed Sunday mornings before the service and the practice consisted of a simple one-time run-through of the day's anthems save those Sundays Grové had us perform a Bach cantata. If singers made mistakes in the reading, Grové assumed they would fix it on their own. Grové was not interested in 'show business'; he had no time for preciousness. The opening preludes, for example, he improvised, as he did the closing postlude. He had long before invented a series of pseudonyms and passed off the weekly make-it-up as the work, say, of some obscure Austrian Baroque composer. The church bulletin would list these names – and their dates of birth and death – but I think the head pastor, a severe Scotsman named Hugh Black, knew better. Black gave long, sometimes impenetrable sermons and the nine of us, Stefan and his Motet Choir, would while away the time in the balcony. Stefan would often lie down on the floor to write out new seven-fold Amens or other such service music. He composed in eight voices, giving each singer only their particular part as if choir book notation was still the norm.

The music we performed was, for me, the most delicious imaginable: motets from Italy and anthems from England; Monteverdi, Schütz, Buxtehude, Bach, Handel. I sang Josquin for the first time and Palestrina, Lasso, Vittoria and Byrd, and I have been the richer ever since. Grové clearly loved this repertoire, and this was a discovery for me of no small import. Peabody's other composition teachers I saw only at Seminar. I did not know them and they consequently appeared to me as one-dimensional. Grové, the church musician, was multi-faceted. To illustrate, there was Grové the conductor. Several times, during the spring semester of 1967, Grové led concerts at the Walter's Art Gallery. One of Baltimore's treasures and located just across the way from Peabody, the museum featured a reconstructed courtyard from the Italian Renaissance which boasted fine, if

overly resonant, acoustics, and in this space Grové would lead Peabody students in public performances of Baroque suites and Classical concerti. The concerts I played in were devoted to Mozart, a piano concerto and a symphony. Grové was an awkward conductor, not because he was incapable – the performances were pretty solid judging from audience reactions – but because he was innately shy, as I suggested earlier, and this character trait prevented him from that public strutting generally associated with professional band leaders. This is how I reconstruct it, at any rate. I mention as well that the concerts were free to the public. As a matter of fact, everything about them was free. In May of that same spring, I heard Grové ask a student violist at Peabody if she would be interested in participating in one of the Walter's concerts. At first delighted, she turned him down when learning there were no fees involved. 'We play for love,' Grové said. She might as well have cut him with a knife.

So passed a first year at Peabody and studies with Stefan whose all-around musicianship I had only briefly glimpsed. Thinking back, it is easy to see that Grové was one of those rare individuals utterly consumed by music. To this day I can see him playing music from morning until night with time-outs taken for necessities. If one was not performing music, one composed it. If not that, then score reading or general reading, but always music. Grové did not exhort. He simply acted and in doing so, taught by example. Put another way, before me was a re-incarnated Robert Schumann, a man who thought about music, taught music, wrote music, performed music, conducted music, was music. I was completely taken in and went home a stranger to provincial Pennsylvania determined to do something worthy. My grade at second semester's end was still B+.

When I was an undergraduate at Peabody, the school was very much as it had been a hundred years earlier; there were no dormitories or such. There were, candidly, almost no amenities whatsoever. Students were left on their own to deal with such matters as living and eating arrangements, and I think this made for a more mature student body than one simply taken care of by some college authority. The school did have a commons area on the third floor where students gathered between classes to pass the time, a meeting ground, so to speak, where the new *Zeitgeist* occasionally made itself felt. Grové's teaching studio was located on the fourth floor, and in my mind's eye I can still see him, striding through the commons with his long legs, drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. The whole school knew and admired him. For some, myself included, he was the school, and to Peabody I returned for the 1967-1968 season, two semesters that witnessed the world turned upside down.

I came armed with a brass quintet and new living arrangements. I had my own apartment during my first year, but to save costs, I paired up with another composer, one Robert Lichtenberger who is currently an arranger for the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra. Lichtenberger was a curious talent. He had the skill to imitate other composers' music almost bar for bar and this, coupled with his love of the Romantic orchestral repertoire and utter disdain for the twentieth century, was shortly to get him in trouble with

Peabody's faculty. He likewise studied with Stefan and the two of us made a team for a while, especially as Lichtenberger said nice things about my brass quintet, soon played at school and to some acclaim. Grové, upon hearing it, remarked that the composition was 'facile', and I immediately went to the dictionary. The quintet was certainly tonal, and here, again, was the rub. Peabody's composers did not write tonal music; not, at least, if they wanted to be in the club. My roommate, Lichtenberger, was eventually thrown out of the department for not toeing the line. His degree, when finally earned, read: studies in musical theory. For me it was the continuous struggle to satisfy my own sense of beauty with materials I thought lent themselves more readily to other kinds of expression. For me it was continuing to keep my head low.

I remember a certain student composer's requiem, performed in the large concert hall, the players wearing skin-colored leotards and, if male, bare-chested, the composer himself rolling around in a burlap bag on the organ pedals and the audience laughing, and a distinguished history professor shouting 'Bravo!'. Is it possible that music can be irresponsible? The sounds were choral gasps and shrieks from the percussion, growls from the double bass and a pointillistic melody from an alto. I remember another composition recital where the student composer ripped his manuscript into shreds during the performance and then walked back to where his teacher sat in order to drop the remnants on the floor. More cheers. More arguments. The sounds were haphazard improvisation alternating with gaps of silence. I remember new notational schemes and manuscripts more attractive to look at than listen to. Earle Brown was the new composer-in-residence, replacing the former Benjamin Lees, a stalwart of times gone by. Brown's reputation was founded upon free play. I think Grové thought the whole business was cheap. In my company he never said so, but he was critical of the 'Acme-super-market-intellec[t]s' who seemed to be in the ascendancy. At a seminar when the discussion of just what is musical composition came up, he offered with characteristic conciseness, 'composition is the art of combining tones'. This works for me now as it did then, but clearly, the hilarious and sad insanity of the times said otherwise. It was, to use the cliché, 'anything goes' at Peabody – as it had become in the general culture – until Martin Luther King was assassinated.

The tenor of the age changed forever when King died in the early spring of 1968. Baltimore City was one of many cities that exploded in riots. 'Flower Power', motto of the 'Hippies', wilted in the sudden violence. The National Guard was called out, and a curfew was put into play. It was a curfew broken by some careless Peabody students who witnessed, when arrested, American brutality at its worst. Peabody was closed for Easter, a traditional break suddenly extended for two weeks. I used the time to write a short choral work that taught many lessons. Committed to a confrontation with chromaticism, I listened to my music break down in rehearsal when school resumed. The typical voice student at school was not prepared to read such a difficult style. Even the best of the singers struggled. Depressed, I turned back to a more dependable approach, and Grové asked, 'What do you want to do? Write catchy tunes all your life?'

When Robert Kennedy's death marked the year's second assassination and the Democratic Convention in Chicago threatened an internal civil war, the avant-garde's madness seemed prophecy. But this was in the summer when school was out and I had finished a second year. I could look back with some satisfaction. My quintet was featured at Peabody's exhibition concerts. The school's director had remarked on its competence. Grové had given me an A. I was twenty years old.

My final undergraduate years are a blur. During the summer of 1968 I was hired to teach at Bryn Mawr Day School for Girls, a full-time job which I somehow pulled off while simultaneously attending Peabody. I wrote music for the girls in an idiom they liked and I wrote music for Stefan that he apparently approved of, and I made some money, but my education stopped. There simply wasn't time. I had beforehand become a perpetual church musician, and it was working seven days a week, more or less. As a consequence, my memories of Grové start to go out of focus. The weekly lessons continued and the relationship was ever more comfortable, but the details are missing. I think Stefan, as the 1970s approached, was not a happy man. His first marriage had broken up, a second was failing, and his personal life was a mess. He was not writing music. In fact, I now realize he had hardly written any music since I had come to Peabody. America's miseries were not his miseries, but he was not the man I had first met. Making matters worse, he was teaching morning to evening, five days a week. He also taught summer school, and as the school's most beloved teacher, maintained even then a schedule dangerously full.

There are good memories nonetheless. Sometime during 1970 an English woman named Rosemary Brown made an impression by claiming she was in contact with the spirit of Franz Liszt who was dictating music to her through the ether. Someone brought this story to the attention of Grové who pronounced the whole thing a fraud and several days later gave a recital in the newly built cafeteria of the newly built dorms where he claimed that he, too, was in touch with those passed on. This was Grové at his best, playing a full program of works that had recently just 'come to him'. It began with Grové imitating Bach and it ended with Grové imitating Gottschalk. It was a hoot, but it worked, Grové playing in white dinner jacket, I turning pages where I was astonished to see that he had not fully worked out the music but had just jotted down a note or two to remind him of what he was going to do. In different words, he improvised much of it on the spot.

A second memory involves a paraplegic whose name I cannot recall. She was his 'social obligation,' he said, and she had written a cantata to be performed on some occasion at a small country church in southern Maryland. The building was wooden, and the choir loft upstairs in the back held an old pump organ with a keyboard of maybe four octaves. I can still see Stefan pumping away while trying to hold the cantata together. He used his church octet and a few others for the singers, and we read a handwritten manuscript filled with mistakes. As Grové had grown more and more to frown on rehearsal, we slaughtered the piece. I was not the only singer unable to control myself and breaking

out in hysterical laughter. At the church dinner afterwards, the sponsors said not a word; they treated us like we were members of some strange tribe from up north.

I am out of sequence, but towards the end of my junior year I drove a sports car into a telephone pole and broke both legs. Grové came to visit me in the hospital dressed like a yacht-owner, the most dapper I ever saw him, and he wrote out part of Beethoven's Ode to Joy on the bottom of one of my leg casts so that I could read it with a mirror. This made a great impression both on my girlfriend, an amateur singer who loved church music, and my Peabody friends who congratulated me on injuring myself so that I could be exempt from the draft. No doubt the accident has contributed to the fog of these years.

After I recovered and another summer had passed, Grové played for me a recording of the second movement of his violin concerto. This was the first time I had ever heard his music and it washed through me too quickly. I hesitate to describe what I heard as a cross between Berg and Bartók, because the description, once written, is all too unfair. The concerto was certainly 'idiomatic', a term Grové often used to describe expressive music that did not cross the natural boundaries of the art. When he played the recording, Grové told me that Elihu Shapiro, the conductor involved in a local performance, had been 'haunted by the piece'. I wish I had this experience back. I had known of the existence of his violin concerto, that it had been performed with the Baltimore Symphony several years before I came to Peabody, and that there had been a subsequent performance in South Africa. I assume that the recording I heard was one made abroad, and I likewise assume Grové had played a part of it for me because he was momentarily re-engaging with a life-long preoccupation. I say momentarily because he told me later in the same season that he regarded composing as a hobby.

At this time in his life, perhaps it was. At times I took him as grandly amused by the spectacle around him. Surely his always-notable love of rhetoric was a sport of his mind. Everyone knew he was a keen thinker, and that he possessed a superb command of language. Occasionally he wrote programme notes for the Baltimore Symphony and, when the spirit moved him, articles for Peabody's newsletters. These read well until this day, always fresh, always amusing. Around this time I saw some observations Grové had made for a book on counterpoint. It was, alas, a project never completed, but I add, with regard to Stefan's mastery of expressing himself that he not only spoke, he thought in several European tongues. This would explain a remark he made in a session one morning: 'If I wake up in a poor mood, I simply change the mode I am thinking in.'

My graduation took place in 1970 after a senior recital and an oral examination where Grové, interrupting an embarrassing moment, asked me to discuss Ravel's second string quartet. Then I signed up for Graduate Studies with an assistantship in music theory. Grové was my chief sponsor, and I promised the school I would resign my position at Bryn Mawr. My education began again, doubly so because I had married the amateur

singer who loved church music. Grové played for the wedding, improvising most of the preludes as usual.

Being his assistant, I saw Grové daily, sitting in on most of his courses. On any given day he would come into a class and announce, say, that the subject was Brahms's Violin Concerto, and then he would proceed to play the orchestral exposition while commenting here and there on how many risks Brahms was taking. I often wondered if the students truly understood him or if they had signed up to be entertained. At one period during this time Grové became infatuated with Olivier Messiaen's 'Techniques.' He talked of nothing else in class for weeks, playing and explaining examples while speculating as if to himself, declaring that Messiaen might have said this or done that. All of the above was typical, the tip of the iceberg, actually, and again, I repeat that most of the students were probably missing his points. The lesson was always music, not Brahms or Messiaen, but music. Tom Reed had said that Stefan was the best one-on-one teacher he knew of and not that Stefan was a master in the classroom. I must agree. Grové left too many behind. But, goodness, the classes were funny. Stefan's sense of humor, usually ironic, was legendary, and someone was always getting the joke and laughing out loud five minutes after it had been told. For those with flat souls, a Grové class must have appeared an endless string of non-sequiturs with time-outs for comedy. For those who were hungry, his classes were a marvel and his musical insights a pleasure of the highest order.

I here add that Stefan was possessed of an eccentricity that defies description. I attribute this, in part, to his being completely unaffected by the popular culture. He was oblivious to kitsch and hadn't a clue with regard to commercial entertainment. This would not explain, however, the time I found him practicing the violin between classes. He said that he had worked a bit on the instrument as a youngster, and that he felt like practicing his bow stroke. It sounded terrible. I did not see him play the violin again as I never heard him sing, but he told me once it was a good thing to sing long tones and to make as smooth modulation between tones as possible. I took this in the same vein as his declaration that he had built a brick wall in the back yard of his house. If a common mason could lay bricks, why couldn't he? His studio was on the Conservatory's top floor with a window access to the roof, and Grové liked to stretch out his legs between classes. Thus it was not unusual to see him pop into his next teaching obligation as if he had landed by helicopter. When he was bored with a class he would yawn and do harmonic analysis. I remember him laying out the chord progressions for the exposition of Beethoven's Violin Concerto



Stefans Grové during his sabbatical from Peabody in 1961, editing tape recordings at the SABC.

38 from memory to demonstrate a point. A frustrated student afterwards commented, 'I think vertically; Grové thinks horizontally.'

Stefan Grové came to Peabody in 1956; he left Peabody after completing the fall semester of 1971. Looking back it is possible to reconstruct two different people. He arrived at the school already an accomplished composer with many performances to his credit both in America and abroad, and the flow of creativity did not stop when he took up residence in Baltimore after a short stint at Bard College. His *Sinfonia Concertante* was performed in the BBC Commonwealth Concert Hall in October, 1960, the same year Peabody's Dance department performed his *Alice in Wonderland*. The critic for the *Baltimore Sun* hailed the production, based on the Lewis Carroll stories, as 'admirable'. In 1963 Grové attended a New York performance of his Flute Sonata (with John Solum as soloist) and announced a Johannesburg playing of his Violin Concerto and the premiere of his Symphony by the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra. The Peabody catalogue of 1967 lists performances of Grové works by the National Gallery Orchestra, Washington, D.C.; Creative Concerts Guild, Cambridge, Mass.; International Society for Contemporary Music, Salzburg; Guildhall Concert Series in London, and elsewhere in Europe and Australia. In 1970 Grové told me he had finished the exposition to a Cello Concerto. I never saw this. 'I write very fast', he said. I did see his copy of a Concerto for Two Pianos by Max Bruch. Shortly before he returned to South Africa, he was hired to make a performance copy of the work. I am fuzzy about how the manuscript came into his hands; something about two Baltimore spinsters who had passed on but in their youth were first-echelon pianists. I regret to say that the Peabody Archives, established in the 1980s, houses embarrassingly little Grové material. We have but one piece: his 1965 Toccata.

As can be seen, Grové was an active composer during his first decade at Peabody, his music circulating far outside Baltimore circles. After 1966 the output falls off almost completely. The current *Grove Dictionary* supports my claim as it lists just one work, *Ritual* (for organ), as a product of Stefan's latter years at Peabody. I know nothing about the piece. As said before, I attribute Stefan's creative silence to the breakdown of his first marriage and the ensuing personal and financial crisis from which he never recovered during his American sojourn. That he was deeply depressed towards the end was apparent to all who knew him. In the spring of 1971 American Higher Education all but collapsed as well. Students in revolt against American foreign policy seized control of several major universities and almost every school of higher learning experienced profound social disturbances. Street protests were frequent and fast becoming dangerous. Peabody was closed for the final month or so of the semester, but all I heard from Stefan was his relief that he was getting a vacation at last. Deteriorating at an alarming rate, Grové had taught himself into the ground in order to make ends meet. He must have realized that to have stayed on would risk catastrophe, and he made, in retrospect, what I believe to have been his life-saving decision to return to South Africa. He told Peabody's administration that he needed a sabbatical. Only a handful of us knew that he would never return.

The late 1960s and the American avant-garde are history now, the former celebrated in mostly whitewashed television documentaries and the latter as if it never happened. Personally, what remains for me as the aegis of the era is Stefan, his 'let's rip it off', meaning 'let's sight-read it', forever planted in my mind. The faces run past me as I close: Ronald Roxbury, Lee Mitchell, James Irsay, Jim Gahres, Robert MacDougall, Terry Snowden, Frank Willis, Robert Weiser and Lichtenberger. We knew him as Stefan as did Marc Consoli and Sergio Cervetti. On the present conservatory faculty are only a few who remember: Leon Fleisher, Ellen Senofsky, Pat Graham and myself. Elizabeth Diering Schaaf, who is on staff, remembers too. If 'immortality means being in print', another Grové aphorism, then maybe this memoir will make a contribution.

5

Con moto ♩ = 126 For Kara

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems, each with two staves. The tempo is marked *Con moto* with a quarter note equal to 126. The piece is titled "For Kara". The notation includes various dynamics such as *mf*, *f*, *p*, and *rapido*. There are also articulation marks and phrasing slurs throughout the piece. The score ends with a page number "37. 10 2010-04" written vertically on the right side of the fifth system.

Facsimile of Glimpses No 5: 'The masked weaver's masquerade,' for piano.

Stefans Grové: Teacher and Mentor

Jeanne Zaidel-Rudolph

I met Stefans Grové for the first time in the mid-1970s as my future supervisor for the D.Mus. degree in Composition. This was at a time when I had already had the privilege and good fortune to have studied with excellent composition teachers like Johan Potgieter (in my undergraduate studies at the University of Pretoria), Arthur Wegelin (during my M.Mus. degree at the University of Pretoria), John Lambert (at the Royal College of Music, London) and György Ligeti (at the Hochschule für Musik in Hamburg). Having mastered the fundamentals of the craft of composition, I was fortunate to have Stefans to work on the more sophisticated, esoteric and refining elements of being a composer.

When I first met Stefans he had the aura of a tormented artist – one of vulnerability and sadness. He was going through a very difficult period in his personal life and responded by turning inwards. It was only while engaging with complex, exciting or even vexing compositional challenges that the real Stefans emerged, as an animated teacher and critic with a quiet but palpable passion. A short while afterwards Stefans married the lovely Alison Marquard who was a ray of sunshine and a quietly stabilizing force in his life. I always enjoyed going for my fortnightly lessons to their house in Hatfield, Pretoria, as Alison had made it a home of warmth, caring and hospitality, filled with the sounds of happy children.

I used rigorously to prepare work for Stefans's critique and there were long silences while he gave his full attention to the scribbled score in front of him (I had not yet mastered technology as a tool for printing my music). Just when I thought he had perhaps nodded off and was very quiet, he would fire a salvo of suggestions and criticisms which were not only perceptive and insightful, but also impressively 'spot-on'. I recall being envious, as a young teacher myself, of Stefans's ability to pin-point weaknesses and strengths so accurately. I hung on to his every word in a didactic sense as I knew that one day, I too would find myself in the role of a teacher of composition. In my present post as composition professor at Wits University, I am applying many of his principles of teaching and following his approach to young people's music. For me, one of the most defining aspects of his teaching was his ability to separate craftsmanship and a good solid technique from the mysterious and indefinable elements of inspiration and intuitive musical creativity. Stefans was the perfect sounding-board for a student's rather rough efforts, as he had an uncanny intuition of what 'worked' and what did not – not in a

narrow, subjective sense but in the sense of a global and quantum sound-world of musical creativity. He was far less concerned with musical fashion than musical integrity. He honoured the individual originality and style of the student but demanded a thorough mastery of compositional skills. For me this was the mark of a great teacher. He could do what many musicians find extremely difficult to do – project and imagine the music as sound passing in ‘real time’ with its ebb and flow of psychological nuances and experiences. Stefans was not an easy teacher to please and his silence often spoke louder than words. When he was really pleased, however, a slow, deep, ‘yes, yes, yes’ was audible.

Like my former teacher, Ligeti, Stefans had a heightened sense of the ‘inner ear’, an aural facility which allowed him to hear and differentiate timbre combinations and multi-layered rhythmic polyphonies with astounding accuracy just from looking at the score. It was an easy transition for me to move from a great teacher/composer like Ligeti to one like Stefans Grové. I had been profoundly influenced by Ligeti both as a composer and teacher. As a role model he was someone who had pushed the boundaries of what was possible in music to their extremes. Ligeti’s sound-world of rhythmic illusion, space-age sonorities and the macabre had been like an electric shock to my sleeping brain. As a ‘tone-colour’ composer he had expanded my mind and imagination and his Salvador Dali-like world permeated my psyche. I remember thinking of Stefans as a Dali-like figure, more in his character and persona than in his music. Initially he had to suffer my obsession with quasi-Ligeti compositions but he never stifled this need to imitate my former ‘master’ and teacher as he knew this would naturally burn itself out.

It was in the area of orchestration and rhythmic design that I knew I had made the transition from one teacher to another without a break in the link of teaching excellence. Stefans drilled me in the principles of solid instrumentation techniques, combined with a search for an infinite number of tone-colour combinations. What defined his teaching was the striving towards the unshackling of parametric constraints and the aspiration to musical freedoms. He was himself grappling with ways of eliminating the tyranny of the bar-line and seeking a form of musical narrative that aligned itself with natural and expressive inflections. This took the form of composing a piece with a pulse unit in a certain tempo or using highly irregular metric structures, such as a bar having 15 or 23 semi-quavers as found in his *Sonate op Afrika Motiewe* (1984-5).

In his own work during the time that I was his student, it was as though he was ‘tapping-in’ to the mystery and magic of Africa with its exoticism. This spirit of Africa informed his work but was nevertheless mediated through a Western cultural background. It remained at that time within the framework of an exotic approach to African elements, yet he managed to synthesize the material into his own idiom. I believe that it was Stefans’s sense of reverence and respect for other people’s music that prevented him from using literal quotations. Much debate was raging in the 1970s and 1980s in South Africa as to the ethics of appropriating indigenous music. It was only later that he embraced a culture within which he felt he had earned a place and spoke with a voice that was

neither threatening nor artificial. He had earned his place as a composer-child of Africa. It was the three 'R's of Reverence, Respect and Responsibility that I warmed to in Stefans as a teacher, mentor and friend.

The special relationship that we enjoyed as teacher/student blossomed over the years into a collegial friendship, based on mutual respect and sharing of ideas. Stefans has been an external examiner for our Music Department at Wits University for many years and I know I can always rely on his judgement and comments.

In the words of Elbert Hubbard, 'He is great who feeds the minds of others. He is great who inspires others to think for themselves. He is great who pulls you out of your mental ruts, lifts you out of the mire of the common place, whom you alternatively love and hate, but whom you cannot forget.'¹ Such a man is Stefans Grové.

Endnote

¹ Cited in Morris Mandel, ed.: *A Complete Treasury of Stories for Public Speakers*. New York: Jonathan David, 1974, p. 114.



*Stefans Grové upon receiving an Honorary Doctorate from the University of Pretoria in 1995.
From left to right: Principal and Vice-Chancellor Flip Smit, Grové and the Dean of the Faculty of
Humanities, Wouter van Wyk.*

Inside Out

Étienne van Rensburg

It was radio that led me to Stefans Grové. And a book on South African composers by Jan Bouws.¹

In the late 1970s and early 1980s, when radio programmes in South Africa were advertised in detail in a special radio and television magazine, it was possible to select music to be broadcast with composition dates starting with '19-'. This meant that one could 'reserve' one's seat in front of the radio to hear some music by South African composers. Thus it happened that I heard a piece by Stefans Grové, and the personal decision was made that I had to study with this composer. At that time, I knew nobody who could tell me anything useful about my future teacher. We had a few books on composers in our home, including the one by Bouws that provided me with some information, but it was the music that I had heard over the radio and of which I had long since forgotten the title, that left no doubt in my mind where my future studies should lead to.

During my first and second years of study at the University of Pretoria, I followed the same curriculum as any other BMus student. The closest I ever got to Grové was in passing him on the grounds or in the corridors of the Toonkunsakademie. He always seemed to be chewing something. Of the man behind the composer and academic, I knew nothing as yet.

Then, in preparation for my third year of undergraduate study, the moment finally arrived when I could 'audition' for composition studies and meet in person the composer whom I had admired from afar for so long. I am quite convinced that, initially at least, Grové took hardly any notice of me. He gave me some themes in different styles and instructed that one had to result in a Brahmsian Intermezzo, and the other had to become a Bachian Prelude. And then there was, of all things, a Boerneef text that had to become a song. It was a disastrous start to my compositional career. Not being a pianist I had very little interest in Brahms at the time, Bach was an entity I got to know via transcriptions for the trumpet, and Boerneef was the one Afrikaans poet that I had always tried to avoid.

Needless to say, none of these 'auditioning pieces' survived, and I'm sure none of them was very convincing either. Nevertheless, Grové accepted me as his composition student and I became the only undergraduate registered for Composition Studies for many years to come. A one-hour lesson was scheduled for once a week, and each week I had to bring 'something' along to show my new teacher. At first, after deciding to compose 'something'

for organ (I think), I brought him a piece that had a lot of very long notes in it. His first remark, after looking at all those minims and semi-breves that were not really 'going' anywhere, was to ask whether I was born in a church. My desire to write long notes ended abruptly.

My weekly 'presentation' initially not amounting to much, Grové started turning these 'lessons' into listening sessions in an effort to guide and expand my knowledge of repertoire. For the first time since I had started studying music, I was spending time with someone who really understood so-called 'modern' music. It was during these sessions of guided listening that I discovered the music of Maurice Ravel and Elliott Carter. As I got to know Grové's music better during my post-graduate years and my subsequent involvement with the South African Music Guild and the Obelisk Music project, it seemed to me that these two composers, Ravel and Carter, permeated much of Grové's own music. Once, during a private conversation in a Rosebank Mall coffee shop, Grové slyly and smilingly 'confessed' to me that he indeed studied the art of orchestration by quite often looking over Ravel's shoulder (the twinkle in his eye and 'skelm' expression on his face as he shared this 'secret' was a sudden revelation of the youthful, playful character that was so evident in his music of that time). This was in reference to his then recently premiered *Dance Rhapsody – An African City*, the opening of which contains orchestration of stirring beauty, colour and subtlety; most probably unparalleled in South African orchestral music up to that time. In this regard one also thinks of Grové's skill and subtlety in the treatment of melodic or motivic material entrusted to his instruments. Like the finely sculpted lines in Ravel's music, a motive or melodic element in Grové's music is almost never accidental and seldom purely ornamental. Melodic lines are designed to bind the music together without overpowering it, a technique strongly reminiscent of Ravel. The 'lines' are relatively simple in order to provide the 'thread' with which the listener is guided through the otherwise complex music, an observation especially true of the fast movements. In the slow movements, on the other hand, one finds melodic lines drawing the listener's focus to shapes that might be called 'artificial' – a quality to which Ravel would never have objected. The sheer beauty of the results is undeniable.

But back to my own compositional struggles. I was now discovering more composers and music of the twentieth century, as well as the medium of electronic composition. Yet, in my own music, far too few of these new discoveries found a nesting place. This might have left Grové in a state of some despair, as I know that during the course of my third year he only shook his head in reply when asked by Professor Stephanus Zondagh how my lessons were progressing.

A year later he seemed to become more optimistic, but also discovered that I almost never incorporated any of his 'corrections' or 'improvements' in the final copies of my scores. He consequently called me 'hard-headed' and stopped correcting my drafts. Throughout these first two years of composition study, I never learnt anything from Grové. Neither

did he ever try to 'teach' me anything. He guided my listening and emphasised some aspects of various composers' scores, while I attended his History of Music lectures with religious dedication. These lectures were probably the most fruitful experience of my entire third year, I suspect mainly because the lectures were, in a certain respect, such an unmitigated disaster. As far as I could ascertain, they entailed a dictation of his translation into Afrikaans of a standard English text book. As soon as I discovered which text book he was using, I borrowed the book from the library and never copied another word in his class.

What *did* 'justify' the attendance of every single lecture, was when Grové started to demonstrate some aspect of style on the piano, or when he began to deliberate on some historical or musical issue off the cuff. That was when the master musician came to the fore. During such sessions, I learnt most of what I know music to be about, and developed a deep fascination with Brahms and his fellow-Romantics.

At the end of my fourth and final year I graduated *cum laude*. Grové awarded me a distinction in composition, and to this day I don't quite know why. Looking back at what I composed then, I am appalled by the inferior qualities staring me in the face. I list none of these works and never mention them to anyone. I find them, to say the least, embarrassing.

In 1986 I attempted, with mixed success, to obtain the Higher Education Diploma necessary to become a qualified teacher, but the next year brought me back to Grové's class when I enrolled for a B.Mus. Honours degree. The entire Honours course was done under the supervision and tuition of Grové, largely because I wasn't prepared to face the prospect of any of the alternatives available to students at the Music Department at that time. Again, 'teaching' did not really occur at our scheduled composition meetings. Grové prescribed a number of books which I had to read and discuss, and this primarily led to my discovery of the music of Messiaen, Stravinsky and Hindemith. There was of course also the course on the cantatas of J.S. Bach, a field in which Grové was exceptionally experienced and most enthusiastic. And, most significant of all, he presented a pioneering course on South African composers that again allowed him to reflect without the constraints of a text on the qualities of the music.

Our composition 'lessons' still continued with a degree of regularity, although there were many weeks when I simply did not have anything that I wanted to show him. About halfway through the year, I composed an ensemble piece for nine players and only showed it to Grové *after* it was copied. He studied the piece intensely for about an hour, now and again asking me about one or other detail. He then closed the score, looked at me in silence, and that was the last formal composition lesson we ever had.

Grové again graduated me with distinction, and I immediately enrolled for the M.Mus in Composition. The requirements for this degree consisted of a portfolio of compositions and a dissertation. Grové and I discussed the compositions to be produced for the

portfolio, and I proposed to do a study of three twentieth-century cantatas. Our next formal meeting was more than two years later. In the meantime, however, he had started using me more and more as his assistant during lectures, and invited me to accompany him to concerts a number of times. Visits to his house became more frequent. Whenever we met anywhere, an excuse for enjoying a 'gifpyltjie' ('poisoned arrow', as he called cigarettes, of which he never had any and always needed to 'borrow') was inevitably found.

My involvement with the South African Music Guild since about 1987, brought me more opportunities to hear Grové's music performed live (recordings of his more recent music were either non-existent or kept away from the public ear in the SABC archives). This gave a new dimension to our conversations and discussions. As my own music was starting to be performed more often, Grové was often present as newspaper critic and his published reviews formed the most reliable source of commentary on my work. On the few occasions I approached him to act as my referee, he responded with extremely flattering testimonials to my artistic abilities. I was left in no doubt about his exceptionally high regard of my music, and was convinced that he was probably the only person who actually understood my 'notes'.

Some years later, after an Obelisk concert, he came to me in the Unisa audio-visual library where I was working at the time and told me how much he had enjoyed the concert. He remarked that the two of us seemed to be the only composers in South Africa who were unafraid of rhythm. In the middle of 1990 I decided that it was time to submit my work 'in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree M.Mus at the University of Pretoria', and thought it only proper to show Grové what I would be submitting. One Friday I arrived at his house, gave him the portfolio of compositions and the dissertation, copied and bound for him to peruse. The following Monday I went by his house again to collect my work and for some feedback. He handed me both volumes, and said that he would arrange as soon as possible for the work to be accepted. No other comments, no corrections.

Grové again awarded me a distinction for the work submitted, with the external examiner allotting a higher mark. Thus ended six and a half years of 'formal' composition studies with Stefans Grové. Informal contact between teacher and student continued until a few years ago. I have been left wondering whether I should miss him, or whether it is to my advantage that his 'influence' has now been removed to such a great distance.

Endnote

¹ The book in question was *Komponiste van Suid-Afrika*. Stellenbosch: C.F. Albertyn, 1971.

Stefans Grové's Narratives of Lateness

Stephanus Muller

I

The ripeness of late-works by significant artists cannot be compared to that of fruit, writes Theodor Adorno in his essay on late-style.¹ Such works are not well-formed, but furrowed and wrinkly. They are not sweet, but bitter and sharp – too much so for the ordinary taste. They lack the harmony which is the norm of the classical aesthetic of art and show up a footprint of history rather than its coming of age.

In introducing his essay on Beethoven's late-works in this manner, Adorno distances his own reflections decisively from the organicist model of late-style that first appears in Winckelmann's *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums* (1756-62), and in which late-works are vaguely identified with instability and decay.² His thought reveals an indebtedness to Georg Simmel, especially in the way in which the dialectic between subject and object is privileged in his subsequent theory.³ The usual explanation for the observations in the first paragraph is to ascribe to late-works a heightened subjectivity or personal agency that 'breaks through' the outlines of form, that transforms harmony into the dissonance of suffering and exchanges sensual charm for the self-indulgence of the liberated spirit. For Adorno, this explanation relegates the late-work to the margins of art by making it into a mere document, a trace of old age. No wonder then that discussions of Beethoven's late-works are rarely bereft of biographical details or mention of Fate. It is, writes Adorno, as if the approach of death makes all art theory irrelevant and puts it at arm's length from reality.

It is interesting that in his essay on late-style, Adorno, even though he departs from the organicist view of late-style, sticks to the Lenzian periodization of Beethoven's career.⁴ Based on this periodization, he makes the point that the *Appassionata* is a much denser, closed and more 'harmonic' work than for example any of the late quartets, and therefore also more subjective, autonomous and spontaneous. But why, he then wonders, does the impression persist that the more enigmatic of Beethoven's compositions are the later works? As so often in his philosophical work on music, Adorno suggests detailed analysis as a remedy for what he thinks is a set of mistaken, if naturalized, assumptions regarding

50 late-style.⁵ And although he fails to provide just such an analysis (as he also often does), his reasoning is compelling.

Adorno suggests a pre-analytic awareness of 'the function of conventions' for his suggested analysis, pointing out the importance of conventions in the late-works of Goethe. One imagines him thinking here especially of *Faust* Part Two, that along with Goethe's other 'late work', fell victim to many negative evaluations during the middle years of the nineteenth century.⁶ He postulates the idea that it is the *destruction* of convention, the unavoidable fusion thereof in an all-consuming passion for personal expression, that is the first law of 'subjectivity'.⁷ And if this is so, then the Beethoven of the middle-period is the more likely example of 'ripe personal expression' than the composer of the late quartets. By way of a specific example, Adorno mentions the incorporation of accompaniments into a subjective dynamic by means of the shaping of latent middle-voices through rhythm and tension in works of the middle-period. In this way, an apparently unimportant melodic convention is shaped by the composer's will and intent. In the first movement of the Fifth Symphony, for example, accompaniment-figures are *developed* from thematic material and are thus shorn of convention.

This kind of material manipulation, Adorno feels, is not true of Beethoven's late-works. Here the composer's formal language is permeated by the formulae and expressions of convention. This is true even in works built on a singular syntax such as the five last piano sonatas, that are full of embellishing trill-chains, cadences and clichés presented in the undisguised, naked, untransformed guise of conventions. The piano sonata op. 110, for instance, shows an uninhibitedly primitive sixteenth-note accompaniment, which is inconceivable in Beethoven's middle-period. Here one is reminded of Wendell Kretzschmar's lecture-performance of op. 111 in Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus*:

with labouring hands Kretzschmar played us all those enormous transformations, singing at the same time with the greatest violence: 'Dim-dada!' and mingling his singing with shouts. 'These chains of trills!' he yelled. 'These flourishes and cadenzas! Do you hear the conventions that are left in? Here – the language – is no longer – purified of the flourishes – but the flourishes – of the appearance – of their subjective – domination – the appearance – of art is thrown off – at last – art always throws off the appearance of art.'⁸

No explication of Beethoven or any other late-style can succeed, writes Adorno, if it sees the rubble heap of conventions in late-works only in psychological terms, while remaining indifferent to the phenomenon itself. The meaning of art, he states, is located in phenomena. The relationship between conventions and subjectivity has to be understood as *the* form-giving principle in which the meaning of late-works resides.

At this point Adorno's prose becomes somewhat intractable. This form-giving principle, he writes, can be seen when the reality of Death displaces the Right of Art. It is not achieved by Death directly entering the work of art as its 'opposite'. Rather, Death is

uniquely part of the creation, not a shape imposed on it and therefore always appearing in all art in a disturbed relationship, as allegory. This is where the psychological reading of late-style makes a mistake. When it declares mortal subjectivity as the substance of late-works, it hopes to become aware of Death in the work of art. It recognizes the explosive violence of subjectivity in the late-work, but it looks in the *opposite* direction as the one in which this subjectivity pushes. The violence of subjectivity in late-works is that of the gesture of collision, the collision with which subjectivity *departs* from the work of art. It explodes within the work, not to express the self, but to throw off the illusory aspect of art while remaining expressionless.⁹ It leaves the ruins behind in the work and splits itself into codes. Touched by Death, the hand of the master releases matter that it previously tried to mould. The tears and leaps become the last evidence of the finite powerlessness of the I in the face of Being.

This, Adorno alleges, is the reason for the abundance of matter in *Faust* Part Two. This is the reason for convention that is no longer permeated or violated by Subjectivity, but left alone. With the escape of Subjectivity convention splinters off. As splinters, at odds with themselves and the world and totally abandoned, conventions are transformed into expression. Thus conventions in late-Beethoven become expression in the naked manifestation of themselves. This results in the often remarked upon 'reduction' of his style: conventions do not want to rid the musical language of clichés as much as wanting to rid the clichés of the illusion of subjective control. The freed clichés, released from all dynamic, speak for themselves. The escaping Subjectivity passes through these conventions and enlightens them with its intention. This is the origin of the *crescendi* and *diminuendi* that, seemingly oblivious to the musical construction, often shatter structure in the late-Beethoven.

In his late-work, Adorno concludes, Beethoven no longer summons the musical landscape, now deserted and alienated, in order to represent. He illuminates it with the fire ignited by Subjectivity, while Subjectivity, fleeing, collides against the walls of the work. Process remains in his late-work, not as development, but as ignition between extremes that no longer tolerate a centre. These extremes are to be understood in the purest technical terms: a single voice, the unison, the significant cliché opposed to the polyphony that suddenly appears. Subjectivity is that which forces these extremes together in a single moment, that invests the compressed polyphony with tension, that smashes the latter in the unison that manages to escape from the polyphony and that leaves behind it the naked tone, that institutionalizes the cliché as monument of that which was, that which Subjectivity itself enters into. The caesura, the sudden break-off, which more than anything characterizes the late-Beethoven, typifies moments of escape. Because the mystery exists only *between* fragments, it will not be invoked except through the shape that they build together. This throws light on the paradox that the late-Beethoven can at the same time be called 'subjective' and 'objective'. The fragmented landscape is 'objective', the light in which it glows 'subjective'. Beethoven does not mould an harmonic synthesis

52 from these two poles. He tears them apart in time, perhaps to conserve them for ever. In the history of art, Adorno ends, the late-works are the catastrophes.

II

The organicist idea of 'lateness' that depends on a three-phase anthropological model where the last and third stage symbolizes decay and death (the first two being birth/youth and maturity), finds a counter-argument in theories such as those of Adorno. Adorno seems to imply a kind of transcendence in late-work, rather than decay. The precedent for this way of thinking of late-works or late-style is found in Georg Simmel's pronouncement:

In artists of the highest calibre, old age sometimes manifests a development permitted to emerge most purely and essentially precisely on account of ageing's natural process of decay: in light of a decline in the formative powers, the appeal of sensation, the self-abandonment to the world as it is, there remain, so to speak, only the broad outlines, the most profoundly characteristic of one's creativity.¹⁰

One not only finds in this passage many remnants of organicist thought, but also associations of disengagement with the surrounding world, a retreat from human communication, a drawing back into the labyrinth of the soul. Simmel creates an idea of 'lateness' as somehow analogous to alienation from society *and* a heightened subjectivity – the latter seemingly the very premise Adorno disputes. But in reality Simmel and Adorno are in agreement in terms of a subjectivity that is paradoxically graced with objectivity:

In old age the great creative man – I am speaking here of the pure principle and ideal – is possessed by and fully possesses form. The subject, indifferent to all that is determined and fixed in time and place, has, so to speak, stripped himself of his subjectivity – the gradual withdrawal from appearance, Goethe's definition of old age.¹¹

As examples, Simmel goes on to name Michelangelo and his *Pietà Rondanini* and his late poems, Frans Hals and the *Mistresses of the Alms House*, Rembrandt's late etchings and portraits, Beethoven's last sonatas and quartets and Wagner's *Parsifal*. Whether we favour the organicist view of lateness (even Spengler's analysis allows for individuals to be 'analyzed as manifestations of cultural-historical awareness'),¹² or the transcendent view first formulated by Simmel and later taken up by Adorno and Carl Dahlhaus, late-style (*Spätstil*) is in most instances the equivalent of *Altersstil* ('style of old age'), the latter, as Anthony Barone correctly points out, being 'meaningful only with respect to personal style development.'¹³

The German differentiation between these terms is important, as it reserves the possibility of an *Altersstil* that is not a *Spätstil*, while recognizing the connection between the two. It is because of this connection that a critical appraisal of Stefans Grové's African

series, written since 1984, is tempted to avail itself of aspects of late-style 'theory'.¹⁴ This article is a result of the author succumbing to this temptation with respect to the clearly delineated body of creative work produced by the composer since 1984.¹⁵ This period has also produced biographical narratives that, admittedly, run counter to what has been written about late-style thus far. For instance, the composer has stressed the geographical 'rootedness' of the African series as opposed to its alienation from society and the world. But to believe this unreservedly is to believe (mistakenly) that a composer's score and his writings and utterances necessarily say the same things. A distinction has to be maintained, in this instance, between language in general and the music. If the musical fabric of Grové's post-1984 works seems woven together with the geography of his country and continent,¹⁶ it might be because this view has been actively invited by the composer in countless interviews, programme notes and extra-musical programmes and titles.¹⁷ Not only has Grové commented extensively on his change of musical style in 1984, but he has also numbered the works written since then as numbers in his 'African series'. Commenting on his new piano concerto *Raka*, for instance, he writes:

in 1984 I found myself on a stylistic Road of Damascus because I felt that I, as an African, had to anchor my music in Africa. Jean Cocteau had written that the more a poet sings from the family tree, the truer his song shall be. In that year I started making ethnic characteristics of African music the basis of my style. And the further I move from 1984, the more concentrated these ethnic elements become.¹⁸

Although the composer has always been honest in acknowledging the parallel linguistic and musical aspects of his creativity,¹⁹ one cannot ignore the pronouncements hinting also at political and economic cunning in matters aesthetic, a pragmatism far removed from the image of the late artist as alienated *Greis*. Thus Grové has no difficulty in saying that 'As regards the marketing of my music, it seems to me a better idea to seek my fortune abroad. I still have many contacts overseas and my music should be well received, especially since there is a new interest in African art.'²⁰ In 1982 he told an interviewer that 'I am quite open about it that I market myself.'²¹ Not only do these narratives make any suspicion of the existence of late-style-characteristics in Grové's African series seem counter-intuitive, but one is also forewarned of the agency of the composer in fashioning ideas about his music with an astuteness and eloquence that problematizes the progress from language to music without a reading of the latter falling under the spell of the former. There is one further apparent incongruity between Grové's African series and Adorno's conceptualization of Beethovenian late-style. It should be unremarkable that an African home-coming, for an African composer, includes a celebration of African music. Not so in this instance. Grové's return to South Africa (literally and musically), was the return of a white Afrikaner to a country torn apart along racial lines, and any crossing of those lines, including culturally, was (and arguably remains) a statement that we might want to read as an object lesson in political pragmatism. In this sense Grové's late music, if it can be labeled thus, also has politico-cultural implications that indicate anything but

the alienation and withdrawal that Goethe mentions when he writes: 'age separates us more and more from sensitive men.'²² Instead, it wades right into a host of ethical and moral quagmires that remain at the heart of the founding of the New South Africa.²³

On the other hand, it is an interesting fact that, even though it can be claimed that Grové in his late-style embarked on something 'new', it would not be wrong to look beyond these narratives and to see not the great innovator, but the staunch musical traditionalist whose antagonism towards the idea of experimentalism in music signals an alienation of sorts, as opposed to 'fashionableness' and 'African rootedness'. Grové's prolonged stay in America brought him into contact with the New York School and composers like Henry Cowell and Earle Brown, but he has nothing in common with them. In an interview with Gerrit Olivier he talks about his erstwhile colleague at Peabody Conservatory, Earle Brown, who became a composer at the age of thirty after having trained as an engineer: 'I don't think that at that stage he had ever heard a Haydn Quartet. And then he started with those wild avant-garde experiments. I have too much respect for instrumentalists to expect a cellist to appear on stage without clothes, plucking the lowest string on her cello while someone else feeds a he-goat with cabbage leaves.'²⁴ Grové belongs to a conservative, even nationalist school far removed from the musical experimentalism of the New York School. If this points to an aspect of his African music that resonates comfortably with his literal and figurative home-coming, namely his deep respect for and practice of the 'traditional' in terms of musical technique and outcome, it also emphasizes the importance of continuities in his stylistic development, an idea wholly compatible with the development of an *Altersstil*.²⁵ The paradox between new beginning and home-coming is strikingly formulated in an interview with Adèle Goosen, when Grové declares: 'I like always to begin anew. I was previously married, and now I have made a new beginning with a new family. And the African style is for me, creatively, a new beginning. Actually it is in a certain sense a *return* to the beginning.'²⁶ Grové's late music thus represents a home-coming of a special kind, paralleling a tension also familiar in late-Wagner, where his pronouncement 'that he is in the youth of his 3rd period of life' seems to acknowledge 'the duality of his situation, first, as an artist in the third phase of creative life and, second, as a late artist who experiences a rejuvenation.'²⁷ Thus the simultaneous presence of the new and the old in Grové's musical output since 1984 can be understood as a peculiar, but not unique, narrative of lateness. Grové's African series is undoubtedly informed by a clearly-voiced authorial presence and preference for the rhetoric of 'rootedness' and 'home-coming' that is entirely consistent with his essentially conservative musical creed, and one that alluringly echoes with the composer's biographical circumstances and dovetails neatly into an interpretation of late-style as *Altersstil*.

III

In the first section of this chapter I have set out, following Adorno closely, what one might understand under the term 'late-style'. In the second section I have focussed mainly on the

extra-musical narratives that support or diminish the applicability of this concept to the African series of Stefans Grové. It is now time to turn to his music, where I believe at least one possible (and possibly important) connection to exist between an aspect of Adorno's theory of late-style, Grové's authorial agency, and the musical language of the African series. With his seminal *Sonate op Afrika motiewe* for violin and piano (1984-5), Stefans Grové became arguably the most important Afrikaner composer, and subsequently the most consistently committed South African composer, to engage in a *rapprochement* between his Western craft and his physical and metaphysical African space. Even if one accepts that it is the individualistic specificity of Grové's work from which it derives authority and universal import, it is to be expected that in a work-list that now contains thirty-two numbers, thorough and substantial analysis might yield some stylistic traits that different works in the African series have in common. At the moment such analyses of works by Grové are few and of uneven quality, but one observation pertaining to similarities and general characteristics (not based on analysis) comes from an important essay by Izak Grové.²⁸ In this essay he not only identifies general linear and coloristic tendencies in Grové's late music, but also argues convincingly that these tendencies occur throughout Grové's compositional career.²⁹ This is of course a restatement of the new/traditional dyad brought to the fore in Section II.

What distinguishes the elliptical style of the post-1984 music from what preceded it can be described broadly as melodic and rhythmic impulses derived mostly from generic African source material (as opposed to techniques of quotation or collage). From a melodic point of view centripetal, but most saliently *descending* melodies, can be discerned as general characteristics of this style, whilst rhythmically rapidly changing metra and rhythmic groups of two, three or five are common. Given the fact that Grové's music has always been rhythmically complex and the fast sections often energy-laden motoric drives, it follows that in terms of musical re-positioning (not to say innovation), it is above all the melodic parameter that is used by Grové in his quest for an African sound.

The general aspect of Adorno's theory of late-style centres on the idea that at work in the late-compositions of Beethoven is an objectified subjectivity that no longer moulds musical conventions in the image of the composer's musical imagination, but sets them free so that they can exist as objective entities oblivious to formal requirements. Such conventions include ornamental passages (improvised or written out), trills, conventional accompaniments, cadences and monotones. At this level most works in the African series may potentially provide a point of entry into the Grové text as late-style. A few examples will suffice. In the *Trio for Violin, Horn and Piano* (1988), the instrumental roles are generally fixed, with the piano being used mostly for an untampered-with accompaniment (the start of the second movement is an exception), while the other instruments elaborate on melodic material. The String Quartet, called *Song of the African Spirits* (1993), contains the whole gamut of caesuras, fragments, monotones, repetitions and cadences. Especially the caesuras are prominent, the very first Ritornello coming to

a halt after fourteen bars with a bar of silence before it resumes. The second movement accrues tremendous structural complexity precisely because of this prevalence of pauses and breaks. As is the case with the other movements, a degree of structural parallelism is apparent, i.e. a recurrence of primary thematic material. This makes one suspect a larger-scale formal design, though on closer investigation this expectation remains frustrated and the 'formal feel' of the music can only be understood as the result of intuitive choices, albeit in the dispensing of Adorno's stripped conventions, of the mature technician. On a more philosophical level, a work like *Raka, a Tone Poem in the form of a Piano Concerto in six movements* (1995/6) draws on an earlier fascination Grové seems to have had with doubleness, or the dialectical tension between opposites to provide ample ground for the exploration of Carl Dahlhaus's idea of lateness, namely that 'the dialectics being in suspension ... it is no longer the case that either [the subjective and objective element] is "transformed" into the other, but, rather, that they directly confront each other'.³⁰

Here a cautionary note has to be sounded. To take a theory of late-style, especially as developed in connection with the music of Beethoven, and to apply the particulars of that theory (the occurrences of cadences, breaks, repetitions, etc.) to the work of another composer when these conventions may, due to their context, have entirely different meanings, would rightly seem methodologically suspect and bound to lead to dubious conclusions. For instance, while the almost obsessive repetition of single tones, clusters or small note patterns in *Yemoja, Great Mother of the Waters, Invocation of the Water Spirits* and *Lamenting Birds* (numbers three to five of *Images from Africa*) may invite a similar reading to the one Adorno ascribes to these phenomena in late-Beethoven, the function of single-tone repetition in a work like *Raka* is (mostly) as a colourful and evocative 'African' musical effect and hardly as a portent of 'withdrawing subjectivity', whereas in a work like *Invocation from the Hills and Dances in the Plains* repetition serves to punctuate and is therefore structurally important. I should therefore like to draw away from these randomly chosen examples and focus on Adorno's *general idea* of convention bereft of subjective manipulation (and thus objectivized) as a characteristic of late-style that might be interchangeable with respect to the context in which it was developed, and the music that I am concerned with in this article. It is with this aim in mind that I should like to continue the discussion of Grové's String Quartet.

The String Quartet is the single best example in Grové's entire African series of why one would view the Africanness of Grové's music as a by-product of language. The work is accompanied by an elaborate programme drawing on texts by John S. Mbiti, John V. Taylor, Laurens van der Post, M.F.C. Bourdillon and A.G. Visser:

Movement 1 (Aimu)

The ancestral spirits play a very important role in the lives of the African peoples. Appeals are always made to these spirits for assistance with troubles in life. The Akamba tribe of Kenia, for instance, call these spirits the Aimu. Upon death, a

person moves into the world of the Aimu and becomes a guardian of family solidarity.

Those who are dead are never gone,
they are in the breasts of women
they are in the child who is wailing
and in the firebrand that flames ...
the dead are not dead.

Movement 2 (Dxui)

The Bushmen call the Spirit of Creation Dxui, whereas the Hottentots (*sic*) used the name Tsui, which was transferred to the Xosa (*sic*) and Pondo tribes as Thixo.

Then (*sic*) the sun rose Dxui was a flower. The birds ate of him as a flower until the sun set. The night fell. He lay down and slept. The place was dark and the sun rose. Dxui, tall as a tree was another and larger kind of flower – a light-coloured flower that turned into a green fruit which ripened red in time, but when the sun went down again, Dxui was a man who rested. When the sun rose again, Dxui was Dxui and went away to become a palm.

Movement 3 (Mamilambo)

Mamilambo is believed by the Xosa (*sic*) peoples to be a spirit in the form of a snake which ensures good luck.

Movement 4 (Impundulu – the lightning bird)

The Shona peoples believe that lightning is a bird which lays its eggs in the ground where it strikes.

His eyes emit flames
as he scoops down to earth
with a thunderous voice
and man and beast tremble in fear.
His beak is sharper than a sable
and his breast feathers redder than blood.
When he strikes he leaves the victims
of his thirst cold and lifeless.
Then he sounds the prayer:
protect our kraal and abode
from the cruel Impundulu.

The extensive linguistic programme is as incidental to an understanding of the music as is an understanding of Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote* to knowledge of Cervantes's story, to take an example from Roger Scruton's *The Aesthetics of Music*. Scruton goes on to write with regard to *Don Quixote*:

The example ... shows the immense importance of titles in establishing the subject-matter of a musical portrait – just as it is left to the title to tell us what an abstract painting is 'about'. Imagine that Strauss's great theme and variations for orchestra had never been called *Don Quixote*. Should we have suspected that it was nevertheless *about* the Don, or someone like him, and that it narrated the events of Cervantes's novel? What exactly would be missed by the person who either failed to make the connection, or connected the music to another theme ... One is tempted to reply: nothing much. Or at least: nothing *musical*.³¹

Scruton's agenda here is to disqualify music, even programme music, as a medium of representation. But the analogy to Grové's African music, and especially the *Song of the African Spirits*, should be clear. In Grové's African works the music contains the possibility of being understood entirely on its own terms. Perhaps, though, it is only fair to say that the String Quartet is an exceptional work in its abstract sound conception. The African series *does* also contain works that are full of images, as the composer himself explains:

I think in terms of images. To a certain extent an image is of course an extension of words, but I have to say that I think in terms of images. The *Second Hymnus*, the first section, there one has two different image groups. The first is of the young woman that dances and the second is of the people who clap hands and play drums. And also in the first number of the *African Songs and Dances* one has a situation where the listener looks first at the dancers and then at the swaying women ... In the third section of the *Afrika Hymnus II* the grumpy old chief expresses dissatisfaction with the young men who sit in the sun while he has to work. And he swears at them, but then one looks away to an image where the young men start moving and the music becomes dance-like. It is that dualistic thing when one has to concentrate on two things at the same time, in this instance images.³²

I have spent considerable time on this, as I believe that the relationship between language and music in the African series is the key towards understanding the relationship between the African components (of which I have identified melodic uses as the most important) of Grové's musical language and the musical soundscape in which they are embedded, admittedly a problematic pre-analytic distinction. It is the relationship between language and music that emphasizes the inevitable looseness of meaning that characterizes the signifier and the signified, and encourages us not only to apply a similar understanding of discontinuities with respect to the 'African components' and 'Africa', but also to Grové's 'African components/elements' and the music in which they sound. In short, it suggests that we may read the application of 'African' elements (predominantly melodic) in Grové's post-1984 music not as the generic, organic, subjectively moulded sounds the composer wishes us to hear, but as *conventions* (and thus markers of lateness) that have been stripped of specificity and historical and social context.

There is an important parallel to this idea in the String Quartet in the use and structure of the four Ritornelli that precede each of the four movements. The String Quartet's formal structure is as follows: Ritornello (*Con moto*), Movement I (*Listesso tempo*), Ritornello (*Listesso tempo*), Movement II (*Lento*), Ritornello (*Con moto*), Movement III (*Listesso tempo ma grazioso*), Ritornello (*Presto*), Movement IV (*Listesso tempo. Leggiero ma non staccato*). In this instance, one can take the meaning of 'Ritornello' to be that of a returning idea/thematic material, the idea in question constituting a repeated gesture of a descending interval. In the first Ritornello, this gesture recurs thirteen times with no discernable plan of intervallic deployment other than harmonic considerations. The gesture plays itself out between the first violin and the cello, while the second violin and the viola provide a *ponticello* sound level characterized by an roughly hewn, gritty sound. Both the elements, the intervallic gesture that spatially envelops the *ponticello* level and the *ponticello* sound itself, become recognizably part of the recurring Ritornello idea. But whereas the intervallic gestures *remain* isolated gestures with no discernable pattern of organization or development (even if shadows of their presence surface in later movements), the *ponticello* 'filler' contains the germinal motivic idea of the entire work – and this in the first two bars of the quartet. We thus have a conflict here between the apparent prominence of the intervallic gesture and its negligible influence on the rest of the work (it remains a 'returning idea' largely 'untouched' by the composer) and the 'background' material that is of the utmost importance in the construction of the rest of the work and is submitted to rigorous compositional processes.

I would suggest that it is plausible to think that, in the same way that the convention of the descending interval dominates the surface structure of both the Ritornelli and the String Quartet as a whole while remaining a returning idea or 'convention', 'African' melodicism is a *dominating* yet *conventional* phenomenon in Grové's African music. If the organic processes brought to bear on Grové's 'African' melodies in works like the *Sonate op Afrika motiewe* (1984) or the *Invocation from the Hills and Dances in the Plains* (1994) suggest otherwise, it may be because we confuse the transformation of these melodies (mostly generic) with authorial intervention changing or remoulding their substance. Whereas the first kind of 'change' is affected by a manipulation of the musical context of the melodic patterns, thereby changing their character without reconnecting them to an external context of meaning, the latter kind of intervention, I would argue, is precluded by the melodic material in question constituting conventions. Even if the (generic) melodies are thus in transformation made subject to a process that would suggest the very opposite of the departing Subject characteristic of Adorno's late-style theory, the smaller-scale conventions of the descending melodic line (almost omnipresent after 1984), the centripetal melody, the small ambit, are (like the downward gestures of the String Quartet's Ritornelli) left untouched (if transformed). The result is Adorno's 'gestures of collision' exploding within the work 'to throw off the illusory aspect of art while remaining expressionless' and leaving behind a landscape of 'codes'. The freed clichés, released from all dynamic, speak for themselves. The escaping Subjectivity passes

60 through these conventions, doing nothing to them other than enlightening them with its intention.

The treatment meted out to the African themes prompts the question of the ever-youthful Grové: At eighty, is the convention of 'Africa' his last source of (musical) life? Like the Ritornelli in the String Quartet these melodic conventions can perhaps be read as witnesses to the indomitable creative spirit that departs from the soundscape of his creation, but is too tired to bend them to its will. It is possible that they bear the mark of Stefans Grové's late-style.

Endnotes

- ¹ Except where otherwise indicated, remarks attributed to Adorno in Section I of this article are based on a translation by the author of Theodor W. Adorno's 'Spätstil Beethoven's' in *Musikalische Schriften IV: Moments musicaux, Impromptus* from *Gesammelte Schriften*, Vol. 17, Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1982, pp. 13-17. The essay was written by Adorno in 1937. Late-style, as Anthony Barone writes, is a translation of *Spätstil*, a term that denotes both individual and world-historical lateness; 'Richard Wagner's *Parsifal* and the theory of late-style', *Cambridge Opera Journal*, Vol. 7:1, 1995, pp. 37-54, esp. p. 38.
- ² An organicist version that Hegel would later, in his *Philosophy of History*, conflate with a world-historical narrative in which cultures do not 'die' of natural causes, but are overcome by contact with stronger organisms. See Barone, 'Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*', p. 42. In this Hegel anticipates Oswald Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* of 1918.
- ³ Georg Simmel: 'Das Abendmahl Leonardo da Vincis', *Zur Philosophie der Kunst, Philosophische und Kunstphilosophische Aufsätze*. Potsdam: 1922.
- ⁴ In his *Beethoven et ses trois styles* (1852), Wilhelm von Lenz postulated the notion that Beethoven's *oeuvre* be understood as unfolding over three distinct periods and corresponding styles.
- ⁵ Note the difference in Wagner's estimation of Beethoven's mature style: 'It would be a foolish enterprise to try to explain [Beethoven's] late-works ... It is utterly impossible to wish to discuss the peculiar essence of Beethoven's music, without falling into a tone of rapture. We realize that we must exclude every assumption of a rational cognitive process by means of which the development of his artistic endeavours might have been guided'; Richard Wagner, 'Beethoven', *Richard Wagner: Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen*, Vol. 9, Leipzig: Fritzsche, 1873, p. 101, here in the translation by Anthony Barone.
- ⁶ This affirms the Winckelmann postulate of terminal decline and degeneration. Barone cites Ludwig Tieck, for example, who divided Goethe's career into three phases of which the first, Goethe's youth, was marked by artistic wholeness and perfection; the second, "classical" phase, was regarded as having much in it of high quality; the third and last, however, was viewed as a regrettable phase of frigidity and decline'; Barone, 'Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*', n. 18, p. 43.
- ⁷ See also Leonard B. Meyer's chapter 'Convention Disguised – Nature Affirmed' in *Style and Music: Theory, History, and Ideology*. Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1989, pp. 218-71. He writes that 'Ideologically, whatever seemed conventional (familiar cadential gestures, common-place melodic schemata, stock accompaniment figures, and so on) was anathema to Romantic composers'; p. 219.
- ⁸ Thomas Mann, *Doktor Faustus*, translated by H.T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred Knopf, 1948, p. 48. For the connection between Doktor Faustus and Adorno, see Rose Rosengard Subotnik's 'Adorno's Diagnosis of Beethoven's Late Style: Early Symptom of a Fatal Condition'

- in *Developing Variations: Style and Ideology in Western Music*. Minneapolis and Oxford: University of Minnesota Press, 1991, pp. 15-41, esp. n. 1, p. 303.
- ⁹ Compare Goethe's formulation of 'old age' as 'the gradual withdrawal from appearance'; cited in Barone, 'Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*', p. 44.
- ¹⁰ Georg Simmel, *Zur Philosophie der Kunst*, p. 55.
- ¹¹ *Ibid.*
- ¹² Barone, 'Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*', p. 46.
- ¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 38. An instance of the divergence between *Altersstil* and *Spätstil* is the work of the South African painter Robert Hodgkins, who maintains that because of his late start as a painter, he is now at his early- to mid-forties as an artist despite his age of 82. See in this regard Michael Godby's 'The Old Man Mad About Painting' in *Robert Hodgkins*. Cape Town: Tafelberg, 2002, pp. 70-8.
- ¹⁴ Though it is possible that Grové may embark on a new stylistic quest in future, this is highly unlikely. His awareness of the possibility of his self-imposed stylistic constraints leading to repetition, is much more likely to result in a further development of the harmonic consequences of his style than in a full-scale change of direction.
- ¹⁵ I am not trying quietly to equate *Spätstil* with *Altersstil*, thereby justifying my use of the concept with regard to Grové's African series. If the two concepts are, more often than not, mutually dependant, this should not blind one to the possibility of chronologically 'late' music not exhibiting characteristics of a late-style (whatever such characteristics may be). Late music without late-style is a theoretical possibility, as indeed Adorno argues about Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and *Missa Solemnis*. My argument here is not that in Grové's African music we have a *de facto* instance of late-style, but rather to posit an aspect of late-style as possible explanation for an aspect of the composer's African series. This remains an arbitrary choice of perspective and not proof of the existence of late-style in Grové's African series as such.
- ¹⁶ The nationalist element in the case of Grové is irrevocably bound up with Pan-Africanism rather than South African nationalism. This is due to the peculiar nature of the African nationalism sparked by the end of Apartheid, which is one of African solidarity irrespective of the colonial borders of individual African countries.
- ¹⁷ See Stephanus Muller, 'Imagining Afrikaners Musically: Reflections on the "African Music" of Stefans Grové', also in this book, for an exploratory treatment of language as provider of meaning in the late work of Grové.
- ¹⁸ Stefans Grové, 'Raka, vir klavier en orkes', *Insig*, February 1996, p. 45. (All translations from the Afrikaans are by the present writer.)
- ¹⁹ See for instance 'Toe en nou – 'n selfportret', *Musicus*, Vol. 3:1, 1975, pp. 68-72.
- ²⁰ 'Nog 'n nuwe begin vir Grové', *Die Burger*, 15 August 1989.
- ²¹ Paul Boekkooi, 'Selfbemarking is sy geheim, sê Grové op 60', *Rapport*, 25 July 1982.
- ²² Barone, 'Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*', p. 43.
- ²³ See in this regard Jürgen Bräuninger, 'Gumboots to the Rescue', *SAMUS*, Vol. 18, 1998, pp. 1-16. Although Grové is not the main target of Bräuninger's criticism of white composers' use of African material, Bräuninger does write in reference to Grové's *Concertato Overture Five Salutations* (1998) that 'It ... seems that for ... Grové the sounding result would have been quite similar no matter what melodic material had been selected for manipulation'. This seems to be a not unreasonable assumption, and one with which I would largely concur. See also Grant Olwage's letter in reply to Bräuninger's article, 'Who Needs Rescuing? A Reply to "Gumboots to the Rescue"', *SAMUS*, Vol. 19/20, 1999/2000, pp. 105-8 and Christopher James's analysis of this work in 'An Examination of Compositional Methods in Stefans Grové's *Concertato Overture "Five Salutations"*, an Orchestral Study on Two Zulu Themes', in

- SAMUS, Vol. 12, 1992, pp. 107-22. These issues are also explored in Brett Pyper's 'Simunye: Are we one? The collaboration between I Fagiolini and the SDASA Choralé', *Ars Nova*, Vol. 30, 1998, pp. 20-41.
- ²⁴ Gerrit Olivier, 'Die pad vorentoe', *De Kat*, November 1987.
- ²⁵ See how Veit Erlmann describes Isicathamiya performance in terms of Home in *Nightsong: Performance, Power, and Practice in South Africa*. Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1996, esp. Part II, *Spaces*. Erlmann quotes James Fernandez when he writes that 'to construct an imaginatively integrated context ... is the ultimate and recurrent strategy of the human experience'; *Ibid.*, pp. 133-4.
- ²⁶ See Adèle Goosen, 'Nog 'n nuwe begin vir Grové', *Die Burger*, 15 August 1989.
- ²⁷ Barone, 'Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*', pp. 47-8. Grové has similarly protested youth at every conceivable occasion since his sixtieth birthday. See for instance 'Blomgedagtes by die Sewende Poort', *Hoofstad*, 23 July 1982.
- ²⁸ Some available analyses are Mary Rörich's article on Grové in Peter Klatzow's *Composers in South Africa Today*. Cape Town: Oxford University Press, 1987; Magda Pelsers's Potchefstroom University BMus essay 'Afrika-invloede in Stefans Grové se *Afrika Hymnus I*'; Christopher James's 'An examination of compositional methods in Stefans Grové's Concertato Overture "Five salutations", an orchestral study on two Zulu themes', *SAMUS*, Vol. 12, 1992, pp. 107-22; Alexander F. Johnson's "'Liedere en danse uit Afrika": 'n analise', B Mus Hons Dissertation, University of Pretoria, 1992; Engela A. Joubert's "'n Stylanalitiese bespreking van die Sonate op Afrika-motiewe vir viool en klavier (1985) van Stefans Grové', B Mus Dissertation, University of Pretoria, 1987; Charl B. Lampbrecht's, 'Die idiomatiese gebruik van die kitaar as begeleidingsinstrument by vyf liedere van Stefans Grové', B Mus Hons Dissertation, University of Pretoria, 1990; Hanlie E. Zwamborn's 'Die soloklavierwerke van Stefans Grové', MMus diss., University of Stellenbosch, 1995.
- ²⁹ Izak J. Grové, 'Ek het huis toe gekom: Stefans Grové op 75', *Acta Academica*, Vol. 30:3, 1998, pp. 89-114.
- ³⁰ Carl Dahlhaus, *Ludwig van Beethoven: Approaches to His Music*, tr. Mary Whittall. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991, p. 220. The obvious precedent here is *Maya* (1978), a fantasy for violin, piano and string orchestra that derived its impulse from the idea of a dualism between illusion and reality. *Maya* is the Hindu word for illusion and refers to the two planes on which the work plays itself out. The concerto principle lends itself to the representation of duality/opposition/dialectic, much as *Raka* suggests the same format.
- ³¹ Roger Scruton, *The Aesthetics of Music*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997, pp. 129-30. See also Jerrold Levinson's chapter on titles in *Music, Art, & Metaphysics: Essays in Philosophical Aesthetics*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1990, pp. 159-78.
- ³² Freely translated from an unpublished interview with the author, 10 December 2001.

Connect, only connect: Stefans Grové's Road from Bethlehem to Damascus

Chris Walton

If there is one matter on which all commentators agree, it is that Stefans Grové is a composer for whom a sense of place is essential for an understanding of his life and work. This agreement has itself served to stimulate discussion on the impact of place on his oeuvre in the form of his 'conversion' to an Afrocentric style of composition in 1984. However, commentators have hitherto avoided addressing Grové's move to a particular place at a particular time – the very move that made his 'conversion' possible, perhaps even inevitable – namely, his return to South Africa in 1972.

Grové had lived for eighteen years in the United States, having moved there just a few years after the National Party's first election win in South Africa. Apart from several months spent teaching back in South Africa in the very early 1960s, he was thus not in a position to observe at first-hand the inexorable implementation of the National Party's segregationist policies (though he cannot have been any less aware of them than was any other thinking person in the Western world at the time). To be sure, in 1972 the Soweto uprising was still four years away, and the assorted economic, sporting and cultural boycotts against South Africa had not yet taken full effect. But apartheid was at its height, and the National Party's government of the day cannot be regarded as having been anything other than repressive. From a Western, liberal perspective of today, the decision of any man to leave the United States and return to apartheid South Africa must seem odd (especially in the case of a man whose abiding impression on his colleagues of all political persuasions – to judge from several conversations held by the present writer – seems to be one of deep humanity). In order to understand his decision, we must, of course, place it in the context of his biography and his time.

To move from the USA to South Africa in 1972 was not the political act it would inevitably have been, say, fifteen years later. The *home of the brave, land of the free* was in 1972 ruled by the Republican Party under Richard Nixon and was engaged in warfare both conventional and chemical in Indo-China; its allies in the 'fight against communism' included not only most Western governments, but also South Africa. The America that Grové left was a country where, not so many years before, he had been forced to eat at a railway station whenever he wished to meet a particular friend and pupil for a meal, for

that station housed the only non-segregated restaurant in town, and that friend happened to be black. It was also a country where he had been chastised by the parish council of a Presbyterian Church whose choir he conducted, on account of his engaging singers who also happened not to be white. While thus acknowledging that the society that Grové left was not without failings, one must nevertheless beware of using those failings to relativise the iniquities of the society to which he moved – one only needs to leaf through the report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission in order to remind oneself of the objective fact that the apartheid régime *was* repressive, *was* evil. But it is nevertheless true that Grové had for years already lived in a society in which a greater or lesser measure of (white) racism was the norm. He seems to have dealt with it in the same manner before and after his return to South Africa, namely in that manner in which most decent people did (and still do): by accepting it, without overt protest, as one of the givens of society, but also by constructing for himself a private world in which it did not apply (I use the word ‘decent’ without ironical intention). The fact that he and the similarly-minded were able to ‘ignore’ racism was only possible, of course, because they were white.

One could adopt an idealistic stance and claim, justifiably, that to hunt out a non-segregated restaurant, rather than protest in front of the segregated ones, is behaviour that in fact serves to cement the existing, unequal hierarchies of our capitalist society. But while it is indeed right, and our bounden duty, that our generation should pass firm judgement on both racism and on the moral torpor that allows it to go unchallenged, it is also frighteningly easy for us to do so. Those of us who attempt to be honest with ourselves must admit to the likelihood that the moral torpor is in fact also our own, and that the majority of us, regardless of race or creed, would act little differently. When a student at Cambridge in the early 1980s, the present writer did not travel to London to take part in the anti-apartheid rallies held there. Nor did any of my friends, most of whom would also regard their spiritual home as decidedly on the left of the political spectrum. There are but few among us who have a right to cast the first stone (and, remarkably enough, the history of South Africa since 1990 has proven that it is often they who choose not to do so).

Grové’s reason for returning overrode all other considerations in its straightforward simplicity: he wanted to come home, and that home happened to be South Africa. To be sure, a need to ‘go home’ presupposes a feeling of being ‘not at home’ in the place where one is. And there is no doubt that Grové wanted to return home, not least because he urgently desired to leave certain things behind him. His substantial teaching load at the Peabody Conservatory left him little free time to compose, even in what was ostensibly his annual summer vacation. He now wanted to find a job that would give him that time. Just as pressing was his urge to put behind him a host of personal problems – he had already married and divorced more than once, enduring each time the usual, varying degrees of acrimony. Nor let us forget that Grové turned fifty in 1972 – a not insignificant moment in the life of any man or woman, if the testimony of my older friends is accurate. With some, it seems to form a natural caesura – a sort of ‘last chance’ to do new things

before retirement becomes one's primary career goal. If a creative artist reaches his half-century at the same time that he feels his private and professional life has reached a dead-end, then the desire to return to his place of origin in order to effect a new beginning is perhaps not merely understandable, but inevitable. Grové is (and was) also well aware that the 'returning home' of a composer has become almost a topos in the twentieth century. Perhaps the most famous example is that of Benjamin Britten, whose chance discovery in an American bookshop of George Crabbe's *Peter Grimes* made him realize the importance of his own roots in Suffolk, and led to his return not long thereafter (the romantic aspect of this tale is integral to it). Perhaps a more fitting comparison for Grové is with Sergei Prokofiev, who returned to his home country in 1936 despite the fact that it was at the time in the grip of Stalin's tyranny.

It is difficult for Europeans and North Americans to appreciate the notion of 'home' for the Afrikaners, for the activities of their governments between 1948 and 1994 have left them branded as little more than white, European, colonialist oppressors (it is one of the many tragedies of the Afrikaners that their efforts to establish a sense of identity for themselves should in fact have deprived them of it in the eyes of everyone else). What the world ignores is that they had settled in South Africa just thirty years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America, and over a century before the first convicts arrived in Botany Bay. Their rights of abode in Africa are thus no more and no less valid than the right of any white Australian or American citizen to live in the land that he calls his own. It is not without irony that a people whose government held up for forty years an ideal of Germanic racial purity should in fact be descended from Dutch settlers, French Huguenot refugees, slaves from West Africa and the East Indies, and from the indigenous African population of the Cape of Good Hope; their mixed descent is reflected in the vocabulary and grammar of the language that evolved with and through them, named appropriately 'Afrikaans', a language that strikes the outsider not least by the manner in which its metaphors and poeticisms seem rooted in that same soil of Africa about which the Afrikaners are so passionate ('We are a bastard people with a bastard tongue. Our nature is one of bastardy. It is good and beautiful thus', wrote the Afrikaans poet Breyten Breytenbach).¹

We must not forget that Grové himself, in many ways, has long been an 'outsider'. When he was born in 1922, the Afrikaners were themselves an oppressed people. They had gained independence from the British just eighty years before, by trekking into the interior of the country, but that independence had been taken from them once more as a result of the South African Anglo-Boer War. That war had seen the deaths of 26 000 Boer women and children in British concentration camps; the scorched-earth policy of the British had destroyed hundreds of farms; many of the Boer leaders had been exiled; and the immense wealth of the country had been appropriated by the British Empire (one could in fact argue that the history of South Africa has for centuries been the history of the appropriation of resources by one population group from another; but that would take us too far from our chosen subject here). Grové was thus an Afrikaner born

into British-ruled South Africa, and he grew up during a Depression that devastated the rural Afrikaner communities. But he is also a devout member of the Lutheran Church, and thus a member of a minority in the midst of a sea of Dutch Reformed Protestantism. And as an Afrikaner in the United States, Grové experienced what it was to be a foreigner in a land where one's mother tongue is not spoken. Grové is adamant that he finds it easy to fit in anywhere, though this insistence is perhaps in itself a sign that there indeed exists in his psyche a certain sense of 'exclusion'. This might in turn have led to his need to return to what seems to have become for him (as he admits) a decidedly romanticized notion of his African 'home', a notion not dependent upon any party-political or racial considerations.

When he was offered a job at the University of Pretoria within a few months of returning in 1972, Grové exchanged the plane ticket he was given for a second-class train ticket in order to travel the breadth of his country from Cape Town to Pretoria at leisure, to reacquaint himself with his homeland, and to confirm what he himself terms his 'romanticized' view of Africa. His memories of seeing the vastness of the Karoo desert are inextricably intertwined with those of standing in the third-class, segregated carriages, listening to the guitar-playing and singing of his black fellow-passengers.

After his arrival in Pretoria, Grové bought an old, dilapidated schoolhouse at Mooiplaats, some twenty-five kilometres outside town. His existence, as he describes it, was that of a 'hermit' (the religious imagery is typical of him); and his memories of that time are very happy. He particularly remembers the nearby black settlement and how he would listen to the singing and drumming of its residents at night (another example, perhaps, of his 'romanticized' Africa). One of Grové's anecdotes of these years runs as follows: A girl from the settlement used to help him to keep his house in order. One day, her grandfather arrived and asked if Grové could help him by fetching a large sack of maize meal. This Grové did, and was thereupon invited into the settlement. He sat on the ground with everyone else, and remembers the atmosphere as being uncomfortable until his hosts began singing and dancing. After that, he became a regular visitor to the settlement on Saturday mornings, and a keen observer of its musical traditions. I have asked Grové what his colleagues at the University of Pretoria thought of this, since his actions would hardly have appealed to the powers-that-be at what was then a bastion of apartheid. Grové replied, somewhat perplexed, that it had 'nothing to do with them', and that no one knew anyway, as he lived too far away for any of them to take the trouble to visit him.

Grové's return 'home' was in the later years of apartheid a matter of some celebration in conservative Afrikaner musicology (see the chapter 'Place, Identity and a Station Platform' by Stephanus Muller). And yet, to judge from the facts alone, Grové made little or no attempt to capitalize on this fact. He did not, for example, follow certain colleagues in writing cantatas on white, nationalist texts, nor did he write an orchestral arrangement of *Die Stem*, the Afrikaner national anthem.² Grové's 'return to Africa' was neither a confirmation of the then prevailing political agenda of Afrikanerdom, nor was it

contingent upon it. It was a largely private, even internalized, process that, in the opinion of the present writer, took place over twelve years, and was marked by three distinct events. The first was his physical return to the land of his birth; the second was his marriage in 1977 to Alison, the woman to whom Grové attributes his subsequent personal and professional happiness, and whose family – as it happens – was actively involved in the anti-apartheid movement (Grové talks about his return to South Africa almost as if the purpose of that return had been to ‘find’ his new wife, the soul-mate whom he had been seeking, and who was – unbeknownst to either party – ‘waiting’ for him in Africa; the story is, of course, one that has been repeated countless times throughout the ages, but which for the participants is for ever new); the third stage of Grové’s ‘homecoming’ was his adoption of black African musical material in his work from 1984 onwards. Although Grové has not said so explicitly in conversation with the present writer, these three events seem inextricably linked in a manner that is, for him, decidedly teleological.

This interpretation of Grové’s homecoming as a primarily personal, emotional (or, if one will, spiritual) matter receives some confirmation in the fact that the political changes that South Africa has undergone since 1990 seem to have had no effect on his feelings of contentment about his country of residence. Conversing with him is refreshing, not least because – unlike many of his white colleagues – he is obviously happy to live in South Africa under an ANC government. Rising crime rates, the deterioration of the once-safe inner cities, the emigration of huge numbers of the middle classes to Canada, Australia and the United Kingdom – in the experience of the present writer, these are the focus of conversation for the majority of white South Africans today. But they are noticeably absent when conversing with Grové. Nor has Grové followed certain colleagues from the white establishment in their hasty and demonstrative adoption of the ideals and policies of the ANC (their haste being often in direct proportion to their complicity with the previous regime).³ While others have swayed with the wind, Grové – inasmuch as the present writer can judge from four years’ acquaintance – has simply remained Grové.

Grové’s ‘conversion’ to a musical Afrocentrism was something for which he feels he had long been preparing, albeit unconsciously. The first step, as he sees it, happened in childhood. After finishing work on an afternoon, the cleaning ladies from the boys’ hostel that his parents ran would gather outside and sing together. Grové would join them, and became regarded by them (in his words) as a kind of ‘mascot’. He vividly remembers hearing his mother practise the piano inside the house, Beethoven’s *Waldstein* Sonata counterpointing with the singing and clapping of the black women outside. To what extent Grové’s memory has constructed this merging of the Western and the African as a means of justifying his creative development is, in a sense, irrelevant, for it is the poetic truth of it that is essential to him.

Grové tells of one more occurrence that has remained of importance to him. Not long before he left for the United States, one of his pieces was given a performance in Holland. A local critic wrote a review that was positive, but in which he noted how odd it was that

a composer from Africa should write music that was so thoroughly European, without a trace of African influence. Grové tells that he pondered this matter greatly, but neither at this time nor during his years in America did he have any idea of how to combine the indigenous with the Western.

Grové first incorporated black African material into his music in the ballet *Waratha* that he wrote for the State Theatre in Pretoria in the mid-1970s. It was his new wife who suggested that he should continue in this vein. The ballet proved to be just the first, tentative, step on Grové's 'Road to Damascus' (as he terms it) that was only completed in 1984 when the infusion of African material into his own musical language became a lasting means of creative renewal. This 'Damascus' experience has often been told, but must naturally be recounted here. In 1984, Grové was dropping off his small son at Arcadia Primary School when he heard the singing of a worker with a pickaxe, who was digging a hole by the road. Grové drove off, but the song would not leave his mind. He drove back later, having decided to approach the man and ask him to sing for him again. But the trench was filled, and the man was gone. Grové decided to incorporate the melody into a violin sonata that he was writing, and of which two movements were already complete. From this time onwards, Grové has consistently employed indigenous elements in his music.

The story of the worker with the pickaxe is vivid – Grové is a master story-teller – though the crucial moment is probably not the song itself, but the disappearance of the singer. His absence when Grové returned to seek him out effectively turns a man-made musical artefact into a natural phenomenon. It is almost as if Grové had heard the singing of a bird that had then flown away.⁴ A critic might claim, not without justification, that this episode in particular, and Grové's use of indigenous musical material in general, has stark neo-colonialist implications. Some of Grové's Afrikaner colleagues in academia are also sensitive to such a reading of his work. Not long after the present writer's arrival in South Africa, there was a discussion among local musicologists on whether or not Grové's music should be called 'Africa-sourced' or some other term, as a more politically-correct alternative to the word 'Afrocentric' that is most often heard with regard to his music. While an exploration of the political implications of the creative act has indeed informed the present writer's work in the past,⁵ this argument nevertheless here seems to miss the point. The African elements of Grové's music are fused with the Western in a manner whose closest corollary is perhaps to be found in the folk-influenced music of Béla Bartók or in the 'Russian' music of Igor Stravinsky. One could just as well argue that the use of folk melodies in *Le sacre du printemps* or in Bartók's music is in fact an implicit act of oppression by members of the upper middle classes (for such were Bartók and Stravinsky) against the disadvantaged lower classes, whose (admittedly nebulous) authorship of those melodies is deliberately ignored, even negated. One could even construct a sexual variant of this criticism, whereby the (naturally male) composers perpetrate in effect an act of rape against the (implicitly female) repository of indigenous artistic knowledge – after all, the creative act can have at least as many sexual readings as

political. But composers have always allowed themselves the freedom to find inspiration anywhere that pleases them. To stem the voracity of their creative appetites would be to stifle their very creativity itself – one might as well try to ban sex simply because certain recent trends in feminist thought see the act of penetration as itself tantamount to rape. St Cecilia takes to bed whomsoever she chooses. Whether a composer appropriates without authorial permission Hungarian folk music (as in the case of Bartók), a Bach chorale (as in Alban Berg's *Violin Concerto*), the works of Pergolesi and his contemporaries (as in Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* and Schoenberg's concertos after Monn *et al*) or black African music (as with Grové), the justification for that act of appropriation must surely reside alone in the aesthetic value of the resultant musical artefact.

There is, in fact, a certain arbitrary aspect to Grové's African 'conversion'. If one were to choose carefully one work each from Grové's oeuvre before and after 1984, play them both to a non-savant and ask which of them were 'African', there is no guarantee that he would give the correct answer.⁶ As Grové himself admits, the motoric ostinati that are a feature of his 'African' works are actually already present in his earlier music. His 'epiphany' of 1984 (if one may be forgiven for extending his religious imagery) might just as easily have occurred upon overhearing a Mongolian folksong, had he happened upon a passing yak-herder from the steppes of central Asia instead of an African with a pickaxe. His could have been a 'road to Ulan Bator' instead of to an African Damascus. The arbitrary nature of this is underlined by the incorporation of the indigenous song in his *Violin Sonata*. What to the Western listener sounds African about the melody is its irregular metre. But the melody as Grové heard it was regular and in 9/8; it was Grové himself who regrouped it into twos and threes. Thus the superficially most 'African' aspect of the melody is in fact its most 'Western' attribute. Grové's epiphany came above all from a personal need – a need, it seems, to complete his (re-)connection with his African home. He had achieved this connection geographically and emotionally by actually returning to Africa and by finding and marrying his African soul-mate; his experience of 1984 finally allowed him to achieve the creative/spiritual fulfilment of his homecoming. The fact that the 'Africa' to which he 'came home' in his *Violin Sonata* was partly his own invention seems in retrospect to have been somehow inevitable – for perhaps one can only truly feel at home in a space that one has created for oneself.

There is a peculiar aspect of Grové's work that seems an integral part of his 'Afrocentrism', and that is his use of visual imagery in his music.⁷ Grové's many anecdotes combine the visual and the auditory in a remarkable fashion. His 'epiphany' as described above is just one such example – it is the disappearing, the vanishing from sight that is the centre of the tale, with only the aural memory remaining. The tale of his train journey across the country, also given above, is yet another example, for his memories of seeing the Karoo are firmly linked with his recollection of the music-making of his fellow passengers. There are three other anecdotes that ought perhaps to be recorded here. When recounting his Lutheran heritage, Grové told me of his maternal grandfather, a Lutheran from Braunschweig who could sing all the hymns of the hymnbook from memory (with all

the verses), but did so with his eyes closed, as he felt otherwise distracted. The second tells of a further cross-country journey that Grové made, this time by car. Somewhere outside Beaufort West, he stopped at two o'clock in the morning to eat some sandwiches. Where he stopped, there was an old wind-driven water pump. He sat on a little wall next to it, quite alone, with not a soul to be seen anywhere, and remembers looking up to see millions of stars in the clear African sky above him, the only sound being the sloshing of water coming out of the pipe into the little dam. The third dates from his years in Baltimore.⁸ One Sunday morning, he awoke early, at about four a.m. He put on his white shorts and a shirt and went off on a walk towards the edge of the city. He passed less and less houses as he walked, and eventually reached an area where there were smallholdings. The sky began to brighten. Suddenly, he heard dozens of birds chirping. He looked up to see a large cherry tree, full of birds. He climbed up into the tree among the birds and began to eat the cherries. And as the sun rose, it slowly covered him in red as he sat on a branch amidst the cherries.

Of course, one has to hear Grové's anecdotes from the man himself in order to appreciate them properly. Conversations with other friends and colleagues of the composer have confirmed that I am not alone in falling under his story-telling spell. Grové's anecdotes are told so effortlessly that they must surely have been told countless times before. To what extent this telling and retelling has resulted in elaboration (intentional or nay) is, however, of little consequence (it would be surprising, and uncharacteristic of the man, if his tales remained for ever constant). For the crucial factor is surely not the degree of accuracy of Grové's memory, but the manner in which his memory combines the most vivid visual and auditory imagery, usually as part of a simple narrative.

There are countless examples in music history of a composer taking his inspiration from a landscape, a picture, a photograph or even a stained-glass window. With Grové, however, there seems to exist a symbiotic relationship between the seen and the sounding at a more fundamental level of the composer's psyche. This calls to mind a phenomenon that has been the focus of some musicological interest in recent years, namely that of 'synaesthesia', by which a stimulation of any one of the senses produces an involuntary perception in one of the others. In theory, any sense can be connected in this way with any other, though the two most often linked are seeing and hearing. There is a composite noun in German to describe what is perhaps the most common synaesthetic reaction: *Farbenhören*, the way in which listening to certain sounds causes the listener to perceive certain colours. Interestingly enough, the composer of the late twentieth century associated most strongly with the synaesthetic phenomenon is one who has shared a student with Grové, namely György Ligeti (Jeanne Zaidel-Rudolph studied with the latter in Europe before returning to South Africa to continue her studies with the former). Ligeti described in 1967 the merging of his senses as follows:

I very often experience an involuntary transfer of optical and tactile experiences into acoustic experiences; I almost always associate colour, form and consistency

with sounds, and vice versa ... Even abstract concepts such as quantities, relationships, connections and processes take on a sensory aspect and have their place in an imaginary space. For example, the concept of 'time' is for me cloudy and white, flowing slowly and inexorably from left to right, while making a soft, 'hhh' kind of noise.⁹

Perhaps Ligeti simply spent too much of his youth lying on his bed and looking at the ceiling while listening to empty tape reels; or perhaps his different senses really do merge in a synaesthetic manner. The fact that he seems to believe truly that they do, is probably more important than whether his belief is truly factual. In the case of Grové, the relationship between the visual and his music has still to be investigated thoroughly. What seems of particular interest is the manner in which his visual imagery informs the actual structures of his music. The present writer once asked Grové about the 'collage'-like manner of construction of some of his Afrocentric music, in which segments of different musical material are juxtaposed in an essentially non-developmental fashion that is reminiscent of Stravinsky (see in particular the latter's *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*). Grové replied that this was his way of depicting in music the action of looking at something, looking away, and then looking back at it. Thus a visual act, set in a mini-narrative, is transformed into a musical structure.

The connection between the visual and the musical is also reflected in the introductory texts that the composer has either written or compiled for his 'African' works (see the work catalogue in this book for the complete programmes of these works). These programmes, common for Grové's 'African' works, are almost completely absent from his earlier music. It is as if his 'African conversion' had set free his visual imagination and his story-telling abilities – or, rather, had provided him with the means of using that imagination and those abilities as a creative stimulus in his music. This would also confirm our interpretation of his 'African conversion' as a realization of something that was latent, already present within him, rather than a solution suggested by an outside force. In any case, it seems to be more than mere coincidence that Grové found his 'African' inspiration at the same time that he set his visual and narrative imagination free; the one probably needed and fed off the other. Perhaps, in fact, becoming an 'African' composer was for his subconscious the only viable means of achieving this freedom. If a composer surrounds his works with stories and programmes full of visual images, then he runs the risk of appearing a neo-Romantic, with all the negative connotations that such an epithet held in the early 1980s (and still does in some quarters); but if his stories are African stories of spirits, tribes, birds and snakes, then what might otherwise seem Romantic now takes on the guise of the 'ethnic', and any potential criticism is deflected. All the same, the present writer sees no reason to doubt the seriousness of Grové's approach to his African material, not least because it is the culmination and completion of his own 'African homecoming'. This, in all its forms, seems to have fulfilled a myriad of functions for the composer – personal, emotional, spiritual, professional and creative – that (say) a 'road to Ulan Bator' could not have done. Nor must we forget that Grové's use of black



Stefans Grové

African material was not necessarily politically expedient in the highly politicized climate of the mid-1980s. Despite the possibility of a neo-colonialist reading as offered above, Grové's compositions from 1984 onwards in fact seek to combine the Western and the African as more of a marriage of equals than almost any South African composer had attempted before.¹⁰

There is, of course, a certain irony in Grové's own terminology. On his road to Damascus, St Paul experienced a revelation that left him blind;¹¹ Grové's revelatory experience, on the other hand, opened his eyes (or, perhaps, he opened his eyes to the revelation). We can, as here, speculate as to the precise nature of that revelation. But what lies beyond doubt is that it has resulted in a remarkable creative outpouring that shows no sign of ceasing; and the wider music world is all the richer for it.

Endnotes

- ¹ Breyten Breytenbach: *A season in paradise*. London: Faber & Faber, 1985, p. 156.
- ² The arrangement of *Die Stem* most often broadcast by the South African Broadcasting Corporation was by Grové's exact contemporary, Hubert du Plessis. In J.M. Coetzee's *Age of Iron*, the narrator, dying of cancer, hears *Die Stem* played on television and has a vision of hell in which the damned are forced to listen to the anthem for all eternity (London: Penguin Books, 1990, p. 166). Were Hell to sign the current copyright conventions, the royalties would naturally be immeasurable.
- ³ Observing such figures – of whom I know a few, though they shall remain nameless here – was one of the most fascinating aspects of my first year in South Africa, not least because my historical research into Hitler's Third Reich and its aftermath allow for certain illuminating parallels to be drawn.
- ⁴ One of my students at the University of Pretoria, Sandile Mabaso, has suggested a different reading, in which Grové's return to find the hole in the road filled in by the black worker is a metaphor for the manner in which he subsequently used indigenous African music to 'fill in' what was missing – the metaphorical 'hole' – in his Violin Sonata in particular, and his compositional practice in general.
- ⁵ See, for example, my introduction to *Wilhelm Furtwängler in Diskussion*, and Chapter 11 of my book *Othmar Schoeck und seine Zeitgenossen*. Both Winterthur: Amadeus, 1994 and 2002 respectively.
- ⁶ See also Endnote 23 in Stephanus Muller's chapter 'Stefans Grové's Narratives of Lateness' in this book.
- ⁷ See also the chapter 'Stefans Grové's Narratives of Lateness' for a discussion of how Grové thinks 'in terms of images' (thus Grové himself).
- ⁸ This tale is recounted by Grové himself in his Afrikaans prose sketch entitled 'Vrede in rooi, 'n bo-aardse vrede...' reprinted in this volume.
- ⁹ Quoted in Christiane Engelbrecht et al: *Lontano – 'Aus weiter Ferne'. Zur Musiksprache und Assoziationsvielfalt György Ligeti's. Zwischen/Töne*, Vol. 6, Hamburg: von Bockel Verlag, 1997, p. 37. My translation.

- ¹⁰ Kevin Volans's *White Man Sleeps* was composed in Durban in 1982; for a critical discussion of Volans's use of indigenous African material, see Jürgen Bräuninger's article 'Gumboots to the Rescue' in *SAMUS*, Vol. 18, 1998. See also the present writer's CD review of: Kevin Volans String Quartets Nos. 1, 2 & 6; The Duke Quartet; Black Box (2002); BBM 1069, *NewMusicSA Bulletin*, second issue, 2002/03, pp. 22-4.
- ¹¹ The Acts of the Apostles, Chapter 9.



Stefans Grové cooking at Mooiplaats.

Appendix:

The Hoofstad Sketches

Introduction

Stephanus Muller

It would be unthinkable to publish a book about Stefans Grové and not include any material in the language in which he has done most of his creative and critical writing. The Afrikaans language developed in nineteenth-century South Africa as a 'kitchen language'. A Dutch derivative spoken by slaves, it later became a language of art and science, benefiting from and providing the impetus for twentieth-century Afrikaner nationalism in almost equal measure. Today Afrikaans remains the controversial, emotional rallying point for Afrikaners in a post-apartheid South Africa.

Although the decision to include material in a language spoken by an estimated 10 million people world-wide in a publication aimed at an English readership may seem a strange one, it is a necessary reminder of the untranslatability of difference that inhabits language and place, that resists anglicization and global narratives and forms the very core of identities that live and create in and from the geographical margins of Western culture. The pace of Grové's Afrikaans, the marks of date and class and place that it bears, all resist the generalities of a global language. Grové calls his writing his 'word music', and it sounds in Afrikaans.

Five of Stefans Grové's short stories, initially published in the national Afrikaans weekly magazine *Huisgenoot*, were later republished by Human & Rousseau with five new stories as the collection *Oor mense, diere & dinge* ('About people, animals & things'). The Afrikaans novelist André P. Brink described this collection as 'containing some of the finest contributions to [the Afrikaans] short story for some time', noting especially Grové's sense of structure in 'In die maanlig' and calling him 'a master of understatement and the anti-climax'.¹

Even more so than the *Huisgenoot*-stories, which were granted a second life in book form, a series of sketches published by Grové in the Pretoria-based broadsheet *Hoofstad* in 1982 have been all but forgotten. These sketches include recollections of characters and events of Grové's student years in Cape Town in the 1940s and early 50s, romanticized reports of encounters with black Africans whilst living on his smallholding at Mooiplaats in the east of Pretoria, and humorous fictions contrived from improbable, even bizarre circumstances. Some sketches suggest valiant efforts to overcome a lack of inspiration in the face of tight deadlines, most notably the series involving the improbably named

76 journalists Valentyn Jorgensen and Lala Vader, who, perhaps not surprisingly, often discuss a lack of inspiration in the face of tight deadlines.

Eight of these sketches have been selected to be republished in this volume. They are all interesting in their own right, and for different reasons. 'Uit herinnering se wei ...' and 'My stryd teen die skottelgoed lawaai' provide nostalgic youthful autobiographical glimpses of colourful music personalities like 'oom' Charlie Weich, Ellie Marx and Theo Wendt 'in the days before Cape Town became an American city.' 'Vrede in rooi, 'n bo-aardse vrede ...', referred to by Chris Walton in his contribution, remembers an incident that took place when the composer was living in America.² The nostalgia here is coloured by a metaphysical suspension of the boundaries between fact and fiction so characteristic of the dreams and fables that inhabit Grové's 'note-music.' 'Beurtsang van die eensaamheid' and 'Die stille kring in die lou son' (also recounted by Chris Walton as a Grové anecdote) are not without autobiographical interest, but they also describe uncomfortable and unequal encounters between the white Afrikaner *baas*, or 'boss' (a form of address that makes the first person narrator in 'Die stille kring in die lou son' cringe and feel like a slave owner) and his black neighbours. These stories are discomfiting to the present-day reader in their conscious and unconscious exhibition of the traces of an era when white superiority was taken for granted, but they also display a touching humaneness and a disarming open reciprocity, instantly recognizable by those who know Stefans Grové.

'Monna Osoro het gekom' is probably the only piece among the *Hoofstad*-columns that can be called a short story proper. Significantly it contains the angriest prose from these sketches, an unambiguous indictment of the victimization resulting from the skewed power relations entrenched by apartheid. The remaining sketches provide a vivid illustration of Grové's wide humorous register. In 'Die glasuurmonument in die mis', dilettante writer Frekie van Degenskede is subjected to a somewhat overworked satirical critique,³ whereas 'Die klos in die koppie tee' portrays a perhaps more typically understated Grovian wit, subtly informed by an almost generic Afrikaner love-hate ambiguity regarding 'the English'.

From a literary point of view, it is probably as a music critic that Stefans Grové is most likely to be remembered, and not as a writer of short prose. As the former he is without doubt the foremost South African composer-critic of the twentieth century. As the latter, he is, *pace* Brink, an entertaining and touching voice appendaged to the importance of the composer and his 'note-music'.

Endnotes

¹ André P. Brink: 'Stefans Grové 'n genoeglikheid' in *Rapport*, 21 December 1975.

² See Walton's chapter 'Connect, only connect' in this book, p. 70.

³ This story, considerably altered, also appeared in *Rapport*, 12 August 1984.

Uit herinnering se wei ...

(Hoofstad, 26 March 1982)

As jy bo 'n sekere ouderdom is, begin jy praat van die goeie ou dae. Die grens waar 'n mens hierdie drie woorde wil en kán gebruik, kan by 35 begin, wanneer jou eens prosaïese verlede nou die kleur van veraf berge begin kry.

Die goeie ou dae kan betrekking hê op blote materialistiese dinge, soos die prys van 'n snyerspak destyds, of 'n maaltyd in die beste kerslig-restaurant teen 15 sjelings vir twee! Vir myself beteken die goeie ou dae die tyd toe kleurryke en unieke mense nog geleef het en ek baie van hulle goed leer ken het. Deesdae het mense so vaal geword en het die eksentriekes, die Boheemse ras, heeltemaal verdwyn. Hiermee bedoel ek natuurlik die egte eksentriekie mense en nie jeugdige takhare wie se 'andersheid' slegs tot haarlengte beperk is nie.

Die egte ou sogenaamde Boheme was sterk persoonlikhede vir wie dit nie kon skeel wat die wêreld rondom hulle van hul gedink het nie: kleurryke mense wat reg in die middel van die lewe gestaan het en die volle waarde uit iedere wakende lewensuur getap het en ook net soveel aan die gemeenskap gegee as wat hulle geneem het.

Kaapstad was eens vol van sulke mense en ek was gelukkig dat ek so baie van hulle van naby leer ken het. Een van die belangrikstes was Theo Wendt, die eerste dirigent van die Kaapstadse stadsorkes, wat vanaf 1914 tot 1924 die leiding waargeneem het. Dit was natuurlik lank voor my tyd en dit spyt my altyd dat ek hom nie later nog beter leer ken het nie. Sy baie interessante en ook veel-bewoë lewe word beskrywe deur sy dogter, mev. M. E. van der Post, in 'n boek getiteld *Theo Wendt*, wat in 1974 by Tafelberg-Uitgewers verskyn het. In hierdie biografie word nie alleen ruimte aan Wendt die musikus afgestaan nie, maar word Wendt ook as mens en as ongeneeslike romantikus geskilder. Baie interessant is ook beskrywings van die vele unieke karakters wat Wendt destyds aan die Kaap omring het, lede van die orkes en ander buitengewone mense. Ek het Wendt gedurende my studentejare aan die Kaap net eenkeer ontmoet, maar baie van sy vriende het ek goed leer ken, soos die pianiste Elsie Hall wat tot op negentigjarige ouderdom nog klavieruitvoerings gegee het. Dan was daar ook die violis, Ellie Marx, wat in die veertigerjare al 'n stokou man was, maar my baie keer uitgenooi het vir middagete in die Langham-hotel in Langstraat waar die ete vanaf twaalf- tot tweeuur uitgereik is met al sy stories. Hy was lid van die Leipzigerse Gewandthausorkes toe Brahms se Vierde Simfonie uitgevoer was. Dan was daar nog oom Ben Jaffe en sy liewe vrou van Rosebank – lewenslank 'n beskeie boekhouer wat sy huis, ten spyte van sy karige salaris, deur die jare heen gevul het met inheemse kunswerke totdat dit 'n unieke versameling geword het. Na oom Ben se dood is dit onlangs in Johannesburg opgeveil en na die wind versprei.

Sondagaande was die huis van die Jaffes oopgestel vir enigeen wat 'n belangstelling in die kunste gehad het. Onder die gereelde besoekers was Lippy Lipschitz, Irma Stern en ander. Met die glas whisky in die een hand en die pyp in die ander, het oom Ben altyd

gestaan, soos 'n voorsitter by hierdie geïmproviseerde debatte oor alles onder die son. Net politiek en godsdiens was taboe. Dan was daar nog die unieke oom Charlie Weich wat alle jong musici soos 'n hen onder sy vleuels geneem het. Oom Charlie was vertaler van advertensies by *Die Burger* bedags en mens- en musiek liefhebber snags. Ná werk, het hy so vir 'n halfuurtjie 'na die kussing gaan luister' en toe was hy reg vir wat verder voorlê.

Die oubaas het nooit voor vieruur in die nag gaan slaap nie en menige nag het van sy gaste wat die laaste bus verpas het, in die voorhuis op die rusbank onder sy ou kakiejas geslaap. Oubaas Charlie het in Tamboerskloof teen die hange van Vlaeberg gewoon in 'n ou dubbelverdiepinghuis en reeds as student het ek by hom ingetrek. Omdat hy 'n vrygesel was, het hy loseerders ingeneem – maar slegs mense wat deur die nagtelike rumoer kon slaap. Elke aand het mense gekom en gegaan – mense van *Die Burger*, radiomense, kunstenaars van alle soorte en ook gewone mense. Af en toe het Pickerill, die dirigent, gekom en minstens een keer per week was Boerneef daar. Hy het so 'n entjie onderkant toe gewoon. Soms het hy van sy verse voorgedra en bewoë geraak. Ander kere was hy kwaad oor een of ander ding.

Met sy hems moue opgerol het oubaas Charlie aan die bopunt van die lang ovaaltafel gesit en die gesprekke as't ware dirigeer, terwyl hy altyd gesorg het dat almal se glase volgebly het. So teen tweeuur se kant het ou Swartkat van sy nagtelike avonture teruggekeer, op die tafel gesprong en sy vlagpaalstert onder ons neuse en kenne deurgetrek. Ná die gaste vertrek het, sê ou Charlie: 'ou Faans, kom ons gaan eet'. Dan word daar gou aandete gemaak. Of hy besluit hy is glad nie lus vir slaap nie en wil liever gaan kyk hoe die son vanaf die hange van Duiwelspiek opkom. Dan klim ons in een van sy tjorre en ry al langs die hange van Tafelberg tot waar die pad aan die oostelike hang van Duiwelspiek doodloop.

Charlie het altyd net tweedehandse motors aangeskaf en dan nogal met die goed jaarliks Kruger Wildtuin toe gery. Eenkeer kon hy dit op sy terugtog net tot by Soutrivier haal waar die ou voertuig vierwiel vasgesteek het met sy laaste snik: tot hiertoe en nie verder nie. Charlie het alles in sy vermoë gedoen om nie alleen jong komponiste nie, maar ook uitvoerende kunstenaars geldelik en ook op ander maniere te help. Hy was die Ben Jaffe vir musici. Hy en oom Ben was sedert 1914 met mekaar bevriend en ook onder die gehoor van die allereerste konsert van die pas gestigte Kaapstadse orkes. So teen 1948 het hy begin belangstel in fotografie en met sy 16 millimeter kamera het hy al die binnelandse musici van belang en ook vele buitelandse besoekers op film vasgelê. Kort voor sy dood in 1973 het hy hierdie films aan die Nasionale Filmraad bemaak. Met die jare het die meeste van sy vriende weggetrek Noorde toe of gesterf totdat slegs hy en Ben Jaffe van die ou garde oorgebly het. Saam het hulle soggens gaan ry, soms berg toe, soms see toe, soms na Stellenbosch asof hulle in hul eensaamheid na iets gesoek het en dit nie kon vind nie. Hulle was twee van die laaste oorlewendes van die vele kleurryke persoonlikhede van die ou Kaap voordat dit 'n Amerikaanse stad geword het.

My stryd teen die skottelgoed lawaai

(Hoofstad, 2 April 1982)

As 'n historiese gebou platgeruk word, treur 'n mens eweveel oor die onvervangbare argitektoniese, sowel as die sentimentele verlies.

'n Ou gebou waarvan die argitektoniese waarde op komma nul-iets gestaan het, maar waarin die sentimentele are van wie weet hoeveel kleurryke mense saamgevat was, was die ou SAUK-gebou op die hoek van Riebeeck- en St. Georgestraat in Kaapstad, net langs die ou Del Monico, ook saliger. Dis aan die begin van die sestigerjare gesloop. Van buite was dit net so onopvallend soos van binne. Dit was smal en hoog en bruin en vensterloos aan die straataansig – net so onopsigtelik soos 'n stoorplek vir meubels of iets. Voor, by die beknopte ontvangsportaal waar jy skaars die spreekwoordelike kat sou kon swaai, moes jy eers inteken en daarna was die keuse joune of jy met die trap na bo wou klim of die hyser wou neem, want van 'n grondverdieping was daar geen sprake nie. Die ou hyser was net so oud en vaal soos die gebou self en die traliede deur soos 'n ou plaashek wat menige jukkerige perd of bees uit fatsoen geskuur het. As jy die ou hek met 'n gesukkel toe gekry en jou bestemmingsknop gedruk het, was daar eers 'n gegorrel in die binnewerke bo, dan 'n harde geklap en uiteindelik begin die rukkerige rit, soos die uittog uit De Aar se stasie op 'n warm dag op 'n gemengde goedere-passasierstrein na Verlatendal.

Die lewe het eers op die eerste verdieping begin, want dáár was die ingang tot Ateljee I, wat self drie verdiepings hoog was. Aan die agterkant van hierdie verdieping (en ook dié van die ander twee) was daar kantore en vensters en vars lug en mense, en 'n uitsig op die hawe. Die Afrikaanse diens was op die boonste verdieping wat met die diskoteek gedeel was. Dit het bestaan uit die uitsaaihok, die kantoor van die streekbestuurder en sy sekretaresse, nog 'n kantoor en dan die algemene ateljee met sy ou bruin klavier en al die klankeffekte-apparaat vir die vele hoorspele wat so te sê byna daagliks daar aangebied is. Soos omtrent alles in hierdie ou gebou, was hierdie ateljee ook wat in Engels so mooi omskryf word met die woord 'shabby'. Die lug was vuil van al die gerook tydens 'n vroeëre repetisie, die asbakke was vol, en die deur wat in driftige tonele van hoorspele toegeklap moes word, het nog teen die klavier geleun, terwyl ander apparaat wat vir die byklanke gebruik was eenvoudig skaamteloos bo-op die klavier gelaat was.

Gedurende die jare 1945 tot 1950 het alle uitsendings natuurlik lewend geskied, wat bygedra het tot die avontuurlikheid. Jy kon nie jou glipse deur heropnames vir ewig uitvee nie. Iedere glips kon jarelank nog in die volksmond voortleef, afhangende van die erns daarvan. Hierdie ateljee het wes gefront en gevolglik was dit teen laat-middag so warm soos 'n broei-oond. As jy die vensters oopgemaak het, het jy op die agterplaas van die Del Monico afgekyk en het die kakofonie van skeeuende kokke, skellende kelners en die opwas van skottelgoed soos 'n klankpilaar opgestyg.

Voor op die straatfront was die ou Del Monico die deftigheid self, bruin en skemer, selfs preuts, en die kelners soos plegtige priesters op pad na 'n onuitspreeklik heilige seremonie.

Ons het gewoonlik na afloop van ons 'uitsaaibeurte' die sukses by die Del Monico gaan vier, of die onsukses in die met-traan-gesoute glasier of twee-drie-miskien-vier probeer vergeet. As eerstejaartjie was ek pas in die Kaap, toe Charlie (Weich) my 'ontdek' het. Hy wou sy 'ontdekking' met Truida Pohl (die vrou van N. P. van Wyk Louw) deel, en het toe voorgestel dat ek 'uitsaaibeurte' moes kry. Ek was destyds baie bedrewe in die improvisasiekuns en Charlie het my orals rondgesleep om vir mense op gegewe temas te improviseer, van vroegaand af tot soms vyf uur voordag, by rykes, by armes, orals, van Bloubergstrand tot Muizenberg, van Houtbaai tot by Bellville, en selfs Stellenbosch. Truida het destyds baie regiewerk vir hoorspele behartig, terwyl Charlie 'n gereelde akteur was, ten spyte van sy swaar brystem. Nouja, saam het hierdie twee vir my eerste uitsaaibeurt gesorg: om in verskillende stylsoorte op 'n gegewe tema te improviseer. As jy enigsins bedrewe in die improvisasiekuns is, is dit kinderspeletjies om taamlik lank op 'n gegewe tema te fantaseer. Maar om op een tema verskillende stylsoorte toe te pas, is nogal moeilik. In private musiekkamers sal ek dit vandag nog onderneem, maar oor die radio? – daarvoor het ek nou te skrikkerig geword. Vir so 'n doel moet 'n tema eers baie versigtig vooraf gekies word, want alle temas leen hulself nie tot wyd-uiteenlopende stylsoorte nie. Ek het toe vir Charlie en Truida vooraf gesê dat ek minstens vier of vyf sal neerskryf en dan kan hulle een daarvan kies, dit in 'n koevert verseël, en die koevert ná die openingsaankondiging ewe seremonieel voor die mikrofoon oopskeur, terwyl ek dit dan eers op die klavier stadig voorspeel en volgens versoek á la Scarlatti, Johann Strauss of Schubert varieer.

Charlie en ek daag by die voorportaal op, teken ons name – ek ietwat onvas, want die senuwees pak my toe al – en toe op-op-op met die vertikale 'Karootrein' na my teregstellingsplek. Die uitsending was eers om 8:15, maar teen sewe-uur was ons al daar. Eers al die klankapparate van die klavier afgepak en teen die muur gesit en toe



Stefans Grové plays the 'Pop-Eye' Variations at the home of Jaap Uys, Easter 1948. From the Frits Stegmann collection in the Music Documentation Centre at Stellenbosch University. Published with permission.

die vensters oopgemaak en baadjies teen die warmte uitgetrek. En teen die Del Monico bord-en-vurk-musiek deur, het ek eers die klavier probeer. 'n Verskriklike ou instrument waarvan die toonkwaliteit gerym het met die kombuismusiek, vér onderkant. Elke akkoord het geklink soos ses borde wat op harde sementvloere val!

My bewerasies het toegeneem soos die horlosie bokant die ingang, net onder die groen en rooi lig, aangestap het na Die Uur waar al die wonderwerkfeetjies losgelaat moes word om jou vingers met hul towerstaffies te seën, of, miskien al die duiwels ter helle wat hulle moes verstrengel. Die improvisasiekuns verg

natuurlik blitsvinnige reaksies – hoe vinniger jou *tempo*, des te vinniger jou vinger-brein reaksies, en dit is hierdie feit wat ’n mens se senuwees tot enkeldraadjies-in-die-wind uitrafel. Die ekstra belasting van verskillende stylsoorte het soos ’n staalbal bokant my gehang, ’n ton staal aan enkel draadjies ... as ek sou verbrou, wat dan?!

My familie het tuis al ingeskakel (telegramme gestuur: luister vanaand), en ook my klavierdosent en ou Daddy Bell, my komposisieleermeester, en Truida en al die ‘fans’ van my ‘parlourtricks’. Charlie het sy hande op my skouers geplaas en gesê: ‘Toemaar ou Faans, vanaand gaan jy die wêreld wys’. Skrale troos ... En toe kom die GROOT OOMBLIK: die aankondiging, toe die rooi lig, toe Charlie se klein toespraakie, terwyl hy die koevert oopskeur en my die tema oorhandig. En toe was dit *net ek alleen*, die tema en ek, ek en Schubert, ek en Strauss, so tussen die Del Monico se skottelgoedrumoer deur, want Charlie en ek en ook die kontrolebank se dames was almal so vasgevang in my ‘feat’ dat almal vergeet het om die vensters toe te maak.

Soms wonder ek of daar nog ’n luisteraar is wat dié aand onthou?

Beurtsang van die Eensaamheid

(Hoofstad, 30 April 1982)

Baie interessante en wyd belese mense kla soms oor die saaiheid van hul bestaan en ook oor die feit dat niks buitengewoons ooit met hulle gebeur nie.

Vir my lyk dit altyd asof sulke mense nooit verby ’n bepaalde situasie wat ontstaan kan verbykyk, en iets dieper daarin kan raaksien nie. Dit is miskien tot hulp as ’n mens dit kan aanleer om die lewe deur ’n romantiese bril te bekyk. Dit is miskien verder tot hulp as ’n mens ietwat buite die stadsgewoel woon, soos ek omtrent agt jaar gelede ...

Ek het vir my ’n ou plaasskooltjie uit die begin van die eeu, op ’n kleinhoeve, so vyf en twintig kilometer oos van die stad, aangeskaf en dit betrek nog voordat water en elektrisiteit aangelê was. Voor was die twee reuse klaskamers, deur ’n skuifdeur van mekaar geskei en agter, die ou leermeesterskwartier bestaande uit twee slaapkamers, badkamertjie, woonkamer, spens en kombuis. Voor en agter was stoepe en ’n ent daarvandaan die ou windpomp wat snags sy roes-serenades uitgekreun het. ’n Stuk of vyftig meter voor die huis het ’n grondpad verby gekronkel waarop medekleinhowebewoners soggens stad toe gejaag het en smiddae terug huis toe. Snags was dit rustig en net so af en toe het van die volkies daar verbygeloop – kleintjies op die rug of mandjies op die kop. Ek het stoksiel alleen daar gewoon en my enigste geselskap was my spierwit kat wat ek Witwolk gedoop het. Miskien was dit as gevolg van my eensaamheid dat ek soms ’n nuwe betekenis aan doodgewone situasies geheg het. Soms het ek uit my pad gegaan om die normale verloop van ’n situasie te beïnvloed.

Soos alle alleenlopers maar geneig is om te doen, het ek my maar min by die normale roetines na werk gehou, en geëet net wanneer ek wou, en gaan slaap as ander mense al begin opstaan het. Ek het destyds aan slapeloosheid gely en snags soms ure lank voor



On the verandah of the Old School House at Mooiplaats, 1974.

op die stoep gesit. En toe een Saterdag nag het dit gebeur. Dit moes so teen drieuur se kant gewees het.

Ver in die ooste het ek 'n swartman hoor sing soos hy met die pad aangekom het. Hy was nog so véér dat ek net flentertjies van sy lied kon hoor. Ná so tien minute kon ek dit duideliker hoor. Ek gaan langs een van die pilare staan en aap sy eerste frase na, so hard soos ek kon, sodat hy my moes hoor. Stilte. Ek herhaal dit en luister en toe kom dit weer van sy kant. Ek sing dit weer na, terwyl hy blykbaar eers luister of ek dit reg doen. Toe trek hy los met die tweede frase en wag om te hoor of ek dit snap. Ek laat hom met opset wag en hy sing dit weer. Eers toe sing ek dit na. Dit is asof hy bly is dat ek dit regkry.

Nou begin ons antifonie weer van vooraf. Hy het intussen veel nader gekom en ek kan die woorde al hoor. Nou begin ek die woorde ook sing. Ons albei se geesdrif loop oor. Die maan breek telkens deur die verflenterde wolkies

en my duetgenoot en ek hou nog steeds met ons beurtsang vol. Toe hy so oorkant die ou windpomp was, loop ek na die draad toe en gaan hom daar inwag. Ek kan die donker figuur al op die lang, wit pad sien. Nou sing ons dat hoor en sien vergaan. Hy wag nie meer vir my tussen die frases nie, want ek ken mos nou die lied self. Toe hy regoor my was, kom hy nader en hou ook aan die ou lendelam draadheining vas en swaai dit heen en weer op die polsslag van die lied. Toe ruik ek dat hy lank makietie gehou het. Ek los die draad en gee hom 'n sigaret en toe ek dit aansteek, merk ek sy gryns baardjie. Hy trek los met lang dankbetuigings in sy eie taal wat elke keer met *Jesu Christo* uitroepe onderbreek word.

'Is jy honger?' vra ek.

'Ja.'

'Nou kom dan in.'

Ek help hom om deur die draad te klim en loop huis toe. Hy is nou stil. Sy lied het gaan slaap. Hy is nou die eerbiedigheid self.

'Sit maar solank hier op die stoep. Ek bring nou die kos.'

Plegtig neem hy sy mus af en sit dit langs hom neer. Ek bring worsies, 'n paar hompe brood en tee. Hy eet in stilswye. 'n Dun, swart wolkrepie verdeel die maan in twee.

'Kyk,' roep ek uit, 'die wolk saag aan die maan.'

Hy kyk, maar gaan voort met eet en dink waarskynlik dat ek half mal is. Vir hom het die maan geen romantiese konnotasies nie. Vir hom is die maan slegs 'n lig wat verhoed dat hy oor klippe val of in slote trap.

Ek probeer weer gesels. 'Waar gaan jy heen?'

'Baie ver,' sê hy nors en ietwat onwillig, 'daar by baas Hamman se plek.'

'Waar woon baas Hamman?'

'Daar anderkant die berg.'

Ek brand van nuuskierigheid om te weet wie hy is en wat hy voel, maar ek ken sy taal nie en weet nie hoe om sulke dinge te vra nie. As ek nou met filosofiese vrae kom en wil weet of hy gelukkig in sy eenvoudige lewe is, sal hy my waarskynlik glad nie begryp nie. Hy het alreeds gewonder waarom ek so oor die maan tekere gaan. Ná hy geëet het, sit ons nog 'n ruk in stilte en rook. Toe loop ek weer saam met hom draad toe. Maar veilig anderkant die draad word sy lied weer wakker en begin die gesingery weer, beurtsang gewys. En so het ons aangehou totdat ons mekaar nie meer kon hoor nie.

Dit het in die nag begin reën en toe ek die volgende oggend opstaan, het ek eers gedink dat ek dit alles gedroom het. Maar buite op die stoep het die ou bruin mus, wat hy vergeet het, papnat langs die groen bord vol reënwater en die blou beker gelê. Ek het hierdie gebeurtenis later in 'n kortverhaal omgewerk en dit *Nagduet* genoem en ook aan 'n tydskrif verkoop, ietwat teësinnig, omdat dit so persoonlik was. Baie mense wat so oor die saaiheid van die lewe kla, sou waarskynlik maar in die bed bly lê het en miskien selfs geskel het op die nagtelike troebadoer wat hul slaap versteur.

Vrede in rooi, 'n bo-aardse vrede...

(*Hoofstad*, 7 May 1982)

Mense wat so graag optelsomme oor allerhande bedrywighede van die mens maak, weet te vertel dat ons 'n derde van ons lewens in die bed deurbring, dit wil sê slaap, of probeer slaap, daar bygesê. Net soos 'n goeie aptyt, is slaaplus seker 'n gawe van bo. Die ongeluk met slapeloses is dat hulle hierdie probleem vererger deur hulle gaandeweg meer daarvoor te bekommer en bekommernis en slaap is slegte bedbroeders.

As gelukkige gesinsmens, slaap ek soos 'n klip en waag ek graag die stelling dat slapeloosheid 'n siekte is wat by alleenlopers kom inkruip, 'n siekte wat met sy koue voete nagspoke opjaag en 'n andersins vriendelike bed (die warm



The summer house that Stefans Grové built himself in Baltimore, 1967.

84 sielkundige baarmoeder waarna ons so baie terughunker) verander tot Heine se MATRASGRAF.

Toe ek nog alleenloper was, het ek ook van tyd tot tyd aan hierdie kwaal gely, maar instede van rond te rol en steeds vieser te word, het ek altyd opgestaan om iets nuttigs te gaan doen, soos boekelees of klavierspeel of selfs om te gaan stap, soos eenkeer toe ek nog in Amerika gewoon het. My huisie was op die rand van die stad en so half in 'n eikewoud geleë. Groter rustigheid kon 'n mens jou nouliks voorstel. Toe op 'n dag kom twee buurkinders daar aan met twee klein wasbeertjies wat hulle in die woud opgetel het. Ek het een aangeneem en hom Donderdag genoem omdat dit juis Donderdag was.

'n Wasbeer is besonder intelligent en onnutsig ook, omdat hy hande met vingers, instede van pote het. Hy haal die telefoon van sy mik af, trek boeke uit die rak, steek jou leesbril weg. 'n Wonderlike troeteldier, so half kat, half hond. Toe, een nag in die vroeë somer, vang die slapeloosheid my weer. Dit was so teen drieuur se kant toe ek skielik uit die snoesige donkerte van die droomwêreld tot die felle lig van volle bewussyn geruk is. Die skerp reuk van die eikewoud het my na buite gelok en skielik pak die gier my om te gaan stap, sommer ver. Waarheen het nie saak gemaak nie. Gou het ek 'n wit broekie, 'n wit hemp en wit tennisskoene aangetrek, waarom nou juis wit, weet ek tot vandag toe nog nie. Donderdag was ook al wakker en besig met die een of ander onnutsigheid toe ek die loopketting om sy nek sit en ons koers kry. Hy was so uitgelate soos 'n hond en het soms stilgestaan om aan iets te ruik. Verby al die donker huise loop ons twee geruisloos. 'n Bietjie weemoed het my soos 'n skadu gevolg, miskien as gevolg van die verbintenis van slaap met die dood – 'n ou teologiese vergelyking – en ek dink aan die ou Duitse kerkgesang 'Komm, O Tod, du Schlafes Bruder, komm, und führe mich fort; löse meines Schiffleins Ruder, bringe mich an sichern Port.' (Kom o Dood, broeder van die Slaap en lei my voort. Bevry die roeder van my skippe en voer my in 'n veilige hawe.)

Donderdag ruk ongeduldig aan sy ketting want hy wil vinniger loop. Uiteindelik is die huise agter ons en ons vat 'n oostelike kronkelende pad wat net-net in die sterlig sigbaar is. Later, in die grys skemer, kom ons by kleinhoewes verby, en agter die deftige lae paalheinings sien ek twee wit perde. Die een hou sy bek langs die ander se oor, asof hy iets fluister. Daarna gooi die luisteraar sy kop agteroor en runnik lank. Seker 'n perdegrap, dink ek. Agter ons kom 'n motor aan en hou langs ons stil. Polisie. 'n Skynwerper val op ons, die bestuurder leun by die venster uit. 'You all right, Mack?' In Amerika noem hulle alle vreemdelinge Mack of Bub. Ons lyk seker baie suspisiesus – ek in my wit met 'n wasbeer as wandelmaat. Die man glo my dat ek maar net lus voel om vroeg te gaan loop, eerder as om die poësie van die laat nag in 'n bed mis te loop. Hulle ry weer verder en die rooi liggies verdwyn om 'n draai.

Dit is nou so lig dat ons die rustige landskap om ons kan sien. 'n Ent verder draai 'n smal pad links af en ek besluit om te kyk wat daar wag. Die son is nou al byna op. Ver hoor ek 'n uitbundige voëlgeketter afkomstig uit 'n kersieboom, omtrent sewe meter hoog. Ons kom nader en tot my vreugde merk ek dat die boom van bo tot op die laagste tak bedek

is met bloedrooi, ryp kersies. Donderdag hou ook op om aan sy ketting te rem en saam begin ons sluk.

Die voëls swyg nou, waarskynlik in die hoop dat ons weer sal weggaan. Valse hoop. Ek bind Donderdag onder vas en mik na die laagste tak wat omtrent so drie meter van die grond is. Ek kry dit beet en soos 'n wafferse atleet trek ek my op. Die voëls vlieg nou hoër op en begin swets. Gulsig klim ek verder op en gaan wydsbeen oor 'n reuse-tak sit. Onder my, langs my, bokant my hang die kersies, so lieflik uitlokkend, twee-twee gepaard. Ek begin smul en sien Donderdag op sy hurke sit, handjies bedelend omhoog. Ek gooi vir hom twee paar wat hy eers bekyk en beruik en toe gulsig vreet. Die voëls swets nou erger as voorheen. Die eerste rooi strale van die son vang die boom en kleur my wit mondering bloedrooi, en selfs my arms en hande. Die blaarskadus op my hemp en hande is pienk. Ek gooi nog kersies af en merk dat Donderdag se gesiggie ook rooi is.

Op daardie oomblik en nie 'n week of maand of jaar daarna nie, het ek bewus geword van die poësie van die situasie, die vreedsaamheid rondom my en die wonderbaarlike vrede wat ek in my binneste gevoel het. Dit was asof ek op daardie moment gebore was en nooit tevore smart of verdriet of enige vorm van lelikheid geken het nie. Op hierdie vroeë Sondagoggend het ek vir die eerste keer ná aan die paradys gekom. Dit was asof ek alleen tussen die diere was, asof ek die Heilige Franciskus self was. Vrede in rooi, 'n bo-aardse vrede.

Ek het lank daar op die tak tussen die rooi kersies gesit en my bene geswaai en na die geometriese figure van die blaarskadus op my hande en arms gekyk en die begrip tydloosheid vir die eerste keer in my lewe werklik ervaar. Selfs Donderdag het opgehou om op te kyk en in die verte getuur. Na 'n uur of miskien twee of miskien selfs drie, klim ek weer af en druk Donderdag se nat snoetjie in my nek en karnuffel hom 'n bietjie. Hy swaai sy dik stert soos dié van 'n kat wat geskrik het en draai in die rondte van plesier. Ek het my veilige hawe bereik en lafenis gevind. Die son het begin steek en spoedig was ons weer op die pad van vroeër, nou vol mense en motors. Die wit perde het onder 'n boom gelê en slaap en oral het grassnyers begin lawaai.

Die stille kring in die lou son

(Hoofstad, 14 May 1982)

Vriendskap is daardie warm toegeneentheid wat jy teenoor 'n medemens voel, wat jou laat verlang om hom weer te sien en met hom te gesels en soos jy met hom alleen kan gesels en met geen ander nie – wat jou soms laat wonder wat hy op die oomblik doen en waar hy is.

Met Christelik-gemotiveerde hoofletters, gepunktueer met uitroepingstekens, word so baie geskryf en gepraat oor die noodsaaklikheid van vriendskapsbande met anderkleuriges in ons land. In sommige gevalle kom dit eintlik nooit verder as die billike behandeling van jou huisbediende nie. Selde word probeer om uit te vind wat dié mens voel of dink.

Gewoonlik word hy of sy slegs beskou as 'n bewegende stofsuiër van vlees, bloed en bene, of 'n skottelgoedmasjien met voete en hande – 'n skadumens, blote buitelyns sonder dimensies.

Toe ek nog alleen op my kleinhoewe gewoon het, was daar tyd en geleentheid (skandelik laat in my lewe), om vriendskapsbande met swartes te smee – nie die soort intellektuele vriendskap wat ek met my medeblanke aanknoop nie, maar 'n besondere soort wat strek oor hierdie groot kloof wat ons van mekaar skei en die oorsaak is dat ons mekaar nooit behoortlik kan peil nie. Agter die huis was 'n reuse appelboom, stokoud, waar ou Elias, die gryse ou ringkop my soms kom opsoek het om indaba te hou. Anderkant die bult was 'n stat met bont versierde huisies. Eenkeer per jaar, met die inisiasiefees vir die jonges, het die tromme nag na nag die jakkalse laat tjank, soos honde vir die maan. Die plek het die een of ander onuitspreekbare naam gehad, maar dit was daar waar ou Elias, as hoofman, koning kon kraai. Hy het gewoonlik net gekom as hy iets nodig gehad het en dan het hy nie, soos ons blankes, dadelik met die deur in die huis geval, sy sê-gesê-en-kry-klaar nie. Alles het langasem tydsam geskied.

Eers die groetery. As hy om die hoek verskyn, bly hy 'n wyle stokstyf staan, met 'n skalkse glimlag in sy grys baardjie, stokstyf soos 'n marionet. Dan kom hy voor my staan, ruk hom orent, salueer soos 'n wafferse soldaat, en dan begin ons albei lag. Seremonie verby. Die ou kom langs my op die rand van die stoep sit en sug. Kyk eers lank na my beker koffie en sug dan weer. Ek maak geen aanstalties om te roer of praat nie. Dit is eintlik teen die etiket. Eers na tien minute en eweveel sugte oor en weer begin ek, die gasheer.

'Jou tong sit by jou tone.'

'Ja morena. Hy't gevlug. Hy sit daar oener by die tone.'

Hy kyk af na die ou moeë skoene met hul skewe punte. Uit ondervinding weet ek dat net 'n beker koffie die tong daar onder kan loskry. As ek die beker bring, vonkel sy waterogies. 'Keyaleboga morena.' Dankie.

Lank sit ons weer in stilte. Soms slurp hy 'n bietjie en sug weer. Af en toe roggel sy maag.

'Die maag van jou, hy wil sing, maar dit lyk my hy't die woorde vergeet.'

Die ou lag en ek gaan eers brood haal. Na die tydsame etery rook ons eers. Ek brand al van nuuskierigheid om te weet wat die ou se besoek inhou. Die vorige keer was dit om 'n paar sinkplate te bedel vir sy dogter se huis, want sy wou toe weer 'kleintjies kry'. Uiteindelik begin die ou keel skoonmaak. Ek wag gespanne. Nee, eers pyp uithaal en stop, omslagtig stop, aansteek en blou skywe trek.

'Morena ...'. Die ou huiwer.

'Ja?'

'Morena ... daardie seun van my, hy het weer die sak meliemeel nodig. Nou, sy baaisiekel se wiel hy neuk. Nou, onse hy kannie die meliemeel by Silverton gat hal nie, omme die baaisiekel se wiel hy's krom gatrek sos darrie tak dar bo by die boom.'

Uiteindelik is die storie uit. Ek laai die ou op en by die stal gaan ek die seun haal en ons ry Silverton toe. By die meul koop ek 'n ekstra groot sak. By die stat sit almal in 'n kring en wag, meestal vroue in hul kleurryke blou en rooi. Ons laai af en ek maak weer klaar om te ry, maar ou Elias kom vinnig in sy bokkniebroek aangesuiker en agter hom sy vet vrou, ou Mieta. Sy kom voor my staan.

'Baas ...' (ek haat die woord baas. Dit laat my altyd soos 'n slawe-eienaar van vroeër voel, maar ten spyte van my protesteerderij, hou hulle nog aan met die baas-sêery.)

'Baas, ag baie dankie dat jy so goed vir ons seun is. Kom drink saam met ons tee.'

Ek voel eintlik so 'n bietjie aangedaan oor hierdie opregte dankbetuiging van 'n moeder en dink toe, 'Ag, waarom nie?'

Ek loop nader en die maer honde, sterte tussen die bene, begin eers op 'n afstand knor en toe, nekhare nog steeds orent, so langhalsig aan my ruik. Die kleintjies het die hutte ingevlug en kyk nou met wawye oë om die hoek van die deure. Ek gaan sit ook in die kring. Dit is 'n lieflike herfsoggend en êrens koer 'n tortelduif. Toe ons aangekom het, het almal gelag en geskerts, maar nou is hulle stil. Sommige kyk strak voor hulle en ander weer, so af en toe skelm na my. Ons almal voel ongemaklik. Een van die honde kom ruik skrikkerig aan my rug. Ek vergaap my eintlik aan die kleurryke drag van die vroue, al die krale en armbande.

Ou Mieta het die kraal se beste koppie en piering gaan haal en bring die tee.

'Baas moet tog maar onse armoedigheid vergewe.'

Dit is nou nog stiller as voorheen, want die duif het weggevlug. Net die son sing. Nou hou almal my dop. Oorkant my in die kring sit ou Elias, net langs sy adjudant, ou Simon met die een oog. Die gevoel van ongemaklikheid word nou ondraaglik en ek moet gou 'n liegstorie uitdink om die lag van vroeër weer wakker te maak.

Toe vertel ek die storie van die wolf wat ek eenkeer mak gemaak het. 'Hau', klink dit dof deur die kring. Maar toe vreet hy die bure se skape op. Groot skade, hau! Ek neem hom dokter toe en laat al sy tande trek en laat vir hom vals tande maak. Hau, vals tande! En toe lag almal en klap met die hande. Ja, en net as hy moes vreet het ek hom die tande gegee. Daarna het ek dit in my broeksak gesteek. Jo!

Ou Mieta kom my weer by die kar bedank as ek ry. Ek wonder oor haar welsprekendheid. Met die wegry kyk ek om na die kring in die lou son waar almal weer lag, nou oor die wolf met sy vals tande.

88 Die glasuurmonument in die mis

(Hoofstad, 21 May 1982)

'Ek sal 'n groot komponis kan word, as ek maar net kan neerskryf wat ek alles in my kop hoor,' klink dit van baie amateurs.

Soms word ek in die nag wakker van 'n inval, 'n akkoord of 'n frase en dan skryf ek dit gou neer. Dan kom so 'n mens jou opsoek met sy God-gegewe akkoord of melodie en kyk jou trots met oë aan wat glinster, asof hy so pas 'n blik deur die paradyspoort gehad het. Losstaande invalle soos hierdie is soms nie sleg nie, maar die kundigheid om dit tot 'n boodskap te verwerk, ontbreek helaas soos by baie aspirantskrywers ook. Soos Frekie van Degenskede byvoorbeeld. Frekie is nogal 'n sensitiewe mens wat soms in die nag wakker word as 'n ingewing by hom kom pleit om neergeskryf, om verewig te word. Dan vlieg Frekie op en slaan die sin gou hok. Gewoonlik is dit net een sin. Bevliegings is maar snoep met Frekie. 'n Flenterjie hier, 'n flentertjie daar. In sy swartboekie langs die bed staan dit opgeteken, dié mooi sinne wat Frekie teen alle ure kom wakkerspook.

'Woorde het in my losgeruk toe die nag nog diep was,' staan daar op die eerste bladsy. 'n Entjie laer af: 'die hek skree op sy skarniere, soos 'n wulpse merrie in die nag.' En verder: 'ek gluur na die vuur in die uur as die muur van glasuur ...'. Die sin het Frekie so 'n bietjie vasgetrek. Die inspirasie het opgedroog na glasuur, miskien maar goed so, want geglasuurde mure vind jy seker net in die Taj Mahal en dit is te betwyfel of Frekie ooit die binnekant van dié paleistombe sal betree, wat nog om daar na 'n vuur te gluur.

Die boekie is al halfpad vol van dié mooi en soms aandoenlike sinne, maar Frekie kom eintlik nooit so ver om dit in 'n boodskap aan die mensdom te verwerk nie. Hy is eintlik te besig om aan sy toekomstige roem en eer te dink. Eers aan die naam skaaf. 'Frekie' gaan geen resensent of leser ooit imponeer nie. Dit klink na 'n sproetgesig-knapie met bakore en 'n alewigdruppelende neusie. 'Freek' dus. Nee ook nie. Frederik. Aha, Frederik. Dis imposant; Frederik die Grote en al die ander Frederikke wat roem behaal het. Miskien tog liever met 'n 'ck' spel ... Frederick. Dit lyk nog meer vernaam. Of nee, nee, nee. 'Frederic', soos Chopin. Eers gaan vasstel in watter rigting die aksente op die e's val. Gaaf, gaaf, gaaf. Frédéric van Degenskede.

Maar die VAN hinder nou. Daar is so baie VANS – Van Rensburg, Van Niekerk ... nee, die 'van' moet waai. Of wag, wag, wag. VAN Beethoven – Ludwig van Beethoven, Rembrandt van Rijn, van Riebeeck. Ag wat, die 'van' kan maar bly. Kyk ook maar na al die Italiaanse en Franse vanne met 'di' of 'da' of 'de' of 'du'. Dis maar dieselfde as 'van'. Frédéric van Degenskede.

Die Frédéric en die 'van' is nou reg, maar die res? Gaan miskien moeilik wees om dit in te pas? Dis so lank – Degenskede. Dit klink ook na 'n bek-klapper-hek wat jy te styf span sodat die dwarsstokke op die drade vibreer. Maar dit is tog ongewoon. Eintlik behoort dit die mense regop te laat sit. Miskien tog liever skede met 'n 'ch' spel: 'schede', 'van Degenschede'. Dit lyk meer vernaam as skede, wat sommige nogal kan laat bloos.

Frédéric van Degenschede se naam was nou reg, swaar en vernaam, maar tog ... tog wonder hy oor die 'Frédéric' ... Hoe sou 'Frédérique' lyk? Nee wat, maar by die 'Frédéric' bly. Die naam was nou reg, en die besluit wat hy nou moet neem is of hy poësie of prosa gaan skryf, of 'n mengsel. Eers dán sal hy oor die inhoud kan dink. EERS DIE STYL, DAN DIE INHOUD. Hierdie slagspreuk klink soos die dinge wat hom snags wakkermaak. Nogal goed, hierdie motto, dink Frédéric, sommerso helderoordag uitgedink.

Aan die werk, aan die werk, aan die werk. Eers die 'styl', maak nie saak of dit prosa of poësie gaan wees nie. Eers die styl! Frédéric dink hom moeg en gaan bed toe. Dit sal wel in die nag kom. Of liever, in die nag sal dit wel kom – so vloei dit beter. Styl bo alles!

Frédéric raak skaars weg, of hier kom dit. 'Ek luister hoe hy fluister van die duister.' Hy vlieg op om dit neer te skryf en toe kom nog. 'Lindewinde dra die lerkvlerke óp na die glasuur-asuur.' 'Hot stuff!', roep Frédéric byna hees van aandoening, soos 'n hond wat in eie blaf stik.

Mmmmmm. Die 'lerke' hinder 'n bietjie. Wat is 'n lerk? Woordeboek, woordeboek. 'Lepra, leraar, lering – les.' Mmmmm. Dis nou 'n geneuk. Klink soos 'n ander naam vir leuwerik. 'Lark, lerk.' Duits: 'Lerch.' Aanvaarbaar! Poëtiese vryheid! 'Lindewinde' is natuurlik winde deur die lindebome. Elke aap behoort dit te snap, elke aap-swaap.

Hy gaan lê. Toe praat die stem weer: 'om 'n begrip te belip is 'n Kuns wat die wyse muse as Guns in ons godeskote plaas.' Hy skakel aan en skryf. Hm, 'godeskote'. Nogal goed. Beskrywe die ontvanklikheid van ons kunstenaarspesie tog so raak, die wagtende oop skoot, die bomenslike, geseënde skoot van die kunstenaar. Jammer dat geen byvoeglike naamwoord met 'muse' rym nie. 'Buse, guse, huse, fuse, luse ...'. Jammer. Reuse? Reuse muse? Nee, vérgesog. Liever laat waai.

Die klank, die blote klank van 'godeskote' geval hom. Twee rymbegrippe wat een woord vorm. 'Lindewinde, lerkvlerke, glasuurasuur.' Miskien is daar plek vir 'lasuur' ook! Glasuur-lasuur-asuur. Frédéric bewe van die opwinding. Hy wil die oggendbriesie groen verf! 'Blertsig-vlertsig.' Eureka! Gevind, gevind! My eie styl gevind, juig hy. Ek laat byvoeglike naamwoorde en bywoorde ook rym. 'Wekkend-vlekkend. Sloerend-hoe ...' (nou, miskien tog liever dié een nie), 'merrie-flerrie'. Naamwoorde rym ook, alles so tweewee gepaard. Dis nou *my* styl, my eie. Op die trant voortgaan en ek hoor al die resensie-hallelujas klink: 'prosa soos hemelse manna in groot albasters verstol wat uit ieder bladsy rol'. Ek kan ook alliterasie aanwend om daarby te pas. 'Wagtende, wakende honde.'

Maar Frédéric kon nie verder slaap nie, want nou kom die tweede deel van sy slagspreuk by hom spook: 'die boodskap'. Wat moet hy met hierdie gevleuelde woorde sê? Hy kan natuurlik begin om 'n sin soos 'n arend los te laat en dan bloot sy neus volg, hopende op 'n deurlopende draad. Maar toe begin dinge vir Frédéric nog verder skeef loop. Bedags kwel die boodskapprobleem hom. Hy kan aan niks dink om te sê nie. Sy swart boekie is eintlik 'n katalogus van poëtiese sinne, die een met die rug op die ander gekeer. Eintlik

so nutteloos. Dis nie die ergste nie. Die ergste is die nagtelike stem van die muse wat nou allerhande Poltergeist-streke begin uithaal. Sommer daardie eerste nag al kom dit: 'pietluttig, lig sy flietig haar pinkie vir die lugtige vinkie op die pou-blou draad, waaragter die losse osse om die bosse die klosse van hul sterte aan die rye dye slaan.'

Frédéric skryf dit nie meer neer nie. Hy sug net, en gaan sluk 'n slaappil in die badkamer en kruip weer in. Teen tweeuur praat die stem weer: 'Nasperend wasper die washuis, wees-waserig in die holle kollig.'

'Vervlaks!' skree Freek, sodat die bure amper wakker word.

Teen drieuur kom dit weer, hoog en tergend: 'olke bolke riebiestolke, olke bolke knol, gol, hol, jol, vol, zol!!'

Van toe af sluk Frekie saans drie sterk pille en slaap soos 'n klip. Die boekie het hy weggegooi.

Monna Osoro het gekom

(Hoofstad, 25 June 1982)

Hulle was banger vir hom as vir die *tokoloshi* – dié gemeenskappie wat in die stat teen die heuwelhang gewoon het. Die *monna osoro*, die vreeslike man, het hulle nog nooit gesien nie, maar ander hét, die mense in die stat daar onder in die vlakte. Hy was al twee keer daar, die *monna osoro* – man van verskrikking – met die vet, rooi gesig, die man met kakieklere in kruisbande wat in die bakkie met sy geweer kom om die honde te skiet.

Saans het die moeders die kinders met die *tokoloshi* bang gepraat as hulle onnutsig was – die *tokoloshi* wat soos 'n groot akkedis lyk en regop loop. Maar niemand het die *tokoloshi* al ooit gesien nie. Een van die vroue het een aand teen skemer 'n geritsel by die fontein gehoor en verskrik met die emmer terug gevlug. Maar sy het niks gesien nie. Soms het hulle hom snags op die gras van die dak hoor snuffel, of soms by die deur en dan met rukkerige asemstil gelê en wag op die geweldige oomblik van sy verskyning. Sy naam het hulle altyd bang gefluister, want anders kon hy dit dalk hoor en dink dat hy geroep word.

Monna osoro het hulle nog sagter gefluister en dan het almal hulle vaal geskrik. Niemand het die kinders ooit met hom gedreig nie, want selfs die noem van sy naam het almal laat bewe. Toe een van die vroue van die stat in die vlakte eendag aangehardloop kom om te sê dat hy daar is, het almal met die honde tussen die rotse van die heuvel gaan wegkruip en geluister na die skote, en eers teen skemer weer teruggekom. In die dag was net die vroue en die kinders daar. Al die mans, behalwe ou Simon met die een oog, het op die lande vér agter die heuvel gewerk. Dan was daar die ses maer honde wat leweloos met lang sterte tussen die bene rondgeloop, of aan die sonkant van die hutte geslaap het. Snags het hulle soms vir die maan geblaf of saggies vir iets geknor – miskien vir die *tokoloshi* in die gras.

Die honde het aan almal behoort, behalwe Phefo, die baster windhond. Hy was die tienjarige Thabo s'n. Toe dié verdwaalde hond eendag by die stat opdaag, het Thabo hom dadelik vir homself geëien en hom die naam Phefo gegee – die wind – omdat Phefo selfs die vinnigste haas kon inloop. Bedags het hulle tussen die polle gaan hase jaag, of soms dassies op die heuwel. Snags, veral in die winter, as die ander honde buite in die ryp gebewe het, het Phefo langs Thabo onder die velkometers geslaap.

Een herfsoggend het al die vroue in 'n kring gesit en pap eet. Ou Simon met die een oog het eenkant naby die kinders gesit. Die honde, nog styf van die koue, het stram rondgeloop. 'n Paar het gelê en bene kou. Die vroue het in die lou son gelag en 'n paar het saggies gesing. Skielik skree ou Simon deur sy skrik: 'monna osoro!'.

Dié swart naam laat almal in verskillende rigtings kyk. 'n Paar spring op om te vlug, maar bly verlam staan. Die bakkie hou vinnig stil en uit die stofwolk kom hy aangestap, geweer in die hand – monna osoro met die poenskop en rooi gesig. Die kinders het die hutte ingevlug, maar Thabo hurk by Phefo en sit sy arm beskermend om die hond se nek. In vrees het al die vroue opgestaan en merk nou al die besonderhede van die verskriklike man – die vet buik, die kakielklere, die bloedkolletjies op die broek naby die skoene, die groot geweer in die hand. In hul verbeelding, vroeër, was dit net die rooi dik gesig, kruisbande en kakielklere en nêrens die geweer. Maar nou merk hulle alles.

Hy is ongeskeer. Hy het nou ogies en 'n groot mond onder 'n knopneusie.

'Waarsie liksense?'

Dit klink soos donderweer. So moet die *tokoloshi* ook praat. Ou Simon kom stram op sy seer bene nader.

'Waffer liksense baas?'

'Waffer liksense? Die liksense virrie honne,' en hy wys na die honde om hom. Sommige ruik aan die bande van die bakkie en ander knor saggies. Thabo hurk nog steeds in vrees by Phefo.

Ou Simon hou sy uitgestrekte palms voor hom oop.

'Mar hoekom die honne moet liksense hê baas?'

'Jy mors my tyd. Het julle liksense of nie? Ek sien niks!'

Hy haal die geweer oor en skiet die hond naaste aan hom. Die verskriklike harde slag en die kruitdamp is soos 'n bouse beswering in 'n koorsnag. Die hond tol in die rondte in die stof en bloedmodder. Een van die ander honde vlug verskrik na die naaste hut. Nog 'n skoot klap en die gewonde dier braak bloed teen die kleimuur.

'So, julle vreksels. Dit sal julle leer om liksense te koop!'

Thabo spring op en sleep Phefo met hom saam. Sy hart klop in sy keel soos hy deur die polle nael en hy voel duislig en naar.

92 'Stop jou vrekse, stop!' skree die man en vuur 'n skoot in sy rigting.

Thabo hoor die koeël by hom verbyfluit en struikel van skrik. Agter hom hoor hy hoe die vroue nou hardop begin huil. Dan val nog skote en honde tjank. Thabo hardloop na 'n donga en gaan hygend lê. Phefo staan besluiteloos op die rand.

'Etna mo Phefo, etla mo,' fluister hy. Kom hier, kom hier.

'n Ander hond het hulle gevolg en ook op die rand kom staan. Weer 'n skoot klap en die hond val langs Thabo.

'Kom Phefo,' fluister hy deur sy droë mond en hardloop met die donga op na die heuwel.

Phefo volg hom in die doodsvlug. Vinnig klim hulle tussen die rotse deur na 'n skeur waar hulle altyd gaan sit en kyk na die akkedisse. Sy bors brand van die moeg en skrik en sy arms en bene bloei van die haakdorings waardeur hulle gevlug het.

By die skeur sleep hy Phefo met hom saam die donkerte in en hulle gaan lê agter waar dit klam is. Hy sit sy hand op die hond se vinnig hygende bors en begin huil. Phefo lek sy arm met die rukkende, klewerige tong. Laat die middag eers kruip hy versigtig uit die skeur en kyk af op die stat. Almal is weg. Net die vier dooie honde lê daar rond. Hy sien nog die spore waar die bakkie omgedraai het. Eers teen skemer het hy die moed om af te klim en versigtig terug te gaan. Die honde met hul wasige oop oë was almal styf en taai van die bloed. Binne-in die hutte huil die vroue saggies en ou Simon hoes êrens in die donker. Monna osoro het gekom.

Die klos in die koppie tee

(Hoofstad, 13 August 1982)

Na werk gaan joernalis Valentyn Jorgensen weer 'n draai by Lala Vader, die bekende rubriekskryfster, in haar woonstel maak.

'Laas week het jy my byna aan die slaap gepraat met jou teedrink-stories oor deftige madams met krom pinkies en skoothonde,' sê Lala toe hy sy sit gekry het. 'Wat voer jy nou in die mou?'

Valentyn gaap agter die rug van sy hand.

'Nog teestories.'

'Slaan my dood. Jy en jou beheptheid met tee.'

'Eintlik haat ek tee, veral daardie bossiesgoed. Ek gorrel dit net as ek seerkeel het,' sê Valentyn. 'Koffie kan ek enige tyd met plesier afsluk, maar jy kan nie meer stories oor koffiedrinkery skryf nie. Dit hoort tot ons periode van armoede, droogte en sprinkane ...'

'En bywoners.'

'Ja, en bywoners. Die veld van teestories lê nog wyd en braak.'

‘En waaroor gaan dit nou?’ wil Lala weet.

‘Jong, dis eintlik ’n ware verhaal – met ’n familielied van my gebeur, ’n neef of so iets – kan nie meer onthou presies wie nie. Die storie is al so lank in die familiemond opgeneem.

‘Die ou gaan toe mos Engeland toe vir verdere studie en vind goedkoop losies in Londen, êrens in ’n straatjie met ’n kronkeling – ’n tipiese ou derderangse losieshuis.

‘Die eerste nag lekker geslaap, ten spyte van die dun, hobbematras en vreemde reuk en toe die volgende oggend met sy tra-la-la liedjie gaan aansit by een van die ontbyttafels, tussen die ander strak en blink gesigte en sy hande gevryf. Selfs in Engeland blink al die losiesbewoners se gesigte. Miskien kom dit van goedkoop seep.’

‘Miskien blink dit van welsalige gevoel,’ sê Lala.

‘Maar waarom is hulle dan altyd strak? In elk geval, my neef of wat ook al, het daar tussen die manne gaan indruk, want sewe was reeds om die ronde tafeltjie gepak wat eintlik net vir vier bedoel was. Almal het nouborsie getrek en as een besluit het om te sug of hoes, het die skokgolf deur al agt getrek.

‘Almal het strak voor hulle uitgestaar, soos mense wat op ’n moltrein wag. Maar neef het, met sy elmboë styf teen sy sye vasgepen, sy hande gevryf want hy had lus vir pap, wors en eiers met dik repe spek en twee koppies sterk koffie, of miskien selfs drie. Hy het juis tuis gelees van die “heartly British breakfasts”.

‘Die ou het ook gedink: miskien sal ’n kelnerinnetjie dit bedien, ’n meisie in gestyfte wit met slank gewigte en breë heupe, ’n allerfraaiste poppie met rooi wangetjies en blou ogies.

‘Toe skielik, het die ou blouneus madame die swaaideur met haar pienk pantoffel oopgeskop en steunend met ’n reuse skinkbord verskyn, nog steeds in haar ou rooi kamerjas, soos dié van ’n ou, verslete Vader Kersfees.

‘Bo oor die skinkbord was die verkreukelde oë, wat gelyk het asof sy daarop geslaap het en langs haar wange het die hompe vet gedril, asof hulle enige oomblik op die skinkbord kon afdrup.

‘Sy het op haar pienk pantoffels nadergeslons, terwyl blou klossies aan lang, geel toutjies aan haar moue geswaai het. Met ’n sug, gemeng met die half verwyte van “dear me” het sy die skinkbord tussen die manne neergesit en toe al rekkende bo oor hulle, die inhoud afgepak. Eers die groot, Engelse teepot, toe die rakkies met geroosterde brood, die koppies, pierings, teelepels en messe en laaste die repiesbotter en ’n klein kelkie marmelade.

‘Elkeen het vir homself ’n bord en koppie en ander dinge gegryp, soos dit losiesprotokol betaam. Jy vra nie. Jy rek en gryp. Dis elmboog teen ribbekas, dis hande wat op pad na die melkbekertjie in die lug bots.

'Madame het besluit om self die tee te skink en toe eers vir neef geskink, omdat hy 'n nuwe gas was en daarna oor hom gerek om vir sy buurman te skink, maar terwyl sy skink, het die blou klos van haar skinkarm ongemerk in neef se tee beland. Eers 'n rukkie bo gedryf en toe stadig afgesak en op die bodem gaan lê en borreltjies opgestuur. Met die orent kom, het sy die druppels van die stomende klos op die tafel gemerk en met 'n "dear me" die teepot neergesit en die klos op die skinkbord uitgedruk. Neef se koppie was nou net driekwart vol en bo op die swart vog het 'n dun lagie vet gedryf.'

'En jy vertel my dit, dié kru storie, met my koppie tee nog ongedrink,' protesteer Lala.

'Wag, nog 'n ding dan verkas ek, want my intermezzo is byna oor.

'Dieselfde neef, volgens die familiesaga, toer toe later deur Engeland met 'n gehuurde motor "to see for himself how the natives live." Die pad was nou en kronkelend en die dag troosteloos van die gietende reën. En toe, om 'n draai, merk hy 'n rots wat ver oor die pad hang en onder die rots, in hul reënjasse saamgehurk om 'n primusstofie, 'n gesin van vier, "brewing their mid-morning tea".

Stefans Grové: Work Catalogue

Chris Walton

The work lists of Stefans Grové hitherto available in assorted reference books contain much information that is contradictory. Wherever possible, we have for the present catalogue consulted Grové's manuscripts and his published works, though in some cases, neither could be found. Neither the composer himself nor any one library possesses copies of all his works (the most comprehensive collection being undoubtedly that held by the Library of the University of Pretoria). The composer kindly gave of his time to proofread this catalogue. Thanks are also due to Michael Levy of the South African Music Rights Organization (hereafter 'SAMRO') for providing much-needed information.

Where a work entry below contains only a minimum of information, the reason is that the present writer was unable to ascertain more. For completeness's sake, all works known to have been composed by Grové are listed here, including those either withdrawn or lost. Only where no score could be found have we, by necessity, based our information on that offered by existing catalogues. Strange though it may seem, very little information could be found on the first performances of Grové's music.

Where a specific day is given as the date of composition, this is the date recorded by the composer in his manuscript, and is (presumably) the date of completion. The first line of vocal works is given in inverted commas after the title, except where title and first line are identical. Where the composer has accorded his works the same title in more than one language, all forms thereof are given. These are divided, as is customary library practice, by an equal sign, thus:

Tower Music = Toringmusiek = Turmmusik

In these cases, the English version is always given first. Entries from the archives of the South African Broadcasting Corporation are provided with numbers of the following format: TM1302(84)/7413. The code preceding the forward slash is the catalogue number of the recording. The number following the forward slash is the identity code of the document.

96 Abbreviations

S – soprano; Mez – mezzo-soprano; A – alto; T – tenor; B – bass;

Pic – piccolo; Fl – flute; AFl – alto flute; Ob – oboe; CorA – cor anglais;
Cl – clarinet; Bcl – bass clarinet; Sax – saxophone; ASax – alto saxophone; Bn – bassoon;
Cbn – Contrabassoon; Hn – horn; Tpt – trumpet; Trbn – trombone; Tb – tuba;
Timp – timpani; Perc – percussion; Hp – harp; Org – organ; Vl – violin; Va – viola;
Vc – cello; Db – double bass; Str – strings

Opera

Die bose wind

Opera in three acts to a libretto by the composer

Composed: 1983

Setting: Cape Town, ca 1779-1783

Commissioned by CAPAB (the Cape Performing Arts Board), but never performed.

Not orchestrated

Characters:

Joachim Ammema, Baron van Plettenberg, Governor – baritone

Baroness Cornelia Charlotte Feith, his wife – mezzo-soprano

Marie van Plettenberg, niece of the Governor – coloratura soprano

Karl van Reenen, her fiancé and son of Jacob van Reenen – tenor

Willem Cornelis Boers, lawyer and corrupt member of the Cape government – bass

Jacob van Reenen, leader of the Free Burgher uprising – baritone

Pierre François, Viscount de Barras, a French naval officer – tenor

Tieleman Roos, one of the Free Burghers – bass

Barend Artoys, one of the Free Burghers – bass

Nicolaas Godfried Heyns, one of the Free Burghers – bass

Otto Luder Hemmy, Vice-Governor – baritone

The Company Surgeon – high baritone or tenor

Hendrik Buitendag, citizen of the Cape – high baritone or tenor

Bertha Buitendag, his wife – contralto

Petra Buitendag, their daughter (12 years old) – soprano

Antje Buitendag, their daughter (10 years old) – soprano

Katryn, the principal slave woman – speaking role

Jussuf, the head slave – silent role

Ontong, their son (6 years old) – silent role

Malay fishers (ca 6 in number) – male chorus (high baritones)

Chorus of the Free Burghers – tenors and basses

Chorus (SSATB)

Ballets

Ballet suite

For piano duet

Composed: 1944

First performance: 1946

Alice in Wonderland

A ballet based on Lewis Carroll

Ensemble: Pic, Fl (doubling AFl), Cl, Bcl – Hn, Tpt, Tenor Trbn, Bass Trbn – Perc (bass drum, snare drum, suspended cymbals, woodblock) – Celeste – 6 Va, 4 Vc, 2 Db

Composed: 1960

First performance: 13 May 1960 at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore. Choreography: Martha Clarke, who also danced the role of the March Hare

Commissioned by Dale Sehnert of the Modern Dance Department of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore

Waratha

Ballet

Orchestra: 2 Fl, 2 Ob, CorA, 2 Cl, Bcl, Bn – 2 Hn, 2 Tpt, 2 Tenor Trbn, Bass Trbn, Tb – Timp – Str

Composed: 1976

First performance: 1978

Commissioned by Oude Libertas

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2671(77)/121469, National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Edgar Cree (conductor); SABC archive recording TM10258(98)/122641 (abridged version), National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Edgar Cree (conductor); SABC archive recording TM10254(98)/122642 (last two movements), National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Edgar Cree (conductor)

Pinocchio

Ballet for children in three acts

Orchestra: Pic, 2 Fl, 2 Ob, CorA, 3 Cl (2nd Cl alternates with ASax), Bcl, Bn – Hn, 2 Tpt, Trbn – Timp, Perc (bass drum, crotales, glockenspiel, gong, guiro, snare drum, suspended cymbal, 2 tenor drums, tambourine, 4 temple blocks, 2 triangles, whip, woodblock, xylophone) – Celeste, Piano, Harpsichord – Str

Composed: 1988

Commissioned by the South African Music Rights Organization and composed for the Johannesburg Youth Ballet

Recording: SABC archive recordings TM10875-10877(2001)/149965 and TM10592-10594(00)/135699, National Symphony Orchestra; Edgar Cree (conductor)

Incidental Music

Uit die dagboek van 'n soldaat

Incidental music for a radio play by N. P. van Wyk Louw

For orchestra

Composed: 1964
 First performance: 1964
 Commissioned by the SABC

Orchestral Works

Elegy

For string orchestra
 Wordless setting of the lament for Koki, from *Raka* by N.P. van Wyk Louw
 Composed: 1948
 First performance: 1948
 Recording: SABC archive recording TM2470(81)/121393, Ensemble Musical; Eugene Effenberger (conductor)

Overture

Composed: 1953
 Withdrawn

Sinfonia concertante = Konsertante simfonie

See: **Concertos**

Symphony 1962

Orchestra: Pic, 2 Fl, AFl (or 3rd Cl), 2 Ob, 2 Cl, Bcl, 2 Bn, Cbn – 4 Hn, 2 Tpt, 3 Trbn, Tb – Timp, Perc (2 players) – Hp – Str
 Composed: 1962
 First performance: 12 October 1962 in Johannesburg. National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Anton Hartman (conductor)
 Commissioned by the SABC
 Recording: SABC archive recording TM10676(00)/138324, TM4475(74)/121434 and TM9433(95)/71523, National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Edgar Cree (conductor)

Partita

For string quartet and string orchestra
 Composed: 1963
 First performance: 1964
 Commissioned by Radio Belgium

Chain Rows, Concerto for Orchestra = Kettingrye, Konsert vir orkes

Orchestra: Pic, 3 Fl (1 doubles AFl), 2 Ob, CorA, 2 Cl (1 doubles Bcl), 2 Bn, Cbn – 6 Hn, 2 Tpt, 4 Trbn – 4 Timps (2 players), Perc (5 players: bass drum, bongos, glockenspiel, gong, snare drum, suspended cymbal, tenor drum, vibraphone) – Hp – Org – Str (including 5 Db)
 Composed: 1978
 First performance: 4 February 1981, Johannesburg City Hall. National Symphony Orchestra; Edgar Cree (conductor)
 Recording: SABC archive recordings TM3805(84)/121444 and TM10753(00)/142054, National Symphony Orchestra; Louis Lane (conductor); SABC archive recording of first performance TM10684(00)/138526, National Symphony Orchestra; Edgar Cree (conductor)

Note: The work includes cadenzas with solo passages for the following instruments: piccolo, alto flute, cor anglais, bass clarinet, viola, bassoon, trumpet, cello, harp, organ, percussion

Vladimir's Round Table. Study in the Russian Style = Vladimir se tafelronde

Orchestra: Pic, 3 Fl, 3 Ob, CorA, 3 Cl, Bcl, 3 Bn, Cbn – 4 Hn, 3 Tpt, 3 Trbn, Tb – Timp, Perc – Piano, Celeste, Hp – Str

Composed: 1982

First performance: 19 March 1982 in the City Hall, Pretoria. National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Othmar Mága (conductor)

Commissioned by the SABC

Dedicated to Izak and Felicity Grové

Recording: SABC archive recordings TM10747(00)/141636 and TM2068(82)/121389, National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Othmar Mága (conductor); SABC archive recording TM3276(87)/124274, Cape Town Symphony Orchestra; David de Villiers (conductor)

Review of the first performance:

Jacques P. Malan in *Hoofstad*, Pretoria, 23 March 1982:

At this point I should like to pay tribute to Grové for his sensitive handling of the material. It is swathed in a mist of aberration and shows all manner of musical signs indicative of intuitive experience. In the orgy the rocking 6/8 rhythm creates the association of dancing, singing men; in the second part he provides insight into the uncontrollable emotions that lead to the deceitful murderer's attack on his prey, mainly by the large distance between flute and bassoon and later clarinet and cello that take the melodic lead, to name only two examples. The music places the listener in the heart of the story – a remarkable experience.

(Translated from the Afrikaans)¹

Statement for future elaboration = Stelling vir latere uitbreiding

Orchestra: Cl, Bcl – 2 Hn, 3 Tpt, 3 Trbn – Timp, Tamtam – Hp – Str

Composed: 1983

First performance: 1984

Commissioned by the SABC

Dedicated to Bennie Bierman

Recording: SABC archive recording TM10242(98)/121532, National Symphony Orchestra; Michael Hankinson (conductor); SABC archive recording TM10821(2001)/145704, National Symphony Orchestra; Piero Gamba (conductor)

Dance Rhapsody: An African City = Dansrapsodie – 'n Afrika-stad

Orchestra: Pic, 2 Fl, 2 Ob, CorA, 2 Cl, Bcl, Bn, Cbn – 4 Hn, 4 Tpt, 3 Trbn – Timp, Perc (anvil, bass drum, bongos, crotales, glockenspiel, gong, guiro, marimba, tambourine, tenor drum, triangle, vibraphone, woodblock) – Hp – Str

Composed: 1986

'Music from Africa' series No. 2

First performance: 1986

Recording: Claremont CD GSE 1513, National Symphony Orchestra; John Arnold (conductor). Also SABC archive recordings TM10602(00)/136105 and TM3078(86)/158708, National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; John Arnold (conductor)
 Note: The city of the title is Pretoria

Concertato Overture: Five Salutations on Two Zulu Themes

Orchestra: Pic, 2 Fl, 2 Ob, CorA, 3 Cl, Bcl, 2 Bn – 4 Hn, 2 Tpt, 3 Trb – Timp, Perc (anvil, bass drum, cassa rulante, crotales, glockenspiel, gong, guiro, marimba, tambourine, tamtam, temple blocks, vibrara, xylophone) – Str

Composed: 1986

'Music from Africa' series No. 4

First performance: 1992

Recording: SABC archive recording TM8713(92)/57987, Cape Town Symphony Orchestra; David de Villiers (conductor); SABC archive recording CDM2003(63)/180078, National Symphony Orchestra; George Hanson (conductor)

Overture Itubi – a Festive Dance

Orchestra: Pic, 3 Fl, 3 Ob, CorA, 2 Cl, 2 Bn – 4 Hn, 2 Tpt, 3 Trbn – Timp, Perc (bass drum, cymbal, glockenspiel, guiro, maracas, marimba, large tamtam, tom-tom) – Str

Composed: 1992

'Music from Africa' series No. 10

First performance: 1992. South African National Youth Orchestra; Robert Maxym (conductor)

Commissioned by the Foundation for the Creative Arts for the South African National Youth Orchestra

Dedicated 'with esteem to Gerard and Dorothy van der Geest'

Recording: SABC archive recording TM10344-10345(99)/126888, National Youth Orchestra; Robert Maxym (conductor)

Invocation from the Hills and Dances in the Plains

Orchestra: Pic, Fl, 2 Ob, 3 Cl, Bcl, 3 Bn, Cbn – 4 Hn, 3 Tpt, 3 Trbn, Tb – Timp, Perc (bass drum, large gong, marimba, tenor drum, 3 tom-toms) – Str

Composed: 1994

'Music from Africa' series No. 13

First performance: 14 June 1996. Transvaal Philharmonic Orchestra; Gérard Korsten (conductor), Old Mutual Hall, University of South Africa (hereafter UNISA), Pretoria

Commissioned by the Foundation for the Creative Arts for the 80th anniversary of the Cape Town Symphony Orchestra

3 Meditations for Chamber Orchestra = 3 Meditasies vir kamerorkes

1. *Tranquility of being* = *Wesenskalmte*

Orchestra: Bcl – Hp – Str

2. *Nocturnal invocations* = *Nagtelike aanroepings*

Orchestra: AF1 – 2 Hn, 2 Tpt – Crotales, 4 bongos – Str (only Va, Vc, Db)

3. *Distant music* = *Vêrafmusiek*

Orchestra: AF1, Bcl – Vibraphone – Hp - Str

Composed: 2004

'Music from Africa' series No. 29

First performance: 12 August 2005 in the Musaeon of the University of Pretoria. Chamber Orchestra of South Africa; Cobus du Toit (alto flute); Jozua Loots (bass clarinet); Marina Solomon (harp); Magda de Vries & Suzy du Toit (percussion); Eric Rycroft (conductor)
Dedication: 'Vir Anette [Saaiman] en Alison [Grové]'

Concertos

Sinfonia concertante = Konsertante simfonie

Orchestra: Fl, Ob, Cl, Bn – Hn, Tpt, Trbn – Str
Composed: 24 January to 15 May 1956, in Annandale on Hudson, N.Y.
Publisher: SABC Music Distribution Department, Johannesburg
First performance: 1958
Commissioned by the SABC
Recording: SABC archive recording TM1324(83)/121381, National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Brian Priestman (conductor)

Concerto for violin and orchestra

Orchestra: Pic, 2 Fl, 2 Ob, 2 Cl, Bcl, 2 Bn, Cbn – 2 Hn, 2 Tpt, 3 Trbn – Timp, Perc – Str
Composed: 1959
First performance: 1960
Commissioned by the SABC
Dedication: 'To my parents'
Recording: SABC archive recording RM619(69)/117846, National Symphony Orchestra of the SABC; Annie Kossmann (violin); Anton Hartman (conductor)
Note: This recording was also cut on a record (LT368/84) for the SABC overseas transcription service

Cello Concerto

Composed: 1970
Not completed; lost
Mentioned by Ray Sprenkle in his reminiscences of the composer. See p. 38 in this volume.

Daarstelling

For flute, harpsichord and strings
Composed: 1972
Withdrawn

Concerto Grosso

For violin, cello, piano and string orchestra
1. *Morning Song*
2. *Night Music*
3. *Song of Joy*
Composed: 1974
First performance: 1975
Commissioned by Oude Libertas



Stefans Grové in Baltimore, 1959, at the time of writing his Violin Concerto.

102 Maya

Fantasy for violin, piano and string orchestra in one movement

Composed: January 1978

First performance: 1978

Commissioned by the University of Port Elizabeth and composed for the U. P. E. Youth Orchestra and its director Jack de Wet

Dedicated to Marushka (Alison Grové, the composer's wife)

Composer's motto: 'Ontrafeling en Bevestiging'

Kettingrye = Chain Rows

See: **Orchestral works**

Suite Concertato. Homage to Bach, Handel and Scarlatti

For harpsichord and string orchestra

Composed: 1985

First performance: 1985

Commissioned by the Performing Arts Council of the Orange Free State

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2374(85)/121435, Consortium Musicum; Stefans Grové (harpsichord); Derek Ochse (conductor)

Raka: Symphonic Poem in the Form of a Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

after N.P. van Wyk Louw's epic poem *Raka*

Orchestra: Pic, 3 Fl, 3 Ob, CorA, 3 Cl, Bcl, 3 Bn, Cbn – 4 Hn, 3 Tpt, 3 Trbn, Tb – Timp, Perc (bass drum, gong, guiro, marimba, tenor drum, 4 tom-toms, alto woodblock, alto xylophone) – Str

Early morning scene at the river

Raka appears

Interlude. Village life becomes peaceful again

Koki and the combat with Raka

Koki's mother cleanses his slain body by the night fires

Raka returns as conqueror

Composed: 1995-6

'Music from Africa' series No. 15

First performance: 26 February 1999. Napop Orchestra; Mark Nixon (piano); Gérard Korsten (conductor), Old Mutual Hall, UNISA, Pretoria

Commissioned by SAMRO

Review of the first performance:

Thys Odendaal in *Beeld Kalender*, 3 March 1999:

Grové does not use cheap effects. His instantly recognizable, strong and individualistic style leaves no room for ornamental elaboration, resulting in a 'symphonic poem' that addresses the essence of Raka economically – the conflict between good and evil, anchored in the confrontation between Raka and Koki. This leads the listener to experience the shocking violence between clashing forces ... The composer's musical portrayal of Raka, the ape-man, shows the enormous power of music and in the orchestral context the sometimes unsettling confrontation that can become a part of the musical idiom itself.

Concertino for Piano and Chamber Orchestra

Orchestra: Fl – Tpt – Marimba – Str

1. *Andante con moto – Presto*
2. *Andante con moto*
3. *Presto energico*

Composed: 2003

'Music from Africa' series No. 24

First performance: 14 July 2004 in the Musaion of the University of Pretoria. Chamber Orchestra of South Africa; Tinus Botha (piano); Eric Rycroft (conductor)

Dedication: 'Dedicated to Chris Walton in gratitude'

3 Meditations for Chamber Orchestra = 3 Meditasies vir kamerorkes

See: **Orchestral Works**

Concertino for Flute, Viola and Chamber Orchestra

Orchestra: Pic, 2 Cl, 2 Bn – 2 Hn, 2 Tpt, Basstrbn – Marimba, 4 Bongos, 1 large African drum – Str

1. *Con brio*
2. *Largo espressivo*
3. *Con brio*

Composed: 2005

'Music from Africa' series No. 30

Commissioned by the SAMRO Endowment for the Creative Musical Arts

Dedication: 'For Helen Vosloo & Jeanne-Louise Moolman'

Composer's motto: 'Tagesstimmen und Nachtflöten in ewiger Flucht' ('Day voices and night flutes in eternal flight')

Brass or Wind Ensemble

Tower Music = Toringmusiek = Turmmusik

For brass ensemble (4 Hrn, 2 Tpt, 3 Trbn, Tb)

Composed: 1954

First performance: 1955

Suite Juventuti

For winds and percussion

Ensemble: 4 Fl, 3 Ob, 4 Cl, 3 Bn – 4 Hrn, 3 Tpt, 3 Trbn, Tb – Timp, Perc (cassa militare, cassa rulante grande, tambourine, temple blocks, vibraphone, xylophone) – Hp

Intrada

Scherzo

In Memoriam A. H.

Danza

Toccata

Composed: 1982

First performance: 1983

Commissioned by the South African National Youth Orchestra Foundation

Dedicated to Frits Stegmann

104 Chamber Works

A Composer in Africa

Czardas

For violin and piano

Composed: 1945

First performance: 1946

String Quartet in D Major

Andante

Largo mesto

Un poco allegro

Composed: 1946

First performance: 1946

Dedicated to W. H. Bell

String Trio

For violin, viola and cello

Composed: 1947

First performance: 1948

Sonata for clarinet and piano

Composed: 1949

First performance: 1950

Duo for violin and cello

Fantasy

Fugue

Composed: 1950

First performance: 1951

Arrangement: For viola and cello (see below)

Duo for viola and cello

Composed: 1950

Note: Arrangement of the Duo for violin and cello (see above)

Recording: SABC archive recording TM3619(87)/121460; Jeanne-Louise Moolman (viola);

Susan Mouton (cello)

Trio for Violin, Cello and Piano

Composed: 1951

First performance: 1952

Note: Commissioned for the Van Riebeeck Festival. Won the G. Arthur Knight Prize of Harvard University in 1955

Recording: SABC archive recordings TM10324(99)/126618 and TM2174(84)/121385; Annie Kossmann (violin); Marian Lewin (cello); Sini van den Brom (piano)

Serenade

For flute, oboe, viola, bass clarinet and harp

Composed: 1952

First performance: 1952

Awarded a prize by the Northern California Harpists' Association

Trio

For oboe, clarinet and bassoon

Composed: 1952

First performance: 1955

Fugue

For flute, oboe and bassoon

Composed: early 1950s

Divertimento

For recorder trio

Composed: 1953

Publisher: E. C. Schirmer, New York, 1955

First performance: 1953

Sonata in one Movement

For cello and piano

Composed: 1954

First performance: 1955

Quintet for harp and string quartet

Composed: 1954

First performance: 1955

Sonatina

For two recorders

Composed: 1955

Publisher: E. C. Schirmer, New York, 1955

First performance: 1955

Metamorphosis on the Theme ‘Morgen kommt der Weihnachtsmann’ (‘Baba black sheep’) in a variety of styles from Perotinus to Hindemith

For recorder trio (soprano, alto and tenor)

Composed: 1955

First performance: 1958

Variations in the style of Perotin, Petrus de Cruce, Francesco Landini, in the style of 15th-century Dutch dances, Thomas Morley, J. S. Bach, J. Haydn, Brahms, Johann Strauss, and in a ‘contemporary style’ [Hindemith]

Sonata for flute and piano

Composed: 1955

First performance: 1955

Note: This work won a prize of the New York Bohemian Club

Recording: SABC archive recordings TM3801(61)/121467 and TM7591(92)/32481; Jean-Pierre Rampal (flute); Anna Bender (piano); SABC archive recording TM1348(84)/121395; Amos Eisenberg (flute); Diane Coutts (piano)

106 Divertimento

For flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoon

Composed: 1955

First performance: 1955

Two Movements for String Quartet

Largo mesto

Presto con inertio

Composed: 1958

First performance: 1960

Three pieces for harp

Composed: 1974

First performance: 1976

Recording: SABC archive recording TM3718(76)/158373; Sheila Rossouw (harp)

The night of 3 April = Die nag van 3 April

For flute and harpsichord

Composed: 1975

First performance: 1976

Recording: SABC archive recording TM3718(76)/158373; Beat Wenger (flute); Stefans Grové (harpsichord)

Portrait of a girl = Portret van 'n meisie

For bass clarinet and guitar

Composed: 1975

First performance: 1976

Recording: SABC archive recording TM3718(76)/158373; Uliano Marchio (guitar); Peter Fuchs (bass clarinet)

For a winter's day = Vir 'n winterdag

Phantasy for bassoon and piano

Composed: 1977

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

First performance: 29 November 1996 in the Old Mutual Hall of UNISA, at a concert organized by 'Obelisk'. Werner Klein (bassoon); Annelien Ball (piano)

Composed for the UNISA exam syllabus

Dedicated to Retha Cilliers

Recording: Obelisk OBR-3005; Douglas Bull (bassoon); Waldo Weyer (piano)

Scaramouche

For bassoon solo

Composed: 1978

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

First performance: 29 November 1996 in the Old Mutual Hall of UNISA, at an 'Obelisk' concert; Werner Klein (bassoon)

Composed for the UNISA Licentiate syllabus

Dedicated to Retha Cilliers

Recording: Obelisk OBR-3005; Douglas Bull (bassoon)

Conversation for three = Gesprek vir drie

For oboe/cor anglais, clarinet/bass clarinet and percussion (Orff instruments, glockenspiel, 3 bongos, cassa roulante)

Composed: September 1978

First performance: 1978

Dedicated to 'Kobus, Etienne en Stephan'

Aquarelle seen twice = 'n Akwarel, tweekeer besigtig

For double bass and piano

Composed: 14 September 1979

First performance: 1979

Dedicated to Vic Pretorius

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2160(82)/121388; Vic Pretorius (double bass); Stefans Grové (piano)

Tribal Dance = Stamdans

For bassoon and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

First performance: 29 November 1996 in the Old Mutual Hall of UNISA, at an 'Obelisk' concert; Werner Klein (bassoon); Annelien Ball (piano)

Composed for the UNISA exam syllabus

Recording: Obelisk OBR-3005; Douglas Bull (bassoon); Waldo Weyer (piano)

Symphonia quattuor cordis

For violin solo

Composed: 1981

First performance: 1982; Jan Repko (violin)

Written for Jan Repko

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2760(85)/121407; Jan Repko (violin)

Shepherd's Song = Herderslied

For oboe and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 5 of the UNISA exam syllabus

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2153(82)/121391; Bryan Shaw (oboe); Malcolm Nay (piano)

Aubade

For trumpet and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 6 of the UNISA exam syllabus



Jan Repko studying the Symphonia quattuor cordis in 1982.

Composer's note: "n Aubade is 'n oggendlied. Die jubeltoon is in hierdie stuk vervang met 'n innig gevoelde groet aan die vroeë môrestond, as dit net begin skemer. Dit sluit as het ware aan by 'n naglied.' (An aubade is a morning song. The jubilant tone here is combined with an inwardly-felt greeting to the early morning hours, just as it begins to become light. It is as if it were the continuation of a night song.)

Koraal

For flute and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for the UNISA exam syllabus

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2153(82)/121391; Bryan Shaw (oboe); Malcolm Nay (piano)

Chloë, portrait of a young girl = Chloë, 'n portret van 'n jong meisie

For oboe and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 8 of the UNISA exam syllabus

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2153(82)/121391; Bryan Shaw (oboe); Malcolm Nay (piano)

Dance of the Clockwork Doll = Dans van die meganiese pop

For oboe and piano

Composed: 1981?

Fanfare

For trumpet and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 7 of the UNISA exam syllabus

The malicious sprite = Die bose kabouter

For clarinet and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 5 of the UNISA exam syllabus

Mirror on the Wall = Spieëltjie aan die wand

For clarinet and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 8 of the UNISA exam syllabus

Swaying branches = Swaaiende takke

For flute and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 3 of the UNISA exam syllabus

A Song of Sadness = 'n Hartseerlied

For clarinet and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 8 of the UNISA exam syllabus

Coiling Trails in the Sand = Kronkelsleepsels in die sand

For clarinet and piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 8 of the UNISA exam syllabus

Pan and the Nightingale = Pan en die nagtegaal

For flute solo

Composed: August 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 8 of the UNISA exam syllabus

Recording: University of Pretoria Music Department CD No. UPMD001; Thomas de Bruin (flute); SABC archive recordings TM10318(99)/126590 and TM7396(92)/27845; Leslie Sheills (flute)

Sonata on African Motifs = Sonate op Afrika-Motiewe

For violin and piano

*Recitativo (Notturmo 1)**Ditirambo**Intermezzo (Finale 1)**Notturmo 2**Finale 2*

Composed: 1984-5

'Music from Africa' series No. 1

First performance: 1985

Commissioned by SASOL

Dedication: 'With love to my sister Makkie'

Recording: SABC archive recordings TM3127(86)/121383, TM10610(00)/136750, TM3793-3795(87)/14765 and TM7591(92)32481; Derek Ochse (violin); Erika Bothma (piano)

City Serenade

For flute/alto flute, clarinet/bass clarinet, viola, cello and harp

Composed: 1985

'Music from Africa' series No. 3

First performance: 1986

Commissioned by the Total Music Collection

Sextet for Cellos

Composed: 1986

First performance: 1988

Dedication: 'Charles H. Weich in memoriam'

Recording: SABC archive recording TM3793-3795(87)/14765; Susan Mouton, Jose Gomes, Peta-Ann Holdcroft, Brian Choveaux, Arend Brink, Heleen du Plessis (cello); Richard Cock (conductor)

Trio

For violin, horn and piano

Composed: 28 February 1989

'Music from Africa' series No. 6

First performance: 27 May 1989 in the Musaion of the University of Pretoria, in a concert of the South African Music Guild; Derek Ochse (violin); Johan Zietsman (French horn); Erika Bothma (piano)

Commissioned by the Performing Arts Council of the Orange Free State

Recording: SABC archive recordings TM88(123)/120986, TM4242(88)/121447, TM10319(99)/126611 and TM7591(92)3248; Derek Ochse (violin); Johan Zietsman (French horn); Erika Bothma (piano)

Review of the first performance:

David Hönigsberg in *The Star*, 30 May 1989:

Highlight of the evening was undoubtedly Stefans Grové's Trio for Violin, French Horn and Piano . . . yet another magnificent work from the pen of a giant. Its broad spectrum of emotion and complex contrapuntalism is well balanced, leaving the listener yearning for more.

Jeux de timbres

For harp, celeste and percussion (claves, crotales, gong, marimba, tamtam, timpani)

1. *Sognate*

2. *Rapido*

Composed: 1992

First performance: 1992

Commissioned by the SABC

Recording: SABC archive recording TM10725(00)/141831; National Symphony Orchestra; Henri Arends (conductor)

String Quartet: Song of the African Spirits = Strykkwartet: Gesang van die Afrika-geeste

Ritornello

1. *Aimu*

Ritornello

2. *Dxui*

Ritornello

3. *Mamilambo*

Ritornello

4. *Impundulu*

Composed: 1993 (completed 27 April 1993)

'Music from Africa' series No. 11

First performance: 22 March 1994 in the Old Mutual Hall, UNISA, Pretoria; Odeion String Quartet

Dedication: 'à Odeion Kwartet'

Commissioned by the Foundation for the Creative Arts

Recording: Claremont CD GSE 1565; Odeion String Quartet: Derek Ochse (1st violin); Abrie de Wet (2nd violin); John Wille (viola); Michael Haller (cello)

Composer's note:

Movement 1 (Aimu)

The ancestral spirits play a very important role in the lives of the African peoples. Appeals are always made to these spirits for assistance with troubles in life. The Akamba tribe of Kenia, for instance, call these spirits the Aimu. Upon death, a person moves into the world of the Aimu and becomes a guardian of family solidarity.²

Those who are dead are never gone,
they are in the breasts of women
they are in the child who is wailing
and in the firebrand that flames ...
the dead are not dead.³

Movement 2 (Dxui)

The Bushmen call the Spirit of Creation Dxui (pronounce Dx with a click of the tongue), whereas the Hottentots used the name Tsui, which was transferred to the Xosa [sic] and Pondo tribes as Thixo.⁴

Then [sic] the sun rose Dxui was a flower. The birds ate of him as a flower until the sun set. The night fell. He lay down and slept. The place was dark and the sun rose. Dxui, tall as a tree was another and larger kind of flower – a light-coloured flower that turned into a green fruit which ripened red in time, but when the sun went down again, Dxui was a man who rested. When the sun rose again, Dxui was Dxui and went away to become a palm.⁵

Movement 3 (Mamilambo)

Mamilambo is believed by the Xosa [sic] peoples to be a spirit in the form of a snake which ensures good luck.

Movement 4 (Impundulu – the lightning bird)

The Shona peoples believe that lightning is a bird which lays its eggs in the ground where it strikes.

His eyes emit flames
as he scoops down to earth
with a thunderous voice
and man and beast tremble in fear.
His beak is sharper than a sable
and his breast feathers redder than blood.
When he strikes he leaves the victims
of his thirst cold and lifeless.
Then he sounds the prayer:
protect our kraal and abode
from the cruel Impundulu.⁶

Sonata for Viola and Piano: Rural Life

1. *Dance of the Youth* = *Dans van die Jeug*
2. *Moonlight Music* = *Maanskynmusiek*
3. *Meeting of the Elders* = *Vergadering van die Oudstes*

Composed: 1995

'Music from Africa' series No. 14

First performance: 22 September 1994 in the State Theatre, Pretoria, at an 'Obelisk' concert; Jeanne-Louise Moolman (viola); Piet Moolman (piano)

Dedicated to Jeanne-Louise and Piet Moolman

Recording: Obelisk OBR-1005 (cassette); Jeanne-Louise Moolman (viola); Piet Moolman (piano). Also Claremont CD GSE 1546; Jeanne-Louise Moolman (viola); Piet Moolman (piano)

Soul Bird = Sielvoël

For flute, cello and piano

Tableau 1. The invocation

Tableau 2. Embodiment of body and soul

Tableau 3. Dream songs at midnight

Tableau 4. Flight of Ecstasy

Composed: 18 March 1998

'Music from Africa' series No. 19

Publisher: SAMRO, Johannesburg, 1998

First performance: 23 July 1998 in the Musaion, University of Pretoria (at the 1998 World Conference of the International Society for Music Education); Hemanay Trio: Helen Vosloo (flute); Marian Lewin (cello); Malcolm Nay (piano)

Commissioned for the Hemanay Trio by the SAMRO Endowment for the National Arts

Dedicated to the Hemanay Trio

Composer's note:

In many cultures, from the Ancient Egyptian to the present, the Soul is considered to take the shape of a bird. It is also believed that, after death, the Soul is turned into a song bird. The four Tableaux depict the initial invocation of the waiting soul bird and the eventual unification of body and soul. Tableau 3 recalls dream songs at midnight and Tableau 4 a flight of ecstasy from the sleeping body.

Portrait of a Clarinet Dancer

For clarinet solo

Composed: 1999

'Music from Africa' series No. 21

Voices = Stimmen

For piano with percussion ensemble (First player: large gong, suspended jazz [sizzle] cymbal [or 51cm cymbal], tenor drum [cassa rulante], bass drum with a foot-operated beater, 4 bongos; Second and third players: two timpani each)

1. *Presto con fuoco*

2. *Andante*

3. *Vivo*

Composed: 2003

'Music from Africa' series No. 25

Dedicated in friendship to Stephanus Muller

Composer's note:

'Solche Stimmen nun, haufenweise. Als hätte jemand eine Schleuse hochgezogen, hinter der die Stimmen eingesperrt waren.'

'Such voices, many of them – as if someone had opened a sluice behind which they had been held captive.' From Christa Wolf: *Kindheitsmuster*.

Note: The first movement is an alternative version of the *Dance Song for the Nyau Dance* for piano solo.

December Fragments

For flute and chamber organ

Composed: 2003

'Music from Africa' series No. 26

First performance: 25 May 2004 in the Aula of the University of Pretoria; Merryl Neille (flute); Herman Jordaan (organ)

Dedication: 'For Merryl Neille'

Commissioned by the Music Department of the University of Pretoria for the inauguration of the Aula Organ

Composer's note:

'In this rather short piece, I have tried to depict a variety of short scenes, as could have been observed by a butterfly. These fragments are kept within a strict structural discipline by unifying motives, which are heard in the flute as well as the organ. To maintain the soaring quality (of the butterfly viewing its surroundings), I have decided to write the organ part without the use of pedals.'

Quintet for piccolo, two flutes, alto flute and harp

1. *Andante – Allegro*

2. *Adagio*

3. *Vivo*

Composed: 2004

'Music from Africa' series No. 27

First performance: 21 July 2005 in the Musaion of the University of Pretoria; Khanyisile Mthetwa, Gerda Wilcocks (flutes); Anna-Maria Müller (piccolo); Cobus du Toit (alto flute); Marina Solomon (harp)

Dedication: 'Dedicated in friendship and esteem to John Hinch'

Conversations

For organ and piano

1. *Dialogue I* (First Acquaintance)

2. *Monologue I*, for organ solo (Fantasy)

3. *Thoughts and Dreams floating in Darkness*

4. *Monologue II*, for piano solo (Toccatà)

5. *Dialogue II* (Reminiscences)

Composed: 30 November 2005

'Music from Africa' series No. 31

Organ Works

Ritual

A fantasy for organ with four manuals

Composed: 1969

Withdrawn

114 Chorale Prelude on Psalm 42

For organ

Composed: 1974

First performance: 1976

Publisher: Nederduitse Gereformeerde Kerk, sinodale kommissie vir kerkmusiek, Cape Town, 1975

Composer's motto: 'O my siel, waarom so onrustig? En wat buig jy jou in my? Waarom in Gods lof onlustig as die vyand jou bestry? Menigmaal het hy jou druk laat verwissel in geluk.'

Rhapsodic Toccata

For organ

Composed: 1974

Intonations for Psalms 25, 38, 47, 66, 75, 89, 103, 123, 150

For organ

Published in *Intonasies vir orrel vir die 150 Psalms*, ed. Henk Temmingh. Calvin-Jubileumboekefonds, Potchefstroom, 1990.

Afrika Hymnus I

For organ

1. *Hail Africa, mysterious Continent*
2. *Song of an old woman in her hut at dawn*
3. *Night ritual*

Composed: 1991 (first part), 1993 (second and third parts). The first part was originally an independent work entitled *Afrika Hymnus. 'n Fantasia vir Konsertorrel* 'Music from Africa' series No. 8

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria, 1996, in the *UNISA Organ Collection*

First performance: 1993 in the Universiteitsoord (University Church), Pretoria; Eddie Davey (organ)

Commissioned by the Foundation for the Creative Arts for Eddie Davey

Dedicated to Eddie Davey

Recording: Claremont CD GSE 1546; Gerrit Jordaan (organ); Querstand VKJK 9707; Eddie Davey (organ); Priory PRCD 610; Liesbeth Kurpershoek (organ)

Composer's note:

The first movement depicts nine scenes from rural life, which are variations on a theme. The movement begins with a ritornello which appears recurrently throughout the movement.

The second movement is based on a Xhosa female song to the accompaniment of a musical bow and a little drum. At daybreak thirteen bird calls from the region are heard.

The finale represents a festive ceremony held at night.

Afrika Hymnus II

For organ

1. *Double scene: Dancing young women and drum players with hand clapping*
2. *Afrika Madonna* (inspired by the wood sculpture of Ernst Mancoba, 1929)
3. *Vuka!* (Wake up, make haste)

Composed: 1997

'Music from Africa' series No. 17

First performance: 24 May 1997 in the Old Mutual Hall of UNISA; Gerrit Jordaan (organ)

Commissioned by the Liberty Life Foundation

Dedicated to Gerrit Jordaan

Composer's note:

In the first movement, the listener should picture the dancing girls in a landscape of fleeting cold shadows and then observe the drum players and those behind them who clap their hands. The dancing and drum playing activities follow each other in succession. Of special note is the hypnotic theme which accompanies the dancing girls.

The second movement is an expression of the timelessness and peace that emanate from the sculpture by Mancoba.

The third movement depicts a rather restless elderly man who has become impatient with the tardy attitude of the younger men. He admonishes them with his heavy steps, and his insults are accompanied by often comical gestures.

Review of the first performance:

Mary Rörich in *Business Day*, 4 June 1997:

Predictably [Afrika Hymnus II] takes further many of the technical, colouristic and associative features of its predecessor. But, perhaps as a result of its conception in a dream state ... this hymn is less austere, more sensuous and more giving. The delicate tracteries that embroider the syncopated motives of the first movement, the sculpted phonologies of the second, the brash humour of the third and the orgiastic cast of the finale ... suggest that Grové has reached a pivotal point in his development, one in which technique has truly become the handmaiden of a unique dream and extraordinary compositional gift.

Conversations for organ and piano

See: **Chamber Works**

Clavichord Music

Die stille Welt von gestern

Suite for clavichord

Composed: 2005

'Music from Africa' series No. 32

Commissioned by Chris Walton

Piano Music

Vier klavierstukke

1. *Scaramouche*

2. *Elektron*

3. *Berceuse*

4. *Toccata*

Composed: 1945

First performance: 1946

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2247(60)/121398 (Berceuse only); Lionel Bowman (piano). Also SABC archive recording TM3718(76)/158373; Stefans Grové (piano)

116 Prelude

Composed: June 1946

First performance: 1947

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2160(82)/121388; Stefans Grové (piano)

Six mood pictures

1. *Sonderlinge tweegesprek*
2. *'n Geestelike gesang*
3. *'n Nagtelike minnaar*
4. *Vrouebeeld*
5. *'n Nuwe gewaarwording*
6. *'n Fantastiese droom*

Composed: before 1947

Three Inventions

Tokkata

Pastorale

Fuga

Composed: 1951

First performance: 1953

Recording: His Master's Voice, JALP 10005; Rachel Rabinowitz (piano). Also SABC archive recording TM2246(60)/121404; Rachel Rabinowitz (piano)

Note: later retitled '3 Piano Pieces'. Performed at the 1953 festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music, in Salzburg

Toccata and Rhapsody = Tokkate en Rapsodie

For piano

Composed: 1965

First performance: 26 May 1966 at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore

Publisher (Toccatto only): UNISA, Pretoria

Note: The Toccatto was the compulsory South African composition for the 3rd International Piano Competition in Pretoria in 1986. The two pieces also bear the title 'Two Piano Pieces'.

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2579(86)/125999 (Toccatto only); Paola Bruni (piano). Also SABC archive recording TM3170-3171(86)/138269 (Toccatto only); Orazio Maione (piano). Also SABC archive recording TM3718(76)/158373; Stefans Grové (piano)

Note: Orazio Maione was the overall winner and Paola Bruni the third prize winner of the 3rd International Piano Competition in Pretoria in 1986.

An experience in musical styles

For piano / harpsichord

Piano pieces written in imitation of the following composers:

William Byrd, Johann Sebastian Bach, Domenico Scarlatti, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Ludwig van Beethoven, Franz Schubert, Frédéric Chopin, Robert Schumann, Johannes Brahms, César Franck, Claude Debussy, Gustav Mahler, Enrique Granados, Alexander Scriabin, Francis Poulenc, Louis Moreau Gottschalk and Cole Porter

Written for a lecture-recital (on harpsichord and piano) given at various tertiary institutions in the USA and in South Africa, between 1970 and 1995

Recording: SABC archive recording TM2160(82)/121388 (only Schubert and Bach imitations); 117
Stefans Grové (piano)

Four piano pieces

Sanguinies

Tweespalt 1975 (for left hand)

Nagmusiek

Apodikties

Composed: 1975

First performance: 1976

Sad Song = Treurige lied

For piano

Composed: 1981

Composed for the UNISA exam syllabus

Cock Fighting = Hanegeveg

For piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Night Music from a Far-Eastern Country = Nagmusiek uit 'n verre oosterse land

For piano

Composed: 1981

Short toccata = Bondige tokkate

For piano

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

The Bells = Die klokke

For piano duet

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 2 of the UNISA piano duet exam syllabus

Wind Bells in the Night = Windklokkies in die nag

For piano duet

Composed: 1981

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria

Composed for Grade 1 of the UNISA piano duet exam syllabus

Waltz of the Elephant = Wals van die Olifantjie

For piano duet

Composed: 1981

Songs and Dances of Africa = Liedere en danse van Afrika

Seven études for piano

1. *Stamping Dance* = *Stampdans* = *Stampftanz*
2. *Night Song from the Distance* = *Naglied uit die Verte* = *Nachtlied aus der Ferne*
3. *Greeting of the new Day* = *Begroeting van die Nuwe Dag* = *Begrüssung des neuen Tages*
4. *Soft Song in the Twilight* = *Sagte Lied in die Skemering* = *Leises Lied in der Dämmerung*
5. *Dance of the Witchdoctor* = *Dans van die Toordokter* = *Tanz des Zauberers*
6. *Mbira Song carried by the Night Breezes* = *Mbira-lied op die Nagbriese gedra* [no German title]
7. *Dance of the Wind Spirit* = *Dans van die Windgees* = *Tanz des Windgeistes*

Composed: 1988-90

'Music from Africa' series No. 5

Publisher: UNISA, Pretoria, 1992

First performance: 7 May 1992 in the *Tauromenium*, Waterkloof Ridge, Pretoria; Pieter Jacobs (piano)

Commissioned by the Foundation for the Creative Arts

Dedication: 'In gratitude and highest esteem to Cameron Taylor'

Recording: Obelisk Music OBCD-01; Benjamin Fourie (piano); Claremont CD GSE 1546; Andrew Cruickshank (piano); University of Pretoria Music Department CD 2001 (Mareli Stolp, piano; Nos. 5 & 6 only); SABC archive recording TM10246(98)/122272; Pieter Jacobs (piano); SABC archive recording CDM2003(62)/180061; Benjamin Fourie (piano)

Note: prescribed South African compositions for the 6th UNISA Transnet International Piano Competition in 1992

Review of the first performance:

Paul Boekkooi in *The Star Tonight!*, 12 May 1992:

The more one listens to the music of Stefans Grové, the more one realises that (in a South African context) he really is a giant among many dwarfs. His music of late is stunningly rich in content and expression, while the dominant impression is that an instant maturity is a conspicuous part of his creative process. Jacobs . . . dug very deep in the complexity of this work, showing audibly what Grové's mainly very energetic sound pictures are all about.

Review of the Obelisk recording:

Michael Blake in the *South African Journal of Musicology*, Vol. 18, 1998:

The African influences in this work are best heard in the slower movements (2, 4 and 6), where a musical bow is suggested by the accompaniment or the *mbira* is imitated. What comes across quite strongly is the exoticism of these elements, rather than their assimilation, particularly in *Mbira Song Carried by the Night Breezes*. (While not for a moment questioning the integrity of this particular composer, I find it nevertheless interesting to see how little South Africans have developed in their perceptions of African music in the last half century.) If the fast movements (1, 2, 5 and 7) have anything to do with Africa, then it is more like Africa perceived through the eyes of an earlier European modernism, a hypothetical notion but an interesting one all the same.

Blue Dream Valley = Blou droomvallei

For piano

Composed: 1992

First performance: 17 March 1993 in the State Theatre, Pretoria; Anneke Lamont (piano)

Recording: Artium Music CD ATM 01; Alexander Johnson (piano)

Withdrawn

Review of the first performance:

Paul Boekkooi in *The Star*, 23 March 1993:

Quite the opposite of pure virtuosity was found in Stefans Grové's three *Fantasiestukke* [i.e. the *Blue Dream Valley*] – dream images for solo piano. Here the pianist Anneke Lamont obeyed every subtle nuance of Grové's score – a score that brings out some sounds you've never really heard on this level on the piano before. There are stirring effects, dramatic developments, a meditative wholeness. An intense reading of these haunting works.

Jewish Folksongs

For piano

Mesareh Jisrael

Holem zaadu

Hava nagila

Composed: 1993

Dedicated to Lucette Louw on the occasion of her Bat Mitzvah, 14 March 1993

Nonyana, the Ceremonial Dancer = Nonyana, die seremoniële danser

For piano

Composed: 1994

'Music from Africa' series No. 12

Publisher: SAMRO, Johannesburg, 1994, as No. 1 of *Two South African Dialogues for Piano* (No. 2 being *Time and the Land II* by Barry Jordan)

First performance: 1995

Commissioned by SAMRO for the SAMRO/UNISA Vladimir Viardo Piano Masterclasses of 1995

Dedicated to Vladimir Viardo

Recording: Claremont CD GSE 1546; Andrew Cruickshank (piano); SABC archive recording TM10291(99)/125459; Jill Richards (piano); SABC archive recording TM10308(99)/126062; Vladimir Viardo (piano)

Composer's note:

The *Nonyana* (literally 'bird') is an energetic figure dressed in a cloak of blackened bark-fibre and a scarlet-bean head-dress topped with ostrich feathers. The curious creature thus portrayed is central to the mystery of the highly secret *domba* – the dancing ceremony of the Venda⁷ circumcision school for girls – and uses a reed pipe as a voice-modifier to amplify the sounds of its cries. The unforgettable 'Python Dance' is the main feature of this school, with its sinuous line of maidens writhing to the insinuating, urgent beat of the *domba* drums. The dance is demanding, and by the end of the three-month initiation period the girls are shapely and amazingly uniform in physique. At night the scene is lit by the red heart and leaping dark shadows of the sacred fire around which the 'Python' winds its seemingly endless circular way.

This piece attempts to evoke the *Nonyana's* role in the ritual described above. It involves a great variety of mimetic movements, some of them carried out slowly and mysteriously in a crouching

position (depicted, for example, in the 'invocation' at the start of the piece), others requiring various stages of bodily extension culminating in vigorous leaps with arms and legs flung wide and 'whiplash' jerking of the head.

Six Images from Africa = Ses Beelde uit Afrika

For piano

Rain Valley

Night Music from Somewhere

Yemoja. Great Mother of the Waters

Invocation of the Water Spirits

Lamenting Birds

Dream Memories of an Old Dancer

Composed: 1998-9

'Music from Africa' series No. 18

First performance: 27 November 1999 in the Conference Hall of the University of South Africa, at an 'Obelisk' concert; Jill Richards (piano)

Commissioned by the University of Pretoria; No. 3 commissioned by the Information Centre for Southern African Music at Potchefstroom University

Dedicated to Jill Richards

Masks = Maskers

For piano duet

Mask of the Water Spirit

Mask of the Night Spirit

Mask of the War Spirit

Composed: 1999

'Music from Africa' series No. 20

First performance: 2000

Dance Song for the Nyau Dance

For piano

Composed: 2003

'Music from Africa' series No. 23

First performance: 23 January 2004 at the 2004 UNISA International Piano Competition; Gabrelius Alekna (piano)

Commissioned by UNISA for the 2004 UNISA International Piano Competition

Composer's note:

This nocturnal dance is usually performed on bright moonlit nights by a group of young men wearing masks in the shape of an antelope, an elephant and a lion. Some of the dancers walk on stilts. The dance is based on the song: 'Kalulu nkulo wa bwalo' in Nyasaland ('Rabbit is the chief of the court of animals'). Women are only allowed to observe this ceremony at a distance. [Source: Hugh Tracey: *Sound of Africa Series*, Vol. 2, AMA Tr 97, 1973].

The individual characteristics of the abovementioned animals are interwoven in the texture of this continuous piece, except in the section bars 32-40 which portrays the graceful movements of an antelope.

The piece must be performed with rhythmic exactness and energy. Semiquavers should be equal throughout, while the pedal may only be used where indicated.

Note: see also **Chamber works: Voices for piano with percussion ensemble**

Glimpses = Flitsbeelde

Five miniatures for piano

1. *The limping lion* = *Die mank leeu*.
2. *The meditating butterfly* = *Die peinsende skoenlapper*
3. *Configurations of the dragonfly* = *Dwarrelkringe van die naaldekokker*
4. *The serene sea horse* = *Die kalm seeperd*
5. *The masked weaver's masquerade* = *Maskerades van die swartkeel geelvink*

Composed: 2004

'Music from Africa' series No. 28

First performance: 21 September 2004 in the Musaion of the University of Pretoria; Sylvia Jen (piano)

Dedication: No. 1 'Dem Verfasser gewidmet'; No. 2 'For Alison [Grové]'; No. 3 'Pour Christopher [Grové]'; No. 4 'For Chloé [Grové]'; No. 5 'For Kara [Grové]'

Conversations for organ and piano

See: **Chamber Works**

Cadenza

Cadenzas for Mozart's Piano Concerto in E Flat, K 482

Composed: 1997

Sacred Choral Works

2 Carols from Musica Britannica

1. *Deo gracia persolvamus* (SSA)
2. *Parit virgo filium* (SATB)

Composed: 1974

First performance: 1975

No. 1 commissioned by the Northcliff School for Girls

No. 2 commissioned by the Orange Free State Youth Choir

Recording (only of *Deo gracia persolvamus*): University of Stellenbosch USO 9; Stellenbosch University Choir; Acáma Fick (conductor)

Music for Easter

For choir (SATB), flute, strings, Orff instruments and organ

Composed: 1977

First performance: 1977

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Advent Music

For choir (SATB), Orff instruments and organ

Composed: 1977

First performance: 1977

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

122 Gesange 133 & 135

By Hans Leo Hassler (as in the hymnal of Herrnhut of 1735)

Arranged by Stefans Grové for chorus (SAB), flute, glockenspiel, organ, 2 violins, viola and cello

Composed: February 1978

First performance: 1978

Publisher: DALRO, Johannesburg, 1978

Dedicated to the Nederduitse Gereformeerde Gemeente, Burgerspark, Pretoria

Drie Geestelike Liedere vir koor, met orrelbegeleiding

For choir (SATB) and organ

Composed: 1980

Psalm 18 (for SATB): 'Ek het U hartlik lief'

Gesang 303 (for soprano alone): 'Bewaar ons, Vader, deur U Woord'

Gesang 113 (for SATB): 'Hoe glansryk blink die Môrester'

Written for the Nederduitse Gereformeerde Gemeente, Burgerspark, Pretoria

Cantata: Siehe, wir haben alles verlassen

For choir (SATB) and organ

Gospel for Sunday Septuagesimae (Matthew 19:20; 20:16)

Composed: 1981

First performance: 1981

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Geburt aus dem Wasser und Geist

For soprano solo, choir (SATB), cello, 2 trumpets and organ

Gospel for Trinity Sunday (John 3:1-15)

Composed: 1982

First performance: 1982

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Himmelskönig sei willkommen

For choir (SATB), 2 trumpets and organ

For Palm Sunday (Matthew 21:1-9)

Composed: 1982

First performance: 1983

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Music for Missionary Sunday

For choir (SATB) and organ

Acts of the Apostles 8:26-28, 29-35

Composed: 1982

First performance: 1984

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Omnis caterva fidelium

For female chorus (S Mez A) and piano

Composed: 1985

First performance: 1988

Publisher: Die Suid-Afrikaanse Koorvereniging Noord-Transvaal, Pretoria, 1991, in *Jeugkoorbundel*

Commissioned by RIESA for the Roodepoort International Eisteddfod 1985

Christe, du Lamm Gottes

For choir (SATB) a cappella

For the Communion Service

Composed: 1993

First performance: 1999

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Er sprach aber auch

For choir (SATB) and organ

Gospel for the 9th Sunday after Trinity (Luke 16:1-12)

Composed: 1993

First performance: 1993

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Es war ein königlicher

For choir (SATB) and organ

Gospel for the 21st Sunday after Trinity (John 4: 47-54)

Composed: 1993

First performance: 1994

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig

For choir (SATB) a cappella

For the Lent service

Composed: 1993

First performance: 1996

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Darnach fuhr Jesus weg

For choir (SATB) and organ

Gospel for Sunday Lätare (John 6:1-15)

Composed: 1994

First performance: 1995

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Psalm 150 in Southern Sotho

For chamber choir (SATB), large choir (SATB) and percussion (2 African drums, bongos, marimba)

Composed: 1996

'Music from Africa' series No. 16

First performance: June 1997 by the UNISA Ad Libitum Choir

Commissioned by the UNISA Ad Libitum Choir

124 Psalm 138

For children's chorus (SA), chorus (SATB), African drums (two players), marimba and string orchestra

Composed: 2002

'Music from Africa' series No. 22

Commissioned by the Music Department of the University of Pretoria

First performance: 12 September 2002 at the University of Pretoria; Jacaranda Children's Choir; the Chorale, Camerata and Symphony Orchestra of the University of Pretoria; Johann van der Sandt (conductor)

Secular Choral Works

Kaapse draaie (D. J. Opperman)

Three pieces for choir

Composed: October 1974

Kitaarspeler, for choir (SATB), amplified guitar and vibraphone: 'Die klank verklik my vreugde en verdriet'

Rooioog, for choir (SSATB), flute, cello and double bass

Suidoos, for choir (SATB), piano, clarinet and xylophone

Commissioned by TRAMUS

Garden = Tuin (Louis Eksteen)

For female chorus (SSA), flute and viola

Composed: 1974

First performance: 1975

Lied van Transvaal (S. J. Pretorius): 'Diep was ons nasie nog aan slaap'

For double choir (SATB / SATB), pianoforte duet, two trumpets and three timpani (one player)

Composed: 1975

First performance: 1975

Commissioned by the University of Pretoria Choir

Symphony

For three-part choir and orchestra

Composed: 1975

Withdrawn

Wanderer = Landloper (Louis Eksteen): 'Die jare kom verby'

For female chorus (S Mez A)

Composed: 2 July 1976

First performance: 1976

Dedicated to 'the Eksteens'

Pretoriase Universiteitslied

Music by M. L. de Villiers, text by C. H. Cilliers. Choral arrangement by S. P. Holmes, orchestrated by Stefans Grové

Recording: University of Pretoria APD 3; Pretoria University Choir; SABC National Symphony Orchestra; Christian Tiemeyer (conductor)

Concerto burlesco: Gaudeamus igitur: Grepe uit die lewe van 'n Eerstejaar (Stefans Grové)

For chamber orchestra, with optional narrator and optional chorus (SATB)

Fanfare

Proloog

In- en Uitlewing

Interludium

Serenade en Bacchanaal (In die arms van Sarie en Bacchus)

Epilog (Vaar dan wel, ou grys gebou)

Orchestra: Pic, 2 Fl, 2 Cl, 2 Bn – Hn, Tpt, Bass Trbn – Perc (bass drum, glockenspiel, suspended cymbal, 3 temple blocks) – Str

Composed: 9 January 1982

First performance: 1982

Commissioned by the Cultural Office of the University of Pretoria

Dedicated to Henri Arends

Solo Vocal Music

Drie liedere

1. *Dis al* (Jan F. E. Celliers)

2. *Berusting* (Toon van den Heever)

3. *Weeklag* (Anon.)

Composed: before 1945

First performance: 1948

Cantata profana

For two voices, flute, oboe, harpsichord and cello

Seated one day at the organ

O promise me

I love my church

O Baltimore

Chorale: The end has come for me

Composed: 1959

First performance: 1959

Commissioned by the American Guild of Organists

Psalm 74

For mezzo-soprano, flute and harp

Composed: 1974

Three Japanese Songs = Drie Japanese liedere

For mezzo-soprano and guitar

1. *The Captive Eagle* (Ishida)

2. *What a burdensome life* (Kiyoko Tsuda)

3. *A Rainbow's Body* (Shigenobu Takayanag)

Composed: 1974

First performance: 1976

126 Recording: SABC archive recording TM3718(76)/158373; Elizabeth Reinhart (mezzo-soprano); Uliano Marchio (guitar)

Two Songs = Twee liedere

For mezzo-soprano and guitar (No. 2 also with alto flute)

1. *Five* (Anon.: Ancient Chinese)
2. *Fulgebunt justi sicut lilium* (Anon.)

Composed: No. 2: February 1974

First performance: 1976

Recording: SABC archive recording TM3718(76)/158373; Elizabeth Reinhart (mezzo-soprano); Uliano Marchio (guitar); Beat Wenger (alto flute)

Psalm 54: 'Vir die musiekleier: met snaarinstrumente'

For mezzo-soprano, flute and harp

Composed: 1974

Light over Judea = Lig oor Judéa (Louis Eksteen): 'Die blou van die mantel is stil geknip'

For mezzo-soprano and piano or a melody instrument

Composed: 1975

First performance: 1976

Wahrlich, ich sage euch

For soprano solo, flute and organ

Gospel for Rogation Sunday (John 16: 23-30)

Composed: 1979

First performance: 1979

Written for the Lutheran Services in Pretoria

Five Songs on texts by Ingrid Jonker = Vyf liedere op tekste van Ingrid Jonker

For soprano and piano

1. *Lied van die Lappop*: 'Ek is die lappop wat nie praat'
2. *Windliedjie*: 'Waar slaap my liefde vannag?'
3. *Puberteit*: 'Die kind in my het stil gesterf'
4. *Ek het gedink...*
5. *Ontnugtering*: 'Laat hul spot!'

Composed: 28 February 1982 (Nos. 1 & 2), 4 February 1982 (No. 3), 24 February 1982 (No. 4), 1 March 1982 (No. 5)

First performance: September 1982 in the Musaion, University of Pretoria; Hanna van Niekerk, (soprano); Heinrich van der Mescht (piano)

Recording: SABC archive recordings TM10792(00)/143191, TM922(83)/120979, and TM7591(92)/32481; Hanna van Niekerk (soprano); Heinrich van der Mescht (piano); SABC archive recording TM3793-3795(87)/14765; Hanna van Niekerk (soprano); Derik van der Merwe (piano)

Review of the first performance

Jacques P. Malan in *Rapport*, 19 September 1982:

... our song art comes close to the standards of Schubert's *Doppelgänger* or Hugo Wolf's *Auf einem alten Bild*. This remark is especially applicable to Stefans Grové's five Jonker Songs, for me the highlight of the evening ... This is a cycle to listen to again and again and, if a recording becomes available, to live with. It was a wonderful gradual realization to see how the Afrikaans song became a daybreak colouring the mountain peaks!

(Translated from the Afrikaans).

Bid (Petra Müller)

For soprano and piano

Composed: 1988

Halfpad (Petra Müller)

For soprano and piano

Composed: 1988

Daar waar jy woon (Petra Müller)

For soprano and piano

Composed: 1988

Seven Bushman Songs = 7 Liedere op Boesman-verse

For soprano, string quartet and piano

Voorspel (for piano alone)

1. *Die townenares* (Eugène Marais): 'Wat word van die meisie wat altyd alleen bly?'

Tussenspel 2 (for piano alone)

2. *Die Woestynlewerkie* (Eugène Marais): 'Gampta, my vaal sussie'

Tussenspel 3 (for piano alone)

3. *Weeskinders van die hemelgod* (Abraham Fouché)

Tussenspel 4 (for piano alone)

4. *Reënluiperd* (Abraham Fouché): 'Wanneer die maan glimmend teen die sterre knik'

Tussenspel 5 (for piano alone)

5. *Sterwenslied van die kraanvoël* (Abraham Fouché): 'Dit was 'n sonblik splinterklip'

Tussenspel 6 (for piano alone)

6. *Die droster* (Abraham Fouché): 'Weerlig vlamme spring uit die verste wolk'

Tussenspel 7 (for piano alone)

7. *Reënmaak formules* (Abraham Fouché): 'Sing my kwabariet sing'

Composed: 1990

'Music from Africa' series No. 7

First performance: 25 July 1992 in the State Theatre, Pretoria, at an Obelisk concert; Alma Oosthuizen (soprano); Pieter Jacobs (piano); André Swanepoel (first violin); Leonie Viljoen (second violin); Jan Henkins (viola); Cobus Swanepoel (cello); Étienne van Rensburg (conductor)

Commissioned by the Foundation for the Creative Arts

Recording: Obelisk OBR-2002 (cassette); Alma Oosthuizen (soprano); Andrew Cruickshank (piano); André Swanepoel (first violin); Leonie Viljoen (second violin); Dawid Botha (viola); Kendall Reid (cello); Étienne van Rensburg (conductor). Also Obelisk OBR-3004 (CD release of the same performance). Also SABC archive recordings TM8816(94)/60610 and

TM10473(99)/131350; Alma Oosthuizen (soprano); Pieter Jacobs (piano); Brett Udal (first violin); Leonie Viljoen (second violin); Jan Henkins (viola); Cobus Swanepoel (cello); Étienne van Rensburg (conductor)

Review of the first performance:

Riek van Rensburg in the *Pretoria News*, 30 July 1992:

The sheer variety in this amalgam of Bushman and Western musical procedures should appeal even to incorrigible traditionalists. The instrumental group, led by Étienne van Rensburg, picked up on that vitality with a cleanly detailed commitment, though a bit more subtlety of overall dynamics and blending would not have been amiss.

Zulu Horizons (Benedict Vilakazi)

Four songs for voice and orchestra

1. *All earthly things must pass*
2. *Peace*
3. *Nightfall*
4. *Hail Wind!*

Orchestra: 2 Fl, 2 Ob, 2 Cl, 2 Bn – 2 Hn, 2 Tpt, 3 Tbn – Timp, Perc (bass drum, guiro, marimba, rattle, tom-tom) – Hp – Str

Composed: 1992-3

'Music from Africa' series No. 9

Commissioned by the Federasie van Afrikaanse Kultuurvereniginge

Endnotes

- ¹ All translations from the Afrikaans in this chapter are by Stephanus Muller.
- ² [Composer's footnote] John S. Mbiti: *Akamba Stories*.
- ³ [Composer's footnote] Birago Diop, quoted by John V. Taylor in *The Primal Vision*.
- ⁴ [Composer's footnote] Quoted by Laurens van der Post in *The Heart of the Hunter*.
- ⁵ [Composer's footnote] M. F. C. Bourdillon: *The Shona Peoples*.
- ⁶ [Composer's footnote] Excerpt from A. G. Visser: *Impundulu*, freely translated into English.
- ⁷ [Composer's footnote] A people found in the far north-east of South Africa; some of their customs are unique among the indigenous tribes of the country.

Stefans Grové: Bibliography

Stephanus Muller and Alet Joubert

This bibliography consists of two sections. Section A lists material of which Stefans Grové is the author (arranged chronologically), and section B lists material by other authors on Stefans Grové (arranged alphabetically). The bibliography incorporates the holdings of the National Film, Video and Sound Archives of the South African National Archives and Records Services in Pretoria (now also housing the remains of the National Documentation Centre for Music of the former HSRC), the *Instituut vir Eietydse Geskiedenis* (INEG) in Bloemfontein and the Sound and Film Archives of the SABC in Johannesburg. The combined databases of these institutions have been vastly expanded in both Sections A and B by consulting as many primary sources as possible, resulting in a bibliography that represents the most complete source of writings by and on Stefans Grové to date. No separate sections have been created for academic and non-academic publications, the distinction proving too tenuous in many cases. Only selected dictionary entries have been included.

Many of the newspaper columns, reviews and articles appeared in special supplements or sections. For instance, most of the material from *Beeld* appeared in the supplement *Kalender* and the material in *Die Transvaler* in *Applous*. In *Hoofstad* articles appeared under the rubrics *Die kunste in die Hoofstad*, *Voorskou* and *Naweek-Voorskou*. In the *Pretoria News* articles frequently appear in *Pretoria News Town*, and in *Rapport* under *Beskouing rondom die wêreld van kuns en lettere*. Some of the current entries make use of previously collected material (such as that at INEG) where these details were not consistently recorded. For the sake of consistency in this bibliography we have therefore decided to restrict all newspaper entries to article heading, name of newspaper and date.

All recordings of Stefans Grové's works (including all SABC archive recordings) are listed in the Work Catalogue and not in a separate discography. Radio interviews with the composer are listed with print media under 'Interviews' in Section A. Radio programmes compiled and presented by the composer and programmes on his music are listed under separate rubrics in Section A and Section B respectively. Entries from the SABC archive are provided with numbers of the following format: TM1302(84)/7413. The code preceding the forward slash is the catalogue number of the recording. The number following the forward slash is the identity code of the document. The dating of SABC

130 archive recordings in the SABC database was not found to be consistent, sometimes indicating the date of the recording, sometimes the date of the broadcast. Though correct dates can be ascertained in many instances when the item itself is inspected, SABC archival material in this bibliography has not been provided with dates.

The composer has kindly proofread this bibliography. Our thanks also go to Paul Boekkooi, Heather Gale of the University of Natal Music Library, Kathy Macfarlane of *The Star*, Izak Grové of the University of Stellenbosch, Cecilia du Plessis of the UNISA Music Library, Joseph Mangadi of the University of the Witwatersrand (WITS) Music Library, Mary Rörich of WITS, Marianne Valentine of *Beeld*, Idelette Beute, Cate Jele and Pieter Ferreira of the SABC, Trevor Moses of the National Film, Video and Sound Archives, Beverley Parker of *SAMUS*, Étienne van Rensburg and very specially to Gertrud Meyer of the University of Pretoria Music Library for helping to fill some of the missing gaps.

Abbreviations

SABC – South African Broadcasting Corporation

SAMT – South African Music Teacher

SASMT – South African Society of Music Teachers

SAMUS – South African Journal of Musicology

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 Bachkoor kom ver, *Rapport*, 31 October 1976.
 SAUK-man deeglik, maar konserwatief, *Rapport*, 16 January 1977.
 Imposante nuwe ateljee vir SAUK, *Rapport*, 23 January 1977.
 Couzyn skitter met Figaro in Vrystaat, *Rapport*, 20 February 1977.
 Gulli se Brahms kerngesond, *Rapport*, 15 May 1977.
 Hierdie Markova onryp en teenstrydig, *Rapport*, 26 June 1977.
 Dis weer die ou probleme van 'n trio, *Rapport*, 14 August 1977.
 Musiekbelewens in die Noorde, *Rapport*, 12 February 1978.

- Klanke van lank gelede, *Rapport*, 7 May 1978.
 'n Nuwe tradisie gebore, *Rapport*, 28 May 1978.
 'n Tjello wat sing, *Rapport*, 4 June 1978.
 Romantiese lewenskrag, *Rapport*, 2 July 1978.
 Dié orkes steek wêreld aan brand, *Rapport*, 30 July 1978.
 Ons eie moet gehoor word, *Rapport*, 24 September 1978.
 'n Mak program vir orkes se kwarteeu, *Rapport*, 28 January 1979.
 'n Grootse pleidooi vir harmonie, *Rapport*, 3 June 1979.
 Verwringing, *Beeld*, 6 July 1979.
 As jy na vrede soek, *Rapport*, 21 October 1979.
 Haal die hoed af vir die jong strykers!, *Rapport*, 20 July 1980.
 Die 'ou' operas vars getooi, *Rapport*, 7 September 1980.
 Bravo, Bravo!, *Rapport*, 30 November 1980.
 Hier bly dit delikaat, *Rapport*, 31 May 1981.
 Musiek wat met elke mens praat, *Rapport*, 5 July 1981.
 Musikaal gesproke, *Rapport*, 19 July 1981.
 Hoe 'n mens nié moet dirigeer nie, *Rapport*, 2 Augustus 1981.
 Carmen-kultuur vir almal, *Hoofstad*, 8 January 1982.
 Ensemble-werk skitter, *Hoofstad*, 26 January 1982.
 Klavier olik, dog Ponti boei, *Hoofstad*, 29 January 1982.
 Openingskonsert 'n onsmaklike ervaring, *Hoofstad*, 3 February 1982.
 Koele lafenis in Chopin se eerste klavierkonsert, *Hoofstad*, 16 February 1982.
 Scriabin-sonate beslis aand se hoogtepunt, *Hoofstad*, 19 February 1982.
 Simfoniereeks op hoë noot afgesluit, *Hoofstad*, 23 February 1982.
 Meesters van hul instrumente, *Hoofstad*, 5 March 1982.
 Lieduitvoering vonkel, *Hoofstad*, 9 March 1982.
 Kleurryke program, eersterangse spel, *Hoofstad*, 16 March 1982.
 Vele lofwaardighede in Rigoletto, *Hoofstad*, 18 March 1982.
 Mordkovitch se spel is kleurryk, *Hoofstad*, 26 March 1982.
 Sterk talente in bekendstellingskonsert, *Hoofstad*, 29 March 1982.
 Malherbe-program het verras, *Hoofstad*, 30 March 1982.
 Haydn se Skepping baie geslaagd, *Hoofstad*, 31 March 1982.
 Caballé in konsert, *Hoofstad*, 6 April 1982.
 Pianis het teleurgestel, *Hoofstad*, 16 April 1982.
 Musikale rypheid by Nina Beilinu, *Hoofstad*, 5 May 1982.
 SA werk geesdriftig vertolk, *Hoofstad*, 10 May 1982.
 Besondere aand met sanggroep, *Hoofstad*, 14 May 1982.
 Hanneli nie op haar beste, *Hoofstad*, 17 May 1982.
 UP-Simfonieorkes verras, *Hoofstad*, 17 May 1982.
 De Groote meesterlik, *Hoofstad*, 25 May 1982.
 Korsten stel dié keer teleur, *Hoofstad*, 2 June 1982.
 Kamermusiek in ateljee, *Hoofstad*, 8 June 1982.
 De Groote-uitvoering manjefiek, *Hoofstad*, 9 June 1982.
 Jong pianis uit Israel 'n ware fonds, *Hoofstad*, 16 June 1982.
 Konsert se gehalte 'n hoogtepunt, *Hoofstad*, 23 June 1982.
 Die Ad Libitum koor, *Hoofstad*, 23 June 1982.
 Seunskoor maak 'n besondere swak indruk, *Hoofstad*, 29 June 1982.
 Renaissance-musiek, *Hoofstad*, 30 June 1982.

- Hier's nou 'n Pro Musica wat nie kwasi is nie, *Rapport*, 4 July 1982.
 Aïda besonder indrukwekkend, *Hoofstad*, 6 July 1982.
 Franse pianis meer tuis in Debussy, Ravel, *Hoofstad*, 7 July 1982.
 Ná 'n koue begin, groei Truk se Aïda al groter, *Rapport*, 11 July 1982.
 Ons jeugorkes een van die bestes ter wêreld, *Hoofstad*, 21 July 1982.
 Lieduitvoering bevredig nie, *Hoofstad*, 27 July 1982.
 Kamermusiekonsert, *Hoofstad*, 30 July 1982.
 Dirigent gee ferm leiding, *Hoofstad*, 10 August 1982.
 Barbieri-aand louter genot, *Hoofstad*, 30 August 1982.
 Puccini-opera gee stof tot nadenke, *Hoofstad*, 30 August 1982.
 'n Ware feesprogram, *Hoofstad*, 2 September 1982.
 Koor tot pouse luisterwaardig, *Hoofstad*, 7 September 1982.
 'n Besondere klavieraad, *Hoofstad*, 7 September 1982.
 Minder gespeelde werke in die programkeuse, *Hoofstad*, 16 September 1982.
 'n Besonder bont program, *Hoofstad*, 20 September 1982.
 Othmar Mága beïndruk weer, *Hoofstad*, 21 September 1982.
 Ameling een van grootstes, *Hoofstad*, 22 September 1982.
 Simfoniereeks se einde stimulerend, *Hoofstad*, 28 September 1982.
 Obelisk groep slaag in belangrike doel, *Hoofstad*, 5 October 1982.
 Musica Rara se aanbieding, *Hoofstad*, 6 October 1982.
 Konsert bewys van skool se gehalte-werk, *Hoofstad*, 18 October 1982.
 Jeugmusici vol belofte in PE, *Rapport*, 24 October 1982.
 Jong Britse pianis terug in SA, *Hoofstad*, 26 October 1982.
 'Dogterskoor' besonder deeglik, *Hoofstad*, 16 November 1982.
 Dodemis ontlok twee belangrike gedagtes, *Hoofstad*, 24 November 1982.
 Polish and enthusiasm, *Pretoria News*, 8 March 1983.
 Pianist shows fine control, *Pretoria News*, 12 April 1983.
 'Obelisk' well constructed, *Pretoria News*, 3 May 1983.
 Serebrier: A steady, clear beat, *Pretoria News*, 3 May 1983.
 Karr: Incredible virtuosity his trademark, *Pretoria News*, 10 May 1983.
 Close to miraculous, *Pretoria News*, 10 May 1983.
 Refined playing, *Pretoria News*, 11 May 1983.
 A skilled technician, *Pretoria News*, 17 May 1983.
 Bronfman – quick to the charge, *Pretoria News*, 24 May 1983.
 Verdi – 'freedom' remains the issue, *Pretoria News*, 25 May 1983.
 Graubin – sensitive and adaptable, *Pretoria News*, 27 May 1983.
 A rare programme by Musica Rara, *Pretoria News*, 7 June 1983.
 Refreshing departure, *Pretoria News*, 8 June 1983.
 Nothing left to chance, *Pretoria News*, 14 June 1983.
 Nel impresses in demanding works, *Pretoria News*, 17 June 1983.
 Season ends on high note, *Pretoria News*, 21 June 1983.
 Choir gives a fine performance, *Pretoria News*, 28 June 1983.
 Choir simply too large, *Pretoria News*, 29 June 1983.
 Excellent four need balance, *Pretoria News*, 15 July 1983.
 Hats off to Lous Frémaux, *Pretoria News*, 2 August 1983.
 Rogé a talented colourist – excels in Schumann, *Pretoria News*, 5 August 1983.
 Trudi Koelen quite remarkable, *Pretoria News*, 9 August 1983.
 Carelessness and polished playing, *Pretoria News*, 10 August 1983.

- Violinist presents impressive work, *Pretoria News*, 17 August 1983.
 Fine singing in 'Il Travatore', *Pretoria News*, 22 August 1983.
 Swiss Stalder Quintet excels, *Pretoria News*, 26 August 1983.
 Period stylishness and natural warmth, *Pretoria News*, 29 August 1983.
 'Obelisk': Their quality improves as time goes by, *Pretoria News*, 31 August 1983.
 Halliwell: 'Venue limiting', *Pretoria News*, 6 September 1983.
 Hamelin: all the qualities of a virtuoso, *Pretoria News*, 19 September 1983.
 A highlight of the year, *Pretoria News*, 20 September 1983.
 First-rate and inspired playing, *Pretoria News*, 27 September 1983.
 Bass – redeemed by good performances, *Pretoria News*, 28 September 1983.
 Obelisk: 'Hopefully not their swan song', *Pretoria News*, 5 October 1983.
 Recital sound, intelligent, *Pretoria News*, 13 October 1983.
 Barry Jordan a highly gifted organist, *Pretoria News*, 14 October 1983.
 Colin Carr 'a superb cellist', *Pretoria News*, 18 October 1983.
 Strauss trio highly professional, *Pretoria News*, 18 October 1983.
 Early training on the strings, *Pretoria News*, 25 October 1983.
 Table music received with enthusiasm, *Pretoria News*, 27 October 1983.
 Some outstanding performances, *Pretoria News*, 28 October 1983.
 'Master of a myriad of nuance ...', *Pretoria News*, 31 October 1983.
 'Jephtha': a performance of many merits, *Pretoria News*, 1 November 1983.
 Fortune smiles on fine farewell tribute, *Pretoria News*, 3 November 1983.
 Berry an interpreter of fine calibre, *Pretoria News*, 8 November 1983.
 Prof's final bow: a polished performance, *Pretoria News*, 9 November 1983.
 Paratore duo in excellent ensemble, *Pretoria News*, 15 November 1983.
 Obelisk: Farewell to Barry Jordan, *Pretoria News*, 23 November 1983.
 Intelligent performance by Beute, *Pretoria News*, 7 December 1983.
 Light-hearted start to the concert season, *Pretoria News*, 25 January 1984.
 Exciting final concert, *Pretoria News*, 31 January 1984.
 A spirited performance, *Pretoria News*, 31 January 1984.
 Convincing recital by SA contestants, *Pretoria News*, 2 February 1984.
 A memorable performance, *Pretoria News*, 8 February 1984.
 Credit to Louis Frémaux, *Pretoria News*, 15 February 1984.
 Korsten makes a fine conductor, *Pretoria News*, 28 February 1984.
 Louis Lane is a superb craftman, *Pretoria News*, 6 March 1984.
 Convincing interpretation, *Pretoria News*, 7 March 1984.
 Excellent execution of dynamic scheme, *Pretoria News*, 7 March 1984.
 National Symphony Orchestra bring refreshing change, *Pretoria News*, 12 March 1984.
 Nabucco improved after first act, *Pretoria News*, 12 March 1984.
 'Salomé' – a major triumph!, *Pretoria News*, 14 March 1984.
 Wagner word hier nuwe hoogtepunt, *Rapport*, 17 March 1984.
 Boris Bloch – a poetic colourist, *Pretoria News*, 20 March 1984.
 Boris Bloch's Sunday recital 'disappointing', *Pretoria News*, 21 March 1984.
 Sensitive control, *Pretoria News*, 27 March 1984.
 'Superb phrasing', *Pretoria News*, 27 March 1984.
 Yampolsky also a master violinist, *Pretoria News*, 3 April 1984.
 Original interpretation of modern music, *Pretoria News*, 9 April 1984.
 Versatile and intelligent, *Pretoria News*, 17 April 1984.
 Concert well structured, *Pretoria News*, 1 May 1984.

- Memorable performance by sensitive musicians, *Pretoria News*, 2 May 1984.
- Yepes – a master of various styles, *Pretoria News*, 8 May 1984.
- An impressive performance, *Pretoria News*, 10 May 1984.
- An onslaught on the piano, *Pretoria News*, 22 May 1984.
- A well wrought performance, *Pretoria News*, 29 May 1984.
- Rehearsals are needed, *Pretoria News*, 12 June 1984.
- A memorable performance, *Pretoria News*, 13 June 1984.
- Well polished, *Pretoria News*, 19 June 1984.
- Musically rewarding experience, *Pretoria News*, 26 June 1984.
- Dié Traviata wil jy liefs gou vergeet, *Rapport*, 8 July 1984.
- Hartman a singer of rare musical intelligence, *Pretoria News*, 17 July 1984.
- Rahbari with YO a musical highlight, *Pretoria News*, 24 July 1984.
- The Borodin trio, *Pretoria News*, 25 July 1984.
- Afrika en Weste saám in musiek, *Rapport*, 29 July 1984.
- A well-rehearsed and highly polished performance, *Pretoria News*, 31 July 1984.
- Tierlantyntjies en goeie sang, *Rapport*, 2 September 1984.
- SA pianiste vanjaar baie beter, maar te veel skryf in, *Rapport*, 2 February 1986.
- Ander gawes laat ook 'n pianis soms wen ..., *Rapport*, 21 January 1990.
- Il Barbieri* is 'n triomf vir Truk-Opera, *Rapport*, 24 February 1991.
- Ryk tekstuur, skakeringe in Baden-Bach, *Rapport*, 14 April 1991.
- Twee orkeste inderdaad beter as een, *Rapport*, 19 May 1991.
- Bidini soos verwoede Galliese stier, *Beeld*, 27 September 1991.
- Kooruitvoering van hoë gehalte, *Beeld*, 6 November 1991.
- Knap Impromptu-uitvoering, *Beeld*, 12 November 1991.
- Gewillige gees, maar swak oor, *Beeld*, 20 November 1991.
- Hoeveel mense ken die ánder Schubert?, *Beeld*, 8 January 1992.
- Sengstschmid is 'n ideale violis, *Beeld*, 14 January 1992.
- Pärt tussen twee pole, *Beeld*, 22 January 1992.
- Klawesimbelwerke lol op vleuelklavier, *Beeld*, 23 January 1992.
- Min slaag met etniese werk, *Beeld*, 25 January 1992.
- Twee dinosourusse wat opera-arias neurie, *Beeld*, 28 January 1992.
- Kong 'n Mozart-meester, *Beeld*, 1 February 1992.
- Melos-kwartet lewer gesonde vertolking, *Beeld*, 5 February 1992.
- Duo blink uit op twee klaviere, *Beeld*, 18 February 1992.
- NSO-konsert belewenis, *Beeld*, 26 February 1992.
- Anmari 'n voortreflike tjellis, *Beeld*, 28 February 1992.
- Literatuurprobleme kortwiek drie musici, *Beeld*, 2 March 1992.
- Pastel musiek helder Latyns 'orgeverf', *Beeld*, 4 March 1992.
- Ontluikende sanger met besliste toekoms, *Beeld*, 5 March 1992.
- Tegniek imponeer, *Beeld*, 6 March 1992.
- Programsamestelling verfris, *Beeld*, 11 March 1992.
- Musiek pas dinamiese dirigent, *Beeld*, 18 March 1992.
- Mossiejag met kanonne, *Beeld*, 23 March 1992.
- Pampoenfonteiners in die Staatsteater ..., *Beeld*, 24 March 1992.
- Spelpeil hoog, maar program te kort, *Beeld*, 31 March 1992.
- Om 'n koor na SA te bring, *Beeld*, 10 April 1992.
- Nel-uitvoering was musikale belewenis, *Beeld* 14 April 1992.
- Nie 'n program vir Goeie Vrydag nie, *Beeld*, 21 April 1992.

- Spelpeil van orkes, solis hoog, *Beeld*, 28 April 1992.
- Hoekom dié uitsonderlike talent onder maatemmer?, *Beeld*, 30 April 1992.
- Die boot het te veel in die onstuimige see beland, *Beeld*, 5 May 1992.
- SA orreliste stel Fransman in skadu, 7 May 1992.
- Sterk planmatigheid in Jandó se program, *Beeld*, 12 May 1992.
- Plaaslike werke knap uitgevoer, *Beeld*, 13 May 1992.
- Buitengewone band tussen luisteraar, musici, *Beeld*, 19 May 1992.
- Koor is 'n besondere belewenis, *Beeld*, 22 May 1992.
- UP se orkes imponeer, *Beeld*, 25 May 1992.
- Hierdie 'n natuurlike talent, *Beeld*, 28 May 1992.
- Kooruitvoering in Pretoria smetteloos, *Beeld*, 29 May 1992.
- Intonasie nie na wense, artikulasie verdien lof, *Beeld*, 11 June 1992.
- Ann Hamblin tref met musikale ontginning, *Beeld*, 16 June 1992.
- Rosenthal-harpduo voortrefflike musici, *Beeld*, 23 June 1992.
- Manna uit die hemel na dorslandtrek, *Beeld*, 24 June 1992.
- Pianis Cipoletta verhef atleet soms bo poëet, *Beeld*, 26 June 1992.
- Geheime ritus eerder as stormagtige offerhande, *Beeld*, 7 July 1992.
- Koor 'n werklik goeie ensemble, *Beeld*, 7 July 1992.
- Goeie kamermusiekgroep vul leemte, *Beeld*, 3 August 1992.
- Coertse se stem behou jeugdige frisheid, *Beeld*, 4 August 1992.
- TFO skop seisoen op besonder hoë noot af, *Beeld*, 11 August 1992.
- Strauss-trio se samespel smetteloos, *Beeld*, 20 August 1992.
- Pianis Van Staden skep Janus-beeld, *Beeld*, 8 September 1992.
- Tjellis sensitief en veelsydig, *Beeld*, 9 September 1992.
- Strykers se pols is reg, *Beeld*, 17 September 1992.
- Musiek vry van verkramphede, *Beeld*, 23 September 1992.
- Is u bedruk oor 'n gehoor van 20?, *Beeld*, 23 September 1992.
- Duo vertolk soos een man, *Beeld*, 25 September 1992.
- Uitvoering van Mahler se Vyfde was waagmoedig, *Beeld*, 30 September 1992.
- Eddie Davey plaas eie stempel op werk, *Beeld*, 30 September 1992.
- Kitaarmusiek deur Paganini en Schubert, *Beeld*, 7 October 1992.
- Virtuose Kudo tref met subtiele nuansering, *Beeld*, 14 October 1992.
- Franci verbeeldingryke komponis, *Beeld*, 21 October 1992.
- Koor het 'n hoë peil gehandhaaf, *Beeld*, 23 October 1992.
- Begrip vir violistiese gimnastiek, *Beeld*, 28 October 1992.
- Virtuose Ötvös groet met groot musikale gebaar, *Beeld*, 4 November 1992.
- Nóg vis, nóg vlees, *Beeld*, 9 November 1992.
- Atlas wat suiglinge aan slaap kan sus, *Beeld*, 18 November 1992.
- Meester van delikate kleurespel, *Beeld*, 18 November 1992.
- Pianis Du Toit het nie elke beskikbare bouse gees opgeroep, *Beeld*, 27 January 1993.
- Carlo Franci blaas lewe in genadebrood-strydros, *Beeld*, 2 February 1993.
- Fyner skakerings ontbreek in sonate vir twee klaviere, *Beeld*, 2 February 1993.
- Talentvolle Guy het te hard probeer en toe oordonder, *Beeld*, 9 February 1993.
- Selfbeheersing in Rachmaninov se vierde konsert, *Beeld*, 10 February 1993.
- Foxcroft op drumpel van suksesvolle loopbaan, *Beeld*, 16 February 1993.
- Francois du Toit besonder dinamiese pianis, *Beeld*, 17 February 1993.
- Obelisk Musiek II is hier om te bly, *Beeld*, 23 February 1993.
- Guy speel Prokofiev se musiek, *Beeld*, 24 February 1993.

- Oorprojektering skaad religieuse program, *Beeld*, 1 March 1993.
 Kwartet moet nog soos wyn ryp word, *Beeld*, 5 March 1993.
 Kwartet voel, reageer soos een mens, *Beeld*, 10 March 1993.
 Werke van Telemann uitgevoer, *Beeld*, 12 March 1993.
 Bruni 'n tegnies vaardige pianis, *Beeld*, 16 March 1993.
 Die 'Eva' van vioolkonserte, *Beeld*, 18 March 1993.
 Obelisk handhaaf 'n hoë peil, *Beeld*, 22 March 1993.
 Koor se klanksuiverheid imponeer, *Beeld*, 22 March 1993.
 Vertaling druis in teen komponis se doelstelling, *Beeld*, 31 March 1993.
 Kamermusiek van hoë orde, *Beeld*, 23 April 1993.
 Simfoniese gestalte verleen aan Müller-gedig, *Beeld*, 26 April 1993.
 Glans oortref vaal kolle van kooruitvoering, *Beeld*, 4 May 1993.
 Pianis Tirimo sonder fratse in diens van toonkuns, *Beeld*, 12 May 1993.
 Samespel onberispelik, leiding haper, *Beeld*, 18 May 1993.
 Ensemble dink soos een man, *Beeld*, 25 May 1993.
 Ten volle in diens van musiek, *Beeld*, 2 June 1993.
 Fortes word skreiende fortissimos, *Beeld*, 15 June 1993.
 Ensemble-dissipline imponeer, *Beeld*, 18 June 1993.
 Altenburger toon sy musikaliteit en tegniese beheersing, *Beeld*, 29 June 1993.
 LFO-uitvoering dikwels asembenemend, *Beeld*, 3 August 1993.
 Ses jong musici se talent imponeer, *Beeld*, 10 August 1993.
 Vyf komponiste bring musiekhulde aan Purcell, *Beeld*, 18 August 1993.
 Naklank wat lank in die geheue talm, *Beeld*, 21 August 1993.
 Carlo Franci toon hom as 'n deurwinterde musikus, *Beeld*, 7 September 1993.
 Jong komponis 'n vakman, *Beeld*, 8 September 1993.
 Acs 'n dinamiese dirigent, *Beeld*, 14 September 1993.
 Coertse se sjarme en musikaliteit tref opnuut, *Beeld*, 21 September 1993.
 Terugreik na style uit vervloë dae, *Beeld*, 22 September 1993.
 Verrassing by beurskonsert, *Beeld*, 12 October 1993.
 Hoogs gepoleerde sang, *Beeld*, 13 October 1993.
 Tukkie se Brahms-Requiem inspireer, *Beeld*, 16 October 1993.
 Potgieter wen Lemmer-beurs, *Beeld*, 19 October 1993.
 Obelisk had 'n blink 'inheemse' jaar, *Beeld*, 23 October 1993.
 Dobrinsky klink soms afsydig, *Beeld*, 26 October 1993.
 Ideale balans gehandhaaf, *Beeld*, 24 November 1993.
 Somer-galakonsert gepaste dankie, *Beeld*, 30 November 1993.
 Krysa vertolk Beethoven styl-eg, tegnies bedrewe, *Beeld*, 15 December 1993.
 Eenstemmigheid is onmoontlik, *Beeld*, 18 January 1994.
 Afrika-oratorium imponeer, *Beeld*, 25 January 1994.
 Pace jag mossies met 'n kanon, *Beeld*, 1 February 1994.
 Mikkola imponeer meeste in Mozart, *Beeld*, 5 February 1994.
 Mikkola lewer stralekrans-spel, *Beeld*, 8 February 1994.
 Pisarev besonder stylvolle pianis, *Beeld*, 22 February 1994.
 Russiese egpaar gevoelvolle duo, *Beeld*, 15 March 1994.
 Klaviermusiek van Obelisk, *Beeld*, 30 March 1994.
 Martin vaar beter in tweede helfte, *Beeld*, 31 March 1994.
 Nederlandse orrelis by Orrelakademie, *Beeld*, 4 April 1994.
 Nederlander gedugte tegnikus, *Beeld*, 11 April 1994.

- Buitengewone program deur TFO, *Beeld*, 26 April 1994.
 Pianiste gepas gehuldig, *Beeld*, 10 May 1994.
 Orbelian wys nie veel van homself, *Beeld*, 17 May 1994.
 Hadari eersterangse dirigent, *Beeld*, 24 May 1994.
 Nel sing ouliedere met gepaste eenvoud, *Beeld*, 24 May 1994.
 Maxym steek TFO aan met sy geesdrif, *Beeld*, 31 May 1994.
 Oratoriumkoor sing met presiesheid, *Beeld*, 7 June 1994.
 Insluiting van Holst-psalm verdien lof, *Beeld*, 16 June 1994.
 Sterk ontwikkelde gevoel vir die poëtiese, *Beeld*, 21 June 1994.
 Geïnspireerde Requiem-uitvoering, *Beeld*, 22 June 1994.
 Virtuouse spel ondanks Drama, *Beeld*, 28 June 1994.
 Koor bring knap sang uit Vrystaat, *Beeld*, 6 July 1994.
 Tygerbergse Kinderkoor is steeds 'n wenkoor, *Beeld*, 25 July 1994.
 Vingerbesering pootjie Olfsfanger, *Beeld*, 28 July 1994.
 Jeugorkes skitter ondanks akoestiek, *Beeld*, 3 August 1994.
 Vertolkings van wisselende gehalte, *Beeld*, 9 August 1994.
 Graf 'n delikaat-dinamiese musikus, *Beeld*, 11 August 1994.
 Kore knap in 'n wye verskeidenheid, *Beeld*, 19 August 1994.
 Skitterende ensemble-dissipline, *Beeld*, 24 August 1994.
 Drie musici sorg vir iets buitengewoons, *Beeld*, 27 August 1994.
 Knabenchor Hannover se ryk toonkwaliteit val op, *Beeld*, 2 September 1994.
 Musici fyn op mekaar ingestel, *Beeld*, 8 September 1994.
 Dunner imposant voor die TFO, *Beeld*, 30 September 1994.
 Leerlinge imponeer in konsert, *Beeld*, 30 September 1994.
 Brasiliaanse musici imponeer, *Beeld*, 3 October 1994.
 Matie-koor se puik programkeuse, *Beeld*, 5 October 1994.
 Studentekoor imponeer, *Beeld*, 10 October 1994.
 Dunner lei tot ryk skakerings, *Beeld*, 13 October 1994.
 Katin beklemtoon innerlike, *Beeld*, 19 October 1994.
 Cappaletti het 'n gawe vir laat-Romantiese musiek, *Beeld*, 8 November 1994.
 Klaviertrio hegte eenheid, *Beeld*, 10 November 1994.
 'n Baie besonderse koor, *Beeld*, 11 November 1994.
 Maxym, Swanepoel puik in TFO-konsert, *Beeld*, 18 November 1994.
 Tsjernaef gebruik pedaal noukeurig, *Beeld*, 19 November 1994.
 TFO se swakste '94-konsert, *Beeld*, 23 November 1994.
 Jordaan het reeds eiesoortige klank, *Beeld*, 1 December 1994.
 Orkes en koor geraffineerd, *Beeld*, 15 December 1994.
 Drie dirigente wys wat hulle kan doen voor TFO, *Beeld*, 31 January 1995.
 Rosamunde-kwartet nou 'n subtile ensemble, *Beeld*, 22 February 1995.
 Monastirski met groteske maskers, *Beeld*, 28 February 1995.
 Rieger-orrel verbreek stilswye, *Beeld*, 7 March 1995.
 Maestro Franci hou soms van ongewone, *Beeld*, 14 March 1995.
 Akoestiek in teater kniehalter kunstenaars se uitvoering, *Beeld*, 21 March 1995.
 Hofmeyr 'n violis wat te min gehoor word, *Beeld*, 29 March 1995.
 Veel geesdrif, maar nie genoeg dissipline, *Beeld*, 5 April 1995.
 Britse sang-ensemble imponeer, *Beeld*, 17 April 1995.
 Wisselende sukses in goeie programkeuse, *Beeld*, 25 April 1995.
 Soos een liggaam met vier ledemate, *Beeld*, 26 April 1995.

- Blaasensemble merkwaardig, *Beeld*, 3 May 1995.
 Meditz bewys hom as veelsydige musikus met TFO, *Beeld*, 23 May 1995.
 Korsten is 'n dirigent wat orkeslede inspireer, *Beeld*, 27 June 1995.
 Jong musici met musikaliteit, *Beeld*, 11 July 1995.
 Jeug vaar goed met concerto's, *Beeld*, 9 August 1995.
 Pickup virtuoos en skeppend, *Beeld*, 15 August 1995.
 Cipoletta knap in Chopin se musiek, *Beeld*, 16 August 1995.
 Speelsheid verdring deur sterk opwellings, *Beeld*, 17 August 1995.
 Trio se swanesang is 'n verlies, *Beeld*, 29 August 1995.
 Marathon-konsertreis met musikale optrede afgesluit, *Beeld*, 30 August 1995.
 Zukerman met sy fagot in die kollig, *Beeld*, 7 September 1995.
 Suiwerheid en glans by jong Finse pianis, *Beeld*, 19 September 1995.
 Jordaan 'n ware kitaarmeester, *Beeld*, 25 September 1995.
 Maxym gevoelig vir nuanses, *Beeld*, 3 October 1995.
 Mikkola soek na wese van musiek, *Beeld*, 10 October 1995.
 Elke nuanse en frase ontledend deurdink, *Beeld*, 26 October 1995.
 Chopin pragtig, Bach beslis nie, *Beeld*, 2 November 1995.
 Oerkrag van 'Carmina' ontgin, *Beeld*, 8 November 1995.
 Dirigent en soliste sorg vir hoogtepunt, *Beeld*, 14 November 1995.
 Greta Geldenhuijs wys veelsydigheid, *Beeld*, 21 November 1995.
 Musiek in wenkonsert power, *Beeld*, 20 February 1996.
 Francois Guy imponeer met fyn beheerde kleurespel, *Beeld*, 29 February 1996.
 Walfisch tegnies verbluffend, *Beeld*, 15 March 1996.
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- Korsten besiel met sy vurige leiding, *Beeld*, 17 April 1997.
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- Makhtin 'n ideale vertolker van Mendelssohn-konsert, *Beeld*, 2 May 1997.
- Brandenburg-orke se uitvoering wisselvallig, *Beeld*, 15 May 1997.
- Schubert-vertolking berus op stewige fundamente, *Beeld*, 4 June 1997.
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- Ogden meester van die kitaar, *Beeld*, 30 July 1997.
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- Orkes skitter met Maxym, *Beeld*, 5 November 1997.
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- Shefsjenko dring deur tot diepste wese van die musiek, *Beeld*, 19 November 1997.
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Alet Joubert took her BMus and BMus (Hons) at the University of Pretoria, where she is currently a research assistant and is also studying for her Master's in Music Technology.

Stephanus Muller was born in Pretoria in 1971 and went to school in the Karoo town of Graaff-Reinet. A graduate of the Universities of Pretoria and South Africa as well as Balliol College, Oxford, he teaches in musicology at the University of the Free State and lives in Cape Town. He has a column in the Western Cape newspaper, *Die Burger*, and is the Chairman of the Musicological Society of Southern Africa. He has written on music in South Africa and identity politics.

Étienne van Rensburg studied composition with Stefans Grové for six years at the University of Pretoria, being awarded his Master's Degree with distinction in 1990. As a recipient of the SAMRO Overseas Scholarship, he participated in various courses during the European summer of 1999. He has composed in almost all genres; his oeuvre includes an opera, a symphony, a number of chamber and solo works as well as several song cycles. Since 1991 he has been the director of Obelisk Music, an organization dedicated to the performance and promotion of music by South African composers; he is also the producer of their CD recordings. Van Rensburg has published numerous articles and reviews over a span of more than a decade, often addressing matters related to South African music.

Elam Ray Sprenkle was born in 1948 in Pennsylvania. He studied with Stefans Grové and Leo Muller. He is a long-time member of the music theory and music history faculties at the Peabody Institute of Johns Hopkins University and of the Masters of Liberal Arts Faculty, Johns Hopkins University. He has been for many years a commentator on classical music for Public Radio. His compositions are performed regionally, nationally and internationally. CNN Television's production of *John Glenn: Return of the Hero* used Sprenkle's music extensively in the soundtrack. His works range from choral suites to symphonic poems. He is published by Boosey & Hawkes.

John Tyrrell was born in Zimbabwe and studied at the University of Cape Town and at Oxford, where he took his doctorate in 1969 with a dissertation on Janáček's stylistic development as an operatic composer. He was associate editor of the *Musical Times* and taught at the University of Nottingham from 1976. He was the executive editor of the latest edition of the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* and was appointed Professorial Research Fellow at Cardiff University in 2000. His particular research areas are opera and Czech music. His work on Janáček includes documentary studies, translations, a standard catalogue, and editions of his operas. John Tyrrell is Chair of the Music Libraries Trust and in 2000 was elected a Vice-President of the Royal Musical Association.

Chris Walton was born in northern England in 1963. He studied at the universities of Cambridge, Oxford, Zurich and Munich. From 1990 to 2001, Walton was Head of Music Division at the Zentralbibliothek Zürich, and from 1998 to 2000 was also a lecturer in music history at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule in Zurich. He was appointed Professor of Music at the University of Pretoria in 2001. He has published numerous books and articles on topics ranging from Renaissance Swiss music to contemporary English composers, though his prime field of research is Austro-German Romantic music from Wagner to Strauss. His first novel, *Sound Bites*, is being published by Jacana Press in 2006.

Jeanne Zaidel-Rudolph studied at the University of Pretoria under Stefans Grové and others, and was the first woman in South Africa to obtain a Doctorate in Music Composition. She also studied composition in Hamburg with György Ligeti, and piano with Adolph Hallis and John Lill at the Royal College of Music in London. Zaidel-Rudolph has received many prestigious commissions, her works are regularly performed and broadcast at home and abroad, and she is frequently invited as guest composer and lecturer to conferences and festivals in Europe and the USA. Her oeuvre comprises over seventy works in all major genres, and many have been released on CD. Jeanne Zaidel-Rudolph was commissioned to arrange and orchestrate the official South African National Anthem after the first democratic elections of 1994. She is at present Professor of Composition and Theory at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg.

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This index includes all names listed in the main body of the book and the catalogue of musical works; works by Stefans Grové himself are also listed. However, for reasons of space, it does not include either names or titles from the bibliographies above. In the case of compositions by Grové with alternative titles in different languages, all versions are given separately. Where an institution has changed its name at some point in the past decades, its name is given here, and in the main body of the text, in the form that was current at the time in question (e.g. the Potchefstroom University for Christian Higher Education, which recently changed its name to the University of the North West).

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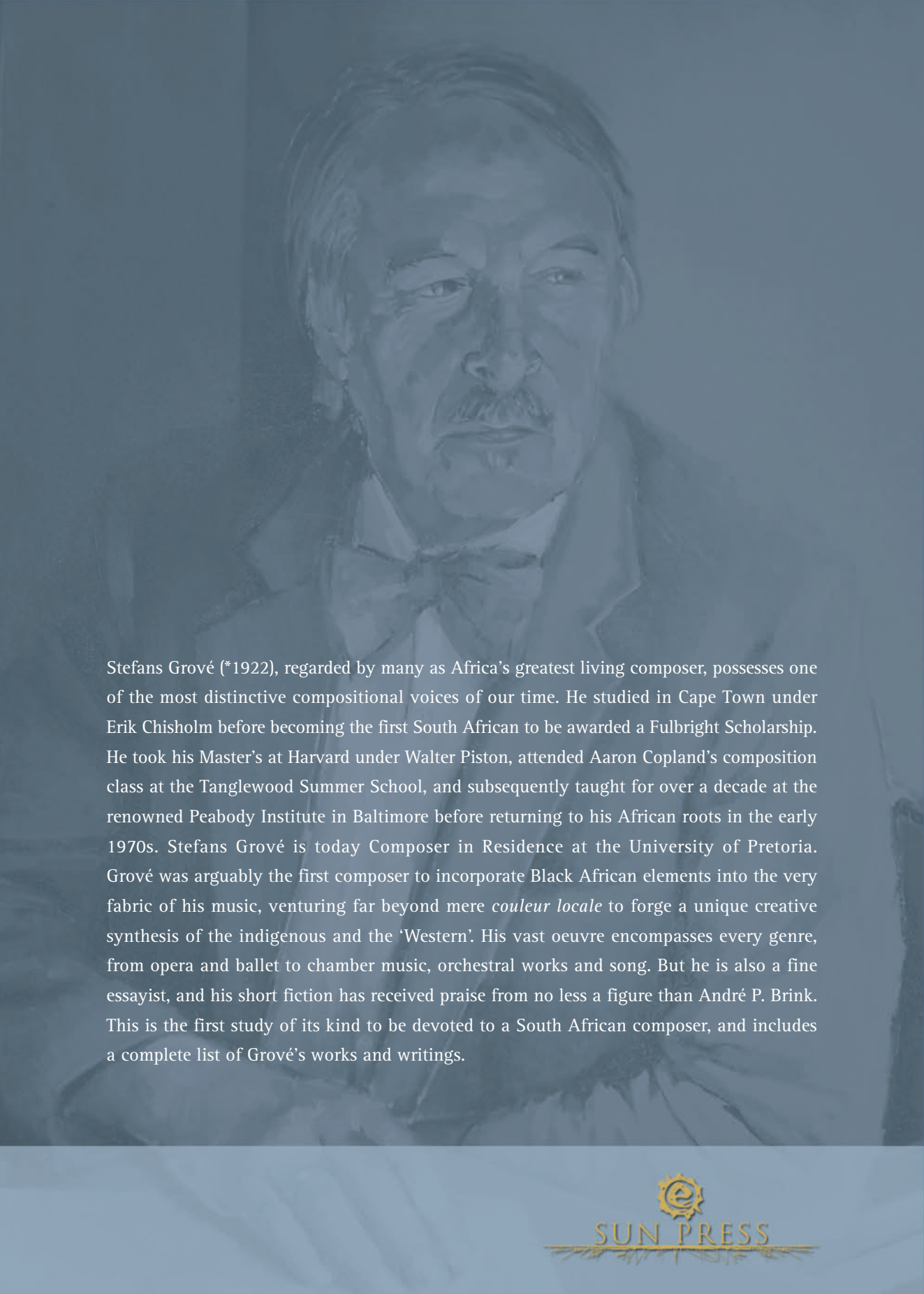
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Stefans Grové (*1922), regarded by many as Africa's greatest living composer, possesses one of the most distinctive compositional voices of our time. He studied in Cape Town under Erik Chisholm before becoming the first South African to be awarded a Fulbright Scholarship. He took his Master's at Harvard under Walter Piston, attended Aaron Copland's composition class at the Tanglewood Summer School, and subsequently taught for over a decade at the renowned Peabody Institute in Baltimore before returning to his African roots in the early 1970s. Stefans Grové is today Composer in Residence at the University of Pretoria. Grové was arguably the first composer to incorporate Black African elements into the very fabric of his music, venturing far beyond mere *couleur locale* to forge a unique creative synthesis of the indigenous and the 'Western'. His vast oeuvre encompasses every genre, from opera and ballet to chamber music, orchestral works and song. But he is also a fine essayist, and his short fiction has received praise from no less a figure than André P. Brink. This is the first study of its kind to be devoted to a South African composer, and includes a complete list of Grové's works and writings.