

Peter Warlock Society

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THOSE WHO KNEW WARLOCK PERSONALLY

We are endeavouring to find people who can give us personal memories of Philip Heseltine for publication in the Newsletters. Any suggestions from members would be welcomed: perhaps somebody knows somebody who knew the composer. But it's now nearly 54 years since he died... We've had an interview with Dr Fenby; and this time we are again fortunate in having a memoir from Professor A J B Hutchings. The latter grew out of a suggestion from a member of the Society, Louis Pearson - to whom many thanks. We have also approached another member, the composer Elizabeth Poston - but, alas, her reply was negative: "I feel I cannot discuss any person I have known and loved." Let's hope we can eventually persuade her to change her mind... And we are going to approach Kaikhosru Sorabji, who will be 92 next month, and has referred to Heseltine as "a great, an honoured and deeply admired friend".

AGM AT MAGPIE BOTTOM, 9 JUNE

Lunch at The Five Bells, Eynsford, was followed by a committee meeting in the garden of the hotel. We were lucky: it was a beautiful summer day. We then drove the three miles or so to Bell Cottage, Magpie Bottom, Shoreham; and there, in a peaceful woodland setting, the Annual General Meeting was held, again *al fresco*, followed by refreshments. Those present were then able to enjoy a sneak preview - or rather pre-hearing - of the finest of the six recitals which make up Eric Wetherell's important BBC Warlock series. This was the recital of Peter Savidge, accompanied by David Owen Norris (see p.4).

Our founder, Patrick Mills, has described the occasion as a "delightful and memorable day" and "the best AGM ever". Would that the attendance had been larger.

Peter Warlock Society: Chairman's Report, 1984

May I start by saying how delighted I am to be back in Magpie Bottom and how pleased I am to see so many old and young friends. It is most kind of David and his daughter to welcome us like this - we do appreciate it.

You will have read in the Newsletters of the series of Warlock song recitals planned by the BBC in Bristol. These are now recorded, and although no transmission dates have been set, Eric Wetherell, their producer, has been good enough to send us copies of the songs - indeed some of you were able to hear them here a week or two ago.* I hope we can arrange another hearing for those unable to attend last time. This is the most comprehensive Warlock project since Elizabeth Poston's splendid series back in the fifties. We are most grateful to Eric for organizing it.

(see p4)

I'm afraid publications have not always kept up to schedule, but this is inevitable when busy people are giving their services. I can report that Volume 3 of the Collected Edition is imminent. Again I must express our gratitude to Cliff Chadwick for making it all possible.

May I take this opportunity of making one general point about the Collected Edition - the question of transposition. Our advisory committee had a long discussion before settling on the medium voice version as being the most practical for our purposes. On a printed copy of *Good Ale* which Philip Heseltine sent to Colin Taylor, the composer noted by the A flat version "This is the original key and is very much better than the low key as here. But for roaring unaccompanied it doesn't matter".

Personally I would have to be pretty "roaring" myself to enjoy a unison rendering of *Good Ale* in A flat. The important point is that the other keys do exist, and we can always provide copies of the high or low alternatives.

There have been several interesting Warlock events over the year which you will have read about in the Newsletters or will read about in the next. In two instances our Committee decided we were able to help financially. An all-Warlock concert in Chelsea and the English Song Award in Brighton were both considered to be projects we ought to encourage. Both were successful, and I would like to ask our Treasurer to add to his report a little about the Brighton Festival now it is all over.

On the subject of Newsletters I would again like to thank David for taking on the editor's job and for producing two particularly interesting issues to date. I thought the Fenby interview most readable and indeed valuable as first hand information. I would like to stress, though, that there should be far more contributions from the membership at large. Everyone must have at least one article in mind. Let's have them on paper.

Once again I thank the committee for its services, particularly Robin Crofton, who has put in a lot of extra work on our behalf.

Fred Tomlinson

THE ERIC FENBY INTERVIEW

The interview with Eric Fenby which appeared in the last Newsletter, under the title *Warlock as I knew him*, is being reprinted in this month's edition of *Composer*, the magazine of the Composers' Guild of Great Britain and the British Music Information Centre.

ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE ?

The old unanswered question has come up again, following something said in the Fenby interview. Ian Parrott writes:

My enthusiasm for the non-suicide cause has stemmed from the verbal testimony of the late George Thewlis, chorister at Christ Church and conductor of the Oxford Harmonic Society. Thewlis remembered Peter Warlock doing transcription work in the library at Christ Church right up to the time of his death. He knew there were books to finish and the compositions then were particularly good. From all this he concluded that the death was more likely to be an accident, tripping over the gas tap.

Professor Parrott's view is supported by something which appeared in *The New Age* of 15 January 1931 (shortly after Warlock's death). The composer and writer Kaikhosru Sorabji, in a tribute to Warlock, who was a close friend of his, states clearly that the loss was "through a wretched accident, for no sane person acquainted with all the facts, as distinct from journalistic inventions, can regard it otherwise..."

MINUET ON THE NAME OF WARLOCK?

When Ravel wrote his 'Menuet sur le nom d'HAYDN', he used this 5-note theme:



H is the German for the note B. A is A. Y is arrived at by continuing alphabetically from G upwards. Etcetera.

Similarly, PETER WARLOCK could be:



Not a bad theme. Would any of the composer-members like to write a minuet, or a drinking song, or a vocalise, or a piano piece on it - which we might perform at the next AGM? Transpose it - give it whatever rhythm you like - add words, perhaps - do what you will.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN O PQRSTU VWXYZ
ABCDEFGHI G ABCDEFG ABCDE

The BBC Warlock-Fest

We are now able to report in full on this major series of six half-hour programmes of Warlock songs recorded by BBC Bristol for Radio 3, and produced by Eric Wetherell, himself a member of the Society. The recordings were made between 5 October and 8 December last in St George's, Brandon Hill, Bristol. Eric Wetherell has kindly made available cassettes of all six programmes, for the Society to hear. A playback was arranged in April, and several Committee members attended, including Anthony Ingle, whose review is given below. Perhaps we should say preview, because the transmission dates are still somewhere in the future, as yet unannounced. But first, the details of the programmes.

Programme 1 John Elwes (tenor) Clifford Benson (piano)

Good Ale; Adam lay ybounden; My gostly Fader; The Bachelor; Rutterkin; And wilt thou leave me thus?; Lusty Juventus; Love for love; Twelve Oxen; Piggiesnie; Roister Doister; Walking the woods; As ever I saw; Away to Twiver; The passionate Shepherd; Chopcherry; Tom Tyler; Dedication

Programme 2 Bernadette Greevey (mezzo-soprano) Paul Hamburger (piano)

The bayly berith; Chanson du jour de Noël; Balulalow; My sweet little darling; Hey trolly loly lo; Cradle Song; Robin Goodfellow; A sad song; Sleep; Mourn no moe; Spring; Lullaby; Pretty ring time

Programme 3 Michael George (baritone) Anthony Saunders (piano)

Mockery; Sweet and twenty; The sweet o' the year; Take, o take those lips away; Sigh no more, ladies; Fair and true; The droll Lover; The contented Lover; Sweet content; Jillian of Berry; There is a lady; The Lover's Maze; Rest, sweet nymphs; Elore lo; Milkmaids; I held Love's head; Thou gav'st me leave to kiss; The Countryman

Programme 4 Ian Partridge (tenor) Jennifer Partridge (piano)

I asked a thief to steal me a peach; Music when soft voices die; I have a garden; A lake and a fairy boat; Heracleitus; Candlelight Nos 1 - 12; To the memory of a great singer; Romance; The Lover mourns; The Everlasting Voices; Play-acting; A Prayer to Saint Anthony of Padua; The sick heart; The Cloths of Heaven; Captain Stratton's Fancy

Programme 5 Margaret Cable (mezzo-soprano) Bernard Roberts (piano)

The Distracted Maid; Johnnie wi' the tye; The Shoemaker; Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane; Rantum Tantum; Little Trotty Wagtail; Queen Anne; Autumn Twilight; The Wind from the West; The Everlasting Voices; The birds; Ha'nacker Mill; The Night; My own country

Programme 6 Peter Savidge (baritone) David Owen-Norris (piano)

Consider; After two years; Late summer; The Singer; Along the Stream; The water lily; Mr Belloc's Fancy; The Frostbound Wood; The first mercy; The Fox; Yarmouth Fair; The Cricketers of Hambleton

Anthony Ingle writes:

The choice and ordering of the programmes was done by Fred Tomlinson, and he chose to arrange the songs chronologically in order of poets; this gave rise to several interesting juxtapositions of early and late Warlock, which served to remind me just how stylistically consistent he was, from 1917 onwards. The other major point which became clear during these three hours of non-stop Warlock was the extreme nature of the demands made by all the songs, even the simplest, on the artistry of the performers; some were equal to those demands, others not. The programmes are listed separately; so, to the performances.

The selection of songs for male voice setting pre-Shakespearean verse was the province of John Elwes (tenor) and Clifford Benson. Theirs was a generally well-paced recital with a slight tendency to pull punches and not to engage to the last degree with the nature of a song; this was not always true and, when it was not, some very fine performances resulted. Notable among these were And wilt thou leave me thus? which was wonderfully flexible and dramatic, Love for Love, very well balanced between sensitivity and sentimentality, Tom Tyler, splendidly characterised in its hangdog and increasingly drunken desperation, and Dedication, of which no more need be said. It is almost as if the performers were saving themselves for this last, and, of the rest, the more energetic and bibulous songs lacked the necessary infusion of best bitter, and the reflective ones were almost too restrained. Overall, though, it was a very pleasant half-hour.

Unfortunately it is impossible to say the same of the recital by Bernadette Greevy (mezzo-soprano) and Paul Hamburger. Miss Greevy's voice is quite heavy and on this occasion it was used really too heavily, which, in combination with some lightweight and indeed sketchy playing, was sadly unsatisfying. My little sweet darling was well paced and sensitively accompanied, but too sophisticated in a modern sense; A sad song was much lighter than most; Pretty Ring Time was not too bad. The bayly and Sleep drew excellent playing from Paul Hamburger which was not matched vocally; the remaining songs were a bit like swimming in treacle (two of my notes from the evening: Robin Goodfellow - "Stodge!"; Lullaby - "Go to sleep or else!").

Michael George (baritone) and Antony Saunders dealt with Shakespeare to the early 18th century, and for the most part very creditably; their tempi tended on the slow side, though generally the songs were very well poised. Michael George is blessed with an excellent ear and a very true voice; indeed, I don't think I have ever heard better intonation in any recital at all, and, when this quality and exemplarily sensitive accompaniment were sufficient, some very good interpretations resulted. The Sweet o' the Year was lively and well-articulated; Take, o take those lips away (2nd version) and Fair and true were beautifully precise; The Droll Lover and The Countryman were exemplary, and I should be very surprised ever to hear a better version of Milkmaids - just the right touch of mockery in the seriousness. The remainder of the programme suffered from a lack of wit and a light touch, and, in those songs that really should get a move on, an absence of the 'go-for-broke' excitement that characterises the best performances.

Ian and Jennifer Partridge gave the polished performance that we can expect; if their interpretation of I asked a thief to steal me a peach has not changed from the 'Merry-go-down' record, that is because it is ideal - impeccably timed, witty and on its toes. Other songs in the same ethos were wonderful; To the memory of a great singer, Romance and The Everlasting Voices drew perfectly balanced responses, as did Heracleitus, though here a slight degree of detachment was to be felt. Candlelight is notoriously difficult; to make the necessary effect in thirty seconds demands an almost superhuman precision and, while there was great pleasure to be derived from the cycle, the heads of a few nails were missed by a hair's-breadth. Arthur o' Bower, the last song in Candlelight, which is marked 'Tumultuosissimamente', was not so, and the other songs requiring real weight, Play-acting and Captain Stratton's Fancy, lacked that quality. By way of bonus, however, the contrast between The Cloths of Heaven (originally written for the first version of The Curlew) and its recomposition as The Sick Heart was quite fascinating.

(cont.)

Margaret Cable has an excellent voice for Warlock, and first-class diction to match it; in Little Trotty Wagtail and Queen Anne these qualities found fulfilment, mirrored by the deft accompaniment of Bernard Roberts. Autumn Twilight, a remarkable and sadly neglected song, was also given a very committed performance. Elsewhere, however, things went sadly astray, particularly unfortunate since the rest of the programme consisted mainly of Lilligay and the Three Belloc Songs. In both of these sets slow tempi were hurried and perfunctory, fast tempi sluggish, and all the moments on which each song turns pretty well thrown away. It seemed that both performers had taken pains to minimise the effect of the wonderful expansion of The Distracted Maid, and Johnnie wi' the tye was, quite literally, half the correct speed; The Night began with a superbly haunted monotone, but completely failed to grow into the despairing outburst with which it ends, and Ha'nacker Mill and My own country missed their respective marks by an incredible distance. Not all was lost, though; The Birds, though a bit on the fast side, allowed Miss Cable to demonstrate a considerable feeling for the blues, an influence which seems to me considerable on that particular song.

Perhaps appropriately, the last recital, by Peter Savidge and David Owen Norris, bore away the bell. Here at last were two artists who had plainly considered all aspects of the songs, and were thoroughly immersed in the style. If one or two tempi were very slightly misjudged, the artists' sensitivity to stress and inflexion, combined with technical mastery, brought all the songs nonetheless into full focus. Consider lacked the last gramme of élan, but remained a superb opening gesture; After two years and The water lily were a little on the extrovert side. Otherwise, the assembled company simply sat back and enjoyed an utterly satisfying performance, particularly so in that some of the songs which might have been thought of as also-rans appeared as representative of Warlock's genius as those which are acknowledged the best; The Singer came up shining, as did Yarmouth Fair, and when, at the end, The Cricketers of Hambledon was a very beautiful and moving experience, the first thought that entered my head was Noel Coward's bon mot 'Strange how potent cheap music is', closely followed by the realisation that the song is not cheap at all but a truthful reflection of the circumstances under which it was written. More of Messrs. Savidge and Owen Norris, please.

Indeed, more Warlock, too. The enterprise which has produced this series is greatly valued, and I'm sure I can speak for the Society in extending hearty thanks to Eric Wetherell, the producer, and to Fred Tomlinson for the selection and ordering of the programmes. Might it be possible now to capitalise on this activity and produce at least one programme of Warlock with string quartet?

THE ENGLISH SONG AWARD: THE OUTCOME

The final took place on 15 May in the Great Hall, Brighton College. Ian Copley, who was there, writes:

Among the more interesting events promoted under the aegis of the Brighton Festival has been the English Song Award (1984). This competition for singers had as its intention the promotion of English songs (those of Warlock among them) and over 160 singers took part. The main sponsor was industrial (GKN), but a surprising number of smaller institutions - the Peter Warlock Society included - made it possible, and the first three prizes (£2,000, £1,500, and £1,000) certainly produced the right incentives.

The preliminary heats and the semi-finals reduced the number of competitors to three - and there may or may not be some significance in the fact that all three were baritones. Each sang a recital programme of English songs chosen by himself; and they were judged by a distinguished jury, led by John Carol Case, the President of the organising committee. James Meek (who came third) included Warlock's Jillian of Berry - and I think his accompanist rather wished he hadn't! Peter Harvey (second) gave a delightful performance of The Bachelor. There was no Warlock in the programme of the winner, Michael Pearce - though he must have sung some in the earlier rounds.

It is to be hoped that the undoubted success of this year's competition will encourage the organisers to make it an annual event.

Later: We hear that the immediate future of the competition is now guaranteed, and plans will shortly be announced for the 1985 awards.

PUBLICATION NEWS

John Bishop writes:

Volume 3 of the Warlock Collected Edition has now gone to press, and during September we expect to despatch copies to those who have indicated that they wish to receive each volume as it is published.

It is unlikely that Volume 4 will appear until at least mid-1985.

Volumes 1 and 2 are, of course, still available to anyone who missed them first time round or who wants further copies. Please apply to Thames Publishing at 14 Barlby Road, London W10 6AR. No need to send money. You will be invoiced.

HOW I FIRST CAME ACROSS PETER WARLOCK'S MUSIC

Brian Cook (a member who regularly helps the Editor by typing the major part of the Newsletters) has suggested that a series under this heading could be interesting - for publication in the Newsletter. Any offers?

Warlock and a Tite Street Party

ARTHUR HUTCHINGS, musicologist, composer, sometime professor of music at Durham University and, later, at Exeter University, gives us his personal memories of Philip Heseltine. And in particular an occasion when he was taken to Heseltine's house in Tite Street, Chelsea.

The few hours there span the only time during which I enjoyed more than very brief conversation with him, but they leave an impression of his character at variance with others which I know to be equally true. I cannot convey my testimony to his gentleness and kindness without writing about myself at the time, for I was both scared (until put at my ease) and also brash and opinionated. I hope what I write will not seem falsely modest or unduly boastful. I must begin with my first acquaintance with his music.

Many readers must remember pre-electric recording; few may remember the novelty of domestic radio. My ear-pricking by P.H's song accompaniments cannot have occurred before 1922 when 2LO began daily broadcasting. I neglected school "homework" to visit neighbours who had bought a receiver. Their son was my contemporary at school, my rival in the church choir and my superior as a violin and piano pupil of the organist, who prophesied correctly: "Neville and you will be old men before you can play decently". That proved optimistic, for Neville was killed in the Normandy landings and as I approach 79 I remain musically ham-fisted. Yet our teacher liked us because, despite our non-mastery of Kayser or Czerny, we were interested in later music and appeared more intelligent when we persuaded him to play than when we scraped or strummed ourselves. We brought him music we found in the public library, especially duet arrangements of orchestral work.

In those days people like Cyril Scott were thought advanced composers. No Schoenberg or Hindemith had percolated to England and our delight was in "new chords", ie post-Wagnerian romantic harmony, or the more fruity progressions we found in Chopin, Grieg, Strauss, and then Delius. I mention this because Heseltine seems to have travelled along a similar path as a schoolboy. Knowing nothing about the modes, we savoured bits of Debussy and Ravel, then Holst and Vaughan Williams, simply for their "new chords". Later our old teacher set us thinking by his opinion that, if the classical major-minor scales were "played out", the way forward seemed to be to find or invent other scales and consequent harmony. We took to manuscript paper to be in the vanguard until the end of our schooldays.

The conductor of the local choral society sent me to collect music from OUP and Novello. At OUP I first inspected Warlock songs. At Novello's beautiful Wardour Street premises (alas, no longer theirs!) I forgot the title of a work by Balfour Gardiner. The assistant said: "Pop upstairs to the *Musical Times* Office. They'll help." They did. I enjoyed some kindly banter from Harvey Grace and William McNaught, the latter delighting me by asking if I could use his spare press ticket for a Queen's Hall concert. I was later indebted to HG and McN for more than the ticket I cadged. At the concert I asked the name of "that distinguished-looking man" - PH, of course, and McN wished to speak to him. I stood silently nearby, yet, when McN withdrew, Heseltine, with hat still raised, directed a smile towards me. Such was his courtesy. He greeted me at other concerts but at only one (the first performance of Lambert's *Music for Orchestra* at a Prom) exchanged comments - but that was after the Tite Street visit.

Failing to secure either a History or an Organ Scholarship at Oxford I went to St Mark's College, Chelsea, hoping there to acquire a London Arts degree and a B of E teacher's diploma. I became a student-organist - not a distinguished appointment like a College Organ Scholarship at the older universities. I was, and am, no fine organist. (I hope that confession

suggests the handicap with which Paganini or Dragonetti might have competed with me on other instruments.) However, the office incurred valuable instruction in other matters than organ-playing from the organist of Southwark Cathedral, and studies which led me to contact Terry, for it was impressed upon me that I should understand "modal harmony" and sixteenth-century polyphony. The first Principal of St Mark's was Thomas Helmore, pioneer of the plainchant revival; former St Mark's students became headmaster-organists in London and provincial 'high' churches, but by my time the model was J H Arnold who spread the Solesmes gospel. After risking expulsion for accompanying plainchant psalms with ideas remembered from the Debussy and Ravel quartets I settled to imitating JHA and Terry, and enjoyed discovering or arranging polyphonic pieces for men's voices. Under and ascetic and unpopular Principal (admired, however, as a superb lecturer in Eng Lit) no other music but an occasional hymn was allowed in chapel services - two on every day of the week, attended by the whole college. (I received a second scolding for telling a reporter who had extolled the chapel attendance that his *Church Times* article wrongly described the full chapel as a voluntary attendance.)

One of the tutors, Bernard Bromage, was perhaps the most accomplished amateur pianist I have known, though he also lectured in Eng Lit. Taking essays to him I often found Sorabji in his room, and on one occasion, John Ireland. I asked him if, being in Chelsea, he also knew Heseltine. I cannot remember how the conversation led to his offering to take me to a small gathering at Tite Street one evening in the following week. He would see that I should not be gated (discipline at St Mark's was rigorous) if I were back by about 10.30; another student would play for Compline. On the night I noticed Ireland and Sorabji among the company. No doubt, I thought, everyone present except myself was a man of musical or literary distinction. I was prepared to sit silent and awe-struck while others dropped names I did not know, such as "van Dieren" and "Bruckner"; but Heseltine sat near me and began: "So you are at St Mark's, Helmore's college". In an attempt to shine, I aired knowledge of modes, scales, an interest in Indian ragas, etc. I cannot give a full account of his responses. He let me initiate most of the discussion during which I lost my fear of the fixed eyes which a novelist might describe as piercing yet friendly. I recall his admiration of Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* which I had heard at Southwark on the previous Saturday. To my "Strong meat for a choirboy brought up on Stainer and Stanford", he replied: "Yes, but they led you to Holst". Talk about scales brought mention of Sibelius whom I "could not always follow" — "Most of us share your difficulty. He's a dark horse, but I'd put my money on him". This was 1926 and I was aged twenty, yet I had not read Heseltine's *Delius*. Imagine my basking in his "Congratulations!" when I said that my steel needles had almost worn out Geoffrey Toye's recordings of *On Hearing the First Cuckoo* and *Brigg Fair*! He did not mention his contacts with Delius nor speak at all of his own compositions or researches.

I remain impressed more by what he did on that occasion than by what he said. At the time I was almost unaware of his kindness. He excused his leaving me to fill glasses. Coming back to me he did not "top up" but said: "Oh! I see you have some". Later on he asked me if I would help him prepare coffee and sandwiches in the kitchen. There he apologised for asking me to take my refreshments and leave. "I wish you could stay, but I don't want you to get into trouble at the seminary" — delicious word! Perhaps the only evidence of "Warlock" during the whole evening. In my innocence I did not suspect that he was at all anxious to be rid of me. He may or may not have been. All I can declare is that no obvious superior or elder has shown me greater courtesy, unspoilt by condescension. Indeed more than a

'gentleman', he was gentle and considerate. But I must return to part of the *causerie* which proved of enormous value to me during my teaching career.

The DMus then most sought as an examination coach in London seemed to take no notice of any counterpoint except the samples devised by writers of text books, with neither fine melodic shapes, rhythms or varied textures. To my "Do you know the Victoria *O quam gloriosum*?", the reply was: "Yes, and the *O quam sapiens* pupil will leave all that sort of thing alone until the examination is over". What mattered was being able to "mark time" for so many bars of so-many parts with formulae that maintained imitations "like errant weevils in cheese" (Ernest Newman) without breaking rules of which great contrapuntists from Palestrina to Bach seemed to know nothing. R O Morris's notorious onslaught had recently been published, but I had not seen it, for it immediately went on examination coaches' lists of banned books. I think PH either heard that I was engaged on the nonsense or that I had spoken of it, for I recall a Warlockian phrase..."What you may or may not do with the third crotchet". Before this I recall no mention of Bach or any of the 'Viennese' classics, but I was likely at the time to drag out contemptuous remarks about Beethoven's counterpoint and his slaving for Albrechtsberger as showing more modesty than percipience. If I did not do so, why did PH comment upon theory? His writings do so only incidentally. He specifically mentioned a theorist's rule which I had not - that one should not approach or quit a discord, even a fourth, by leap instead of step.

Then came the first mention of Bach's *Forty-Eight*. He did not say: "Have you noticed?" but "I have noticed..." that, in such pieces as fugues and inventions, Bach observes the theorist's rule during his expository treatment of themes, but defies it afterwards. (I use no 'quotes' because I remember only the substance of his comments, not the actual words.) He put up a spirited defence of the Viennese composers for their recognising the need for so-called counterpoint to vary and invigorate texture, and he mentioned the circulation of MS copies of the first book of the *Forty-Eight*. At this point in my recollection I am in danger of attributing to PH developments of the discussion which are, in fact, parts of later teaching devised by myself. What is certain is his mentions of Purcell's string *Fantazias* (Purcell's spelling) which I did not know, and their innocence of "rules" in Fux's *Gradus* (though Fux was not mentioned). I confessed that I did know works which I now-regard as among my six 'Desert Island' treasures of English music. PH did not mention his engagement with the edition he was preparing with Mangeot. Bromage secured a copy. To this day I often go to bed with the MS transcription I made from it. Oh yes, I am quite aware of the shifts to which PH and Mangeot were put to accommodate notes which lay beyond the 2nd violin compass; yet I respond, as surely PH did, to an implied intensity of expression which viols could not convey, for that Tite Street visit revealed the passionate musician as well as the only perfect "gentleman" I ever knew.

TWO VIEWS

In a sense it is true that every creative artist is a dual personality. Has not Jean Cocteau said, "In every artist there are two beings - a man and a woman - and the woman is always detestable". If that is so, then the late Philip Heseltine, better known by his *nom de plume* of Peter Warlock, was a quadruple personality, for both Heseltine and Warlock were as subtle in their make-up as the average creative artist who can be regarded as a reasonably consistent individual.

Constant Lambert
New Statesman and Nation, 10.xi.1934

... At an age in his early prime of life, is gone from us one of the finest musical minds of our times, a critic and writer further of unparalleled brilliance, insight and subtlety... A song-writer and exquisite delicacy, jewel-like craftsmanship, and flawless rightness of instinct, he has been equalled by few and surpassed by far fewer, and those happy recipients of quaint postcards inscribed in a freakish manner so typical of him in a microscopic, dainty, and delicate handwriting, typical of the perfect orderliness and complete lack of loose ends about any part of his personality, have a poignant reason for cherishing these memorials of him now.

Kaikhosru Sorabji
The New Age, 15.i.1931

AND ANOTHER

The conversational and literary wit and the critical pugnacity of Peter Warlock and those of his circle are sadly little reflected in his or their music. A half programme of works by him and his mentor Bernard van Dieren, presented at the Victoria and Albert Museum last night by the Peter Warlock Society, showed both composers writing in a manner that makes Frank Bridge, say, or E.J. Moeran seem powerful and flamboyant figures...

Colin Mason
The Daily Telegraph, 22.i.1968

(The works performed were Warlock's Serenade, An Old Song, and Sorrow's Lullaby, and Bernard van Dieren's Sonetto VII of Spenser's 'Amoretti'.)

SONGS OF SUMMER

A letter from the Chairman of the Philadelphia branch of the Delius Society - Bill Marsh. He was hoping to be with us on 9 June (he's a member of the Peter Warlock Society). "I regret that I cannot make the AGM", he writes, "especially since it comes just a week before the Delius Society AGM in London. It would have made a good trip. I hope my friends will have a pint or two for me."

We shall do so, in retrospect.

Bill encloses details of what looks like a splendid AGM concert of the Delius Society given at Longwood Gardens, Philadelphia, with the singers, Barbara Noska and Jeremy Slavin, in Edwardian costume. "Songs of Summer" by Delius, Howells, Vaughan Williams, Grainger, German, Sullivan, Holst, Boughton, Bridge, Elgar, Cyril Scott, Liza Lehmann, Balfe, Quilter, Warlock (*Sweet and Twenty*) - and one American composer, Oscar Rasbach (1888-1975). At the end, the audience ("would-be Prommers") joined in *Land of Hope and Glory*.

"The concert was followed by the AGM itself and then a very fine dinner in the new restaurant building. We had billed the soup as 'Song of Summer Soup', which turned out to be a Scandinavian rose-hip soup, garnished with whipped cream and shaved almonds, and served cold."

FROM THE TREASURER

First, the good news, the Current Account Balance at the end of 1983 was £114, and the Deposit Account was £425. Now, the bad, we had a deficit of expenditure over income of £16, the first for many years.

INCOME

Subscriptions were down from £334 to £303, but two Life Memberships raised the figure to £423.

Donations were up from £25 to £139.

Bank Deposit interest was down from £32 to £26.

EXPENDITURE

Newsletters and Secretary's expenses were up slightly, from £252 to £297.

The Audit Fee was £57, an increase of £10.

Two worthwhile payments were made:

1. £200 towards the printing of *A Turbulent Friendship* (Warlock and DH Lawrence) by Ian Copley.
2. £50 to the Fairfax Singers who gave a concert of Warlock's choral music.

However, with the rise in the subscription to £8, coupled with an extra £3.43 for those who covenant, our accounts should be much more healthy this year.

May I remind those members who have still not paid their subscriptions to do so, thus saving extra expenses!

Robin Crofton