



President Richard Rodney Bennett

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The Peter Warlock Society

Newsletter N° 57 – Autumn 1995

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EDITORIAL

By the time that you receive this Newsletter another year will be almost gone. And although it has been nowhere near as frenetic as the Centenary Year, it has still been a busy one. Our AGM was held in Oxford and we are grateful to the Christ Church Cathedral School for being our hosts on the day. It was an eventful occasion on a number of counts and these are related within. But in one particular respect it was noteworthy: after a quarter of a century's energetic service as Chairman of the PWS, Fred Tomlinson stood down.

It is extremely difficult to adequately catalogue Fred's contribution to Warlockian issues but, while there is no suggestion that quitting the chair will result in a cessation of his activities (he continues as a member of the committee in addition to becoming a Vice-president and Chairman Emeritus), I would like to pay a personal tribute, as his successor, to some of the work he has done during his tenure.

First of all, Fred has an extensive Warlock archive which he has collected over 50 years and more. I have been grateful on more than one occasion to have had access to that material to pursue more easily my own researches. I suspect that, in some cases, Fred has the only copy of some items because he has given me copies of stuff that Libraries have been unable to obtain. But more than this are the manifestations of that archive that have appeared in print. Fred's *Peter Warlock Handbook* that appeared in two volumes during the 70s is long out of print but has been invaluable to me over the past ten years while I have been engaged in Warlockian investigations. To have details of writers, sources, publications and editions in a readily accessible form makes the job so much more straightforward for others. My original copy of Vol. 2 (I've since acquired another) has fallen to bits because of the amount of use it has had. Further to these two volumes, my copies of his books about *Warlock and Blunt* and *Warlock and van Dieren* are similarly well-thumbed, not to mention the prefaces and notes he has written for recordings and, especially, the Collected Edition of all of Warlock's music.

Fred donated a number of items for the auction, another of Malcolm Rudland's brainwaves which raised (as those of you with a mathematical mind will be able to calculate from the details herein) over £1000 for PWS ventures including publications and the hire library. It is hoped that a similar event will take place at next year's AGM. Speaking of which... do you recall my supposedly humorous remarks about possible venues for future meetings in the last issue? Well... you'd better have a look at page 6.

Brian Collins

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AGM 95

The auction

Lot List for the Charity Auction for Society funds held on Saturday 6 May 1995 at 2.30pm in the Sir William Walton centre of Christ Church Cathedral School, 3 Brewer Street, Oxford.

(Auctioneer's hammer loaned by Felix Aprahamian)

Lot 1 (3 @ £1)

Copy of the birth certificate of Peter Warlock.
Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 2 (£25)

Cecil Gray's *Peter Warlock*, Jonathan Cape, 1938
Donated posthumously and signed by Norman Del Mar

Lot 3 (£35)

Barry Smith's *Peter Warlock*, OUP 1994
Donated by Bruce Phillips

Lot 4 (£20)

Fred Tomlinson's *Peter Warlock Handbook* Vol. 1
(Inscribed by the author)
Donated by John Bishop

Lot 5 (£20)

Fred Tomlinson's *Peter Warlock Handbook* Vol. 2
(Inscribed by the author)
Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 6 (£15)

First Edition: OUP *Book of Songs*, 2/6d mint condition
Donated and autographed by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 7 (£10)

First Editions: Three songs owned by Arthur Frith –
Walking the woods, *The jolly shepherd*, *The first mercy*
Donated by Roger Frith, godson, of Roger Quilter

Lot 8 (reserve not met)

Nigel Heseltine's *Capriol for Mother*, signed by author
Donated by the Peter Warlock Society

Lot 9 (£6)

Arthur Jacobs' *Henry J Wood, Maker of the Proms*
(two references to PH – inscribed by the author)
Donated by Arthur Jacobs

Lot 10 (£90)

Painting of Warlock signed R Stockley, Eynsford 1928
Donated by the Peter Warlock Society

Lot 11 (£100)

Manuscript: last four bars of *Rutterkin* autographed
13.v.1930 with photo of Warlock lying in bed
Donated by the Peter Warlock Society

Lot 12 (£20)

First edition/autographed corrections: *Mourn no moe*
Donated by the Peter Warlock Society

Lot 13 (£10)

Autograph letter to "My dear Ward", October 30th
1920 from 122 Cheyne Walk, SW10, with *Sackbut*
accounts
Donated by the Peter Warlock Society

Lot 14 (£25)

The late Ernest Bradbury's *Warlockiana*. News-
letters 1-6, Warlock obituaries, typescripts of
broadcasts, lectures
Donated by Mrs Susan Bradbury

Lot 15 (no bids)

Arthur Jacobs' *Henry J Wood, Maker of the Proms*
Donated by Arthur Jacobs

Lot 16 (£1)

Copy of Warlock's first journalistic article: *The Van*
Railway in The Locomotive Magazine Vol XVIII, 1912
Donated by Rhian Davies

Lot 17 (£1)

Set of Philip Heseltine's reviews for the *Daily Mail*
Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 18 (£1)

Copy of Warlock love-letter from Zennor 19 April 1917
Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 19 (£1)

Copy of note to PH from Frederick Austin.
"There are blackguards of so offensive a type that
contact or communication with them is distasteful to
the point of nausea. You are one of them."
Donated by Barry Smith

Lot 20 (no bids)

Sheet: Double-bed size in yellow, with Warlock at the
Savoy embossed in black in Warlock's handwriting
Donated by Chris Matthews

Lot 21 (no bids)

Sir Charles Mackerras' place card at the Savoy Lunch
Donated by Sir Charles Mackerras

Lot 22 (£1)

Last bottle of Hungarian white wine from the Savoy
Centenary lunch: Irsai Oliver 1993
Donated by Myliko International wine importers

Lot 23 (£4)

Last bottle of Hungarian red wine from the Savoy
Centenary lunch: Merlot 1989.
Donated by Myliko International wine importers

Lot 24 (£1)

Logo: Warlock at the Savoy. 40ft by 2ft, dismantled
from Savoy Theatre after the Centenary Concert.
Donated by Chris Matthews

Lot 25 (£60)

Pavane from *Capriol*, arr. for SATB by Arthur Jacobs.
The arranger dedicated this copy to the highest
bidder and, as the bid exceeded £50, sang the tenor
part with five other Warlockians
Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 26 (£10)

33rpm disc: *Merry go Down*, Herald UNS 249
Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 27 (£10)

33rpm disc: *Peter Warlock, Choral Music*, SHE 504.
Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 28 (£50)

Golden Treasury of Irish Verse, signed Peter Warlock.
Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 29 (£110)

Manuscript of Bruce Blunt's poem *The Fox*, probably used by Warlock to set his song *The Fox*.
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 30 (£30)

Book : *The English Ayre* by Peter Warlock.
 Donated by Andrew Plant

Lot 31 (£60)

Dowland SATB transcriptions - *Me me and none but me & Say love if ever you did find* in Warlock's hand.
 Donated by the Peter Warlock Society

Lot 32 (£35)

English Ayres, Vol 3, pub. Enoch, signed by Warlock.
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 33 (£20)

English Ayres, Vol 4, pub. Enoch, signed by Warlock.
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 34 (no bids)

Printed title sheets for OUP's *English Ayres* (6 pages), with corrections and a list of Vol IV in Warlock's hand
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 35 (21 @ £1)

John Danyel : *Chromatic Tunes* (1606) for voice and piano, transcribed by PW and Philip Wilson, with preface (Chesters), 5 pages, 4 staves to a page.
 Donated by David Cox

Lot 36 (£10)

Delius Society Journal 94, Autumn 1987: *The published writings of Philip Heseltine on Delius*
 Donated by the Peter Warlock Society

Lot 37 (£25)

Chester's *Miniature Essay on Warlock* by Moeran, 1926
 Donated by John Bishop

Lot 38 (£10)

Hubert Foss's *E J Moeran*, with programme notes and list of works (Novello, 1948), autographed by Moeran
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 39 (£10)

Bartok: *Romanian Christmas Songs from Hungary* inscribed to Philip Heseltine from Robert Nichols, Also contains manuscript of *Night Song*, a poem by Nichols
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 40 (£65)

Schoenberg: *String Quartet No 2*, miniature score autographed talismanically by Peter Warlock
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 41 (£10)

Postcard of English Music Society concert programme of 25 Jan 1927 from Andre Mangeot to Peter Warlock.
 Donated by Fred Tomlinson

Lot 42 (£5)

Play: *Music to murder* by David Pownall (Faber)
 Donated by John Bishop

Lot 43 (£5)

Book: *Musical Chairs* by Cecil Gray
 Donated by Robin Crofton

Lot 44 (£10)

Collection of photos from Society outings featuring Warlockian places and personalities
 Donated by Brian Collins

Lot 45 (£10)

Copy of typescript of the set of Warlockian limericks
 Donated posthumously by Gerald Cockshott

Lot 46 (£30)

Letter from C W Orr to Malcolm Rudland, dated June 10th 1969, containing the only known text of Warlock's limerick on Orr, autographed by the victim. The winner of the bid was entitled to give the first public rendering of the limerick in Oxford
 Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 47 (£10)

A *Chinese Ballet* by Huanebango Z. Palimpsest. Copy of manuscript in Warlock's hand, 1917.
 Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 48 (£2)

First Edition: *Two Cod-pieces - Beethoven's Binge/The Old Codger*, arranged for organ by Malcolm Rudland
 The arranger agreed to sign and dedicate this copy to the winner of the bid and to rubber stamp the copy with the composer's signature
 Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 49 (£3)

First Edition: *The Cricketers of Hambledon*, voice part with Tonic Sol-Fa by W G Glock (not Sir William!)
 Donated by Malcolm Rudland

Lot 50 (£1)

Copy of the marriage certificate of Peter Warlock
 Donated by Malcolm Rudland



Rudland climaxes during *Capriol*
 (A leftover from the Centenary Celebrations)
 Drawn from life by Danny Gillingwater

Chairman's report

This has been the year of the Century, of course, but also for me the half-century and quarter-century. I've been collecting Warlock for 50 years, when songs cost from a shilling to half-a-crown, and 8vo items were a few pence each. The quarter-century is my 25 years as Chairman. I am deemed to be past my sell-by date. I wish my successor well – may he manage a quarter-century too.

As it is my last Chairman's report I may be a little outspoken.

We have had a marvellous Warlock year. There is no time to detail all the events that have taken place over the world. I'll just pick out some highlights.

Centenary Year started in Cape Town early on New Year's Day, thanks to Barry Smith. Closer to home, Betty Roe and John Bishop organised a concert in Holland Park. Although the venue was a church, we had a secular singalong in the second half. Moeran also was celebrated. Born on New Year's Eve, he just made the same Centenary Year as Warlock.

I was somewhat disappointed how little the BBC did, apart from the Full Orchestral *Capriol* at the Proms which was largely due to David Cox's suggestion. We know Warlock was no Purcell, though he did much to promote his music, but for Composer of the week to be shared with Moeran seemed a bit scanty. Boulez got a whole week – shades of the Glock and Keller years!

In March, I missed out on Potter's Bar, Criccieth and Jacksonville. Then in April came a splendid day at Eton for our AGM and other events.

In May the British Library had a reception to launch three Warlock books: Barry Smith's biography (which quickly sold out – now I understand the reprint has sold out as well); Professor Parrott's book on the Welsh connection; and our own Centenary compilation, ably edited and produced by David Cox and John Bishop. On the following day Ian Partridge sang *The curlew* in the Wigmore Hall.

That same month I went to a concert at Leeds University. I missed Bradford Cathedral as it happened at the same time. I chose Leeds as I was a student there some time ago (nearly another half-century) and wanted to see the place again. I was able to go to York Minster the next day and hear the band that had performed in Bradford. Alas, there was no *Brass Cuckoo*! Then of course, we had the sale at Sotheby's which raised a few thousands for our celebration.

In June I missed out on Brighton, Aldeburgh and Malvern, as I did Cheltenham in July. I made it to University College London where Warlock had matriculated after his year at Oxford before being cajoled away by Thomas Beecham. It was nice to see the place – I'd never been there before.

I went to Shrewsbury (another Partridge/*Curlew*) but not to Truro – more later about that. In August I gave a talk near Bury St Edmunds and made, I hope, some new friends for Warlock. I missed what was reportedly a splendid weekend at Gregynog.

October, of course, was the month that we had been building up to (or, as Winston Churchill would have deplored, "up to which we had been building"). In the week culminating in the day at the Savoy there were events planned for every day. Anthony Ingle organised a song recital in St Barnabus church for the Monday. On the Tuesday Malcolm gave his Chelsea talk.

Wednesday brought the English Song contest. It was not just a Warlock event, as we got some funding from the original English Song Award which, with any luck, may get sponsorship for a resuscitation. This was very successful but had its dark side. One of the adjudicators was Geoffrey Parsons. He died shortly afterwards – a great loss to the profession and to Warlock interpretation.

Philip Stone repeated his Enigma illustrated talk but Mark Wildman had had to cancel his Leighton House recital due to ill-health.

On the Saturday Malcolm had organised a CCCCC – a Centenary Celebratory Chelsea ChronotopograPHical Crawl. [The fourth C may need some elucidation. Over the years, for my own benefit, being a chart man, I have compiled what I call my ChronotopograPHY (with a capital PH, of course). In it I can look up where he lived (topo), when (chrono) and what he was writing (graPHo) – compositions, transcriptions, journalism and, of course, the letters. Almost 1000 survive.]

Sunday at the Savoy was something special. There were criticisms, of course. The parson overdid the occult angle in his Mattins sermon. I personally thought the Hungarian voluntary a load of rubbish, but then I don't like organs and organists. You'll have a chance to judge later.

The lunch was somewhat drawn out. We had been under the impression that the "entertainment" was going to take place while the waiters were waiting on us. Instead we were waiting and people were asking when the food was coming. The cabaret was not marvellous. Most of the singers had not done their homework and, despite Brian's opinion, I thought the choreographed *Capriol* laughable. In fact, halfway through it, my wife looked across and mimed "Two Ronnies". I think they did better, just as funny and more competent.

The evening concert was mostly splendid – Ian Partridge, of course, in spite of rehearsal difficulties (he never ate any lunch). The Finzi Singers were superb. It's a pity that one of their excellent sopranos wasn't singing the encore, if there had to be one, (two even!) instead of the pathetically inaudible boys.

The other pity was how few people came to the concert. Most of them were those who had been at the lunch. They had already heard *Capriol*.

In November I missed out on Lincoln but made it to Leicester – yet another *Curlew*.

In December I gave another talk in Ealing to (would you believe?) the Southern Friends of Buxton Opera. Barbara Kendall-Davies, accompanied by Jennifer

Partridge, performed some songs in between my chat and the three of us conclude with what was almost certainly a world premiere: a 3-part song by Thomas Whythorne from a Warlock manuscript. When booked for the job I had been told that most of the punters came for the lunch and fell asleep afterwards. It was also remarked, "No one will know who Warlock is." I replied, "If no one has heard of Warlock by December they must have kept their eyes and ears shut all year."

We tried to repeat a jaunt we did some years ago to the grave at Godalming, Hambledon, Ha'nacker Mill and Bramdean. The weather was appalling. The brass band played under the tree near Warlock's grave – it was remarked that it must have been one of the few occasions when Warlock was the only one dry. At Hambledon the band started on the ground, with some help from members holding the the music to the stands, but had to come dashing to the pavilion when it tumbled down. We had a sociable, musical lunch in the *Bat and Ball* but decided that Ha'nacker Mill was out of the question. We repaired to the *George* in Hambledon, where the *Cricketers* song was conceived. The band had been promised free booze. They got through quite a lot!

I mentioned Truro earlier. This was a "Musico-Dramatic" presentation named *At the Fox Inn* that started at the Three Spires Festival. They brought it to Catford but I caught up with it in Cheltenham. Living where I do, just off the A40, Cheltenham is easier than Catford. You will have read about it in the Newsletters. It was a worthy venture and we hope it will prosper.

You will have read about events in the USA. Bob Beckhard would have loved to attend our Centenary week but had to be back in New York for the celebrations there.

One very encouraging thing for our Society is the fact that we have made so many friends for Warlock over the country and abroad. Several of us "showed the flag" in out of the way places. Performers there were very pleased to see us and expressed their gratification that we had taken the trouble to support them. We have had a memorable year; Malcolm did a marvellous job raising all that money, but it was no one-man band. I must bring to your attention first Robin who was lumbered, uncomplainingly, with a lot of extra work as Treasurer. Then there were the Sub-Committees – for Publications, Promotion, Prize Competition, all of whom put much time and thought into the Centenary. Much credit is due to them.

Cecil Gray wrote that he couldn't bear to listen to *The curlew* due to its "grisliness". My seventh *Curlew* of the year was sung by Danny Gillingwater in Birmingham, and very well too. It had occurred to me over the year that it was a shame that a) there's not a lot to relieve the gloom and b) there's not a lot for the woodwind to do in the rest of the programme. So I have arranged what I call T2C3 (Tentative Title: Centenary *Curlew* Companion). This is a medley of

eight Warlock songs for the *Curlew* combination, but with flute doubling Alto Flute and Cor Anglais doubling oboe.

Most songs are cheerful as antidotes to the grisliness – *Away to Twiver*, *Robin Goodfellow*, *The bachelor*, etc., but there are some more reflective songs – *The cloths of heaven*, *The fox*, etc. In addition, I've included a "Spot that tune". I've incorporated many bits of Warlock in the intro, links and coda, at least seventeen. I've dedicated it to Ian Partridge CPE (*Curlew* Performer Exemplaire) who likes it. Jennifer, who played it through to check for wrong notes and accidentals, said it's brilliant. (I think so too!)

I hope to hear it sometime. I think it's one of the best things I've done since *Lumberjack*, though it won't make so much money. So, if anyone wants a companion piece to *The curlew*, please get in touch. There are parts, far better than the printed *Curlew* parts, which are very poor.

[Not all of this report was delivered as it appears here. There were so many bits of paper circulating at the meeting that one of mine got lost and I had to do a bit of busking.

Here's to the next quarter-century!]

Fred Tomlinson

Warlock in Oxford

This concert, part of a series by the Christ Church Music Society, was arranged to coincide with the AGM and provided excellent entertainment for us on the day. The programme – not actually a "concert of works by Warlock" as the event was subtitled, was split between compositions and transcriptions, four items of each. The mood, as befitted the venue (Christ Church Cathedral) had an emphasis on the contemplative and this is exactly as it should be. Of course, there are times and events where the frivolous Warlock can be revealed to advantage; but let it not be forgotten that the *Cod-pieces*, the drinking songs and the slap-on-the-back "have-you-heard-this-one" sorts of song are in the minority as far as the total output is concerned. This was a programme for the connoisseur, current or potential, for Warlock is at his incomparable best when he chronicles or otherwise expounds upon the human condition either with his own voice or in his choice of neglected work by others that he considered important enough to be put before the public.

The concert began with *Corpus Christi* in the later version for two voices and string quartet, an instrumental ensemble which was retained for the transcription of Byrd's exquisite and ravishing setting of *My little sweet darling*. So the end of a life gave way to the start of one, a progress that was arrested by the mysteries of *The bayly berith: the bell away*. We also heard a pair of transcriptions from John Dowland's *A pilgrim's solace*, a Fantasia in four

parts by Purcell and one of the (so-called) string quartets – suites really – by Matthew Locke.

Warlock's own *Sleep* concluded the concert but, before the Purcell and Locke items, the hard-worked quartet were once more in action for a performance of one of Warlock's most demanding and least heard pieces. *Sorrow's lullaby* is a setting of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet whose obsessive melancholy reminds one of Edgar Allan Poe with whom, in fact he was contemporary. The chromatic self-consciousness of the string lines results in some darkly intense harmony with which the vocal shapes do not always agree. The performance was not perfect but it was sincere and convincing and very welcome on both of these counts. Anthony Ingle and I were chatting about it afterwards and between us we managed to list two other live performances that we knew about so its inclusion is a measure of the performers' confidence and daring.

All in all it was a remarkable programme and our thanks go to all concerned who, as I understand the situation, made their own choice of items from material they had been sent. The string quartet comprised Dominique Wong-Min and Heather (violins), Emma Shepherd (viola) and Emma Rees (cello). The singers were Lara Wilson (soprano), Christopher Watson and David Revels (tenors) and Costas Peristianis (baritone). Ms Wong-Min also played the piano accompaniments where required.

Brian Collins

The meeting and afterwards

Although the Auction and Concert were important aspects of the day, we were actually in Oxford to conduct the formal business of an Annual General Meeting. It should be recognised that a most important change took place in the course of the meeting for, as the editorial on p.1 has already announced, Fred Tomlinson stood down as Chairman of the Society. After David Cox had offered a fitting tribute to Fred's lifelong dedication to the composer, he proposed that Fred Tomlinson be made Chairman Emeritus, which Pat Mills duly seconded. The motion was carried unanimously.

Two nominations were put forward for his successor and, after both nominees had left the room for the voting, they returned to discover that Brian Collins had received the majority of the votes cast. His first official engagement immediately after the meeting was to attend a packed Warlockian Evensong in Christ Church Cathedral where the Warlock chants from the *Pavane* and *Cricketers of Hambledon* were sung to the psalms for the day. Warlock was therefore fittingly placed alongside Purcell (*O sing unto the Lord* with strings) and the Walton canticles conducted by Stephen Darlington and accompanied by the sub-organist, Stephen Farr. The Junior Organ

Scholar, Philip Millward, played the *Fantasia in memoriam Peter Warlock* composed by István Koloss, organist of the Bazilika in Budapest, for the Centenary at The Savoy last year. Afterwards, a visiting organist from St Paul, Minnesota, USA, bought a copy of the piece from the Hon. Sec. who just happened to have a spare one with him.

We had gone to Christ Church, of course, because that's what Warlock himself did. We were very grateful for the opportunity to visit the rooms that Warlock himself occupied and extend our thanks to Tim Noone, the senior organ scholar and the rooms' occupant at the time, for his hospitality in showing us around them.

We also thank Stephen Darlington for contributing so much to the smooth running of the day and welcome Brian into his new appointment in such an illustrious setting. He has already proved himself a calm, steady leader of the pack at committee meetings in *The Antelope*, and we wish him well in guiding Warlock through the millenium.

Malcolm Rudland

AGM 96

Yes that's right!

Keeping to the idea of following in Warlock's footsteps we move on to Cornwall for our next AGM. **The 1996 meeting will be based around Truro over the Bank Holiday weekend of 4-6th May.** The Cornish Chapter is very strong: Jonathan Carne's *At the Fox Inn* was first given in Truro (see Newsletter 54) before being exported to London and Cheltenham; Geoffrey Self of Cambourne has written authoritatively on E J Moeran; Brian Hammond, former Head of Music at St Austell 6th-Form College, has memories of Bruce Blunt since 1952.

The *Tinner's Arms* at Zennor where Warlock stayed in 1917 may be too small to house the AGM but a jaunt to the area is intended. There is a concert planned for the Saturday evening to include the Penzance Choral Society directed by Anthony Trodd; Brian Hammond will discuss the music. Andrew Nethsingha, Organist and Master of the Choristers at Truro Cathedral will prepare a service for the Sunday (in the Cathedral). And, as long as enough material is forthcoming, there will be another auction. There'll be more details in the next Newsletter but put the date in your diary now!

You might also like to consider where we go thereafter. Shall we alert our contacts in Dublin (1997), Cologne (1998), Biskra (1999) and Budapest (2000)?

Malcolm Rudland

REVIEW

Doing the Chelsea Walk

Everyone knows how pleasant it is to do things for the first time. I wondered if I could possibly, at the tender age of 85 (and with a mixed company, the eldest being war time babies of 50 or so), pay homage to dear Sir Philip Heseltine (although we all revere him as Peter Warlock). I would make a pilgrimage from Knightsbridge to various places in Chelsea where he lived from boyhood to his death, finally, in Tite Street.

(It should be noted that the writer does not wait for the Queen to grant titles. If they seem to be apposite, he applies them.)

So I thought it a good idea to take a dummy run, not over the target but at Nancy's Cliveden where, I feel sure, as she entertained everyone worth knowing, I should step again on the famous terrace with the ghosts of Bernard Shaw, Lawrence of Arabia, Augustus John, Michael Arlen, Lytton Strachey and many more of Warlock's friends. D H Lawrence, of course, would not be invited by the first woman MP. Also a long walk to the Profumo boat house with the stiff climb back would, if accomplished without too much angina, be fine training for the Chelsea Walk, if not the Lambeth variety. Fortified (not by Forte of course) with the best lunch possible in Merrie England (the hotel makes the Ritz and Claridges seem like slums) I managed this trial run perfectly. I could not find a record of Warlock here, but I feel sure he must have been invited.

After being born in the Savoy Hotel, he was a baby at a house in Hans Place (since demolished to make the present Harrods Food Hall) where we met at 11am on a fine, if cold, June morning. I had forgotten my shooting stick but had time to buy a seat stick in Harrods. Without it I could not have kept up with the delightful, youthful devotees who, because of our common aim, were instantly fond brothers and sisters, or rather sons and daughters, to me.

How I remember a lady in a magnificent bowler and tweeds. I instantly felt I was back in the hunting field after the fox. Also a lady *ohne* hat, whose dark hair seemed to make it easy for me to look down with her at the area door at Tite Street and silently cry together. Why does the magic of Warlock do this to us? Hardened, bearded architects and even Americans were visibly affected.

Of course, all this worship was wonderfully organised by Sir Malcolm Rudland. I felt rather sorry that he and the brave company of musicians that he collected were not born when dear, dear Warlock died. By contrast, I was 21 at the time and knew many of his associates although I never met him personally. However I heard a lot about him from Augustus John and his family and from that prince of pianists – Michael Mullinar who liaised with him, song writing, sometimes guided by Ralph VW.

Before professorship at the Royal College, Michael Mullinar was accompanist to the City of Birmingham Orchestra, conducted by the then Dr Adrian Boult who was godfather to his son, and later, of course, Sir Adrian Boult of the BBC Orchestra. In my opinion he was the best musician ever to lift a baton; he could not do anything that was at all un-musical. He admired Warlock very much.

We walked down Sloane Street, pausing to remember the brutality of Oscar's arrest at the Cadogan Hotel, and (praying for his soul) to the prep school, where the young Heseltine was taken daily by his nurse.

It is well known that all the world loves a lover but more so all the world loves a sot. Surely Sir Toby Belch, Sir John Falstaff and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are the most popular of all Shakespeare's characters. In the *Antelope*, looking at their usual seats, we felt we ought to maintain the tradition and be carried out! Instead we pushed on determined not to rest today until more had been achieved towards reprinting and c/d-ing everything that Warlock had written. We paused to remember what a magnificent brain and capacity for work Warlock had. When too drunk to stand he could write manuscripts that looked like Augener's best printing. And what a sense of humour – I have often dined out on a Warlock crack told to me by Michael Mullinar and confirmed by one of Augustus John's daughters.

"I admit," said he, "I adore ladies for the simple reason that without them none of us would be here. What man, I ask you, would go to all that trouble when he could turn over and have a nice sleep. Alas he is forced into taking unwanted exercise." He would then take several inches of tongue out of his cheek and lift a pot of good ale to his mouth.

I have tried this out in mixed company always instantly reading the character of various ladies by their reaction to the Warlock theory.

We met our 10-piece brass ensemble from the Guildhall School of Music at Peter's Cod Piece shop (nothing sartorial about this shop – purely piscatorial). Sir Malcolm conducted a cod piece serenade and then we moved with our police escort rather as in psalm 68, v. 25 – the singers going before, (singing *The cricketers of Hambledon*) led by Don Kennedy, the minstrels following after; in the midst were damsels playing on their imagination – not a timbrel to be seen.

Then on to 6a Bury Walk where the Ensemble played *The old codger* outside the residence where, it is reasonable to assume, he scored it for the Savoy Orpheans. Next a good lunch at the *Wellesley Arms* and, for the young and brave, a climb of 185 steps up St Luke's Tower for a lovely view. I wonder if John Ireland ever left his seat at his organ there, to make the ascent.

Around 3pm we arrived at Dovehouse Green for a musical feast. Eric Crees conducted his arrangement of *Capriol*; Gordon Honey sang *Love for love* overlooking the Register Office where Warlock was

married on 27th December 1916 (the song was dedicated to "Puma", his wife) and we discovered that we were all standing on the site of the public mortuary that housed his body on 17th December 1930. After the concert the baton was auctioned to a selection of conductors thereby repeating the whole repertoire and raising much needed funds totalling £150 on this occasion.

One of the conductors, Katherine Moon (aged 3) conducted with the fire of Dame Ethel Smyth. At the other end, I enjoyed "Beethoven's 5th" conducting for the first time at 85, proving that at a performance a good orchestra has no need of a conductor. They could not be put off by me and played with great precision. Similarly, one conductor held the baton upside down and waved it occasionally from East to West with never a down beat. It made no difference.

We walked via Chenil Galleries, scene of Warlock concerts, to Tite Street where, opposite the GLC plaque, we were royally received by the Daughters of the Cross at St Wilfred's Convent. They seemed to realise the sadness of our pilgrimage and revived us with a quite lovely tea. Ralph Downes's Beethoven was heard in *Pieds en l'air* sung by one of us; the *Pavane* went very well as a duet with Sir Malcolm who also accompanied Gordon Honey in *Mr Belloc's fancy*. Eric Crees listened intently with a view to making a brass arrangement of it.

On leaving, I crossed the road and looked down the awesome area steps. Once more I imagined I could hear St Cecilia leading a chorus of angel ale-wenchies singing *Pieds en l'air* softly, each of the many parts bringing out the subtle, chromatic harmonies where required. Thus he would fly to heaven. One imagines St Peter would say, handing his "massy keys of metals twain" to his sub-doorkeeper, "Glad you have arrived Phil, I will ignore those saints, let you and me go for a drink of good celestial brown ale".

God, at age 36, the pity of it! I crawled into a cab. On reaching home I felt certain that we had all furthered our campaign as much as possible.

Frank Thomas

OBITUARY

Geoffrey Parsons

If you look in the current *Gramophone* Classical Catalogue under Parsons, Geoffrey, you are directed to look further under the names of these singers: Nilsson, de los Angeles, Berganza, Hotter, Gedda, Söderström, Schwarzkopf, Baker, Cuenod; then there are the younger ones: Thomas Allen, Margaret Price, Jessye Norman; and even younger ones: Olaf Bär, Thomas Hampson, Felicity Lott. That really tells the story. After the retirement of Gerald Moore in 1967, Geoffrey P quietly slipped into his place and for

another 27 years he was the Top Accompanist, the man all the best singers wanted at the piano, the best man for the best work.

And, by George, he did work – perhaps a bit too hard. Maybe he took on too many tours with too many top singers. It wasn't just greed, either; it was mostly that he adored playing for good singers. Mind you, he was also a fine sonata partner and he played frequently for Tortelier, Ida Haendel, Nathan Milstein and Wanda Wilkomirska; but it was the singers that he enjoyed most.

Born in Sydney in 1929, Geoffrey Parsons was educated at Canterbury High School, Sydney, and at Sydney University, where he studied architecture. He then entered the NSW State Conservatory of Music, studying piano with Winifred Burston. At the age of 20, Geoffrey won the ABC's concerto competition. A year later, in 1948, he toured Australia playing for Essie Ackland. The following year he played for Peter Dawson. He soon made up his mind that he preferred playing for a violinist or singer.

The elderly Dawson brought the young Parsons "over-seas" and the young man decided to stay in London and give it a go. Geoffrey P used to say that he learned from Dawson, especially about diction and projection.

One of the singers Geoffrey worked with a great deal, Dame Janet Baker, had enormous admiration for the man and his talents. After his death, Dame Janet wrote: "Geoffrey was devoid of ego on the platform; he gave his artists "first place" up there, so it was easy to share with him; there was always compromise, but the final decision as to phrasing and tempo he was big enough to leave to the singers – those he respected, at any rate."

GP never considered himself an "up-front" man except that he sometimes gave valuable master-classes and he also organised a series of international song-recitals at the Barbican in London known as "Geoffrey Parsons and Friends".

He had friends everywhere and loved travelling, although latterly he had put the brakes on long tours. Always he would come home with good stories like the one about the little lady in New Zealand who always sat in the front of the audience so that she could see him "piddling".

Late last year, Geoffrey was gripped by a swift and brutal cancer. In his last days, the cancer entered his bones and fractures occurred daily. But that didn't disturb cheerful telephone chats and visitors to his hospital bedside were always the occasion to open another bottle. He was also sustained by his Anglican faith and he was a regular worshipper in London at St Cyprian's, Clarence Gate and this church, I understand, will receive a large gift willed for the purpose of restoring the organ.

John Amis

[This obituary is a shortened version of that which appeared in the August-September edition of the Australian magazine *Soundscapes* – Ed.]

ARTICLES

Passing by

A Warlock musical

I was nervous the first time I sat down in the time-honoured Manuscript Room at the British Library to study Peter Warlock's correspondence and notebooks for a radio drama-documentary I was writing for the October 1994 Warlock Centenary [*Eynsford and after: the last years of Peter Warlock* – see *Newsletter* no 55 pp. 18-19 – Ed.]. I had not forgotten that Warlock himself had spent many hours of his short life researching manuscripts in the same library so it came as a shock when a sepulchral voice spoke over my shoulder: "Are you an expert on Peter Warlock?" I was afraid not but, with his letters spread out before me I couldn't very well deny my interest. My visitant turned out not to be Warlock's ghost but a researcher working on the papers of the historian Arthur Bryant. He told me he had come across some references to a projected opera based on Warlock songs – nothing much, but it might be worth my while to have a look. He gave me the necessary references.

It was over a year before I got round to going to the archive room of King's College, London in the Strand to see what I could find. The archivist herself didn't think there'd be much to interest me. But there turned out to be quite a lot: no opera but the 53-page typescript of a play with Warlock songs, apparently not quite finished, together with letters between Bryant and a friend called Alfred Chenhalls (pronounced, it seems, to rhyme with "kennels") about the choosing of the songs and the writing of the play. Also there was a series of file cards on which Bryant had jotted down odds and ends of Warlockiana, in particular his reactions to singers he had heard on the radio either singing Warlock or in his opinion likely to be good singers of Warlock.

Sir Arthur Bryant was, if we are to believe the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1981-5, p. 87), a "Tory patriot paternalist of the old order", a man of varied talents and immense energy who might equally well have gone in for the bar, Tory politics or the theatre – among other things he directed several large-scale historical pageants. Instead he became a historian whose most important contribution was probably the three volumes (1933, 1935 and 1938) of his life of Pepys, which has been described as "one of the great historical biographies in the language" (John Kenyon, quoted in the *DNB*). He was a passionate English nationalist and it is not surprising that Warlock's evocations of a lusty, English, golden age appealed to him.

Alfred Chenhalls, Bryant's almost exact contemporary, disappeared dramatically on 1st June 1943 when the plane in which he was flying from Lisbon in neutral Portugal to England was apparently shot down over the Bay of Biscay by the Germans. Among the other passengers who perished was the

well-known actor Leslie Howard. *The Times* printed an obituary:

Alfred Tregear Chenhalls was a great-nephew of Jeremy Bentham. He was a chartered accountant by profession, but was known for his keen interest in music and encouragement of musicians. He was himself a competent pianist, and was married to Miss Gwen Teagle, a violinist well known for her work in connection with the concerts for troops at the front in the last war. [*The Times*, 4th June 1943]

Peter Warlock had been dead not quite seven years when, on 16th September 1937, Chenhalls wrote from his office in Chancery Lane to one Edward Clark of Memphis Recording Studios Ltd of 131 Wigmore Street:

My dear Clark,

You recommended Memphis Recording Studios for the records I want to make and as they are likely to prove rather a tall order I will set out what is required and ask if you would be kind enough to help me obtain it.

My friend Arthur Bryant is writing a play based on subjects covered by Peter Warlock's songs. The setting is mediaeval and the treatment modern. It will be a musical play with alternating dialogue and songs [...] I am collaborating with Bryant in certain features of it, particularly in the selection and arrangement of Warlock's songs. I spoke to Hubert Foss about it some months ago. He was very enthusiastic and promised to help too.

Bryant is the author of Charles II, Pepys biographies, etc., and part author of the play "Ninety Sail" which is to be produced in the West End in November. I have read the script of this play and the scenario of the Warlock play, both are effective and brilliant. But Bryant's knowledge of Warlock and his music is derived from the Cecil Gray biography, the few gramophone records, listening-in to every broadcast of the Warlock songs and from my having played him a lot of his music. This covers only a fraction of Warlock's output, and Bryant wants to consider the words and music of every song he wrote. You told me that the simplest way to do this would be to ask Cecil Gray, whom neither of us know, to lend us the whole of Warlock's works. It would take Bryant and me a weekend to decide which, on the grounds of either words or music, could be used for our play. Having done this we could then discuss treatment, rights, etc. of what we want to use.

The first thing we should then like done would be records to be made by his friend Stuart Robertson of those we choose, along the lines I discussed with you. I should be very grateful if you could see Gray at your convenience on this proposal, and ask him if he would very kindly lend us the whole of the material for this purpose? Would you please assure him that I am very good at not losing, lending or hanging on to any material great or small.

I leave for France this weekend and shall be back on the 6th October, which will allow a clear month from now.

Many thanks to you and Gray for all you are willing to do.

It seems that some rather useless records were in fact made privately earlier, and whether Memphis Recording Studios were able to do better is unclear. Space does not permit a detailed study here of the course of relations between Chenhalls and Bryant in connection with the writing of the play, but I hope to return to this in a later article. Suffice it to say that a typescript seems to have been ready for Chenhalls to look at early in 1938, though this was later revised (and improved). The authors' own description of their work is:

PASSING BY, a musical play by Arthur Bryant; poems by various ancient authors set to music by Peter Warlock, selected and adapted by A. T. Chenhalls.

Of the 53 well-spaced typed pages, the first eight present a prologue or "opening scene" to be played before a drop curtain. Two acts of roughly equal length follow; the first comes to a definite conclusion, while all extant versions of the second, whether handwritten or typed, seem to peter out in the middle of a stage direction before the action of the play is properly completed. At the end of one of the typed copies someone has pencilled "Unfinished, more in MS" but, in the extant papers, there is no evidence of any more, not even a carbon copy of the typescript cut up and divided into separate envelopes to provide each actor/singer with his or her own part. Perhaps Bryant considered the text at least complete enough for performers to work on; or perhaps he later destroyed what he may have come to regard as an unsatisfactory ending.

The action of the play and the personal and place names used in it derive wherever possible from the mediaeval and renaissance English poems Warlock set to music; apart from the folklike *Yarmouth fair*, his settings of nineteenth and twentieth century texts are not used at all. The mainspring of the action is the old folktale of the man or woman who grows up without setting eyes on a member of the opposite sex. On one of his file cards Bryant jotted down a quotation relevant to this from Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* (p. 210) referring to what she called "surely the second oldest" story in the world:

"They be demons," said the Abbot. "I thought," said the young man, "that they were the fairest things that ever I saw."

The action is set in the sort of makebelieve mediaeval "merrie England" that seems to have been close to Bryant's heart. The opening scene before the drop curtain shows a town street a week before Christmas, snow lying thick upon the ground. A peddler (tenor) sings *Passing by* as the Archbishop and the Lord Treasurer of the land enter. Both are misogynists and are horrified when the peddler reaches the words "Had I her fast betwixt mine arms/Judge you that think such sports were harms . . .". We learn that they have been responsible for bringing up the young Prince of the land whose mother died when he was five. He is now twenty and the Lord Treasurer's regency will end when he comes of age on New Year's

day. The Prince has been brought up on a strict diet of St Thomas Aquinas and has seen no woman since his mother's death except, recently, an old washer-woman in the palace grounds. Struck by the beauty (to him) of this old woman, he has decided it's time to go about freely but his tutors are determined not to lose control of him until New Year. So they decide to send him in a closed coach to spend Christmas at the Hall in the Wood, the Archbishop's estate five days' journey away in the Blue Mountains. The peddler meanwhile moves on to *Chopcherry*:

Lord Treasurer: Disgusting!

Archbishop: Positively disgusting!

For Act I proper the drop curtain is raised revealing the Hall in the Wood late on the evening of Christmas Eve – trees, icicles, deep snow, a cobbled courtyard and the music of *As ever I saw*, instrumental only until a young shepherd called Arthur o'Bower joins in with the words. The Prince's guardian/jailer Old Miles Millerspudd (surely a part created in Heaven for the late Sir Bernard Miles) tries to chase the lovesick Young Shepherd away but four rustic carollers enter singing *Adam lay ybounden* and the sound of their voices brings the Prince out on to the balcony of the Hall. "The Prince seems to be unconscious of everything but the solitude of the frozen, moon-bewitched night and the voice of the carollers." He remains motionless, gazing into the forest as the carollers continue with *Where riches is everlastingly* which prompts him to join in solo with the verse "A noble lesson here us is taught/To set all worldly riches at nought", etc., and when the carol ends he says, "I never heard singing so sweet, or in so sweet a place." The Young Shepherd springs up and dances, swinging his lantern and singing *Hey trolly lolly lo*. Old Miles tries to restrain him but the Prince comes down the steps from the balcony and restrains Miles. One of the carollers speaks up, provoking a stage direction Warlock would have enjoyed: "The other carollers suppress their too impetuous member."

The senior caroller is called Gaffer Granjun and he explains to the Prince that the Young Shepherd has been crazed ever since he saw a girl called Lillygay passing by and fell in love with her on the spot. This is doubly unfortunate because the Young Shepherd has abandoned his young wife Joan and their baby to pursue Lillygay:

Gaffer Granjun: She be a wicked frazzling golden-haired beauty – a maiden o' cruel guile be Lillygay.

The Young Shepherd sings *Whenas the rye* before leaving followed by the carollers who round off their performance with *Tyrley tyrlow*. The Prince resists Old Miles's attempts to get him to leave the balcony and go inside. Enter three girls who have heard about the Prince and are curious to see him. They are Suky ("an adventurous pert little creature who seems to be the leading spirit in the expedition"), Daffydowndilly ("of a taller and less elastic nature, made to be admired, but over apt to wilt when not") and Pignesnie, as Bryant spells her name ("of a quizzing humour and elusive as she is haughty, though to one who knows how to tame her easy to tame").

Daffydowndilly: Oh, I wish the Prince could see us.

Pignesnie: They say he's never seen a woman.

Daffydowndilly: Of course, he'd think we were lovely. But then he'd never be allowed to see us.

Pignesnie: And tonight's his only chance, the silly, while those men are out singing, and now he's gone to bed.

Daffydowndilly: Oh, Suky, why did you bring us?

Pignesnie: I'm sure he'd have thought us lovely too. Though (*peering at Daffydowndilly's face*) I have seen you look nicer.

Suky: I must say I'd have loved to have thwarted that silly old Archbishop.

Daffydowndilly: Hush!

Suky: But he's such a fool, and you know it. Fancy the poor boy never being allowed to see a woman.

Pignesnie: Oh, it's just cruel – think what he's missing.

Daffydowndilly: I'm sure some designing minx will get him.

They are interrupted by the eerie cry of the Young Shepherd as the moon comes out.

Suky: It's poor mad Arthur o'Bower.

The Young Shepherd sings *Milkmaids* and the Prince sees the girls.

Daffydowndilly: Oh! My God!

Prince: Oh! You divine and lovely creatures.

Old Miles: What a fiend's drumming is to do here. Women!

Prince: Divine, divine angels.

Old Miles: A tucket of poor village poppets.

Prince: (*gazing at Daffydowndilly*) Oh you lovely creature – are you real or only the shadow of the moon?

Pignesnie: Oh lucky Daffydowndilly.

Prince: Speak – or are you human? You are that for which I have waited all the days of my life.

But the problem is that the Prince is so susceptible that the minute he sees a second girl he falls in love with her and forgets the first. Thus he falls for all three in quick succession; but, in any case, Pignesnie is married to a shepherd called Rutterkin and the other two are as good as engaged to two of the rustic carollers. Rutterkin enters, rather drunk and appropriately singing *Pignesnie* in honour of his wife. The Prince is fascinated.

Prince: Tell me, what is it like to be married?

Rutterkin: Like . . . oh like . . . anything else, sheepsbearing or lambing or drinking beer.

Prince: I have never done any of these things.

Rutterkin: What never drink beer! You should come down to Jillian of Berry's one of these nights.

Prince: I should like to. Tell me, does your wife love you?

Rutterkin: Oh Sire, no man in all your dominions is loved more than I.

Prince: And your wife . . . Pignesnie you call her, is faithful to you?

Rutterkin: Even in her sleep, Sire, for she dreams of nothing else. For I be a proper man, I be. She will be dreaming of me now.

The Young Shepherd sings *Walking the woods* and goes off once more to look for the will o' the wisp Lillygay, followed this time by the Prince, leaving Old Miles, defeated, to close the act.

Old Miles: Oh women, women – wherever they be

there's nothing but bastards and broken laws – and good men gone to bad and bad to bed.

Act II is set in Jillian of Berry's alehouse. Jillian's daughter, Joan, abandoned by her husband the Young Shepherd, nurses their baby in a corner while the four rustics (Gaffer Granjun, Roister Doister, Ralph and Master Bojun – the carollers of Act I) sing *Good ale*. Rutterkin, still the worse for drink, enters with *Yarmouth Fair*. Gaffer Granjun, who is Jillian of Berry's brother, comments, "Aye, courting may be a pretty pastime, but marrying comes after – like frost after a Martinmas sun." At this one of the younger rustics, Roister Doister (Daffydowndilly's man) sings *The toper's song*. When Suky, Daffydowndilly and Pignesnie arrive, Jillian of Berry serves tandry cakes – made for St Andrew's Day, 11th December – all round. Joan sings her baby the lullaby *My little sweet darling* but runs to the window when she hears her husband, the crazed Young Shepherd, pass outside singing *Walking the woods*. The talk turns on Lillygay. We learn that she is Jillian's adopted daughter, probably of superior birth, and that although she has had a devastating effect on the local men she has done nothing to encourage this and, indeed, has no time for men at all. (However, this would appear to contradict Gaffer Granjun's earlier verdict on her.) Even Pignesnie's pragmatic Rutterkin has been affected:

Rutterkin: Well – I 'ad no more to do with her when I couldn't get her, like. Didn't waste my time like your good man, Joan.

Pignesnie: That makes matters worse.

The Prince comes in and Jillian is overcome by the honour done to her humble alehouse. She introduces the company, including Joan: "Your pardon, royal sir, for my country manners, but my daughter has had strange trouble with her man". The Prince and Joan are struck with one another; he imagines she is what he followed the crazed Young Shepherd through the snow to find, while she thinks the Prince must be the only person who knows where her husband is and can lead her to him. The Prince sings *Fair and true* to her. Soon Lillygay makes her first and only entrance – "her dress of rustic brown does not conceal the lines of her queenly, childlike beauty". Unlike all the other women she shows no interest in the Prince, while he predictably falls in love with her on sight and forgets Joan. Suddenly the Young Shepherd calls out that the lambs on the hill must be rescued before they die of cold and rushes off, closely followed by Joan. Jillian of Berry falls on her knees before the Prince.

Jillian: Oh your Highness – you alone have the power – bid them save my daughter before she perishes. They think of nothing but their flocks, but she is my only child and her babe lies there in the cradle.

Prince: (roused from his trance and looking first at Jillian and then at Lillygay) But your daughter stands there on the stair.

Jillian: No, no, she is no daughter of mine – I took her in on a night such as this sixteen years ago – some Lord's changeling she – no child of honest folk.

But the Prince does not move until Lillygay quietly

tells him that, if he loves her, he should go and rescue her (foster-)sister Joan. Then he rushes out with his cloak and the play as we have it abruptly ends.

Was there to have been any more? Perhaps the Prince's unselfish care for Joan won Lillygay's heart while the young Shepherd was reconciled with his wife. Then, of course, the Archbishop and Lord Treasurer would have arrived (led by Old Miles) in pursuit of the Prince only to find that he had accidentally found the right girl – they reveal that they knew all along that Lillygay was of royal birth. General rejoicing, with Roister Doister perhaps proposing to Daffydowndilly and being accepted, which would give him a chance to sing his eponymous song "I mun be married a Sunday" – except that the woman in the song is a rich widow called Custance, not Daffydowndilly. Or perhaps Bryant never hit on a satisfactory way of ending the play – who knows? Whatever the truth, you may have noticed at least one bad flaw in the plot. Lillygay is presented as Jillian of Berry's adopted daughter, which makes her Joan's foster-sister; if the Young Shepherd has been married to Joan long enough for them to have a baby, is it likely that he has only seen his foster-sister-in-law "passing by"?

Perhaps the PWS should hold a competition for the best revision and completion of the play – and organise a World Premiere performance?

At the conclusion of this part of the story at least, I would like to thank the Trustees of the Liddell Hart Centre for Military Archives for permission to quote from the private papers of the late Sir Arthur Bryant, and their archivist Kate O'Brien for her unfailing helpfulness. I'm sorry I can't adequately thank the researcher who first put me on the trail of Bryant's play; I was so disconcerted when he spoke to me at the British Library that I forgot to ask his name.

Silvester Mazzarella

[More details concerning the writing of the play will be revealed by Silvester Mazzarella in the next edition of the Newsletter – Ed.]

About Gerald Cockshott

The other day, I received a telephone call from Robert Beckhard in New York. As one of our most enthusiastic American members, it was pleasant to hear from him. We hadn't met for thirty years.

In the course of his call, he asked me three questions which, on the spur of the moment, were not answered by me in a very coherent manner. I would like to try and do so now. These were his questions:

- (a) Had the Society fully recognised Gerald Cockshott's contribution to the Society?
- (b) Had I really founded the Peter Warlock Society or should I be regarded as, at best, a co-founder?

(c) At the end of his tenure as Chairman, had he become embittered, and if so, why?

I will try and make my contribution to responding to these queries in a more considered way.

Who was Gerald Cockshott? In 1963, he was in his prime as a composer and arranger in the field of educational music. "Educational music" is a dread term for those who take music seriously, but music teachers who bought this material for their singing classes were particularly well served. All these items, whether original or arranged, are little gems and could easily be incorporated as encore items by adult solo singers in a venue more exalted than a church concert. In church music, his talent appeared to me to be less individual, emerging as accomplished pastiches of his hero Vaughan Williams. Nonetheless, his enormous output now appears to be forgotten and probably out of print. If no-one has sung his praises, let me sing them now.

As a shy young man with a dreadful stammer, I found his personality somewhat disconcerting. His manner was irascible combined with a devastating and biting wit. Like many composers, he did not easily live with the fact that there were other labourers in the vineyard performing the same activities as himself, and he was grudging in his respect of, for example, Ian Copley's music, and openly derisive of others, e.g. Eric Thiman, "that factory". Of bigger fry, Britten and Tippett was "pansy music", while Elgar was "vulgar". (Nonetheless, he was, in 1943, prepared to defend Britten's pacifism in the pages of the *Musical Times*.) As a chairman, he was very effective, though he seemed to me a poor public speaker, all the more surprising considering the sudden metamorphosis from a primary school headmaster to a lecturer at the Froebel Institute. This is, of course, an individual view; others who knew him better may disagree. He is to be honoured because he successfully steered the Society through its early, vulnerable years with the greatest success, despite our nearly losing our shirts at a Society sponsored concert. His navigational skills are fairly represented in his letters to me, all of which I still have. If I have written of his irascibility, let me, to balance that, record the caring side of his nature. At the end of a meeting, outside in the street, he said to me in tones of great asperity, "Pity about your stammering problem. You should go and see a psychiatrist!" – sage advice which I neglected.

Well now, to get to the point of Robert's second question. It is not easy to answer this in a definitive way although, on the face of it, it seems simple enough. In my article on the subject, I made it clear that the idea of a Society was mine but, on the other hand, it could not have been formed without the names of people Gerald thought would be interested and, if you wanted to take an extreme position, you could argue that Gerald founded the Society and I was his secretary. But ambiguity may blur this finely focused picture with the following sentence from Gerald himself, uttered towards the end of 1962. "If, Patrick, you succeed in *forming* [my italics] a Society,

I should of course be happy to be its Chairman". That does not sound like the remark of someone who imagined himself as a co-founder (he didn't say "we"), and I suspect that if I had flounced off to try and "form" a Cornelius Cardew Society instead, the idea of a Warlock Society might have withered on the vine. There is that possibility. But of course, I could be wrong.

Robert's third question – was Gerald an embittered man at the time when he retired as Chairman? I told Robert that I could think of no reason why this should be. But I have had another think.

In the early years of the Society, the editor asked me to dash off a little piece for the Newsletter and, in my earnest little essay, I carelessly referred to Warlock's suicide without any qualification. In the next issue, with no warning, I was exposed to an example of Geraldian vituperation. It was perhaps a little excessive and went on to describe the personal tragedy of suicide in an arid and uncharitable way. There followed an equally unpleasant letter from Bernard van Dieren Jr with more characteristically measured contributions from David Cox and Ian Parrott. I did not take this too tragically but set to work with a will to develop my own polemic, particularly my views on suicide in general. I was a naughty little animal; I bit back. Delight in this feudin' and fighting (and in this context, delight was an assuredly immature emotion) was soon quenched by the news of the effect this was having on our members, who were spell-bound in reading what appeared to be a civil war on the Committee. Sir Peter Pears let it be known to me that he was distressed at the ugly, intemperate tones that had disfigured the Newsletter. We all hastily calmed down, and I think that the editor said that "this correspondence is now closed". My relationship with Gerald was not apparently different. The absence of letters from him I hardly noticed, and a distant and aloof manner did not particularly disturb me. But if he was embittered, perhaps it was All My Fault.

Cool debate was fair enough, but veiled abuse was certainly something that would repel many of our members, a lesson we learned thirty years ago. Let it be.

Patrick Mills

Warlock and Goossens

A book about the remarkable Goossens family was long overdue, and Carole Rosen in *The Goossens* (André Deutsch, 1993) takes us, in well-researched and telling detail, through three generations and a hundred years of a dynasty which originated in Belgium. It's a fascinating saga. Eugène I and his son Eugène II were both successful conductors. Both, in turn, settled in England in their twenties. Eugène II fathered five children all with outstanding musical gifts: Eugene III achieved international fame as conductor and composer; Adolphe, a very promising horn-player, died in battle, aged 20, during World War I; Leon survived military service and became a

world-famous oboist; Marie and Sidonie both became distinguished harpists.

There are a good many references to Philip Heseltine in the book. He met Eugene III early in 1915; Philip was aged 20, Eugene two years older, and at once a close friendship and understanding began. Together that summer they "racketed around the Cotswolds on a decrepit motorcycle" and sampled very adequately the local beer. Eugene then returned to London for the Proms and wrote to Philip:

"I envy you your solitary fastness on Crickley Hill, with Puma, Indians, Primus Stove etc. etc. and would heartily give up next week's salary to be once more basking in the sun on that veranda, dividing my time between the light of your elegance and the shadow of the Cathedral. However, the Fates have it otherwise, and nine weeks of hard work at Queen's Hall is no consoling prospect. Thanks, my dear chap, for your solicitude. [. . .] I miss you muchly – on your return we must have many evenings at the Savoyard – or elsewhere. There's lots I really want to talk about – and you're quite the most 'understanding' person where I'm concerned."

Philip's keen interest in English folk-music was passed on to Eugene, who added a note to his arrangement for flute and piano of "It's a rosebud in June" to the effect that it was Philip who had first brought the tune to his notice. Likewise, later, the tune "Searching for Lambs", used by Eugene in 1931 (the year after Philip's death), brought back nostalgic memories of the motorcycling trips of sixteen years earlier.

From 1915 Philip was earning some money by writing about music. He was music critic for *The Daily Mail* for a few months, and in November 1916 he published an article in a periodical *The Music Student* on Eugene Goossens' chamber music (some of which he had recently heard). The editor was W W Cobbett, a musical amateur, famous later for the important *Cyclopaedia of Chamber Music* which bears his name as editor. Before publication, Philip had sent a copy of his article to Eugene with a characteristic comment:

It is not good, but limitation of space and the utter putrescence of the paper for which it is intended prevent it from being anything but a few staccato, sforzato notes. For various important reasons please conceal the authorship from Cobbett and Co. It is by your dear friend Peter Warlock.

It was the first time he had used this pseudonym.

In return, Eugene did his best to increase Philip's confidence in himself as a composer.

Philip went on to tell Eugene of the ambitious opera season he and Cecil Gray were planning. "No 'stars'. . . No vibrato singers! You must help us. Will you write a new work?" The scheme, not surprisingly, came to nothing. Another unfulfilled project of Philip's was "to begin a long and strenuous course of lessons with Goossens," as he wrote to Colin Taylor, "in the hope that I may be relieved of the fear which is haunting me, that I have no musical bowels at all".

Among the most interesting parts of Carole Rosen's book are her interviews with Eugene's harpist sister Sidonie (now 96 and the only surviving Goossens of that generation). In 1929, Sidonie and her husband Hyam Greenbaum (violinist, conductor, and composer), nicknamed "Bumps", moved to a London flat in SW5 which became a regular meeting place for young composers such as Walton, Lambert, Rawsthorne, etc. "Philip Heseltine was always there making Bumps drink too much," says Sidonie. "I had great difficulty in persuading everyone to go home, but the landlady used to complain if we made a noise after 11pm. We used to end our parties with Heseltine's beautiful arrangement [sic] of the *Corpus Christi* carol which we could sing very quietly."

Sidonie still regards Philip as "a corrupting influence, responsible for the start of Bumps' excessive drinking". More seriously, she regards Eugene's interest in the occult to date from his friendship with Philip. Eugene's bedside reading on witchcraft and necromancy was disturbing to his third wife, Marjorie. But here, with both Philip and Eugene, we're in the realm of speculation and rumour, and hard facts are difficult to come by – facts regarding how much was interest in the subject and how much went beyond that into dark practices. What were the seeds of Eugene's downfall – the disgrace of the discovery by the Sydney Customs, on his return to Australia from London in March 1956, that he was carrying a mass of photographs and films, considered flagrantly pornographic, concealed in his luggage? What had gone before? Carole Rosen remarks that it is tempting to find the seeds within the pages of *The Apocalypse*, Eugene's *magnum opus*, one section of which portrays the satanic rites of "The Worship of the Beast". Or was the whole thing blackmail pressure? We shall probably never know.

Down another track, Sidonie Goossens dismisses the theory that Bernard van Dieren was the evil genius behind Philip's death. "He was a wonderful influence on younger composers," she says, "so kind and patient despite the fact that he was often in agony from kidney stones."

In this matter, only with groundless speculation can Sidonie's views be questioned.

David Cox

The content of *Sweet content*

"To RQ without whom there could have been no PW" In this way Warlock signed a copy of *The singer* which he sent to Roger Quilter and the quote is fairly well known amongst the Warlockian fraternity, but what has not been noted before is that in one instance Warlock has seemingly lifted a couple of bars from a Quilter work:-

Quilter: English Dance No. 1



Warlock: Sweet Content



If one doubles Warlock's note values, the two extracts are identical apart from the last harmony. There is also worthy of note:

1. Both are in the same key of G major;
2. Many would consider the Warlock extract, with its step-wise inner parts in sixths, very characteristic of its composer;
3. Both extracts occur at bar 25 in their respective works – one wonders whether it is just too much of a coincidence!

In seeking an explanation as to how these two bars came to be included in *Sweet content* there would seem to be three possibilities:

- a) The quote is entirely coincidental. I'm no statistician, but the odds must be so heavily against this happening as to render it extremely unlikely.
- b) Warlock chose to quote these bars deliberately, perhaps as an expression of his own indebtedness to Quilter, although if he had done this he apparently did not let on about it.
- c) Perhaps, and most likely in my view, the two bars of Quilter were a subconsciously remembered fragment in Warlock's mind. There is a good chance Warlock may have heard Quilter's *Three English Dances*, that were first performed at Queen's Hall in June 1910. Warlock was still at Eton then and we know from his letters that he was attending concerts in London at the time.

John Mitchell

Acknowledgements

1. The two bars from Roger Quilter's *English Dance* no 1 are reproduced by kind permission of Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd.
2. My thanks to Frank Bayford for typesetting the music examples.

[John Mitchell raises an interesting opinion here and it would be good to know whether other members have a point of view on the matter. Please write in with your thoughts – Ed.]

NEWSBRIEFS

On 11th June, while the stalwarts of the PWS were trekking the streets of Chelsea, dodging the traffic and braving all eventualities, members of the Delius Society were taking a break from nettle-soup manufacture and that sort of thing and slumming it around the Cotswolds on a coach, no less. They paid their respects to PW at Crickley Hill (see David Cox's article *Warlock and Goossens*, p. 13) and their accompanying brochure re-recounts the legend about motorcycling *au naturel*.

Warlock's pub (continued) – any offers?

If you were watching *Woza Africa* on Easter Sunday (16th April) you will have seen Warlock's biographer, Barry Smith, directing the choir of Cape Town Cathedral. Alas no Warlock!

Stephen Layton, Assistant Organist of Southwark Cathedral and a member of the PWS, will be taking his choral group, Polyphony, to Brazil for two sets of concerts in Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo and Brasilia. These will feature *As dew in Aprylle*, *Bethlehem Down* and the string version of *Balulalow*. One of the concerts will be repeated at St John's, Smith Square on Wednesday, 20th December 1995 at 7.30pm.

And Warlock will be in Latvia (after a fashion) on 29th February next year. The British conductor and founder of the Belmont Ensemble of London, Peter Gilbert-Dyson, will take the string version of *Capriol* to the Richard Wagner Hall, Riga, where he will conduct the Latvian Philharmonic Orchestra in a programme of English string music by Britten, Elgar, Finzi, Holst and Warlock.

The organist of Hornchurch Parish Church heard King's College Choir's recording of *Where riches is everlastingly* from the EMI Warlock Centenary CD (CDM 5 65101 2) and wanted to find the music to perform it with his choir. He rang King's and was redirected to Malcolm Rudland who referred him Vol 3 of the Thames Choral Music (THA 978340).

October's issue of the BBC Music Magazine has two CDs attached to it and, coincidentally, connections with the PWS. One features music by Sir William Walton, a former President, while the other has pieces by Richard Rodney Bennett, our current President. Also represented is Sibelius, the subject of one of Cecil Gray's other books.

The PWS President, Richard Rodney Bennett, left his New York home to be in London at the *Pizza on the Park* for a two-week cabaret season in October. Meanwhile, Malcolm Rudland was crossing the Atlantic in the opposite direction to meet Robert Beckhard and PWS American Representative, William Perry, in their home settings. Earlier in the year, Malcolm had met William Perry in London and shown him the GLC plaque at Warlock's apartment in Tite Street. Another, 100 yards away in Tedworth Square, celebrates another of Mr Perry's heroes, Mark Twain, for whom he has composed a musical

extravaganza, now in its 10th season in Elmira NY and which will, next year, move to Hartford CT.

I am grateful to John Bishop for sending me details of a talk given to the Stravinsky Symposium in San Diego in September 1982. Inter alia it relates that a commission to cut some piano rolls of Stravinsky's music (*Scherzo fantastique*, *Fire-works*, etc.) was made from PW to Esther Willis, a member of the famous organ-building family. It has been known for some time that PW had some faith in the player-piano as a means of reproducing music at a time when gramophone recordings were in their infancy and quality of reproduction limited. I recall reading too, in the letters to Colin Taylor, that some enthusiasm for the device is shown. Perhaps someone, somewhere knows more?

The auction held before the AGM was, as you will have deduced from the lot list, a great success. If you were present you will see that several lots which were unsuccessful on the day now have a figure beside them; this is because some of the donors accepted offers afterwards. The auction raised over £1000 which is being put towards publications, the Warlock-Bartók project and other important activities. If you have Warlockiana or other, suitable material which you can donate to a similar event in the future, please let Malcolm Rudland know. Readers will be fascinated to know that he has already donated a conker (I kid you not) from near the site where Warlock stayed with Bartók on the Gellert Hill...

The Warlock and Bartók promotional sheet is at the end of this Newsletter. I've made it the last page so that you can more easily photocopy it as many times as necessary and pass it on to potential promoters, performers and sponsors. The Society is delighted to have secured the services of Diana Hirst as sponsorship co-ordinator for this project and among negotiations in hand are British Music Festival concerts throughout 1996 and some South Bank concerts in March 1997. I plead guilty to having alerted Malcolm to another opportunity for gastronomic celebration: In Malcolm Gillies' excellent book *Bartók in Britain* there is the text of a card that Bartók sent to his son on 26th March 1922 after his first concert in London. "Afterwards someone took me to have supper – just imagine with whom – the famous Marconi, who was throwing a big party in a hotel. There were all kind of good things there: oysters, fish, game stuffed with goose-liver, champagne, real cognac." Oh dear! Marconi's first transatlantic broadcast was made from – you've guessed it – the *Savoy Hotel*!

Decca have issued a two-cassette box (no 4439364) entitled *The essential music of England*. Included is the Marriner recording of *Capriol*.

I have received a review of the film *Voices* loosely (Oh, so very loosely) based on Warlock's life/death. Unfortunately much of the review is in film-speak and largely incomprehensible to those with a good

grounding in English but, in addition to Peter Warlock/Philip Heseltine there are characters called Lily Buxton, Oscar Butterworth and Gerald Duffy – who they? Voices was referred to in earlier issues as Voices from a locked room, a pre-release, working title, perhaps, and some of the plot strikes me as a little reminiscent of the short-lived play *Poison pen* (See Newsletter no 51). The review says that there is no “distrib” at present for which, I suppose, we must be grateful.

Musicians in Chelsea, a lecture by John Lade, former Head of BBC Recordings, listed connections between the Borough and Purcell, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Fauré, Ravel, Elgar, Britten, Vaughan Williams, Walton and, of course, Warlock. But only Warlock had the homes of his birth, marriage and death in Chelsea. The day after, Malcolm Rudland presented his Warlock in Chelsea show to follow the AGM of the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea's Arts Council at the Kensington Library Theatre. With the help of Danny Gillingwater (baritone) and David Peacock (stage manager from the Warlock at the Savoy extravaganza), Malcolm escorted the audience in virtual reality around the route of the Crawl (as related by Frank Thomas) stopping for *Captain Stratton's fancy*, *Sweet-and-twenty* and *Late summer* on the way. The house lights went up for the finale in which Danny coerced the council members into singing *The cricketers of Hambledon* from the tonic sol-fa sheets he had distributed. All present took away a PWS brochure; how will the civic fathers consider commemorating their famous resident? Danny Gillingwater's youthfulness impressed the party for he was asked what he was going to do after leaving college; despite saying that he did so ten years ago, one elderly lady still remarked that she thought it a pity that he could not convincingly communicate the meaning of the last line of *Sweet-and-twenty*. Your stuff is obviously enduring OK, Danny.

In *Peter Warlock: a centenary celebration*, Patrick Mills wrote in *Around Balulalow* that he was uncertain whether Warlock's or Herbert Howells's setting came first. Paul Andrews has written to Patrick to say that, although the composition date is given on the score is November 1922, the MS in the library of the RCM is dated 10th February 1920. Although Mr Andrews has not made a detailed comparison of the two, he says that it is possible that Howells made some amendments prior to publication. Would anybody else like to follow this up?

The result of the English Song Young Artist Award, although held a year ago, has somehow escaped mention in these pages until now. We are pleased to announce that the results were (in reverse order, as is the custom). Third prize (£100) was awarded to Tamsin Coombs and Mario Garcia Diaz de Leon; second prize (£150) was won by Paul Robinson and Christopher Hughes. The first-prize winners (£250), the unanimous choice of the panel, were Christopher Maltman and Andrew Smith. A special

accompanist's prize of £100 was awarded to Christopher Hughes and each of the six winners received a set of the eight volumes of the Thames Complete Edition of Warlock's songs.

Nigel Heseltine visited Britain over the summer and was the speaker at the Joseph Parry Hall, Aberystwyth in June. The event was chaired by Professor Ian Parrott, a Vice-chairman of the PWS, and gave Mr Heseltine, who was brought up in mid-Wales at the home of his grandmother and step-grandfather, an opportunity to reminisce about his life there, the people who lived nearby and, of course, his father. He also related his experiences as a diplomat and engineer in other parts of the world. At the end of his talk he signed copies of his book *Capriol for mother*.

The Penzance Choral Society conducted by Anthony Trodd will be performing a group of Warlock Carols in their concert which commences at 7.30pm in Chapel Street Methodist Church, Penzance, on Friday, 15th December.

Several photographs have been sent in for publication in the Newsletter. I'm very grateful for these and believe that I may, at last, have worked out a way of ensuring that they are reproduced more effectively. However this issue has turned out to be larger than I expected and there is no room for them. I shall try to make amends in the next issue (copy date: 29th February 1996).

LETTER

In the last Newsletter (No 56) I asked Nigel Heseltine a number of questions mostly relating to his book *Capriol for Mother*, and I have had a letter from him which begins: “I was disagreeably surprised to see that you have thought fit to bring into the public domain a number of confidential family matters, and this without consulting me first.”

Unfair! I had brought nothing into the public domain that was not there already. I was concerned with contradictions between certain things he tells us in *Capriol for Mother* [abbrev. *C for M*] and information in certain extant letters and other documents, including Puma's Will (which is at Somerset House). I shall quote the parts of his letter which are relevant to my questions.

We are told by NH (*C for M*, p. 106) that he is not the son of Puma, but of an unidentified Swiss girl. But Puma's Will of 1934 refers to “my son by a former marriage, Nigel Heseltine”. Regarding this, NH says, “I know nothing about Puma's Will of 1934. She had no money of her own. Her husband was well-off.” Strange that neither the family solicitors nor anybody else informed NH that he was a beneficiary... “Puma played an enormous confidence trick on my grandmother [Philip's mother] which she was aware of and spoke to me on the subject, but not until 1935.”

Thus NH accuses Puma of we know not what and without evidence. In fairness to Puma's memory, surely some explanation is due.

I asked NH about the Swiss girl (now dead) who, he tells us, was his mother. Did he, as would have been natural, seek her out later? Did he get to know her well? What was she like? Did she talk about her encounter with Philip? To all this NH simply replies "Yes, that should be obvious". But what does "Yes" refer to?

Another of my questions was about the surprising inconsistencies in an apparently *verbatim* letter from Philip to his mother (quoted, *C for M*, pp. 122/3). Was this letter in NH's possession? He replies: "The *verbatim* letter . . . was among those destroyed by my grandmother." Here he is referring to a mass of family letters and other documents all of which he had read; and his grandmother destroyed them all shortly before she died (*C for M*, p. 6). She died in 1943, and NH began writing his book around 1956 (*C for M* p. 5). During this gap of about thirteen years, did NH keep a copy of that letter? Or did he reconstruct a version of it from his memory? Intrinsically it's an important personal document so it would be good to know how *verbatim* it is.

When writing his book, most of his sources were from memory. An important one, however, remains. He says, "One source I still have are my grandmother's diaries from 1900 to 1942, a page a day. Several entries confirm what I have written in my book and which have surprised you. These will be destroyed at my death."

It is indeed regrettable – to put it mildly – that his grandmother destroyed what must have been a mass of valuable information, and now NH is going to follow suit. Nobody is likely to dispute his statement that the Peter Warlock Society exists primarily to increase general appreciation of the composer's music and musicological work. But with Warlock we need to know the complete person – because the music, the life, the mask and the meaning, are all intertwined inextricably. It's not morbid curiosity to want as much information as possible, in all aspects. NH is prepared to go a certain distance and no further – in accordance, he says, with the wishes of his grandmother.

Nevertheless, he gives us in his book sensational statements about Philip's alleged connections with Aleister Crowley and Satanic practices. His letter states, "Moeran confirmed this to me, as did my grandfather speaking of an apparition that caused Philip to burn his books on magic." Just how far things went, however, between interest and practice, we're never likely to know.

Finally – his murder hypothesis. NH stands by this. "The inquest was superficial, relying on uncorroborated statements like those of Barbara Peache and Mrs Venn." The door, bolted on the inside, is no obstacle. He says (PWS Newsletter No 56, p. 13): "As to the van Dierens getting out of the flat, there are many ways that this could have been done. Also,

Barbara Peache may have been an accessory after the fact." None of the "many ways" is specified, and no evidence is given to support the idea of Barbara Peache's possible collaboration . . .

To summarise: No further light has been shed in response to my questions. Those who in future may be writing about Warlock could indeed have some difficulty picking their way amid confusion and speculations.

David Cox

PUBLICATIONS

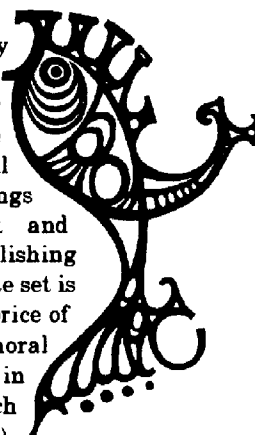
The intention of the Society that all of Warlock's music be in print and readily available is now well on the way to its completion. All eight volumes of the solo songs are now back in print and available from Thames Publishing at £8.95 each. The complete set is also on sale at the special price of £60. Likewise all the choral songs are published, again in eight volumes, at £3.95 each (vols 1 and 2 at £4.95 each).

Please add postage to these prices. Three books about PW – Nigel Heseltine's *Capriol for Mother* (referred to in David Cox's letter above), the symposium *Peter Warlock: a centenary celebration* and Ian Copley's *The music of Peter Warlock* (published by Dobson) – are also available from Thames, as are other instrumental works, some in arrangements. Future plans include the issuing of the solo songs with string quartet accompaniment; more detailed information about these will appear in a future Newsletter when they are published. A new set of parts for *The curlew* is also in the pipeline.

For further information about all Thames Publishing items contact John Bishop at 14 Barlby Road, London, W10 6AR (Tel. 0181 969 3579).

STOP PRESS

There is a grim irony in the fact that, following so closely on David Cox's letter above, the printing and distribution of this Newsletter have been delayed so that this page could be partially reset in order to pass on to members of the Society the sad news that Nigel Heseltine, the composer's son and one of our Vice-presidents, died suddenly on 21st October. The sympathy of all members of the PWS goes to his family and friends at this sad time. A full appreciation will appear in the next Newsletter.





Peter Warlock Béla Bartók

Warlock and Bartók

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April 1996 to March 1997

The English composer Peter Warlock and his Hungarian contemporary Béla Bartók were friends. Warlock, a keen observer of the musical scene of his time, was not only one of Bartók's earliest champions but, in certain respects, his music was influenced by him. Warlock first encountered Bartók's music while still at Eton, and from Cecil Gray's biography (1934) it is clear that he had a strong respect for it. In April 1921 Warlock even made a pilgrimage to Budapest to stay with Bartók, 13 years his senior. On 21 April 1921, he wrote to Delius: "Bartók is quite one of the most lovable personalities I have ever met".

Two direct results of this meeting followed. Firstly, in July 1921 Bartók wrote an article on *The relation of folk song to the development of the art-music of our time* for *The Sackbut*, an artistic magazine Warlock then edited. Secondly, on 24 March 1922 Bartók played for the first time in London, at a concert in the Aeolian Hall including his new Violin Sonata with fellow Hungarian Jelly d'Aranyi, then resident in London. On 16 March he also played in Wales, at University College, Aberystwyth, and whilst returning to London, he stayed at Warlock's family home of Cefn-Bryntalch. Shortly after this re-acquaintance, Warlock wrote *Lillygay*, his most consciously folk-song-oriented piece. It is worth noting that the extensive use of modality in Warlock, far from emanating from his studies of early music, arises out of his own developed chordal style, and his semitonally regulated motifs within such a modal framework sometimes recall figurations reminiscent of his Hungarian friend.

The 75th anniversaries of these events fall between April 1996 in Budapest and March 1997 in London. We now offer ideas for celebratory concerts, of which the final details will be launched by the Hungarian Ambassador at a reception at 6pm on Tuesday 16 April 1996.

For an orchestral concert we suggest the Oxford Orchestra da Camera (Tel. 01865-842889). In October 1994, they played *Capriol* and the *Serenade* for the Warlock Centenary Celebrations at the composer's birthplace, The Savoy, under Sir Charles Mackerras, and Malcolm Rudland, the Anglo-Hungarian conductor and organist. In September 1995, the orchestra commemorated the 50th anniversary of Bartók's death with concerts in London, Zurich, Budapest and Oxford, playing the *Divertimento* and *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste* under Paul Sacher, the octogenarian Swiss conductor and dedicatee of these works.

For a concert with three to nine players, we suggest Gemini (Tel. 0181-693 4694), one of Britain's leading chamber ensembles, who could also lead education projects linked to the theme. In May 1995, their Warlock's *Curlew* was very well received at the Purcell Room. Other works can include Warlock's *Lillygay* and Bartók's *Contrasts* and *Village Scenes*.

Requests for invitations to the Hungarian reception, and further ideas for programming will be gladly discussed with performers, press, promoters and potential sponsors.

ENDS

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