



The Peter Warlock Society

Newsletter N° 64 – Spring 1999

Chairman & Editor Dr Brian Collins Flat 10 Persia Court Oliver Grove London SE25 6EJ ☎ & 📠 0181 771 1280

EDITORIAL

Warlock on the telly – again (honestly)

After my editorial to the last issue some of you may have been perplexed by the non-appearance of Rhian Davies's Warlock film in the Welsh (S4C) TV schedules for the Christmas period. For reasons that are still not entirely clear the channel decided to re-arrange the transmission, putting it back into the series for which it was originally commissioned rather than treating it as the separate entity which, we were given to believe, they had decided it should become. Those of you who can receive signals from transmitters in Wales, however, will now be able to see it on Saturday 1st May at 8.30 pm.

On another tack, included with this issue is a leaflet outlining plans for events surrounding this year's AGM. I say more about this within but, hopefully, as many as possible will endeavour to attend. There is no charge for attending the meeting itself, of course, but a small sum is being asked to defray the expenses of the rest of the weekend which, anyway, have been kept to a minimum. One of my ambitions (as chairman) is to reduce as far as we can the actual running costs of the Society and devote as much as possible of our financial resources (which are comparatively small) to promoting our composer. I shall make this aspect a feature of my report at this year's AGM. To this end, I would be interested to know if there is an accountant out there who would prepare the Society's accounts for a modest fee (or less). We are not bound to have this done but it keeps everything above board. If you can help, please contact the Treasurer at the address below.

No sooner do I make the PWS Website address part of the title page of every newsletter than Richard Valentine changes it! The new version is above. Our Webmaster has done a splendid job of not only setting up our web page but regularly maintaining and modifying it too and he relates his own enthusiasm for the music of Peter Warlock in this issue. If you'd like to contact Richard his new e-mail address is rvalent2@nycap.rr.com and both addresses are case sensitive. If you visit the Website you will have the opportunity to leave a message in the visitors' book that can be read by other interested parties.

Brian Collins

Chairman Emeritus Fred Tomlinson

Vice-Presidents Sir Malcolm Arnold Lord Harewood Pat Mills (Founder) Professor Ian Parrott Benjamin Luxon Dr Peter Heseltine

Secretary Malcolm Rudland 32A Chipperfield House Cale Street London SW3 3SA ☎ & 📠 0171 589 9595 malcolmrudland@direct.co.uk

Treasurer Robin Crofton 8 Wynbury Drive Totteridge High Wycombe Bucks HP13 7QB ☎ & 📠 01494 533775

American representative William Perry 1414 3rd Avenue Apt 3D New York 10028 USA ☎ & 📠 001 212 861 3439 PerryMusic@aol.com

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

2 On organising Capriol

Malcolm Rudland

4 Why Warlock!?

Richard Valentine

7 The full heart

Dick Walter

7 For lullaby Music

Keith Davies Jones

7 AGM '99

Brian Collins

8 NEWSBRIEFS

9 PUBLICATIONS

John Bishop

BIRTHDAY '98

10 A Warlockian Odyssey

11 The concert

12 Photographs

Brian Collins

back page: A concert in Pécs (Hungary)

ARTICLES

On Organising *Capriol*

22 different recordings of Warlock's complete *Capriol* are listed in the current *Retail Entertainment Data Classical Catalogue* (1999 Master Edition 1, pp. 1161-1163). And, apart from the urtext string and full orchestral versions, these include accredited arrangements of the whole suite for mandolin ensemble (arr. Mayor for the Mayor Mandolin Ensemble), guitar quartet (arr. Kanengiser for the Los Angeles Guitar Quartet), guitar and orchestra (arr. Parkening with the Academy of St Martin in the Fields), and, still in the catalogue, the infamously distorted and unaccredited 1977 harpsichord and string arrangement, also with the ASMF (Decca 452 707-2DF2 – see Newsletter 24, p. 3). The catalogue mentions a recording of the urtext piano duet version of *Pavane* played by Nettle and Markham [recorded 1992] (nothing to do with soup – but David Nettle does come from Cornwall!) and also lists two arrangements of various movements from the suite. *Basse-Danse*, *Pavane* and *Mattachins* were arranged for violin and piano by József Szigeti and performed by him [recorded 1936] but there are four movements in Szigeti's published arrangement (Curwen 94059, revised 1967): a dazzlingly difficult *Basse-Danse* is dedicated to Yehudin Menuhin, the *Pavane* to Manoug Parikian, *Pieds-en-l'air* to Mischa Elman, and *Mattachins* to Fritz Kreisler. Secondly, the RED catalogue lists *Pieds-en-l'air* in a recording by Winchester Cathedral Choir [recorded 1994] – a beautifully re-clothed SSAATBB lullaby authentic to the Warlock string version with words and arrangement by Andrew Carter (pub. Eboracum 1976) alongside another Warlock/Carter arrangement, *Balulalow* for soprano solo and unaccompanied SATB. In 1994, Thames Publishing released an unaccompanied SSAATBB arrangement of *Pieds-en-l'air* by Fred Tomlinson, with two sets of words, "Hush, my child" by FT and "Welcome the spring" by John Bishop. The only significant musical difference between Carter and Tomlinson is the latter's addition of a wordless descant for two soprani based on the flute and clarinet parts in PW's full orchestral version.

Before leaving choral versions of *Capriol* mention must also be made of an arrangement of *Pavane*, a copy of which notoriously made £60 for the Peter Warlock Society (Lot 25 of the 1995 auction at Christ Church, Oxford – see Newsletter 57, p. 2). The arranger, Arthur Jacobs, had agreed to sing the tenor part with five other Warlockians if a bid for a signed copy exceeded £50. It did. In this arrangement for unaccompanied SSATBB voices, two solo soprani add a fifth on top of the final chord. It has been transposed up a fourth, and Professor Jacobs's words evoke tabors and hautboys (directed to be pronounced ho-boys), summer and dancing, and conclude:

Where joy has come and gone,
Music alone lives on.

Eric Crees has also made an arrangement of the complete *Capriol* for ten-part brass ensemble, and this was described at its Barbican Hall premiere by Noel Goodwin in *The Times* as "more boisterous and lively than the original". We hope this will soon appear in the RED catalogue.

Mention must also be made that the English Guitar Quartet issued a cassette in 1986 which included *Capriol* and it was one of this quartet who motivated the guitar quartet version at last year's Birthday Concert.

There are at least two other recordings of *Capriol* currently available that are not listed in the RED catalogue (but if any members find more, we would be pleased to know). First of all, the current Kevin Mayhew catalogue lists a cassette recording KMK 1015 of *Pieds-en-l'air* on the organ of the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, made by Noel Rawsthorne; secondly, readers of the last Newsletter may recall a Newsbrief about how the wonders of the Internet led us to a new recording of the complete *Capriol* for organ. Helena Mortlock found Warlock on the Net and sent me this fax from Hastings:

I read the Warlock Society's Webpage with great interest. I have a CD which includes an organ version of the *Capriol Suite*. It is absolutely wonderful and was arranged by the organist himself, Julian Rhodes. I wondered why this recording is not mentioned on your Webpage, and thought that perhaps you have not heard of it."

This recommendation came after Helen Mortlock had heard Mr Rhodes give a live performance of *Capriol* on the organ of Tonbridge School. How could I fail to respond to such enthusiasm? I set about finding a copy, and by chance, remembered seeing the name of Julian Rhodes after mine in the recital schedule of Adlington Hall, a stately home in Cheshire with the oldest playable pipe organ in the country, c.1670, where incidentally I had played Stanley Roper's sensitive arrangement of *Pieds-en-l'air*. A pleasant re-acquaintance with another Julian (Adlington Hall's estate manager, Mr Langlands-Perry) enabled me to find the other Julian's address, from where I was sent a review copy.

This recording is the first organ arrangement to appear on CD, and was made on the Willis organ at St Michael and all Angels, Great Torrington, on Colossus Classics CCCD 01. This is only available at present direct from 1 Eversfield Place, St Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex TN37 6BY, Tel. 01424 444654, at £12 including UK postage (£13 for overseas – all cheques payable to Colossus Classics).

In the *Musical Times* of January 1931, Archibald Farmer wrote:

"And here is A... G... playing a Grieg programme – Grieg, who wrote nothing for the organ, and whose pianoforte and orchestral works are by no means in need of help. Such an 'organ recital' is the circumstance that can make one feel glad that organists have no reputation among musicians. Otherwise, we might expect to find the example being followed elsewhere – Myra Hess announcing that she will play the whole of Messiah as a pianoforte solo, or Sir Thomas Beecham offering to mount Bach's organ works as a light opera."

In the current *Delius Society Journal* (Winter 1998, No. 124), Felix Aprahamian quotes this passage in his review of a Delius Organ CD (DTR9801) with ten tracks of Delius organ transcriptions by Michael Stairs and two original organ pieces in memory of Delius. Felix's review continues:

Archibald Farmer hit hard, but his words called a generation of organists to order, by drawing attention to the true organ repertoire. Its hierarchy came to recognise transcriptions as an aesthetic lapse that debased the instrument into a one-man orchestra, a legacy of town-hall organists who felt obliged to feed audiences with music which distance or cash deprived of the real thing. So, already in the 1930s, stars like G D Cunningham and G Thalben Ball, distinguished church musicians as well as Town Hall organists, modified their recital programmes when playing in London. Great musicians that they were, they realised that the composer's own orchestral experience had become available to all, if not in concert rooms within easy access, then on recordings or the wireless. Today, the wheel has turned full circle. Organ recitalists have never had it so good, though sheer versatility leads some into aesthetic error. With little excuse, several present luminaries, enjoying the technical challenge of difficult transcriptions, parade them as recital fireworks, and even the more seriously musical offer mighty symphonic scores as organ solos.

The first printed organ arrangement of any part of *Capriol* was Stanley Roper's *Pieds-en-l'air* (Curwen Edition 99099) in 1946 as mentioned above, but this has long vanished from the catalogue since Music Sales took over Curwen. Noel Rawsthorne's arrangement of this movement, featured on the cassette already referred to, is still available from Kevin Mayhew in *The Complete Organist Book One*. However, there is no mention of *Pieds-en-l'air*, or *Capriol*. It is simply called *Andante tranquillo* and engraved in 9/8 time, which is still incorrect, as Warlock marks it *Andantino tranquillo* and in 9/4 time. In the string score, Warlock marks *Contrabassi tacet*, but here the pedal part gives no indication that Warlock specifically asked for no 16ft pitch, though the pedal part is silent in bars 15 and 16. Also, there is a strange repeat of bars 13 to 24, nowhere suggested by Warlock, and the final juicy cadence omits the second violin E and the low 'cello D. However, the arrangement does lie nicely under the hands. This arrangement is also to be found in Kevin Mayhew's *The Essential Organist*, *Communion Collection* and *Music for the Bride*. Kevin Mayhew also publishes a simplified piano arrangement of *Pieds-en-l'air* by Alan Ridout, and this also has the curious repeat mentioned above. It appears in between Walford Davies's *Solemn melody* and Elgar's *Salut d'amour* in *Favourite Melodies for piano – the world's greatest music!* In contrast with Noel Rawsthorne's organ arrangement, Stanley Roper's does mention *Capriol*, *Pieds-en-l'air* and *Andantino tranquillo*, is more textually accurate, follows the linear string parts more accurately and is, therefore, a little more difficult than Noel Rawsthorne's arrangement. However, although Stanley Roper uses no pedal part for the first six bars, he does later specify several phrases at 16ft pitch.

An organ arrangement of *Basse-Danse* is also available in *Favourite melodies for organ*, arranged

by Colin Hand, again published by Kevin Mayhew (1995). Although headed by the correct title, this piece is declared to be from *CAPRIOL SUITE*. As correspondents to this journal have mentioned before, [that's me, actually – Ed.] nowhere does Warlock give it this title – he simply calls it *Capriol, Suite for . . .* Unfortunately, I cannot recommend this arrangement. Accents are missing from bars 11 and 12, the second eight bars are simply the first eight repeated, missing that wonderful clash of the C sharp and the B added to the F chord in bar 12, and in bar 58 the tenor B flat should be a tenor G.

An arrangement of the whole suite for organ has been made by Andrew Teague. Originally published by Oecumuse in facsimile in 1988 and then computer-set in 1994, it is available at £7.50 plus postage from Barry Brunton, 12/12a London Road, Downham Market, Norfolk, PE38 9AW (Tel. 01366-386589). In the *Pavane* Mr Teague has the inspired idea of giving the tune to a pedal 4ft stop for the first 35 bars although, as Oecumuse only print to order, it is to be hoped the errors and omissions I have pointed out throughout the score will be corrected before anyone buys a copy from seeing this review.

There is documentary evidence to prove that Mr Rhodes did not use Andrew Teague's organ arrangement, nor the piano duet score (Music Sales JC 99059 at £4.95), nor the piano solo arrangement of Maurice Jacobson (Music Sales JC 99087 at £3.50) and also, for the record, he could not have used Maurice Jacobson's two-piano arrangement on Curwen 99100, now sadly unavailable.

It is easy to see what inspired Helena Mortlock to describe Mr Rhodes's recording as "absolutely wonderful"; his colourful use of the organ certainly evokes interesting Elizabethan sounds, all the *tempi* are convincing, and the playing always stylish, exciting and committed. The *Basse-Danse* uses diapasons, not always in the same octave as Warlock specifies, although the phrasing is always consistent, if perhaps a little questionable. The *Pavane* uses soft flutes and strings until letter A when a clarinet sails away with the tune, eventually resorting to some added ornamentation. It is here that it can be proved that Mr Rhodes did not use the piano duet version as his source for, at the final *A tempo* eight bars from the end, the sustained soprano and alto parts are held for two and not three bars and one beat as in these versions. (Incidentally, if you listen to Constant Lambert's old 78rpm recording of the string version, you will hear that he extends the top parts at this point as in the piano duet and full orchestral versions, suggesting that he could have had Warlock's blessing or authority for this.) In the *Tordion* Mr Rhodes contrasts the phrases with three alternating colours of 8 and 2ft flutes, a solo reed and chuffy 8 and 4ft flutes, all in a piquant, humorous style. The *Bransles* starts brassily with trumpets, until flutes take over from figures D to H when the brass return to the end; but nowhere are there the sudden violent contrasting dynamics that Warlock asks for. However, Mr Rhodes does place the final chord half a bar later than in both the string and piano duet version, but this is just what happens to be marked in the full orchestral

version. The *Pieds-en-Pair* uses a 16ft pedal, even though Warlock asks for *Contrabassi tacet*. Strings and flutes set the mood to start, and my favourite viola part is well focused from bar 9 to figure A when, for eight bars in two-bar phrases, the melody is contrasted between a tenor and treble solo reed. The juicy, Mantovani-like ending uses *Voix celestes* in truemumble-bumble-cathedral-organist-settling-in-the-choir-stalls-for-Evensong style. *Mattachins* uses heavy reeds in a characteristically swashbuckling style, but the *p* is ignored at bar 21. The violent clashes of harmony at the end do evoke a metallic battle, even though the rhythm of the last four bars is distorted. These last four bars of *Mattachins* are more simplified in the urtext piano duet and full orchestral version than in the string version, i.e. the first two bars of the last four are converted from 2/4 into triplet crotchets with the chords only on the first and third beats of the first bar and on the second beat of the second bar. Since we know that the full orchestral version came later than the string version it is fair to assume Warlock preferred this. It is my hunch that it is also reasonable to assume that Warlock wanted *Capriol* to be played in three groups of two movements each, as all *urtext* editions specifically mark a silent pause bar at the end of only the *Pavane* and *Bransles* whereas Mr Rhodes's recording editors have made a six-second silence between each of the movements.

Of more significance is that, in two of the movements, Mr Rhodes has made textual changes that are very questionable. In *Bransles* the bar before letter H has the crotchets separated to add an extra bar and, in *Mattachins*, the first eight bars are repeated and the third and fourth bars from the end are extended to add a further two bars to the score. Are Mr Rhodes's royalties paid by the number of bars?

Mr Rhodes's youthful excesses are enough to ask how Warlock would have viewed them and, although *Capriol* has yet to survive three or four hundred years, it has become absorbed into the common repertoire of the average musical intelligentsia (it has even appeared on BBC's *Your Hundred Best Tunes*) [are we impressed by this fact? – Ed.] To see how Warlock would have castigated the perpetrators of changes such as Rawsthorne, Hand and Rhodes have made we only have to look in *The Occasional Writings of Philip Heseltine* (ed. Barry Smith, Thames Publishing 1998, 4 Vols at £14.95 each). In *The Sackbut* of February 1926 (Vol. 6, No. 7, pp. 183-86) we read:

If a work of art, music or literature, has survived for three or four hundred years and is still interesting and beautiful, it should be fairly obvious, even to the meanest intelligence, that it is a good work which needs no tampering with to ensure it a further lease of life. . . If Shakespeare has been translated into American slang, the edition is certainly not countenanced by literary scholarship. But when we turn to music, we find . . . it is often impossible to procure the original texts from which these barbarous perversions have been made.

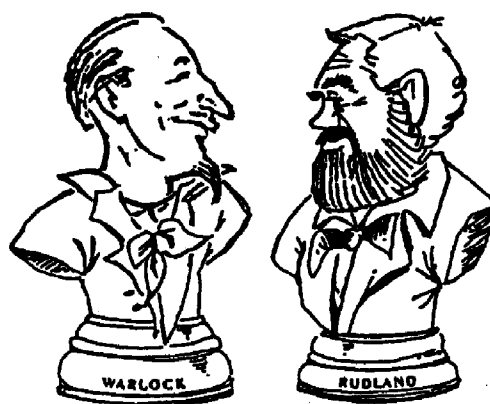
But in the March 1926 edition of *The Sackbut* (Vol. 6, No 8, pp. 215-20) Warlock spends 3,000 words (the length of this article) quoting chapter and verse over the tamperings of Dr Edmund Horace Fellowes,

minor canon of St George's Chapel, Windsor and one of his *bêtes noires*. In *The London Mercury* of April 1925 (Vol. II, No. 66, pp. 634-40), Warlock had already bitterly attacked Fellowes's edition of *English Madrigal Verse: 1588-1632* with a list of at least 300 errata that he had found. Such was the strength of his feeling that he wrote the following limerick:

To the lute songs the Reverend Fellowes
Adds counterpoints, chords, ritornellos.
But the shade of old Jones
Says, "O friends, not these tones
And you – bugger yourself with the bellows."

And there's an even ruder one about "Horoscope Phallus" who eventually "stuffed the Byrd"! I wonder what Warlock's limericks on Messrs Rawsthorne, Hand and Rhodes would have been like?

Malcolm Rudland



Why Warlock?

A personal perspective

Over the years one is occasionally asked the question "Why Warlock?" This is almost inevitable of course when conversing with a fellow Warlockian or perhaps when we stumble onto the subject of his music, at the same time attempting to add as much credence and status to him besides the other composers in our musical lives.

For me the story is relatively simple but, at times, very personal, so much so that the reader of this article might feel somewhat embarrassed or uncomfortable as what I am about to share with you are my innermost feelings pertaining to the real reasons why I love Warlock and his music so much.

I make no apologies for my openness and soul-squandering romanticism.

When I reflect through the vast number of works that have excited me over the decades, *Capriol* must be the very first Warlock work that I heard. Apart from certain sections of that lovely suite I have to say that it was not the key to my fulfillment of this particular composer's music. At the time, during the early 1970s, I was listening to (and playing) Mahler, Bartók, Shostakovich, Buddy Rich, Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Weather Report, MJQ and too much more to list. I hope you are now seeing the diversity of my

musical nature. I add to that small extract from the extended list of composers whom I admire the name of Igor Stravinsky.

It was during these years, that a good friend of mine (now sadly deceased) and I would be engrossed in highly enlightening works such as *Firebird*, *Petrushka*, *The rite of spring*, *Dumbarton Oaks*, etc. So, to get to the point, I think it must have been when the concluding bars of *Capriol* were being executed (in the worst meaning of the word I'm sorry to say) my friend David and I would look at each other and smile with ecstatic wonder of those dissonances that Peter Warlock had seen fit to use. At the time, David and I were musicians in HM Royal Marines. He was a saxophone/flute/clarinet/violin player and I a clarinetist/pianist. I of course would be sat passively whilst the string section of our orchestra would mete out the strains of *Capriol* on too many occasions that I care to recall. *Capriol* goes down very well at officers' wardroom dinners and the like. . .

You may well suggest that this analysis is not quite what you expected. After all, you might have thought that *Pavane* or *Pieds-en-l'air* would soothe the musical ear and be the center of my/our aural gaze, but no, it was the closing bars of *Basse Danse*, or the *Poco piu lento* towards the end of *Pavane* (you're getting the gist by now I hope) or without question, the final strains at the conclusion of the whole work that truly captured our attention. So it was that I got my first taste of Peter Warlock, but there things stood as far as his music was concerned for a good few years until I was further educated to realise that I was missing so very much more.

The reader will know that *Capriol* is a piece of music adapted by Warlock and is based on dance tunes from Arbeau's *Orchésographie*. The casual performer of this piece might build up an inaccurate picture of the style of music that we could otherwise pigeon-hole this composer into. At the time I was totally unaware of the importance of Warlock as not just a composer but as a writer and critic; I didn't see any large-scale works, any symphonically sized material, and perhaps presumed that this piece was all that would ever be heard by him. How wrong I was.

I heard little or nothing more of Warlock's music during my time in the Royal Marines, not because I didn't wish to but, in that neck of the woods and at that time, there was little chance, compared to the 80s and 90s, of picking up any other recording of his works. It was when I left the services and moved north to Nottinghamshire that I eventually became reacquainted with his music.

Leaving a musical career in the military service, I decided to follow in my grandfather's footsteps and train to become a piano tuner and repairer. I remember very clearly those times in the late 50s and early 60s when my grandfather would walk with toolcase in hand to our home just several miles south-west of Preston, Lancashire. He would sit at the keyboard and, although the process of tuning seemed to be such a noisy and monotonous affair to me, the end result was something that to this day I cannot fully explain.

I was born with a very gifted musical ear I'm bound to say and from the earliest age I apparently would hear a piece of music on the radiogram and then totter to the piano, climb aboard the duet stool and then pick out the melody and put the chords to it in any key that I wished. At any rate, back to the point, this sound that was left on completion of the tuning exercise by my dear grandfather was ~~only~~ what I could describe as very clean and a bit like a nicely polished piece of furniture or crystal, but in a musical sense. I hope I make myself understood in this rather clumsy attempt to explain just what a finely tuned piano might sound like.

So I thought that I would easily fit into the new career of piano technology and start tuning immediately. Little did I realize how equal temperament was going to kick me in the backside. My musical training had covered the perfect intervals but, when I got to college and was rudely awakened by having to re-tune those intervals to reflect widened fourths and narrowed fifths and all those "beats" in thirds, I despaired for a time.

During these months at Newark-on-Trent, I was tutored by Cyril Marris who was then and is to this day a phenomenon. A relatively young man in my mid-twenties, I had brought along with me to college a healthy history regarding my own musical career and was still listening for new material to excite me. Invariably, Cyril and I would chat in the tuning rooms after he had annihilated my tuning scale (it took many months for him to show satisfaction in the accuracy of my scale) but in the most courteous and humane way. Somewhere along the line the subject of Warlock came up but I cannot recollect how. Perhaps I had heard something new on the radio and both he and I would be comparing notes on it.

I was in awe when Cyril would then walk assertively (Cyril is non-sighted) to the piano and then play with utmost accuracy a quote from a song of Warlock's amazing output. I didn't then realize what the output of Warlock's music was. Of course, Cyril would be relating to works sung by Norman Bailey and Alexander Young in the earlier years of his own musical career. (Cyril is a Fellow of the RCO which makes one wonder just how it was that he managed to study and become so proficient in the artistry of the keyboard – with reference to Jean Langlais and many others – while completely lacking physical vision. His compensatory vision outweighs all the natural vision that we sighted people are blessed with. Forgive my digression but I feel that these points are important to the fullness of my story.)

From that point on, I would look out for music by this composer and there was time during my college training that the BBC had a studio performance of Ian and Jennifer Partridge giving – as I recall – Warlock, Moeran and Gurney. *Composer of the week* was likely the thing at the time. I successfully recorded that whole programme as I used to put my sound system on the timer and, having read the *Radio Times* to calculate when to commence and when to conclude, I would leave home for study and hope for the best. Invariably it worked extremely well. I would return home, find to my satisfaction

that I had captured the end of the programme prior to the one I was hoping to secure in its entirety and then run through it and more often than not find the programme fully captured. I would then transfer the finished recording onto a new tape without all the irrelevant adjoining broadcast material.

Besides these wonderfully sung (and played) pieces I got to hear some of Warlock's choral pieces and it was then that I realized just what I had been missing for too long in my life. The Finzi Singers' recording on the Chandos label was a complete revelation to me and one that affected me deeply. Please bear in mind that I was, at the time, completely unaware of Gray's book or Copley's book and knew nothing of the Peter Warlock Society. What I'm trying to emphasise is that the controversial and more Bohemian side of Warlock's persona was yet to be revealed and I was merely discovering his music. The fact that today I can identify myself in so many ways with him as a person is purely coincidence. It was his music that grasped me first.

After that, I started to pursue more avidly as much music as I could get my hands on. I recall the first collections of his many songs that I purchased as those two volumes from Oxford University Press, followed closely by the one from Stainer and Bell; I also acquired the Gurney volume from the same publisher as I have a deep fondness for Ivor Gurney's music also. At the time I hadn't sung at all since leaving my beloved church of St. John's in Preston as a boy treble but I had a fascination for the way that Warlock had honed and shaped these songs.

I would sit (I still do) for hours and just play over and over again at the piano the marvellous accompaniments to *Late summer*, *Ha'nacker Mill*, *A Prayer to Saint Anthony of Padua*, *The Sick Heart*, *Sweet and Twenty*, *The Night*, and revel in the rumbustious *Cricketers of Hambledon* and *Maltworms* - *et al.* Amongst the many others that move me are my two favorite songs, *Sleep* and *My own country*.

Since those days I came to realise that the more I looked the easier it was to find Warlock's music and, eventually, his books. My first real read of his biography was by Barry Smith, then unknown to me, in Cape Town. Little did I know in 1994, having only been resident in my new home in a new country since 1992, that I was to become a member of a small select group of aficionados but, more audaciously, that I should have the temerity to create a Web Page dedicated to Warlock published on the Internet. As I reflect back to the 70s and the first strains of Warlock's music passing into my aural library, I would never have dared to suggest that today I would have the friendship and unabashed love of so many dear fellows in this society of ours. I am a true believer in fate and that there is a reason for all this.

So what really makes me tick as a Warlockian? Yes, his greatest work for me is the song cycle *The curlew* to Yeats's text, closely followed by *The full heart*, a choral work to words by Robert Nichols. As a person with a deeply sensitive nature and having suffered the loss of a father at a very young age, I found the world a very harsh place from the age of seven and for some reason that I cannot fully explain, I am moved

so much at times that I weep uncontrollably on hearing music that is so compelling and truly beautiful. It doesn't have to be a pretty song at all, it can be bleak and morose but it still moves me.

I must quote something from a wonderful book written by Heseltine's friend, Cecil Gray (1895-1951). In the opening chapters of *Musical Chairs*, Gray writes about how he was first moved, and simply so, when he heard some Chopin being played on a reproducing piano at a house where he was staying at the time. Cecil Gray's writing is truly a great piece of artistic achievement in my humble opinion. Gray recalls the first musical experience he had. May I quote these lines:

... my initiation into the magic world of art, was due to Chopin ...

He goes on to say:

My uncle possessed an odd, primitive example of a species of automatic player-piano, or pianola, on which he was wont to perform in the evening after I had gone to bed. I used to listen with interest, but without being particularly moved by anything, until one night when he was communing with the Angelus, as the instrument was called, there came, in the middle of a piece he was playing, a passage so moving that I was completely and utterly transported; tears poured in torrents down my cheeks and I lay awake half the night sobbing in an ecstasy of joy. From that moment onwards my whole life was changed: it was a revelation. (I suppose I was about seven at the time.)

In conclusion I merely wish to point out to you some of those same musical effects that I experience with not just any music, but Warlock's music. I have sat down for hours just playing through the accompaniments in his music and been moved so intensely that it activates a constant weeping. I have been in situations where I will just think of a piece of music (not necessarily Warlock) and even though it is not being performed or played over the air waves, I can hear it in my mind's ear and I'll feel my eyes sting and the tears well up, until they have to burst and roll their course.

The sensation that I experience when I feel this music and music from other sources is one of my whole body being immersed in pleasantly warm water and my spine has a kind of electric charge running through it. At times the feeling will also incorporate a sobbing and almost child-like uncontrollable blubbing. Can it just be those strains so deftly composed and voiced into instrumental perfection that can do this to me?

Yes indeed it can. I truly believe that I am gifted to hear and be so deeply moved by this art form. This is what really makes me a Warlockian, to be able to sit and play just the accompaniment to *Sleep* and *My own country* transports me to another world. Without question, just as George Butterworth is famous for his *Banks of green willow* so too ought Warlock to be revered for his *Curlew*; but still to this day, so many in, or affiliated to, the world of music don't seem to realize that we have got within our realms, some of the most special and unique composition ever created by a so called miniaturist. For me, Warlock will survive and always be fresh.

Richard Valentine

The full heart

Jazzcraft Ensemble

Although a life-member of the Peter Warlock Society and a one-time committee member, I'm ashamed to say it was only about 18 months ago that I discovered *The full heart*. Well – maybe it's reassuring in one way; there are still, clearly, some unexpected pleasures awaiting the middle-aged.

Norma Winstone, the UK's finest jazz singer, told me that Stan Sulzman – a busy, freelance woodwind and saxophone player as well as a fine composer – had introduced her to a piece I needed to hear. I was in the throes of planning a new CD (expensive pleasure, not business) with a hand-picked group of colleagues I work with professionally and, although I was writing a number of originals I was looking for existing material which was not the norm.

A choral piece with the instruction "veiled sound" does not immediately come to mind as a vehicle for an eleven-piece jazz-group. No, but when some of the harmonic vocabulary is that of the contemporary jazz musician the mind begins to get a bit excited. Although I was aware of the risk (not only the potential brickbats but, on the practical level, simply of whether we could afford the expensive studio time to work on something that might not come off) it felt like an idea PW would have approved of.

I pondered for some while as to the format and finally decided on a relatively straightforward orchestration but with spaces for some jazz cadenzas, as well as a rather non-PW additional piano part in the last third or so of the piece. I think it works; I think the players were superb and I think the piece's integrity is unaffected. Over to you.

Two business matters to close with: firstly, I found Evelyn Hendy (copyright manager of OUP) to be extremely co-operative; and, secondly, if anyone wants to hear the result £12 to me at 18 Speed House, Barbican, London, EC2Y 8AT will get them the entire CD in a nice clean jiffy bag.

Dick Walter

For lullaby music . . .

The choir of men and boys directed by Stewart Thomson at St George's Anglican Church in Winnipeg is the only such institution remaining in Western Canada. Indeed, on December 12th, we received an honourable mention in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* which noted that we were one of four Anglican choirs in Canada that were considered to be maintaining "high choral standards". Be that as it may, on December 20th we duly presented our annual Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols which, this year, included Peter Warlock's beautiful *Bethlehem Down* in a typically varied program of contemporary and traditional settings. *Bethlehem Down* having been one of the most well received items at the Carol

Service we repeated it on Christmas Eve together with Sir Richard Rodney Bennett's exhilarating *Susanni*.

When we began rehearsing *Bethlehem Down* there was a discussion amongst the choir men, some of whom questioned the potential effectiveness of this emotionally complex carol by children who could not be expected to appreciate its darker nuances. In fact, as readers of this journal surely know, it works perfectly as the boys' voices have only to project a top line of serene innocence while all the *frisson* occurs in the lower parts. Prayers on the Sunday morning were said for all those "who are lonely and depressed at Christmas". Truly *Bethlehem Down* is their carol – yet it is not a depressing piece. It is part of the genius of Peter Warlock that his best music has so many layers of meaning and we can peel away just as much as we want to. Should we stop before we have opened one too many of the doors to our subconscious, and are we left contemplating only a Lake of Tears; or do we need to understand everything? Of all the music that I have sung this Christmastide only *Bethlehem Down* asks this question. Now, does a true musician need to know the answer?

Keith Davies Jones

[Editor's note: Keith Davies Jones is (and these are mostly his own words) currently president of St George's Choir in which he sings alto or, as it is known there, bargain-counter tenor – shades of PDQ Bach methinks. It was suggested at a rehearsal that "Susanni" might be Latin for "dooby-doo" and KDJ asks if this could be confirmed. On a more serious note I am very happy to print this brief article and should be delighted if more folk would write in about Warlock's music and their reactions to it. I shall evaluate carefully all submissions, of course, but would be prepared to consider any material, analytical, descriptive, critical or whatever for publication.]

AGM '99

A pleasing feature, which I have referred to in these pages from time to time, is the increase in the number of people who attend our AGMs. From the days when, as Fred Tomlinson has recalled, anybody who showed up was likely to get elected on to the committee, we now experience healthier numbers. I believe we have had as many as 50 and this represents a reasonable percentage of the membership. We are now also seeing some of our overseas members making the trip to visit us; one of our North American members came over last year and at least one is expected this time too.

One reason for this development is, I think, the additional activities that have been laid on to divert the assembly. We have had auctions (which have raised valuable extra funds for the Society), concerts

and recitals of course, and excursions to different parts of the country with Warlockian associations. Newcomers may be interested to know (and older hands will recall) that last year we visited the Eynsford area of Kent where PW lived for several years and where he wrote some of his best known pieces. The year before we were in London at the Irish Club, Eaton Square, celebrating, geographically distanced it has to be admitted, Warlock's Hibernian sojourn. In 1996 we decamped to Cornwall for a whole Weekend of Warlock in which the formalities were all but eclipsed by sociable, edifying and entertaining events. In previous years we visited Oxford, Eton (part of the Centenary Year celebrations) and Garsington Manor as well as London venues.

This year Great Warley in Essex is to be blessed with a Warlockian invasion. Why Great Warley? Because of its connections with the Heseltine family, of course. Newsletter No 60 contained Rhian Davies's article about PW's father, Arnold and there are many references in it as to the significance of Uncle Evelyn's house *Goldings* in the Warlock legend. Our AGM weekend is planned as another multi-event and much credit must go to John Bishop for organising it with such imagination. John has prepared a pamphlet, enclosed with this Newsletter, detailing the events. Most of these are fixed as the Newsletter goes to press although there may be some small changes to the running order. There is no point in my duplicating the information here but I would like to put in my own two-penn'orth about why I think the weekend is important beyond the AGM and why I think that it deserves the support of as many of the membership as possible.

I am keen (I have my Chairman's hat on at present) that the PWS is seen as a Society that does things. We have "done things" in the past, of course and very important they are. We now have all of Warlock's original music in print, no mean achievement in itself, and now his not inconsiderable writings are being given the same treatment. But there is no point in being isolationist in all of this. Warlock, like virtually every other composer, was affected by the others that he encountered and this is why the theme of the weekend is to be "Warlock and English Song" rather than just "Peter Warlock". While the AGM itself, then, will be for PWS members only, we hope that anybody interested in English Song will wish to attend. To this end we hope that you as a member will want to come along but we also extend an invitation to your friends who may already share your interest or would like to find out more about it.

It would be good to see you for the whole weekend but this may not be practical. For this reason each day can be considered something of an entity in itself and it would be perfectly feasible to "pick and mix". Those who wish to stay in the area will find telephone numbers of local hotels in John's brochure.

Please fill in your requirements and return the form to John as quickly as possible. We look forward to seeing you, old friends and new faces alike.

Brian Collins

NEWSBRIEFS

The lighter side of Warlock is the theme of our 105th birthday concert, which returns to the concert hall of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama at 7pm on Tuesday 2nd November 1999. The concert, inspired by Warlock's article *The Artistic Value of the Brass Band* in *The Daily Telegraph* dated 27th September 1930, will be entitled *Sociable Songs and Cod-pieces* for which Eric Crees has been busy arranging more and more Warlockiana for ten-piece brass ensemble. World premières will include arrangements of *The lady's birthday*, *Piggiesie*, *Jillian of Berry*, *One more river*, *The toper's song* and *Good ale*. First performances of rearrangements will be given of *The cricketers of Hambledon*, *Fill the cup Philip*, and *Maltworms* now has some interpolations from Warlock's own orchestral version, the original of which is the only Warlock we know yet to receive its first performance. *The Four Cod-pieces* which received their première in Abingdon Market Place on 29th October 1998 will again be featured and, of course, there will be *Capriol*.

Mr H C Davis, latterly of Leg-o'-Mutton Corner, Yelverton, Devon, a faithful PWS member for over ten years and a lover of Warlock's songs all his life, never came to any of our meetings. He sadly died last November, aged 81, but remembered us in his will bequeathing £500 to the Society. His executor, Philip Brett says of him, "Harry Charles Davis who died on 22.11.98 was recognised among his wide circle of friends as a compassionate, generous and cultured man. This was the more admirable because he made no secret of the fact that he lived from the age of five until he left school at 16 in the austere, illiberal and impersonal environment of a large London Orphanage. This was ameliorated to some extent when he gained a place at Brockley Grammar School. At age 17 he enlisted in the RAF, serving from 1935-39 in North India and then, for much of the War in Libya and Egypt. On demobilisation he qualified as a teacher and spent most of his career in boarding schools working long hours with children in social and educational difficulty. Blessed with unusual intelligence, a remarkable memory and the ability to concentrate over very long periods he could have undoubtedly succeeded in a much more lucrative field. Instead, outside his professional life - but often complementing it - he involved himself in a variety of interests. Enduring among these were photography (still, cine and video) which led to collections now in the archives of several organisations; gardening, which he came to late but which delighted him for the rest of his life; and systematic study for pleasure which led almost unwittingly to an Open University BA at the age of 67. Without family himself his friends and their families were of great importance to him. Never intrusive he listened, supported, gave practical help where he could, offered hospitality - including the use of his cottage - and took great pains to stay in touch. As probably his only tone-deaf intimate I am ill-qualified to write of Harry and serious music. I know well, however, that once he discovered it sometime after he joined the RAF it

became central to his life. he gained an encyclopaedic knowledge of composers and their works. Music engaged his emotions as nothing else. Among many favourites he was especially fond of the music of Delius and the songs of Schubert and Peter Warlock. He learned to play the piano and the viola – as he put it – “almost competently” and spent many happy hours making chamber music and, at the same time, friends. Music brought him many important and enduring friendships. For more than 30 years he attended all four weeks of the Dartington Summer School where he became a very well known figure with his cameras and a knowledge of the School's history. Even during his last illness he managed to make a brief visit in a wheelchair and he left what was, for him, a substantial sum to support a bursary to help students to attend the School in future. He will be greatly missed there and by his many local friends and those in many other parts of the country. He thought himself a lucky man and, indeed, for many reasons his life is to be celebrated.”

The Worshipful Company of Musicians have awarded us £250 towards our projected pictorial biography. This is one of a number of plans currently being considered by a new sub-committee of the Society. There will be more news of its deliberations and decisions in future editions of the Newsletter.

Apart from the Warlock and Bartók in Pécs featured elsewhere in this Newsletter, Malcolm Rudland will be giving the first performance in Hungary of the organ piece written for the Centenary Savoy Chapel Service by István Koloss, organist of the Saint István Bazilika in Budapest. *Fantasia in memoriam Peter Warlock* will be played at an organ recital in the Bazilika in Pécs on Tuesday 6th April at 7.00 pm.

Since Morlands have taken over Ruddles they have now finally declined our invitation to sponsor a reprint of the Sociable Song volumes that Ruddles financed in 1990. Perhaps here is an opening for a birthday jaunt to another brewery who may be more agreeable to put money into a reprint and even a recording of them. It would be nice to make contact with a firm with a Warlockian connection and, in this respect the only company that comes to mind is the Kentish brewers Shepherd Neame whose product PW consumed (and approved of) during his Eynsford days. The only alternative would be whichever concern has taken over (at several places removed, perhaps – even your editor's extensive knowledge of the subject fails at this point) Kenward and Court which prompted several lines of Warlockian doggerel.

The New Limerick edited by G Legman is now published in what is termed a “second series” by Ferndale. It has 2750 examples with notes, variants and an index but not one entry is by Warlock, despite the jacket blurb describing the collection as “authentic erotic folklore at its most ribald”. It would be difficult to imagine anything more sensational than the example that Warlock wrote which goes:

The composer C W Orr

Once . . .

but, no – decorum must prevail.

Further to our projected AGM weekend in Essex, the *Brentwood Weekly News* of 24th December 1998 had an article about Eva Baxter who recalls some aspects of life at The New World Hotel, formerly *Goldings*, the home of PW's Uncle Evelyn Heseltine. Eva's father worked for EH and she was herself born on the estate in 1905. It would be fascinating to know if she had any reminiscences of the man himself.

A CD that celebrates the centenary of Hubert Foss (1899-1953) contains music by Walton, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, Gurney and PW. It costs £6 from Diana Sparkes, 16 Leigh Road, Highfield, Southampton, SO17 1EF. Diana Sparkes is HF's daughter.

The piano transcription of Delius's *On hearing the first cuckoo in spring* by Philip Heseltine (not Peter Warlock) will be played by Nigel Foster at St Andrew's Church, Churchdown, on 17th April.

Rhian Davies (to whom I am grateful for the previous two items also) has sent me a copy of an intriguing poem. *Homage to a split man* by Keidrych Rhys appeared in the first issue of *Poetry* in 1939. I shall endeavour to get clearance to print it in the next Newsletter for which, incidentally, the copy date will be (as usual for the Autumn issue) 30th September.

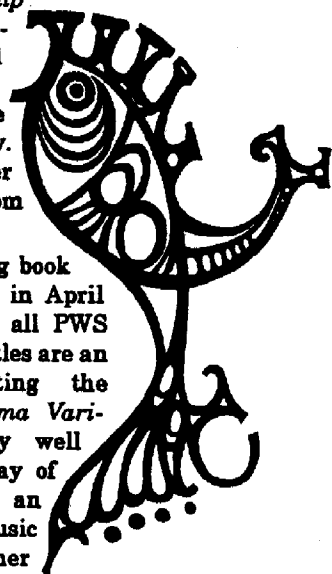
PUBLICATIONS

John Bishop (Thames Publishing) writes:

All subscribers to our *Philip Heseltine Complete Occasional Writings* series should now have received Volume 3. The fourth, and last, volume will be sent out early in May. Single volumes of the earlier issues are still available from the usual address (below).

The new Thames Publishing book catalogue will be available in April and copies will be sent to all PWS members. Among the new titles are an intriguing book celebrating the centenary of Elgar's *Enigma Variations* and a particularly well written study by James Day of “Englishness” in music – an urbane view of how our music has been caught up with other aspects of our national life and character. Another recent book, *Composing Mortals*, has attracted favourable notice.. It gives biographies – in some cases quite lengthy ones – of some 100 English composers of the 20th century, particularly of its earlier years. PW is, of course, included.

We have recently completed publication of an ambitious series bringing together all E J Moeran's songs (original and folksong arrangements) and piano music. There are eight volumes in all. Further details are available from me at 14 Barlby Road, London, W10 6AR (0181 969 3579).



BIRTHDAY '98

1 – A Warlockian Odyssey

The bus would leave Victoria with its precious load of members, brass-players and miscellaneous persons on Thursday 29th October at 0945. I rang Malcolm the day before: "I've got a little bit of business to do first thing but should only be a few minutes late..."

Famous last words.

Cometh the day. Wake, rise, bathe, eat, dress, depart. Biz at the Post Office done and dusted by 0907 whereafter a 2-minute walk to the station prefaces the purchase of a return ticket to Victoria. Train at 0923 should get me to Victoria (direct, no changes) at approx. 0950 – not too bad at all, nobody seriously inconvenienced. I walk on to the platform. It has been decreed that a signal failure take place near London Bridge; trains are to be delayed. How this affects the service to Victoria I am at a loss to understand but have no time to interrogate staff who are already looking frazzled. A train to East Croydon draws near, an earlier one but already late if you catch my drift. "Aha!" says the seasoned traveller, "if I get on this I can intercept one of the many fast trains thence to Victoria and perhaps even get there by 0945 after all."

East Croydon is achieved by 0925; a train to Victoria departs, also at 0925, but is a couple of minutes late. My cunning plan is working; despite the earlier blip in my schedule, for once Connex is on my side.

Foolish boy! Will I ever learn?

The train arrives, I board. A nice man tells us over the PA that a naughty man has driven his lorry into a railway bridge in the Balham area and services are at a standstill and stacked. Nice and naughty man alike are the object of some brief Northern English expressions possibly of pre-Norman origin. Sure enough we emulate Shakespeare's schoolboy before spending an unnecessarily long time contemplating the extensive and beautiful platform facilities at Streatham. Nice man again: the track ahead is now clear and we can proceed.

We finally arrive at Victoria. It is 1010 and I am convinced that the others must have gone without me but I rush to the meeting point to discover Mr Rudland heading towards me. All is not lost. I get on to the coach and, unaware that I am on camera, mutter a well known phrase or saying concerning the inability of the rail company to set up a convivial event in a beer-factory. The journey proper has not yet begun, not a note has been played or sung and I have already had enough excitement for the day.

We are bound for Abingdon, home of Morlands Brewery. We hope that Morlands, as the new owners of the Ruddles *marque*, will stump up some cash to enable a reprint of the *Sociable Song* books as Ruddles themselves had done some years ago. But before we can head west we have to call at the House of Usher – or Aprahamian as he is known to us – in N10. A plan is afoot; an aubade would be in order. The band is shuffled out of the coach and *Peter Warlock's fancy*, led by the indefatigable John Amis singing *à la* Jane Manning through his loud-hailer, succeeds in

charming the master from his abode. After this pleasant diversion (in both senses) we gravitate towards Oxfordshire with another good companion safely aboard.

We make Abingdon in reasonable – the traffic does not allow for better – time. A delightful meal in excellent company is already compensating for my traumatic start. There is a contingent of affable Americans and Welsh Canadians and their presence is a bonus. They are obviously enjoying themselves so what we are doing is not so madcap after all. Or perhaps it is and is the more inviting thereby. Luncheon is a little too leisurely and we are getting behind schedule but nobody seems very upset. I excuse myself from my table-mates and go to have a relaxed pint and a chat with Founder Mills who is to be one of the stars of the afternoon's activities.

Upon our arrival Abingdon market place transmutes into concert-venue. Mayor Jeanette Rickus-Prosser is already there with her retinue and several bemused residents pass through, unable to resist the entertainment. Malcolm kindly and generously thrusts a pile of papers into my expectant palm to distribute. I oblige sporadically, taking photographs the meanwhile. The performance is most enjoyable in many respects and clearly appreciated by all, including Councillor Rickus-Prosser who wrote us a most charming letter afterwards. For me there are to be two particular moments of ineffable joy. Pat Mills's rendition of *The countryman* has become something of a legend in the Society but, for a matrix of reasons both historical and geographical, I had never experienced it until now. I was not disappointed. It was everything I had been led to believe it would be and more. The Guildhall Brass Ensemble, without whom this concert could not have taken place, was conducted throughout by the aforementioned Malcolm Rudland.

Now, I have written before in the pages of this august journal of my increasing frustration with those two tiresome pieces of cod that materialise, cold and wet, at every turn. They are not typically Warlockian in tone (any more than his scatological verse is typical of him as a writer) but seem to demand a disproportionate amount of our time. On this occasion, however, they were augmented by (a World première this) two prefatory movements, *Dance (pretty, pretty, with a bevy of punks, capering)* and *Oriental (for a Tahiti-Timbuctoo scene)*. These new (to most) pieces, while not of the greatest quality, have needed an airing for a long while and, as long as they are not done to death (I reject all other culinary allusions), they will possess a certain coarse beauty. Eric Crees has done us a service in arranging them and bringing them to a wider attention. Indeed, he has made more sense of them than is otherwise obvious in the manuscript *urtext*.

Morlands Brewery itself was our next port of call. I tire of brewery tours for, as both a survivor of many in the past, not to mention being a former amateur brewer of some experience, I know all the techniques that are likely to be disclosed and most of the associated jokes too. The brewery tap, though, is always worth a visit afterwards as the product is – or

should be – in top form, more so than in any other pub likely to be visited. This was no exception. Morlands' showpiece beer as everyone knows is *Old speckled hen* named, incongruously enough, after a vintage motor car of curious and idiosyncratic decoration (the "old speckled 'un"), a reconstruction of which we had witnessed at the start of our tour. In fact our tour was shared with a local pensioner who is fond of a drop of the stuff and who was celebrating his 70th birthday by sampling it at the point of origin. An article in *The Oxford Mail* concentrated on this aspect and, as if to fulfil Gerald Cockshott's observation, reduced our market-place concert to a single, inaccurate half-sentence at the end of the piece in the manner of local papers everywhere "... as members of the Peter Warlock Society played a number of social songs dedicated to beer."

We left Abingdon at 1630; I'd felt all along that our ETA of 1800 at Victoria was optimistic but bit my tongue as the speed of the evening's traffic into London became slower and slower until zero velocity was successfully achieved. I was due to play for the North Wood Morris Men that evening; we were to be recorded by a Japanese film crew for a television programme sponsored by a beer company (I'm not making this up) and I was to be picked up from my flat at 1900. It was after that when I arrived on the platform and I had seconds to make an explanatory phone-call before leaping on to the train which, as it transpired, was late departing and was then delayed even more *en route*. Thus the end of my day was as hectic and beset with annoyances as the start. It had had many enjoyable and revelatory moments, 'tis true, but I looked forward to the formality of the next day's concert and its preordained predictability.

2 – The concert

I'd been talking to a friend a few weeks before who'd wanted to know more about this Peter Warlock chap I'd been rabbitting on about. I suggested she come to the Birthday Concert, given on 30th October last year by students from Trinity College of Music. In addition to a representative sprinkle of pieces by the composer it would fit in neatly after work, she'd be able to have a little drinkie afterwards and still catch a train in time to get home at a respectable hour.

I must admit to a few apprehensions beforehand about the programme. The piece that really concerned me was the arrangement of *Capriol* for guitars. Malcolm Rudland describes different arrangements of this much put-upon work elsewhere in this issue and I've heard that mandolin version, you see, and can't really recommend it beyond its curiosity value. The horrible feeling that a concoction for an ensemble of jews-harps must be just around the corner evokes a general scepticism about the value of arrangements at all, even though I've been responsible for some myself. An intrinsically nice piece doesn't always guarantee a nice result when realigned for other resources.

I needn't have worried. The arrangement was imaginative and entirely appropriate to the timbres that guitars can produce. It was actually more successful than many a performance I've heard on the "proper" instruments and was expertly played by the ensemble (Roland Gallery, Victoria Green, Emma Olsen and Sam Yauo).

The three songs that soprano Elizabeth Menezes gave (*The magpie*, *Autumn twilight* and *Milkmaids*) were a curious choice; their sentiments really apply more to male rather than female singers. Nevertheless they were thoughtfully prepared and executed and the singing was beautifully complemented by Susan Graham-Smith's playing. I thought at the time that the performance of *The magpie* (you may know it better as *Yarmouth Fair*) could be a World première but I was corrected by Alice Wakefield who had already sung it in Chester accompanied by Malcolm Rudland. But I do think it could have been a London première and one of only a very few performances that this song has received now that the music has been re-united with its original words.

At the heart of the concert, though, were two sets of choral works sung with great skill and sympathy by the Trinity College of Music Chamber Choir under their director, Stephen Jackson. The first of these consisted entirely of pieces by Warlock: control and emotional power were particularly evident in *All the flowers of the spring*, a terrifyingly difficult piece as you will appreciate and a *tour de force* for any choir, amateur or professional. At the other end of the spectrum were two of Warlock's own arrangements (but so idiosyncratic as to be, effectively, compositions in their own right), *One more river* and *The lady's birthday* which, with its rôle-stereotyping of (among others) women and Dutchmen, Stephen Jackson described as "non-politically correct".

A second set of choral pieces consisted of two Shakespeare settings, *Come away death* and *O mistress mine*, by Herbert Murrill (1909-1952), an interesting juxtaposition with the Warlock settings for here was represented what were undoubtedly English harmonies but of a generation later.

Eric Crees's arrangement of those fishworks again concluded the proceedings, perhaps inevitably. They were well played by the College's brass group under Norman Burgess but my comments above still apply.

It had been a short concert but that should not seem to imply any lack of quality or satisfaction. Participants and audience alike enjoyed it enormously and the variety in the programme justified it. An important and contributory factor was, undoubtedly, the venue. Another of my misapprehensions beforehand had to do with the choice of Hinde Street Methodist Church which was previously unknown to me. In fact it is an excellent location, ideal for the sort of intimate material presented during the evening.

And my friend? She was as enthralled as the rest of us; I don't know whether the membership form that Malcolm Rudland handed to her as she left will return duly completed but I know that her first taste of PW at this event was a very positive one.

Brian Collins

PHOTOGRAPHS

That birthday jaunt



The first notes of the day to be sounded in anger ring out *chez* Aprahamian in Muswell Hill. This caused one or two curtains to be rustled I can tell you! The words of *Peter Warlock's fancy* were doctored so that instead of "... for our dear lady, lady love" it now went (don't try this at home, children, without adult supervision) "... for Fe-lix Ap-ra-ha-mi-an".

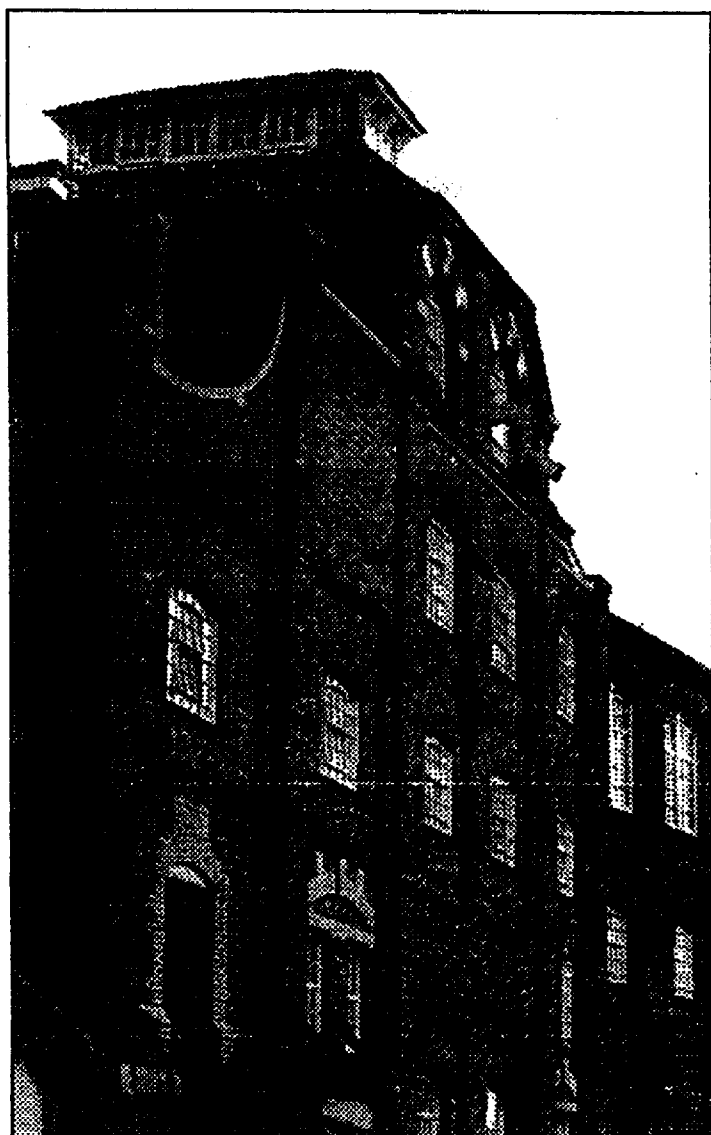


The desired effect is achieved, though; our arrival is announced and Felix is summoned to board the charabanc.



PWS Vice-president and Founder Pat Mills sings his never-to-be-forgotten version of *The countryman*.

The trumpet section of the Guildhall Brass Ensemble brace themselves for yet another helping of fish.



Morlands Brewery in Abingdon, The Brewery Tap apart, would be our last port of call before heading back towards London.



Peter Warlock Béla Bartók

Monday 29 March 1999 at 7pm

Művészetek Háza, Pécs

Széchenyi tér 7/8 Pécs Hungary. Tel. (72) 315 588

Tickets 300 forints from the above address

Judit Timár flute Miklós Kovács cor anglais

Zoltán Erdélyi Éva Hajdu violins

Murin Jaroslav viola Ildikó Janzsó 'cello,

Howard Williams tenor and piano

Malcolm Rudland piano and conductor

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Capriol for piano duet

Basse-Danse Pavane Tordion Bransles Pieds-en-l'air Mattachins

10 mins

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

String Quartet No 1 Op 7

30 mins

INTERVAL

Peter Warlock

A Vad madár (The Curlew) for tenor, flute, cor anglais and string quartet

Figyelmezteti a madarat A szerelmes siratja a szerelem elvesztését A lomok hervadása Ó Hallja a sas sirását

First performance in the Hungarian translation by Vera Rózsa

23 mins

Béla Bartók

Nine Hungarian Folk Songs from Gyermeknek

arranged for violin and piano by Tivador Országh

6 mins

Encore

Peter Warlock

Two Cod-pieces

arranged for piano duet by Fred Tomlinson

Beethoven's Binge The Old Codger

6 mins