

## BONJOUR ET ADIEU

In *Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet* the artist, rucksack on back and staff in hand, encounters a gentleman dressed in his Sunday best, with servant and dog, blocking his way on a country road. The resolute beard, the chance meeting and sense of an unfinished journey, come together in my memory of Malcolm. I had been a contributor to *TEMPO* in the seventies under David Drew. After returning to New Zealand in 2002, feeling disconnected from the mainstream, I began sending Malcolm an article or two and was made to feel welcome. Around 2006, thinking he might be able to use another pair of eyes, but mostly as a ploy to stay connected, I volunteered to help as an informal proof-reader. Thanks to email and a shared sense of mission, we remained in touch for some eight years. He never complained.

A good editor is like a camera lens on which we rely for a clear and focused view, and for breadth of view as well. I shared Malcolm's interest in Schoenberg and Varèse, and came to admire his enthusiasm for neglected figures like John Foulds, as I had previously been persuaded to share David Drew's sympathy for Kurt Weill and Walter Leigh.

For a student of new music in the early sixties in New Zealand, *TEMPO* set the standard and provided a lifeline of news and information to these remote parts. I owe a great deal to its friendship. When I first settled in London, Colin Mason offered me my first assignments as a lowly concert reviewer for the *Daily Telegraph*. Soon after, when David Drew took over the editorship of *TEMPO*, he was kindness itself, and under his patient guidance my writing began to take shape. By the time Malcolm joined, I was helping John M. Thomson with the first issues of *Early Music*, only to discover that early and avant-garde music were two faces of the same coin, and could learn from one another.

Perhaps we may have met as juniors early on in the upstairs office at Boosey & Hawkes, I cannot remember. As far as I recall, we met face to face only once, very recently, sometime in May 2009. I had come to Bristol to see family following a lacklustre conference in Barcelona and wanted to see him. I would have hired a car, but he insisted on taking the train to meet me in Bristol. He looked ravenous, was thin as a rake, bearded, bright-eyed, like Courbet's Scholar Gipsy or Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford. Grabbing my arm, he steered me to a favourite café for a late breakfast of sausage, egg, and baked beans on toast over a mug of strong tea.

From where I sit, a single encounter is all and everything. The presence remains, the conversation momentarily interrupted.

Robin Maconie