

# Chapter B1

## Requiem in Blue

*Harvey Brough*

### SUMMARY

This autobiographical account, written by Harvey Brough, describes his lifelong journey to becoming the talented and celebrated musician and composer he has become. In it he describes the events that changed his life and the people who influenced, nurtured and inspired him. His life story provides the context for a piece of music he composed in 1999 called 'Requiem in Blue'. The written and audio account of how the piece came to be written in the way it was written provides a fascinating insight into his creative process, his sources of inspiration and the meanings he draws from his life as he composed the piece. His story reveals in a profound way how the diverse events, relationships and situations that made up his life were connected and knitted together to enable him to bring into existence a wonderful piece of joyful and uplifting music - snippets of which are included in the soundtrack. It's a moving story of his personal creativity drawing on his lifelong and lifewide experiences and allowing us a rare glimpse into his thoughts and feelings.

### BIOGRAPHY



**Harvey Brough** is one of the UK's most accomplished musicians working as a performer, arranger, conductor, producer and composer across a vast range of styles and influences and characterised by some wonderful and memorable collaborations. His professional career has spanned the musical fields of jazz, classical, choral, pop, world, medieval and early music, TV, theatre and film. His CV, which describes his journey as a professional is both exhilarating and exhausting to read. His inspiring story about the creation of *Requiem in Blue*, epitomises the way we draw meaning from our lives to achieve the things we most value.

## MY FORMATIVE YEARS

I started my musical life aged six, as a choirboy at Coventry Cathedral. My elder brother Lester had volunteered to join the choir, to the bemusement of my parents - we had music in our family (my grandfather had led the Hallé Orchestra and various orchestras in the North), but singing was a new departure. But he was determined to do it and I and my younger brother Rex followed along, thus condemning my parents to very many years of transporting us back and forth from home to the Cathedral.

At Coventry we were treated as professional musicians from a very early age and it gave me an amazing musical education even before my voice had broken. By the time I was thirteen, I had sung a large part of the Western Choral repertoire and I was singing alto solos in Bach Cantatas and recording Benjamin Britten compositions.

When I was seventeen I went to the Royal Academy of Music in London, to study the oboe with Lady Barbirolli. But although I loved my lessons with her - she was a fantastic person - I felt that the education I was getting there was not really broad enough for me. My brother Lester, in the meantime had gone to Clare College in Cambridge to study medicine. I was of the firm opinion that Cambridge was solely for toffs and I had no interest in visiting him there. But he kept asking me and eventually, when I was in London and he was in his second year, I did visit him. I was completely bowled over, firstly by the beauty of the town, the colleges and the river. But more importantly, by the almost infinite possibilities that Cambridge seemed to offer to musicians to play, sing or even conduct. At the Royal Academy of Music it was so crowded, so hard to find a room to rehearse in, so time consuming to travel from my digs to the Academy, that performing options were very limited. I hope that has changed. But at Cambridge there were many seriously gifted musicians (many of whom weren't studying music), and a rich music making scene. I fell head over heels in love with the place and the opportunities it seemed to offer. This was problematic because in my life to that date I had shown no interest whatsoever in any academic activity. I had scraped through exams where necessary and flunked anything else. I never had any interest in anything except singing and playing music, and maybe a bit of sport. My friends were all making agonising decisions about whether to take languages or sciences, but I had no interest in any of that, I was going to be a musician. And in truth, I wasn't very good at anything else so it all seemed fine.

But I went to Cambridge to meet the head of music at Clare, one John Rutter, armed only with a B in Music A Level, hopeful that I could convince him to take me on. He wasn't very impressed, oddly enough. But did hear me out and suggested that if I was to get myself an A in another A level, I would at least be allowed to apply to Clare - no promises, but a glimmer of hope. Then events took a terrible course - Lester was killed on his way back to Cambridge for a Summer Course. He was knocked off his motor bike and died instantly. I was also driving the same route in a car with his belongings. I took a wrong turn and avoided passing the scene of the accident but I

turned up at Clare and waited for him. He never arrived.

Obviously this event changed my whole life, I was 17 and had had no direct experience of mortality. It didn't however change my determination to follow in his footsteps, in fact it made it seem imperative.

My path to Cambridge was by no means straightforward and often looked to be impossible. But I did manage to get there and I had four amazing years, playing, singing and conducting. I also learned the value of academic research, particularly in the area of Early Music and did knuckle down to some hard study. And I got my degree.

While at Cambridge, I sang in, and directed my own consort, whose members included many singers who are now well established names - Mark Padmore, Charles Daniels, Gerald Finley and Christopher Purves amongst them. Cambridge University Consort of Voices were invited to give a concert in King's College Chapel to mark the opening of the West Road Music Faculty Concert Hall.

## MY BAND

After University I formed a band - Harvey and the Wallbangers. That was a bit unexpected, a friend of mine, Nick Barraclough kind of pushed me into it. I loved being in a band and I loved performing music which appealed to anybody - we played anywhere that would have us, from prisons to the Royal Variety show (you can imagine where we got the best reaction). This took up six years of my life and it was great. To begin with we were a rock and roll group, performing doo wop and jump and jive, but always with vocal harmonies. I did some pretty crazy arrangements of some unlikely songs, things like Boogie Nights - the disco classic done *a cappella*. We got pretty successful pretty quickly and performed 200 shows a year. That was a great time; it doesn't get much better than being a touring musician in your twenties.

Coming from a classical background I was fascinated with discovering and arranging some quite obscure material which our audiences loved. But people kept asking me if I wrote my own songs. And then after a while asked me why, if I was in a band, I didn't write my own songs. To begin with, I would shrug this off - it wasn't really something I'd ever considered doing; as a classical musician you perform Bach and Beethoven *et al* and the fascination is with how to do that to the best of your ability. But after a while, I kind of ran out of excuses and began to ask myself why, I didn't do that. So in the end I sat down and tried to write a song. Curiously it was a reggae song, though that may have been more to do with my younger brother Rex, who helped me arrange it and whose tastes were far broader and more adventurous than mine at that time. It was a fairly simple song about being left by a loved one. I found the experience of writing something pretty amazing although I was scared that I'd be found out - the chords and tune seemed so obvious to me that I thought I must have stolen directly from a song that already existed and it

would not take long for people to find that out. But time passed and I never discovered quite where it came from - I came to realise that, simple as it was, derivative as it undoubtedly was, it still had something original about it. This was big for me, a whole new world opened up. And maybe more amazingly, the words which were by no means sophisticated "why did you ever leave me . ." tapped in to a deep feeling which certainly touched me and seemed to connect with other people. A few years later, when I had a bit of perspective on things, I looked back at it and realised that it was clearly a song about losing my brother, Lester. Although that was implicit rather than explicit, I'm sure Rex knew it pretty much immediately.

In some ways the Wallbangers were ahead of our time - we made a living from touring and decided to start our own record company rather than trying to get signed up to a big or indie label. That proved a wise decision, we sold maybe 20,000 albums, maybe more, but mostly at gigs, so all the profit went to us rather than to the men in suits. When we wanted to make another record we asked people to order it in advance, which basically covered the cost of studio time and production. That's a model that is more common now - crowd sourcing they call it, but it's an age old gambit, relying on the good will of your fans (exploiting them, in short). We recorded four albums on our own label and the Jazz CD with Simon Rattle.

Our end came about in characteristically implausible style. We were a band with a guitarist who wanted to be a maths teacher. Johnny Griffiths had always intended to be a maths teacher rather than singer and guitarist but threw his lot in with us for many years. When he decided to leave the group and head for the classroom we had a few choices to make. We could have carried on without him - a couple of other people in the group played guitar and we often swapped instruments anyway. Or replaced him. But it was a watershed and we wondered how and whether to carry on. We'd had a pretty successful time, by this point we were making enough money to pay wages to up to ten people, seven in the band, stage crew, a manager and assistant. we weren't rolling in it but that was quite an achievement. But while we'd ascended some rungs of the slippery ladder of 'success' and got to a point where we established ourselves, people knew about us, but we hadn't broken through in to the really big time.

We thought long and hard about it - we felt we had two choices - either to really break it by writing our own material and breaking in to the charts. Or to carry on doing more and more touring, TV and radio. That would probably mean becoming more of a variety act which didn't interest us so much (the Royal Variety Show was for me a bit of a dispiriting experience). So we approached some big record companies to see if we could get a deal - one of them turned us down because we were too well known. That seemed odd at the time, but looking back, I suppose that the sharp end of the pop industry is interested in creating something new. Although when we were asking it was just after Wham! (I think they had an exclamation mark) had been really big and all the companies were looking for a new Wham!! Which disproved the above.



Anyway it wasn't really happening for us in the pop world. So we decided to quit while we were ahead. We were all still pretty good friends - no mean achievement after four solid years on the road and we planned a final tour to say farewell. It turned out that we had some tax debts which needed to be addressed so our final tour lasted the best part of a year. The poster said LAST CHANCE EVER TO SEE THIS BAND! SEE THIS GIG OR BE A JERK FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! (we were also quite into our exclamation marks - hell it was the 80s). So, not quite Sinatra, but it was fun and we were genuinely touched that people wanted to bid us a fond farewell.

In fact our very last gig was a saga in itself - we'd booked the Duke of York's Theatre in the West End (now the Gielgud, I think). And it sold out in a morning or something. I found I wasn't able to get my family and friends in. So, against all sensible advice from everybody, I went to Sadler's Wells and asked them if we could move the gig there - it was three or four times the size. They were up for it so I persuaded everyone to give it a go. This was pre internet and omni communication, so it was a bit touch and go as to whether we could let everyone know. But we tried to do so and had a bus at The Duke of York's to ferry any people who hadn't heard, up to Islington. And when we walked out onto that stage, it was full and the place erupted. That was a magic moment - we'd gone from busking in Edinburgh to a full house at Sadler's Wells in four years. Pretty much under our own steam, with no big business backing, no hype (well, only our own self generated hype, which we'd got quite good at). It was a moment to feel quite proud as well as sad that it was all over. But a great way to go.

After the band split up I sat myself down and thought - this is the time to get serious, knuckle down and get me a job. I was in my late twenties, time to settle down. That thought didn't last very long, attractive as it was in some ways. But I just couldn't imagine turning up for work at 9am on a Monday morning. Or any morning. Not that anyone was offering to take me on. On our final tour we had managed to pay our debts off and we came out with a small profit. When I looked back at the Wallbanger years, what had inspired me the most was the writing and producing of our own music. But it had been hard to find enough time to write as much as I had wanted - we'd got into a position where we had to tour to sell records, so taking time off from touring was difficult while we were still on some kind of a wage (not much I assure you - when you say you are a musician people assume you are earning as much as the Rolling Stones, but there are a lot of us who are managing to survive by doing what we love and while it would be great to be rolling in it, we get by).

## BECOMING A WRITER AND PRODUCER

So I had a bit of money, decided that I wanted to be a writer and producer and bought all the equipment for my own studio in the top room of my house. In those days that was a lot of hardware - a multi tape machine, mixing desk, microphones - all the gear. Computers were still incredibly rudimentary so I didn't start using them for a while yet.



I sat down in my top room looked at this equipment and sighed. It was still the days when you went into a studio and some boffin would do all the technical stuff. But I had a couple of lucky things happen. One was that my girlfriend, Emma Freud, and I had bought a house together. And she was just beginning to work in television, so had some stability. And she gave me a great gift which was to believe in myself and to trust that I would find my way eventually to what I wanted to do. For a while I was learning a new trade - it was music related but tricky. And then I started to get some work as a string arranger and I bumped into Jocelyn Pook who was a viola player (she played on a session for me) and budding composer. I let her know that I had a studio and she began to bring work my way - some theatre to begin with but then television and film. I kind of produced and engineered (making it up as I went really - there was a lot of scratching of my head and a few close calls where I couldn't make anything work).

But soon I was working pretty steadily in the music business, gradually accumulating a huge amount of experience in many different fields. I'm the sort of person who tends to say yes to things without thinking, I think this relates fairly directly to the loss of my brother; I can't bear not to be positive. So I did whatever people asked me to do - sometimes theatre, sometimes world music, sometimes jazz, folk and still the occasional classical session. I know this makes me sound like a dilettante; maybe I am. But I made sure to work with the best people I could find in any particular field and I learned a huge amount from being there while they did what they did well. For instance, I'd never call myself a jazzer, although other people do. But I've worked with some really outstanding people - Liane Carroll, Julian Siegel, Mike Outram, Gerard Presencer. I understand what they do and have been lucky enough to provide them with arrangements or compositions that they can take to places that I can imagine but could never do myself. For a long time I worked with Jacqui Dankworth - we had a band together and a relationship, not the easiest thing to do. But I spent many years working alongside John Dankworth who was an absolute inspiration and I learnt so much from him. Not just about jazz or music but about the whole life of an artist. We'd sit at breakfast and he'd go through the reviews and say "this one is nice we can use that" - this was when he was 75 or thereabouts - I've never met anyone so driven as he was. He was a wonderful man. And he and Cleo were very generous to me personally and professionally, they really encouraged me to take my composing seriously even though it was mostly in a different field to theirs.

I could list all the things I've done. But if you have the patience you can read my CV; it's now very long and I'm proud of the work I've done in theatre, opera, TV, film, radio and all the different types of music I've turned my hand to.

But I was still working a lot for other people, arranging and producing - sometimes writing. And about ten years ago, I realised that what fulfils me most of all, is writing and performing my own work. And that the more I did for other people, however enjoyable, possibly even lucrative it might be, the less time I had to really see what I could do as a composer.



## LIFE AS PREPARATION

This article all started as an explanation of how my life led to the composition of Requiem in Blue and as an introduction to the transcription of a BBC 4 radio programme which is offered below as a contribution to understanding how the diverse events and situations that make up our life can connect and knit together to enable us to accomplish what we value. After many years of writing songs or film music, the Requiem was the first time I'd put my name to a substantial piece. As detailed below, it was a pretty cathartic experience for me. And I feel very lucky that it really seems to touch people, perhaps because they have had a bereavement, perhaps because we all share 'intimations of mortality' from an early age. The piece has been performed some 40 times all over the UK and in Europe.

So for the last ten years, probably longer now, I have managed to make my way as a composer. Unlike many (most?) composers, I came to it gradually - I was a choirboy from age six, a performer from age 12, then a student and a band leader till I was 30. And I am sure that I needed to live the life I have lived in order for me to become a the composer I am. I don't think I would have had anything much to say if I'd been composing when I was 16. I admire people who can do that, but it wasn't the way my journey went.

Over the years I had maybe made a list of things that I *couldn't* do - write lyrics, write music, dance, perform a song on my own without a band to support me and many more things, some trivial, some not. Gradually I've tried to cross some of the things off that list - I'll never be a good dancer and I still find lyrics hard to write. But I'm glad I've tried doing those things because when I work with words, I know what I need from them. When I write music I know what works for a dancer - and so much good music is dance music - Dufay, Stravinsky, Ellington, Mozart, Marvin Gaye.

The terrible event of my brother's death took me many years to deal with - I'm still dealing with it, I always will be. But many years after the event, it seemed to give me something that I could communicate - nothing particularly new, but something about living life to the full. Certainly I wanted to write a piece for Lester for many years and my first proper piece had to be a requiem. Since then I've written many pieces - a few have obvious connections with bereavement, my piece for the 60th anniversary of D Day - *Valete in Pace*, and a new string piece I've just done called *Heading for GoodBye*.

But those pieces are all uplifting in some way. And the happy pieces I write are more dazzlingly happy because of the grief I still feel.

All my experience in life comes out in my music. My mother was a reception class teacher and I remember swearing that you would never find me in front of a class of kids. She was a wonderful teacher and well remembered by many generations of pupils - I didn't understand how she managed to do it. But now I find myself working with children quite often and I'm sure that comes from seeing her in her element all those years ago.



Music has the power to connect people. But often it divides people as well. We have 'classical concerts' and 'jazz gigs'. Kiddy music for kids and grown up music for grown ups. I've found myself in a position where I can bring some of these barriers down. My Requiem has jazz improvisation next to Latin plainsong. Choral singing next to gospel. Children of seven singing the Requiem text alongside 77 year olds. As long as everybody is comfortable with what they are doing, I think you get something really interesting happening when we stand next to each other saying, we're different and that's fine.

## THE STORY OF REQUIEM IN BLUE<sup>i</sup>

At the end of 1998 I won a prize<sup>ii</sup> which allowed me some time to compose. I had wanted to write a piece in memory of my brother, Lester, since he died in a motorbike accident when I was 17 and he was 19, but I'd never had the right opportunity. In 1997 my girlfriend, Jacqueline Dankworth, was recording with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra and she asked for an arrangement of a folk song. *Black is the Colour of my True Love's Hair* came into my head as we had often performed with our band, Field of Blue. So I did a very swift arrangement which I was quite happy with.

When I got to the end, I don't know why, but I thought this is where the choir comes in. There happened to be a copy of Faure's *Requiem* in my studio at that time and I picked it up and sang the words onto tape. They fitted perfectly and when I came to the Kyrie Eleison words, they exactly fitted the tune of *Black is the Colour*. It was a strange experience, it took about as long to write as to perform. It was only when I'd finished it that I realised that my brother, Lester, had jet black hair and that in essence it was a love song to him as well as to Jacqueline who sang it so wonderfully.

This arrangement became part of my application for the prize and I was thrilled when I won the Andrew Milne prize for composition, an Arts Council award.

Then came the harder work of completing the piece. I knew that I wanted to incorporate all my musical experience in my writing. My training was all classical - Coventry Cathedral choirboy, Royal Academy of Music and music degree at Clare College, but after leaving college, I turned my back on classical music, forming Harvey and the Wallbangers and then working with pop and jazz musicians as an arranger and composer. I wanted to honour all the types of music that I had worked in to that date - thus I incorporated jazz and blues influences alongside plainsong and early music.

I also knew that I wanted to involve children. I remember as a boy the thrill I felt when performing with professional musicians and I wanted to share this excitement. I decided to put folk songs in as a way for the children to be involved. I put *Old Abram Brown* sung by the children against the gospel song *Sometimes I feel like a*

*Motherless Child* sung here by Liane Carroll. Both seemed to work with the Latin words which are about the fear of death but also about the hope that through it you pass into eternal life.

I'm not really a religious person although I was surrounded by religion through singing in a cathedral choir when I was little. However, religious faith of all kinds continues to fascinate me, so the use of *Flow Gently Sweet Afton* in the *Sanctus* was meant to represent the idea that many religions have been rolling along for thousands of years like a huge network of streams and rivers. I wanted from time to time to throw myself into the river and see where I emerge. At the end of the *Sanctus* there is normally a Hosanna in Excelsis Deo - Hosanna in the highest, but I decided a drum solo would be just as uplifting. I explained this to the drummer and percussionist playing on the recording, Winston and Roy, and they went off on one.

The *Benedictus* is a more classical movement and reflects the time I spent as a choirboy. These are the words of Robert Weddle my choirmaster [who remembers me as a young boy]:

"I have a picture in my mind: I used to pick Harvey and Lester from home every morning and take them to the cathedral for our morning practice and it was a long road that went down from the house where I lived to the house where they lived, though in fact one could see one from the other. And the vision was of these three little boys because there was also Rex who was very small in those days. Lester always in front, Harvey trailing rather reluctantly behind and Rex running to keep up with the two. Lester was a very serious child. Of his two parents one thinks that he probably would've been very much like his father who was a man with a very serious attitude to life but a little twinkle in his eye as well. And I think Lester would've been very much like that."

The Hosanna after the *Benedictus* is quite downbeat. The bell is tolling because when my brother died I waited for my parents to arrive for three long hours in the courtyard of his college. The bell rang every hour. I'll never forget that.

Robert Weddle : "I think it shocked us all terribly and it was just so completely unexpected. There we were one moment with a family who were such a unified family as well. It was difficult to imagine a family that were closer together. And suddenly brutally the whole thing is shattered and burst apart. When something tragic like that happens, so brutal and so unexpected, there's always somebody that has to deal with the down to earth things immediately after and it just happened to fall on Harvey and fall on him in a very unexpected way when he was still really, really young."

The *Agnus Dei* is the simple marriage of a bass riff, a groove and a plain song melody.

Robert Weddle: "At Coventry we used to sing a certain amount of Gregorian chant. I don't think it ever appeals frightfully to small children, though I think one thing that strikes me very much in Harvey's piece is that the Gregorian chant, the plainsong which he uses comes out like folk music which of course, in a sense, it is. It doesn't come out like blues, but it certainly doesn't seem a remote and difficult style even though it's quite reasonably accurately like the Gregorian chant.



The flugelhorn solo is from Gerrard Presenter, one of the most gifted improvisers I know. He has a direct link with the gods. Maybe I'm mad but the sound of the flugelhorn with the 15<sup>th</sup> century theobo a huge lute type thing sounds perfectly natural to me.

The structure of the *Requiem* is fairly fixed, but I followed Fauré's example in leaving out the *Dies Irae* which is pretty heavy stuff. Day of judgement, fire and brimstone and so on. I don't really hold with the idea of a god of judgement rather than a god of forgiveness. Instead I put in a *Libera me* which is a more human approach - Save me from the eternal death.

For the next movement, *In Paradisum* I wanted Liane Carroll to sing *She Moves Through the Fair* which is such a lovely song. I was surprised at how easily the Latin text about being in paradise and the Gregorian chant fitted with it. Looking back I think that in my subconscious the words, "It will not be long love until our wedding day," express a hope that we will all meet again in some kind of afterlife.

The next part of my story involves a most talented and now well known author and playwright, Lee Hall. But in 1998 I knew Lee as my lodger. I knew that he had done some plays on the radio and I kept asking him to let me hear one as I had missed them all. One day he came to me with a cassette, of *Spoonface Steinberg*, and said slightly sheepishly, "Here is one of them, I'm just off out," and vanished. It wasn't great timing as I was about to have a bath and rush out myself, but I thought I'd better listen to a bit of it. So, nearly an hour later, I was sitting in a cold bath laughing and weeping, incredibly moved by the simplicity and wisdom of the piece. I hardly dared to ask him if I could use it in the *Requiem* as I was scared I might not do justice to it, but he seems to be happy. Here are some short extracts from *Spoonface Steinberg* which shows you what I mean.

"And in the book it said there was different ways you can pray. There is like when you get up and you sit and say things, that is one way of praying. And then there is this other way what was invented by these people in Poland quite a while ago, this is where everything you do is a prayer and you have to do everything you do the best you can because it is not just normal, in fact it is a prayer straight to God."

"Because when the world was made God made it out of magic sparks. Everything that there is was all made of magic sparks and all the magic sparks went into things deep down and everything has a spark. And the whole point of being alive, the whole point of living is to find the spark, and the sparks were put there for each other because God wanted people to find them in each other. And doing this, making sparks, this was to pray. And the old people, a long time ago, they saw the sparks. And people met and the sparks jumped right into the air from the place that they were hiding and they leaped up through the firmament and through the clouds and past the sun and the shone over the whole universe. And when people kissed there were sparks and when people held each other there were sparks and when they waved as they were going away there would be sparks. And they would all be prayers."

*Extracts from Spoonface Steinberg, Lee Hall*



The reactions of some of the performers reveals that the Requiem also held special meaning for them too.

Female: "It's the sort of thing I feel very privileged to be in because it's unique. And the bit that always gives me a lump in the throat is the last movement of it because it's very special. All the words that fit with the music and the fact that I mean particularly today's recording was the boy's choir, it felt very spiritual and very uplifting. I just find it - because it's such a fusion, it's so different, very interesting piece."

Male: "The whole thing was the most fantastic mismatch of musical instruments and people from all sorts of weird musical traditions and I don't think I've quite ever seen such an odd combination. But of course it make perfect sense if you knew Harvey because everything from early music to jazz and sort of pop music were all kind of represented there. And of course the gradual putting together of the different layers was fantastic. And ..."

Female: "The utter emotion, all the emotion about it and the coming together, singing with children and adults and everything and hearing them sing is just wonderful. And it's really hard to keep your emotions at bay, really just - well, you can't keep them at bay. As soon as it started, I mean it's just a very evocative subject and everything and the whole thing, what's come together of it. It's just wonderful to be a part of it, it really is. Yeah. It's great."

Male: "At first glance it seems perhaps almost naïve and a bit simplistic and as one sings it and goes on singing it you realise that to have married these different elements in that sort of way is quite a brilliant stroke and that it works so well. Because perhaps he's just married different things which are his own particular tastes, being tastes of the same person they all stick together."

Male: "It was absolutely beautiful. At the end I was struggling to keep it together actually. Also I had a beautiful moment in the *In Paradisum* which is about the souls going up to heaven and I just looked up into the ceiling of the church and I could see pigeons flying outside and their shadows were going across the roof of the church, just beautiful shadows just fluttering against the top - well, there we go."

For the first time in my life of creating music, when I finished the piece I didn't know or even really care if it was good or bad. You can judge that for yourself. I do know that it could only have come from me and that I did it for my brother and I'm happy for that.

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<sup>i</sup> This is a lightly edited transcript of a BBC Radio 4 broadcast I made in 2002. You can hear the audio version of the story complete with musical inserts at <http://lifewideeducation.co.uk/page/lifewide-learning-education-personal-development-e-book> You can hear more of Harvey Brough's music at <http://www.harveybrough.com/>

<sup>ii</sup> Andrew Milne Prize awarded by the Arts Council England