

Peter Warlock Society

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NEWSLETTER no. 48

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NEWSLETTER NO 48

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EDITORIAL

This is a somewhat unusual Newsletter - partly typed by your Editor on his electric typewriter; partly produced by our Hon. Sec. on his 'Apple' computer. A large chunk of it consists of the research by our 'indefatigable' Malcolm into The Savoy, Warlock's birth-place - where (it is hoped) the Society, as explained, will enjoy a celebratory meal on 30 October 1994, the centenary of the composer's birth. By the centenary, also, the Society, in association with Thames Publishing, will have published in eight volumes the complete songs of Peter Warlock. In 1994, the RCM (and, we hope, all the music colleges) will host a birthday concert, which will mark the completion of the cycle of Warlock birthday concerts given by the principal music colleges of this country (it started with the Royal Academy of Music in 1981). This year's birthday concert is to be given by the Purcell School, Harrow-on-the-Hill, which (with Chetham's and the Yehudi Menuhin School) is rated as one of the three most important schools specialising in music. More about this concert - which is on Thursday, 22nd October - in the next Newsletter. The year after, 1993, it will be the turn of the Welsh College of Music and Drama.

And it was to the Welsh College that we went, on Friday, 25 October, for the Peter Warlock Song Competition, which had been funded by a generous donation from the Gwendoline and Margaret Davies Trust (Aberystwyth). The single adjudicator was one of our leading tenors, Robert Tear, who made the perhaps controversial decision to regard the competition primarily as a vocal one - that is to say, the purely vocal accomplishments of the singer coming first and Warlock-interpretation second, rather than both considered equally. On this basis there would naturally be (it could not be otherwise) many differences of opinion, especially as one's reactions to singing and singers are probably more personal, more subjective than to any other form of music-making... Probably few people, however, would have complained at the choice of winner, Siriol Williams, who gave us a well contrasted group of songs - *The Distracted Maid* (from *Lillygay*), *Cradle Song*, and *Pretty Ring Time*. The voice was well controlled, and the sound always beautiful, with a good feeling for line; and the character of each song was satisfactorily conveyed. The competition was part of the College's International Vocal Week.

We were welcomed also at Glasgow's Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama for the Warlock 97th-Birthday Concert on Wednesday, 30 October (the actual birthday date). This was a well-attended lunchtime concert, presenting a wide-ranging Warlock choice, from *The Curlew* to a *Cod-piece*, from some of the finest serious songs

to some of the most lighthearted 'sociable songs'. For instrumental music, there was a piano-duet *Capriol*, and the first public performance of *A Warlock Suite*, arranged by David Cox from five of Warlock's best songs, in the version for clarinet and piano... The main value of these birthday concerts, and of the Warlock Song Competition, is that it brings to the notice of students and others some of the rewarding variety of Warlock's music. In this case, as always, it seems, the young singers and instrumentalists readily enter into the spirit of the music, and a general atmosphere of enthusiasm is felt. To discuss some individual performances and not others would be invidious. But perhaps it would not be out-of-place to mention the fine vocal quartet (SATB) which sang *Ha'nacker Mill*, *My Own Country*, and *As Dew in Aprylle* (the first two arranged by Fred Tomlinson), and at the end of the concert a letting down of hair, with the men literally loosening their ties, for some sociable songs.

PUBLICATION NEWS

John Bishop writes:

Volume 7 of the Warlock Collected Edition will be going to press in a week or so, and we expect to have copies early in May. The price to members of the Society will be £10, including post. Send your order and cheque (made payable to Thames Publishing) to me - address: 14 Barlby Road, London W10 6AR.

Work is already under way for the eighth and final volume of the songs, and if all goes well this should be available by the end of the year. The only volume not currently available is No 1, and that is to be reprinted shortly.

Turning to choral music, apart from the two volumes of sociable songs there is a collection of unison carols by Warlock, to be followed later this year with a collection of four-part carols.

The piano-duet version of Codpieces has been unavailable for some years, except as an authorised photocopy. My plan is to reprint it some time in 1992, also to add a version for saxophone quartet. This version was made some years ago by Carey Blyton and John Mitchell, and features on a CD just released of Carey's music - delightfully played by the Phoenix Saxophone Quartet on Upbeat URCD 106.

'A Peter Warlock Christmas'

Plans have been laid to make a CD featuring all of Warlock's Christmas music, including arrangements he made of other people's music with a Nativity theme. The programme has been devised by Fred Tomlinson and the choir will be the Allegri Singers, conducted by Louis Halsey, with various soloists and instrumentalists. The recording is to be made in May, and the plan is to issue the disc in September, in time for the Christmas rush. The record label will be Continuum.

Even though an amateur choir - a very good one - is being used, there will be many professional fees to pay. Private funds are being raised; but if any member of the Society would be interested to contribute - or even to be the main sponsor - I would be very pleased to hear from him (or her). Within the Society we have long talked about making such a record, and it now seems near to being a reality. I do hope that members will, at the very least, buy the record when it becomes available.

'Capriol for Mother'

This is a memoir of Warlock and his family, written by the composer's son Nigel Heseltine. It will be published by Thames in July. Full details of this important event will be sent to members nearer the publication date.



EDITING WARLOCK SONGS FOR THE COMPLETE EDITION

Fred Tomlinson explains why we need an editorial committee, and what it does. There's more to it than just reproducing what's been printed before.

You may have wondered how the Editorial Committee functions. Our earliest meetings, back in 1980, took place in Cliff Chadwick's flat. Without Cliff the project would never have got off the ground. We are eternally grateful.

Our first committee included, besides Cliff, John Bishop, Robert Cornford (unfortunately no longer with us, but perhaps chatting to Warlock in another world), Robin Crofton and myself.

We have diversified since then. Once our venture was under way, Robin had to attend to the copying, John to the publishing, while others attended to the editorial side.

At present we are pleased to meet at David Cox's place in Ealing - which PWS Committee members remember with pleasure. Besides David, the Editorial Committee consists of Anthony Ingle (probably the most knowledgeable and able Warlock pianist), Michael Pilkington (certainly our best proof-reader) and myself (definitely the possessor of the largest Warlock collection outside the British Library - and with quite a few things they haven't got!).

When we met a week or two ago, we had a few things to discuss about the first proofs of Volume 7, but our main concern was Volume 8, which will bring to completion the songs.

From the start of our Complete Edition of Warlock we had decided that the songs should appear in chronological order of composition and should be suitable for "medium voice". Many of the original publications appeared in versions for high and low voices - and these we have to transpose. We have always stressed that we have copies of songs in all the alternative keys. So photostats can always be obtained from the Society.

There have been one or two changes in our original chronological order. (I must say that a lot of the dating was guesswork in the first place.) More information has surfaced, and in some cases songs have been switched so as not to have a two-page song starting on the right-hand page, as happened with *The Birds* in the Galliard album - thus making a very awkward turn for the accompanist.

Our procedure is to take it song by song, first considering what key it should be in, then what publishers' editors may have added and subtracted. Volume 8 starts with what Warlock called his 'Seven Songs of Summer'. This is in no way a song-cycle. Warlock always tended to give collective titles, even when inappropriate for performance as a group. He had no success in selling the songs as a set. They were published as single songs, some by Elkin, the others by Augener. We thought it worth-while to have them printed in Warlock's order... When we started looking at the keys we found they were nearly all in F major. This didn't matter as it's just a group of individual songs, not a cycle like *The Curlew*.

Having chosen the keys, we have to guess or deduce what the publishers have done. This is not always easy. We have a few clues to go on, even with songs where the manuscripts have not survived. Warlock was not one to indicate to the singer what the dynamics should be. The pianist is told, but the assumption seemed to be that the singers could work out for themselves what was required. Publishers tended to print a lot of commas above the voice part to indicate breathing. We are sure this would not have been Warlock's doing. So we have deleted all commas except those which indicate a definite tempo break in voice and accompaniment.

Publishers do other silly or careless things. *The First Mercy* was translated for an Anglo-French series in 1946. This required different note-arrangements in some bars for the two languages. When Boosey and Hawkes produced their Warlock album in 1967, they evidently only had plates of the bilingual edition. The French words were deleted but not the note-adjustments for the two languages - which must have confused some singers!

There is a strange omission in the OUP Second Book of Songs. The *Three Belloc Songs* were all included but scattered about the album with no reference to their being a set. This is in fact one of the few Warlock groups of songs that can be performed as such.

THE CONTENTED LOVER

James Mabbe (1631)

Peter Warlock

Lento affettuoso

VOICE

PIANO *pp*

con Ped.

Now sleep and take thy

poco rit. . . a tempo

mp molto legato

James Mabbe ("Celestina" 1631)

CELESTINA

Peter Warlock

Slow

The first bars of *The Contented Lover* in the published version (Augener, 1929), and, for comparison, the introductory bars of Warlock's earlier MS version of the same song, then called *Celestina*. (See Fred Tomlinson's article.)

In passing, I quote from a letter Warlock wrote to Colin Taylor in 1929. Following his remark about the "couple of silly carols" he had dedicated to his Uncle Evelyn, he wrote: "It is no trouble at all to correct your proofs. No one ever looks at a proof in the Oxford Press, and if I didn't read them, they would just not be read at all."

Where possible we consult Warlock's manuscripts, which sometimes exist in alternative versions. This leads to discussion, and on occasion we have printed two versions.

Volume 8 includes *The Contented Lover*. An earlier manuscript exists of the song, then called *Celestina*, the name of the James Mabbe play from which the poem is taken. In the introductory bars the piano part is set out in a way that looks easier to read than the printed version. However, consulting the Warlock manuscript from which Augener printed, it is clear how the composer wanted it done. So we have stuck to this published version - but as illustration for this Newsletter we thought we would show both.

Having decided on the keys and amendments, Robin gets to work. The first proofs are circulated. Lots of comments are made - often contradictory - but a solution is arrived at; Robin can then make adjustments and produce a second proof. That is where we are now with Volume 7 at the moment. David is obviously busy with the Newsletter as I write this. I'll ring up Michael and Anthony to see who has time to deal with the proofs first; then David; then they come back to me and on to Robin; then it's just a question of writing the Preface, and the Editorial Committee has achieved its object - until we decide what's happening next!

One thing we have all learned about proof-reading: it's very easy to see what you want to see, rather than what actually is. Thus, the more eyes and the more scrupulous objectivity the better. With all his detailed editorial work, Warlock himself must have been well drilled in proof-reading.

Fred Tomlinson

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

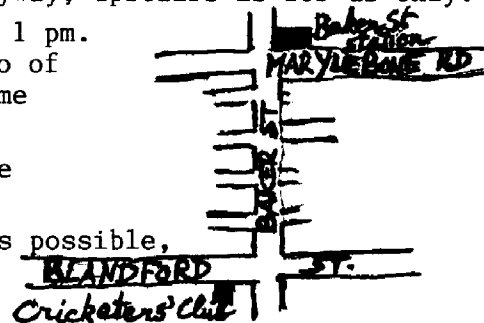
SATURDAY, 27th June

This year it will be at the Cricketers' Club, 71 Blandford Street, W1, off Baker street, 5 minutes' walk for Baker Street tube station. (Parking of cars is likely to be difficult.) We should have the place to ourselves because the club is not normally open on a Saturday. Anyway, upstairs is for us only.

The AGM will start at 2 pm, after a buffet lunch at 1 pm. A bar will be opened specially for us. There is a piano of usable quality, and there will be some entertainment, some listening to recent recordings, and some singing.

Something reasonable will have to be charged for the buffet lunch; but not more than about £4 a head.

Please return the slip (below) to Malcolm as soon as possible, if you are coming.



To Malcolm Rudland 32a Chipperfield House, Cale Street, London SW3 3SA (01-589 9595)

I intend to come to the AGM on 27 June, at 1 pm.
I shall have ... person(s) with me. (Delete if necessary)

NAME (in capitals, please)

MY ADDRESS PHONE

'My Own Country' : The Songs of Peter Warlock
Ruth Golden (soprano) and Levering Rothfuss (piano)

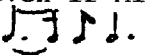
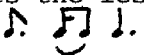
New recording: Koch International Classics (CD) 3-7118-2H1

Reviewed by IAN PARROTT

These two U.S. artists are to be congratulated on putting on record twenty Warlock songs and one transcription. If there is no obvious continuity, we may remind ourselves that the composer himself often had difficulty in grouping songs together in sets. The only actual collection of five songs in sequence here is the *Lillygay* cycle, with its occasional use of Lalans Scottish dialect (boldly tackled by the American voice).

The first thing to say, it seems to me, is that the pianist is consistently good. I enjoyed his slow arpeggiated chords, with delayed top note, not only in *Late Summer*, but particularly at the end of *The Cloths of Heaven* (better known re-worked as *The Sick Heart*). He is also remarkably neat in the scampering fast music of *The Shoemaker*, with a brisk tempo made even brisker, well matched to the singer.

The brochure has some deviations. For example, in *I have a garden*, 'break of morn' appears as 'break of dawn'. 'Nursed' for Thomas Moore's more archaic 'nurst' is one of some such modernisings ('dolores' for 'dolors' in *Cradle Song*); and 'Sitha' was 'Siha' in my old OUP 'unison song' of 1925. Miss Golden sings something like 'Sitka' - maybe thinking of a North-American spruce. Her triplet, by the way, for 'more with you' and 'fear at first' are not correct. The last line of the poem, 'And feel his little silv'ry feet', is missing in the brochure.

Warlock is not always helpful when for a tempo marking he writes 'Very quietly'. Even so, there is a tendency to sentimentalise *My Own Country*, introducing a number of needless rubatos. A lively tempo is well maintained in *Sweet Content*. In verse 1 of *Ha'nacker Mill*, the F-sharp is missed for 'blindly' and there are three wrong notes in verse 3, at 'England's done'. *The Night* is given a shapely presentation, even if it never achieves a true pianissimo. I would have wished to hear a starker contrast of colour between 'Peace on earth, a Saviour's come!' and 'Here the trees were dark' in *The Frostbound Wood*. More serious, however, in this deceptively simple but mature song, the soloist manages to sing A instead of G on at least five occasions. *The First Mercy*, on the other hand, has a fine sense of continuity in the words, even if Miss Golden chooses the less Elizabethan rhythm for the final 'company':  rather than .

Sadness rather than lilt is conveyed in the sensitive performance of *Cradle Song* with its Elizabethan sounds in voice and piano. The rendering of *Sleep* is also thoughtful and sustained. The diction is good.

Portamentos are quite effective in a gutsy projection of *Pretty Ring Time*, but do not quite seem to match the artless verse endings of *The Distracted Maid* (*Lillygay*), described by Gray as like an authentic folk-song melody's "lovely last clause rising up to F, on which it hovers for a moment like a bird, with wings extended, and then drops gently down to ground."* Copley, too, reminds us that many of Warlock's songs include the "melodic contours of English folk-song as an integral part".**

All things considered, however, the five songs of the *Lillygay* cycle come off well, with accuracy and conviction, as some of the best parts of this uneven recording.

Useful authoritative notes are provided by our Chairman, Fred Tomlinson.

Ian Parrott

*Peter Warlock by Cecil Gray (London 1934) p245

**The Music of Peter Warlock by I A Copley (London 1979) pp37-8



WHAT CHEER? GOOD CHEER!

John Amis, whom we welcome to the Society, went on
a Ruddles jaunt

Extract from a journal

Monday 21 October 1991

Round the corner to catch coach at Victoria at 8.30 am with members of the Warlock Society, myself a new member; we are off to Langham, one of six places of like name in the UK; this one used to be in the smallest county, Rutland, but is now in Leicestershire. We get off smartly after one telephone call to a member who turns up, naturally, while Dr Robert de Mowbray is elsewhere trying to contact him. We stop on the other side of London at the House of Usher, the soubriquet of the residence in Muswell Hill, where 'my father', doyen of the critical brigade, resides in a treasure house so packed tight with books and music - not to mention organs, pianos and tropical fish - that it very nearly did once fall when a newly-kitted-out loft groaned its disapproval and the walls started to buckle.

'My father' is Felix Aprahamian, for many years a music critic of *The Sunday Times*. For many years, also, we have carried out a routine which consists, in company, of seeing which of us can first introduce the other with the words: "this is my father", to which the ritual riposte is: "an ungrateful bastard"; it's one of the results of knowing F.A. for over half a century. Felix is always good company and I shall ever remember his kindness to me in giving to me for my 21st birthday a still much treasured vocal score of *Pelléas*.

We trundle up the A1 to Ruddles of Rutland. Ruddles act as sponsors to some publications (with the accent on the first syllable, as we shall see) of the Warlock Society, and also act as host on this now (we hope) annual outing to their brewery. On arrival, we descend to vaults turned taphouse (private) where the taps are turned for Ruddles County (wow, that's strong stuff, good too, almost enough to convert this scribing lager-lout). There follows a tour of the brewery; how pleasing to find vats that don't need invoices. As usual in such factories, the most eye-catching part is seeing all the bottles being filled and capped. (*Modern Times* all over again.) But the best part for me is savouring and handling the raw hops, finding that the contents of three of those more-than-man-size sacks (large enough indeed for a Tetrizzini in Sparafucile's lair) had a different and fascinating fragrance.

After the tour we imbibed more of the product so that I cannot quite remember at which point we saw a short film emphasising the qualities of the product. Luncheon consisted of local stilton, salad, jugs of beer (Ruddles began to rhyme with fuddled) and Melton Mowbray pie. I take a photograph of Robert de Mowbray eating an eponymous pie. Tony Ruddle signs our copies of the Warlock song-books that his firm sponsored, and then we attempt to sing some of 'our' product - rather belch canto in our somewhat ruddled state. Especially ruddled in my case, sightreading the solo tenor part in *The Lady's Birthday*; we fling ourselves into *One More River* and act out *Fill the Cup, Philip* - all these flagged vigorously by our Chairman with electronic keyboard accompaniment by our Secretary. (It plays to take office!)

The conversation has been good, committee members and others spilling out Warlockiana; only three or four ladies present, but I suppose that is a suitable percentage - not that I'm suggesting that Warlock was homophonic.

The thought strikes me that it might be a good wheeze (maybe it's been tried) to write to the powerful parliamentarian Heseltine to ask him to be an honorary member of the Society: it might tickle him, even unlock his purse. [*It has indeed been tried, but he firmly denies any connection, despite facial evidence. -Ed.*] After lunch a few of us look at the local church which has some curious architectural features: for example, what I believe are known as 'ballflowers' - except that these, unusually, are more human than flowery, more like little circular gargoyles, whole patterns of them dotted about on the outside walls.

We catch coach again, chatting and dozing by turns until the time comes to drop the sage at Muswell Hill. On the journey I think of how I now belong to the societies devoted to Delius, Warlock, and Grainger, having come to love their music in that order. I suppose it was *Capriol* that started me off with my head 'en l'air' as well as my feet. (Strange that Radio 3 still hands out the old stuff about all the tunes being from Arbeau. Would PW have liked the name 'arse-ography' for the BBC

music staff?) Then I read Aldous Huxley and Cecil Gray, bought the OUP song-book, sang many of them with my school pal Donald Swann at the piano, and was knocked sideways by the old Nat. Gram. Soc. white label records of *The Curlew* which I still associate with the voice of John Armstrong, almost a tenorino - an unworldly sound entirely in keeping with the poetry and the music, so romantic, so desolate; but the desolation always healed by the balm of *Sleep* with string quartet on Side 6. I was working at that time at EMG Handmade Gramophones in the early 40s, which explains how I had access to the records - likewise to the enchanting *Serenade*. I had the job, self-appointed, of acquiring miniature scores and books for the shop, and I used to spend my lunch-hours walking the rounds of the music publishers buying for the shop (and myself) at discount prices. At Chester's I found *Peterisms*, at Augener's the amazing *Folksong Preludes*, and at Stainer and Bell's the white score of *The Curlew*.

In the 50s I came to know André Mangeot, but the old violinist and co-editor did not have much to recall about PW. Later, I came to know the beautiful, regal Elizabeth Poston and one day she recounted her bunged-up-gas-pipe theory of Warlock's death; that when retiring for the night he never folded his clothes (she didn't tell me how she knew this!) but threw them around, especially when putting the 'tight' in Tite Street. There was a leaky gas pipe in the house there which was plugged with a piece of soap. Elizabeth was convinced that some object of clothing, probably a shoe, dislodged the soap from the pipe. I never asked her about putting the cat out because I didn't know that bit of the story then... Hallo, we're back a Victoria; time to stop rootling on about Warlock. As I get home to Eccleston Square somebody says 'Have a good day'. But I already did. Thank you, Warlock, likewise Ruddles and fellow members.

John Amis

Regarding what John Amis says about Capriol and the BBC: Fred Tomlinson wrote extensively about Capriol in Newsletter No 35. Our first chairman, Gerald Cockshott, wrote an article for Monthly Musical Record (November 1940) about Arbeau's *Orchésographie* and Warlock's Capriol, with detailed 'chapter and verse' references. All the titles and almost all the thematic materials are taken from the book. The Music Information section of the BBC certainly has all the facts. Unfortunately, there can be many a slip 'twixt the information cup and the announcer's lip! -Ed.

Ionian Singers

On 17 May, 7.30 pm, at St John's, Smith Square, the Ionian Singers (conductor Timothy Salter) will give a concert of Renaissance, early 20th-century and recent music. After some Byrd, Morley, White, and Purcell, the early 20th-century works will be by Rubbra, Howells, and - two of Warlock's finest: *Corpus Christi* and *All the flowers of the Spring*. Recent works will be Jonathan Harvey's *Come, Holy Ghost*, *I will lift up mine eyes to the hills* by Timothy Salter, and *O sacrum convivium* by Gabriel Jackson. Tickets are £8, £6.50, 5.50, and £4.50 (unres. and concessions).

Murder, he wrote. How did Warlock die? In Newsletter No 46, Warlock's son, Nigel Heseltine, presented us with his murder hypothesis. This brought forth a number of strong reactions in the following Newsletter. We invited Nigel Heseltine to comment on these reactions; but he would rather members waited for his forthcoming book *Capriol for Mother* (see Publication News) in which much will be revealed.

Letter to the Editor

From Dr Lionel Carley, Sheepcombe, Gloucestershire

In our Newsletter No 47, we had an item entitled 'Of Jaunts and Antics' in which the supposed purpose of a jaunt of the Delius Society was to gather nettles to make a particular kind of nettle soup referred to in a letter of Delius's. Dr Lionel Carley, of the Delius Society, replies :

Dear Editor,

I do hope that the Peter Warlock Society Newsletter is not going the way of the *National Geographic* magazine. I'll elaborate. Some fifteen years ago an Assistant Editor of the latter journal called on me and I took him and some friends to a neighbouring village - to Laurie Lee's pub, 'The Woolpack', for some Cotswold background ultimately destined for the magazine's lead article in its October 1979 edition. I'd fixed for him to meet Lee, but Laurie was late and our editor wasn't going to wait. He stayed long enough, though, to note that the pub had a collection box for repairs to the church clock opposite - a clock which had stopped years earlier. In answer to his questioning, I casually remarked that I couldn't see much point in spending out on repairs, since by now the locals, who'd all got timepieces of their own, were used to it being stuck at two. And I finished my beer.

Much later, I was sent proofs of the 40-page piece by the *National Geographic* and found my brief comment, ingeniously transformed, used as a kind of key to an analysis of the two distinct Englands that its author discerned at the outset of the Thatcher era. I checked the proofs, as asked, and made a few minor corrections. But I chucked out completely, with some pretty acerbic comments, the second and third paragraphs. Here's why :

In the Cotswolds I have wandered through the bluebells of May, the purple clover and yellow vetch of summer, the gold of autumn leaves and grain stubble. And one recent midsummer day I found myself in Slad, a shadowed little place tucked away in a narrow valley. My companion, a local man, pointed to a clock in a spire. "For months it didn't run," he said, "but they fixed it. We liked it better when it didn't work. Why did they give us time again?"

I understand his feeling. Timelessness seems right for the Cotswolds. But in a very real sense, etc etc etc.' You, Sir, get the message.

Now last summer, a personage of remarkably similar build and appearance called by, said his name was Ruddles or the like, and asked for a couple of bob for a fund for distressed organists. "No money here, my good man," I replied, "but you shall have a bowl of freshly-made nettle soup", a courtesy that he declined. Little did I then realise that this man was making fraudulent claims in relation to his person and to his destination ("a local Retreat," † he claimed, "where the monks take annual pity on me"). I now know that, lightly disguised, he was in fact my old friend from the *National Geographic* seeking further to certify my village idiocy. May I therefore, through your kind editorial intervention, seek to correct this misguided man* yet a second time - I hope with better luck than before? Once again, he gets scarcely a fact right in his dispatch :

'A recent jaunt of the Delius Society'. No, a private lunch party, three of my guests happening to be members of that Society.

'A West Country branch'. No, the South West branch of the Delius Society knew nothing of my lunch arrangements that day, and two of my guests were Malcolm (*The Gramophone*) Walker and his wife, from London.

'Set off into the wilds of a Cotswold wood'. No, walked a few yards to my neighbour's smallholding in front of my house - part grazing land, part vegetable plot, open and sunny.

'To pick nettles'. No, nettle tips (see recipe below) from a bed close to the roadside.

'They had apparently found a letter'. No they hadn't. The letter is in the Munch Museum, Oslo, and the Delius Trust has had a copy of it for over a quarter of a century. This 'Mr Ruddles' could long since have bought himself a copy of John Boulton Smith's *Frederick Delius and Edward Munch* (Triad Press, 1983 - cf pp 81-2)

'Dating from 1905'. My God, he's right.

'A letter of Delius ... which gave a recipe'. No, the recipe is addressed, written and signed by Jelka Delius.

Dear Editor, perhaps it is all madness, as your correspondent vouchsafes, but since this is, to my certain knowledge, the only culinary recipe in the entire and voluminous Delius Trust Archive, a recipe specifically requested by the greatest of Scandinavian painters, who clearly had a plateful of Mrs Delius's evidently delicious soup served up to him during an earlier visit to her home at Grez-sur-Loing, might it perhaps seem rather more odd *not* actually to try it out some time? Since one of my guests that day was French and a superb cook, what better than a just-in-season *soupe surprise*? Hence the nettle spectacular, brewed in a large and rather ordinary saucepan, I'm afraid, and not in your correspondent's 'caldron'.

I am not one to bear grudges, and your reporter is more than welcome to call on me a third time, under whatever alias he cares then to assume. But he will be required to sign a disclaimer to the effect that no word or action of mine in relation to clocks or cooking shall be recounted either to the *National Geographic* or to the Newsletter of the Peter Warlock Society. In the meantime I reserve the right to take sterner measures if he tries his luck again. Jaunts, antics, madness, all lacking in my pale and contemplative life, are what in high hopes I joined the PW Society for, not what I expected to be accused of by some bumbling Clouseau-figure in your hire.

Yours etc. Lionel Carley

The letter to Munch, to which he refers, is the following :

Dear Herr Munch,

You must pick the tender tips of the nettles, a whole basket full, chop them quite fine while still raw. Then one melts some butter and fries the nettles in it, for about 1/4 hour, then one pours over them weak stock or water adding salt to taste and let it all cook for about 1 hour. One puts a generous portion of cream and an egg (raw) beaten together into a soup tureen then stirring constantly one very carefully pours the hot soup on to it. Guten Appetit!

Yours, Jelka Delius

Translation from the German by John Boulton Smith

Dr Lionel Carley is honorary archivist to the Delius Trust. He is the author of Delius: the Paris Year (1975) and, with Robert Threlfall, of Delius: A Life in Pictures (1977): his more recent work is the two-volume Delius: A Life in Letters. Vol I: 1862-1908, (1983, 556pp), reveals Delius's development as a composer and as a notable figure in fin-de-siècle Europe. Vol II: 1909-1934, (1988, 600pp) forms a vivid picture of the composer consolidating himself. They are published by Scholar Press at £37.50 each. "As a source book its value cannot be too highly estimated. As an example of book production it could hardly be bettered." (*Music and Musicians*)

†Prinknash Benedictine Abbey, nr. Gloucester *This is being type-set by the victim!

Letter to the Editor

From Bill Lewis, Headington, Oxford

Dear David Cox,

I am not sure whether it is a noteworthy event but I very much enjoyed hearing, for the first time, a live performance of *The Birds*. Furthermore it was an added pleasure to hear it as I presume was intended – sung (and well sung) by boys of Christ Church Cathedral Choir, Oxford. All broadcast or recorded versions I have heard have been for solo voices; I have never acquired the 78rpm performance by North Midlands Primary School!

Yours sincerely, Bill Lewis

Another Centenary Event

Apart from the Centenary Supper at the Savoy on Sunday 30 October 1994 at 7pm, (see *The Peters of the Savoy p?*), we can also announce another centenary event from 8pm on Friday 23 September to 3pm on Sunday 25 September 1994. A Peter Warlock Weekend at Gregynog, in the heart of Wales, near Warlock's family home, run in conjunction with the University of Wales. More details later.

A TV film for the Centenary? (Malcolm Rudland writes)

I remember once discovering an enterprising scholar of Eton, Julian Nott, promoting a Warlock concert in Datchett Parish Church on Saturday 22 April 1978. (See Newsletter 22, p.2, Warlock at Eton Again.) I went and remember a rare performance of *Sorrow's Lullaby*, and a haunting *Curlew* at the end. He joined the Society, though we later lost track of him. A few months ago I was lazily watching the winding of the credits at the end of a TV programme, when his name reappeared as the composer of the music score. I traced his address in the Musicians' Union book, and found his enthusiasm for Warlock was still unabated, and he has rejoined. He now runs his own film company, Peninsular Films, and one of his films *Chicken* was nominated for a British Academy Award in 1991. Last year he produced *The Gamblers' Guide to Winning* for Channel Four, and we met for lunch recently to discuss his idea for an hour's TV film being made of the centenary events of the Warlock Society. One BBC producer has already felt it an interesting idea, if it was to be juxtaposed with a documentary on the composer's life. He was particularly interested in the Savoy Centenary Supper, the Weekends at Eton, Gregynog and Goldings, and a few re-runs of the jaunts to Ruddles, Hambleton and Ha'naker Mill. Will it go out before the Radio 3 recordings of the 1990 jaunts? We will keep you posted of developments.

Instant Warlock

Our one Hungarian member to date, János Sebestyén, telephoned our secretary one morning recently. He had lost his copy of *Beethoven's Binge* and asked if a fax of it could be sent within the hour, as he wanted to play it to the British Ambassador at an April Fools' Day concert at the British Embassy in Budapest.

Warlock every Ten Minutes in the New Forest

Every day from 10am to dusk in the New Forest Museum & Visitor Centre, Lyndhurst, Hampshire, there is a continuous introductory Audio Visual Show *The Changing Forest* lasting nine minutes. It uses Warlock's *Capriol Suite* as an introduction and background music, but needless to say, neither the title nor composer are credited. Feel free to telephone 0703 283914 to complain!

CleriPHew ComPHetition

Edmund Clerihew Bentley invented the verse form now known by his middle name. The rules are simple. Two rhyming couplets, which need not scan, are usually biographical : eg :

Sir Christopher Wren
Said "I am going to dine with some men.
If anyone calls
Say I'm designing St. Paul's."

Our ComPHetition is to find the best CleriPHew for Warlock/Hesletine. They are not the easiest of names to find rhymes for. My effort at least shows how Hesletine should be pronounced. There will be a prize – a Warlock MS for the best effort.

These are two first tries of mine :

Our hero, Peter Warlock
Was sometimes heard to ask : "Waiter, more hock!"
He left us with a tremendous bounty:
I'm sure he would have loved Ruddles County.

His alter ego, Philip Heseltine,
Was also prepared to embezzle wine.
But, ON THE OTHER HAND, when it came to beer,
He sang : "What cheer? Good cheer!"

FRED TOMLINSON

P S :

The art of Biography
Is different from Geography.
Geography is about maps,
But Biography is about chaps. (ECB)

Send CleriPHew entries to the Editor by September.

Performing Secretary

Our Secretary, Malcolm Rudland, accompanied Life Member Alice Wakefield (contralto) in a lunchtime Wolf and Warlock recital at Wesley Methodist Church, Chester, on Tuesday 7 April.

The 1992 Annual Ruddles Jaunt

This year's jaunt to Ruddles Brewery is on Tuesday 20 October (leaving Victoria Railway Station at 8.30am, returning back there by 5pm). The Brewery only allow 20 people on the tour, so if you want us to reserve a place for you, please contact Malcolm Rudland (071 589 9595). More details in the next newsletter.

Centenary Appeal Letter

Since the appeal on p.3 of Newsletter No 46, we are pleased to announce that enough money has been found to fund the completion of all eight Volumes of the Society's Collected Edition of the Songs. Money is now being sought for the Centenary aspect, so if you have any ideas for help in this matter, do please contact the secretary, Malcolm Rudland (Tel : 071 589 9595). On the next page is a letter we hope members will feel free to photocopy to send to any personal contacts with music clubs, or promoters who may care to consider a Warlock event in 1994. Most festivals have fixed their 1993 dates by now, so it is not too soon to enquire about 1994.

Peter Warlock Society

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Vice Presidents Malcolm Arnold Lord Harewood Patrick Mills (founder) Professor Ian Parrott Nigel Heseltine Benjamin Luxon

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April 1992

Dear

1994 sees the centenary of the birth of Peter Warlock. Some describe him as the greatest English songwriter since Purcell, and our 200-strong Society is offering ideas for musical events during the year.

Warlock is one of the few composers who can sustain a whole evening's entertainment, with such a wealth of variety of moods and expression, ranging from the hilarious and bibulous *Lady's birthday*, to the forlorn melancholy of *The Curlew*. We hope your organisation may be interested in considering some of the following ideas to celebrate the centenary of his birth, and that we may be able to advise you more on artistes and costs.

Warlock was born at the Savoy Hotel, London, and the climax of our centenary festival will be a supper there on Sunday 30 October 1994, 100 years from the date of his birth. It will be an opportunity to celebrate the centenary of the composer's birth in food, song, and dance, starting with a short group of songs to toast the occasion, with ale from one of our sponsors, Ruddles. The meal will be a pre- and inter-five-course recital/menu, and will conclude with *Capriol*, in a choreographed version from Arbeau's *Orchésographie* with the assembled company able to join in. It is hoped other organisations may like to copy the idea, and samples of the musical menu are available from the Society.

We have also many examples of whole concert programmes of Warlock's music, and we would be pleased to send you photocopies of these upon request. Warlock is essentially a miniaturist, so large forces are not necessarily required. A recital could range from a simple solo song recital with a pianist, or could include a combination with a string quartet, brass band and/or a choir. *Capriol* was originally written for piano duet, then string orchestra, and later still Warlock scored it for full orchestra. A complete list of Warlock's works in print is available from the Society. We could also recommend singers whom we know to be disposed and dedicated to promoting Warlock. Among these are Benjamin Luxon, (whose Warlock CD - CHAN 8643 you may know), and Ian Partridge and Neil Mackie have both recorded and broadcast *The Curlew*. We could also recommend several choirs who regularly include Warlock in their programmes.

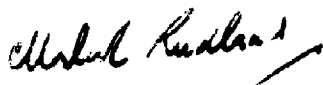
For a more unusual evening, may we suggest the dramatic profile of Warlock, devised, written, and performed by the notable actor, Philip Stone, with Nina Walker (piano). This is an hour and a half of vivid detail portraying Warlock's complex character, with dramatic scenes and haunting songs from the composer's life and music.

On a more academic level Professor-Emeritus Ian Parrott could offer a day seminar, or a lecture on the music of Peter Warlock, illustrated at the piano, and with recordings. Prof Parrott was for many years professor of music at Aberystwyth University.

In 1990 Ruddles Brewery sponsored the reprint of the two volumes of Warlock's *Sociable Songs*, and during 1994, we are encouraging musical hotels and taverns to host a 'SingalongaWarlock' session of *Sociable Songs* around a piano, with Ruddles *County* on hand.

Should we be able to help further, please do write, and if you require suggested material, we hope you will be able to join our Society (£8 per annum), and/or make a donation towards our expenses.

Yours sincerely,



Malcolm Rudland (Hon. Secretary)

The Peters of the Savoy (or, about Warlock's birth-place)

In January, 1959, an envelope from Ostrava in Czechoslovakia was addressed simply : 'To The Manager of The Greatest Hotel in London'. Some Post Office official wrote on it 'Try Savoy Hotel WC2'. That was its intended destination. Four years later, in March, 1963, I was demeaned by my college music tutor for wallowing in juicy Victorian ballads, so I asked him who was the Greatest Song-Writer. He said 'Try Peter Warlock.' That was my introduction to his music. (See Newsletter No 46, pp.7-8.) So, for some people at least, the Greatest Song-Writer was born in the Greatest Hotel in London.

To this day Peter Warlock remains the only babe known to have been born within the hotel built on the site of 'the fayrest mannor in Europe.' It was another Peter who gave his name to it, born in 1203 at Susa on the banks of Lake Geneva, the seventh son of Thomas, Count of Savoy. He came from a noble princely family, founded in the 11th century, whose younger scions always sought their fortunes in love, war and religion anywhere but at home, and who later ruled Italy from 1861 until the republic was created on 2 June 1946. Their estate is now the Haute Savoie *département* of France, east of the river Rhône, and south of Lake Geneva. By the time this Peter arrived in England on 5 January 1241, he had taken holy orders, was the brother of two archbishops, an uncle of five queens, and his niece's husband was the King of England, who went to meet him in Dover with joyful family affection. He was knighted on 18 March 1241, and on 12 February 1246, King Henry III of England presented Count Peter of Savoy with a gift of land lying between London and Westminster, in return for a nominal rent of three barbed arrows to be paid at Michaelmas. He found and entertained many of the most beautiful women of France, for whom he later arranged politically useful marriages into the Anglo-Norman aristocracy. He succeeded his paternal domains in 1263, but soon retired to his inherited Castle of Chillon on Lake Geneva, where in luxurious ease he spent his twilight years sailing, and listening to the music of a minstrel. He died in 1268, but he is still fondly remembered at the Savoy Hotel by an imposing gilt statue over the present courtyard (see page of photographs). Can we hope for the unveiling of a matching gilt statue there for the other Peter in his centenary year?

In 1265, the founder of the House of Commons, Simon de Montford, lived at the Manor, and a plaque remembers him in the Hotel. Count Peter bequeathed the Manor to the Hospice of Great St Bernard of Montjoux in Savoie, but the monks sold it back to Queen Eleanor for 300 marks in 1270, and on 24 February 1284 she gave it to her son, Edmund, brother of King Edward I, who had been made the first Earl of Lancaster in 1267. Shakespeare immortalised the white and red roses of the Temple Gardens, though it is said the first Lancastrian red roses were grown in the Savoy Gardens, having been brought over by Edmund from Provence. To this day the Savoy Manor remains vested in the Duchy of Lancaster. Edmund had two sons, Thomas and Henry. Henry's son, another Henry, under King Edward III, captured Bergerac in the Dordogne, which provided £35,000 in 1345 to rebuild the palace to be without equal in the realm. In 1351, he was made the first Duke of Lancaster, but the title lapsed when he died in 1361. However, in 1359, Henry's daughter, Blanche, had married John of Gaunt, the king's son, and on 13 November 1362, King Edward III made him Duke of Lancaster of second creation. In 1374, Geoffrey Chaucer was awarded a pension of £10 per

annum to live at the manor, as a result of his wife, Phillipa, having served in the household of the Duke's second wife, Constance. His poem *Chaucer's Dream* is an allegory relating to the loves of the duke and his first wife, Blanche, and gives an idea of his surroundings :

*Within an isle methought I was,
Whose wall and gate was all of glass
And so was closed round about
That leave less none come in nor out.*

We know the manor then contained a chapel, for the first chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster was sworn in there before an assembly of knights and officers in 1377. In 1399, King Henry IV annexed the Lancastrian estates, which included the Savoy, to the monarchy. However, on 13 June 1381 a mob of Kentish and Essex peasants, under Wat Tyler, had stormed the palace. Tapestries were torn from the walls and ripped into shreds, then, with icons and furniture, set ablaze in the courtyard. Finally, three barrels of gunpowder were brought down from the armoury and the palace and its precincts were blown into a ruin.

It remained as such for over a century, but in his will dated 31 March 1509, three weeks before he died, King Henry VII bequeathed £10,000 for the renovation of the palace, and to endow it as a hospital and alms house for 100 local 'pouer, nedie people'. It was ready by 1517, and boasted three chapels, of which the existing chapel is now all that remains. It was the largest of the three, dedicated to St John the Baptist, and with an altar facing north. It contained stained-glass from the king's glazier, Bernard Flower, who also worked on the windows of King's College, Cambridge. The first account of an English Glass factory was recorded in these precincts in 1522.

Music is mentioned from its very inception. The rubrics for one of the first four priests state the sacrist "must be a competent writer, single, over thirty, and have a fair knowledge of plainsong." His duties were also to include bell-ringing, and candle-lighting. In the year after the Restoration, starting on 15 April 1661, the hospital hosted 'The Savoy Conference', a royal commission to revise the Cramner Prayer Books of 1549 and 1552. The strong puritanical element listed 26 objections, such as to the Benedicite and Gloria, and the words 'in sure and certain hope of resurrection,' but most objections were regarded as frivolous and no agreement was reached. Finally, in 1662 The Book of Common Prayer as we know it was born as the result of another committee of Bishops, appointed by convocation, who made 18 alterations, instituting the Authorised Version of the Bible for the Collects, Epistles and Gospels, and, 'for our colonials', a service of Baptism for Adult converts. In 1667, the Jacobean hymn-writer George Wither was buried in the chapel, and in 1669 the King's Printers were established 'In The Savoy'.

From 1685 to 1688, King James II created a Jesuit school in the Precinct for 400 boys, but by 1702, due to mismanagement, the Hospital had to be dissolved, and it became a barracks and a prison. In 1725, Daniel Defoe wrote that the Savoy may be said to be, not a House, but a little Town. The chapel remained, and in 1755 it hosted 1,190 marriages. On 27 November 1773, King George III issued a patent constituting it as a Royal Chapel, and two years later it was rebuilt. Now known as The Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, it is a Chapel of the reigning monarch of the day, and a Royal Peculiar, free and exempt from all ecclesiastical jurisdiction. However, it is doubtful whether it is a real Chapel Royal, as that usually refers to the prerogative of The Queen's Ecclesiastical Household.

There were no police in the late eighteenth century, and as the precinct became a notorious haunt for thieves and whores, the Court Leet appointed a bailiff to keep out

vagrants. However between 1859 and 1870, Charles Dickens edited the weekly magazine *All the Year Round*, and one edition paints a different picture :

*So run the sands of life through this quiet hour-glass.
So glides the Life away in the old Precinct...
It troubles itself little with the noise and tumult,
and sleeps well through life, without its fitful fever.*

With civilian police by 1900, the Court Leet's duties had dwindled to an annual tour of 'Beating the Bounds'. This colourful ceremony lapsed in 1940, though has been resurrected spasmodically since. Eight local jurymen are accompanied by ten choristers from the Chapel. They 'mark' the boundaries of the 'Manor of Savoy'. At two selected 'marks', the choristers 'bump' their youngest colleague head downwards on a hassock, ten times, in order to impress them all of the extent of their territorial domain. Originally, he was whipped. This latter-day Court Leet then retires to lunch at the Savoy, still with its obligation to provide 100 men to put down riots in the Strand.

However, the singing tradition of the choristers has been more continuously maintained. The first reference to a choir is in 1780, when it included two masons working on Somerset House, and the landlord of the Blue Anchor Tavern in the Precinct. They were capable of the Old 100th in 'Full Harmony', sung to an old French tune called *Savoy*. By 1800 the choir came from children of the Savoy School, with a leaven of three adults, though in 1840 the latter were accused of 'inutility' and sacked. The first reference to an organ is in 1743, when one was asked for, but there is no evidence of one until 1803. In 1826, King George IV commissioned Flight and Robson to build a barrel-organ in the south gallery. It had four stops with three barrels for thirty tunes, but this was destroyed by fire in 1843, when a 652-pipe 'finger' organ by Bishop was installed. The barrel-organist was offered the post of organ-blower. After another fire, in 1864, Queen Victoria took a personal interest in the chapel, and engaged Mr Sydney Smirke as architect for a £7,000 rebuild, of which £275 went for a new organ from Henry Willis. On his Coronation in 1937, King George VI commanded the chapel should be at the disposal of the Royal Victorian Order, which disposed of the organ to Fressingfield Parish Church, Suffolk, in order to make way for Royal Pews. A Hammond electronic organ survived until the present Queen gave the existing Walker organ in 1965.

At the time of the opening of the Savoy Hotel in 1889, the chapel had the largest congregation in the area, and was a formidable rival to St George's, Hanover Square, for fashionable weddings. This was largely due to The Rev. Henry White, who, as Minister from 1859 to 1890, had encouraged a good choir. The foundation stone for a new choir-school was laid by the Duchess of Albany in 1883.

At the time Warlock was born, the organist and choirmaster was a Worcestershire-born composer, Walter Battison Haynes (1859-1900). He was tutored, and in fact fathered, by his uncle, William Haynes, organist of Malvern Priory from 1850 to 1893, who trained him as a chorister and deputy, then in May 1878, paid for four years study at Leipzig Conservatoire. He became a brilliant student, playing piano concertos, composing, and winning the Mozart Scholarship, and the highest certificate awarded to any pupil. In 1884, after six months in France, he returned to England as organist of St Philip's, Upper Sydenham, and in 1890 became a professor at the Royal Academy of Music. The following year he was appointed to the Chapel of the Savoy. He was a Freemason, and among his pupils were Coleridge Taylor, Harry Farjeon, and Charles Macpherson, who played the organ for his Savoy

Memorial Service on 8 February 1900, after his death from a relapse after a three week bout of influenza, at the tragically early age of 41. On the same day his body went by train to be buried in Malvern Cemetery, in a still unmarked grave, thirteen years after, and thirty yards from Jenny Lind (1820-1887), though in the following year, the Royal Academy of Music established a composition prize in his memory. It runs to this day with such beneficiaries as Arnold Bax, Alan Bush, and present RAM professors, Dr Malcolm Hill, and Paul Patterson. He left three brothers, no wife, and his uncle paid three guineas for the burial plot. His compositions include orchestral, organ, and church music, and amongst his songs is "that very popular ditty *Off to Philadelphia*," (Obituary in *Musical Times* March 1 1900). All his works have melodic charm, a graceful ease and finished daintiness, and his extemporizations were remembered as a marked feature of the Savoy services. His successor was Thomas Popplewell Royle, who died in 1913 (No relation to the real Chapel Royal Popplewell, present organist of St. James's Palace), and then came Dr Henry Bromley Derry (1885-1954) until his death. His successor as the present organist is Dr William Cole, whose name, as the signature man from the Associated Board Music Exams, must grace more bedroom walls around the Commonwealth than any other. Sadly, the choir-school went with the 'Geddes Axe' of 1921, but the choral tradition survives, firstly with choirboys of the London Choir School, and now from St Olave's Grammar School, even though in 1968, the school moved from Tooley Street, by Tower Bridge, to Orpington, Kent. We are delighted to note the present choir library contains most of the popular Warlock carols, and we hope the boys may come and sing *Adam lay ybounden* for some apple pie at our centenary supper.

Why Warlock's mother retired to the Savoy to give birth is still a mystery. His parents had their house at 27 Hans Road (now part of Harrods), only two miles away. Was it being redecorated, or was Warlock's solicitor father needed near the Law Courts? Perhaps a more plausible reason is at present being researched by our genealogist, Keith Gould, who has so far traced the Heseltine family back to 1750. Many descendants appear in the baptism and marriage registers of St Clement Danes, which has had close ties with the Savoy since 1557, when Ralph Jackson, the first master of the new Hospital Foundation, was also made rector of St Clement Danes. In his book on Warlock, Cecil Gray starts by saying his subject's characteristic impish love of mystification led him to tell people he was born on the Embankment, though the connotation then was not, as now, synonymous with the homeless. In 1894, the hotel's postal address was 'Embankment', and the main entrance was through a courtyard from Savoy Hill, of which the arches are still visible in the hotel wall. On the Tuesday evening of 30 October that year the Albion Tavern at 153 Aldersgate Street hosted the annual Banquet of the Company of Musicians, now Worshipful. The then Master, J C Collard, proposed a toast in which Miss Clara Butt was bestowed with their gold medal. Sir George Grove had selected her as the most distinguished pupil at the College. She was then living in Paris, and Dr Alexander Mackenzie, who had just been holidaying in France, hoped she would dispel the deplorable ignorance of English music there.* Sir John Stainer, the elected Master for the ensuing year, then proposed 'The Musical Educational Institutions of England' praising the new Royal College and the established Royal Academy, and cherishing the hope that "now we might go farther and

*The first French member of the Warlock Society joined last month.

produce an English Beethoven or Mendelssohn." Little did he know someone was born that day who was to contribute so much to English music, without studying at either establishment, though Warlock's affinities were more with the Academy. He once wrote to his mentor, then Lt. Colin Taylor, (letter from Ireland 14 May 1918, BM Add 544197), "In view of your connection with that venerable institution, why not - with exquisite irony - adopt the pseudonym Roger A. RAMsbottom!!!" On a civilian note that day *The Times* reported that the then Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, went to Bristol to honour Edmund Burke (1729-97), their MP from 1774 to 1780. He unveiled a bronze statue on St Augustine's bridge, copied from the marble one in St Stephen's Hall, Westminster, and it still stands in the gardens in front of the Bristol Hippodrome. This Burke had to be dead nearly 100 years before being honoured with a statue, so there is still hope for Warlock.

Warlock's birthplace was built as a result of the good fortunes of another composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan. Richard D'Oyly Carte was manager of the Royalty Theatre, then in Soho, when he (or rather Selina Dolaro, his boss) asked W S Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan to write a short opera to follow Offenbach's *La Périchole*. *Trial by Jury*, called a *dramatic cantata*, opened in March 1875, and was a huge success, with Sullivan's brother Frederick, his elder by four years, playing the Judge. Sad to relate, two years later Frederick died - though as a memorial to him, it did unleash on the world the immortal song *The Lost Chord*. After the following moderate success of *The Sorcerer*, there came the astonishing run of 600 performances of *HMS Pinafore*, and by the time all London had flocked to see *The Pirates of Penzance* and *Patience*, at the little Opéra Comique, Richard D'Oyly Carte decided it was time to invest in a larger theatre. He bought the freehold of an open field in the Savoy Manor, and the new Savoy Theatre opened its doors in October 1881, with *Patience*. It was the first British theatre to have electric light (was the Savoy Chapel the first British church to have it as well?) The Savoy Operas became known in America, sometimes in pirated productions, so D'Oyly Carte had to travel there to resolve copyright problems. He noticed the marked superiority of hotels there, and with the increasing number of American tourists heading for Europe, he decided to tempt them with a comparable one, next to his theatre. Building began in 1884, during which Whistler made an etching of the scaffolding. Whistler once told D'Oyly Carte the Savoy would never look so well again.

With theatrical flair D'Oyly Carte timed his opening to coincide with the social season crowned with the marriage of Princess Louise (elder daughter of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII) and the Duke of Fife on 27 July 1889. Among the wedding guests were the Emperor of Germany, the King of Greece, the Shah of Persia, and a breathtaking array of political and artistic figures of the time visited London that summer. For the actual opening of the hotel a week later, on 6 August 1889, a double room with en suite bathroom then cost 60p a night. (Present rate £200.) There were 70 bathrooms for 400 guests, whereas the Savoy's nearest recent rival, the nearby Hotel Victoria, had only four, for 500 guests. Private dining-rooms were set aside, later each to be named after a popular Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Lily Langtry, the Prince of Wales's girl-friend, suggested César Ritz, an impeccable Swiss hotelier, as the first manager. He at first refused, but succumbed after accepting an invitation to stay. He brought with him Auguste Escoffier, the *Maitre Chef des Cuisines*, who had worked with him for ten years in Monte Carlo and Lucerne. This gold-medal pairing stayed eight years, long enough to feed and nur-

ture Peter Warlock's mother in 1894. Earlier that same year Nellie Melba was just establishing herself as an international opera star, when she gave Escoffier two tickets for her performance of Elsa in *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden. Knowing she was to dine with the Duke of Orleans at the Savoy the following night, he instantly created a dish to recreate Wagner's swan - poached peaches on a bed of vanilla ice-cream set in a swan of ice. Not for several years did he add fresh raspberry sauce to his *Pêches Melba*. Escoffier also expressed her liking for light nourishment in *Toast Melba* - thin bread toasted in an oven. Dame Nellie therefore holds the rare distinction of having both slenderising and calorific delicacies named after her, and both can be bought today at Sainsbury's, albeit the Peach Melba is in a yogurt. Escoffier also dreamed up *Poularde Tosca* - chicken stuffed with Pilau Rice, pot roasted and served with braised fennel on a bed of bread fried in butter. For Luisa Tetrazzini he created *Soufflé Tetrazzini*, and, for Sarah Bernhardt, *Poularde Belle Hélène*. We are glad to announce the present *Maitre Chef des Cuisines*, Anton Edelmann, will be delighted to have the chance to recreate some of Escoffier's recipes for the centenary supper. Other company reputed to have frequented the Savoy around this time included Johann Strauss, who was invited to play waltzes in the Ballroom. In 1899, Monet stayed on the fifth floor, and returned to paint the Thames many times from there. It is also alleged that the Savoy hosted the signing of Richard Tauber's first contract to sing in England, on the back of a menu.

During the first world war, when Warlock was fronting the musical clientèle in the artistic circles of the Café Royal, his musical compatriots frequenting the Savoy were Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Thomas Beecham, and Noël Coward. In 1923, he nearly bridged the gap. On 5 November 1924, Warlock wrote to Edward Clark of the BBC (BM Add 52256): "I have just rewritten my dance parody on the Franck Symphony for piano, banjo, violin, soprano alto and tenor saxophones, two trumpets, trombone and tuba. The Savoy Opheans have promised to run through it some time." We shall hope to recreate a run-through of *The Old Codger* for the fish dish at the centenary supper. The band was then led by W Debroy Somers, and we have the names of all his other players. Carol Gibbons was then only deputizing, though Billy Mayerl was playing in one of the other Savoy bands.

At the Savoy on 15 June 1925, George Gershwin gave the British première of *Rhapsody in Blue*, and in 1933 Victor Silvester created his *Charleston Blues*. In 1937, King George VI was the first reigning British monarch to dine publicly in any hotel, and in 1945, the complete Royal Family were all assembled together there - the first time at any London hotel. Let us hope the complete Peter Warlock Society will be able to assemble in the Lancaster Ballroom for the Centenary Supper on Sunday 30 October 1994. Having already found 25 songs referring to a menu, it will be a pre- and inter-five-course recital/meal, hoping to attract the famous to sing a song for their supper.

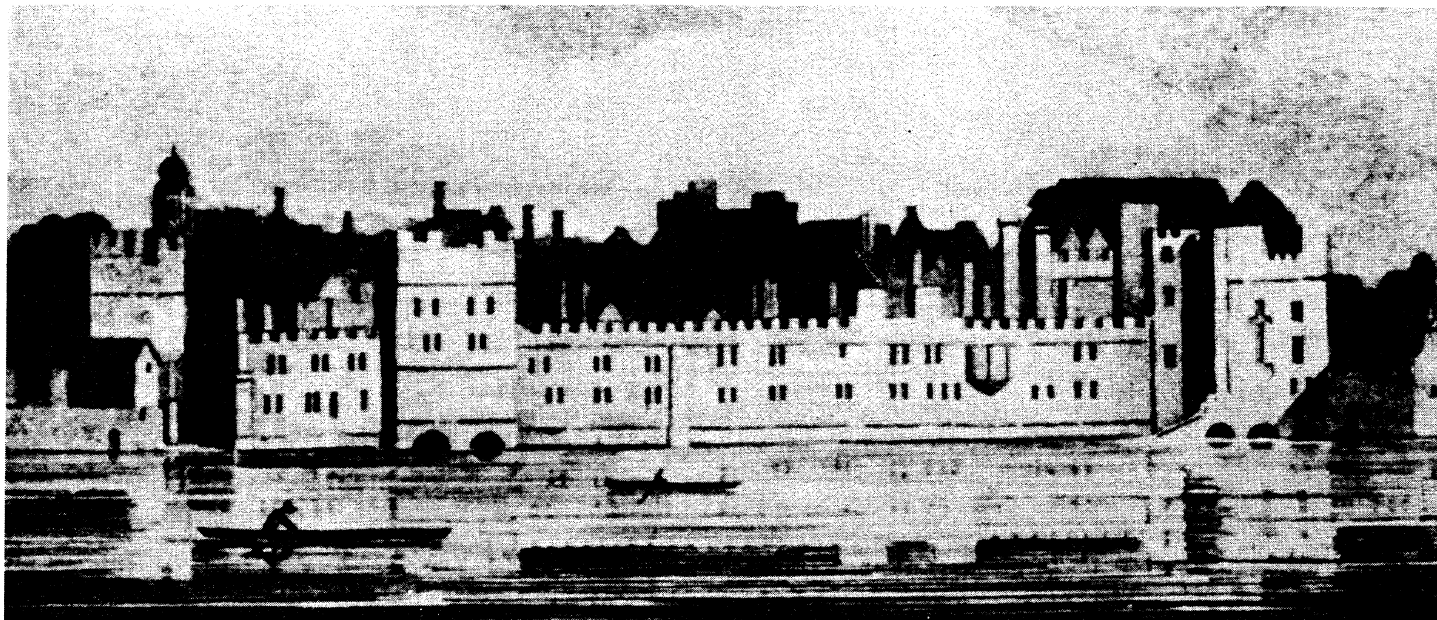
MALCOLM RUDLAND

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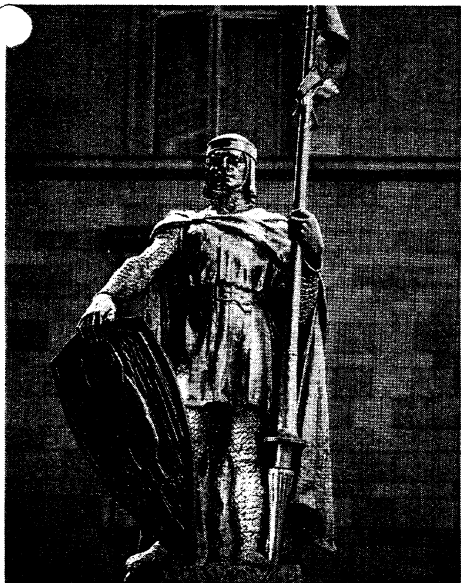
- The Savoy, *Manor Hospital Chapel*, by Robert Somerville (pub. In The Savoy 1960)
 The Chapel of the Savoy, H. Bromley Derry, D.Mus (pub. In The Savoy 1933)
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 The Savoy, *The Romance of a Great Hotel* by Stanley Jackson (pub. Muller 1964)
 Great Scoff by Anne Willan (Daily Telegraph Magazine, 7 March 1992)

Thanks are also due for the invaluable help from
 Ms Rosemary Ashbee, Archivist to the Savoy Hotel,
 Mr R.A. Smith, Archivist to the Duchy of Lancaster,
 Dr William Cole, present Organist to the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, and
 Mr Robin Langley, Librarian to the Royal College of Organists

The Savoy



"The Fayrest Mannor in Europe" – Count Peter of Savoy's Palace 1246 – 1381



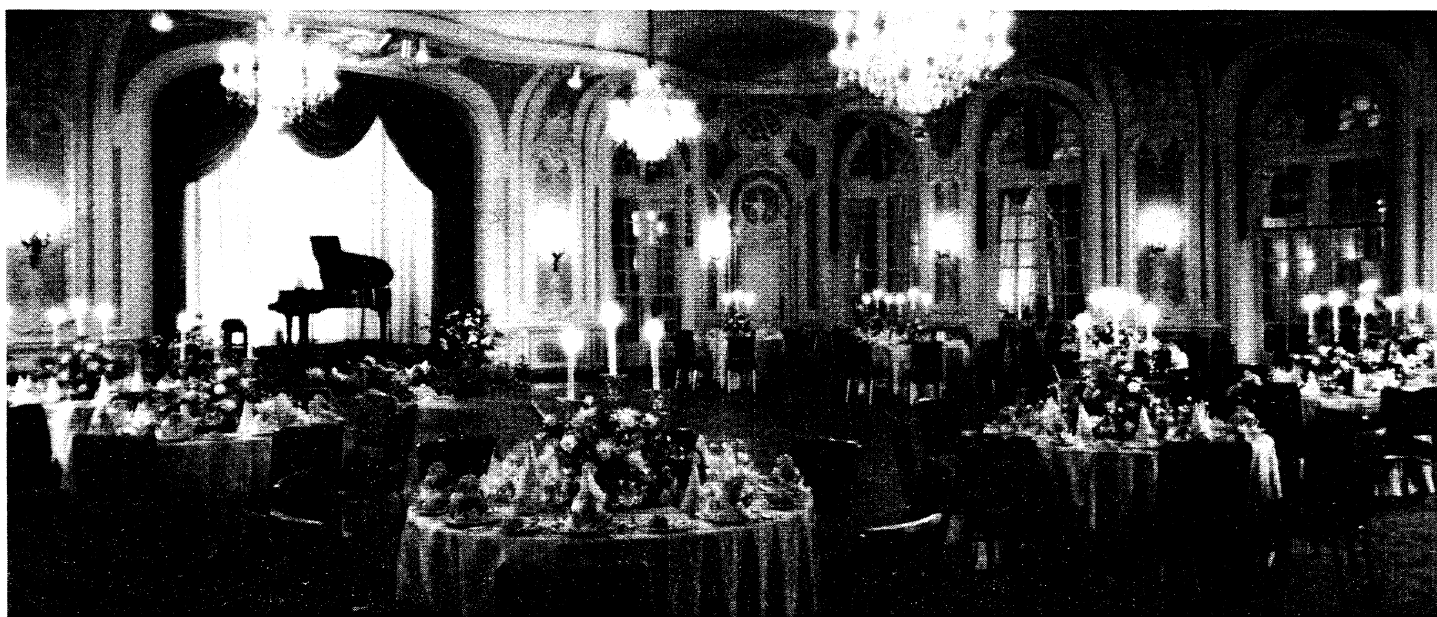
Count Peter of Savoy 1203 – 1268



Richard D'Oyly Carte 1844 – 1901



Auguste Escoffier 1846 – 1935



The Lancaster Room in the present Savoy Hotel – as to be set for the Warlock Centenary Supper on 30 October 1994

P. V.
CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF BIRTH



GIVEN AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, LONDON

Application Number... 570844

REGISTRATION DISTRICT <u>Strand</u>										
1894. BIRTH in the Sub-district of <u>St. Clement Lane</u> in the <u>County of London</u>										
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
No.	When and where born	Name, if any	Sex	Name and surname of father	Name, surname and maiden surname of mother	Occupation of father	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar	Name entered after registration
	<u>Franklin</u> <u>10 Dec 1894</u> <u>The Savoy Hotel</u>		<u>Boy</u>	<u>Arnold</u> <u>Stevenson</u>	<u>Mary Cath</u> <u>Stevenson</u> <u>formerly</u> <u>Foran</u>	<u>Solicitor</u>	<u>A. H. & M. Steelline</u> <u>Mother</u> <u>The Savoy Hotel</u>	<u>Third</u> <u>December</u> <u>1894</u>	<u>G. Fox</u> <u>Registrar</u>	<u>Philip</u> <u>Arnold</u>

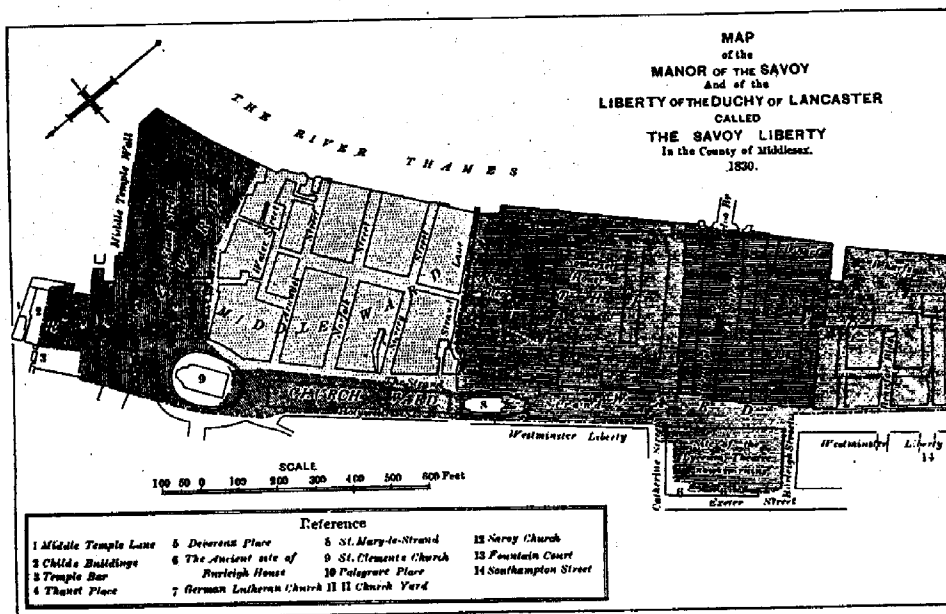
CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.
Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the 24 day of July 1900

BXA 586848

This certificate is issued in pursuance of the Births and Deaths Registration Act 1953. Section 34 provides that any certified copy of an entry purporting to be sealed or stamped with the seal of the General Register Office shall be received as evidence of the birth or death to which it relates without any further or other proof of the entry, and no certified copy purporting to have been given in the said Office shall be of any force or effect unless it is sealed or stamped as aforesaid.

CAUTION:—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

Form A202M 537562 D4 0534169 Edn 378 H-



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