

# Peter Warlock Society

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Newsletter no. 45

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NEWSLETTER NO 45

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## TWO BRIEF ENCOUNTERS WITH PETER WARLOCK

by Felix Aprahamian

The first book I ever bought about a composer was Philip Heseltine's *Frederick Delius*. My own discovery of Delius's music in 1929 was the kind of revelation that the young Heseltine had experienced as a schoolboy two decades earlier. Alas, I just missed the Delius Festival of 1929, except for the final pages of *A Mass of Life*, heard through the headphones of a crystal wireless set; and the experience of Beecham's LPO, with its first-fruits of Delius in the concert-room and on record, was yet to come. But in that brief intervening period, I absorbed all I could about Delius and his music, and also about the Delians.

I was taken to my first Queen's Hall Prom on Thursday, 4 September 1930, by a Delian and Beecham fan who had attended the 1929 Festival, Carey Tolchard, a dairy farmer from Cornwall who later became Mayor of Launceston. That British Composers Concert had a wonderfully varied programme: the Fugue in C minor by Lord Berners, Ethel Smyth conducting her *Anacreontic Ode* (for Herbert Heyner), Beatrice Harrison playing the Elgar Cello Concerto, and Constant Lambert conducting *The Rio Grande*. Carey had warned me that the British composers, among them Philip Heseltine, invariably congregated in the Queen's Hall bar behind the stalls during the interval. So there I went, clutching my copy of his Delius book.

Sure enough, an assortment of British composers, including Warlock, as by then he preferred to be called, was in position by the bar. The others, I soon got to know well by sight. Van Dieren was almost certainly among them that evening; but their collective thirst for music had already been slaked, and they showed little desire to go back into the Prom. I, on the other hand, had no intention of missing the second half. It consisted of the *Enigma Variations* (my very first), and two rarities: Sullivan's *Macbeth Overture* and Goossens's *Rhythmic Dance*.

But Warlock had noticed me. Bemused at my obvious hero-worship, he grinned, with a twinkle in his eye, at my reluctance to approach him to sign his book before he was free. But the pull of Elgar was stronger, and I missed asking him for his autograph.

Alas, that the book was not with me on the occasion of our next and last encounter. My father had sent me to the British Museum to get identified a

tiny vellum fragment from an ancient manuscript belonging to a client. From the gates of the courtyard, I saw Warlock coming down the steps in front of the Museum. Sixty years have passed, but I have an exact photographic image of him at that moment, and ever since I have wished for the gifts of an Orpen or Lavery to perpetuate him in a portrait. Its colours remain vivid in my mind's eye. In the grey background, the entrance to the Museum and its columns. In the foreground, the strikingly handsome bearded figure of Warlock. Black sombrero, red tie, russet-coloured Raglan top-coat, his left hand holding a slim brown-leather attaché-case with brass locks, and in the other, an ash walking-stick. Our paths met half-way across the courtyard, but neither of us made any sign of recognition. I was on the steps and he was at the gates, when both of us turned round to observe each other. He made the first move. A vigorous and friendly wave of the ash stick. And I waved back.

My scholarly mission to the Museum was soon accomplished, for the learned Dr Barnett instantly identified the fragment as a verse from St John's Gospel, and part of a Sinaitic Lectionary. But my personal elation had another cause, for I knew I no longer needed a formal introduction to Delius's first English biographer, and next time we met I could approach him freely. I was sixteen, and everything to do with Delius's music had become a compelling passion.

My father had decided on a broker's career for me in Mincing Lane, where I began (and ended) as an office-boy. Among my duties was looking after the post. Rushing to Fenchurch Street Post Office with the late-fee letters on the evening of 17 December 1930, I noticed the posters of all three evening newspapers announced the "Death of Composer", "Composer found dead". Times had changed in a decade at the beginning of which the front page of *The Daily Mirror* could portray just a handsome head below a simple two-word banner-headline: BUSONI DEAD. So I assumed that some popular composer of light music had died. But half an hour later, sitting in the Underground, I realised that the manner of Warlock's death had made him front-page news, for the features gazing at me from every evening paper were his. Sadly, I realised that my treasured copy of Heseltine's *Frederick Delius* would have to remain unsigned. But, of course, I had better cause to grieve. The unforgettable Wigmore Hall Memorial Concert of 23 February 1931 proved an overwhelming experience. It revealed Warlock to me as far more than the author of *Frederick Delius* and of the *Capriol Suite*: a song-writer of genius whom I will ever deplore not having met.

*(Felix Aprahamian, English music critic and organist of Armenian descent, is an authority on French music and the works of Delius; perhaps best known as a music critic for the Sunday Times from 1948 onwards. He is a Committee member of PWS, and this year the AGM was held in his home in Muswell Hill, London. The music room of his home has been extended so as to house a Gonzalez organ which was previously in the possession of the blind French organist André Marchal.)*

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#### CHAIRMAN'S REPORT 1990

I often have to start with the bad news. Last year it was Ian Copley; this time it's Lennox Berkeley. I would like to reiterate what I said in my last Chairman's Report - that along with the sadness of death there is a life to celebrate. Berkeley lives on through his music and our memories.

Ian Parrott wrote about Dr Copley in the Newsletter. A good many of us were able to attend a Memorial Service in Brighton in October. It was a joyous, moving occasion. Friends and relations, colleagues and fellow choristers all contributed to a most enjoyable programme of items written by Ian himself and by some of the composers he championed - Robin Milford, Butterworth, Charles Wood and, of course, Warlock. It was a worthy tribute to a good friend of the Society. Our thanks and sympathy go to his widow and family.

We have had another good year. Nothing perhaps to top our memorable week of Warlock in October 1988, when we had David Aler's Wigmore recital, a trip to Ruddles' Brewery, and the Birthday Concert at the Guildhall - but there have been

events to remember.

I was particularly sorry to be on the other side of the world when the 95th birthday was celebrated, as it was on my home ground, not that far from the two Old Traffords. Malcolm Rudland reported in the last Newsletter, and a most enjoyable evening it looks to have been.

A few weeks later, on St Cecilia's Day, we had another Ruddles jaunt, just as good as the first one. Our singing was accompanied this time. I'm not sure if the patron saint of music would have approved of Malcolm's electronic device, but it did its job.

Again I must pay tribute to Malcolm's industry and enthusiasm. No one appreciates more than I the difficulty of combining freelance work with voluntary activities. Yet, in between trips to Malaysia, South Africa, Eastern Europe, or wherever, he has found time for us. It is largely thanks to him that the birthday concerts now seem to be established as an annual event, which we hope will continue at least to the 100th. (Incidentally, I hope you've all noted that this year's is a lunchtime recital at the London College of Music on October 30th. Let's have a good turn-out there.)

Malcolm also has to cope with the everyday 'nitty-gritty' tasks of secret-aryship, which still take up valuable time. Let's have a special 'thank-you!' [Applause]

While on the subject, I would also like to mention Robin Crofton, our Treasurer. He also has plenty to do, but still finds time to attend conscientiously to our needs. It's usually a thankless task - let's rectify that now. Thank you, Robin. [ditto]

In the same vein, I would like to thank David Cox. With no disrespect to previous Newsletter editors, I'm sure you'll agree that the standard recently has been excellent. I know he no longer has a 9 to 5 job, but I also know he is as busy as he was before retirement. He has told me how gratified he is to receive contributions from members, and please keep them coming, but he still has plenty to do himself. Thank you, David - keep up the good work! [ditto]

Long-standing members - and I don't mean those in picture palaces! - will remember our two longest sagas: the reprinting of *The Curlew* and the publication of Ian Copley's book. The saga of our Volume 5 is not quite so convoluted, but apologies are due and offered all round. I am pleased to say that it does now exist and work has already been done on Volume 6. At our last Committee meeting we decided that one volume per year was a more realistic aim, and one which we can and must fulfil. This should complete the eight volumes of songs by the Centenary [1994], and then we can think about the choral works and vocal music. Two sub-committees have been set up to deal with editorial questions and the financial aspect. I thank them collectively for work already done and for future contributions.

I won't recap on more of the year's happenings - the Newsletters do that very well - but I would single out the recording 'Sweet Echo' [works by Warlock and Elizabeth Poston]. It's wonderful to have these rare choral items to listen to. Let's hope there's a follow-up.

Fred Tomlinson

*Delivered at the Annual General Meeting of the Peter Warlock Society, 9 June, at the Muswell Hill home of Felix Aprahamian.*

#### Philip Stone at the AGM

The AGM proper at Felix Aprahamian's house had ended. Refreshments were generously provided by our host, and members were able to sit or wander about in the delightful walled garden which is designed in the style of a Japanese tea-garden. Following this there was 'entertainment'. We heard some Warlock recordings; but the main item consisted of an engaging performance by the actor Philip Stone (a member of PWS) giving an impersonation of Peter Warlock as portrayed by Aldous Huxley in (allegedly) the character of Coleman in *Antic Hay*. Then he read a condensed version of Beachcomber's obsessive fantasy in his 1929 columns of the Daily Express - in which was pleasantly expanded a theory that a heseltine is something more than a mere warlock, and that 'belief in these weird creatures still exists in country places, and even in the Sloane Square neighbourhood of London...'

COLIN TAYLOR (1881-1973)

*Barry Smith, organist of Cape Town Cathedral (and a member of the Peter Warlock Society), has personal memories of Colin Taylor, who had been such an important influence in the musical development of the young Philip Heseltine, at Eton and after.*

Just as Philip Heseltine was one of the first of many young men that Colin Taylor encouraged during his long life, I must have been one of the last. I met him for the first time when I was eight or nine, when I played in a sight-reading class at the annual Eisteddfod in my home town, Port Elizabeth, and he was the adjudicator. Even as I write I can see him attempting to shake hands with me after I had played - when I in my childish confusion put out my left hand by mistake! I can still remember this tall, kindly man with the bow-tie gently correcting this youthful gaffe.

He seemed very amused when I reminded him of the incident some years later. 'Did I pass you?' was his immediate reply, his eyes twinkling with humour and delight as they must have on many occasions during the past 83 years. That was eighteen years later: I had just been appointed organist of Cape Town Cathedral and he was living a life of lonely retirement in Stellenbosch, a beautiful university town just under an hour's drive from Cape Town. We had been introduced by a mutual friend in a pub in the centre of Cape Town and we struck up an immediate friendship despite the enormous age difference. He was such an attractive person with an almost tangible sadness about him: a tremendous empathy for other people, a remarkable humility coupled with enormous erudition and a formidable command of the English language. In short, he was the perfect example of a Victorian/Edwardian gentleman. He had a high-pitched, almost sing-song voice, and I was always slightly amused by his upper-class pronunciation of words like 'lost' and 'gone' which he used from time to time.

Although I had been a lover of Warlock's music since my teens, I still did not associate him with the Colin Taylor of the Gray memoir which I had read some years previously at university. It was only when he invited me to visit him in Stellenbosch that everything suddenly fell into place. As I walked into his flat, the first thing I saw was the famous photograph of Warlock with its inscription 'To Colin with love from his old friend Peter Warlock, January 1926', which hung in pride of place over his piano.

Born in Oxford, Taylor's father, Dr James Taylor, was organist of New College, Oxford, for 37 years, and had been tutor to such men as Hubert Parry. Colin Taylor had vivid memories of his childhood days at Oxford, when people like the Rev. William Spooner and the Rev. Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) were visitors to their home. Taylor's sister, Leila, together with Alice Liddell (the original Alice of *Alice in Wonderland*), was one of Dodgson's favourites among the young girls in the university community.

Taylor's mother must have shown a strong streak of independence in those Victorian times, for in 1892 she took the young Colin and her two daughters to Leipzig, where they stayed for four years. Taylor used to recount how during this time he played with Mendelssohn's grandchildren, heard the famous Clara Schumann play, and often went to St Thomas's Church where the great Johann Sebastian Bach had presided over the music.

On his return to Oxford, Taylor continued his musical studies, first with Basil Harwood, the organist of Christ Church, and then at the Royal College of Music in London (1900-1904) where his father's former pupil, Sir Hubert Parry, was now director. In 1904, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed to the staff of Eton as assistant music master to Dr C.H. Lloyd, whom he described as 'a gifted, genial, kindly, highly excitable little man who lived in a perpetual state of imagined haste'. There he remained for what he called 'ten happy years' during which time he taught a number of distinguished pupils, including the author Aldous Huxley and, of course, Philip Heseltine (from 1908 to 1911).

At the outbreak of the first world war, Taylor, like so many other young men of his generation, joined up and saw active service, in the Third Royal

Sussex regiment. His wartime diaries, now part of the Colin Taylor Collection in the University of Cape Town library, make fascinating reading. Before he died he gave all his music, correspondence, scripts and diaries to this library. For the Warlock enthusiast there is much material of interest, including one original Warlock letter, two works by van Dieren in Warlock's handwriting (including the copy of the *Dutch Melodies* which caused the stir with the publisher Winthrop Rogers) as well as letters from van Dieren, Delius and Cecil Gray. There are also a number of copies of compositions which Warlock sent to Taylor over the years, including many with inscriptions and annotations in the composer's own hand.

At the end of the war the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music sent him on two extended examining tours, and it was during the course of the second of these (1920) that he visited South Africa, fell in love with Cape Town and accepted an invitation from the Head of the South African College of Music, Prof. W.H. Bell, to join the staff - where he remained until his retirement in 1941. During his days at the College of Music he became very involved in the musical life of Cape Town, gave numerous recitals both in public and on the radio, and, on retiring, devoted much of his time to examining and judging at music festivals throughout South Africa.

But teaching and examining were only a part of Taylor's musical activities. As a composer, both for piano and choirs (mostly educational material), he had a formidable list of published works (some 180 titles). It is a pity that like so many other minor composers his works have slipped into obscurity and are for the most part out of print. One only has to read Warlock's comments in his letters about some of these compositions to know that amongst these works are some small gems. Although it was as Peter Warlock's teacher that he is best known, there are many former colleagues, students and friends in South Africa who remember Taylor with great warmth and affection.

I cannot adequately express my own particular gratitude for his support and encouragement in my early days in Cape Town. A collection of treasured letters and postcards from him bear testimony to his lively interest in the welfare of this particular musician.

One of his own most precious possessions were the 83 letters which Warlock had written to him between 1911 and 1929 and which he eventually presented to the British Library in 1967 (Add. MS 54197). These make fascinating reading for anyone wishing to see the full extent of their warm and moving friendship and to learn more about Warlock, his personality, his musical and personal likes and dislikes and, not least, his humour. Apart from Delius, there was no one else with whom Warlock corresponded with such regularity over such a long period of time.

When writing about the young Heseltine in the article *Peter Warlock at Eton* for the Autumn 1964 issue of *The Composer*, Colin Taylor, with typical self-effacing humility, was adamant that he had 'had no hand whatsoever in his subsequent development as a composer'. Reading the letters from Warlock, one is led to very different conclusions. Having a hand in a pupil's development does not always mean only the giving of instruction and advice on the actual art of composition itself. What Colin Taylor gave the young boy during those early, formative, possibly lonely and unhappy years at Eton, was something which only the composer himself was in a position to evaluate.

Shortly before his first remarkable creative outburst in Dublin in August 1918, Warlock wrote to Taylor (14.5.1918): 'I don't know what I should do without your encouragement and sympathy: I value your understanding and belief in me far more than you might imagine from my poor words.' This sentence, I think, says it all.

Barry Smith

## PREDICAMENTS CONCERNING MUSIC

Occasionally, we have quoted one or two of these Predicaments to fill in a space at the bottom of a page of the Newsletter. Here now are all of them as they appeared in THE NEW AGE, 16 May 1917.

The function of music is the development and use of a language of symbols which shall be the outward and audible signs of inward and spiritual realities. These symbols are not in themselves of primary importance.

X and Y are in themselves nothing; they are neither beautiful nor ugly.

The "pleasant sound" ideal in music is analogous to the photographic ideal in painting.

A melodious jingle of notes and words is meaningless.

Take care of the sense, and the sound will take care of itself; in music and in poetry.

The lure of physical beauty has led music to an impasse.

Conscious quest of beauty ends in lust or nothing.

Beauty happens: it is incidental to the equation of idea and form.

This equation cannot be achieved if the idea were better expressed in another medium.

There is no excuse for "musical illustrations".

"Realism" and "impressionism" in music were fully understood and practised by William Byrd before the close of the sixteenth century.

There was no need for their recrudescence three hundred years later.

Progress along these lines being impossible, it is not surprising to find that no progress has been made.

If words are set to music, the music must be as independent an entity as the poem.

The poem must be re-created rather than interpreted.

To underline a poem word by word is the work of a misguided schoolmaster.

Opera is therefore in its true nature a projection, on the stage, of musical conceptions which, expressed in terms of music alone, would not be sufficiently clear.

It is not drama with music added.

Action in opera must therefore differ as much from action in drama as speech differs from song.

As yet we have no adequate symbolic language of action to parallel music.

Hints for its construction may be taken from dance-experimenters, such as Nijinsky and Margaret Morris: but only hints...

Technique is the power of externalising ideas, and springs from the same creative source as the ideas themselves.

To the seeker of technical devices, as to the beauty-seeker, may be said: "Seek first the kingdom of God and these things shall be added unto you."...

The Salvation Army is perhaps wise to offer substitutes for things forbidden.

The Church, too, has its Gounod and Barnby, Stainer and Bacchus Dykes, who have all contributed towards the popularity of "Tristan" and Tchaikovsky.

There is, however, little artistic justification for music whose *raison d'être* is solely aphrodisiacal...

It is necessary to *be* before attempting to *do*. It is not enough to have learnt. Apes learn. (See, for example, the tabulated, alphabetical *list of the emotions*, with directions for their musical expression, in "Modern Musical Composition", by F. Corder, Professor of the Royal Academy of Music, London.)

Anyone can be taught to conjure, but the master alone works miracles.

When the master appears, his fiercest opponents are always the conjurers.

This is the golden age of conjurers of music.

Delius is, therefore, ignored, Béla Bartók unknown, and Bernard van Dieren derided.

For the fool there is nothing more ridiculous than the sublime.

Impartiality is a fine cloak for ignorance, when derision is risky.

A sweet spectacle indeed is the impartial newspaperman, poisoning himself on his non-committal tail.

His true function, however, is to stimulate the dormant critical faculty of

the public, so as to render himself not only superfluous but impossible.

For the present it is suggested to him that the task of seeking and revealing hidden treasure would avail more than all his derision and impartiality.

Philip Heseltine

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THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MUSICIANS

We are delighted to report that the Worshipful Company of Musicians has generously contributed £500 to the Peter Warlock Society, and has specified that they would like the money to be put towards the completion of our edition of Warlock's songs.

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PROPOSED HAMPSHIRE JAUNT - SATURDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER

(Jaunt - 'a short pleasurable excursion')

Following the success of the previous jaunts to places with various Warlockian connections, we are proposing to re-live the Hampshire jaunt of 1985.

We meet at Victoria Railway Station (not the Coach Station), at Hudson's Place, on the right side of the station as you come out, at 8.30 am. The coach will leave at 8.45 sharp.

It is proposed to visit the two pubs in Hampshire with Warlockian connections, and the one mill in Sussex with Belloc/Warlock connections, paying homage to Warlock's tomb in Godalming en route.

We shall endeavour to reach the 'Bat and Ball' at Hambledon by lunchtime, and savour the atmosphere in various ways. This pub has associations with *The Cricketers of Hambledon* which was written for the Hampshire Eskimos' New Year's Day cricket match in 1929. We are pleased to say that the Friary Meux (Guildford) Band will be in attendance to accompany us in a corporate rendering of the song. It had been hoped to plan a cricket match - Warlock Society v. the successors of the Eskimos; but unfortunately the pitch will have been closed for the winter.

We shall then proceed (we hope steadily) to Halnacker (Ha'nacker), where the well-known broadcaster (Radio 3 and television) David Owen Norris has discovered 'the Mill'. He is now a member of the Society, and will accompany us on this jaunt armed with a tape recorder.

Then, on to Bramdean for opening-time at 'The Fox'. Warlock's song was inspired by the 'tatter'd ears' still hanging over the bar. An account of the story is given on p.143 of Dr Copley's book. It is also referred to in Fred Tomlinson's book 'Warlock and Blunt', which also contains photographs relating to the cricketers of Hambledon.

Depending on how many are going on the jaunt, the cost for the coach hire should be somewhere between £8 and £12 per head.

Please sign the slip below if you're coming, and return it to Malcolm by 9 September (Confirmation will be made by 20 September.)

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cut

To Malcolm Rudland, 32a Chipperfield House, Cale Street, London SW3 3SA

I should like to come for the Hampshire jaunt on 29 September.

I shall be bringing ... others with me. (Delete, if necessary.)

NAME ..... (IN CAPITALS, PLEASE)

ADDRESS .....

PHONE NUMBER .....

### A BRACE OF CURLEWS

"'Concert staged on proceeds of burglary' may not be quite such an arresting title as 'Music to murder by'" [see p.11], writes Tony Noakes, a member of PWS, who promoted a concert in St George's, Hanover Square, on 1 May. The concert, which was noted in the last Newsletter, included a performance of *The Curlew* (soloist Douglas Robinson) and other English music, with some works by Tony Noakes himself. He continues: "I have discovered two reasons why *The Curlew* is seldom performed - it needs first-class professionals, and a lot of rehearsal time. The former we had; the latter we didn't. Apologies to PWS members if this showed - but, as it was, it was very expensive: worth it, and the stolen French clock (yes, it was I who was burgled; I was not the burglar) was - thanks to my insurers - a fair trade for the experience gained, both as a composer learning from hearing more of my own music performed, and as a PW fan, getting to know *The Curlew* from the inside. Those who know the work well were obviously aware of shortcomings; for several of those who didn't, it was a revelation..."

The lack of adequate rehearsal time for this difficult work was central to the impression which Malcolm Rudland had of another performance of *The Curlew*. He writes: "One glorious summer afternoon (12 July), a hundred people nearly filled the exquisite little church of St Bartholomew, Churchdown, on the peak of Chosen Hill in Gloucestershire. One of the 'away' events of the Summer Festival of British Music 1990, based at Radley College, Abingdon, it presented three chamber works of the early twentieth century: Howells's Piano Quartet in A minor, *On Wenlock Edge* by Vaughan Williams, and Warlock - *The Curlew*... To someone hearing *The Curlew* for the first time, I'm sure the poignancy penetrated, yet it remained pallid. I am still to be convinced of the success of this work without a conductor, either within or outside the ensemble. In the first song, the *agitato* did not move with any direction, and its final magic harmonics of the 'evil wind' lacked ensemble. At 'the withered boughs' I could find no solace, and there was nothing sinister on the witches' leafy paths. Throughout, the *cor anglais* and the tenor (Adrian Thompson) generally needed turning down (or the others turning up), but it was only a small building with no acoustic, and everyone was pretty close to the performers. This is not a work to put on with only a few rehearsals - it needs to be lived with and matured before dispensing it to an audience..."

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### WALTON'S ATTITUDE TO WARLOCK

In 1967, following certain comments made by his publisher at the OUP, Alan Frank, Walton wrote to him as follows: "I always disliked D [Delius] and his works, so it doesn't really surprise me that he behaved like that on his deathbed!... On thinking over about VD [van Dieren] and the Warlock lot, I don't think they were a very savoury lot or really produced anything in particular. W [Warlock] is either 'Elizabethan hearty' or nondescript wanderings in the VD and Delian styles. As for VD's music it is as far as I remember so invertebrate that it would hardly stand up." (Quoted in Michael Kennedy's *Portrait of Walton*.)

Strangely enough, that letter was written when Walton was President of the Peter Warlock Society. He was President from 1963 until his death in 1983.





PUBLICATIONS NEWS

John Bishop writes:

Volume 5 of the Collected Edition was published just in time for the AGM, and all members who ordered copies should have received them by now. There is good progress on Volume 6, which we intend to issue early next year. Proofs are already being read by the editorial team and there seems every reason for the volume to appear according to the strict schedule that has been set up by the committee. Meanwhile, any member who hasn't yet ordered his Volume 5, or any of the earlier volumes can obtain them by getting in touch with me direct (14 Barlby Road, London W10 6AR). Volume 1 is currently out of print, but we expect to have it available again soon.



The real-ale firm of Ruddles has kindly agreed to sponsor a reprint of the two volumes of Sociable Songs, which have been out of print for some time. The opportunity is being taken to make some corrections and we expect to have copies available in October. This is an unusual sponsorship - we can't think of a parallel in the field of sheet music - and it will give us an opportunity to get some press coverage.

Among other ventures under active consideration is a collection of some - not necessarily all - of the Warlock part-songs, in a practically-priced edition aimed to encourage choirs to sing them. More of this anon.

\*\*\*\*\* Supplement

Enclosed with this Newsletter is a supplement - a piano arrangement of Milkmaids, originally issued by Ashdown in 1947. The arranger is not credited but it is likely to have been Henry Geehl, responsible at that time for a large number of popular arrangements issued by Ashdown, who were the publishers of the original song version in 1923.

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Volume 5 of the Collected Edition consists of all the twelve *Candlelight* songs, also *Jenny Gray*, *Two Short Songs* (*I held love's head; Thou gav'st me leave to kiss*), *Consider*, *Twelve Oxen*, *The Toper's Song*, *Sweet-and-Twenty*, *Peter Warlock's Fancy*, *Yarmouth Fair*, *The Magpie*, and *I have a garden*. Indeed a bumper volume.

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WELSH COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

The Gwendolen and Margaret Davies Charities have given the Society another £200 towards the Welsh Warlock Prize, making the present total £400. More news about this in due course.

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NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Our Secretary, Malcolm Rudland, has had a letter from the Curator, 20th-century Department, of the National Portrait Gallery:

Having now raised the matter of the Peter Warlock Society's generous offer to lend us a Herbert Lambert photo of the composer to our galleries, I fear my colleagues are, for administrative reasons, not very keen on taking a photograph on loan. Although we borrow original photographs for special exhibitions, the Trustees are fairly resistant to offers of loan of even quite major paintings for temporary display in the permanent galleries, and would not wish to make a precedent by also taking photographs on this basis.

It seems to me that there are two possible answers to the problem. The first, which I hesitate to suggest, is that the Society donate one of its Lambert photos to the Gallery. The second is that your members alert us to any original photograph of Warlock which may come up for sale, so that we can consider purchasing it for the collection...

Please note the sentence which we've underlined. If any member can help with information about any such sale, we'd be very glad to know about it.

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ANOTHER VISIT TO THE RUDDLES BREWERY  
Wednesday, 31 October

In 1988 - following the generosity of the Ruddles Brewery in sponsoring the Peter Warlock Prize at the English Song Award - we arranged a trip for our members, to join one of Ruddles' conducted tours of their Brewery in Oakham, Rutland. Brian Collins described the trip in Newsletter no. 42. It was very successful, and there was a repeat in November last year. Now a third trip has been arranged - and this is a special one. As John Bishop has stated in the Publications News, Ruddles have agreed to sponsor the reprint of the two volumes of Sociable Songs, at a cost of £500. The visit will include a presentation to Tony Ruddle by John Bishop (representing Thames Publishing) of the very first copies of the newly-reprinted volumes. A corporate rendering of some of the songs will then follow. Lunch is laid on, and a tour of the Brewery.

We plan to hire a coach or minibus. We meet at 8.45 am at Victoria Railway Station (not the Coach station), Hudson's Place, on the right of the station as you come out. The coach will leave at 9 o'clock sharp. If you are interested in joining the party, please return the slip below to Malcolm not later than 10 October. Cost should be moderate, depending on how many are coming.

cut

cut

To Malcolm Rudland, 32a Chipperfield House, Cale Street, London SW3 3SA

I shall be coming on the Ruddles trip, 31 October

I shall bring ...other person(s) with me.

I shall not be bringing anybody else with me. (Delete as appropriate.)

NAME AND ADDRESS (in capitals, please) .....

.....

..... TELEPHONE .....

been that in this epoch of the ascendancy of the *bourgeoisie*, art has, for perhaps the first time in history, been *à rebours*—against the grain. All that is best and greatest in the art of the 19th century has been created against its environment, against the spirit of the age—romanticism, in fact, a denial of the prevailing values. Art, in order to be art in a period of *bourgeois* values, must be a form of escape from reality. All modern art movements can only be rightly understood as reactions against the spirit of the age.

Highly significant in this connection is the almost physical need that artists of the period feel to *épater le bourgeois*. No one has ever thought of trying to shock the aristocracy, or to shock the common people. It would not be so easy either.

Yet it is true that all the great artists of the period, almost without exception, sprang from this class, against which they were naturally and inevitably rebels. They are all fighting against their environment—more than that, they are fighting against themselves, or at least one half of themselves. Arthur Rimbaud is a typical example. He began as a rebel against the *bourgeoisie*, and ended up as a typical *bourgeois*.

Modigliani, we know, was a good respectable member of the Italian middle classes as a young man. He became a rebel and remained one up to the end, and it killed him. Peter Warlock, in his own small way, exemplifies the same duality. He was a rebel, but a *bourgeois* at heart. His gesture of rebellion killed him also. Whether you die by your own hand or are killed by the order of society against which you rebel, matters little—it is the same thing. And the end of the story is always the same; if you continue to rebel you will be killed, the alternative being capitulation. And of course, once you capitulate, once you give in, the fatted calf will be killed for the returning prodigal son. He is heaped with all the honours and wealth in the world—but he will have lost his soul. He ceases to be an artist.

That is why most modern artists decline in their later years. Their strength lies in antagonism to environment. With the passing of the years natural vitality declines, and they are either snuffed out or they are compelled to effect a compromise with the powers that be. The strain of reacting against one's age and environment is too great to be kept up indefinitely, for art itself, even under favourable conditions, is a hard life. Either you crack up or you succumb. Few are the modern artists who escape this alternative. (*Écrasez*

*A page from the Notebooks of Cecil Gray.*

*It would be wrong to dismiss Gray as just a tiresome eccentric who promoted unconventional views. He was a serious, thought-provoking, often controversial writer whose interests and scholarship were wide-ranging, and his style of writing was cultivated, lively, pungent. His works include the Warlock biography, a History of Music, 'A Survey of Contemporary Music', a book on Sibelius, the autobiography 'Musical Chairs', a play, and three operas.*

*'Cecil Gray: his life and Notebooks' was published recently by Thames Publishing (14 Barlby Road, London W10 6AR) at £13.50 (+60p P&P). In addition to a large selection from the Notebooks, on a wide variety of subjects, there is an extended biographical sketch of Gray, with much new material, by his daughter Pauline.*

Radio 3

9.40pm

**The Friday Play**

**Music to Murder By**

David Pownall's drama

intertwines the lives of

two composers from

different periods,

Carlo Gesualdo and

Phillip Heseltine.

Gesualdo was an Italian

prince and contemporary

of Shakespeare while

Heseltine, alias

Peter Warlock,

committed suicide in 1930.

Using his supernatural

powers Heseltine

materialises in

Gesualdo's ruined palace

and summons the prince.

Then, there's music to

murder by...

The production includes

music by Gesualdo,

Peter Warlock

and Stephen Boxer.

Helen Euterpe

..... Mary Ellen Ray

Federigo/Carafa

..... Edward Adams

Heseltine... Stephen Boxer

Gesualdo..... Eric Richard

Maria D'Avalos

..... Fiona Victory

Additional singing Diana Kyle

Director Guy Vassen (R)

From the Radio Times  
15 June 1990 - the  
repeat broadcast of  
a time-warp fantasy  
inspired by the book  
'Carlo Gesualdo...  
Musician and Murderer'  
by Gray and Heseltine.

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COMING EVENT

THE WARLOCK 96th-BIRTHDAY CONCERT

30 October 1990

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC  
47 Great Marlborough Street, London W1  
(Oxford Circus Underground)

A lunchtime concert (1 pm). As we go to press, the programme is not yet decided. We hope for a good attendance by members within striking-distance of London.