



PERCY GRAINGER: FROM MEAT-SHUN-MENT TO CUT-CURE-CRAFT

Curated By Alessandro Servadei



A display celebrating the *7th International Music Medicine Symposium*
held at the University of Melbourne's Faculty of Music from 12-15 July, 1998

GRAINGER MUSEUM
THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE
1998

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One reads that the Polynesians are so healthy that they need no doctors, because they never get ill. As a matter of fact I never get ill – never incapacitated. I only feel wretched. But that, I think, is soul-sickness: I have too many worries. But if I had fewer I would accomplish less for my race. Victory is the only thing I care about.

Excerpt from Percy Grainger, letter to Cyril Scott, 13 September 1947.

CREDITS:

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Art works: size in cm. height preceding width.

Idiosyncrasies of spelling and punctuation in quotations reflect Grainger's own usage.

"Legends" refer to written information about museum artefacts which have been supplied by Percy Grainger.

COVER:

Percy Grainger hiking in 1923 (location unknown).

SPECIAL NOTE:

Meat-shun-ment = vegetarianism and *cut-cure-craft* = surgery in Grainger's Nordic or 'blue-eyed' English.

INTRODUCTION

In the upcoming feature film *Passion*, an exuberant Percy Grainger exclaims to his mother Rose that he is a "missionary in the church of clean living." And while that statement might not be entirely true, Grainger did nevertheless adopt a healthy lifestyle for most of his life. Indeed, there is no other musician of our time who has acquired a reputation of being a *running* pianist, and who actively indulged in such diverse pursuits as vegetarianism, herbal medicine, desert hiking, swimming in ice-cold fjords and designing proto-tracksuits out of bath towels. Yet, for all this, Grainger was surrounded by illness – both of his parents suffered for many years from that "unmentionable" disease, syphilis, and he himself was afflicted by varicocele from his early twenties, later by carcinoma of the prostate which would lead to his death in 1961.

This exhibition and catalogue attempts to place Grainger's health and his attitudes to health into perspective. Books on alternate medicine from Grainger's own private collection are shown alongside his essay on the vegetarian lifestyle, letters to his Norwegian surgeon, Kaare Nygaard, extracts from his autopsy and music scores composed on, or inspired by his long hikes throughout the world. In addition, this catalogue provides a rich and detailed chronology of Grainger and his attitudes towards health, diet and sexuality as seen through his letters, documents, photographs and artworks.

Alessandro Servadei
Exhibition Curator
June 1998

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PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER (1882 - 1961)

AN OVERVIEW

1880	FRIDAY 1ST OCTOBER	Rosa [Rose] Annie Aldridge married John Harry Grainger at St. Matthew's Church, Kensington Road, Adelaide, South Australia.
1882	SATURDAY 8TH JULY	Birth of George Percy Grainger at Brighton, Victoria.
	THURSDAY 28TH SEPTEMBER	George Percy Grainger christened at St. Andrew's Church of England, Brighton, Victoria. Registration no. 1667, by Rev. Samuel Taylor. Rose Grainger contracts syphilis from her husband.
c.1886		Starts formal education at home.
1888		Opening of Princes Bridge, Melbourne, designed by John H. Grainger.
1888		Starts taking daily piano lessons with his mother, Rose.
1890		John H. Grainger lives apart from his family.
c.1891		Starts to study acting and painting with Thomas A. Sisley, and drawing with Frederick McCubbin.
1892		Piano lessons with Louis Pabst in Melbourne.
1894	MONDAY 9TH JULY	First public performance as a pianist, at a Risvegliato concert in the Masonic Hall, Melbourne.
1894	DECEMBER	Pabst leaves Australia for Europe and encourages Grainger to continue his music study abroad. Grainger begins study with a former Pabst pupil, Adelaide Burkitt. First visit to a vegetarian restaurant.
1895	SATURDAY 26TH MAY	Leaves Australia with his mother, Rose, to study piano and composition at the Hoch Conservatorium, Frankfurt am Main, Germany.
1900	6TH DECEMBER	Solo recital, Frankfurt, marks the end of his student days. Later visit to Scottish highlands inspires the <i>Walking Tune</i> for wind 5-some.

- 1901 MID MAY Moves to London, with his mother, where his career as a virtuoso pianist is launched on 11th June. Later completes his first *Hill-Song*.
- 1903-04 Tours Australasia with Ada Crossley and her concert party.
- 1904 29TH SEPTEMBER —
meeting 19TH OCTOBER First concert tour in Denmark, with Herman Sandby. First Karen Holten, his Danish sweetheart.
- 1906 First learns to swim.
- 1908 Makes his first recordings with the Gramophone Company. Designs a supporting brassiere for athletic women.
- 1908-09 Tours Australasia for the second time with Ada Crossley and her concert party. First long Australian walk near Sale in Victoria.
- 1910 First concert tours in Holland and Norway. Designs towelling outfit.
- 1911 OCTOBER Adopts the name of Percy Aldridge Grainger, concurrently with the publication of his music by Schott & Co., London.
- 1912-13 H. Balfour Gardiner choral and orchestral concerts mark the beginning of Grainger's public career as a composer.
- 1912 15TH — 29TH AUGUST Last holiday with Karen Holten, at Slettestrand, Jutland, Denmark.
- 1914 AUGUST Postpones or cancels engagements when war is declared.
2ND SEPTEMBER Percy and Rose set sail for the United States.
- 1914 Obtains contract with publisher, G. Schirmer, and makes his debut in New York playing the piano part of *Shepherd's Hey*.
- 1915 Gives recital and concerto debuts in New York. Obtains contract with Duo-Art company to record piano rolls. Undertakes first American tour.
- 1916 Collaborates in recitals with Melba in support of the Allied War Effort. Completes his *Music to an Imaginary Ballet – The Warriors* for orchestra, three pianos and tuneful percussion.
- 1917 Completes the *Marching Song of Democracy* for mixed choir, orchestra, organ and tuneful percussion.
- 1917 13TH APRIL Death of Grainger's father, John Harry Grainger, in Melbourne, Australia. Cause of death listed as "chronic rheumatic arthritis."
- 1917 12TH JUNE Enlists in the U.S. Army as a bandsman, learning oboe and soprano saxophone.
- 1918 3RD JUNE Becomes a naturalised American citizen. Expects to be sent with the Band to France, instead appointed Band-Music Instructor.
- 1919 7TH JANUARY Honourably discharged from U.S. Army.
- 1922 30TH APRIL Rose Grainger commits suicide by leaping off the Aeolian Building.
- 1924 Makes a private visit to the Pacific Islands and Australasia. "Officially" becomes a *meat-shunner* or vegetarian.
- 1926 NOVEMBER Makes his first solo tour of Australia. First meeting with Ella Viola Ström, Swedish-born poet and painter, when he boards R.M.M.S. "Aorangi" in New Zealand en route to the U.S.A.
-

1928	4TH AUGUST	Secret marriage to Ella Viola Ström.
	9TH AUGUST	Marries Ella on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl at the conclusion of his concert, the last item of the programme being <i>To a Nordic Princess</i> . Honeymoon at the Glacier National Park, hiking & walking.
1929		First learns to ski.
1932-33		Appointed Head, Music Department, New York University.
1933	23RD SEPTEMBER	Ella and Percy depart Copenhagen aboard 4 mast bark <i>L'avenir</i> , on a journey of 110 days before landfall in Perth, Australia.
1934-35		Tours Australasia and establishes the Music Museum and Grainger Museum in the grounds of the University of Melbourne.
1938		Visits Australia. The Grainger Museum is officially opened.
1941		Travels widely, giving many concerts for the Red Cross and troops.
1946		Writes essay on vegetarianism, "How I became a Meat-Shunner".
1947		Performs his first piano recital in Britain since 1914.
1950		Awarded <i>National Institute of Art and Letters</i> [U.S.A.] This was the only formal award Grainger would ever accept for his accomplishments.
1950s		Works with Burnett Cross on <i>Free Music</i> experiments. Diagnosed with cancer of the prostate.
1955-56		Visits Australia with Ella for nine months. Last visit to Australia. Writes essay on his sexuality, which remains hidden until 1971.
1960	29TH APRIL	Gives his last public concert performance.
1961	20TH FEBRUARY	Dies at White Plains, New York, U.S.A.
	2ND MARCH	Burial in West Terrace Cemetery, Adelaide, South Australia.

**PERCY GRAINGER:
A CHRONOLOGY OF HIS ATTITUDES TOWARDS
HEALTH, DIET AND SEXUALITY**

**AS RELATED BY HIS MUSIC, PHOTOS, DRAWINGS, LETTERS,
ESSAYS AND OTHER WRITINGS**

EARLY CHILDHOOD IN AUSTRALIA

1882

DOCUMENT (*Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, W37-36)

I believe mother was pretty frail after I got birth-started ((was conceived)), that she threw up her food & was otherwise feeble.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 7 October 1933.

Shortly after Grainger was born, his parents were diagnosed with syphilis, which, despite many treatments and so-called 'cures' would ultimately prove fatal for both. His mother Rose was particularly devastated, being the innocent party: her husband John, through his alcohol induced promiscuity, had sexually acquired the disease and unwittingly passed it on. Later he would deny it ever happened.

DOCUMENT (*Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, W37-49)

While I was still quite, or somewhat, a baby I was cow-pox-treated ((vaccinated)) against small pox in the thick of my upper left arm by Dr ____ & got blood-poisoning badly. (The clean-up-tale ((explanation)) was that Dr ____ had been carrying round the cow-pox in his coat on a very hot day & that it had gone bad – the sort of thing that one may look-for in our reckless British lands. The story of mother's & my life is a tale of the carelessness & heartlessness of our leeches [doctors].

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 13 October 1933.

Late 1880s – Early 1890s

DOCUMENT (*Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, W37-48)

As a baby I had croup very badly. That & the ... blood-poisoning seem to have been the only ailments I had until the quincey at Killalah. My throat seems always to have been my weak point, fr I had tons of sore throats in the Killalah days (aged 6-11?) & even in ... later life was never long a stranger to this weakness. The smell of oilsilk (that was wound outside the ... flannel that was first [applied] next to the skin, round my sore throat) is one of my jolliest childhood call-to-mindments. I find it one of the most bewitching smells, & its charm is akin to the lovely oilskins worn at sea. Being sick & being at sea ... I prize amongst the very highest.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 13 October 1933.

Despite their illnesses, the young Grainger and his mother (now separated from her husband) would often travel to Adelaide to visit relatives by rail. As described in his *Bird's-Eye-View* on the next page, these were happy days. Perhaps it was because it was here where Grainger first became fascinated by the Australian countryside and longed to hike across the Ninety Mile Desert. He would often walk into the city and hop from tramcar to tramcar. Or, his mother would encourage him to go on pony treks or sailing, the latter an activity

he enjoyed immensely, even if he could not swim. Indeed Grainger would not learn to swim until his mid-twenties.

DOCUMENT (*Bird's-Eye-View*, 399-32)

While I was a young boy (up to the time of mothers terrible headaches) ... mother was still very daring & athletic. I always cherish a vision of her being thrown off a horse, at Clare, S.A. [South Australia] (when I was about 7), & her getting off the ground, so bright & pleased to be thrown ...

Extract from Percy Grainger, "Mothers Daringness" in *Bird's-Eye-View of the Together-Life of Rose Grainger and Percy Grainger*, 8 January 1947.

DOCUMENT (*Anecdotes*, 423-86)

Of course, the Spanish Sickness [mother] got from my father altered her life. She was treated by Dr O'Hara, but could not keep down the medicines he gave her. When she went to a doctor in Sydney, about a year later, he said it was criminal, the way her care had been neglected. For one reason or another, she did not have serious or continuous treatment for the illness in its early years. (When she asked my father how his Spanish Sickness was, & was he being properly treated for it, he would wax angry & deny he had ever had the sickness, tho he had freely admitted it at the time of giving it to her. "If a delicate woman like you had had such an illness you would be dead long ere this" he said to her.)

From the first I remember of my mother she was mostly in pain, having fiendish neuralgia while we were in "Sofiero" (Ratcliffe Road, Auburn), & later with pains in her eyes if she used them, with pains in her hands if she used them, & with growing helplessness if she walked more than a minute or so.

Extract from Percy Grainger, *Anecdotes*, 19 May 1954.

DOCUMENT (*Bird's-Eye-View*, 399-33)

I think some people (who, of course, knew nothing of the Spansk Syge [syphilis]) thought mother hypercondriacal. But her doctors never seemed to think so, altho one of them, in Australia, in the early days (when I was a baby) wasnt sure whether she had the Spansk Syge or not. Her case was so muddled, in the first year. I think she was self-dramatising, prone to exaggerate, rather than hypercondriacal. She had such a hatred of illness, & of being ill.

Extract from Percy Grainger, "Did Mother have a Touch of Hypercondria?" in *Bird's-Eye-View of the Together-Life of Rose Grainger and Percy Grainger*, 8 January 1947.

DOCUMENT (*Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, W37-199)

I have always been happiest when ill, or halfill, in bed – with my fingertips dragging across miles of cottonwool – dreaming artdreams, & fightdreams or sexdreams. And if I could get anyone to play tone-art [music] to me, or read books aloud to me, my cap of happiness was quite full.

Extract from Percy Grainger, *Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, 13 December 1933.

DOCUMENT (*Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, W37-107)

I call-to-mind how we always had with us (at home, in the train, on visits) an oil cloth & an (extra) sheet, which were placed above the wontsome ((usual)) lower sheets of the bed. But often my piss wet the upper sheet, or leaked them onto the lower parts of the bed – maybe our along-brought piss-catchers having got pushed away in the night. I recall well the feeling of waking up with a hot feeling along my thighs ... & a sense of befreedness in my guts ... at once driven into forgottenness by a sense of guilt – "Now I done it again". Can a bet-wetter

hold himself back from bedwetting, I ask myself? The sleeping self says "do it" & the waking self is not quick enough in getting a grip on things to say "no" in time ... The next thing was to cover my tracks – to gather the wet parts of the bed clothes under me & try & dry these by body warmth before mother woke me up & outfound [discovered] the misdeed. For I was cure-hurt ((punished)) for bedwetting.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 13 November 1933.

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-163)

In order to make me hate the very taste & smell of strong drinks [mother] used to mix a little whisky or brandy or other strong drink with my castor oil or codliver oil (both of which I hated), with the outcome that I could not tell the smell of them apart. Even today, if someone opens a bottle of whiskey or like drink in my nearness I instantly smell a strong stink of castor oil ...

I guess I must have drunk tea as a child (likely with milk & sugar), but am pretty sure I as good as never tasted coffee – & all strong drinks were banned of course ... I was never led so as to grow fond of ice-cream, & never did.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 29 November 1933.

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-165)

[I]t seems to me there was never a time, even in my childhood, when I did not dislike meat (more or less) & think the killing of tame-beasts shameful. But maybe I am reading the deemths [opinions] of my later life back into my childhood. I am quite sure of some things: that I always disliked all the fat of meat & wanted to eat only the lean; that I hated bacon on 3 grounds – for its crispness, for its fatness, for its saltness; that I was sickened by the stringiness and grisliness of many meats; that I found sausages a trial – partly because I had heard of foul meats being stuffed into them. But this stands: I worshipped dripping, I liked brawn & tongue, & I think I was fond of tripe. I didn't like plum pudding – partly, no doubt, because I thot it wicked to take brandy in any form, & partly because the brandy tasted to me of castor oil. Bread-&-butter pudding was no stranger on our table & I befriended myself with it well enough.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 30 November 1933.

FRANKFURT PERIOD

1894

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-165)

The fact that mother & I took a long-ticket ... at a meat-less ((vegetarian)) food-shop ((restaurant)) the moment we got to Frankfurt (1894), & that I was very loth to quit eating there, even after we found that the knives & forks were dirty (always green from spinach), favors the guess that mother & I were mainly, or somewhat meatless eaters before we left Australia. Yet in Frankfurt I heard from mother praise-words for meat – more so after Dr Neuberger told mother that manisidedly fed children were sidematchedly easy to cure, but there was little to be done with poorfolk's children who had been raised on potatoes & coffee.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 30 November 1933.

Mid-late 1890s

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-161)

When we were on the steamship "Gera" (1894) faring to Europe I recall saying to mother "I cannot understand why people who are really rich eat anything but California tinned peaches." I never could get enough of these; but then, it was largely the sugar I liked, most likely. Raw fruits I never call to mind being mad about. I recall mother saying that I never ett (ate) unripe fruit, like so many children, & that I have never had a real tummy-ache in my whole childhood.

I loved porridge to set smooth & shapely ... & I became be-raged ((enraged)) if anyone stirred up my porridge & poured milk into the upset hollows thus come at ... I recall liking dark brown sugar much better than white sugar, & I just worshipped "golden syrup." I now recall the taste of treacle with delight, but I am not sure I liked it so much in childhood. Mother took pride in the fact that I didnt ... eat or crave sweets (lollies, chocolate, butterscotch, Edinboro rock, toffee & the like) like most children. One might take the view that I got so much sugar in my daily meals that I didnt muchly need sugar in the form of sweets ...

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 29 November 1933.

Grainger and his mother would often spend their time together cycling in the woods around Frankfurt. Grainger himself became so adept at the riding that he could have been a trick rider. He could even stand still and cycle backwards, difficult feats that often enraged his composition teacher, Iwan Knorr, who always cycled to the conservatorium each day past the Graingers' house.

Grainger's American bicycle did not survive the test of time, however he captured it to glory in his 1897 watercolour, *Bicycle Belonging to an Artist*.

PAINTING (VA 2/3:3)

Bicycle Belonging to an Artist

Watercolour, 1897

Signed L.L. "P.G." L.L. 7/97

Size: 19.6 cm x 25.2 cm

Percy Grainger, watercolour, *Bicycle belonging to an Artist* (1897)

DOCUMENT (*Bird's-Eye-View*, 399-32)

In Frankfurt, of course, [mother] adored bicycling & took great risks – asking me to take her handle bar (as I bicycled alongside) & pull her faster than she could ride by herself. She ended up on a heap of sharp stones that way, once. But after she fell on the Glatteis, on a footpath, hurt her spine & was for months on iced pipes, there was no more athletic fun for her. She was

told it was all part of the Spansk Sygdom [Spanish sickness = syphilis] shed got from my father, about which, in those days, folk talked with the darkest forebodings.

Extract from Percy Grainger, "Mothers Daringness" in *Bird's-Eye-View of the Together-Life of Rose Grainger and Percy Grainger*, 8 January 1947.

Rose Grainger on her (Hartford?) bicycle on the "Ringstrasse," Frankfurt Am-Main, taken about May 1897.
Photo by R. Ederheimer.

Cyril Meir Scott (1879-1970), one of the English composers Grainger met up with in Frankfurt, was to become a lifelong friend. An ardent vegetarian, steeped in mysticism, with a strong belief in alternate medicine – subjects Scott would later write about in length – was to veer Grainger away from surgery for cancer, in the 1950s.

Scott's autobiography, *My Years of Indiscretion*, as well as his unpublished typescript on *The Frankfurt Group of composers* (to which Grainger and he belonged) provide a wealth of information about Grainger's teenage years.

BOOK

But in spite of the rural beauty I should have felt somewhat lonely, had not Grainger, who was almost a trick rider, bicycled to see me once or twice a week; and those hours we spent together on such occasions were magical hours indeed ... Often we used to go for long rambles, during which he would divest himself of his shoes and socks, and paddle in the streams, while I looked on; for I was less enthusiastic over that sort of sport than he. But then he had just discovered Walt Whitman, and was imbued with the idea of living up to his, shall we say athletic philosophy ...

Perhaps the most astonishing feature in Grainger's make-up at the time was his capacity for eating cakes I have seen him polish off ten Berlin pancakes for his tea alone, and without noticeably bad effects.

Extract from Cyril Scott, *My Years of Indiscretion* (London: Mills and Boon, 1924).

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-62)

It might be that that my mother, with her waxing love of health & hatred of illness, would become awfully bitter towards my father for his having wrecked her health; but it was not so.

She thought it frightfully silly of him to have been so reckless & she always bore down on me with the warning: "whatever you do, do not ruin a woman's health in the name of love." But she real-saw ((realized)) that father's faults were born of foolishness & weakness, & not of evil. If the truth were told, I believe mother was more down on father for quite other sorts of flaws – flaws that might not have loomed so big in most women's eyes: "Your father was never what I would call a robust

man. He would never catch you up in his arms & toss you about as my brothers would. I had been used to men who thought nothing of carrying me about."

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 24 October 1933.

In 1897, Rose Grainger suffered a minor breakdown in health, diagnosed as neuralgia. It would culminate in her first nervous breakdown two years later, December 1899; this was likely brought on by her syphilis.

LONDON PERIOD

1900

MUSIC

Walking Tune (SL1 MG 3/106-1:4)

“Walking Tune sketches” for end of work. Original ms. in Grainger’s youthful hand. Undated. No instrumentation specified, however the work is clearly in five parts, corresponding to the later version for wind quintet.

DOCUMENT (*Ere-I-Forget*, 384-19)

I did my 3 days tramp in Argylshire [Scottish highlands] (Garelochhead, Loch Foyle, Inverchgrachan, Dalmally, Ben Cuacha, Glen Ryan, Loch Nell, Killmelford, Andrisheag), on which I mind-birthered the tune of “Walking Tune”.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Ere-I-Forget, 1953.

PROGRAM NOTE

I composed the little tune on which this piece is based as a whistling accompaniment to my tramping feet... At that time – I had just turned 18 – I was deeply in love with thoughts of the Celtic world ... So I was delighted that most of the older folk in the glens of Western Argyle spoke only or mainly Gaelic ... It was in this pro-Celtic mood that I worked up my walking tune into the *Walking Tune* for wind 5-some in 1904.

Percy Grainger, preface to score of *Walking Tune*, c. 1912.

1901

MUSIC

Hill-Song No. 1 (MG 5/26-1)

‘For Woodwind’

Original version scored for two piccolos, six oboes, six cor anglais, six bassoons and contrabassoon; this version was not performed within Grainger’s lifetime and has only recently been recorded on the Chandos Grainger Edition Series (CHAN 9630)

Dated March 16, 1901.

‘Huddled-score’ at bottom of page – a reduction for solo piano.

Photocopy positive.

Margins clipped.

Original in British Museum.

Inscription at bottom centre of page, in Grainger’s hand, reads:

N.B. The dividing of this piece into bars does not imply that the first beat of each, or any, bar should receive greater pulse or accent than the beats inside the bar. The divisions are made only for the sake of facility in reading.

DOCUMENT

I consider *Hill-Song No. 1* by far the best of all my compositions. But the difficulties of conducting its highly irregular rhythms are almost prohibitive. At the time of composing *Hill-Song No. 1* (1901-1902, aged 19-20) wildness and fierceness were the qualities in life and nature that I prized most & wished to express in music ... I wished to give musical vent to feelings aroused by the soul-shaking hill-scapes I had recently seen on a three days tramp in

Western Argyleshire. I was not in favor of program-music. I had no wish to portray tonally any actual scenes or even to record musically any impressions of nature. What I wanted to convey, in my Hill-Song, was the nature of the hills themselves – as if the hills themselves were telling of themselves through my music, rather than that I, an onlooker, were recording my 'impressions' of the hills.

Extract from Percy Grainger, "Percy Aldridge Grainger's Remarks about his Hill-Song No. 1," typescript, September 1949.

First page of Grainger's original ms. of *Hill-Song* No. 1 for double-reeds (MG 5/26-1).

MUSIC

Marching-Song sketch (MG 15/4-5:1)

Sketches for a *Marching-Song*, for men's and boy's voices and whistlers.

Version A: 1 page. Dated May 1, 1901 and September 1 and 16, 1902.

"To the measure of the tramping feet."

This work would later become the *Marching Song of Democracy* (see page 31 of this catalogue).

1902

DOCUMENT (*Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, W37-27)

How did my father meet the Aldridges, I wonder? Maybe on the common ground of sport, for father was mighty keen on cricket, & so were most, or all, of the Aldridge boys. If my father stood below my mother's brothers in bravery with horses, he most likely stood above them in walking powers, for father was a well nigh tireless walker.

In 1902 (in England) Uncle Charlie told me that as a young man went walking with my father from Adelaide (to Mount Lofty?) & that his feet were sore & bloody before he was done, but that my father did not feel it at all.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 13 October 1933.

1903-4

Grainger embarked on an Australasian concert tour with the famous Australian soprano, Ada Crossley, in August 1903. It took them throughout regional Victoria and Queensland, later to New Zealand. In Queensland, Grainger would often walk between concerts, setting off in a singlet and a pair of running shorts, following roads where possible, but often venturing into remote bush country. In New Zealand, Grainger walked from Oamaru to Timaru (fifty-six miles) and Masterton to Eketahuna (thirty-two miles) with no or little break at all. He would also arm himself with a knapsack full of manuscript paper, pens, pencils, a lump of hard cheese and hardtack or stale bread. A canteen of water would dangle by his side.

LETTER

My poor dear father is here on his way to hot baths [in Rotorua]. He's the totalest wreck I've ever seen. Had the narrowest shave. The cruellest overwork.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Roger Quilter, 3 December 1903.

Rose had already warned Percy of his father's visit to New Zealand to get treatment for his syphilis, instructing him not to embrace his father as his hands and face were covered in sores.

1904

DOCUMENT (*Ere-I-Forget*, 384-22)

I had badly bruised myself on board [ship during Ada Crossley tour] & hurt my pleura, by running into some ironwork during a game. Maybe that's the root of my pleura-pains in later life (Interlochen, 1937).

Extract from Percy Grainger, Ere-I-Forget, 26 May 1945.

Sketch for *Marching-Song* for men's & boys' voices & whistlers, "To the measure of the tramping feet" (1901-2)

On the S.S. *Wakool*, shortly following the Australian leg of the Ada Crossley tour, Grainger abandoned his passion for deckquoits and, with the captain's permission, began to shovel coal in the boiler room. Several hours of this each day, stripped naked, caused painful *whitlows* to appear on both hands. The ship's doctor immediately forbade such work and, luckily for Grainger, his hands healed in time for his upcoming concerts in South Africa.

During the South African tour, Grainger befriended some native Zulus on one of his many overnight jaunts. He was later seen by Crossley's party jogging across the veld with his new friends. Despite Grainger's protests, the Zulus were not invited to the concert, simply to avoid a political situation.

1905

LETTER

Me audacious! – but it takes your dear cheek to talk vegetarianism to a born meat eater, who is sick of tinned meats & can't get fresh flesh.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Alfhild Sandby, 18 October 1905.

In his early twenties, Grainger suffered from what he described as a form of 'sex sickness', presumably masturbation. His friends Herman and Alfhild Sandby took it upon themselves to cure him of it, during their 1905 British tour. Although the effect would only be temporary (Grainger later refers to it as 'the bad habit' in his letters) the letter below to Alfhild expresses his remarkable indebtedness to his friends' good deed.

Percy Grainger, Herman Sandby and Alfhild [de Luce] Sandby during their British tour (1904-5)

LETTER

Since, in our relations to t'other, you have always been so consistently unselfish, & I so consistently selfish, I cant help guessing that the best thanks for your big heartedness of this fall is to know that you have really done me good, & lifted me over what was possibly the greatest meanance [sic.] I'll ever meet to my work's future. It must be some satisfaction to you to have by your own hands done for the particular Fafner you despised in me.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Alfhild Sandby, 22 October 1905.

Grainger completed his score of *Walking Tune* for wind quintet or 5-some in 1905 (MG 1/98-1-1). It was published in 1912 by Schott & Co. in London.

LETTER

I am shallow in that I am a luxurious beggar. It's altogether true. All my pleasures (the sole genuine things in me) are luxurious ones. War; it destroys & wastes what has taken tons of toil to build up. Sport: the "afterwork" spirit of man ...

War & sport & wild country & race pride pick me up & carry me away & drunken me, & don't leave me half-filled & questioning & cold, & therefore I worship them & serve them & sing them & shall till I drop.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Alfhild de Luce [Sandby], 2 November 1905.

1906

LETTER

But women with well preserved bodies after a certain age are scarcely ever to be found among foreigners. And that is so stupid and meaningless. You have a good chance. You are splendidly put together, and come from an active family. But there is no family in the whole world that is active enough, and one must work, each for himself, to make it fitter, firmer, fresher, more practical, harder, nicer, than it is.

You know what slack fingers are in piano playing. Most people's bodies are similar after a certain (and that a very early) age. And there is not the least excuse for it ...

If people of your and my age do not begin at once then we are lost. Or else we are saved by our forefathers sports-life.

What will you do? The 3 best things are rowing, or Bicycle, or Tennis. You have the means to do it, and must do it. I must, & will also ...

I think people who live a busy and active life are just as interesting to look at when they are old as when they are young. But old shrunken people are the saddest of the lot ...

Another thing: you do not walk fast enough. There is nothing which helps one more than always to walk as fast as one possibly can ...

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 18 March 1906.

LETTER

Last Sunday in Malvern (where I played last Saturday) a local pianist and I did nothing else for about 3 hours except running 'races', high jumping, Indian wrestling, standing jump, etc. I was so stiff afterwards that life was quite miserable.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 5 April 1906.

LETTER

I am keeping up not eating too much, and never potatoes and bread anymore. They are both supposed to be very fattening.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 20 April 1906.

In mid-1906, John Grainger's hands had become twisted as a result of his syphilis; this was later reported in the press as being due to "rheumatic gout". Grainger commented on this in his autobiography, as shown on the next page.

Grainger playing tennis (n.d.)

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-49)

Later in his life [father] would never talk of his twisted hands & feet & growing helplessness as the to-be-looked-for outcome of the illness & the treatments for it, but would pass the whole thing off as "rheumatism" & "neuritis" in the good old English way. Least of all was he willing to listen to mother's going-to-the-pointsome story of the path of the illness in her own case; he waiving the talk-theme ((subject)) aside be-inkedly & talking of other things ...

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 13 October 1933.

Although enjoying the water from his teenage years, Grainger did not learn to swim formally until 1906, at the age of twenty-four.

POSTCARD

I can really swim now; not at all well, yet, of course, not [nor] can I travel, hardly at all; but there's no question of sinking any more.

I'll keep it up when I return until I'm quite able to rescue myself & if poss be of use to others.

Extract from postcard, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 6 September 1906.

LETTER

Yesterday and today I swam, and today I achieved 3 times across the bath without stopping. I have also begun swimming on my back. Isn't it ridiculous that man and women may not bath together, and that you and I cannot do it now when you are over here this time.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 23 October 1906.

LETTER

I believe you have once met Maudie and seen how unforgivably fat she was; [Mortimer] Menpes was that too, to a lesser degree. But now they have both gone on a diet and have become completely thin again. Maudie looks 6 years younger and he excellent.

I am so wildly happy to see that Australians have just that kind of strength of character, to get something like that pushed through. Then there is always hope for people (me too).

I only hope that he won't lose out there the deal of money he has so zealously worked together. But I don't think so, a man who can get himself slimmed down at his age, is sufficiently young in spirit and awake to get out of it.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 29 October 1906.

1907

LETTER

I feel rather wretched & a wreck from all the late nights (every single one late for ages) & work & excitement; yet I've never enjoyed a season as much, or felt more fit even when not quite well.

I have "piles" at present, unfortunately, but it will probably go away quickly ...

There is no doubt that the late nights, the constant effort, & the whole London society life is grand for people's looks ... [h]owever it hasn't a lovely effect on me. I look like a pig with 1 eyelid swollen & red eyes & bad skin; but cheerful & chirruping.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 5 July 1907.

When Grainger visited Grieg in Norway later in July, he would frequently swim in the waters of the Nordasvannet lake below the house; this would rid him, temporarily at least, of his excess energy. He also kept fit by running to the railway station at Hop each afternoon to collect the mail.

LETTER

Grieg sleeps in the afternoon and I go for a row and a swim (it goes fine in the saltwater) in the fjord.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, Troidhaugen (the home of Edvard & Nina Grieg), 26 July 1907.

LETTER

But, God, how lovely it is to swim in the salt water. I did that yesterday, right out into the fjord and felt quite safe, and warm. Never have I experienced anything so lovely. It is the 1st time I have tried properly since I was able to swim somewhat, and you can imagine I look forward not a little to come out with you in SV[INKLØV].

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, Troidhaugen, 27 July 1907.

Rose Grainger rarely approved of her son's propensity for economising with travel and skipping meals whilst on tour. Image was *everything* for an up-and-coming society pianist at the turn of the century.

LETTER

[E]at 3 good meals every day otherwise you begin to look cheap & your looks will suffer – and that means loss of cash.

Extract from letter, Rose Grainger to Percy Grainger, 27 November 1907.

1908

LETTER

It's all so true what you say of health & age. The 1st is the all important. But I dont see, dearie, that I easily stand the chance of quitting health. After all, my likes in food, art, & life are all so chiefly babylike or boylike at the worst. Any bad habits which I have had, or tendencies to overdo, or overeat, or even overwork, are all done quietly & alone, & that is a great safeguard.

As long as one acts out of oneself, in quiet, ones excesses in any directions are little likely to overstep ones normal (even if greedy) hungers. It is when spurred on by drink, wild example, & destructive unthinking folk; by introduction of poisons from without; that the worst waste is coaxed, surely.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 30 January 1908.

LETTER

I've given up eating appletart. All this giving away to pleasures has its dangers I fear.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 1 February 1908.

LETTER

I have heard that the health-exercise man [Jörgen Peter] Müller has said that if the women did the stomach exercises we talked of, then they would be able to get children with ease. Have you heard that? You will do the exercises won't you? For if you should get a child it would be just too horrible if you screamed a lot and suffered badly ...

Poor me, I dare not do the gymnastic exercises – will you do them for me? If anyone asks me: can you do this and that gymnastic exercise? I can safely answer: "No, I daren't, because I have varicose veins; but a great pianiste, who at the same time is a little Karen, she can." That would comfort me, the ruin, so indescribably.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 9 March 1908.

Grainger may have inherited his susceptibility to varicose veins from his maternal grandmother, as in 1933 he recalled in the *Aldridge-Grainger-Ström-Saga* (autobiographical sketch):

I have spoken of the swollen veins that grandmother got on her legs from standing so long, working in the hotel kitchen.

Percy Grainger, *Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga*, W37-7.

LETTER

I can't have more sick people to deal with. I want a healthy sweetheart, I have had enough of illness.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 20 May 1908.

LETTER

I got a black eye playing cricket yesterday. I was fielding & stupidly got dangerously near the batsman & got a ball straight off his bat only 3 or 4 yards off. It also blackened $\frac{1}{2}$ the nail of my thumb which it also hit. It will be alright by a week I think. It has not hurt at all & I didn't even really notice it at the time & went on playing till someone happened to notice that it was swelling up tremendously. It is very curious how it actually happened for the blackness goes right along up to the eye itself on the lower lid while the eye itself & the upper lid are untouched ... Wasn't it lucky?

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, R.M.S. Orontes, between Western Australia and South Australia, 13 August 1908.

LETTER

I got up early and ran 16 times round the promenade deck (2 miles) in $19\frac{1}{2}$ (about) minutes. That is not at all fast, but the weather was also suffocatingly hot ...

There is no doubt that having _ a painter's nature makes me wish to see naked bodies maybe in a slightly different way to folk who have no painting inclination. It works on my pictorial senses like hearing the tuning up of a big orchestra does on my compositional senses.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, R.M.S. Orontes, Suez Canal, 20 August 1908.

LETTER

Yesterday mother got Dr Hornabrook (who is clever & nice) to examine me as she thought I looked poorly. He examined this business with my veins and says I must absolutely have an operation as soon as I get back to England. He says he believes it must have got considerably worse in the $21\frac{1}{2}$ years that have gone since Rathbone's doctor examined me. I think so as well. He says that I must do absolutely no sport and nothing at all strenuous. I asked him whether sexual intercourse would harm it or not and he said that was the worst of all for it. He said "You could not possibly marry, for instance, until you have been operated" ...

I can't say what a relief it is for me that things have finally taken this turn. As long as there was no hope sticking out of getting really cured I felt I must try & do the best I could as I was. But now I feel relieved of all sport obligations. There are sports on board here ...

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, R.M.S. Orontes, between Red Sea & Colombo, 28 August 1908.

LETTER

Those last days proved to me that I have a real good chance at deckquoits, now as before, if I only practise. Next boat I must practise earlier. I play in a different way to everybody else, with quite a different way of throwing, & I feel sure that my way would be more deadly than the usual way with enough practise. Anyway, I proved myself mighty poor at sport on the "Orontes" ...

Both [Dr. Russell] and Dr O'Hara (the 2 best surgeons in Melb) say that I shouldn't for anything in the world be operated on for the sake of the veins, and that I can and should do all the sport I want to, long walks, running, everything ... Russell asked me what sort of sexual life I am living. He asked me whether I had mastered the bad habit. I answered no. He says that it is not so important, anyway. That it is only dangerous for people under 20 years old, and that twice a week (of the habit) wouldn't have any harmful effect on the health ...

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 27 September 1908.

LETTER

Don't you think you ought to use something to support your breasts when you run? I am afraid that one might otherwise cause them to hang down a little in time. You must remember that they are a little heavy and that they are thrown up and down by running. Women's breasts get to hang down after childbirth, partly because muscles get stretched by the constant pull of the child's mouth during suckling. One must see not to get those muscles stretched, otherwise they will surely not get so easily firm again. I have thought out something which I hope would avert this danger.

Bind close under the breasts a tape of material similar to the enclosed, which is fastened with a buckle in front. Sew on to it breast shields of linen or flannel or anything at all, which are fastened with a buckle on a tape which is sewn into the 1st-named tape at the back. Thus:

I have often noticed how strongly the breasts shake on women when they run, and have always thought it would be necessary to prevent it a little if women start running with any constancy.

Extract from Percy Grainger, letter to Karen Holten, 5 October 1908 (part of 30 September 1908 letter).

LETTER

I did a nice walking match yesterday, 46 miles ... I started at 6.45 morn from Yarram & got here [Sale] about 7.10 evening; taking 30 mins off for lunch at about 1 o'clock, & 2 very short halts in the afternoon. Fancy, my feet arent even blistered ... It's undoubtedly the best walk I've ever done ... My veins gave me no trouble. I did not feel them, & an investigation of them on the road found them wholly unswollen ...

This is my 1st long walk in Australia. Its good that it has been at last.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 26 October 1908.

Ada Crossley picnic party about 8 miles from Sale, soon after Grainger's first long hike in Australia (1908).

LETTER

Yesterday afternoon Tim and I rowed on the river, dodging in between overhanging trees and the bank, and crashing thro gathered together driftwood between bridge pillars, laughing so hard we could not row ... This morn we were taken for a run up the river in a motor launch. John & I rowed a lot our of the way instead, great fun.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 27 October 1908.

LETTER

What a sorry game this farming squatting, etc is. Making poor animals breed like blazes merely to be driven, ridden, shorn, killed, eaten, beaten. No game for me.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 29 October 1908.

Grainger may have not appreciated the treatment of animals in farming, yet in his correspondence, when he toyed with the idea of having children, it was always in conjunction with some self-indulgent sexual fantasy. As shown below, to Grainger, even the act of flagellation between children should be encouraged as a form of athletic combat.

LETTER

I wish to procreate independent children, if at all ... I long for no slave children of my own, thanks ... I propose this: Never to whip them till they are old enough to grasp the meanings of lots of things, then say to them: Look here! I want to ask a favor from you kids. I want to whip you, because it gives me extraordinary pleasure. I don't know why it does, but it does. It gladdens me more than eating even. I know it's rotten for you, but then: I am particularly kind to you kids ... Don't you think the children'd let me? I have hopes. Then encourage them to whip each other as a form of athletic fight. (They have a game like that in Japan, I've just lately read).

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 8 November 1908.

LETTER

Doc, Harrison, Tim and I have just returned from swim in tiptop seawater bath(s) here, open to the sky and today's delicious glowing sun, along of a freshish breeze. I swam well, & fairly long without effort, but Doc beat me in a short race we had.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 11 November 1908.

LETTER

One must drink much wet stuff in this climate [Kalgoorlie, Western Australia] ; it doesn't help to be afraid of your figure. But I don't let my appetite slumber, rather not. I often eat soup, 3 helpings of meat, 5 helpings of pudding, 5 cups of tea, lots of fruit.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 5 December 1908.

LETTER

My diarrhoea is over. I cured it by eating lots of ice puddings, which is known to be fearfully bad for it.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 11 December 1908.

1909

LETTER

Yesterday we went to see the mixed bathing at Manly beach. (Sydney). It is a grand swimming place with giant breakers storming in that have to be 'shot' or dived through.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Karen Holten, 22 March 1909.]

LETTER

Bathed once on Monday and 2ce on Tuesday (Townsville) in sea water baths, and 2ce today in lovely freshwater baths here. Am learning double overarm stroke and improving my speed somewhat. Dived off a good deal higher springboard some 15 times today; in all must have done about 50 dives. John & Ryan feel the heat but I feel drunk with joy swimming and am having an unforgettably bodily time of it.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 4 April 1909.

LETTER

I feel so well in this clime [Townsville], & have heard no complaints from my veins.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 12 April 1909.

1910

With the help of his mother and his maid "Little May", Grainger designs his first towelling suit, with knee breeches, jacket of white towelling cloth with red stripes, and white leggings bound with red braid. Designed for comfort and warmth, the outfit was often worn whilst giving piano lessons. Once more towelling suits were made, Grainger's weekly procedure was to wear all of them at once so that each layer could be hand laundered in the bath.

Grainger wearing towelling costume at 31a King's Road, Chelsea, London.
Photo by Roger Quilter's niece (c. 1910)

LEGEND

... and around 1910 (after we both had been fired by the beauty of Maori and South Sea Island Clothes and fabrics seen in museum in New Zealand and Australia) my mother mooted the idea of clothes made from TURKISH towels – cool in summer, warm in the winter, and washable at all times. I leaped at the idea, seeing there in a chance to return to something comparable with the garish brilliance of the “sky blue and scarlet” garments of our saxon and scandinavian forefathers ... Between 1910 and 1914 I wore these clothes while giving many of my lessons in london and continually during my composing holidays in Denmark. In 1932 or 1933 my wife and I took up again this idea of clothing made of towelling and when in Australia in 1934 and 1935 we were amazed by the beauty of the bath towels on sale in Australia – some imported from England, Chekoslovakia [sic.] and America, but most of them (and among them the most beautiful ones) manufactured in Australia. Here was a chance to show what could be done with the beauty born of machinery – a beauty as rich and subtle, in its own way, as anything made by hand or loom. The problem was to use the towels with as little cutting and sewing as possible, and in this skill my wife shone.

Extract from Legend by Percy Grainger, “Towel Clothes made by Rose Grainger, Percy Grainger and Ella Grainger”, n.d.

LETTER

I am so longing to see the towell [sic.] trousers. I am going to be gloriously dressed some day. I'm full of dress-plans. Such glorious hints in Xia, Bergen & Cope museums.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 25 February 1910.

AMERICAN PERIOD

1915

Accompanied by bouts of listlessness and headaches, Rose Grainger's eyesight becomes worse and it was feared she may go blind. After consulting a specialist in herbal remedies, she embarked on a diet of green apples and nuts. For a time, her condition did improve.

1916

LETTER

At lunch (alone in Hotel 'Chateau Laurier') I gave myself up lock stock & barrel to the enjoyment of a 'deep dish apple pie' ... with lots of sugar & cream, washed down by hot malted milk,
my favorite Hotel and railroad drink.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Rose Grainger, 14 February 1916.

A typical Grainger household shopping list for 1916 (dated 13 October 1916): butter, condensed milk, bread, almonds, peanuts, raisins (2 types), eggs, salmon, tinned peas and peaches. When Percy goes into the Army in 1917, however, Rose is less inclined to follow Grainger's more-or-less meatless approach, and adds hams, roast *and* corned beef, chicken, as well as tongue.

MUSIC

The Warriors (MG 1/99)

Acknowledged as Grainger's masterpiece, *The Warriors* was composed between 1913 and 1916, and requires a gargantuan orchestra, on-stage gamelan, off stage brass, at least three pianos and (ideally) three conductors. Hardly the ingredients of a tribute to flagellation. Yet, nearly thirty years later Grainger admitted that the work

be-sung and be-praised fight-keen-th ((bellicosity)), cruel-hood-worship ((sadism)) & wreck-faith ((destruction))

Extract from Percy Grainger, My Wretched Tone-Life, 21 October 1943.

One could therefore reasonably expect to hear these negative and powerfully charged emotions when listening to the work, but instead they are too well ensconced in the athletic vigour, energy and excitement that tends to accompany a *Warriors* performance. And why not? *The Warriors* is unquestionably a work that makes considerable physical demands on its performers. Grainger, for instance, insists that the three piano parts be intended for "exceptionally vigorous players," and that "if sufficient strength cannot be procured ... to double or even treble on each piano part." When combined with a program note that details Grainger's 'ideal warrior', one suspects that to Grainger war was once a form of athletic pursuit, a sport that, like any other, was reliant on tactics and skill. As he later wrote in his essay on vegetarianism,

since war has ceased to be hand-to-hand fighting, its appeal to the savage side of our nature doesn't amount to much. It isn't sporting.

Extract from Percy Grainger, "How I Became a Meat-Shunner," The American Vegetarian, 5/4 (December 1946).

PROGRAM NOTE

[*The Warriors*] has nothing to do with any war or soldiers. By "warriors" (as contrasted with soldiers and modern civilized folk in general) I mean lazy, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent men and women who would sooner fight for a living than work for a living.

No definite program or plot underlies the music, though certain mind pictures set it going. Often the scenes of a ballet have flitted before the eyes of my imagination in which the ghosts of male and female warrior types & their paramours of all times and places are spirited together for an orgy of war-like dances, processions and merry-makings broken, or accompanied, by amorous interludes: their frolics tinged with just that faint suspicion of wistfulness all holiday gladness wears. I see the action of the ballet shot thru, again and again, with the surging onslaughts good-humoredly mischievous revellers who carry all before them in the pursuit of voluptuous pleasures. At times the love-makers close at hand hear from afar the proud passage of harnessed fighting men, and for the final picture I like to think of them all lining up together in brotherly fellowship and wholesale animal glee; all bitter and vengeful memories vanished, all hardships forgot; a sort of Valhalla gathering of childish overbearing and arrogant savage men and women of all the ages; – the old Greek heroes with fluttering horse-haired helms; shining black Zulus, their perfect limbs lit with fire-red blossoms; flax-haired Vikings clad in scarlet and sky-blue; lithe bright Amazons in windswept garments side by side with squat Greenland women in ornately patterned furs: Red Indians resplendent in bead-heavy dresses and negrito Fijians terrible with sharks' teeth ornaments, their woolly hair dyed pale ochre with lime; graceful cannibal Polynesians of both sexes, their golden skins wreathed with flowers and winding tendrils; – these and all the rest arm in arm in a united show of gay and innocent pride and animal spirits, fierce and exultant.

Extract from Percy Grainger, program note to The Warriors, 1916.

Grainger's compressed score for *The Warriors* (MG 1/99).

Note how two conductors are required in this passage, with a third group of instruments asked to "ignore" *both* conductor. Grainger's original score dates from 1916 but this 'compressed' score was prepared in 1924, later published by Schott, Mainz, in 1926.

1917

John Grainger finally succumbs to the tertiary effects of syphilis and dies on 13 April in Melbourne. His death certificate states that he died of chronic rheumatic arthritis – a common medical euphemism for syphilis at the time.

MUSIC (MG 1/51-1)

Marching Song of Democracy

for mixed choir, orchestra and 'tuneful percussion'.

Compressed full-score.

Published by Universal Edition, 1917.

PROGRAM NOTE

My original plan was to write my *Marching Song of Democracy* for voices and whistlers only (no instruments), and have it performed by a chorus of men, women, and children singing and whistling to the rhythmic accompaniment of their tramping feet as they marched along in the open air; but a later realization of the need for instrumental color inherent in the character of the music from the first ultimately led me to score it for the concert-hall. An athletic out-of-door spirit must, however, be understood to be behind the piece from start to finish.

Extract from Percy Grainger, program note for Marching Song of Democracy, 1917.

1921

DOCUMENT (*Bird's-Eye-View*, 399-36)

The way [mother] stuck to her green apple & peanut regime, towards the end, showed ability to carry thru drastic resolves. This, & kindred evidences of desparate determination, suggest a type of character capable of embracing, & carrying thru, the suicide plan.

Extract from Percy Grainger, "Mothers ability to carry thru drastic diet-regimes"
in *Bird's-Eye-View of the Together-Life of Rose Grainger and Percy Grainger*, 8 January 1947.

ARTICLE

Grainger would arrive for [the masterclasses at Chicago Musical College] promptly at 1 p.m., after having run up 10 flights of stairs, often carrying a piano bench or a large armful of music. He never walked when he could run or jump; when he wanted to get across the room he either vaulted over the two Steinway Grands or crawled beneath them on hands and knees.

Extract from Albert Goldberg, "Percy Grainger: A Recollection" in *The Grainger Society Journal*, VII/2 (Fall 1985), 16.

Compressed full-score of Grainger's *Marching Song of Democracy* (MG 1/51-1), 1917.

A typical Grainger shopping list during his stay in the U.S. Army as a Bandsman, 2nd Class:
jelly currant, salt crackers, condensed milk, sardines, sapolio [?], choco van, salmon and strawberry jam.
One would expect this not to be the staple army diet.

1921

Cyril Scott donates a copy of J. Riley's book on *Zone Therapy Simplified* to the Graingers, in a final (and ultimately unsuccessful) attempt to delay the onset of the tertiary stage of Rose's syphilis. This alternate form of therapy, as the name implies, divides the body into a series of zones, each of which effect and interact with the others in different ways by using pressure points.

J. Shelby Riley's Zone Markings, as part of his *Zone Therapy* method.
Extract from *Zone Therapy Simplified* (Washington: self-published, 1919).

The title page is inscribed by Grainger, "From darling Cyril to beloved mother during her last illness"

1922

With mounting pain due to her syphilis, combined with widespread but false rumours of incest, Rose Grainger committed suicide on the 30 April, by leaping from a window in the Aeolian Building. She was discovered, still conscious, on the roof of the adjacent Central Building, but before she could be moved, died from a fractured skull and multiple internal injuries. Percy Grainger, was performing in Los Angeles at the time.

Rose Grainger in her coffin, 5 May 1922. Photograph by Frederick E. Morse.

1924

Grainger was a regular correspondent with the journal, the *American Vegetarian*. In late 1946, he finally consented to write an essay on the reasons behind his decision to 'officially' become a vegetarian (or 'meat-shunner', in Grainger's Nordic English) in 1924.

ESSAY

HOW I BECAME A MEAT-SHUNNER

I have been asked why I became a vegetarian, or a meat-shunner, in 1924, and how, in my opinion, vegetarianism has prevented my having colds.

I am afraid I must confess that I have always been a "disciple of violence." When I was about nine or 10, I doted on the descriptions of battle in Homer's *Illiad*. By the time I was 11 or 12, I had fallen violently in love with the Icelandic sagas, particularly *The Story of Grettir the Strong*. Most of the art that, since then, has moved me most and inspired me most as a composer has been more or less of a "fighting" character, or appealing in one way or another to my love of violence. Scott's *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Kipling's poems, Mark

Twain's

Life on the Mississippi, the heroic lays of the Færoe Islands, Sir George Grey's *Polynesian Mythology*, Johannes V. Jensen's *Stories from Himmerland* and so forth. But, in spite of my tendency (backward, I must admit) to condone savagery as between man and man (or, at least, artistic representations of such savagery), cruelty by men towards animals has never appealed to me; for I argued: Man knows what to expect from his fellow man – nothing very good, in most cases. Man need not be deceived on this point. But the innocent animals are certainly deceived by meat-eating men. First, man is kind to the animals he plans to eat – kind by giving them feed and shelter and by winning their confidence. Then, suddenly, he kills them. Even to me (who do not recoil from the brutalities of the Icelandic sagas) this seems too low: I cannot be a party (if I can help it) to such meanness.

So, all my life, I have been sickened by everything connected with meat-, fish- and poultry-eating. As a child, I saw apparently nice, kind people wring the necks of fowls, and I thought it foul; and I wondered if I could ever exert any influence to help bring such unworthiness to an end.

In my teens, when I began to associate with composers, several of them (sensitive souls, for insensitive natures cannot be composers) started urging me to become a meat-shunner. The first of them was Herman Sandby, the noblest of all composers in Denmark. The next was Cyril Scott, who (with his intense originality and fearless iconoclasm in music) has done more to change the face of music (both in "swing" and in "classical" music) than any other single composer of our era. The reasons they advanced, in urging me to become a meat-shunner were connected with the promotion of health. But I was not specially interested in being healthy! "Why should I," I asked myself, "be healthier than other men?" I felt all right as I was. And I didn't have a very high opinion of my own nature or character, and didn't see why I should be rewarded with any special health-benefits.

But, one day, I met a stranger – a lady – in Scranton, Pa., and she asked me whether I considered it sound what Bernard Shaw had written, that "wars will never cease as long as men kill animals to eat them." "Yes," I replied,
"I think he is absolutely right. And I shall not eat meat, fish, or fowl (nothing that wags a tail) from this out."
And I haven't.

That was in 1924, and it has been a great relief to me not to have to eat, any longer, food that looks as revolting as flesh does, and tastes as strong and nasty as it does.

Since that time (1924) I don't seem to have a real cold; whereas, as a young boy – when I was given lots of "beef tea" and other evil-tasting, "strengthening" concoctions – I always seemed to have a sore throat or a cold. Also, I must admit, my powers of work and endurance have grown by leaps and bounds. As a young man,

I was rather lethargic, easily wearied, and discouraged. But, now, at the age of 64, nothing seems to weary or discourage me; and I can work 16 hours a day, every day, and never want a change or a holiday.

But much of that I lay at the door of the advantages of being old. The world is much more cruel to the young man than to the old, and I can never adequately express my relief at having at last escaped the many rudenesses and insults heaped upon the young. Also, I attribute my present happy condition to the fact of being happily married. I did not marry until I was 46, and, as I see it now, I certainly was wasting time up to that moment.

As I have never been much interested in my health, as I said before, it was not that interest that led me to meat-shunment, but simply my loathing of having animals killed on my behalf and of my belief that Bernard Shaw was right in thinking that the end of slaughtering animals for feed would ensure the end of slaughtering men (and nowadays women) in war.

But you may ask me why I, who all my life have enjoyed warlike and violent-mooded literature, would be so much against war. One answer to that is, that, since war has ceased to be hand-to-hand fighting, its appeal to the savage side of our nature doesn't amount to much: it isn't sporting.

The preceding is offered in the advance of the principles of vegetarianism in any way it may serve, and, in concluding, I send cordial greetings to the readers of *The American Vegetarian* and to other vegetarians throughout the world!

Reprinted from *The American Vegetarian*, 5/4 (December 1946), 4.

1924

Grainger at last lives out his "boyish dream" and tramps through the South Australian desert whilst on holiday there in 1924. He hiked for three days, covering some 80 miles, from Taillem Bend to Keith. His pack contained a 'red riding hood' wired tent and rugs, and rations, which included dates (two packets), nuts, rusks and a tin of brown bread: in total, a luggage weight of forty-two pounds.

Despite breaking a vein on the third day (his boots having chafed it during the journey), he pushed on for a further twenty-two miles before catching the train at Keith.

LETTER

The 2 nights, under the bright moon & stars, deeply frosty & the express trains roaring past nearby out of the utter silence – all unforgettable.

Extract from Percy Grainger, letter to Roger Quilter, 30 September 1924.

Percy Grainger hiking in the South Australian desert in 1924.

1925

In August 1925, Grainger embarks on a trip to Europe and stays with Frederick and Jelka Delius at their home in Grez. It is said that during Grainger's many visits to the Deliuses that he liked to go out to the front of the house, throw a tennis ball over the roof, run straight through the house (the hallway led straight to the back) and catch the ball as it landed in the backyard. It is almost certainly apocryphal, although Ken Russell immortalised the scene in his film on Delius' life.

What is known however is that Grainger enjoyed rowing on the lake nearby, as shown in the photograph on the next page.

Grainger rowing on the lake near Delius' house at *Grez-sur-Loing* (1925).

1928

Grainger married the Swedish painter and poet, Ella Viola Ström on 9 August 1928 at the Hollywood Bowl, before an audience of at least 15,000 guests. Their honeymoon was spent at the Glacier National Park, climbing and walking.

The Graingers on their honeymoon, Glacier National Park, August 1928.

1929

During December 1928 and January 1929, the newly wedded Graingers went on a holiday to Europe, firstly at a vegetarian sanatorium in Battle Creek, later with Ella's relatives in Segeltorp, Sweden. It was here Grainger first learned to ski.

Percy and Ella Grainger skiing at Segeltorp, Sweden (1929)

1930

LETTER

I live for my lusts and I do not care if they kill me or others. Now (as when I was 16) I live only for fury & wildness. I feel that hot parched wind from the Australian desert has entered into my soul and with a fury of heat I must go thru life, burning up myself & others. But what joy! You remember our talks at Bawdsey when I said "I live only for flagellantism. I care for nothing else. Of course, I shall compose occasionally" & how you laughed. That was prophetic. That is how I live: following my lusts, & composing now & then on the side.

My life (if you count the majority of its hours) is that of a slave, but no sadist can call life poor or disappointing who can realize his cruelest, wildest dreams. When we successfully follow & realize our lusts we are lords indeed. I would not exchange it with the angels.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Roger Quilter, 20 July 1930.

1933

LETTER

[D]o you want to mention my walks? 65 miles in S. Africa, Pietermaritzburg to Durban, between a Friday eve & Sat. eve concert in 1904. 36 miles Masterton to Eketahuna, New Zealand, in 7 hours, in 1909. 80 miles across the South Australian desert in 1924 ...

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to D.C. Parker, 26 April 1933.

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-50)

No doubt illnesses are grave things – at some time & in some cases more than use-somely ((usually)) so – tho in the main I am very tempted to hand-clap ((applaud)) the wisdom of my old seen-like English friend John Maxwell in Chicago (he has a plant-food ((vegetarian)) eat-shop ((restaurant)), which he calls a "Healthateria," ... where he offers the most maw-tempting salads (some of which, by the way, tho warranted 100% health-holy, have at times given me the most heathenish night-mares I have ever known), breads, soups, honey-sweets & the like, where he doles out free of charge to all & sundry redes ((advice)) about health-feeding ((diet)) & the cures that can be come at thereby; whence he also sullies forth to spread his thot-sway ((influence)) for health by means of daily on-the-air ((radio)) talks that he holds, daily newspaper theme-writes that he pens – all & all a self-inspiring angel of good, & brisk & blithe as angel-like men of 70 are apt to be), who once said to me: "I dont believe that a healthy man who follows a sane diet with plenty of green vegetables & fruits need be afraid of syphilis, ghonorhea [sic.], or any other contageous [sic.] illness ...

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 14 October 1933.

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-51)

I am mild-minded about many things, but not about the way leeches [doctors] & leech-books ((doctor's books)) & the talk of all kinds of folk in the 19th year-hundred ((century)) bullied folk into a dark dread of certain illnesses such as cow-pox, chest-rot ((consumption)) & the like. The leeches seem to have "gone after business" by frightening their care-seekers [patients], just as bade tone-crafters [composers] go after business by frightening their public into a fear of having poor taste in tone-art [music].

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 14 October 1933.

DOCUMENT (Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-75)

After about 20 [children's] minds & bodies are ... made brutish by the poison-some eats & drinks they have got used to, by the cruel & against faithsome thots & views that have become almost forced upon them.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 30 October 1933.

Most of Grainger's childhood friends in the 'Frankfurt Group' of composers – Cyril Scott, Roger Quilter and Balfour Gardiner – as well as his doctor, Hamilton Russell, were openly homosexual and were no doubt attracted to Grainger's youthful good looks. There is no evidence to suggest that Grainger accepted any homosexual advances, although, as his autobiographical sketch suggests, he was quite open-minded on the subject.

DOCUMENT (*Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, W37-207*)

[Dr. Russell] told me that his sex-yearning towards men had made his fellowship with fellow learners at the allschool [university] very sweet & meaningful to him & that now, as a middle aged man ... his dealings with the young leech-learners [doctors] under him in Melbourne ... his friendships – that these dealings were all greatly sweetened & enriched by the sextir he felt towards them, yet never put into deeds ... No doubt a great part of the joy that Dr Russell felt with me as a little boy ... was partly rooted in just such stirs, & no doubt my outchosen fondness for him ... was a kind of answer come-back [reaction] to the something more than meanness feelings he may have felt for me – tho God knows there has never been a trace of samesexlove in me, at any time in my life. By that I do not mean I would have minded ... [y]et I do not believe that such acts would have het me up as the same acts done by a woman or girl would have. It is not needful to be harshminded towards samesexlove in order to withstand its betemptments ...

Extract from Percy Grainger, Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga, 17 December 1933.

Dr. Hamilton Russell, Grainger's friend and childhood doctor (n.d.)

1936

Grainger (and his wife) pose outside their White Plains home in New York wearing a number of towelling garments that they had made. As one can see from the photographs on the next page, there has been much development in style and refinement since the first outfits were made in 1910.

1937

After a hectic performance schedule and a teaching session at the Interlochen (Michigan) music camp, Grainger falls victim to pleurisy and is forced to rest and recuperate.

Grainger modelling his towelling clothes in front of his White Plains home (1936)

1938

LETTER

If I get some sort of order into the museum-things, with a safe for hideworthy RARE things ... then there is the ASKTH [question]: may I have a lust-branch ((pornographic section)) as part of the past-hoard ((museum))?

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Ella Grainger, 12 February 1938.

Although Grainger ensured that his collection of eighty-three whips and numerous protective apparatus were preserved in the Grainger Museum, conservative views at the University of Melbourne ensured they were kept out of public reach and under lock and key for several decades. Indeed, Grainger's idea for a 'lust-branch' within the Grainger Museum were not realised until as recently as 1997 (part of the *Percy Grainger: Artist and Art Collector* exhibition). Despite past fears, not one public complaint was reported to staff or communicated via the visitors' book.

Grainger's 'lust branch' at the Performing Arts Museum in Melbourne (1985).
It would take a further twelve years to appear on public display at the Grainger Museum.

DOCUMENT (THOTS & CALL-TO-MINDMENTS I)

All this goes to show that our great fat white slobs are as gross, as coarse, as greedy, as swinish as they look – which (for example) the Chinese & Japanese are not. This loggish yearning for proteins – eggs, meats, nuts – & up-pepping spices? Can they never wait till they are hungry? ... Let food, music, sex, life test our hunger. Let all things be done to reward the sticktoitive, deeply hungry man & to punish the man of shallow hunger, shallow zest. Let nothing be done to eke false hunger, but everything to lift the robust (hungry, lustful) man from the sissies. This is what I mean by Australian-ness.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Thots & Call-to-Mindments I – Sketches & Helps for "Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga", concerning newspaper articles on "menu monotony" and hair loss, July 1938.

Grainger liked to be practical in virtually everything, thus when the second and final stage of his museum came to be built in November 1938, he joined the builders on-site and actually started laying bricks. It was no mere publicity stunt, as the photo below might suggest, because Grainger actually went and assisted the builders each morning.

Grainger (kneeling) on the work-site for the Grainger Museum (5 November 1938).
The photo is entitled "P.G. Extensions in the Making"

Newspaper clippings from Grainger's *Thots & Call-to-Mindments I* – Sketches & Helps for "Aldridge-Grainger-Ström Saga", concerning "menu monotony" and hair loss (July 1938).

1939

I do not eat meat, I do not smoke, and I do not drink, and therefore, I do not feel the cold.

Extract from letter, Storm Bull to John Bird, 26 November 1969, concerning Grainger being questioned by police in Wisconsin as to why he was walking around in the snow without a hat or coat (during winter 1938/9).

Caricature by Edwin Cox of Grainger being arrested in Wisconsin for looking suspicious because of his inappropriate winter attire (1939)

1940

LETTER

[I] certainly have never felt an instinct in connection with sex ... I am a complete enigma to myself, a riddle which I do not in the last wish to solve. My nature, my personality, does not interest me in the least. I only want to give a scientific account of myself, in music & in history.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Alfhild Sandby, 30 March 1940.

LETTER

You seem to think it so funny (queer, original) that I wear white pants. I will tell you why. I have suffered from vericosale [varicocele, or a tumour composed of varicose veins of the

spermatic cord] all my life & doctors have told me to wear cool trousers. I wear my white pants as a cripple carries crutches – because they are helpful, not in order to be funny.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Agnes, Eyvind and Storm Bull, 26 October 1940.

1944

LETTER

I inlay a cutting about bed-wetting – an art I plied until I was 13 or 14 – for I recall still doing it when we were in Germany. And that brings home the why-ground why I ad so many whippings – because of the bed-wetting (years afterwards one is very apt to recall goings-on, but forget why they happened). It was hard for mother to know whether I was part-guilty in this riling wont (a great bother when one fared in trains or boats!) or not. And it is hard for me to make up my mind, even now, whether or no I could have given it up long ere I did. For I used to dream I was doing it & then wake up & find I had done it.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Ella Grainger, 12 November 1944.

LETTER (79/1946-3)

Your stirring articles on mollasses [later published as *Crude Black Molasses*, see below] have just come to hand & much relished by Ella & me. Tho knowing nothing about it, I have always preached that it seemed to me that mollasses (such as is served with “griddle cakes” in the South) works wonders with the bowels. I also find that maple syrup (as served with griddle cakes in the North) seems to have the same good effect on me (tho I am told that maple syrup is rarely a pure nature product, but offenest just a plain mixture of maple syrup with other things). So I eat griddle cakes (either with mollasses or what is CALLED maple syrup) once a day, when I am on tour. And have always remarked to Ella that I feel good effects from it. We will search for the BLACK STRAP brand of mollasses & see what it does for us.

Extract from letter, Percy and Ella Grainger to Cyril Scott, typescript copy, 3 July 1946.

Cyril Scott's book, *Crude Black Molasses* (Northamptonshire: Athene Publishing Co., 1949).

1945

DOCUMENT (*Ere-I-Forget*, 384-33)

It may be that most people are more all-round or manysided than I am, & that because of that, they fit better into the give-&-take of life than I do. I seem to like walking, boating, bodily chores. But I guess that I couldn't have stood much of it, & that I have never really been cut out for an out-door life.

Extract from Percy Grainger, Ere-I-Forget, 17 July 1945.

CANCER AND THE DECLINING YEARS

Even after numerous growths requiring surgery were discovered in his system, Grainger preferred to take his friend Cyril Scott's advice and seek out alternative cures. Ultimately, these were not successful and may have drastically shortened Grainger's life. Their lengthy discussions via correspondence are most illuminating.

1947

LETTER (73/1947-3)

I am sorry to hear that you are suffering from those tiresome things called piles. But on no account let the doctors persuade you into having an operation – which is silly and totally irrational.

For piles simply come from a deficiency of flouride of calcium and of phosphate of iron in the blood and tissues. This arises from food that is not properly grown in the proper soil. The cure is quite simple. One simply takes the mineral salts in the form that Nature would supply them; viz in infinitesimal quantities. In short, one resorts to the Biochemic System of medicine. The remedies are not drugs; they are in normal circs the natural constituents of the blood and tissues. I enclose the salts you need, which I have copied from my Biochemic Book. But ordinary chemists do not supply them. So I suggest that you write to my correspondent Miss Grace Gassette ...

as she knows the chemist who supplies them, and I am sure will be delighted to do this for any friend of mine. A most remarkable woman.

The remedies are quite pleasant to take. You simply let the pills or discs slowly dissolve in the mouth. Take 3 of bottle 1 thrice daily between meals, and 3 of bottle 2 also between meals but not at the same time; tho' it would not do any harm, but merely would do less good. You will need to keep up the treatment for some time, as the deficiency is not made good in a jiffy! Molasses would be a great help if you can get the right sort. Perhaps you would like to call on Miss G.

She would be very helpful.

Extract from letter, Cyril Scott to Percy Grainger, typescript, 21 February 1947.

LETTER (79/1947-15)

You write: "I fear that yr ailments are not a very good advertisement for yr diet & mode of living". That is wholly true. I have never understood how to live, neither as regards my diet nor in

the way I plan my life. I do not live, or eat, according to what I think "right" (for I havent the slightest idea which is the right way to do anything) but just shamble along from one moment to another, impelled by my interests & what I feel to be my duties. I am not hostile to the thought of laying ones life according to wide experience & wise plans, & I am willing to believe that in the future all men should (& actually will be forced to) live according to diets & hourly routines planned for them by those that "know better". But my own life has been (& is) too hectic to allow of my following any plan. I am too overwhelmed by outside demands ... So I live a life of perpetual worry. And perhaps it may be even said that, consider the trying life I lead, that my health is very good. Why, if one eats plenty of natural raw foods (such as fruits, lettuce, tomatoes, etc) & more or less whole grains, should one be lacking in needed biochemical salts? One reads that the Polynesians are so healthy that they need no doctors, because they never get ill. As a matter of fact I never get ill – never incapacitated. I only feel wretched. But that, I think, is soul-sickness:

I have too many worries. But if I had fewer I would accomplish less for my race. Victory is the only thing I care about.

Excerpt from letter, Percy Grainger to Cyril Scott, typescript copy, 13 September 1947.

Cyril Scott at his piano with his dictaphone machine (for recording improvisations at the keyboard). No date.

1949

LETTER (79/1949-1)

It was so good of you to send me the WATER OF LIFE BOOK by J.W. Armstrong. It seems to me quite likely that a great hope is hidden in this practice. And if that is so, I am sorry & ashamed to take so luke-warm a stand toward it as I do – not in my outward behaviour (for it is always my habit to take a "liberal" stand toward any new idea or unwidely-believed-in-idea) – but in my inner heart. First of all I am very squeamish in all matters ... so a book like Armstrong's mainly frightens me –
as indeed most things in life do. I am too feeble a person to face such a problem BOLDY,

just as I cannot face the problem of war boldly ... so I am not the kind of person ABLE to face such a question as urine-healing.

But I also have another objection to the trend of such a book – tho I freely admit that it may not be a wise or clever objection. I am against anything that smacks of REGULARITY. "After that I NEVER neglected to", or "the patient persisted faithfully with the treatment", or "from then on I have drunk every drop I passed" and the like. If I understand nature itself, or man's nature as a small part of the larger conception of ALL NATURE, correctly it seems to me that the one thing nature,

& also man's nature, seems to crave is constant change, irregularity. And constant DISLOYALTY & UNFAITHFULNESS in all branches of life & behaviour ...

You know that Herman Sandby ... is suffering from angina pectoris. Is there any advice you can give him? If so, please be a dear & do so. He is not like me (unhelpable).

Excerpt from letter, Percy Grainger to Cyril Scott, typescript, 7 March 1949.

LETTER (73/1949-2)

I am most distressed at your news. Molasses by itself wont cure piles etc. Hence I did say some time ago that biochemic remedies were needed, and I asked you to go and see my correspondent friend Miss Grace Gassette ... who would tell you of the right place to procure them. She is a great admirer of my therapeutic books and knows more about doctors and the racket, and about really good and safe methods of treatment than any one I know. But you did not react to my suggestions, and you now tell me in effect that you have given everything a

"fair trial". Miss G. also knows where to get the best molasses for curative purposes. However, if you have let things get so far that an op. Seems imperative, my "disapproval" wont cut any ice, and never did with my friends. And why do I disapprove of ops in general? Merely because I have seen the bad after-effects, and could quote you pukka M.D.s who declare that ops only tinker with effects and do not remove the cause – hence the recurrence or delayed bad after-effects unless counteracted by suitable remedies. I begged Roger not to have that cue for prostate and a nice mess the doctors made of him. He is now just an old man. As for my dear friend Bertram Binyon, he wouldnt listen to me, had the op. and died a few weeks later. In any case the wiser physicians over here are now regarding ops. for prostate obsolete and cure them with remedies and manipulation via the rectum. A parson who called on me the other day because he admired my books told me he had been cured in this way, and had never had any further bother. Even cancer is now being treated without ops or radium by the wiser members of the fraternity, who inject some quite common chemical into the growth and it just shrivels up and can be nipped off without any trouble, if it doesnt drop off of its own accord. But one can seldom help friends with advice, one can only help strangers. I have an old friend I hadnt seen for years, who developed bad heart trouble. I told her to take molasses. She said she didnt like it, and so she wouldnt take it. Finally she went to a clinic at much expense and the doctor gave her – MOLASSES but made more palatable with fruit juice! Nevertheless there are exceptions. An old friend wrote me sometime ago that he was in despair about his wife, who had consulted doctors and specialists for her miseries and had numerous treatments – all to no effect as she was worse than ever. I suggested some homeopathic and biochemic remedies. Subsequently I got a letter from him (and wife) saying the remedies had done more good than any doctor she had ever had. And that she was now a different women altogether. Still, I wont try to dissuade you from having your op. for these natural and harmless remedies take time and if you are in such discomfort that you think the op. will relieve you – well and good. But unless later you take the remedies to deal with the real cause of the condition, you will be courting more trouble. Miss G. can help you then an she is in the spot. But in any case go and see her NOW.

Excerpt from letter, Cyril Scott to Percy Grainger, 15 May 1949.

LETTER (79/1949-3)

Ever so many thanks for your most helpful letter of May 15 & for giving me Miss Grace Gassette's address. I have already written her, asking for an appointment. I am sorry you have had such bad luck with the health-life of yr "friends". I suppose yr old friends are just fond of you as a musical genius & havent "got round" to the idea of yr being a healer. Or maybe they like health redes [advice] from "professional" sources. With me it is different. I would sooner take the rede of a genius than anyone else's.

No, I didn't think you said molasses would cure piles. But I thought you said molasses was a mild aperient, & it was as such that I wanted to try it for the everlasting train faring almost every night during the war years (& actually sitting UP, at that), or something else (lack of some essentials in the food, you might say), had brought on this pile condition. It was not that I minded the piles, for their own sake; but I thought that the everlasting straining & struggling every day might bust a blood vessel, to do some other harm – that is why I would have welcomed a mild aperient,

to take now & then. As a matter of fact, I find that the ALL-BRAN works perfectly on me, for that purpose. Of course, Battle Creek, & all doctors & my old friend Gohn Maxwell in Chicago (runs Vegetarian Restaurant & heals people without fee – quite a saint – something like you in that respect, & moves as quick as a storm for all his 80 & something years) all agree: "All-Bran is too harsh". But it does the trick for me; maybe every few weeks I take it.

It is a very strong point, what you say: "If the piles, or prostrate, are cut away; what is to hinder another growth or like ailment starting elsewhere – if the original trouble was started by deficiency or some bad habit?" I can imagine what would happen if I went to be examined & treated at the Rectal Hospital in Grand Rapids: of course they would knife-cure the piles; but they would also find "a growth higher up" that needs operation, & they would have to treat the prostratus likewise. And I am not anxious to go that far with the operation case. I am not wholly against operation. There is my first finger, right hand, that I cut the end flesh off in Frankfurt, cleaning a bicycle chain. All doctors say "Dont CUT the corn off (that forms when I have heavy concerts); just pumice-stone it smooth". But the pumice-stone method leaves the sore corn intact under the smooth surface. Sot here is nothing I can do, any good, but dig the corn out with scissors – it doesn't matter how clumsily I dig it out, whether it bleeds, or not. The moment the corn is CUT OUT & adhesive plaster put on, I can play comfortably with it at once. So much is favor of the CUTTING OUT method. Nevertheless, I regard the prostate as too serious a matter to mess around with like that. Therefore I am very grateful to you for yr Miss Gassette advice, & I have already written to Grand Rapids, putting off my treatment & visit there.

You seem to think that I have discomfort from my piles, etc. But I don't. I NEVER HAVE PAIN – never have had in my life (I once had a sweetheart who said I had "a body of wood"). And often doctors treating me are amazed that whatever they are doing (putting a look-see gadget up my guts) doesn't hurt me. No, my only reason for wondering whether I shouldnt have the piles treated is because so many say to me "Dont neglect it till it gets serious, till you get cancer, or something".

All the same, I don't expect any cure from Miss Gassette, or from an operation, or from any other method. 25 years ago my dear old friend Dr. Russell (Australia) used to say to me: "If you toss yrself off every second day, like you do, youll have a miserable time of it when youre an old man". And why not? We all have different natures & have to live according to our type or fate
...

Extract from Percy Grainger, letter to Cyril Scott, typescript copy, 19 May 1949.

Another of Cyril Scott's books on alternate medicine: *Cider Vinegar* (Simi Valley: Benedict Lust Publications, n.d.) This one received assistance from Miss Grace Gassette, a character often referred to in the later Grainger/Scott correspondence, such as those on the previous pages.

ROUND LETTER (160/1949-2)

I do not take sides with the rut-bound leeches ((conventional doctors)) against the nature-healers or other "faddists" or quacks, nor do I take sides with the nature-healers against the rut-bound leeches. I am sure that both have their usefulness. But when I go to a rut-bound leech (because of the sundry pains I have had in my guts & other insides for a year or two – as a matter of fact these pains have pretty well faded away!) he tells me that I have 2 or 3 growths that likely call for knife-curing ((operation)) & that I should be overhauled by a "good guts-leech" once a month.

Under such hands I would simply go from knife-cure to knife-cure until I was killed by one of them; & I am very keen on not dying until I have be-ended ((completed)) my sundry life-works. So I lean towards the nature-healers that Cyril redes ((advises)) me to go to, because they say that knife-cures do not touch the source of the health-flaw (which seems likely) & that one's ailments likely are rooted in ore-lack ((mineral deficiency)).

Extract from Percy Grainger, round letter to friends, typescript, 7 June 1949.

LETTER (79/1949-9, Dorum Collection)

This letter is just a health letter – or rather, a request for advice re sex & health, if you will give it to me. First of all, about my general condition, which seems to have bettered un-nay-say-ably since I went to Dr Q for treatment. Something that had made me uneasy, many times, off & on, since about 1936 was a kind of hollow, weak feeling that I, in my ignorance, would call an enemy feeling – as if I lacked something. This feeling I had in the Pyrenees that time (1936) in Norway (1939) & at many other times. This "weak" feeling seems to have quite left me, & I would not be surprized if the ore-lack ((mineral deficiency)) had had something to do with it. At any rate, the homeopathic pills & the treatment that Dr Q has been giving me seem to have restored me quite a deal. A month ago, or 2 months ago, I was beginning to feel awfully don't-care-ish, old, tired, listless. I wanted to sleep almost all day long & when I did go to sleep in the afternoon would stay asleep for 3-4 hours. No harm in sleep, of course. But it was so untypical of me, who normally likes to get a lot done in the day. Now I am quite back to normal – I enjoy a sleep in the afternoon still, but in the main am my old self – usually prefer to get on with my work. The piles seem to me MUCH better. About the prostratis I am not so sure. I pass water fairly

easily, except when I wake in the morning when it feels a little crowded. But I suppose for my age that this is as good as can be looked for. What I don't know is: WOULD YOU (for instance) REGARD SEXUAL ACTIVITY AS BAD FOR THE PROSTATE GLAND, or good? 25 years ago my dear old doctor friend in Australia, Dr Hamilton Russell, said to me "My dear boy, if you indulge in sexual activity every 2nd day you will have a terrible time of it with your prostate when you are an old man". And another old doctor friend that I consulted in Australia around 1934 (the unheated rooms there seemed to tickle up my bladder) seemed horrified to hear of my sexual habits, "You are the last man in the world I would have suspected of sensuality", etc. I don't know how much such opinions are just Anglosaxon unenterprisingness or moral timidity or just medical oldfashionedness (or medial wisdom – I am ready to believe anything). So I would like some sensible, open-minded advice on the subject.

It seems as strange to me to live without sexual excitement & satisfaction as to live without music or reading aloud. (Nevertheless, I would always be willing to change my habits in the interests of my health.) It is not only a matter of sexual ACTS (which are natural for me to indulge in every few days – say once a week) but also a matter of sexual THOUGHTS. I am, as you know, a sex-maniac. It has always been natural for me (& still is) to indulge most of the day in sexual-sadistic thoughts, thoughts that produce anything from a very mild Ständer to a very determined Ständer.

I have often wondered whether such continuous mild or less mild excitement (particularly when not leading to so-called "satisfaction") might not be very bad for the prostate or for other machinery of the body. But I have never been able to trace any bad results to this cause.

It has always seemed natural for my body to have a thousand unfulfilled excitements as to have occasional satisfactions. In other words, my body, my instincts, my tastes, do not seem to have distinguished between the 2 – between lustful thoughts that lead to sex-acts & lustful thoughts that lead to nothing. I have always enjoyed them both, equally.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Cyril Scott, typescript copy, 11 July 1949.

In a letter to Ella Grainger on 23 November 1949, Grainger makes a reference to Paul Nordoff, the American composer, who was one of the founders of the modern music therapy movement. Unfortunately, Nordoff is mentioned alongside other composers who take a professional interest in "certain exotic lands & people," not for what he is now remembered for. It is not recorded as to whether or not Grainger knew Nordoff personally.

1951

LETTER

I have always had a queer throat myself. I think I told you that as a child in Australia I had 'sore throat' almost all the time & was forever being treated for it. It was only when I was about 20, & started reading MacFadden's 'Physical Strength' (or whatever it was called) [see below] that I veered away from meat, more or less (tho not a strict meat-shunner till 1924), & lost my everlasting colds & sore throats. But my throat still feels tight.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Elsie Bristow, 20 April 1951.

Bernarr Macfadden, *Keeping Fit* (New York: Macfadden Publications, 1926).

Grainger misquotes the book title in the letter above.

1953

LETTER

Can't you help me? Here I am, worrying myself ill (if ever a man did) & I'm sure you could rescue me from the whole thing. I am not worried about my health (if I should die it would probably be the best thing that could happen to me). I am not worried about my arts, for I feel I could master them (more or less) if I ever got round to them. I am not worried about our happiness, for there, again, feel we could achieve happiness if we only had time. But I am worried to death financially.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Ella Grainger, 17 July 1953.

LETTER

I feel overwhelmed with guilt when I consider how much time & thought you have already given to me – making appointments & un-making them – and now taking the time to write me your beautiful letter of July 15 – out of the goodness of your heart & out of your unique wish to be helpful. That you should even propose to fly to Rochester as consultant in my case is a transcending degree of kindness & unselfishness that is wellnigh unbelievable. I will cherish it among my memories of Norwegian super-humanity!

It is true that a musician I met at one of my last concerts, who had been at the Mayo Clinic, spoke to me of the very high charges there (Not that I believe such loose statements. I believe, instead, every word you so kindly write on the subject.) And it is true that I would consider it more seemly in a composer to die untreated of whatever illness he is silly enough to get than to spend a lot on his cure, of money that could be left to the cause of music, or to his family.

But these considerations about money are not the moving factors in my case, at this juncture. The moving factors are:

- (1) my unwillingness to put myself into American hands,
- (2) my unreasoning dread of large & successful institutions.

As a young man I was very much in love with the rural & pioneer elements in American life, as I read of them in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi", in Walt Whitman's poems & in other American art. No doubt I was misled by my own stupidity into exaggerating [sic.] much that I read & saw. Even when I came to America in 1914 I had the impression that Americans were genuinely pacifistic. But as I have lived here for nearly 40 years I have come to see that I was wrong about many things. My impression now is that Americans have vast driving force & are immensely gifted in certain new ways (toleration & patience). But these ways are exactly the opposite of the ways I want to go, so that it is an agony for me to live amongst Americans. It would be a crowning ignominy for me to regain my health at American hands or in an American institution. I feel I would rather die of inferior treatment in Denmark or Australia than be cured in U.S.A.

As a musician I have always tried to remain an amateur, by which I mean :- I have always been willing to neglect my skill in favor of my sentimental feelings ...

It is difficult to earn one's living as an amateur musician, & I have found it heart-breakingly difficult. Still, I have done it. As a composer I have always tried to please myself only, & never tried to please the public, with whose tastes I invariably disagree.

As a result of my musical amateurishness I took care never to appear in "critical" cities, such as Paris & Berlin. I only wish I had never appeared in London, New York & Chicago either ...

I suppose I have an unreasoning terror of greatness, fame, skill & largeness because of the unhappiness of my own artistic career ... [it] has been a continuous nightmare of opportunities was not fitted to take advantage of.

So you can understand how I quail at the thought of entering a great & successful institution such as the Mayo Clinic, & also how guilty I would feel if I had to owe my recovery to American methods - which I respect & admire in every walk of life, yet want to get away from as soon and as completely as possible.

So if you could cancel the Mayo appointment for me (as you so very kindly say you are willing to do) it would be a great act of kindness towards me. It would remove one more terror from my life.

Some years ago I asked an old Danish doctor-friend if he would look after me, if need arose, & he said he would. So I would write to him now, & will hope I can get a passage to Denmark very soon.

Thanking you from the bottom of my heart for all your extraordinary kindness & asking you to forgive my strong national prejudices & emotional disabilities.

Yours thankfully, & most apologetically

Percy Grainger

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Dr Kaare Nygaard, 18 July 1953.

Following his letter to his "old Danish doctor-friend", Cai Holten, a suprapubic prostatectomy was performed one month later on Grainger in Denmark. It was reported as a carcinoma. Back in the USA, Grainger was
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admitted to the White Plains hospital three times because of urinary retention, a condition somewhat relieved (at least temporarily) by catheterisation and dilation of the urethra.

In December 1953, a transurethral resection of the bladder neck was performed; the resected tissue (totalling about two grams) showed acute and chronic inflammation of the neck of the urinary bladder. Grainger was readmitted only ten days after discharge in retention, but was later discharged to the Mayo clinic with Foley in place.

Grainger's Danish doctor and friend, Cai Holten (brother of Karen Holten), n.d.
Cai is holding the rudder at far left.

1954

DOCUMENT (*Anecdotes*, 423-88)

Ella & I are bound for the Mayo Clinic (Rochester, Minn) & the operation I expect to have done there is one many have died from. Yet I am less afraid of this operation than I am of playing before an audience ...

Extract from Percy Grainger, "What is behind my music" in *Anecdotes*, 16/17 January 1954.

DOCUMENT (*Anecdotes*, 423-87)

That people are so gross as to gorge themselves into fatness; that they develop bad habits like smoking & drinking; ... that English-speakers (& copying them, the whole white man's world, eventually) admire white bread & despise the good brown breads; that tastiness is preferred to foodiness in foods ... As long as men are religious, moral, ambitious, meat-eating and warlike I shall regard every moment spent with them as a shameful waste of time.

Extract from Percy Grainger, "The Things I Dislike", in *Anecdotes*, 1 August 1954.

1955

Grainger begins treatment with oestrogens.

1956

During his treatments with Dr. Kaare Nygaard, Grainger's many whip-lash marks were clearly visible. Nygaard would later relate this to Grainger's biographer, John Bird, in 1975.

LETTER

Whip-lash marks were not infrequently evident at the time of his examinations and treatments at the office. The explanations were readily forthcoming and as the years went by I gradually learned his own conception of himself. He would never ask me to try to cure him. He did not consider it a disease. He considered it something that might be deplored by some, yes, but it was also something to be enjoyed by him. He could not help it. To him it represented a biological characteristic given to him to be exercised with no social infringements and with enormous personal joy. In addition he had the gift of music; these two precious talents he felt should be exercised to the fullest, and his was no split personality ... By accepting himself as he was, biologically and sexually, he defused, so to say, a sizzling time bomb within him which otherwise might have blown his personality to bits.

Extract from letter, Dr. Kaare Nygaard to John Bird, 3 December 1975.

Dr. Kaare Nygaard, Grainger's last surgeon (1975). Photo by Burnett Cross.

The envelope containing Grainger's essay on his sexuality was not opened, as per his instructions, until 1971. Until recently, it had been suppressed from public view. This is its first appearance in print.

ESSAY

To whoever opens the package marked

"DO NOT OPEN UNTIL 10 YEARS AFTER MY DEATH"

I fervently hope that whoever opens the package will regard my wishes that none of the contents of the package be destroyed, but lodged with some medical or historic or scientific society or library that may wish to investigate the nature & habits of creative Australians.

For I attach enormous importance to flagelantism. I feel that flagelantism (like boxing, football & some other sports) is a means of turning the hostile, harsh & destructive elements in man into harmless channels.

Much of civilisation consists of turning hostility into playfulness. The fact that I have enjoyed whipping myself, or having myself whipped by women, shows that my wish to whip woman does not (as far as I can see) arise out of the wish to humiliate or dominate woman. The photographs of myself whipped by myself in Kansas City & the various photographs of my wife whipped by me show that my flagelantism was not make-believe or

puerility,

but had the element of drasticness in it. Nevertheless, my flagelantism was never inhuman or uncontrolled. And the fact that neither my wife or any of my sweethearts resented my flagelantism suggests that it was not unduly harsh – no worse than the pains & hunts endured in football or other rough games. I have never met a woman who was flagelantically inclined herself. In my experience it is the woman's delight in seeing her lover happy & satisfied that makes her willing to submit to flagelantism.

I have always been potent sexually & never had any interest in homosexuality. My flagellant orgies by myself was almost always followed by self-help (onanism) & my flagellant orgies with my wife & sweethearts almost always followed by normal coitus. But normal coitus was always easy & satisfactory to me without flagelantism of any kind. So my flagelantism must (I think) be viewed as something complete in itself & not as an aid to other activities.

To me it has always seemed that my flagellatism is connected with my love of beauty, my love of Greek statues & nakedness & my longing for something sharp & drastic – such as we hear in Tchaikovsky's music. I have always disliked pornographic or indecent pictures, photos & literature. Indecent incidents occur in many of the flagellant books I have enjoyed. In those cases I have been bored by the indecent passages while thrilled by the flagellant passages.

I think the happiest moment of my life was in 1910 in Amsterdam when I saw in a bookshop near the main post office flagellant books openly displayed – such books as "Sous le fuet", "In Louisiana," "White Woman Slaves," "Sadie Blackeyes" etc. It was a few days before my first recital in Holland & I put the books aside – unread – until after my concert. I didn't wish to weaken myself before my concert. After the concert I read the books all night – the happiest night of my life, I suppose.

When I was about 6 my mother whipped me severely for kicking a cat around a room. At about the same age (or later?) I saw M^{rs} M^cGee take down Faerie M^cGee's drawers & spank her bare bottom. The whipping episodes in "Nicholas Nickleby" & other books (not intended to be flagellant) excited me terribly as a little boy & made me shiver as with severe cold. I knew nothing of sex before I was 12 (told by Desmond M^cGee) & had no idea why I shivered.

The first page of Grainger's ms. essay on his sexuality (1956).

At about the age of 11 I read of Japanese boys whipping, or beating, or hurting each other, to see who could stand most. So I find this with my boy friend Bede – a few years older than I. We whipped each other's legs with strips of bamboo from worn out Venetian [sic.] blinds. Our legs bled. But no sexual stir was aroused.

By the way, in whipping woman, or being whipped myself, I never craved severe cruelty. My sadism was always tempered by moderateness. But in my early years in Frankfurt (1895-1898?), long before I practised any flagellantism, I had inhuman sadistic dreams. Best of all was to insert fish-hooks into a girl's (woman's) breast or nipples & pull her up by her nipples, so the fish-hook tore thru her breast or nipple thru the weight of the girl being lifted by the fish-hooks.

I consider pornographic literature (for those that like it) flagellant literature, etc. most important for the future of mankind – as a means of releasing tension & relieving the sexual fury proper in a vigorous male. I never had more pleasure from badly written flagellant books than from the world's best literature. Sex is better than art – goes deeper. Of all books, those not intended to present flagellant appeal has excited me most: Lempriere's Classical Dictionary (Spartan maidens whipped naked on the altar of Venus), Mark Twain's "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," etc.

Percy Grainger, untitled essay on his sexuality, December 1956.

LETTER

And one of my greatest & most continual worries is that I may die without the full evilness of my sex-feelings being known to the world or recorded. If I only knew of a country where I could publish an unabridged account of my sex-life & sex-feelings I would be a happy man indeed. Perhaps I could in Scandinavia. And while I am on the subject of sex, cowardice, etc I ought to say this: I have been entirely happy in my sex-life in general & my marriage in particular.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Cyril Scott, 23 July 1956.

Grainger develops 'stiff legs' and is treated in Europe with radium.

1957

Grainger complains of lower back pain radiating to legs; this is relieved by x-ray therapy. Later in the year, he is readmitted to Mayo clinic for a double orchiectomy (surgical castration). At the time, physical examination proved negative except, according to his surgeon, Dr Kaare Nygaard, "tenderness posteriorly over right middle ribs and enlarged nodular prostate palpable by rectum."

LETTER

I came home from the hospital yesterday after the operation of removing the testicles. It is a comparatively slight operation leaving next to no pain behind it & next to no worn-out-ness. All the same I felt it to be very shameful that I had been flouting the advice of such a very dear & clever friend as yourself – the more so since all my sympathies are with the saltless, meatless, knifeless method – not knowing anything about it one way or another.

But there is just one thing I could not bring myself to do – to be rude to such a sweet & sensitive man as Dr Nygaard. And I cannot help it – I would feel it rude to say to him 'I know of a man in New York who has cured even cancer by less drastic means' ...

And then there is the question of the get-at-able-ness of Dr. Gerson – with a life such as mine. This winter I am booked (self-booked, even) for about 10 or 12 concerts ... If I am taken with cramp on these trips I am fairly sure of getting help from some friend of Dr Nygaard or the Mayo Clinic. And if I went on a saltless diet (which I would be delighted to do – I read about salt & cancer in Sir Arbuthnot Lane's books 50 years ago) how would I carry it out on the trains? If Dr Gerson is 'successful' with his methods I suppose being treated by him would be as disagreeable as being treated by any other 'successful' man. It is the success that is frightening ...

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Cyril Scott, 8 November 1957.

Grainger was initially fearful that undergoing a double orchiectomy would literally "remove" his urge to compose; so strongly did he feel his sexual urges were intrinsically tied to his musical and artistic creativity. When asked by Dr. Nygaard afterwards whether anything had changed, Grainger is said to have replied "As to the music, absolutely no. As to my well being, greatly improved."

1958-9

Grainger treated intermittently with local radiation to osseous areas, but only when severe local pain was noted. With relief of pain, treatment was a success in the short term.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I direct that my flesh be removed from my bones and the flesh destroyed. I give and bequeath my skeleton to the University of Melbourne, Carlton, N. 3, Victoria, Australia, for preservation and possible display in the Grainger Museum.

Extract from Percy Grainger, last will and testament, 29 September 1959.

1960

Grainger was again admitted to the Mayo clinic in August 1960 because of episodes of mental confusion, fatigue, weakness and low-grade fever.

LETTER

I have delayed writing you for a week or so as I wanted to give you Dr Nygaard's verdict on my health, my prospects of accompanying Ella to Europe, etc. Unfortunately the verdict is bad. I think Dr Nygaard does not think it will ever be safe or me to travel to Europe or Australia. He says that chilliness & damp air is so bad for my bursitis ...

Dr Nygaard is very pleased with my having put on 2 or 3 pounds of weight; and I am eating tremendously. But it seems as if I will have to wage a long battle with the bursitis. And what a prospect:- To have to live and die in America ... When the bursitis was at its worst, a few weeks ago, Dr Nygaard advised me never to put up with pain but always to take a pain-killing pill – because pain is always bad for the whole system & the pills he gave me are quite harmless. So I took pain-killers 3 or 4 times, spread over a few weeks. And HOW WONDERFULLY NICE THEY ARE! A heavenly balminess sinks down upon one & one feels so fresh & free the next day. Never the less, I am dead against anything that could develop into a habit ... It is much pleasanter to be ill-ish, have pain & banish the pain with a pain killer than just to be dully well & have neither pain nor pain-killer ...

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Elsie Bristow, 10 August 1960.

Grainger's eighth admission to Mayo clinic in November 1960 was because of sharp pain in the left hip. According to Dr Nygaard,

x-rays showed suggestion of incomplete fracture of greater trochanter. Extensive osteoblastic and osteolytic metastases in right hip and pelvis so that very little normal bone can be seen. Periosteal thickening along upper medial cortex of femoral shaft – apparent healing of incomplete fracture demonstrated in October.

Grainger was in traction for two weeks, with further x-ray treatment given to his right lateral thigh.

LETTER

I had about 3 weeks in the hospital & I must say it was purely damnable in every respect, to be there for the cause for which I was there – the cause or which I was there was hallucinations – making me believe I was in a different part of the world to which I am, in a different part of the hospital ...

By day all was fairly all right ... at night everything was enraging, for my right foot was fastened to the end of the bed & often there seemed no way of getting hold of anyone – if one wanted the urine bottle for instance ... It is infuriating to have one's foot tied to something, or to have one's middle made fast to something, as I often was. Sometimes I tore the fastenings apart & at other times I cut them with my razor blade ... To go thru the whole night in terror was of course sheer torture.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Robert and Elsie Bristow, 22 December 1960.

1961

LETTER

The hallucinations are very trying. By dint of tearing at a leather fastening; by dint of cutting thru a leather fastener with a razor blade one cuts oneself loose, only to find oneself on the same floor one began on. One expected to find one half a floor lower! And by seeing double one sees all sorts of queer sights & combinations. The main thing to remember [is] that it is unreal what one sees. I have been trying to write score for several days. But I have not succeeded yet.

Extract from letter, Percy Grainger to Robert Bristow, 12 January 1961.

The last picture of Grainger alive, here with fellow composer Henry Cowell at White Plains (1961)

Grainger's final admission to the Mayo clinic was one month later, in February 1961. The pain in his hip was still present, along with increasing weakness and general deterioration. Two blood transfusions were given, but without success and Grainger became comatose two to three days after admission. Respiration became rapid and laboured, leading to death on 20th February 1961 at 10.10 a.m. An autopsy was later performed.

AUTOPSY

The body is that of a slender, emaciated but well-developed white male 168 cm. long appearing somewhat younger than the stated age of 78 years. Minimal rigor is noted and there is no demonstrable dependent liver. The scalp hair is abundant and grey. The pupils are round, regular and equal. The sclerae are clear. No discharge to noted from any orifice. The teeth are in fair condition. No masses are felt in the neck. Bilateral gynecomastia is noted. The chest is thin; the costal angle narrow. The scaphoid abdomen presents a linear suprapubic scar and two linear scars at the base of the scrotum from which the testes have been removed. No peripheral edema is noted. No bony deformities are noted externally. The panniculus is only a few mm. thick. The abdominal musculature is well -developed, dry and dark red.

- Abdominal Cavity** No excess fluid is encountered. The viscera are disposed in the usual fashion and present smooth glistening serosal surfaces. The edge of the right lobe of the liver extends only a few mm. below the right costal margin. A thin veil of omentum covers collapsed small bowel. The oesophageal hiatus is of normal size. No herniation is demonstrated. The diaphragm is at the level of the 4th interspace on the right and the 5th rib on the left.
- Thoracic Cavity** No excess fluid is found in either pleural space or in the pericardial sac. However, striking and widespread bony changes are evident in the rib cage as viewed from within the thoracic cavity. A few of the ribs present prominent fusiform swelling but most of them bear thick plaques of nodular haemorrhagic grey tumour tissue often protruding into the pleural space. Many are still covered by glistening parietal pleura but lung parenchyma is adherent to a few of these foci though apparently not directly invaded by tumour.
- Heart** It is of normal size and shape containing only a moderate amount of fluid blood and soft clots. The chambers are of normal relative proportions with smooth glistening endothelial linings.
The leaflets of the various valves are thin and delicate and all appear to be competent.
The coronary arteries are tortuous but patent throughout. The walls are slightly stiffer than normal, often standing open when cut across but are not significantly thickened.
- Aorta** It is slender and supple with only a few small yellow plaques on the smooth glistening intimal surface. A few soft grey nodes are encountered about the abdominal aorta in the vicinity of the origin of the coeliac axis. The vessels to and from the legs are empty; the walls are pliable.
- Lungs** The parenchyma is light and fluffy with the usual anthracotic deposits evident as a delicate network on the wrinkled pleural surface. A thin but stiff plaque of thickened pleura caps the left lung but is not adherent to the chest wall. Adhesions are noted in a few areas, as noted above, between tumour masses in the chest wall and adjacent lung but without evident extension into the parenchyma. The bronchi contain only a little thick mucoid material. The vessels are not unusual.
- Spleen** It is rather small but of normal contour with a thin wrinkled capsule and friable granular red pulp. Tiny Malpighian corpuscles are visible on the otherwise homogeneous cut surface.
- Liver** It is of normal contour with a smooth glistening capsule. A few clusters of small cysts are noted on this surface and there are also a few widely-spaced, distinct, sharply outlined white and yellow-white nodules only a few mm. across. These foci are tiny, quite firm and are found only on the surface. The parenchyma is rather soft but otherwise of normal consistency and colour and the usual fine lobular pattern is evident on the cut surface.
- Pancreas** It is grossly normal.
- Adrenals** They are both rather large – the right about twice normal size and the left slightly smaller. Each one is thicker than normal and the cut surface presents several confluent bright yellow nodules in the centre enclosed by a thin rim of similar yellow tissue indicating rather striking nodular hyperplasia of the cortex.
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Kidneys The capsules strip with some difficulty from the relatively smooth surfaces of normal-sized kidneys. The parenchyma of each is rather pale but the markings are otherwise normal. The pelvis of each kidney is moderately enlarged and the calyces are of normal calibre but rather short. However, both ureters are slender and are easily traced into the bladder. The mucosal lining of pelvis and ureters is smooth and pale.

Pelvic Organs The bladder is small containing only a small amount of clear urine. It is held firmly to the pubis by dense adhesions. The wall is thick but pliable and the mucosa wrinkled and pale. No prostatic tissue is definitely identified but ill-defined bands of rather dense fibrous tissue radiate from the region of the prostatic urethra into surrounding fatty tissue and to the rectum which is only 2-3 cm. away.

Gastro-Intestinal Tract The oesophagus is normal. The stomach is small, contracted and practically empty presenting smooth mucosa coated with mucoid material. The small intestine contains a little granular tan material with mucoid bile-stained material in the duodenum. A slender normal appendix is present. The large intestine contains masses of formed brown fecal material.

Neck Organs The thyroid is small; the parenchyma pale pinkish-grey and finely lobulated. No lymph nodes are identified. The neck is not explored further.

Brain Though no bony defects were palpable externally, widespread involvement by tumour is evident in the cranium when the skull is opened. Several discs of pinkish-grey tissue which is obviously tumour though calcified and apparently mixed with bone are visible and palpable in the vault of the cranium and several lobulated masses of extremely soft, friable haemorrhagic tumor tissue protrude from the floor of the cranial cavity. The largest is in the cerebella fossa slightly to the right of the mid-line and is about 6 cm. in diameter. Several smaller ones are noted in the middle fossa over the greater wing of the sphenoid and one anterior clinoid process is apparently partly destroyed by tumour. Some of these dural masses obviously represent extensions from bony metastases and this is probably also true of the largest one though the projecting tumour mass is much larger than the area of underlying bone to which it is loosely attached. The intervening is involved over a much larger area and another smaller mass near by is firmly attached to the dura apparently involving one or more venous sinuses at their junction without recognisable attachment to underlying bone. About 100 cc. of soft bright red blood clot mixed, with some necrotic tissue are released as the skull flap is removed apparently from a cut or rent in the left cerebral hemisphere which proves to be extremely soft, friable and apparently cystic.

Serial section through the fixed brain discloses a large ragged space at least 8 cm. in diameter in the central portion of the left cerebral hemisphere involving both parietal and temporal lobes and the lateral ventricle. This apparently represents a recent massive haemorrhage as considerable clot remains attached to the ragged frayed friable wall of the space. The arteries at the base of the brain are thin-walled and empty as are the branches as far as they can be traced. However, many of the large venous sinuses including the confluence of sinuses are distended with blood clot.

Final Note This famous musician lived almost 8 years after a carcinoma of the prostate was first discovered following prostatectomy in Denmark, dying at the age of 78 years. He was reasonably well and quite active during this period though during the past 5 years osseous metastases have necessitated x-ray therapy on several occasions, with prompt relief of symptoms each time. Only during the several weeks prior to his death did his general condition begin to deteriorate. His final admission was of only 6 days duration and he became comatose on the third day.

No residual tumour can be demonstrated in the prostatic bed and metastatic deposits are chiefly in the skeleton though tumour cells can also be found in lymphatic channels in the lungs. Widespread replacement of bone marrow by tumour accounts for the extra-medullary hematopoiesis found in the spleen and also the liver. Large hemorrhagic masses of tumour protrude into the cranial cavity from the dura where many of the venous channels are also filled by tumour. Some and possibly all of the dural involvement is secondary to metastatic tumour in the skull. A large recent haemorrhage in the left cerebral hemisphere has destroyed the basal ganglia and internal capsule. It seems unlikely that thrombosis of the dural sinuses accounts for this haemorrhage even though they were extensively involved including the torcula or confluence of sinuses but no arterial lesion is demonstrated.

Extract from autopsy by Dr. J. Lester, February 1961.

Following his death, Grainger's body was placed in a hermetically sealed crate and transported to Australia by plane. His wife Ella attempted to carry out the terms of his will by asking the University of Melbourne to accept his skeleton for possible display in the Grainger Museum. The University refused, and his body was then taken to Adelaide to be buried next to his mother Rose in the West Terrace cemetery.

Ella Grainger (centre) and Burnett Cross (second from left) at Grainger's funeral service in the Adelaide West Terrace Cemetery, 1961.

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OTHER GRAINGER EXHIBITION CATALOGUES

- 1982 *A Tribute to Percy Grainger.* Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, to celebrate the Centenary of the Composer's Birth. World Premiere of Grainger Costume Collection.
- 1983 *A Tribute to Percy Grainger.* Newcastle Region Art Gallery, New South Wales.
- 1984 *Tribute to Australia's America's Cup Win – Percy Grainger and the Sea.* Grainger Museum.
- 1985 *The Three Faces of Percy Grainger.* Performing Arts Museum, Melbourne, to celebrate the Sesquicentennial of the State of Victoria.
- 1988 *Rose Grainger: The Creator of a Genius.* Australian Bicentennial Exhibition and Book Launch of *The Rose Grainger Costume Collection.* Grainger Museum.
- 1988 *Percy Grainger: The Nordic Inspiration.* To celebrate the Symposium of International Musicological Society on a Festival of Music and the Third International Symposium of Scandinavian Migration to Australia. Grainger Museum.
- 1990 *Percy Grainger's Nordic Princess: Courtesan or 20th Century Woman. Ella Viola Ström Grainger 1889-1979.* Grainger Museum.
- 1991 *The Formative Years – Percy Grainger The Baby and Child.* Grainger Museum.
- 1992 *Percy Grainger: The Noble Savage.* Grainger Museum.
- 1993 *The Nordic Inspiration: Percy Grainger 1882-1961 and Edvard Grieg 1843-1907.* To commemorate the 150th anniversary of Grieg's birth. Grainger Museum.
- 1994 *Percy Grainger's Paradoxical Quest for World Music: "Free Music" and "Free Music" Machines.* Grainger Museum.
- 1995 *Percy Grainger's Gift to the Land of his Birth: The Grainger Museum. A Strange Heterogenous Treasure-Hoard-House.* Grainger Museum.
- 1996 *For Percy Grainger (1882-1961): The Band Plays On – And On – And On – And On ...* Grainger Museum.
- 1997 *Percy Grainger (1882-1961): Artist and Art Collector.* Grainger Museum.
- 1998 *Percy Grainger and the Sea: From Water, Wind and the Sea came the Soundscapes of Percy Grainger's Mind.* Grainger Museum.

All of the above exhibitions were curated by Elinor Wrobel.

Corresponding catalogues are published by the Grainger Museum
(except Her Majesty's Theatre 1982 and Newcastle Region Art Gallery 1983)
and are available on request.
