



The Peter Warlock Society

Newsletter N° 51 – Autumn 1993

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EDITORIAL

I little thought, when I joined the PWS for the second time about six years ago, that I would find myself editing its Newsletter. Very soon after I'd rejoined I sent the first of my *Lillygay* articles to David Cox and was delighted when he accepted it. It was to be David who would later nominate me for membership of the committee and who would approach me at last year's AGM to ask me if I would be interested in taking on this organ.

I was very pleased – flattered, indeed – to do so. I know how important the Newsletter is. For the majority of PWS members who are unable, for whatever reason, to attend our gatherings, these pages are the only link with the Society. Before I moved to the Midlands in 1978 I lived in deepest Northumberland; I was a member of the PWS in those days but felt somewhat remote. Everything seemed to happen in or around London and the Newsletter was my only contact with matters Warlockian. My membership lapsed then but I have to say that, now that I live within fairly easy reach of the capital, things are a lot easier. However, I often regret the fact that the situation in this respect is so difficult for our more far-flung membership. We have remedied this to a small degree by having excursions (jaunts) to those areas of the country with which Warlock himself was associated but, unfortunately, he never went to Canada or Australia or, come to that, a lot of places in the British Isles inhabited by members of the Peter Warlock Society.

For this reason the Newsletter must be the forum for the whole Society, the place where all members can communicate with one another about all aspects of Peter Warlock. Of course, it must also be a source of information about forthcoming events, publications and recordings, phenomena which will intensify as the Centenary Year gets ever closer. But please continue to use it both as a means of letting others know your views, publicising events with a PW

content or, indeed, making enquiries or seeking information. I hope that your letters will remain an important part of the Newsletter.

You will notice some changes between this edition and recent ones. Many of these are cosmetic rather than substantial for I can do things with my computer and a DTP program that were not possible on David's electric typewriter. You have probably spotted a new form of the Newsletter masthead as well as an unfamiliar typeface and you will see other differences as you read through this issue. These changes have been the result of much discussion and experiment. A good deal of paper has been used in the process, I'm sorry to say, although I shouldn't need to buy any telephone pads for some considerable time. But it is my primary intention to continue the good work established by David in his ten years of editorship. I wrote to him shortly after I had been elected his successor and told him that he'd be a hard act to follow. This wasn't soft soap; I'm under no illusions about the responsibility that I have taken on.

On this point, you will see that there is an addition to our list of Vice-Presidents; it gave the new editor great pleasure to nominate his predecessor at the committee meeting in May and the reaction of those there immediately validated the move, recognition of David's sterling work both for the Newsletter and the Society in general.

Please write in with your views; letters or articles – all will be considered for publication. My computer is a PC that takes both 5¼" and 3½" disks so you can send me material in either ASCII (*.DOC or *.TXT) or Windows™ (*.WRI) formats if you like but good, old-fashioned paper and ink will do too. I reserve the editorial right/rite of shortening material but I'll always send you a printed proof of any changes.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Brian Collins

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AGM 1993

Even the beer was called Morrells

Annual General Meetings can be a bit of a bind; they are a necessary evil, undoubtedly, often attended out of a sense of duty rather than anticipated pleasure. Those of the PWS are the exception to the rule. We have spent them in London and Eynsford at or near locations frequented by PW himself and, thanks to their generosity, at members' homes. This year's event was different again, a foray to Garsington in Oxfordshire. Those who attended had a unique day out and, perhaps, an account of the events will prompt even more to make the equivalent journey in years to come. And so, to mark the day which, for those of you unable to be there, involved more than just the AGM itself, this Newsletter begins with a short section devoted to the meeting, its outcomes, locality and other happenings. (At the risk of giving too much away, let it be said now that the village is famous for its Manor House and the people who have lived there or visited it; into the latter group comes Warlock himself.)

The proceedings got under way as members, their friends, spouses and families gathered at the village pub, *The Three Horseshoes*, for lunch. It was after our meal that we wandered down the road in the direction of the local landmark for what turned out to be the first of our two visits and the picture

underneath records this. We did go inside the house, briefly, but much of our time was spent in the extensive and magnificently laid-out gardens. We are most grateful to the Ingrams family, the current residents, for these opportunities.

Then it was back to the pub for the meeting itself, some recorded music (played over the pub's PA after much twiddling with the knobs) and a good chat before returning to the Manor for a concert, the event that had influenced our choice of venue in the first place.

This section falls into three parts then, like Gaul and Beethoven. As is now customary, the first consists of Fred Tomlinson's report to the meeting, the Chairman's comments on the Society's recent activities, the "state of the nation" as it were. After that is David Cox's review of the concert that many of us stayed on to attend and, to conclude, some information (from Fred again) on the Warlockian connection with Garsington Manor and its implications and repercussions, particularly concerning D H Lawrence.

All in all, it was a memorable occasion and it was good to have such a well-attended meeting. Next year marks the centenary of PW's birth, of course, a fact that cannot have escaped your notice. It would be particularly pleasing to have an even larger sample of the membership present on that occasion. (See page 12 for initial information concerning date and venue.)

BC



Members of the Peter Warlock Society and their guests outside Garsington Manor prior to the Annual General Meeting.

[Photo: BC]

The Chairman's report



Chairman of the PWS, Fred Tomlinson, complete with talismanic fungus (now removed, alas) at Garsington Manor. [Photo: BC]

Over the years I have too often had the task of lamenting the deaths of Warlockians. This year I can start on a happier note.

First, I must thank David Cox for his ten years' editorship of our Newsletter and congratulate him on the high standard he has maintained – a certain amount of bullying being needed. Thankyou, David. [Applause]

Secondly, I welcome his successor, Brian Collins. You will have read his Warlockian history in the last Newsletter. I too remember the 1970 Festival with great pleasure. We were billeted on the campus; it was lovely weather so all the windows were open. Wherever you went you could hear Warlock being rehearsed, whether solo songs, choral items or the "Brass cuckoo". It was a wonderful weekend. It is a pity that Arnold Dowbiggin died shortly before; he would have loved it. I must make one correction to Brian's reminiscences. The chap who played the "funny piano-duet thingy" (*Cod-pieces*) with Tomlinson was Malcolm Rudland.

Also, talking of Brian, *re* his criticisms of the record *The frostbound wood*, no two people can agree on an ideal tempo for a piece. I have been primarily a singer for about 60 years, so I approach performances from the singer's standpoint – phrasing, breathing etc. determining the tempi. We can argue about that later but, as they say in France, "Chuckin' a song out".

For the past few years I have refrained from reporting the year's activities, merely reiterating what members have already seen in the Newsletters. Now, the Charity Commissioners want a copy of the

Chairman's report with an account of the year's activities.

So, reverting to Newsletter N° 49, it is excellent news that our President, Richard Rodney Bennett, is planning a composition for the Warlock Centenary next year. Talking of the Centenary, Malcolm has been indefatigable in his efforts to make it memorable. We all know, and Malcolm admits himself, that some ideas are "over the top", [No!! – Ed.] but, if only a few of his projects come off, the Centenary should indeed be memorable. Thankyou, Malcolm, and keep up the good work. [Applause]

Our publishing schemes are in good shape thanks to John Bishop. Nigel Heseltine's *Capriol for mother* was launched in September, along with the CD of all Warlock's Christmas music, both reviewed in Newsletter N° 50.

Thanks again to Malcolm, the Birthday Concerts have continued for some years. Last year it was at the Purcell School where David Cox's daughter teaches; this year it will be at St David's Hall in Cardiff, promoted by the Welsh College of Music and Drama, where some of us had an enjoyable time when they held a Warlock competition [but see page 13 – Ed].

No rich member has yet come up with a scheme to buy the Eynsford cottage and set it up as a Warlock museum. I would cheerfully donate my collection – it would save me having to send photostats all over the world.

We have had some response from our request for CleriPHews, but not enough. Remember the verse form, invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley, is a four-line stanza; the two couplets rhyme but need not scan and the subject is biographical: "Geography is about maps; Biography is about chaps". I've done a few copies of a recent *Guardian* article in the hope that more will be spurred on. I know Warlock and Heseltine are difficult names to rhyme with, but do try.

We had our customary jaunt to Ruddles' Brewery in October, followed on the same day by a joint meeting of the Delius and Warlock Societies – a very pleasant occasion. Unfortunately, the Ruddles trip looks like being our last. They have been taken over by Grolsch and the cellar staff, who looked after us so hospitably, have been sacked.

Our 1991 jaunt started at Victoria Station early one September morning. David Owen Norris had organised a sound engineer with what Patrick Mills called "a feather duster on a stick". The idea was to make a programme about our Society. After a bit of chat at Victoria we visited Warlock's grave in Godalming, where Eileen Mills spoke to the "feather duster" describing the tomb. Hambledon was our next stop. I had reconstructed Warlock's original scoring of *The cricketers of Hambledon* and *Fill the cup Philip* for brass sextet, first written for the famous cricket match on New Year's Day, 1929. Malcolm had organised members of the Hambledon Brass Band, Gordon Honey agreed to sing the solo part and so we all sang *The cricketers* on Broad-halfpenny Down. Our

next port of call was Ha'nacker mill. The coach couldn't get all the way up the hill; we had to climb over a gate and walk up in the rain, talking into the "feather duster". Having no accompanist, I had arranged *Ha'nacker mill* for SATB which we all sang inside the mill in spite of the bad light.

Now for the bad news. The BBC, in their wisdom, decided that the programme would only work as one of a series of programmes about similar societies. David Owen Norris then got his splendid award and was out of touch for a while. The BBC have lost – or wiped – the tapes.

Anyway, we have performed *The cricketers* at Hambledon, *Ha'nacker mill* in the mill to add to Philip Stone's *The fox* in the inn itself and *The long barrow* recited *in situ*. I must reiterate my own, probably unique, claim to Warlock fame. I sang *A prayer to St Anthony of Padua* in his Basilica in Padova.

Have I missed anything out?

It is good news that, at last, the British Library have the letters that Elizabeth Poston and her executors have not allowed access to for many years. It is a pity that Lionel Carley couldn't see them before compiling his splendid books *Delius: a life in letters*. The PH to FD ones would have illuminated the FD replies, besides which, PH's writing is considerably more readable than FD's.

News of our publications and performances will appear later in our Agenda. Perhaps the Charity Commissioners will be happy with our minutes rather than have details in my report. Meanwhile, I thank my colleagues on the committee. I think we are getting there!

Fred Tomlinson

The Garsington concert

The day of our AGM ended in a most appropriate way with a concert in the Great Barn at Garsington Manor. With Glyndebourne out of action through re-building, Garsington this year has become a valued alternative, operatically and socially. There's also a tangible link in that the panelling of the old theatre at Glyndebourne has been used to line the walls of the Great Barn at Garsington, which is now the newly-furbished concert hall, the inauguration of which this concert was celebrating.

The concert, nostalgically entitled *The spirit of Garsington*, was an evocation of the small, Tudor manor house between the years 1915 and 1928 when the owners were Philip and Lady Ottoline Morrell, both ardent pacifists. Generously, they made their home a meeting-place and haven for writers, artists and composers during World War I and beyond, and the concert consisted mainly of songs with words or music (in one case both) by famous visitors to Garsington whose work reflected the range of Ottoline's interests and her commitment to the arts.

Writers who visited included Walter de la Mare, T S Eliot, Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf; also Siegfried Sassoon who, with Robert Graves, was a soldier but anti-war.

The taxing programme, with its wide variety of styles, was admirably carried out by two singers – the soprano Susan Roberts (American-born, well known internationally in opera and in concert work) and the tenor Ian Partridge, one of our leading recitalists and an important Warlock-interpreter. Supporting them in accomplished versatility was the pianist Iain Burnside.

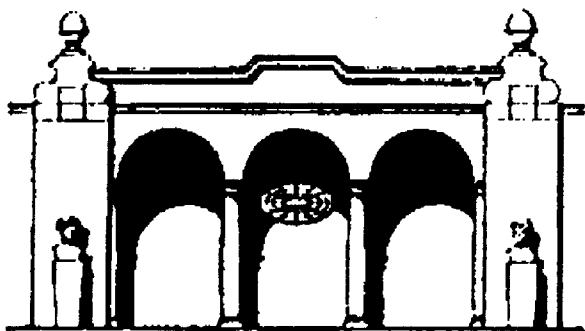
There were several songs by Lord Berners, a near neighbour of the Morrells – an eccentric, "England's Erik Satie", with whom Ottoline was never entirely comfortable. The audience enjoyed his setting of Heine's *Du bist wie eine Blume*, full of grunts and snorts in the accompaniment justified by the discovery that Heine had written the poem not to a lady but to a favourite pig. Another composer, W Denis Browne, killed in action in Flanders at the age of 26, had shown immense talent: his song *Arabia*, to words by Walter de la Mare, was included. And the important composers represented included Vaughan Williams (Fredegond Shove), John Ireland (Aldous Huxley) and Lennox Berkeley (de la Mare again). There was also Warlock's *Robin and Richard* (from *Candlelight*).

But, at the heart of the programme, was *The curlew* – that masterpiece which brought together the two very different worlds of imagination of W B Yeats and Peter Warlock, both of whom were visitors to Garsington. Strangely, the programme gave two extra poems of Yeats, *The cloths of Heaven* and *Wine comes in at the mouth*, as being among the settings which form *The curlew*. We waited for a revelation that never came!¹

For some of us who were brought up on John Armstrong's famous (and first) recording of the work with an ensemble directed by Constant Lambert, that recording may have a certain remembered quality and authenticity by which (none too precisely) we tend to judge all other performances. This is absurdly limiting. Of the many fine performances since then, Ian Partridge's interpretation must rank high, as we were reminded at this concert. The instrumentalists were Ben Pateman (flute), Genevieve Maskell (cor anglais) and the Medici String Quartet (Paul Robertson, Colin Callow, Ivo-Jan van der Werff and Anthony Lewis). It was obvious that there had been careful and thorough preparation resulting in a sensitive and committed performance from all concerned; and clearly this made a deep impression on the audience.

David Cox

¹ [PW's setting of *The cloths of heaven* survives still, of course, and was also rewritten as *The sick heart*; *Wine comes in at the mouth* – now lost – and *The cloths of Heaven* were constituents of a prototype *Curlew* performed in 1920 – Ed.]



Garsington and Philip Heseltine

It was Malcolm's bright idea to hold our AGM at Garsington. He had "sussed out" the area before our last committee meeting and found a convenient pub where we could meet. He also discovered that we would be allowed inside the Manor. The extra incentive was Ian Partridge singing *The curlew* to round off the day – very beautiful the performance was too.

In the past we have been apprehensive about holding our AGM too far from London but, after the good turn-out we had at Harwich, enjoying Cap'n George's splendid hospitality, we had no qualms.

Garsington Manor dates from Tudor times. The building itself is impressive, the gardens even more so as we can see from Brian's photograph overleaf.

The Heseltine connection with Garsington lasted for only two months in 1915 but the repercussions continued until 1921 when *Women in love* was published in this country. Ian Copley tells the story in detail in his booklet *A turbulent friendship* (Thames, 1983) but perhaps a synopsis might be useful, particularly as further information has come to light.

In November 1915, PH met D H Lawrence, at that time trying to organise a colony of disciples to go to Florida. PH wrote to Delius asking about his orange plantation but Delius threw cold water on the idea. At the end of that month, PH and DHL stayed a few days in Garsington. Their hostess, Lady Ottoline Morrell (pronounced "Morl"), cultivated artists of all descriptions – painters, sculptors, philosophers, poets, authors, musicians etc. Her husband, Philip, was a liberal MP and left her free to indulge her hospitality.

The Morrells had a daughter, Julian. Mlle Juliette Baillot was engaged as her companion and governess. PH fell in love with her and, on a further visit the following month, wrote an impassioned note (in German) to his friend Boris de Chroustchoff declaring that it would be impossible to return to Puma now that the "Swiss miss" had so overwhelmed him. PH's love was not reciprocated although Mlle Baillot did visit him in London later that December.

Early in 1916, PH and Puma stayed with DHL in Cornwall. She was already pregnant but their marriage did not take place until December that year, some months after their son was born. PH

embarked on a scheme proselytising on DHL's behalf, fruitlessly as it turned out. In the evenings they used to make up plays and it may be that their dialogues sowed the seeds for *Women in love*, written later that year.

PH retained his respect for DHL as an artist but resented the latter's attempts to run people's lives. He returned to London, made new friends – most significantly Cecil Gray and Bernard van Dieren – and, although he spent some months in Cornwall in 1917 before his "Irish year", PH and DHL were no longer on friendly terms. That same year, CG, then a near neighbour of DHL in Cornwall, read the manuscript of *Women in love*, informed PH that he was depicted in the book but, presumably, neglected to say how scurrilous was the portrayal. Lady Ottoline was also lampooned (Garsington becoming Breadalby) and insisted on changes before publication.

The novel was published in 1920 in the USA. Its appearance in this country the following year prompted PH's threat of a lawsuit; this led to DHL's having to rewrite several offending passages for the next edition, £50 hush money and the retort "SUCKS TO SECKER". Puma, "Pussum" in the novel, became "Minette" (closer to her real name, oddly enough), various physiological amendments were made but the damage was already done. People who knew PH and Puma would still be aware of their portrayal so it is hard to see what would be achieved by the changes which, incidentally, were not made in the second edition in the USA.

For further reading, the letters of DHL are very interesting. Most of the DHL industry adds little to our knowledge of the PH connection. Recent books well worth looking up are a biography of Ottoline Morrell by Miranda Seymour (Sceptre paperback, 1993) and an autobiography of the "Swiss miss", now Lady Huxley.

Fred Tomlinson



Spot the cherub! Fred Tomlinson and PWS Hon. Sec. Malcolm Rudland in front of Garsington Manor. *(Photo: BC)*

CleriPHews

We have had only a moderate response to our competition but some brains have been racked to provide some entertainment. Some verses were enjoyable but had to be disqualified by our rules, elastic though these were.

It has been pointed out that the first line of original Clerihews consisted solely of the subject's name. A CleriPHew, however, is influenced by PH's own set of Cursory rhymes which, as well as extending first lines can include "BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND" between couplets. Rhymes are required, difficult though they might be – witness Tony Noakes:

"Come Sleep . ." I pray, but sleep comes not.
I rack my brains, bemoan my lot;
I seek in vain, come rain, come shine,
To find a rhyme for Heseltine.

Poor rhyming disqualified some entries. Scansion, however, is not required and the above – along with other verses – was eliminated for scanning too well. Tony does come in for special mention again for:

O cat, you failed.
You could have loudly wailed
Or rattled the door-lock
Of your master Peter Warlock.

As does David Cox:

"Fasten the door-lock,"
Said Peter Warlock.
"When I'm setting Bruce Blunt
I have no need of any female company whatsoever."

And I must make a transatlantic salute to William Perry. Note the lower case "p" in "peter":

History loves famous features – some of them dillies –
Like the head of Medusa, the heel of Achilles.
But even more famed than Napoleon's forelock
Was that often used, much abused peter¹ of Warlock.

My favourite, though – the overall winner – comes from Andrew Plant. A PH manuscript to him for:

Posthumously, Peter Warlock
Said, "Why does Gray write so VERY much about my mental depression or block?
His continual speculation on my personality and quirks
Irks."

Fred Tomlinson

¹ "... so universally known by children and facetious adults as a name for the penis that it never quite loses this significance. Very few natives of the Ozarks will consider naming a boy 'Peter'." – *OED*



It is virtually impossible to do justice to the splendour of the Garsington Manor gardens in a photograph, let alone one in black and white. There are formally laid-out areas (like this one) rectangularly geometric in both horizontal and vertical planes. But these only contrast with the more "natural" ones where the intention is to create the impression of an unaltered wilderness. The extensive grounds possess a variety of features including a large dovecote, essential in times past as a source of fresh meat at certain times of the year. Add to this the statuary, the water and, most of all, the sense of tranquility that is all-pervasive and it is not difficult to understand the real pleasure expressed on the faces of those present. The gardens provided a relaxing prelude to the day's business and and nicely prepared for the evening's concert by introducing the surroundings of the Great Barn. [Photo: BC]

REVIEWS

Moeran: Song cycles; Warlock: Songs

Finzi Singers/Paul Spicer
CHAN 9182 (full price CD)

This disc contains some of the most beautiful choral singing I have heard and two – possibly four – definitive performances of Warlock's choral songs. Go out and buy it immediately if you haven't already done so. If you don't, you will miss a rare event.

That's the good news and, as such, it stands for the entire recording. But perfection is yet to be achieved.

The disc includes – as the heading above prosaically recounts – music by Moeran and Warlock, friends as well as contemporaries whose centenaries will be co-celebrated in 1994. *Phyllida and Corydon* is a glorious, English pastoral (*pace* those who would point out Moeran's Irish heredity) and this first recording will set standards for any that follow. The *Songs of springtime*, also included, contain Moeran's version of *Sigh no more ladies* that seeks both to recognise and outdo Warlock's own setting. It achieves this in the first instance by utilising a rising and falling figure for the first line of text that bears more than a passing similarity to Warlock's own (EJM 1929, PW 1927); while its semitonal displacements are far more outrageous than anything Warlock wrote, it encapsulates the links between the two men that Malcolm Rudland lists in his sleeve notes.

There are ten choral songs by Warlock and most of them have been recorded by the same forces before and reviewed in these pages by the same writer. In fact, nine of the ten were on *Sweet echo*, a Warlock/Poston mixture (see Newsletter N° 44 p. 4) and the only difference in Warlockian repertoire is that *The spring of the year* on the earlier recording has been exchanged for *Corpus Christi* on this one. Let's start there.

How marvellous it is to have this glorious piece of choral writing and in so well performed. It is so much more successful a version than the string quartet arrangement (made eight years after the original) and I liked very much the interplay here between the tenor solo in the foreground and the soprano, just remote enough to be mysterious, especially at the end. I would have preferred a little more energy, to be honest, but I'm not going to make a fuss about it because there is so much conviction otherwise.

The Cornish carols are here again, unfortunately not in the correct language but powerful nonetheless, and *Bethlehem Down* too; isn't this piece in danger of becoming a Warlockian chestnut? The same cannot be said of *The full heart*; this very difficult but rewardingly dramatic piece is, alongside *The curlew*, testimony to Warlock's ability to articulate mankind's cosmic desolation while celebrating its uniqueness. *The rich cavalcade*, not one of Warlock's greatest works in spite of the excellent rendition, has another

outing here; *I saw a fair maiden* (which is one of his best) is probably incapable of being sung better.

But this disc is made for me by three pieces. *All the flowers of the spring* has a relentless, inexorable quality about it. Webster's metaphysical inevitability is matched by a variety of Warlockian compositional devices – strict, imitative counterpoint and, in particular, the long, bass, pedal G that regulates the middle of the piece, techniques that in their different ways put into perspective “. . . our progress from our birth”. Spicer characterises the music as a slow processional, a journey from one indeterminate place to another; the effect is awful.

Benedicamus Domino and *As dew in Aprylle* are both markedly quicker than on the earlier recording and, as a result, are considerably improved. The former is just about as fast as the busy acoustic will allow (I'll come back to that particular aspect) and the precise homophony, an important aspect of Warlock's style as well as a statement of corporate joy, is meticulously presented. The latter is the jewel in the crown, though. While I think that its exuberance is once again restrained by the reverberation of the location (All Hallows, Gospel Oak) it skips along in an entirely appropriate manner and, in this celebration of the Virgin by Warlock the atheist, the exuberant tenor semiquavers of bars 7-8 are given full rein. After several listenings they still surprise and delight.

My only real quibble is with the reverberation. I find it excessive and the intimacy of the settings is disadvantaged as a result. The quicker, punchy pieces are in danger of losing their bite although I must say that it works well enough for the slower ones. But, all in all, this is probably the best performance of what was Warlock's natural medium that you are likely to hear. Now, Mr Spicer, can we please have the other two Webster settings and, to offset them, some of the lighter pieces too?

Brian Collins

A brass Capriol

In the last Newsletter (N° 50), Eric Crees – a member of the PWS – told us how he first encountered Warlock's *Capriol* and the circumstances in which he came to arrange it for the brass of the London Symphony Orchestra. They gave a performance of this version at the Barbican in October of last year. What we didn't know, when the Newsletter went to press, was that it would have another performance on 1st June 1993, given this time in Duke's Hall at the Royal Academy of Music by the RAM Brass Ensemble (some 20 strong), conducted by Eric Crees himself. A few of our members attended, however – and a very enjoyable and varied concert it turned out to be: the Bach *Tocatta and fugue in D minor*, Warlock's *Capriol*, Copland's *El salón México*, the *Procession of the nobles* from Rimsky-Korsakov's

Mlada and a suite from Bernstein's *West side story* – all in brass arrangements by Eric Crees.

He is a brass player himself (with the LSO) and knows very well the capabilities of the instruments for which he's writing – how to stretch them technically and to produce a wide and subtle range of tone-colours and effects. In the Newsletter, Eric Crees wrote, "If you are going to arrange a piece for another medium, first get to know it really well – but secondly, make sure that you love it, because only then will you be certain not to do it any harm." By "harm" he presumably means changing the character of the original or, perhaps, having too much of the personality of the arranger imposing itself on the music (as could be said of some of the piano transcriptions of Liszt, for example).

Certainly, in the case of *Capriol*, the character of each movement was faithfully realised in the new medium. Warlock, in the string version, had explored widely and expertly the range of textures and colours which a string orchestra offers. Crees, likewise, achieved a comparable variety with his brass ensemble. Also, as someone who knows the orchestra from the inside, he directed his highly competent players with clarity and precision. It was an exhilarating performance; and there was some fine, expressive phrasing in the two slow movements.

David Cox



Rowley rediscovered:

The life and music of Alec Rowley

by Beryl Kington – Thames Publishing 1993
ISBN 0 905210 98 0 – £9.95

When I talk to friends and colleagues about Peter Warlock, I often have to point out that, while *Capriol* may be the only piece of his that comes to their minds, it is not typical of his output. "Most of what he wrote is vocal; he never really composed anything else like this," I explain. For many of us, Alec Rowley was a name in the book of piano music we learned as children; Beryl Kington's new book means that this, too, is an attitude that must be re-learned by many.

Rowley (1892-1958) was an unrepentant Romantic destined ever to be at odds with new trends in music. This book, mainly a biography rather than a musical investigation, portrays him in a sympathetic light and bemoans the fact that he is too readily considered the composer of pedagogic work. He was on the fringe

of the Warlockian *camerata* and the book includes – inevitably, perhaps – Hal Collins's woodcut of (from left to right as below) Moeran, Ireland, AR and PW produced for *Merry-go-down*. Rowley had a broad knowledge and Beryl Kington suggests that similar characteristics possessed by Warlock appealed to the other man. But Mrs Kington is, thankfully, no Cecil Gray and so we are spared any suggestion of a split personality on Rowley's part.

The Warlock-Rowley connections go further. In an article in the *Musical Mirror* (August 1927) AR described PW as being ". . . in the forefront of modern English composers"; Rowley was the dedicatee of Warlock's *Cradle song* and, also, the recipient of a "newe carolle tewne for Cristmasse" in 1929. (This latter is reproduced in the book.) They were both products of the same age, of course, being born just a couple of years apart and the same names crop up in relation to both men – Kennedy Scott, E J Moeran, Elizabeth Poston, Rodney Bennett, John Drinkwater, etc. Furthermore, both saw virtue in simplicity and lighter music. PW, self-disparaging as ever, called his "pot-boilers" but, like Rowley, recognised that genuine sentiment need not be wrapped up in complex structures.

Apart from a handful of extracts in the illustrations section, there are no notated examples to which the text can refer and so the book becomes more of a catalogue than a critique. In a way this is equally true of the way the life is treated; it is segmented into Rowley's career as organist, piano duettist, broadcaster etc. although this does help to substantiate the diversity of his compositions. There is much piano music other than the didactic as well as songs, organ music, concertos and pieces for military band, not to mention his work on early music. There are omissions: Warlockians will be sensitive about the failure to include PW in a list of contemporary winners of Carnegie Awards, for example. And the literary style niggles from time to time as in "[Rowley] set some of the *A child's garden of verses* poems".

Although brief, Beryl Kington covers a wide variety of aspects and the book serves as an introduction to those of us from the post-war generation for whom Rowley is, largely, a twilight figure. Perhaps other researchers will develop points instigated by the author and be inspired to investigate further this important personality in early Twentieth Century British music.

Brian Collins



Poison pen

by Ronald Harwood
Royal Exchange, Manchester

Distortion of fact has always given great scope for dramatic invention, none more so than in this new play, *Poison pen*, by Ronald Harwood which opened at the Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre on Thursday, 13th May. It is said to have been inspired by the events surrounding the death of the music critic Philip Heseltine in December, 1930, although the author wishes to acknowledge the memoir of PH by Cecil Gray (Jonathan Cape, 1934). Perhaps it would be fairer to say that the play was inspired by Gray who – in many people's opinion – grossly distorted the subject of his biography.

Tom Courtenay, looking like D H Lawrence or van Gogh, plays an irascible music critic, Eric Wells, who has accused the composer Peter Goodwin of plagiarising part of the last solo of Delius's *Sea drift* in one of his songs. Rupert Grace, a music publisher played by Michael Simkins, spends a considerable part of the play attempting to mediate between the two. (As *Sea drift* is published by Boosey and Hawkes, is Grace a portrayal of their then boss, Ralph Boosey who nearly took up residence next to Warlock but felt a Mr Boosey could not live in a Tite Street?)

Our Society and address had a credit in the programme along with the complete biography from our brochure but with PW's birthdate given as 1984 instead of 1894. There are also extensive quotes from Dr Copley's book but many are references by Copley to other sources – not identified – and Robert Nichols's poem *Elegy for Philip Heseltine* is printed in full without crediting the poet. Warlock scholars will find many errors and distortions in the play; however, even if all of these had been corrected, neither the dramatic content nor the striking impact of the play would have been impeded. Warlock's music is *not* distorted for there is none. The only pieces played are an extract from Thomas Hampson's recording of *Sea drift*, conducted by Sir Charles Mackerras, and a pale, less emotional work (the alleged plagiarisation), *Shanty for a dead love*.

This song was actually written by the playwright's composer daughter, Alexandra (Master's in composition from the Juilliard) and sung by her husband, Charles Workman. The only live music is the same song performed in a very mannered way by Tom Courtenay accompanying himself at the piano. (There was more live music outside the theatre than in it; a violinist played Holst's *Jupiter* as we entered and a 'cello/double-bass duo played some Haydn as we went out.)

The action of the play takes place between Sunday 27th and Tuesday 30th December 1930 (after PW's real death) simultaneously in a basement flat in Tite Street, Chelsea, and a country cottage in Eynsford, Kent, sadly pronounced by all the cast "Eynsford" and not, as the locals say, "Aynsfud". Incidentally, the

tree and the wisteria portray a far more rural setting than the cottage really possesses.

At Tite Street we encounter Larry Rider, a gay, "resting" dancer/flatmate who is introduced to the publisher as Wells's bodyguard. We also meet two drinking companions, Peanut Coe and Conrad Leary, perfect cameos from the 1920s, who roll in from the pub opposite the flat. (In reality there was a hospital opposite; the nearest pub, *The Surprise*, was over 500 yards away in Christ Church Terrace.) The drama is cleverly heightened so that, by the interval, a life-threatening letter has been delivered and the music critic and composer are in mortal combat. Like the Theatre, trying to find itself amid the old, vast Cotton Exchange, this play becomes a psychological search for identity. Tom Courtenay portrays many contrasting aspects of character whereupon enter Juliette Smith, a former medical student who transferred to music because she "couldn't remember the symptoms"! She met the composer after sending him some of her compositions *and* a photo. The play, set in the round, then cleverly weaves a thought-provoking twist between the Eynsford and Tite Street sets from which the climax comes *via* an authentic 1930s gas oven below a meter supplied by British Gas Archives. Was your Hon. Secretary's press seat deliberately placed so embarrassingly close to them?

As Ronald Harwood's earlier play, *The dresser*, was well acclaimed and later made into a film, it was, perhaps, to be expected that a dozen or so reviews of *Poison pen* appeared in the national press but none suggested that this play had reached similar heights. Most critics had done their homework although Charles Spencer in the *Telegraph* said, "It's a poor play that sends the viewer scuttling off to his reference books for elucidation." He is one of the few to blow the gaff that Wells and Goodwin are the same person and would quite understand if Mr Harwood should send him a poison-pen letter! On the same day, Martin Hoyle (in *The Times*) was a little more tolerant but did start his piece with "Britain's second most famous Heseltine . . ." and goes on to say that the whole thing is transformed into "an egghead's Agatha Christie". Perhaps Michael Kennedy in the following *Sunday Telegraph* was one of the most knowledgeable and forthright, saying that Harwood would have done better to stick to reality; one of the reasons truth is considered to be stranger than fiction is that it is usually more interesting. He was mystified that the plot centred on the plagiarising of Delius and said, "Warlock's *Serenade* in honour of Delius's 60th birthday is more Delian than Delius, though whether one calls it plagiarism or pastiche is a moot point."

Malcolm Rudland

[Any Warlockian curious to investigate for themselves this performance and its associations with the composer will have to be disappointed. Unfortunately, the play has folded since (but not, we trust, because) this review was written – Ed.]

Cod-launch at the Cod-place



Felix Aprahamian reveals Malcolm Rudland's arrangements at the *Sea Shell* [Photo: BC]

It has always been this writer's belief that, like *Die Kunst der Fuge*, Warlock's *Cod-pieces* were, to start with anyway, written for unspecified resources even if the implication was that they were to be played on the piano with *ad lib.* whistling. There are, in fact, four movements that constitute the *Cod-pieces* proper although two of them, *Dance (pretty-pretty, with subdued lights and a bevy of punks, capering)* and *Orientele (for a Tahiti-Timbuctoo scene)* are not as successful as the pair that have become so well known through Fred Tomlinson's piano-duet arrangements, *Beethoven's binge* and *The old codger*. It is these same two movements that Malcolm has dished up for organ. The latter was arranged, first of all, by Warlock himself although that version – for a dance-band of violin, banjo, three saxophones, two trumpets, trombone, tuba and piano – does not, as far as we know, survive.

I think it was Ian Copley (but that may need correcting) who pointed out that the title of the set constitutes a multiple pun. As if to draw attention to this fact, Malcolm's versions have now been aired at a fish and chip restaurant, played on a particular instrument . . .

And very jolly the proceedings turned out to be. Ruddles had kindly donated plentiful supplies of *County* ale which, for those of us who had just emerged from a committee meeting on a warm evening, was particularly welcome. The room, the restaurant of *The Sea Shell* in Lisson Grove was peopled by folk with all sorts of Warlockian connections, however remote, including Dieter Sondersmann, a chef from the Savoy and Ralph Allwood, the precentor of Eton along with some of his students. Some of the guests were organists; Felix Aprahamian, well known both within and without the Peter Warlock Society, began his contribution to the event by expressing some doubts about the validity of such arrangements, a detail which only added to the merriment of the occasion. Also present, albeit in a non-participatory capacity, were Jennifer Bate (who is celebrated as an exponent of, among other things, the music of Olivier Messiaen) and Larry Adler (who plays a

more portable form of the instrument). Readers may have seen the television documentary about Mr Adler that was broadcast just a few weeks after this launch.

The taped performance that was heard in the course of the evening was given on an electronic organ (a Technics SX-GNS) although the arrangements are equally appropriate for other wondrous machines. Indeed, their first public outing on a pipe organ was given by Malcolm at St Stephen Walbrook, EC4, on 18th June. *Beethoven's binge* will climax Ian Curror's concert at Leeds Town Hall on 15th March next year.

During the committee meeting that preceded the launch, the editor presented Malcolm with two cartoons based on the busts (of Warlock and Rudland) that adorn the front of the published material. To these had been added speech "balloons" – what PW might be saying to MR and *vice versa*. Blank copies of these were distributed in case anyone present should feel moved to make an offering of their own. David Cox's thoughts on the matter are printed below.

Copies of these arrangements are still available, signed both by Peter Warlock (*via* a rubber stamp) and Malcolm Rudland (in his own fair hand). Those wishing to purchase an autographed copy should contact one or the other at 32a Chipperfield House, Cale Street, London, SW3 3SA. The price is £6.00 plus a contribution to the Society. Tape recordings are available from the same source at £4.00. All prices include p&p and cheques should be made payable to the PWS.

Brian Collins



INTERVIEW

Photo courtesy of The News Portsmouth



How close is Michael to Philip?

The Hon. Sec. Meets the Hon. Mem. for Henley-on-Thames

I wonder how many of you have ever been sharing your interest in Peter Warlock with someone, who, without any reference to Warlock's real name asks, "Is he related to Michael Heseltine?" It happened to me over a coffee after playing the organ for a service in a fashionable Chelsea church in August, a week before I had the opportunity to visit the President of the Board of Trade and Member of Parliament for Henley-on-Thames, Michael Heseltine himself, to find out what he thinks of "this country's second most famous Heseltine" as Martin Hoyle referred to Warlock in *The Times* on 17 May 1993 in his review of *Poison Pen* (see my review on page 9).

By chance, in September 1990, I had found myself on the same plane from Paris as Mr and Mrs Michael Heseltine and, as I managed to sidle my baggage trolley next to theirs to await the baggage delivery, I was able to ask him if anyone had ever asked him if he was related to the composer. At that time he firmly believed there was no relationship between them at all but now, after showing him some photographs of Warlock, he accepts that there are some facial similarities. However, the nearest clue

our genealogist, Keith Gould, has to linking the families is that Warlock's son, Nigel, remembers an engraved family plate marked "The Turret 1890" and the revelation that Michael's great-great grandfather, William Heseltine, lived at *The Turret*, West Heath Road, Hampstead, before his death in 1890.

After Michael Heseltine's heart attack in Venice in June, we were greatly relieved when the press gave encouraging news of his recovery so I wrote to him with these new facts, again asking if he now felt he might be related to this composer. I included the cheery and rustic references to heseltines from Beachcomber's column in the Daily Express of November 1929 (see Tomlinson: *Warlock and Blunt*, Thames 1981, pp. 20/1); a reply from his country home enclosed his family tree and confirmed that he knew that William Heseltine did live at *The Turret*, West Heath Road, Hampstead. He also mentioned that he would be interested to see a picture of Peter Warlock so, knowing I would be driving through Oxfordshire towards the Three Choirs Festival later in August, I wrote volunteering to call and show him some photos and details of our plans for Warlock's Centenary in 1994, around the place of his birth, The Savoy Hotel. He replied saying he was not a potential recruit and must now avoid taking on extra commitments but that, if I cared to phone the night before, he expected to be at home on the dates I mentioned. I phoned the Sunday night as suggested and found myself talking to the butler. I explained that Mr Heseltine said I should telephone that night, yet when he told me that I could see him for fifteen minutes at 2 o'clock, I realised it wasn't the butler!

His secretary gave me directions the following morning and, following a sign off a main road saying "to the village only", a leafy lane became more narrow and rural until, after the village, it became almost a farm track before a stone wall revealed an estate that could have been mistaken for a fashionable girls' boarding school. I had advised him my presence would be heralded by a green, 1968 Morris 1000 Traveller and, upon the allotted hour, I was received at the main entrance by a very relaxed Mr Heseltine himself. He was having coffee with his wife Anne to whom I was introduced - and with whom I was also able to share a coffee - before he took his daily convalescent afternoon rest. He showed no signs of illness and, upon enquiring of his health, he said he was going to be alright. Both he and his wife were interested in Keith Gould's family tree, to which had been added details from the last three censuses made public after 100 years since his own was prepared.

When I opened the Cecil Gray book at photo pages in which I had inserted the comparable newspaper photo as shown above, from the time he nearly became prime minister, he did agree that there were family resemblances. He even went to find his family photo-album to show me some pictures of his father which again revealed more similarities in the eyes and nose. I offered him the cassette of extracts of

Warlock's music, prepared with the centenary appeal-letter; he sadly regretted he isn't musical, but his wife said she would like to hear them and thought she may find the music very familiar. She said her mother had been very musical.

After half an hour he showed no signs of tiredness and, as I prepared to leave, I mentioned we may find ourselves working together in October as I had been booked to play the organ at the Conservative Party Congress in Blackpool. When I mentioned that I had been asked to play *The Teddy Bear's Picnic* for Edward Heath's entrance at the Women's Conservative Party Congress in 1974, Mr Heseltine told me that that was his father's favourite tune. I then shared various musical suggestions to introduce his come-back speech the press had been heralding. Anne was still hoping he wouldn't speak although he was amused at all my suggestions and laughed the most when he saw the music for *Lulu's back in town*.

MALCOLM RUDLAND

(Keith Gould is hoping to prepare a narrative Warlock family tree for the proposed Centenary Tribute to be published next year. Maybe this will link Michael or Philip, or both, to the pupil of John Blow, James Heseltine (1692-1763) who was elected organist of Durham Cathedral in 1711 and remained in that post until his death 52 years later.)

PUBLICATIONS

From Thames Publishing

The material to be included in volumes 9-11 of the PWS complete edition has now been decided as follows:

Volume 9 - Songs with string quartet

As ever I saw
The fairest may
My lady is a pretty one
Sleep
My little sweet darling
Take o take those lips away
My gostly fader
Mourn no moe

Volume 10 - vocal chamber music

The curlew
Sorrow's lullaby
Corpus Christi

Volume 11 - In orchestral setting

Three carols
A sad song/Pretty ring time
Serenade
An old song



There will, naturally, be more information about publication dates, price *etc.* in due course.

As part of the Centenary celebrations, Thames is intending to produce a symposium that deals with a variety of aspects of PW and his work. Several writers have been approached and the editor will be David Cox. As this Newsletter goes to press, the content of the book is not finalised nor, indeed, is its appearance guaranteed but, subject to the deliberations of the PWS committee, it should be published during 1994. John Bishop is confident that he will be able to produce it one way or another. This Centenary tribute is just one of several possible projects for next year.

All the solo songs are now in print and available from Thames Publishing; they constitute the first eight volumes of the complete edition. Members will shortly receive a mailing from John Bishop with full details of these so that they can catch up on any volumes they have missed.

CENTENARY

Many potential events to mark the Centenary Year have been considered and investigated by the PWS committee. It will meet again on 30th October to complete its deliberations regarding what is practical and/or financially viable.

Obviously, for this reason, it is impossible to say precisely at this stage what is going to happen although, in certain cases, preparation is at an advanced stage and there is a strong chance that they will happen. Next year's AGM is a case in point. The venue will be Eton College, PW's *alma mater*, and the date will be Sunday, April 24th. Please mark your diaries accordingly. It is intended that the day begin with a service in the College chapel for those who wish to attend followed by an opportunity to look around the school. Lunch will be available (but no costings are yet available) and, after the meeting proper, a concert will take place.

The Birthday Concert itself is planned for Sunday, October 30th - the correct date - at a prestigious venue in London. The same day will also witness a celebratory meal but whether this turns out to be a lunch or a supper is not determined. The location for this is expected to be the Savoy Hotel, Warlock's birthplace. More activities are also proposed to take place over this weekend.

The meeting at the end of the month will also examine the possibility of excursions to places of Warlockian interest and discussion of a proposal by a television company to make a record of the year. Should these materialise, members of the Society will, of course, be informed.

NEWSBRIEFS

Barry Smith reports that the typescript of his new biography of PW is now with the OUP and that the projected publication date is May 1994. He promises, among other things, some new photographs and that "material pertaining to the inquest held after Philip's death . . . has thrown some new light on what actually took place".

Professor Ian Parrott is also compiling a book on Warlock, shorter than Barry's but growing the while. Triggered by Nigel Heseltine's *Capriol for mother*, it includes, *inter alia*, material relating to Warlock and Wales, various aspects of his family life, his likes and dislikes, influences on his personality and Bernard van Dieren. More details will be announced in due course. A short article on the forthcoming book appeared in the *Western Mail* of 5th July. Members who live in the HTV region may have seen Ian in *On the road with Elinor* on Tuesday, 7th September.

The book includes a section intriguingly entitled *Suicide, accident or — murder?* This is also the title of a talk to be given by Professor Parrott next year in Worcester (16th April, Friends' Meeting House, 2.30 p.m.) and Bristol (28th May, Music Club Room, Clifton, 2.15 p.m.). Other talks on *Vaughan Williams, Delius and Walt Whitman* (with Mr W Thomas, 6th January, Community Centre, Croesyceiliog, Cwmbran, 9.30 a.m.), *Cyril Scott and his piano music* (18th April, Leicester Recorded Music Society 7.30 p.m. — Tel. Alan Smith 0533 884403 for venue) and *Peter Warlock and his family in Wales* (8-11 July; 2 sessions in *Music, poetry and sculpture* at Gregynog, Powys) are also planned.

Malcolm Rudland played the piano version of *Milkmaids* to the Conservative Women's Congress on 4th June. As we go to press he is off to Blackpool for the Conservative Party Conference; what will he play? Malcolm is also scheduled to conduct the Symonds Strings in performances of *Capriol* and the *Serenade*, on 24th November in the New Hall, Winchester College at 7.30 p.m. Admission is £4/£2.

From the USA, Bill Marsh informs us that PWS member Bob Beckhard is to address the Philadelphia Branch of the Delius Society on 10th October. This is very soon after the proposed mailing date for this issue and so it is unlikely that this information can reach anybody unaware of it (on either side of the pond) in time to attend but it will be held at 1215 West Montgomery Avenue, Rosemont, PA 19010 (215 527-3793) the residence of Michael Stairs. Bob will talk about Warlock and Delius and some discussion of the Heseltine-Delius correspondence is expected too. Taped extracts to accompany the talk but live performances will follow. These will be *Capriol* (4 hands), the *Folk-song preludes*, *On hearing the first cuckoo in spring*, *A Christmas homage to Bernard van Dieren*, the *Pavane* and *Pieds-en l'air* from *Capriol* (arr. Thiman), the *Valses: Rêves d'Isolde* and

two *Codpieces* (arr. Tomlinson). The artists will be Doug Tester (piano) and Michael Stairs (piano and organ). Bill also intends to include the Szigeti arrangements of *Capriol* movements in a future programme (but see the Letters section overleaf for more information on these).

David Cox has received a letter from John Drummond with important news about next year's BBC Promenade Concerts. In the year that marks the hundredth anniversary of Warlock's birth, the BBC Concert Orchestra under Barry Wordsworth will perform the full-orchestra version of *Capriol* in the 100th Proms season although the precise date is not yet known. Watch (as they say) this space.

And there is more good news relating to 1994. The Foundation for Sport and the Arts has made a donation of £5000 towards the programme for the Centenary celebrations. This must be spent "to assist the programme of concerts". The PWS committee is meeting twice in October (2nd and 30th) to complete arrangements for the Centenary year so it is, perhaps, inappropriate to say too much before decisions have been made but a stimulating series of events is in prospect.

The annual Birthday Concert is hosted this year by the Welsh College of Music and Drama in Cardiff. Publication of this Newsletter is close to the start of the new academic year and the programme had not been finalised as we went to press but it will certainly include the string version of *Capriol* and the *Folk-song preludes*. The concert is in the Sir Geraint Evans Room on 29th October and starts at 1.05 p.m.

Curwen have reprinted the arrangement of *Capriol* by Maurice Jacobson for piano solo. Additionally, Cramer now offers Jerry Lanning's arrangement for the same instrument. Certain passages are more pianistic but the engraving and page-turns are less effective than in the other. Both cost £3.50.

And, while we're on the subject, *Capriol* was featured by the Dutch Youth String Orchestra at five British concerts during July. The conductor, it seems, thought that *Pieds-en-l'air* involved lying on one's back to dance . . .

And an apology

Unfortunately, one or two errors crept into the report of the British Music Society voice finals that appeared in the last issue. This resulted from misunderstandings rather than a deliberate attempt to deceive but we're happy to put the record straight. In addition to Dame Janet Baker and Brian Rayner Cook, Professor Stephen Banfield was also an adjudicator; Alison Buchanan and Wen-Hao Tsai were joint first-prize winners while Elizabeth Stephens, a student at the Welsh College of Music and Drama, was placed third. All three singers performed at the King's Lynn Festival on 18th July; the joint winners also gave a recital at the Cheltenham Festival on 12th July.

LETTER

Correspondence has been a bit thin this time round, perhaps because of the change of editorship and members' uncertainty about where to send their letters. However, Bill Marsh's information from the States managed to find its way to Melton Mowbray after a short stopover *chez* David Cox. Further to the information given above, this additional material arrived by a later letter:

.. by a miracle we got archival copies of the Szigeti Arrangements of Capriol from Carl Fischer in New York. Fred's Handbook is inaccurate on these. Szigeti did not arrange the entire Capriol. In 1937 Fischer published violin/piano (B2451) and 2 violins/piano (B2422) [versions of] the three movements Basse-danse, Pavane and Mattachins. The dedication reads, "To Jelly d'Aranyi and Adila Fachiri." In 1939 came a separate, single violin/piano arrangement of Pieds-en-l'air (B2483). The dedication here is "To Fritz Kreisler".

Fischer did not have the 1-violin version of the original three movements but the piano part for the 2-violin version is the same and, in fact, has the single violin part above the piano score.

So, in fact, we have everything now. Szigeti recorded the original three movements on 78 (Columbia N° 17074-D). This has been reissued on CD – The art of Joseph Szigeti Vol. II, Biddulph LAB 007-8 – which has no notes whatsoever on the Warlock. Very shabby; not even a reference to the original Columbia 78. Bob Beckhard found the original Fischer sales blurb in the "Warlock" clipping file in the New York Library's music division.

I think Davyd Booth will do these arrangements next spring and also David Cox's A Warlock suite. That could be a US premiere. I also have the clarinet version.

Bill Marsh



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Copy dates

This issue of the Newsletter is a little later than usual although there's nothing sinister about that. In future, it is intended that the Newsletter appear in early March and September with copy-deadlines being, consequently, the ends of February and August respectively. However, early receipt of material would be appreciated so that the layout and content of each issue can be assessed in good time.

Stop Press

Committee members watched a video of Malcolm Rudland playing *The old codger* in Hungary to a fascinated audience; the two-piano version was a joint performance with István Lántos.