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The Peter Warlock Society

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EDITORIAL

An extraordinary year

It is difficult to know where to begin. It started in Cape Town, I suppose, on 1st January and has been kept rolling ever since by Society members, their friends and colleagues, individuals and organisations. The name of Peter Warlock has been spread far and wide and it is inevitable that, in the process, many folk who had never heard of him or had only a limited knowledge of his output have been enlightened. The big events in London, Didbrook, Wales and elsewhere – the “official” happenings, as it were, have been important, of course, but it has been particularly gratifying to hear of performances given through music societies and the like right through the country and, indeed, the World. Nor is it fully over in this respect for BBC Radio 3 will recognise Warlock and his friend, E J Moeran, as joint *Composers of the week* in the run-up to Christmas. Both composers have had their respective centenaries marked in 1994 and the series of programmes is closer to Moeran’s birthday than Warlock’s but this is not a quibble. Their music deserves far more exposure than it is given. More details of performances are inside.

The Centenary Year has been about the celebration of a life but, as this issue goes out close to the anniversary of Warlock’s death, it is difficult to put to one side the events of 16-17th December 1930. By chance, three articles have been submitted to this edition of the Newsletter that deal, directly or otherwise, with these events: Denis ApIvor has written a new appraisal of Warlock’s mental state but also proposes a not unreasonable conjecture about how he could have met his death; John Mitchell raises questions about the circumstances surrounding that death; and, in a lighter vein, Felix Aprahamian considers what happened to that cat which, for whatever reason, was spared its master’s fate.

Publications

In the very first Peter Warlock Society Newsletter, the Vice-President, Sir Arthur Bliss, said that he saw an aim of the PWS as “. . . restraining publishers from letting [the songs] go out of print. In this Centenary Year, the name of Peter Warlock has been promoted in articles, books, concerts and broadcasts throughout Britain and the World. As Ian Parrott writes on p. 18, the interests of individual members are diverse. Some are singers or performers in other fields; some are musicologists, writers or those whose interests are otherwise academic; many – most? – are “enthusiastic amateurs” who simply love the music. All share an emotional identification with the music of Peter Warlock and have, no doubt, revelled in the year’s activities.

But performances require scores and Sir Arthur’s imprecation takes on a whole new importance in the context of this year past. It is a powerful boast when a society devoted to one who, rightly or wrongly, is considered a minor composer can say that all his music is in print. John Bishop of Thames Publishing is to be commended for making readily accessible so much that was becoming difficult to obtain. Regular readers will know that all of the solo-songs have been on sale for some time; editions of the earlier volumes which had sold out have been reprinted (with corrections where appropriate) and the choral material is now systematically following on. Your Society has put forward some of the money to enable this to happen so your local music-shop should have no excuse for not stocking it or getting it for you; please go out and buy it!

This edition goes out very close to the festive season. I can’t recall one that has done so before but I hope that this issue reaches you in time for it and that it proves to be a pleasant time.

Brian Collins

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Peter Warlock Society

Centenary Accounts as at 8 December 1994

Income		Expenditure		Profit	Loss
<i>Warlock in Didbrook</i>	£536	<i>Warlock in Didbrook</i>	£399	£137	
Gregynog weekend	£270	Gregynog weekend	£270		
<i>At the Fox Inn at Catford</i>	£24	<i>At the Fox Inn at Catford</i>	£24		
Hampshire jaunt	£85	Hampshire jaunt	£507		£422
<i>At the Fox Inn at Cheltenham</i>	£900	<i>At the Fox Inn at Cheltenham</i>	£900		
<i>Warlock in Chelsea lecture</i>	£39	<i>Warlock in Chelsea lecture</i>	£78		£39
<i>In Youth is Pleasure at St Giles</i>	£57	<i>In Youth is Pleasure at St Giles</i>	£57		
Chelsea crawl	£142	Chelsea crawl	£139	£3	
Song competition	£1,750	Song competition	£1,750		
Savoy luncheon (see below)	£6,892	Savoy luncheon (see below)	£6,854	£38	
Savoy concert (see below)	£11,522	Savoy concert (see below)	£12,717		£1,195
Members donations	£6,128	Publishing	£3,500		
Esmée Fairburn Charitable Trust	£2,000	<i>A Warlock Celebration,</i>			
Rab Noolas	£2,267	<i>Vols 4/5 Choral Music,</i>			
Worshipful Company of Musicians	£250	<i>Vocal Score of The Curlew</i>			
Daily Mail	£200	Centenary publicity	£3,629		
Lord Harewood	£200	Centenary expenses	£3,871		
John Ireland Trust	£150	Hire library	£195		
Total	£33,412	Total	£34,890	£178	£1,656

Deficit £1,478

If any members felt they could offer ideas towards, or contribute to, the reduction of this deficit, we would be pleased to hear from them.

Savoy luncheon

D'Oyly Carte Trust	£1,000	Savoy Chapel Choir	£500
Ticket sales	£5,665	Globe Court Dancers	£200
Sales of excess wine	£227	Wine and Beer	£637
		Savoy luncheon costs	£5,502
		Piano tuning	£15
Total	£6,892	Total	£6,854
Profit	£38		

Savoy concert

Foundation for Sport & Arts	£5,000	Hire of Theatre	£2,152
RVW Trust	£2,500	Oxford Orchestra da Camera	£2,500
City of Westminster Arts Council	£1,000	Finzi Singers	£2,000
London Arts Board	£500	Soloists and string quartet	£2,840
Members donations	£700	Stage Director	£100
		Piano tuning	£15
Ticket sales	£1,672	Programme setting & printing	£814
Programme sales	£150	Concert publicity	£1,100
		Concert expenses	£1,196
Total	£11,522	Total	£12,717
Loss	£1,195		

ARTICLES

A signpost at a fork o' the road

A comment on the psychology of Peter Warlock

It is now over a decade since I was given the opportunity to discuss at some length the psychology of Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock).¹ There was always at the root of this a desire, in some quarters, for answers; some were prurient, some mischievous, some legitimate, as to why this composer of genius should have behaved unpredictably, unconventionally and, perhaps, have ended his own life in December 1930 at the early age of 36. In trying to answer questions of this sort I bore in mind a more important aspect of the matter which was, to me, the analysis – of a Jungian type – of an extraordinary dream-fantasy in the shape of an early poem, printed by Cecil Gray (1934) in the main text of his *Memoir*.² As a self-revelation, free of conjecture, this evidence (from the unconscious of Philip himself) is so important that I must refer to it before asking myself whether I have really anything to add in the light of two remarkable books, among others, published in the last two years – Barry Smith's detailed and accurate biography and Nigel Heseltine's wildly inaccurate but moving saga of Philip's alleged relations with his mother and, to a limited extent, with himself.

In *précis* form, therefore, the dream can be described as an expiation, a crucifixion, a blood sacrifice for a hideous crime against a woman of murder and violation. Up on the down-land the crucified Heseltine is taunted by two almost "classical", analytic figures: a dancing-girl "anima" is the slain woman revived; and a Shadow-"archetype" is a black man who boasts that no-one has so black a face. Suddenly, in a very Heseltinian gesture, the crucified man exclaims, "Cripes, I'm no Jesus or Judas Iscariot expiating humanity. Down with the bloody frame!" And, with a leap, he's off with the girl, the black and the wind and the rain. It may be for a party or to "go thieving" but, in the next stanza, to do just what he did in his short life:

Now for the rest of time
We'll wander over
Open country, lie in fields of
Sainfoin and clover,
And sing ourselves to fame.

In the face of this sort of revelation, conjectures about Philip's "make-up" are really superfluous. Was Cecil Gray correct to dwell on his cyclothymic-like or "double" personality which heads, if unchecked, towards the psychotic realms of manic-depressive illness? Was he a perfectly normal man of great artistic sensibility who simply lapsed at times into moods of deep melancholy and depression? Was his violence of behaviour capable of verging on the pathological as in Aldous Huxley's gratuitously objectionable portrait of Coleman in *Antic hay*?

If one looks at the dream-poem again, the answers to all these questions will be found without invoking

either the opinions of others or misdirected hostility towards his contemporaries (such as van Dieren or Delius) who might be held responsible. In the psychology of the "man on the cross" is the deepest sensibility, responsibility and guilt. He knows that, if you violate women, you must pay with a mortal sentence. Set against this total sense of morality is a realisation that neither he – nor anyone else – has to "pay" for anything. At the time of Philip's dream, a million men were being sacrificed for the shallow mores of King and Country. The gesture of leaping from the cross is angry, determined and constructive. But he is anxious to join his resurrected woman who can show him a good time and the black man who can show him a dark one; and the wind and the rain, those fine vagabonds, will take him, whip him and lash him into nature's own dance, free of false guilt and propitiation. His sin is forgotten. This is the man to whom Delius was to dedicate his Dowson words: "Gone with the wind/Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng". But this is also no idle boast. There may be vagabondry on the way but the object of the quest – "to sing ourselves to fame" – is one which the dreamer intended to carry out even if it meant dying like a dog.³

To return, therefore, to the question posed earlier: are there further answers to be gained, in the light of the two recent Heseltine biographies, about his motives and mental make-up? Probably not, although both books will make advisable reading for such a specialised study. The detail of the actual facts of Philip's life are essential for any true insight.⁴ Despite any reservations towards the Nigel Heseltine biography,⁵ we do find here revealed something not touched on in the *Memoir* either by Gray or other friends – a precise documentation of a trauma that combines grasping mother-love in what almost amounts to a single-parent situation with unremitting hostility to any part of Philip's dearest ambitions for his musical development (which seemed to transgress her narrow, Victorian-Edwardian, upper middle-class, social ambitions. In the dream, the dreamer-poet leaps down from the cross on which he has been strapped like an instrument of torment. The sense of escaping and of freedom to everyone and everything that most represents insouciance, bohemianism and the ability to travel with the wind and rain is almost overpowering in its emotional impact. And equated with "freedom" is that extraordinary business of "singing oneself to fame". Only in the light of Nigel's *Capriol for mother* is the extent of this leap to freedom now quite appreciable. For some years in his mother's widowhood and at his most vulnerable, the child Heseltine had undoubtedly had to comfort and propitiate for the hideous fact of the death of Edith's husband and his father, Arnold. This fact had initiated a bond of infancy, a sort of "furry bunny" relationship, which even held him in chains when he had most desperately begged his freedom to act, to be supported by more than pittances and damnation-with-faint-praise or outright disapproval.

Moving beyond the dream and its desperate sense of

escape, one might at this point initiate a line of approach to Heseltine which has only been clarified by Nigel's book: there are two or three episodes in Gray's (1934) narrative suggesting, on more than one occasion, what he terms a "façade of eccentricity". At one point he speaks of Heseltine's capacity to boast of his wicked exploits of drink or drugs as though he had loads of these on tap – which, in fact, was not true. This new aspect, also of Jungian "respectability" – the Trickster, the poseur, the mountebank – is one which much more closely than the other archetypes suggests a childlike influence or connection. One might indeed be pardoned for suggesting that some of his public behaviour at times implied an infantility, a "spoiled-brat" temperament, since it was so different from the usual conduct of developed men who, when angered and frustrated, restrain their feelings so that quarrels and ill-feeling may not be revealed or do untold damage. Philip instead sent bellows to critics or wrote limericks to composers and threatening letters to solicitors. And it is this belligerence combined with such unusual charm and friendliness that led to much of the talk of *doppelgänger* and the cyclothymic. It led Stuart Wilson to the ridiculous appellation⁶ of "The one person I ever knew who was wholly evil" as opposed to Arthur Hutchings's description of him as "the only perfect 'gentleman' I ever knew".⁷

I have already commented on at least one occasion in the columns of the Newsletter on Edward Clark's views (among those of others) on the unusual quality of Philip's drinking which he regarded as something of a façade. Some of this is substantiated by Gray who was a serious alcoholic. It was also stated to me by Frida van Dieren, who would not include Philip in the same league as Gray and others. At the end of his life, the post-mortem examination was extraordinarily exonerative, finding him free of chronic or even acute alcoholism.⁸ I would like, therefore, to give much more stress to what could be called Philip's "arrested infantilism" and capacity for "acting a part" – sometimes a deadly serious one – than had been obvious before the recent literary emanation of his son Nigel.

Cecil Gray, who was no fool in spite of the imprecations of Grainger, Nigel Heseltine and some others,⁹ may not have had access to any psycho-analytic interpretation of Heseltine's conduct. But he followed the "Trickster" aspect of his character by another route, divining correctly the "harlequin" or mountebank aspect of the "Warlock" façade at the point where it had left the fields of sainfoin and clover and ended up in the village square of Eynsford. To trace the innocent joker to the lugubrious, 12th-century association with spirits of the dead is not helpful to Heseltine who either was a Trickster or not. One cannot be a demon and the puppet-master trying to frighten the children at the same time. The very British inclination is to feel everyone should be "paid out" for everything; and if you play with fire, play at acting in horror-films, even play at writing jolly songs, you will ruin your true character and end up as an arsonist, Peter Cushing's unstoppable double or the

composer of "My old man said, 'Follow the van'"! Unfortunately, Philip Heseltine ended up dead and that takes a bit of explaining. Even in that matter he may have been the victim of a Trickster greater than himself, although here we are back with conjecture.

In the last days of his life, either by a reversion to his early sacrificial sense of inadequacy and guilt, or as a reactionary psychological state to severe circumstances – national and financial collapse; personal hardship and exclusion from musical jobs; love difficulties; and, worst of all, a sense of reaching the end of an era in his early, lyric stage of composition – Heseltine had undoubtedly entered a state of dangerous depression and his thoughts were on death and dying. Worse, the guilt which had prompted his poignant poetic fantasy of blood-sacrifice years ago up on the moors, like the man of the Yew, like Christ himself, had surfaced in relation to his treatment of his long-time friend Winifred Baker. Superficially dull and unattractive, she had been a comfort to him over the years and showed by her few words after his death that she probably had a closer empathy with him than any other person he knew. Heseltine's implication in his letter to Winifred, written in June 1930, was that he "deserved" to die. A wretched event in the interim was the collapse of his dearest plans for the production of van Dieren's opera *The tailor*. Given these facts and others of a depressing nature, we must assume that Heseltine was, from then on, a potential suicide and simply proceeded to this end in due course in the December of 1930. At least, this has been my belief in the absence of clear evidence to the contrary.

In the aftermath of Barry Smith's biography and after some painful cogitations which, as Eliot wrote, ". . . still amaze/The troubled midnight and the noon's repose",¹⁰ I begin to experience nagging doubts about the final hours of Heseltine. These are centred on two matters which have not attracted a lot of attention but will not go away. The presence of an invalid, unwitnessed will in favour of Winifred implies an intent, however depressed one might be, to validate it before committing the fatal act. And all cat-lovers know just how it feels to be dragged out of bed in a half-asleep, exhausted condition, to put a hungry and desperate cat out at almost seven o'clock on a cold December morning; much has been made of the locked room but I certainly don't sleep with my door unlocked and windows open in such circumstances. It could be that it was at this point that the Trickster, death, pulled his last fatuity: in slumping back to bed cold, unsteady and only half awake, Heseltine caught with his foot or his bedclothes the unsafe gas-tap. It put an end, prematurely, to a life which had become increasingly irksome.

Postscript

Following the completion of this short essay on the psychology of Philip Heseltine, I was increasingly uneasy about the inadequacy of the analysis of his mental state before, so to speak, his "descent from the cross". I think, perhaps, it might require as long a

As explained above, his obsession in his last agonised days was that he had "slain" his proxy-mother, the plain, homely and loving Winifred Baker, and should die for it.

Denis Aplvor

Notes

- 1 Denis Aplvor: "Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine): a psychological study", *The Music Review* vol. 46 no. 2 (1985).
- 2 Cecil Gray: *Peter Warlock: a memoir of Philip Heseltine*, Cape, 1934, pp. 146-148.
- 3 *ibid* p. 50.
- 4 As in Barry Smith: *Peter Warlock: the life of Philip Heseltine*, OUP, 1994.
- 5 Nigel Heseltine: *Capriol for mother*, Thames Publishing, 1992.
- 6 Quoted by Eric Fenby ("Warlock as I knew him" in David Cox/John Bishop (eds.): *Peter Warlock: a centenary celebration*, Thames Publishing, 1994 p.29.
- 7 Arthur Hutchings: "Warlock and a Tite Street party", *ibid.* p. 57.
- 8 Barry Smith: "The mystery of Philip Heseltine's death", *ibid.* pp. 72, 82.
- 9 a) Robert Beckhard quotes a letter to himself from Percy Grainger, deleterious to Gray ("Notes from an American . . .", *ibid.* p. 202.)
- b) See also Nigel Heseltine *op. cit. passim.*
- 10 T S Eliot: *La figlia che piange*
- 11 Dylan Thomas: *Fern Hill*

Was Warlock frightened of the double bass?

Peter Warlock writes for the double bass in a somewhat peculiar if not actually reluctant way. Take, for example, *Capriol* (in the version for string orchestra). The first movement, *Basse-danse*, might as well have no double bass at all until the final, fortissimo section. The bottom line timidly copies the cello, much of it at the unison. It looks as if Warlock wishes to avoid using it whenever possible (Ex. 1).

For the *Pavane*, the composer must have presumed that it was too heavy for his type of texture. He drags it in halfway through when he had decided to give the melody to the cellos and, even here, it lies absurdly high (Ex. 2).

The idea of dividing cellos occurs to him too late and only for the rhythmic coda. The same oddly high notes can be seen in *Tordion*, playing rather like a second cello. The first really effective writing for the instrument is in the final bar but the note has to be marked with four p's.

In *Bransles*, the double bass acts mainly as an extension downwards of the cello part, merely going below the cello's bottom note when required.

Ex. 1

Significantly, for the delicate texture of *Pieds-en-l'air* he writes "Contrabassi tacent" and, even in the version for full orchestra, decides to omit them.

The only note in *Mattachins* which is not merely a

Ex. 2

duplication of the lowest cello-note is the deep F which dominates the last bars of the movement. If Warlock had been an orchestral genius of Wagnerian stature, one might have supposed that he was saving up for a hefty ending but one rather doubts it.

There are traces of his idiomatic, unison doubling in the earlier *An old song* (1917-23) but this work is much more competently managed, as one would expect from a student of Delius scores (bearing in mind that Delius, too, was becoming sparing in the use of the double bass. By the time of the *Serenade from Hassan* (1923) Delius is, in fact, using the instrument only when the cellos cannot go any further. This is a withdrawal from the opulence of his earlier works. Strange though it may seem, Warlock consequently lost interest in the orchestra, perhaps as a consequence of the influence of "early music". Did he find the full orchestra too large? And was the double bass too heavy?

Warlock enjoyed conducting an orchestra no more than he did writing for one. Late in 1929 he wrote to Colin Taylor that he made his "first and last appearance as a conductor, when *Capriol* will be given at the Proms. What a farce this silly 'conducted by the composer' fetish is! One feels that one is merely stuck up at the desk to make the audience laugh, as though one were a dancing bear or something . . .". Being "dressed up" reminded him pointedly of his upper-class family and might well have added to his misery. Since, according to Elizabeth Poston, he was wearing fat Constant Lambert's trousers and thin John Ireland's tailcoat, one cannot be too surprised at his discomfort. To the *Evening News* the next year he pertinently asked, "Why should I conduct because I'm the composer?"¹

The so-called "full orchestra" version of *Capriol* suggests the action of a reluctant orchestrator. It is certainly not as "full" as those of contemporaries such as Strauss, Ravel and Puccini, being for 2222 2231 and strings. (Incidentally, he had heard the first performance in London of Puccini's most lavishly scored *La fanciulla del West* in May 1911 and criticised it but for the use of the whole-tone scale.)² In the "full" *Capriol*, no timpani or percussion is used except that, as an afterthought, he adds to Pavane "side-drum without snares" (to be played with timpani sticks) which clearly suggests a tabor. It appears that he carried out this chore, much as he had done with the orchestration of the *Three carols*, not because he felt the need himself but in response to a request. The double bass part is much the same as it had been in the version for string orchestra but, straightaway, it is worth looking at bar 5 of *Basse-danse*. Instead of rests for a couple of bars, the double bass is added to the cellos – at the unison. This sort of thing, occurring later, does add weight, of course. There is one jolly moment during *Bransles*, during the reprise of the minor section, where the tuba jumps in to play some low notes (at the unison) with the double bass *pizzicato*. In the *Serenade* (for Frederick Delius – 1922), the double bass is given a certain independence in the very

personal, sombre, rocking passages two bars before G and, again, one bar after P, where its lack of clear-cut definition is a positive asset. Ian Copley, who points out the similarity here to motifs in *The curlew* and *Corpus Christi*, pertinently notices that, when Warlock is most himself, "the string texture is sparser, a simple quartet instrumentation sufficing".³

When, however, Copley successively describes both versions of *Capriol* as having "brilliant scoring"⁴ and being "undeniably brilliant in effect",⁵ is he being a little too indulgent? The impression given by the whole work is one of lightness in the best sense of the word, with the injunction: "Tread softly because you tread on my dreams". These words of Yeats were first set by Warlock in 1916 and we are aware of a tendency to underplay and not "let himself go" even though, shortly afterwards, he would parody Beethoven in one of his outrageous *Codpieces*, talking of "the bard unbuttoned".

Cecil Gray contended that Warlock's "deliberate avoidance of the larger forms, so far from being regarded as a fault, ought rather to be accounted to him as a positive virtue".⁶ In a letter to Bernard van Dieren of 24th January 1920 (quoted by Gray), Warlock – after thinking of some "monumental" composers in present-day England – felt he would rather spend his life "trying to achieve one book of little songs that shall have a lasting fragrance than pile up tome upon tome on the dusty shelves of the British Museum".⁷ Perhaps this explains his reluctance to use the heavier instruments in his works.

Ian Parrott

Notes

1 See Barry Smith: *Peter Warlock: the life of Philip Heseltine*, OUP, 1994, pp. 262-3.

2 Letter to his mother of 24th May 1911. BL Add. Ms. 57960.

3 Ian Copley: *The music of Peter Warlock*, Dobson, 1979, p. 233.

4 *ibid.* p. 241

5 *ibid.* p. 242

6 Cecil Gray: *Peter Warlock: a memoir of Philip Heseltine*, Cape, 1934, p. 22

7 *ibid.* p. 24

Warlock's last hours: some unanswered questions

Ever since Nigel Heseltine's speculation that his father was murdered, there has been an increasing interest in Warlock's death. Some of the circumstances surrounding it have been made significantly clearer by the publication earlier this year of the coroner's notes, the witnesses' statements to the police and details of what was in that mysterious will. All of these were miraculously saved from oblivion by the patient, persistent efforts of Dr Barry Smith. His

contribution to *Peter Warlock: a centenary celebration* (Thames, 1994 pp. 64-83) concludes by recording that we shall never know the real story. What follows here notes some of the unanswered questions. I should immediately add they do not get answered in the course of the article, but one or two personal reflections are included.

The strange affair of Frida van Dieren

I know I am not the first to notice that Frida van Dieren apparently did not make any statement to the police about her last meeting with Warlock; nor did Bernard van Dieren mention her being there in his statement. This is rather odd in that she and her husband were the last to see Warlock alive. When I discussed this with a local CID officer, he told me that now it would be usual police procedure in such a situation to take separate statements from both husband and wife. We may never have known Frida had been present on that fateful night if van Dieren had not mentioned it – almost in passing, one feels – when he was giving evidence at the inquest.

There does not appear to be a recorded explanation for this anomaly. PWS member Silvester Mazzarella has suggested that Frida van Dieren was probably very distressed by the events that occurred and Bernard may have kept quiet about her presence so as to protect her from involvement. This seems a likely explanation and is partly confirmed by the content of Robert Beckard's interview with her (see page 205 in the same book). Another possibility is that van Dieren conveyed the information to the police who advised him to say nothing about it, particularly if they thought Frida had nothing new to add. The coroner may have been told this unofficially (there is nothing in his notes about her) as, when van Dieren mentioned his wife, the coroner did not probe the matter further. He might have done if he had suddenly realised there was another potentially important witness!

One could quite justifiably ask, "Does it really matter anyway?" Well, she was also the last person to see Warlock alive, and her testimony may have been of value in that women can be more intuitive than men. It has always struck me that van Dieren's evidence was slightly tinged with ambiguity so it could have been enlightening to have had her fresh impressions of that evening recorded.

The missing 2½ hours

When somebody dies in slightly mysterious circumstances, there is a natural curiosity to know how his or her last hours were spent, in case they have any bearing on what followed. In Warlock's case, apart from the 1½ hours spent with the van Dierens, we also know from police statements that he spent the preceding afternoon and early evening with a couple of his drinking cronies. However, there is a gap of about 2½ hours when we cannot be certain about what he did and whom he saw: this is from 8pm when Barbara Peache left him until just after 10.30 when van Dieren met him in the *Duke of Wellington* public house.

There is so much here we shall never know for sure, but press reports appearing on the 18th December (the

day after Warlock's death) throw up some interesting possibilities. The *Daily Express* said, "The tragedy was a sequel to an all-night party which the composer gave to a number of his bohemian friends." Obviously this was not the case. One suspects that the reporter misconstrued the comment from Mrs Venn, who lived in the upstairs flat, that she thought a party was going on because Warlock made such a racket closing all the doors and windows. However the *Express* report goes on with something more interesting; it mentions a Mr Foster Richardson who was "one of the last to see the composer alive". He and Warlock were, it seems, discussing his compositions on 16th December (the day before Warlock died) and, later in the evening, Richardson introduced him to someone else with a view to getting some of his music recorded.

On a slightly different tack, the *Daily Mail* describes a good-looking brunette who "called at the flat last night" (meaning the 16th). She said, "A lot of us were with Mr Warlock at a party only last night. He appeared to be in good health and spirits, but of late he had been gloomy and depressed."

It would be convenient to dismiss both of the above on the grounds that they may have taken place, but not on the 16th December, i.e. the date had been muddled up. However, as those recounting it were relating something that had only happened no more than 36 hours earlier, common sense dictates that they were unlikely to have been mistaken. So whether either or both of the above occurred in that 2½ hour period is anybody's guess. The imaginative mind might consider that Warlock briefly went to a party where he met the brunette, Mr. Richardson and the man from the recording company – it is not totally impossible!

Whilst on this topic, it is necessary for the sake of completeness to consider whether Warlock left his flat following the van Dierens' departure just after midnight. This is rather a wild speculation that has never been put forward before. Warlock was fully clothed when found and could have been up and about all night. As mentioned earlier, there was a press report of an all-night party although, if it had gone on, it was clearly not held by Warlock in his own flat as implied by the report. There are quite serious objections to this, of course. Van Dieren was emphatic that he was the last person to see Warlock alive and definitely formed the impression that Warlock had not planned to see anyone else. Moreover, nothing came up, either at the inquest or in any retrospective account, to suggest otherwise.

"Copycat" suicide?

One of the more intriguing press reports of the time relates the suicides of three young men from the Arts – all friends of Warlock, or so the correspondent would have us believe. Although this was not spelt out in black and white, as the report appeared in print before the inquest, the implication is that Warlock was somehow influenced by their actions. The three in question, all found dead in their own homes in gas-filled rooms, were:

1 Frederick Atkinson, a young artist who committed suicide following a broken love-affair. Apparently, Warlock tried to cheer him up with good advice the day before this happened!

2 The novelist J Austin Small who, it would seem, spent many a convivial evening with Warlock "exchanging sympathies when things went wrong".

3 Joe Melvin, a songwriter, was described as a protégé of Warlock; his "death distressed Peter Warlock for a considerable time".

The article gives the impression that they were all close to Warlock although their names are not ones we tend to associate nowadays with his circle. As far as I can work out, the three suicides occurred close to one another (December 1928-January 1929) but almost two years in advance of Warlock's own death. My feeling is that the article made rather good copy but it would be wise to resist drawing conclusions from it.

The mystery of the "draft" will

Of the most intriguing details to have come to light recently is the content of the "draft" will. It is important to remember why it was so called; the term originates from the interpretation of its significance by the police at the time. When it was typed out the description was added at the top. Perhaps because it was written in pencil, the police assumed that Warlock intended to have the will validated at a later date.

Next, we have to ask whether Warlock had any intention of revoking the earlier, legal will of 1920 in which he left his entire estate to van Dieren. Having already made a will, admittedly ten years earlier, it is unlikely that Warlock would have forgotten the strict requirements of the Wills Act of 1837 (that wills be signed and dated in the presence of at least two witnesses). I think he was smart enough to know that the document he left had no chance of being acted upon (which it was not, of course).

There is also the question of when it was written. The obvious time is just before he died. At the inquest, one of the jurors effectively asked this question and the coroner stated that it was "on the top of his papers on the table but undated. It was, presumably, recent". I have let my solicitor have a look at the wording of both wills and he provided some interesting views. He pointed out that, as a legal document, the draft was very well put together. Very often, when persons alter their wills themselves, they merely take the original one and adapt it slightly. Comparing the two, Warlock had not done this; note, for instance, how the revoking clause is placed second in the draft whereas it appears first in the legal one. My solicitor was of the opinion that Warlock may have copied his wording from somewhere else, that is, from another person's will. DIY will kits were not available in 1930! The police do not record having found any other wills in Warlock's flat so it raises the question of whether the draft will had been written some time earlier.

Leaving aside when it was written, what is reasonably certain is that Warlock wanted this document to be seen immediately. He could have just as easily buried

it in his papers. If we discount any serious intent of leaving his estate to Winifred Baker, we are left with at least two possibilities regarding its purpose:

if the will had been written earlier, Warlock may have left it impulsively in lieu of a suicide note, which perhaps he could not quite bring himself to write. Or: was he trying to surprise/shock/annoy someone? The obvious candidate is Bernard van Dieren. That he was forever cadging off Warlock has been commented on by others. It has been suggested that Warlock may have become increasingly resentful about this and, whilst not ultimately wishing to disinherit van Dieren, the apparent change of heart the draft will displayed might have reflected this. What is also puzzling is the choice of Winifred Baker as the beneficiary. Having lived with Warlock for several years, Barbara Peache may have been a more understandable choice than the more shadowy Winifred whom Warlock saw only very occasionally. However, we now know from the police statements that Barbara Peache was going to leave Warlock and that she was helping to support him financially. We also know of the "tiny quarrel" the previous night and that Warlock, expecting her back in the morning, would reasonably assume she would be the first person to see the will. (In actual fact she did not; the police prevented her from going into the gas-filled flat before they did.) Could the will, in Winifred Baker's favour instead of hers, be Warlock's way of getting his own back? Barbara may not have known that Warlock had already made a will in 1920, well before she knew him; could she have believed the draft will was the real thing? Whatever the answer, I am certain this document will fascinate Warlockians for years to come.

A Pharmacist's View

As a retail pharmacist, I am particularly interested in the medical aspects relating to Warlock's untimely end. These are depression and alcoholism and to what extent did Warlock suffer from either of them.

Whilst ultimately accepting Barry Smith's "never knowing the real story" we can quite legitimately ask whether Warlock had a statistically higher chance than the norm of taking his own life. Some of the figures that are available merit consideration:

1. Sufferers from depression – approximately 15% lifetime risk of suicide.
2. Those addicted to alcohol – ditto. (It would be tempting to assume depressed alcoholics have a 30% lifetime risk but this may not necessarily follow!)
3. 70% of suicides are depressed at the time.

Although much of what appears here is conjectural, it is fairly certain Warlock did suffer from depressive episodes in his life. This is evidenced by his own description of "grisliness" and from the comments of those who knew him. What we do not appear to have is any confirmation he had any of the classic physical symptoms of depression (eg, loss of weight/appetite, sleep disturbances, loss of libido, etc.). One assumes he never consulted a doctor about it for, if he had done so near to his death, would that doctor not have given

evidence at the inquest? As someone who dispenses an increasing number of prescriptions for antidepressant drugs, I sometimes reflect that it is sad they were not available in Warlock's era. Whereas nowadays depression is a treatable illness, in his time there was not much the doctor could effectively prescribe for the unfortunate sufferer. Taking into account his bouts of intense creative activity, there is the question whether he was actually afflicted with bipolar depression (sometimes known as manic depression), but there is not uncommonly a familial element to this condition. Warlock's mother stated at the inquest there was no family history of "mental trouble". Nevertheless, there remains an intriguing possibility unlikely to be verified at this late stage.

Turning to the other aspect, I find it very difficult to make up my mind on whether Warlock had an alcohol problem. On the one hand it is known he did consume quite a lot at various times and, of course, some of his close friends – particularly Moeran and Lambert – eventually had problems in this direction. We should offset this by noting that the pathologist found no evidence to suggest that Warlock was a chronic alcoholic. One wonders whether he knocked back quite as much as is generally supposed!

An aspect of suicide worth comment is the association with the loss (by death) of a parent in childhood. This may be relevant as his father died when Warlock was only 2½ years old. While this would in no way imply a direct causation of suicide, it does suggest another risk factor lurking in the background. Another well recorded fact is that Warlock was often at his worst around Christmas time and various explanations of this have been put forward. Although I would not discount these, fellow pharmacist and PWS member Frank Bayford has drawn attention to a medical condition only recently recognised. This is SAD – Seasonal Affective Disorder. In this condition, the lack of daylight causes the sufferer to feel down; it may be significant that Warlock's death occurred within a week of the shortest day of the year.

It is at this point, when the writer has nothing else to say, that conclusions are usually put forward and the article is nicely rounded off. Unfortunately, a great deal of what is here is so doggedly inconclusive! I hope that, at least, it gives some food for thought, even if it provides no solutions. To end on an optimistic note, I have a sneaking suspicion that new information will continue to turn up to enable future Warlock researchers produce a clearer picture and, even, some real answers.

John Mitchell

Acknowledgements

PWS members Frank Bayford, Silvester Mazzarella, and Barry Smith for their thoughts and encouragement.

Felix Aprahamian for my being able to see at second hand copies of the contemporary press reports from his collection.

The statistics in the last section are extracted from *Persons at risk of suicide* by Prof. H Gethin Morgan & Dr John H Owen (Boots Company PLC, 1990).

My solicitor, Christopher B G Doherty, for examining the wills.

Ode to a lover of English Song

Pity the pauper, the pianist so poor,
Who suffers C major but studies C Orr.
Impending insolvency's icy constraint
Will drive him to drink; hear his doleful complaint:
"I groan to be gloating o'er genius of Gurney,
But must chide this child here who chaffs at his Czerny--
Whose flustering fingers find falsehoods and fouts,
Who calls Delius discordant, who's not heard of Howells,
Who thinks Britten's a country and Berkeley's a bank --
My protégé's quite the proverbial plank.
Oh, that the gems of J Ireland (such joy!)
Might be heard by my pupil, the un-Holy Boy.
Oh, for the wonder of Warlock, outpoured
To drown all demands of the damned Ass. Board!"

Huanebango Z Palimpsest Jnr

P Megan Pound - violin Rebecca Jones - violin W

Louise Caldwell - cor anglais Daniel Gillingwater - haritone

Brian Mullan - cello
Jane Fisher - flute
John Rayson - viola

THE CURLEW

PETER WARLOCK

BARBER INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS
UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

16th December 1994
1.00 PM
Admission free

P

Warlock in Chelsea



By kind permission of the Daughters of the Cross
The Peter Warlock Society (071-589 9595) presents

A lecture by Malcolm Rudland

with live musical illustrations and slides
depicting the colourful life in Chelsea of the celebrated
English song writer, musical editor, journalist and wit,
Peter Warlock / Philip Heseltine (1894 – 1930)

Wednesday 15 March 1995 at 7pm

**Saint Wilfrid's Convent
29 Tite Street, Chelsea,
London, SW3**

Admission by a donation to Saint Wilfrid's,
Tickets from St. Wilfrid's, 29 Tite Street, London SW3 4JX
Tel : 071-351 5339 (cheques payable to St. Wilfrid's Convent)

Warlock at The Antelope



We are pleased to announce another

Social Lunch

at the nerve centre of the Warlock Society,
a chance to meet the committee after one of their meetings,
and see the half hour HTV *Primetime* film on Warlock
as reviewed by John Amis in this Newsletter.

Saturday 11 February 1995 at 1pm

**The Antelope Tavern
Eaton Terrace, London, SW1**

Take Underground to Sloane Square.
Turn right out of the station, past the Royal Court Theatre,
turn right into Cliveden Place.
Eaton Terrace is then first left, and the tavern is on the left.

If you intend to come, please let Malcolm Rudland know
on Tel. 071-589 9595 by Wednesday 8 February

REVIEWS

Didbrook

Between that most memorable of AGMs and the great beans in the Strand which marked the 100th birthday of Our Onlie Begetter, the Peter Warlock Society's diary has been fairly crowded. Of course, one-composer societies share a basic problem: what, precisely, after acknowledging members' personal enthusiasm for Warlock by sending receipts for their subscriptions, can they be offered? To my own knowledge, several one-composer societies mooted since the last war have, by their sheer inability to offer an ongoing programme of activities, remained ineffectual. Happily, like those devoted to Peter Warlock's senior British contemporaries, Elgar and Delius, the Peter Warlock Society performs a no less valuable service to the cause of its composer. In this Warlock centenary year, songs long out of print are again available performances and recordings proliferate. Ancillary to this, it has, moreover, an enviable social side. The Didbrook jaunt was an example.

The ticket read: Warlock in Didbrook/A Warlockian Vicarage Tea-Party/Followed by a Warlock concert in Didbrook Church/and a Hungarian wine party afterwards. The explanation was: "a celebration of the centenary of the enigmatic composer, Peter Warlock, the nom-de-plume of Philip Heseltine (1894-1930) who was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, between which he was tutored by the Rev Hubert Bancroft-Allen (1856-1950) in Didbrook Vicarage".

The journey to Didbrook was remarkable in itself. Most of us came or were lifted there by car. To a onetime frequenter of the Cheltenham Music Festival, who knows the Spa well and used to stay either at Rossley Manor on the Andoversford road or at the Greenway Hotel in Shurdington, it was a surprise to find that there was, within striking distance of both Cheltenham and Broadway, such an idyllic spot as Didbrook. Leaving the A40, our route was totally unfamiliar, up hill and down dale, through barred gates that had to be unbarred then re-barred, past ruins of a thirteenth-century monastery and a succession of breathtakingly beautiful vistas. A poster greeting the cross-country travellers at one corner read WARLOCK COMING SOON, in gory red on black, before which one or two cars seemed to be coming fast in the opposite direction as if the villagers had been warned of impending doom. Eventually our destination was reached but not before I wondered how Philip Heseltine, as he still was at the time, ever got there: on horseback? Certainly not by car in 1913. Illumination dawned with the reminder that a previous PWS Newsletter (No.24, Nov. 1979), reviewing the first Didbrook jaunt, already contained information about the young Etonian's push and motorbikes. He, too, probably knew the Roman Salt Way we had taken to reach Didbrook Vicarage, where

he had lived in 1913, but without the subsequent WARLOCK IN DIDBROOK signs now guiding our drivers to the spot. I should refer to a more recent PWS Newsletter (No. 41, Sept. 1988) when Alice Wakefield wrote about a second jaunt to Didbrook in that year by the Old Salt Way along the escarpment, recalling that when Patrick Mills met the driver of the 35-seater coach of the first jaunt several years later, he still remembered it as the maddest he had ever had to drive.

There, on the vicarage lawn, gastronomic teatime delights unfolded seriatim to provide sustenance before musical pleasures in the adjoining 14th century church of St George. I see that the local *Gloucestershire Echo* announced that the music "by one of this country's finest composers" would be "sandwiched" between a tea-party at 3.30 p.m. and a wine party at 6.15 p.m.

It would not be inappropriate, I think, to mention here the practical benefactors of the party. Between a Ceylon blend of tea, selected and donated by the Savoy Hotel (where Warlock was born) and a choice of red or white wine from Hungary (where Warlock met Bartók in 1921) offered by Myliko International, the fare consisted of delicious cucumber and other sandwiches donated by Mr and Mrs Peel, who now reside in the Old Vicarage (where Warlock lived in 1913): clotted cream, fresh that morning from Trecarrel Dairies in Par, Cornwall (where Warlock stayed with the D H Lawrences in 1916 and 1917), enhanced traditional rhubarb and ginger jam from Sheepscombe Cream Teas of Snowhill. Advance research had tested all the local bakeries for Chelsea Buns (Warlock lived mostly in Chelsea), and those from Norths of Winchcombe proved the most succulent. (I happily took four home.)

Now, from oral in the garden to aural in church. By ten minutes before the concert was due to start all the pews were full and more chairs had to be fetched from the village school. The last few patrons even had to be seated on chairs outside the 15th century west door containing holes said to have been made when Lancastrian soldiers, defeated at the Battle of Tewkesbury on 4th May 1471, had fled to the church and were massacred within it. A more peaceful scene greeted us on this occasion with a wonderful decoration of late summer flowers and foliage surrounding the altar, chancel and pulpit, collected and arranged by Mrs Joan Peel. Around these were packed the String Ensemble from the Gloucestershire Academy of Music and Performing Arts, ready to play for us under Malcolm Rudland a nicely proportioned *Serenade* (To Frederick Delius on his 60th birthday). These students from the new local Saturday music School, enterprising brainchild of Caroline Lumaden, daughter of the late Tony Hewitt-Jones, a Three Choirs composer and once reputedly Mr Music of Gloucestershire, had been hijacked by our indefatigable Hon. Sec. after he had heard them perform at the Cheltenham Festivals Golden Jubilee Dinner in celebration of Peter Warlock's centenary in July. Malcolm also conducted a properly rhythmic *Capriol*. Other committee members taking part were Danny

Gillingwater (baritone) and Anthony Ingle (piano). The GAMPA String Quartet, nucleus of the String Ensemble, also accompanied mezzo-soprano and baritone songs (Suzanne Higgins, Danny Gillingwater) who also joined forces in a memorable *Corpus Christi*. Malcolm Ruffland (on piano and organ) also accompanied Gordon Honey who sang six songs from the high pulpit, including an unforgettable *Late summer* during which one of his dramatic gestures dialogued some of Mrs Peel's late summer collection on to the unsuspecting front row of the audience. For his seventh song, *Mr Belloc's fancy*, Mr Honey descended from his clerical perch saying he thought the song a little too earthy to be sung from a heavenly pulpit. Another highlight was John Amis's debut and farewell-performance as a violinist in the five-part Purcell *Fantasia* on one note. Complimented afterwards on his rendition of that one note, a local lady from the audience added, "But don't give up the day-job!"

But on a more exalted level was Jamie Wilson's lovely treble voice in *Adam lay ybounden* and the musical *tutti* achieved in *Balulalow* to which an assortment of PWS members added their humming voices. As programme-notes had been printed on all the music except *Capriol* I was asked to read the audience my notes on the suite, at which time I also mentioned my making eye-contact with Peter Warlock outside the British Museum in 1930. At the end of the concert, the once-only viola-player offered a charming vote of thanks to all who had made *Warlock in Didbrook* possible, declaring that his performance that day had determined a resolve that his first commitment in heaven would be to make eye-contact with Henry Purcell.

Felix Aprahamian

The pleasures of Gregynog

Gregynog: an ideal setting for a very memorable Warlock weekend of talks, discussions and music. In the wooded peace of the Welsh countryside, five miles from Newtown (Montgomeryshire) and eight miles from Cefn-Bryntalch (Warlock's family home), Gregynog Hall and its large estate had previously been owned by Gwendoline and Margaret Davies. These two self-effacing sisters used Gregynog Hall and their inherited wealth for patronage of the arts, including the sponsoring of annual music festivals. The full story of Gregynog between the wars and up to 1960 - when Margaret (after her sister's death) munificently presented Gregynog to become part of the University of Wales - is engagingly told by Ian Parrott in his book *The Spiritual Pilgrims*. As retired Gregynog Professor of Music, Ian Parrott, a vice-president of PWS, convened and hosted this Warlock weekend (23rd-25th September) through the extra-mural department of the University of Wales and as part of the Warlock Centenary celebrations. There were about 35 of us including the speakers and

performers. The atmosphere was pleasantly informal, with everybody mixing freely - at meals; amid the beauty of the gardens; at the bar in the basement - where, as though it were part of the natural order of things, Brian Collins at once took on the rôle of honorary barman for the weekend with what seemed like inborn expertise; and we were grateful! The house has undergone many alterations over the years. Our morning coffee and afternoon tea were served in the old dining room which, with its impressive dark oak panelling and the Blayney coat-of-arms over the fireplace, is about all that remains of the original house. (The Blayney family was long associated with the Hall - from the 1630s, if not before.)

In this setting we were comfortably accommodated and well catered for. And serious work began after supper on the Friday night in the music room (like a small concert hall), with a welcoming introduction by Ian Parrott. After this came a very detailed and well researched talk by the writer Rhian Davies on Peter Warlock's Welsh relations and life at Cefn-Bryntalch. It's good to know that the talk will be appearing in printed form: so detailed was it that to absorb everything at one hearing was impossible. Following on from this, we were able to visit Cefn-Bryntalch next morning, thanks to the present owners, Mr and Mrs E Nelson, who kindly allowed us to wander freely in and around the large family house, in the footsteps of both PH and his son Nigel.

Nigel Heseltine was due to attend the conference but was prevented at the last minute through business commitments - a considerable disappointment for us. We were hoping to hear from the horse's mouth more about family life at Cefn-Bryntalch and to ask questions. We'd have liked also to tackle him on certain matters with regard to his book *Capriol for Mother*: e.g. the surprising information that he is not the son of Puma (Minnie Channing), as we always thought, but of a Swiss girl (not clearly identified) - and this doesn't seem to tie in with an extant letter of PH to his mother written in October 1921 in which he expresses a wish to make a home for Puma and Nigel. Also, Nigel's murder hypothesis needed to be discussed in the light of the recent publication of the full text of the Coroner's inquest. And was PH really as completely in thrall to the Powers of Darkness as Nigel would have us believe?

These and other matters were in fact discussed - though it was a bit like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark - in the course of a lively debate on Saturday afternoon on the subject of "Warlock, Man and Artist" led by Felix Aprahamian who, in the morning, had given us a fresh consideration of Delius's influence on Warlock, and by Barry Smith, author of the recent Warlock biography (in which, rather strangely, the controversial issues raised by Nigel Heseltine are ignored). The following day, Barry Smith, who had come from Cape Town specially for this conference, gave a balanced and carefully considered talk on the influence of the occult on the music of Peter Warlock - avoiding with reason the

extreme and sensational aspects of the subject. The important thing was that from Warlock's extensive probings into the occult and his wide reading on the subject – a kind of Faust-like seeking after Truth – his positive views were emerging (around 1917 and 1918) about the nature of music, and (as Barry Smith says) without these experiences the composer in Philip Heseltine might never have successfully emerged.

Later in the day, Dr Lyn Davies of the University of Wales gave an illustrated talk on *The curlew*, which amounted to some fresh, detailed analysis and something of an original and thought-provoking view of the work. Not for us the whole picture, however. A longer, more detailed version of his analysis is to appear in print before long, we were told. [Dr Davies has kindly offered to send me details and these will appear in a future Newsletter – Ed.] The concert on the Saturday was given by Dr David Evans (tenor) of the University of Wales, Ian Parrott (piano and piano-duet) and Malcolm Rudland (organ and piano-duet). Twelve songs, wide-ranging in style, from Warlock's main composing-places (Wales, Chelsea, Eynsford) were interspersed with two of the *Folk-song preludes* for piano and *Capriol* in an oddly mixed version for piano-duet and organ. Why did we not have Warlock's original, piano-duet version unadulterated? The concert ended lightheartedly with Malcolm's organ arrangement of two of the inevitable *Codpieces* – or *Cabillauds* (as enshrined in the menu of the Savoy Lunch!). There was also the opportunity during the weekend to visit Dylife (20 miles away) and to see – as PH described it – “a magnificent waterfall 130 feet high, from the overhanging crag on the edge of a terrific and gloomy gorge which should always be seen towards evening . . .”

The Gregynog conference was Ian Parrott's idea and a repeat would be well worth considering. What better way for members of the Society to meet, get to know each other, and discuss the life and work of Warlock?

David Cox

Hampshire revisited

It turned out to be an elemental day, a quality that became evident from the start for, as we assembled by Victoria Station to await our transport, guests at a neighbouring hotel were evacuated because of a FIRE.

We were a mixed bunch: musicians from the Guildhall mingled with Warlockians from both sides of the pond. The weather was never going to be kind to us and WATER would be much in evidence. This was particularly true of our visit to Godalming where the Guildhall Brass Ensemble performed the *Pavane* and *Pieds-en-l'air* (from Eric Crees's arrangement of *Capriol*) within PW's earshot but under a tree rather than around the grave. In fact, Warlock in his grave was dry while all around were wet, a reversal of what we are told was usually the case. However, our

journey to Godalming was blessed by a magnificent rainbow, a mark of the Lawrencian connection, perhaps, and we were again grateful for the hospitality of Mr and Mrs Urquhart.

Thereafter to *The Bat and Ball* at Hambledon for lunch and frolics. The bar cleared somewhat when the rehearsals began but there was curiosity too over our renditions of the drinking songs. After we'd eaten, we relocated to the famous, historic cricket ground opposite the pub to perform *The cricketers of Hambledon, etc.* and, thereby, re-enact what was on those tapes the BBC lost! In fact, the sun briefly returned to Broadha'penny but so, too, did the wet stuff Rain certainly stopped play demanding a sudden dive into the pav. wherein the instrumentalists improvised *Raindrops keep falling on my head*. There wasn't much room in there so it was a jam-session in more senses than one. And the sign above the door said, “Scorers” but nobody was writing it down.

The rain did hold off long enough for a complete *Capriol* although Philip's cup was long overful. But just as *The old codger* was about to reveal himself, there was an enormous movement of the AIR and parts scattered. Wind defied wind a second time before a performance could take place – was someone out there trying to tell us something? Humans had to metamorphose into music stands in order to avoid a repetition (if not another repeat).

After all the rain, the EARTH was sodden and a trip to Ha'nacker Mill would have been impossible. Nevertheless, this gave us the opportunity to perpetrate a world première. We made our way into Hambledon village – to the *George Hotel*, in fact – where, after a gentle word with the friendly landlord, we were welcomed to perform *The cricketers of Hambledon* in its proper place (“I'll make a song of Hambledon and sing it at *The George*”). The phone rang (in the wrong key) during the song – was the same someone still trying to tell us something?

Our last port of call was *The Fox Inn* at Bramdean where, it must be said, our arrival was treated less sympathetically despite the potential trade. More animate music-stand duty facilitated Gordon Honey's variant rendition of *The cricketers* in the car-park. And was it the same fox in the bar? My recollection is of a less than perfect specimen.

It was wonderful to see our friends from the USA and it is to the PWS American rep., William Perry that the credit (or blame) must go for the following musing on the day's events:

The Hampshire jaunt to Hambledon in autumn '94
Was gravely making music when the skies began to pour.
The players, with suspicions the composer was a witch,
Retreated to a cricket ground to try to hold their pitch.

CHORUS:

Then up with ev'ry glass and we'll sing a toast in chorus:
The spirit-filled Warlockians who carried on before us;
These stalwarts of a stormy day patrolled a lonely down
But sang and played their hearts full out and never wore
a frown.

The band struck up a lively air, the rain came down in sheets.
 Still Malcolm kept the tempo bright and Fred called out, "Repeats!"
 The music and the music-stands went flying all about
 While Brian marked the scoreboard with "A century – not out".

(CHORUS)

As Gordon braved the elements to thunder forth the text
 The trumpeters and hornists wondered what the hell was next . . .
 The answer was A Marching Band, the car park saw its birth;
 The fox-head in the local pub could scarce control his mirth!

(CHORUS)

Brian Collins

The Chelsea ChronotopograPHical Crawl and after; reflections on That Weekend.

This was it; after all the administration and expectation, the anticipation and financial preparation, the Great Weekend had finally arrived and, to begin it, we were going to walk around Chelsea looking not only at the haunts familiar to PW but, with the genial and expert assistance of David le Lay, chairman of the Chelsea Society, some of the other sites and sights of the district. We foregathered in Harrods for a coffee and croissant before the tour itself got under way from just outside the famous Food Hall, constructed in place of the property in Hans Road where Warlock spent his earliest years. (The other side of the street is still much as he would have known it.)

We were to be joined later by the Guildhall Brass Ensemble (left over from the jaunt of the previous weekend) who would, once again, be sporting their codpieces. With us from the start was a 3-man crew from HTV; the result of their labours was *Warlock in Wales*, a programme for the *Primetime* series (transmitted on 21st November – see John Amis's review on page 17).

The climate was more kindly than it had been seven days earlier. We were able to stroll around without the fear of being either drenched or blown off course. Philip Stone read John Betjeman's poem about the arrest of Oscar Wilde in front of the *Cadogan Hotel* (where the event happened) and, on more familiar, Warlockian territory, we popped into the *Antelope Tavern*, one of PW's watering-holes and often used for PWS committee meetings. There is no venue in Chelsea that is the equivalent of Broadha'penny Down or the *George Hotel*. No location is celebrated by name but this proved no obstacle at all to Malcolm Rudland

who found a fishmonger's establishment outside which those piscine spoofs could be performed again and again. And again.

The *Wellesley Arms* was our lunch stop. It was here that the TV crew departed after some interviews and the Heseltines (American Branch) arrived. The latter group had been left behind in Harrods at the start because of a misunderstanding but, joined wholeheartedly in the rest of the jollifications.

The open-air concert at Dovehouse Green attracted the attention of passers-by (despite the drizzle). After a complete *Capriol* (Eric Crees's arrangement again) and the first performance of a brass *Maltworms* (reconstructed by Aidan Chamberlain and heartily sung by all) came the star attraction. This was an arrangement for brass by Helen Vollam of *Love for love*, the song Warlock wrote for his wife to be performed outside the register office where he was married. No soloist was to be found but Warlock could be thought of as singing the vocal line himself, apart from being next to the old Chelsea Register Office, Dovehouse Green is the very site of the public mortuary where Warlock's body lay on 17th December 1930. But *Listen to the band* became *Surprise, surprise!* as unsuspecting members of the entourage were pressed into "conducting" items not always of their own choice. The baton had been auctioned to swell Society funds (and actually push the Crawl into a profit!) but the purchasers managed to find others to do the waving. There was an extraordinary version of *Beethoven's binge* by Mr le Lay whose direction elicited details that had evaded the regular conductor; and the composer's grandson, Peter Heseltine, sponsored his wife who led a less vigorous version of the same piece.

We made our way to tea at St Wilfred's, Tite Street (not far from Warlock's last address). The Americans were, I thought, following close behind but were waylaid, it seems, by the delights of a nearby hostelry. Eventually we were all reunited and a splendid spread was provided by the Daughters of the Cross at the convent. We had the chance to witness some rehearsals and performances by the vocal ensemble who would also be performing the next day at the Savoy.

The day came to an end and we began to make our individual farewells. As I was walking up with my hosts for the evening to catch a bus I saw the Americans again. They'd found another pub.

The events of Sunday are described in detail below by Arthur Jacobs but, as one who had witnessed much of the planning, my reactions result from a different perspective. It began with an act of worship; as a non-churchgoer I couldn't resist a smile or two, especially as Warlock's profane music (including a bit of *The cricketers of Hambledon*, no less) was cosmeticised into Anglican Chant. After the rituals of the chapel it was something of a relief to encounter the relative simplicity of The Savoy . . .

I beg to differ with Professor Jacobs in one respect. I personally found the danced version of *Capriol* quite

fascinating. I believe that it would have been better still to have the music played by the pipe and tabor that Warlock himself recommends in the preface to *Orchesography* but, in the context, I had no objections to the modified tempi.

Richard Baker's handling of the proceedings was masterly. I had only seen him "on the box" before as newsreader and host; his spontaneity and good humour were an ideal foil to what was, otherwise, a formal occasion.

The musical elements of the Savoy luncheon were amusingly entertaining (as was appropriate). The concert that followed was inspiring. Regular readers will not be surprised at the selection of Suzanne Higgins's *Lillygay* as my own particular highlight but this is not to take anything away from the other performances. I had to dash out before the encores in order to catch a train (I made it with 30 seconds to spare) but the sounds rang on in my head.

It was a memorable weekend and I, for one, look forward to 2094 when we can do it all over again . . .

Brian Collins

Savoy Celebrations

An impression of the Centenary Day

What composer is more conducive to conviviality, no matter whether his devotees gather in one of his favoured pubs or in the grandest style at the Savoy Hotel? On 30th October, celebrating the centenary of Heseltine's/Warlock's birth on those premises, we not only ate and drank, but had music; and the music was served not only to us, but by us. As the Centenary Luncheon progressed through its many delectable courses, we roared for the cricketers of Hambledon and needed no prompting for *Fill the cup, Philip*. We hey'd and ho'd for those twelve oxen which change colour at every verse (surely the daftest of all song-lyrics, unless someone convinces me that it is disguised homosexual pornography – "you little pretty boy").

Jillian of Berry was missing from the company or, rather, had been changed to "Julian of Savoy" so that Julian Wontner could make reply on behalf of the hotel's directors – admitting he had never previously heard of PW. He knew all about Auguste Escoffier, though, whose historic reign as Savoy chef was the gastronomic inspiration of the feast. Some ingenious matching had taken place, not all so simple as setting *I asked a thief to steal me a peach* beside *pêche Melba*. The "pretty duck" of Warlock's transcription from John Bartlett was assuredly human and no *canard rôti*.

Honey there was too, and a pair of Partridges. Everyone present had probably heard Ian Partridge sing to his sister Jennifer's accompaniment but the versatile partners also exchanged their roles for our pleasure. Gordon Honey's ever-affable manner reinforced his musical delivery. Andrew Farris sang too, to Geoffrey Pratley's accompaniment; and a reunited

group of Malcolm Rudland's ex-fellow-students carolled birthday greetings. Solemnity jostled with satire – the Whythorne-Warlock graces sung by the red-surpliced Choir of the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy under Dr William Cole whereas Warlock's brash blasphemies on Beethoven's and Franck's symphonies resounded from the Guildhall Brass Ensemble under Eric Crees.

Half a mile away, two evenings before, I had listened admiringly to Sir Charles Mackerras conducting the opening night of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* at Covent Garden. (Philip Heseltine as critic must surely have loathed that work!) Now here was Mackerras rising from the table to conduct the Oxford Orchestra da Camera in *Capriol*. Through Richard Baker (an ideal master of ceremonies throughout) came the announcement that the tempos were not Mackerras's but those of the Globe Court Dancers who were to dance before us. A miscalculated sacrifice, I fear! What Warlock produced was an edition for ears, not feet, and the "dancing" (mainly walking) did not compensate for the missed opportunity to hear Sir Charles's own ideas on how the music should really go.

Mackerras's presidency of the Sir Arthur Sullivan Society furnishes a fragile link between Warlock and the composer who is more permanently associated with the Savoy. Sullivan was a major shareholder in the hotel, built from the profits of his operettas at the Savoy Theatre. To that theatre we moved after lunch, where the gilded stage-set for the current show, *She loves me*, formed an amusingly inappropriate background for various Warlock pieces – and for a few by associated composers, among whom I regretted the absence of van Dieren. Sir Charles had been persuaded by Malcolm Rudland to make his debut as a viola player, sustaining the still centre in Purcell's *Fantasia upon one note* (PW's transcription, of course).

His companions were the Medici String Quartet, joined by Gabrielle Byam-Grounds (flute) and Julie Robinson (cor anglais) for *The curlew*. With Ian Partridge in top form as soloist, for once I did not feel that this music over-stretches the mood. The rich homophony of *The full heart* (the Finzi Singers, conducted by Paul Spicer) was for me the revelation of the programme. The *Serenade* for Delius's 60th birthday still hits me, I confess, as a limping homage. Malcolm Rudland, having conducted this, later let us gratefully hear *Capriol* again – on which robust note, I felt, the concert should have ended instead of drooping away with *Balulalow* and *Adam lay ybounden*. Lauded by all for his organization and enthusiasm, Malcolm Rudland was so overcome as not to make a speech!

The luncheon and concert were preceded by a service at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, to which (the Rudland initiative again!) the Hungarian composer István Koloss had contributed the outgoing voluntary. His *Fantasia in memory of Peter Warlock* successfully integrates quotations from *Capriol* and, also, occasionally recalls Bartók, whom PW championed and met. Michael Bowden, assistant organist of the

Chapel, was the capable performer. Earlier, the stretching of the *Pavane* from *Capriol* to make an Anglican chant struck me as meriting no less hilarity than *Beethoven's* binge.

During the service (for All Saints Day), the sermon by the Chaplain, the Rev. John Robson, did not evade the occultist leanings of Heseltine himself. But to the more sceptical members of the Society, the churchly embrace extended to the unbaptized, anti-religious musician must appear presumptuous, just like the digging-up of the remains of the atheist Delius to re-bury them at Limsfield Church. A counter-ceremony might have been to march widdershins around the Savoy chapel uttering demonic names, such as "Rab Noolas". It was a more appropriate gesture when the witty John Amis, thanking Richard Baker after the lunch, presented him on the Society's behalf with a box of Black Magic.

Arthur Jacobs

Warlock in Leicester

A substantial and appreciative audience gathered in the Fraser Noble Hall of Leicester University on 4th November, 1994, to attend a memorable all-Warlock centenary concert. Devised by Brian Collins and Anthony Pither the programme included *The curlew*, various solo songs, four songs with string quartet and five choral songs. In addition, Warlock's *Serenade* and *Capriol* were performed by the Proteus Chamber Orchestra directed by Anthony Pither. An enthusiastic pre-concert talk by Brian Collins did much to whet appetites and set the mood for the evening. He provided also some copious and informative programme notes.

The University Singers (directed by Anthony Pither) opened the concert with *Benedicamus Domino*, *Kan Kernow* (sung for the first time in Cornish), and *Lullaby*. It was a joy to hear young voices so completely at home with Warlock's music. Their performances of *I saw a fair maiden* and *Bethlehem Down* seemed even more effective as they confidently developed a distinct rapport with the audience.

David Clark (tenor) sang *The fairest may*, *Corpus Christi*, *My lady is a pretty one* and *Sleep* with the Voces Intimae Quartet. I was much moved to hear the contrapuntal heart of *Sleep* so convincingly brought to life. The same performers, joined by Joanna Shaw (flute) and Brian Shaw (cor anglais) then gave us *The curlew*. It is some considerable time since I last heard a live performance of this work and I was bewitched anew by those subtle strands woven by Warlock for the flute and cor anglais. The balance of voice, woodwind and strings might possibly have gained from the use of Following the interval, Catherine Martin (soprano) with James Walker (piano) gave us *Lillygay*, *Sleep*, *Cradle song*, *Sigh no more ladies* and *Mockery*. Catherine Martin was at her radiant best, partnered

superbly by the technically agile and always musical James Walker. I understand that James Walker had replaced Phillip Gilbert at quite short notice. These songs are far from easy, yet when they are presented with this degree of assurance and devotion their effect can be overwhelming. The importance of Peter Warlock as a composer of songs cannot be over-emphasised. For those previously unfamiliar with the songs this particular occasion must have been a revelation.

The inclusion of the *Serenade* and *Capriol* in the programme was totally justified. The audience was thereby given a more balanced picture of Warlock's overall output. The performances by the Proteus Chamber Orchestra were highly competent, particularly so in the case of *Capriol*, and our warmest thanks must go to Anthony Pither who seems to be equally at home in orchestral as well as choral conducting. During the course of the evening I became aware yet again of the truth of the remark that Warlock's music is the music of a young man. Since the concert I have been pondering the question - what might he have given us had he lived a further fifteen or twenty years? My final word must be one of congratulation to all those concerned in giving Leicester such a rare musical treat.

Ronald Reah

Prime Time, Prime Composer

Warlock in Wales, HTV Monday, 21st November, 10.40 pm

The thing that struck me forcibly on watching this HTV Primetime feature was how much had been packed into a half-hour programme. There is no credit to a director at the end, only the name of the series editor, Nicola Haywood Thomas. Well, if it is she, then I congratulate her. In the thirty minutes she has created an excellent introduction to the life of Peter Warlock. The composer is represented by Graham Fox, a reasonably credible look-alike, and we see him first dozing off to eternity in an armchair. A voice-over reads a letter to Mother saying please not Christmas, it's a season I dislike (soundtrack: *The curlew*). Rhian Davies then appears to announce the theme of Warlock in Wales. Cut to Harrods and Ho. Sec. Malcolm Rudland introducing the Chelsea Chronotopographical Crawl (cryptic joke). In no time at all we have reached *The Wellesley Arms* where Brian Collins and Fred Tomlinson succinctly fill in details of our hero's life and the Delius connection is established. More Welsh connection (after all, Wales was footing the bill) and the fecundity of the 1921-24 sojourn in that country is dwelt on.

Cut to what looked to me like that triangle in Cale Street, Chelsea, by Elystan Place and Street, where brassy boys from the Guildhall School are being carved outside a fish shop by our hatted and raincoated Secretary MR in Eric Crees's arrangement of *Beethoven's* binge. (Incidentally, did you know that

LvB was very fond of fish and that, when he bought some, would often get an extra portion and send it to a friend?) On the last chord, camera moves smartly to shop where obliging monger holds up the piece of cod (that passeth understanding) for the viewer.

More of Wales with Fox/Warlock walking about the house, walking about the countryside, sitting down in/on a dead tree, having a (modest, unWarlockian) drink – wine, not ale – and quite a bit more biography emerges including talk of Puma, Nigel and Mama. The director had decided not to have any cutaways to rostrum work – photographs, posters, printed music, etc.; we just had the talking heads already mentioned and Graham Fox who finally takes up his position on the sofa and expires again (soundtrack: *Sleep*).

Simple, direct, informative. No great insight, perhaps but, thank God, no wild Russellian flights. Just think what Ken would do with Warlock, cutting from Puma to Pumas, from gassy fantasies to codpieces galore!

John Amis

The effect of the Centenary on me

Although, even before Nigel Heseltine's revelations, I knew a fair amount about the composer Warlock, I found that during 1994 I learnt much more about Warlockians.

There are some are "fond of fiddles and a song well sung" who like re-arranging Warlock for different combinations, not always the most felicitous. Do these vocal quartets, clarinet, saxophone and organ versions, etc., lead to "brass cloud-cuckoo-land", I wonder? "But mouths were made for drinking and for sucking at the bung," roar other Warlockians for whom jaunts and crawls in search of *Good ale* are the highlights. Yet others enjoy the rude limericks which are still passed round in hushed, chuckling whispers although no longer unprintable. Some escapists wish to follow the composer back into the 16th and 17th centuries, many (mostly men?) taking delight in hearing of chopped cherries, stolen peaches and the cute idea of many a maid being laid on the lip.

Others – a minority, perhaps – became even more aware of the intense melancholy of the man with his love of Celtic lands and languages, at odds with his upper-class upbringing. This latter feature was emphasised in the two BBC programmes called *More sunlight in a single song*. The first version was heard on the World Service on 19th October and the second, altered in several ways, on Radio 3 on 4th November. I was pleased to note that the son, Nigel, was heard in the second version although I was somewhat disturbed to find more attention given to the psychiatrist, Glen Wilson and his "manic depressive" and "genetic origin" lines. We must, I suppose, be thankful that composers such as Tchaikovsky were not cured of their conditions.

I was glad to have met the biographer, Barry Smith, and to have enjoyed his talk at Gregynog on the occult

influence but would have wished that references to "automatic writing" had led on to Victor Neuburg. And in spite of those who made it all seem so jolly with "sociable songs" in which all must join, I valued getting to know Nigel through correspondence. I hope he will not mind my quoting a couple of passages from his letter from Ethiopia of 14th October: "... no regrets whatever for missing the PW Society at the Savoy... the people who were not born when PW lived evidently know more about him than I do."

So, finally, it can be said that the Peter Warlock Society has flourished in itself and has become the occasion and excuse for the renewing and maintaining of old friendships and for the making of many new ones. Good fellowship, "whether it be new or old", has been the theme of the year. What a wonderful mix of personalities – but none quite as eccentric as the composer we honoured!

Ian Parrott

Eynsford and after: the last years of Peter Warlock

BBC Radio Kent, 30th October 1994

This substantial programme, devised by Silvester Mazzarella, a member of the PWS, and produced by Michael Bath, traces Warlock's life not only – as the title would suggest – in the Eynsford and ensuing years but prepares for them by examining events that happened some years before. For example, the connection with D H Lawrence and the business of *Women in love* is briefly explored, as is the characterisation of Warlock as Coleman in Huxley's *Antic Hay*.

The whole is very well produced and has a cast that includes Silvia Sims, Hugh Dixon and John Franklin Robbins. At its centre lie Warlock's relationships with women – Puma, Barbara Peache, Juliette Baillot, Winifred Baker and, most particularly, his mother, Edith Buckley-Jones, who disapproved of his activities and lifestyle but upon whom PW had to rely for financial support.

The programme begins with a convincing dramatisation of the inquest; words familiar from other sources take on a chilling quality when presented in this way. Thereafter, a sequence of extracts from letters, novels and biographies is punctuated by recordings of the music. Some of the choices are predictable up to a point (*Capriol*, the *Serenade*, *The curlew*, *Fill the cup Philip*) but it was a pleasant surprise to have *Where riches is everlastingly*, *Pretty ring time* and even *The shrouding of the Duchess of Malfi* (if only an extract of this extraordinary piece). I have to say that the saxophonic *Beethoven's binge* that provided the background for the closing credits came over as incongruous given the dramatic context that immediately preceded it.

It is a pity that this excellent production had such a

limited audience. It must have stimulated the taste-buds of those who heard it for more about Warlock and his music. Could it not be given more exposure on a national network?

Brian Collins

Peter Warlock: *The curlew*

Study score (two-staves and voice) prepared by Fred Tomlinson and Michael Pilkington, Thames, 1994, £6.95

"If only we'd had this before," was the reaction of a friend of mine when I showed him this new version. For singers do not necessarily want to work with the full score; it is cumbersome in both rehearsal and performance however important it may otherwise be for academic and conducting purposes. And all the important information is included in this new version – more than is necessary in some respects for every instrumental entry is marked to the point where it gets rather fussy. As in any vocal score, it is the dots and context that are important.

Nevertheless, the typography is excellent; everything is very clear and easy to read even though Warlock's textures can be contrapuntally dense at times. On a couple of occasions the two-stave rule has to be modified and the instrumental material spread over three but, as these occur at moments when the voice rests, the intention to simplify the layout is not compromised. But repetiteurs must beware! The reduction is literal in that all of the instrumental material is included. It is not a pianistic arrangement; although most of it is playable as such and it will be a boon to the rehearsal process, some of what Warlock wrote is impossible to translate precisely to the piano and other passages will prove taxing. Accompanists will still have to interpret from time to time rather than reproduce.

The format considerably increases the accessibility of this important work. Those who may have been put off by the thought of following their recordings with the full score can have a visually less forbidding copy; and singers now have no excuse for excluding the most significant example of British expressionism from their repertoire.

Brian Collins

Songs by Peter Warlock

John Mark Ainsley (tenor) Roger Vignoles (piano)
Hyperion CDA 66736 (full price CD – but see Publications section)

The rather plain title of this collection conceals the fact that it contains 34 tracks which, collectively, run for over 68 minutes and it is, if only on this basis, another significant event in the history of Warlock recordings (much as was the Luxon/Willison disc a few years ago). But any suggestion that its importance is

only dependent on quantity must immediately be denied.

There are actually two singers on this recording although only one is credited. The avian rival makes his (or her) presence felt several times, inevitably at the more quiet moments and, while it has a certain charm, I was left wondering why it was there at all.

Many of these performances are transpositions upward (by up to a third) to suit the singer's range. There are two problems here: it is sometimes difficult to associate familiar material with the new pitch; some songs make it a wildly inappropriate thing to do – *Autumn twilight*, one of Warlock's most poignant creations, is completely ruined by the practice. But, this one blemish aside, there are many excellent, and some superlative, performances. Both men perform with total commitment and the rôle of the piano, the location of much of the musical logic in these songs, is presented superbly by Roger Vignoles (listen to *Sigh no more ladies* in particular).

One of the marks of a quality performance is the ability to present music that had previously appeared dull or otherwise unremarkable and make it come to life. John Mark Ainsley sings *Sweet content* and *In an arbour green* (neither, in my opinion, a Warlock classic) not just technically well but with such conviction that prejudice begins to crack; (however he cannot redeem *The singer* or, although he works very hard on it, *Fair and true*). Indeed, *In an arbour green* is one of the disc's highlights; *Cradle song* is another. This ravishing song is given a performance to match; both voice and instrument work as one with a clarity and precision that is the mark of the entire anthology. Nor does the significance of the harmonic twist that colours the last "may be" evade them. Exquisite. There are fine versions too of the set of three Belloc settings (*Ha'nacker Mill*, *The night* and *My own country*), *I held love's head*, *As ever I saw* (a wonderfully triumphant ending here) *Passing by* (glorious) and *The first mercy*. At times the raised pitch grates and, also, one wonders whether this is actually the voice that Warlock had in mind. But it is really not too difficult to put these thoughts to one side and enjoy the many delights.

Brian Collins

PUBLICATIONS

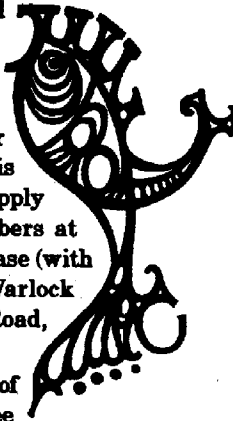
1 – From Thames Publishing

All orders received have now been fulfilled. If you haven't received what you expected, please shout now! The most recent items to appear have been the clarinet and piano version of *An old song*, the saxophone quartet version of *Two codpieces* and the study score version of *The curlew*. I am going all out to complete the choral series with publication of vols 6-8 by the end of this year. Early in 1995 all members will receive a revised, complete publications

list/order form which will highlight the new publications.

Elsewhere in this issue the splendid new Warlock song-recital by John Mark Ainsley and Roger Vignoles from Hyperion is reviewed. I have arranged for a supply of these to be available for members at the special price of £10. Orders please (with cheque made out to the Peter Warlock Society) to me at 14 Barlby Road, London W10 6AR.

A very few copies of the cassette of historic Warlock performances (see previous issue of the Newsletter) are still available at £6 from me (cheques again payable to the Peter Warlock Society).



ahead to the next AGM. PWS member David Lane has suggested that, since PW went from Eton to Christ Church, Oxford, our meeting should do the same! More details will follow in the next issue but, meanwhile, reserve Saturday, 6th May in your diary for next year!

REVIEWS (CTD)

The English Song Young Artist Award

This competition was held on Wednesday 26th October in the Recital Hall of the Royal College of Music. The adjudicators were Felix Arahamian (chair), Geoffrey Parsons, Jennifer Partridge, Michael Pilkington and Fred Tomlinson. Ten duos, recommended by their respective heads of department, came from the RCM, RAM, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, Trinity College of Music, the Royal Northern College of Music and the Welsh College of Music and Drama.

The programmes submitted were varied and were representative of the depth and breadth of the English song repertoire. They also demonstrated balance of programming. All competitors performed admirably but, in the case of the three winners, a particularly strong sense of partnership and artistry was apparent.

Third prize (£100) went to Tamsin Coombs and Mario Garcia Diaz de Leon. Their performance of Delius's *Love's philosophy* was particularly noteworthy. The second-prize winners (£150) were Paul Robinson and Christopher Hughes. Their programme covered a wide emotional range but did not dissolve into false representation. The panel were pleasantly surprised by their interpretation (and choice) of William Alwyn's *The metronome*.

First prize (£200) went to Christopher Maltman and Andrew Smith on the unanimous verdict of the panel. Their programme was the most complete of the entrants and Christopher Maltman's voice possessed real quality and the performing style of an experienced recitalist. The team were meticulously rehearsed and complemented each other perfectly. It was a delight to have them perform their complete programme in the winners' concert at 7.00 pm that evening.

Brian Collins

John Bishop

ASV re-issue

In addition to the Hyperion bargain outlined by John, ASV have also made a generous offer to PWS members. James Griffet's version of *The curlew* along with other items from the disc originally issued on the Pearl label - items from *Candlelight*, some of the string quartet songs and other pieces - have been re-issued on the budget-price Quicksilva series at £4.99. A performance of *Capriol* (RPO/Alan Barlow) has been added. Society members can purchase it at the dealer price of £2.78 + VAT (£3.27) +p/p. If you are interested in this offer, please contact the Editor.

THINGS TO COME

Recitals

Friday, 16th December at 1.00 pm in the Barber Institute of Fine Arts, University of Birmingham, *The curlew* and other items with Danny Gillingwater (baritone) and ensemble. Admission is free.

Sunday 18th December at 3.00 pm and 6.30 pm at the Royal Albert Hall. Family carols with the Bach Choir including *Adam lay ybounden* (brass arr. by Sir David Willcocks) and *Balulalow* (with organ).

Advance notice

Details of Malcolm Rudland's talk Warlock in Chelsea are given elsewhere in this Newsletter, as are details of the next PWS social lunch. These lunches have proved very successful in the past and given an opportunity for members to meet one another. All those within striking distance of London are encouraged to attend.

This is the time of the year when we need to look

NEWSBRIEFS

An important aspect of some of the Centenary events was that they were happening before large groups of people who had probably little or no experience of Warlock. This was the case with the general audience who packed the church at Didbrook (17th September) for a Warlock concert and appeared to be held spellbound throughout. Similar situations included a *Conversation with musical interludes about Peter Warlock* given by Felix Aprahamian and Malcolm Rudland – with John Amis as chairman – at the RSA (the Royal Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures & Commerce) on 17th November as well as an illustrated talk by Fred Tomlinson with Barbara Kendall-Davies (soprano) and Jennifer Partridge (Piano) for a Christmas gathering of the Friends of the Buxton Festival at Ealing Town Hall on the 4th December.

The Centenary has attracted the attention of some sections of the press. In the *Independent on Sunday* (6th November), Michael White perpetuates a number of myths (“miniaturist . . . sub-Delian . . . mystery”) and, unsurprisingly, prefers to concentrate on the biography rather than the music. Allan Kozinn (*New York Times* of November 2) does better. After some observant references to the life, Mr Kozinn lists that occur in Warlock’s pieces: “. . . from neo-Renaissance, neo-Baroque and English folk-styles to shimmering Impressionism and lively vaudeville. They embody a sense of humor reminiscent of Ives but less provocative.” You are a man after my own heart, sir. Michael Green’s piece in the *Independent* of 28th October is wide-ranging and intelligent. It takes in comments and quotations from Elizabeth Poston, Barry Smith, Fred Tomlinson, Augustus John, Nigel Heseltine and Ian Partridge as well as Dr Glenn Wilson, a psychiatrist and singer. It is a pity that the caption beneath the accompanying photo was of the “nude motorcycling” variety. Andrew Green’s two radio documentaries, *Peter Warlock* for the BBC World Service and *More sunlight in a single song* for Radio 3 were broadcast on 31st October and 4th November respectively.

Local journalism too covered events. Ursula Curtin, writing in the *Camden New Journal*, presented a brief profile before giving details of the unveiling (at the National Portrait Gallery) of a photograph of PW by Herbert Lambert Bath, on loan for a year. The Chelsea Crawl was also reported.

It was a concert in New York that prompted Allan Kozinn’s remarks above. Robert Beckhard writes: “We had a fine concert [at the Miller Theater, Columbia University on October 30] celebrating the Centenary. DeeAnn Hunstein and yours truly assembled some fine musicians and the prospects for a CD recording are looking good. William Sharp, our baritone, was superb. All in all, a splendid affair! Of course we are all awaiting news of the London celebration. PS – Also: three radio programs the week before the concert featuring all Warlock music!” The concert certainly

does appear to have been a stimulating one. 21 solo songs (including some with string quartet), eight choral songs, *Capriol* (in the version for piano-duet), two *Cod-pieces* and four transcriptions of Dowland. Robert Beckhard himself made the introductory remarks. In addition to Mr Sharp, other performers were the Bush-Padgett Duo, The New Amsterdam Singers conducted by Clara Longstreth with Amie Thompson (soprano) and André Guthman (tenor), and the Meridian String Quartet. Mr Sharp’s accompanist was Nelson Padgett. The solo songs included *Mocvkery*, *Autumn twilight*, *The frostbound wood* and *The fox*. Choral items included *The spring of the year*, *The lady’s birthday* and *Corpus Christi*. If the CD does materialise, it is to be hoped that it will be available in Britain and elsewhere as well as in the United States. An interesting footnote to the printed programme announces that Bass Ale was available in the foyer to help the celebrations . . .

There is more news from the USA. William Perry describes his Delius-Warlock-Moeran-Grainger concert in Massachusetts and describes the enthusiasm of “. . . the critic who customarily covers the Boston Symphony [who was] particularly taken by the Warlock material.” This reviewer also mentions Charles Ives but in relation to *Beethoven’s binge* this time (although Ives had a great reverence for the work as is evident in the *Concord* sonata) and, elsewhere, refers to Warlock’s music as “. . . looking backward to Purcell and Schubert and forward to Britten, with at least one nod to Mahler.” I would like to credit this review by name and location but the information is not to hand. Perhaps this can be remedied in the next issue.

And Philip Brunelle (Plymouth Music Series of Minnesota) has sent concert details. Warlock items featured in the *Welcome Christmas* performances were *What cheer? Good cheer!*, *Carillon carilla*, *Balulalow* and *Benedicamus Domino*.

The *Christmas at Harrods* CD, recorded in May by the Eton College Choir (two Warlockian connections there) features *Bethlehem Down* and *Balulalow*.

Rhian Davies (to whom I am grateful for passing on the last piece of information) has produced a number of articles which will be of interest to members. “Y Cymniwr Unig: Stori Peter Warlock”, appears in *Barn* (Hydref 1994, 21-23; contact Ms Menna Baines (Editor), Uned 2, Canolfan Busnes, Parc Busnes, Cross Hands, LLANELLI, Dyfed, SA14 6RB, 0269 831591) but may not be accessible to all. “A strayed ghost: Peter Warlock in Wales” is in *Welsh Music* (Winter 1994/5; contact A J Heward Rees, Director, Welsh Music Information Centre, University College, PO Box 78, CARDIFF, CF1 1XL, 0222 874000 x5126). Ms Davies’s Gregynog talk “Peter Warlock’s Welsh genealogy” is lodged with the *Montgomeryshire Collections* (1995).

PWS member Tony Noakes will celebrate his 60th birthday with a concert of his own music to include the first complete performance of a song-cycle based on Vera Brittain’s *Testament of youth*. It is at 2.30 pm on 30th April 1995 at Westminster Friends’ Meeting

House, 52 St Martin's Lane, admission is by programme (£1/£2.50) and proceeds go to Christian Aid and Campaign Against Arms Trade. Contact Tony on 061 954 8230.

The Service of Lessons and Carols from King's College on Christmas Eve will this year include Warlock's *Benedicamus Domino*. The equivalent TV programme (always pre-recorded) will include *Balulalow*. Please check with Radio Times or other listings for the times of these broadcasts. I believe that the Lessons and Carols service is also transmitted on the BBC World Service. On a similar note, St John's College, Cambridge, included *Adam lay ybounden* and *Benedicamus Domino* in their Advent service and the same two pieces, along with *Bethlehen Down*, were included in concerts at St John's (3rd December) and Stowe School (4th December); all three are scheduled for performance in the Basilika S. Maria Im Kapitol, Köln, on 18th December.

Brian Kay's Starter Collection in the October issue of *BBC Music Magazine* included the EMI anthology reviewed in Newsletter 53. Excerpts were broadcast, significantly, on 30th October.

Six of Warlock's carols were performed by the RCM Chamber Choir at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, on 8th November. David Cox writes that they were "... well sung but there was difficulty with the acoustics of a high-vaulted church. An interesting aspect of the programme was, in three cases, the comparison of Warlock's settings with other composers' treatments of the same words, side by side: *As dew in Aprylle* (I sing of a maiden) with Bax's setting, *The sycamore tree* with Britten's; and *Corpus Christi* with part of Britten's early choral work *A boy was born*."

Ernest Bradbury, music critic and Warlock enthusiast, died on 18th November. Although he will be always associated with his writings for the *Yorkshire Post*, Warlockians throughout the World will know that he also wrote, in collaboration with Fred Tomlinson, the entry on PW for the *New Grove*.

BBC Radio 3's Composers of the week (19th-23rd December) are Warlock and Moeran. Ian Partridge's *Curlew* is featured on the Wednesday and Anthony Payne's arrangements of PW songs, *Aspects of love and contentment*, on the Friday. "Warlock songs thread through the week..." according to *BBC Music Magazine* and other singers featured are Ben Luxon, Peter Fears and Kathleen Ferrier.

You will recall an item in last time's *NEWSBRIEFS* about "Warlock's pub", an otherwise unidentified establishment that dispenses a product of reputedly excellent - one could say heavenly - quality. There have, as yet, been no claimants for the year's free supply of County Ale. The offer is still open, though, and information about all sightings should be sent to the Editor. Hopefully there will be more positive information in the next issue.

And, finally, I'm grateful to those who have sent me photographs of some of this year's events. Both time

and technicalities have conspired against me this time but I hope to include as many as possible in the next issue. It should be out before Easter next year. Would anybody having any copy that they wish to have included please try to get it to me by the end of February, please?

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