



The Peter Warlock Society

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EDITORIAL

This is my last Newsletter. I've overseen 22 issues in ten years and it feels like more. (Fred Tomlinson has said at AGMs that the Newsletter editor is not elected but "lumbered".) My predecessor, David Cox, did 20 over the same period of time and it's only because of an extra couple during 1994, Centenary Year, that my quota exceeds his. I tried to wriggle out of it a year ago when our achievements would have been numerically identical. Enough is enough, however; I don't believe that the editorship should be a job for life: it's important to ring changes, to let somebody else take over, to make room for new ideas and approaches.

Contributors have been generous in their offerings and opinions and I don't want to give the impression that my stepping down has anything to do with a poor response from the membership and others in terms of copy. On the contrary, there have often been occasions when I have had more material than I could deal with or fit into a single issue and, as a consequence, items submitted in good faith have had to be passed over for no better reason than lack of space.

I hand over to Dr Rhian Davies. I could not have a more capable successor. Rhian's input in the past to this Newsletter and the Society in general is of the highest quality. She is methodical and thorough, much more so than I am, and anybody who meets her cannot fail to be impressed by her articulate scholarship and judgement. I wish her well and hope to be able to support her as a contributor myself in future. Please send stuff for the next Newsletter to her (not to me!) by Monday, 1st September at 2 Castle Terrace, Montgomery, Powys, SY15 6PB; e-mail rhiandavies@zoom.co.uk.

But, as far as this issue is concerned, I trust that I'm going out with a bang. It's not quite the biggest issue I've put together but it could turn out to be the most significant. Revelations of the type chronicled within are rare and, inevitably, I suppose, it was Rhian who made the discovery in the first place. It is a nice touch that she and I, the incoming and outgoing incumbents write about it here.

Brian Collins

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ARTICLES

A love-song: (1) A fortieth birthday present from PW to the PWS

1. The preliminaries

11th January 2003 will go down as something of a red-letter day in my research. I have had the good fortune to discover many previously undocumented items – and solve the odd factual puzzle here and there – during the past 20 years. And, although a growing number of these discoveries concern Peter Warlock, I have never had the privilege of turning up what appears to be a previously unknown composition. The story begins entirely by accident. I had been checking train times on the Internet and, after some genuinely random surfing, found myself on the music pages of the British Library website. I entered a few names into the search engine – as you do – and was surprised when a reference popped up to a manuscript of *Move eastward, happy earth*. I knew the song – one of two early Tennyson settings by William Denis Browne which Michael Pilkington had helped me to trace while I was writing my MA on composers of the Great War – but only the published score was then thought to survive.

I jotted down the reference – BL MS Mus. 87 – and scrolled idly down the full list of contents. The collection comprised vocal music by various composers – Quilter, van Dieren, Rootham, and there, near the bottom, Warlock. The title *A love-song* rang no bells with me, but I made a mental note to verify my hunch: that this was probably an early, “umbrella” title for a piece which had subsequently become much better known as something else.

I travelled to London early next day to attend Committee at the *Antelope*. It was a particularly productive and convivial meeting, with lots of good news about forthcoming events and lots of hilarious information about the inauguration of the Society 40 years ago. I managed a quick word with Michael, mentioning the MSS and saying that I was on my way over to see them. He agreed that the Denis Browne sounded new but that the Warlock would probably turn out to be a well-known setting such as *Take, O take those lips away*. I had a nightmare journey: it took an hour and a quarter to get from Sloane Square to King's Cross and, when I finally reached the Library after endless diversions around the building site which is currently St Pancras, there were lengthy queues at Deliveries. I did a bit of reference-checking for Barry Smith while I waited for my own orders to arrive. There indeed, on the top of the pile, was the Denis Browne manuscript, one of the earliest surviving examples of his hand, dated 6th September 1908. I spent a bit of time enjoying that (ff. 1-3) before turning on towards the Warlock (f. 30).

2. The present

It's hard to remember exactly what happened next. I think I realised simultaneously that both music and text were new. It obviously wasn't a setting of

Take, O take those lips away – or any of the familiar Elizabethan love lyrics, come to that – although neither the name of the poet nor the composer was given on the MS. I wondered if the words might be by Robert Nichols – their mood certainly reminded me of his work; or even by Warlock himself – the confident date in the lower right-hand corner, “April 1st 1919”, could indicate some sort of an April Fool both poetically and musically. I had a quiet word with Robert Parker at the Music Desk who provided a few details of how the Library acquired the MS and suggested some additional lines of enquiry. Then, with time ticking away towards my Apex ticket back to Cardiff, I scanned the score once more, transcribed all salient annotations, including the intriguing sign-off “(Don't blow the gaff on me will yer miss?)”, and made a dash for Paddington.

As the train approached Bristol Parkway, I began to have serious doubts. Had I got the whole thing horribly wrong? I couldn't remember all three *Saudades* for the life of me; and Michael still wasn't answering his 'phone. By the time we left Newport, though, a sense of certainty had returned and ten minutes' checking in my library reinforced it. I can't say when something completely undocumented like this last turned up, but the timing really has made for a perfect fortieth birthday present.

3. The provenance

Robert Parker told me that *A love-song* formed part of a manuscript collection which was purchased from the Delius Trust on 23rd February 1990. Further enquiry of Dr Nicolas Bell at the British Library revealed that the collection was originally acquired by the Trust when it came up for auction at Sotheby's on St Cecilia's Day, 22nd November 1989.¹ Lot 81, a collection of autograph manuscripts of English songs, included copies of four songs by Delius in the hand of Peter Warlock: *So white, so soft; Spring, the sweet spring; To daffodils; and I-Brasil*. There was also a second copy of *So white* in a different hand. All these MSS were retained by the Trust but, because the remaining items did not concern Delius directly, they were offered on to the British Library. Enquiries of Dr Robert Threlfall, Archivist to the Delius Trust, and Dr Simon Maguire of Sotheby's have not yielded additional information; but Dr Bell feels that *A love-song* may have slipped through the net because Pat Mills was away from the Library when it was catalogued!

4. The poem

Assuming that this song is by Warlock, these are the words he set:

I am weary with love, and thy lips
Are night-born poppies.
Give me therefore thy lips
That I may know sleep.

I am weary with longing,
I am faint with love;
For upon my head has the moonlight
Fallen
As a sword.

I started by trying to identify the poem on the Internet and entered the most distinctive phrase, "night-born poppies", into Google's search-engine. Two significant hits came up. The first suggested that Warlock had reversed the word-order of the third line, perhaps in setting it from memory ("Therefore give me thy lips..."). The second was even more useful. In an article which appeared in the *Guardian* as recently as last November,² James Fenton cited the whole of the first stanza and described it as the fifth of six *Nocturnes* by Skipwith Cannéll.

5. The previous publications

The hunt was now on to find Warlock's original source. Cannéll seems never to have published a collection of poetry so, after wading through a goodly number of ephemeral literary magazines, it finally emerged that his six *Nocturnes* appeared in *Poetry*, edited by Harriet Monroe, in August 1913.³ This was Cannéll's first-ever foray into print and his submissions comprised a sequence of five *Poems in Prose and Verse*, plus eight other short works which hold "Nocturne" as a title in common. Two of these are in prose form (*Nocturne in pastels* and *Nocturne triste*) while the other six are poems (*Nocturnes I-VI*). The two stanzas which Warlock sets in *A love-song* are numbers V and VI in that sequence.

Ezra Pound considered Cannéll's work to be "the literary find of 1913"⁴ and promptly reprinted all six *Nocturnes* in *Des Imagistes* the following year.⁵ This slender volume with its distinctive green cover was published jointly by Harold Monro at The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, and by Albert and Charles Boni at 96 Fifth Avenue, New York. The 35 items – mostly poems, but some prose – comprise 6 works by Pound, 10 by Richard Aldington, 7 by his wife HD (Hilda Doolittle) and 5 by F S Flint, plus one piece each by Ford Madox Ford (still writing under the name of Hueffer), William Carlos Williams, Allen Upward, Amy Lowell and Cannéll himself. "I hear an army charging" by James Joyce was a last-minute addition in December 1913.⁶ The calibre of these contributors – and the book's importance as a manifesto for Imagism – have made it a landmark and a legend in literary history. These, then, are the two publications which Warlock is most likely to have consulted in choosing his text. Of the two, I would favour *Des Imagistes*, not least because Warlock copied out one of the poems by Richard Aldington in that volume called "Choricos".⁷ No setting of this survives, but Warlock's late song *After two years* (1930) does use another text by Aldington.

6. The poet

The American poet Humberton Skipwith Cannéll is a seriously shadowy figure, arguably the most shadowy whom I have ever pursued, and it has taken quite some trawling to assemble even these fragmentary clues about his life and work. Most sources give his dates of birth and death as 1887 and 1957, although a biography of the Massachusetts writer

and patroness Amy Lowell suggests the earlier and rather more precise date of 22nd December 1886.⁸ This same source gives the fullest résumé of Cannéll's early career which I have yet discovered, stating that he attended the University of Virginia, 1906-9, before studying "abroad"⁹ for two years, presumably in Europe.

According to the Arkansas writer John Gould Fletcher,¹⁰ he first met Cannéll in Paris in 1913 where he was living on an allowance of \$30 a month provided by his American relatives. Cannéll presented himself as a revolutionary anarchist, professing envy of two men who had been killed by police marksmen during an all-night siege of their hideout in Montrouge, for example. He also dreamed of returning to the mountains of Virginia – where he boasted he had once come face to face with a panther – to live by his own hunting in the manner of the native Amerindians. Cannéll had already started to produce short poems of which he was "inordinately vain",¹¹ despite the fact that his only reading, so far as Fletcher could tell, comprised the Bible and the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Ezra Pound went a stage further, suggesting that Cannéll was afraid to read anything "for fear it would destroy his individuality".¹²

The first meeting between Pound and Cannéll is widely documented. Pound, who had been based largely in London since 1908, travelled to Italy via Paris in March 1913. After meeting up with Richard Aldington and HD in Venice, he made another stop in Paris on his way back to London in mid May. One night after supper, Cannéll and Fletcher were sitting on the open-air terrace of the *Closerie des Lilas*, a café-restaurant on the Boulevard de Montparnasse facing the great fountain in the *Jardins du Luxembourg*. The café was regarded as a frontier station between the old Latin Quarter and Montparnasse: a former *guinguette* on the road to Fontainebleau which had once been a haunt of the poet Charles Baudelaire. The Scottish artist J D Fergusson brought Pound over, thinking that these two major American poets abroad, meaning Fletcher and Pound, ought really to know one another. A discussion ensued – well, more of a monologue by Pound, actually – on the subject of *vers libre*. The pomposity of the occasion was finally punctured by Cannéll who said that he knew little of French and Italian theories but the best *vers libre* was undoubtedly to be found in the King James version of the Bible. Pound, disconcerted and impressed in equal measure, decided he must know more of Cannéll and asked to see his poetry.

The men met several times in Paris before Cannéll visited Fletcher in London for a fortnight in August. He did not endear himself to his host, borrowing his money and attempting to cut a swathe through literary society only to depart "as grimly and ungraciously as he came".¹³ Back in France in September, Cannéll married Kathleen ("Kitty") Davis. I have not yet been able to establish whether she was British or American (possibly the latter) but she was studying in Paris to become a dancer and is remembered as extremely tall, graceful and vivacious.¹⁴

Kitty's impressions of Pound, for example, were said to have delighted New York's literati.¹⁵ Maybe it was her personality and influence which softened Cannell's disposition. Fletcher noted that, following his marriage, Cannell seemed not to feel such a desire to rant and rail against civilization.¹⁶

The Cannells settled in London and their next meeting with Ezra Pound took place in *Romano's* restaurant. Unfortunately, Pound managed to tip a bottle of Burgundy into the lap of Kitty's best dress,¹⁷ but he made amends by sorting out their accommodation, installing them as temporary tenants of the ground-floor flat beneath his own at 10 Church Walk, Kensington,¹⁸ and arranging for Cannell to meet some of London's leading literary lights. Pound escorted Kitty around the city while her husband was busy networking. Their tourism included a visit to Madame Tussaud's, while his contacts included W B Yeats and Ford Madox Ford. Kitty and Pound also played tennis together at South Lodge, Ford's home at 80 Campden Hill Road, Kensington, where he and Violet Hunt kept open house every afternoon for writers including Yeats, Lady Gregory, H G Wells and Wyndham Lewis. Pound was a keen tennis player all his life – his correspondence is littered with details of sets played and scores achieved – and he cited his interests in a contemporary edition of *Who's Who* as "tennis, fencing and searching *The Times* for evidence of almost incredible stupidity".¹⁹ Kitty is said to have been the only person who could put up with him, quite an achievement considering Ford likened Pound's playing style to that of "a galvanized agile gibbon".²⁰

Pound had already written during the summer of 1913 that he thought Cannell "worth watching".²¹ He also insisted that he be printed, giving thanks to God that he had finally found an American who seemed "resolved on perfection".²² Cannell's work began to appear in a series of significant literary magazines – he published in *Smart Set*,²³ *The New Freewoman*²⁴ and *The Little Review*²⁵ as well as *Poetry*.²⁶ Pound's enthusiasm had waned a little by October 1913: "I'm not wild over Cannell," he wrote, although he did still allow that he and Fletcher had "a trace of character".²⁷ When Amy Lowell planned her own Imagist anthology in July 1914, she also decided not to ask Cannell to contribute because he was not producing enough.²⁸ By August, however, she was praising his poem "Coming of night" as "one of the best things of his I have seen".²⁹

War was declared that same month, of course, and the Cannells left England for America. While London and Paris were otherwise preoccupied, New York experienced a quickening of artistic life and the couple gravitated toward the circle of writers and painters which gathered on 14th Street during the spring of 1915. Chief among these was Alfred Kreymborg who abandoned a career in journalism to found his own literary publication called *Others* (based on the premise that "The old expressions are with us always, and there are always others").³⁰ The

periodical, with its distinctive yellow paper covers, ran for five years and was a "museum magazine",³¹ displaying its poems as paintings on the page for the reader to contemplate as art. Contributors included Cannell, Pound, Fletcher, the Aldingtons, Lowell and T S Eliot; and most of the production was achieved on Sundays at Kreymborg's summer shack, a timber house called Grantwood which looked west over the Hackensack River in a wooded area of New Jersey.

William Carlos Williams was another key member of Kreymborg's circle, writing and publishing alongside his day-job as a doctor. He recalled one particular party which he and his wife Florence ("Flossie") threw at their home, 9 Ridge Road, Rutherford, New Jersey, in 1916. It began before noon on a Sunday and didn't end until the survivors were thrown out on Monday morning. One of Williams's abiding memories of the day was:

Skip Cannell leaping upon the trunk of a car which was on its way to my brother's to fetch ice ... I was afraid he would be thrown off and injured.³²

Two photos taken under a cherry tree on the side lawn show everyone who attended. With Williams, Kreymborg and Cannell are the writers Walter Arensberg, Robert Alden Sanborn and Maxwell Bodenheim, the gallery owner Alanson Hartpence, the artists Marcel Duchamp and Jean Crotti and the photographer Man Ray. The women's group includes Kitty Cannell, her mother Mrs Davis, and a Mary Caroline Davis who may also have been a relative.³³ The only other clues about this period stem from the correspondence of Ezra Pound. He mentions in February 1917 that Cannell had written from New York "long ago",³⁴ while other letters later that year use the poet's name adjectivally as "Cannellish"³⁵ or "Skipwithcannellish".³⁶

By the spring of 1921, Kitty Cannell had divorced her husband and returned to Europe alone.³⁷ She supported herself during the Depression by writing fashion pieces for the *New York Times* and ballet criticism – rather more incongruously – for the *Christian Science Monitor*.³⁸ She also contributed "gaiety, dazzle and a sparkling blondness"³⁹ to American society in Paris. From the early 1920s, quantities of American expatriates had chosen to settle in France, either in the capital itself or in rented houses in the small towns nearby. Kitty found herself a new escort – Harold Loeb, cousin of the founder of the *Loeb Classical Library*, ex-middleweight boxing champion of Princeton, and editor of *Broom*, an international magazine of the arts – and a new circle of friends including Ernest Hemingway. Kitty introduced the novelist to his second wife Pauline Pfeiffer, a *Vogue* fashion editor, while he portrayed her and Loeb as Frances Clyne and Robert Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises* (sometimes called *Fiesta*). Mary Butts also knew Kitty and Harold when she rented an apartment in the same terraced house under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, 14 rue de Montessuy in the 7th *arrondissement*, between September 1926 and June 1930.⁴⁰

Literary biographies and autobiographies of the period abound in sightings of Kitty Cannell at

Parisian parties – with Loeb *chez* Robert McAlmon, for example; at the *Stryx*; and at the *Rotonde*, where she was assaulted by the *patron* and a scuffle ensued.⁴¹ She was also spotted with Ezra Pound at the mock-Oriental *Bal Bullier*; at a dive in the rue du Lappe;⁴² and with Pound and Nina Hamnett at *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* in the rue Boissy-d'Anglas.⁴³ Another significant occasion was the first performance of Pound's opera *Le Testament de François Villon* at the Salle Pleyel, rue Rochechouart, on 29 June 1926. Performers included Yves Tinayre, Olga Rudge and the composer, who sat on the platform beating a set of drums "with a will".⁴⁴ Kitty, McAlmon, George Antheil, Djuna Barnes and Constantin Brancusi were among the sizeable audience. T S Eliot also slipped in at the back, but didn't stay long.⁴⁵

The most extensive information about Kitty Cannell in Paris comes from the writings of, and about, William Carlos Williams. He and his wife sailed from New York to France on 9 January 1924, arriving on 20th of that month before returning to America the following 20 June. They took a room at the *Hôtel Lutetia*. "Everyone was in Paris," Williams recalled, "if you wanted to see them."⁴⁶ Kitty and Flossie renewed their acquaintance and went shopping together⁴⁷ or chatted while Williams and Loeb pored over manuscripts.⁴⁸ The highlight of the visit was a farewell dinner organised by Robert McAlmon. This took place at *Le Trianon*, the restaurant of choice of James and Nora Joyce on the corner of the Boulevard du Montparnasse and rue de Rennes, and guests included the Joyces themselves, Loeb, Antheil, Ford, Duchamp and Ray, plus Laurence and Clotilde Vail, Bill Bird, Louis Aragon, Mina Loy and Sylvia Beach, who ran the famous Paris bookshop *Shakespeare and Company* on the rue de l'Odéon. Williams remembered Kitty and McAlmon calling at their hotel beforehand:

Bob came for us ... with Kitty Cannell in her squirrel coat and yellow skullcap, which made the French, man and woman, turn in the street and stare seeing a woman, approaching six feet, so accoutred (49).

He also remembered that Joyce, taking a break from writing the early Dublin passages of *Finnegans Wake*, led a succession of Irish 'Come-all-yous' before everyone joined in singing spirituals, cowboy songs and the blues.⁵⁰

Kitty Cannell fades from the narrative at this point in favour of four fleeting references to her ex-husband. When William Carlos Williams met Sylvia Beach during another Atlantic crossing in 1927, they talked of Skipwith Cannell. She didn't realise he was Kitty's husband until Williams told her; and she then recalled him as "the worst cook in the world".⁵¹ When Richard Aldington compiled an Imagist anthology in 1930, he included work by all the original contributors except Lowell, who was dead; Pound, who was "sulky";⁵² and Cannell, "whom we couldn't trace".⁵³ But there would be one last sighting before the decade was out. Williams wrote to McAlmon in May 1939 that Skip Cannell had recently turned up, living in a house in Washington DC. Pound was also in Washington and Cannell asked a friend of his,

Dorsey Hyde, to have him paged through the administrative buildings on Capitol Hill. Hyde found Pound "wandering round more or less blindly"⁵⁴ and all four men had Sunday lunch together. When Williams published his *Autobiography* in 1948 he mentioned that Cannell had made a second marriage with an unnamed Frenchwoman and then " – *disparu!*"⁵⁵ And – in terms of current research at least – he does indeed now disappear for good.

7. The possibilities

Peter Warlock's links with the Imagist circle have never been explored in detail, even though the composer's friendship with Cecil Gray obviously brought him into contact with Gray's mistress Hilda Doolittle. Gray and HD succeeded Warlock in west Cornwall, living together at Bosigran Castle, Pendeen, from the spring of 1918 while her husband Richard Aldington was away on active service. Their daughter (Frances) Perdita was born on 31st March 1919 – the day before *A love-song* was written, by curious coincidence. Warlock was clearly not a fan of the relationship; he wrote a vicious limerick on the subject on 1st July 1918;⁵⁶ and one of his notebooks contains the additional warning: "Bosigran ... beware O Timpany ... Tu ne seras pas maître dans ta maison!"⁵⁷ Warlock's knowledge of Aldington's poetry has already been discussed, and there are links to Pound (who reviewed the van Dieren concert at Wigmore Hall in 1918, for instance)⁵⁸ and Alan Seeger, too. Warlock met the New York poet in Marlotte in September 1913 and again the following summer when he came over to London to try and interest publishers in his work. Seeger spent most of his days at the British Museum and his nights "with a coterie of friends at the Café Royal".⁵⁹ John Cournos also recalled seeing him just before War broke out in the company of Pound, Aldington, T E Hulme, Herbert Read, A R Orage, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska and Jacob Epstein at Mrs Kibblewhite's literary salon.⁶⁰

Another key member of the Imagist circle was Walter Morse Rummel, the pianist whom Claude Debussy regarded as one of the finest interpreters of his music and described as a "prince of virtuosos".⁶¹ Warlock reviewed Rummel's playing of a Bach chorale-prelude during a London recital in 1920 as "one of the most beautiful performances of one of the most beautiful works that we have ever heard";⁶² and the address of the pianist's painter brother Frank Morse Rummel – "6 Rue Nicolo, Passy, Paris (XVIIe)"⁶³ – is jotted in one of his notebooks.

Warlock's own visits to Paris offer other possibilities. He met Viva Booth (later King) there twice in 1921, for example, when her circle included Pound, Barnes, Vail, Edna St Vincent Millay, Peggy Guggenheim and Francis Poulenc.⁶⁴ It may also have been through Viva and her best friend Kathleen Hale (of *Orlando the Marmalade Cat* fame) that he came to know the artists Cedric Morris and Lett Haines. A ledger, currently on display at the National Museum of Wales in Cardiff (see *Teaching, Art and Life* elsewhere in this issue) confirms that Haines was

introduced to Warlock, Gray, HD and "Kittie Cannel" [sic] in Paris during the 1920s, as well as Pound, Hemingway, Igor Stravinsky and *Les Six*.

This article very much reflects work in progress and I hope to learn more by accessing Haines and Morris's MSS when they are removed from the Cardiff exhibition at the end of April. There are many avenues to pursue. Could Warlock have known the Cannells personally, perhaps through Seeger? Can connections be cemented through other members of Warlock's circle – Butts, Hamnett, Epstein, Michael Arlen, Thomas Earp, Augustus John, John Rodker, J M N Sullivan and Christopher Wood – all of whom spent time in Paris during the 1920s? Were Kitty Cannell and Winifred Baker linked through a mutual interest in dancing? And should we add *A love-song* to the other Warlock songs – *Dedication* and *The cloths of Heaven* – which Winifred inspired in 1919? Additional clues may lie in Harold Loeb's autobiography, *The Way It Was* (absent from the BL because it was published in New York in 1959), and "Portrait of a kind eccentric", an article which Kitty contributed to the *Providence Sunday Journal* of 20 September 1964.⁶⁵ If any American Warlockian can locate these sources, I should really be most grateful.

Rhian Davies

Notes

- 1 Nicolas Bell to RD, 27th January 2003.
- 2 James Fenton, 'Negative images', *Guardian*, 16th November 2002.
- 3 All 13 items occur in *Poetry*, II, 5 (August 1913), pp. 171-6.
- 4 Ira B Nadel, ed., *The Letters of Ezra Pound to Alice Corbin Henderson*, Austin, Texas, 1993, p. 60.
- 5 [Ezra Pound, ed.], *Des Imagistes, an Anthology*, London and New York, 1914, pp. 36-7.
- 6 J J Wilhelm, *Ezra Pound in London and Paris 1908-1925*, University Park and London, 1990, p. 125.
- 7 BL Add. MS 57967.
- 8 S Foster Damon, *Amy Lowell: A Chronicle*, Boston and New York, 1935, p. 222.
- 9 *ibid.*
- 10 For an extended pen-portrait of Cannell, see John Gould Fletcher, *Life Is My Song*, New York and Toronto, 1937, pp. 57-60.
- 11 *ibid.*, p. 57.
- 12 Ezra Pound to Iris Barry, 27th July 1916, cited in D D Paige, *The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907-1941*, New York, 1950, p. 88.
- 13 Fletcher, *op. cit.*, p. 84.
- 14 Humphrey Carpenter, *Geniuses Together: American Writers in Paris in the 1920s*, London, 1987, p. 101.
- 15 Wilhelm, *op. cit.*, p. 115.
- 16 Fletcher, *op. cit.*, p. 112.
- 17 Charles Norman, *Ezra Pound*, New York, 1960, p. 104.
- 18 See Nadel, *op. cit.*, p. 50; and Patricia Hutchins, *Ezra Pound's Kensington: An Exploration 1885-1913*, London, 1965, p. 69.
- 19 *Who's Who*, London, 1915, p. 1741.
- 20 C K Stead, *Pound, Yeats and the Modernist Movement*, New Brunswick, 1986, p. 13.
- 21 Ezra Pound to Alice Corbin Henderson, ?July/August 1913, cited in Nadel, *op. cit.*, p. 49.
- 22 Ezra Pound to Alice Corbin Henderson, 8th-9th August 1913, cited in Nadel, *op. cit.*, p. 52.
- 23 See Hugh Witemeyer, ed., *Selected Letters of Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams*, New York, 1996, p. 33. None as these poems has yet been traced.
- 24 "The dance" was published in *New Freewoman*, I (1st September 1913), p. 114; and reprinted in John T Gage, *In the Arresting Eye: The Rhetoric of Imagism*, Baton Rouge and London, 1981, pp. 119-20.
- 25 There are three short contributions by Cannell – one poem and two prose pieces, "The silver ship", "The butterfly" and "The tidings" – in the issue for October 1914, pp. 20-21; three *Wild Songs* in April 1915, pp. 6-7; and three more called *A Dypitch* [sic] in June-July 1916, pp. 17-19.
- 26 Cannell published three *Ikons* in the May 1914 issue of *Poetry*, pp. 50-51; and three *Monoliths* the following September, pp. 207-10.
- 27 Ezra Pound to Alice Corbin Henderson, 14th October 1913, cited in Nadel, *op. cit.*, p. 56.
- 28 Norman, *op. cit.*, p. 152.
- 29 Damon, *op. cit.*, p. 316.
- 30 Norman, *op. cit.*, p. 182.
- 31 Reed Whittemore, *William Carlos Williams: Poet from Jersey*, Boston, 1975, p. 129.
- 32 William Carlos Williams, *Autobiography*, New York, 1948, p. 153.
- 33 The original photographs are held in the Poetry Collection of the Lockwood Memorial Library, State University of New York at Buffalo. The male group is reproduced in Dickran Tashjian, *William Carlos Williams and the American Scene 1920-1940*, Berkeley, 1978, p. 15; while both groups – with fuller captions – may be seen in Whittemore, *op. cit.*, between pp. 244-5.
- 34 Ezra Pound to Alice Corbin Henderson, 9th February 1917, cited in Nadel, *op. cit.*, p. 187.
- 35 Ezra Pound to Alice Corbin Henderson, 3rd/9th March 1917, cited in Nadel, *op. cit.*, p. 202.
- 36 Ezra Pound to William Carlos Williams, [10th November 1917], cited in Witemeyer, *op. cit.*, p. 31.
- 37 Wilhelm, *op. cit.*, p. 301.
- 38 *ibid.*, p. 277.
- 39 Carpenter, *op. cit.*, p. 101.
- 40 Nathalie Blondel, *Mary Butts: Scenes from the Life*, Kingston, New York, 1998, p. 171.
- 41 Robert McAlmon, *McAlmon and the Lost Generation: A Self-Portrait*, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1962, pp. 37-8.
- 42 Norman, *op. cit.*, p. 259.

- 43 Wilhelm, *op. cit.*, p. 277.
- 44 Sisley Huddleston, *Bohemian Literary and Social Life in Paris: Salons, Cafés, Studios*, London, 1928, p. 98.
- 45 McAlmon, *op. cit.*, p. 195.
- 46 Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 190.
- 47 *ibid.*, p. 192.
- 48 *ibid.*, p. 219.
- 49 *ibid.*, p. 194.
- 50 McAlmon, *op. cit.*, p. 244.
- 51 William Carlos Williams to Florence Herman Williams, 27th September 1927, cited in John C Thirlwall, ed., *The Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams*, New York, 1957, p. 80.
- 52 Norman T Gates, *The Poetry of Richard Aldington: A Critical Evaluation and an Anthology of Uncollected Poems*, University Park and London, 1974, p. 33.
- 53 *ibid.*
- 54 William Carlos Williams to Robert McAlmon, 25 May 1939, cited in Thirlwall, *op. cit.*, p. 177.
- 55 Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 318.
- 56 BL Add. MS 57978F, f. 36b, cited in Brian Collins, ed., *Cursory Rhymes*, London, 2000, p. 131.
- 57 BL Add. MS 57968D, f. 8.
- 58 R Murray Schafer, ed., *Ezra Pound and Music: The Complete Criticism*, London, 1978, p. 120.
- 59 William Archer, 'Introduction', in Alan Seeger, *Poems*, New York, 1916, p. xxiv.
- 60 John Cournos, *Autobiography*, New York, 1935, p. 274.
- 61 François Lesure and Roger Nichols, eds., *Debussy Letters*, London and Boston, 1987, p. 333.
- 62 Philip Heseltine, "Contingencies", *The Sackbut*, I, 3 (July 1920), p. 105.
- 63 BL Add. MS 57968G, f. 17b.
- 64 Viva King, *The Weeping and the Laughter*, London, 1976, pp. 96-104.
- 65 A tantalisingly brief excerpt is cited in Arthur Mizener, *The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford*, London, 1971, p. 238.

A love-song: (2) Serious or frivolous?

It would be difficult adequately to describe my surprise when Rhian told me of her discovery. "Make sure you're sitting down," she had advised when I would phone her back in response to the enigmatic but, otherwise, uninformative message left on my answering machine. I was but I don't think it helped. Of course, when I went to the BL with Michael Pilkington a few days later to see for myself and make my own pencil-copy of the holograph, all was, as it must always be in those controlled surroundings, quiet and unperturbed.

The mechanics of setting out the notation from the original have something of a ritual quality; it's true that sounds form in the head, opinions begin to take shape and recollections of, and therefore relationships to, other material begin to establish themselves. But the major act is one of functionality. The job in hand is to get material transferred to one's personal pieces of paper by whatever method. Sometimes that is done aurally: a pattern is heard and notated; at other times the process is more one of inspection: what appears in the manuscript is visually checked against the pencilled version that grows, in a peculiar and inadequate hand, in front of one.

Perhaps it was the excitement but, although my own pencil-copy was accurate, when I came to type it into the computer, mistakes began to occur. And so I am particularly grateful to Michael for pointing out my errors of transcription. He and I disagree in the matter of what are termed "courtesy" accidentals, the largely editorial sharp- and flat-signs that are put in to clarify the composer's intentions; I tend to err on the side of more-rather-than-less. There will always be some pernickety individual somewhere who will loudly ask, "Is that a flat or a natural?" even when common sense and the inner ear give the answer, and so I endeavour to anticipate all such enquiries, however tediously. Some of this over-attention may be apparent in the notated examples given here.

I have to say at the outset that something niggles about this piece. It is undoubtedly written in Warlock's hand; but take away the visual aspect and show or play it to someone without further comment and it would not be at all obvious who could have written it. There are some particularly Warlockian fingerprints; but the musical language is more astringent than that found anywhere else in Warlock's output. There is a sparse linearity in places that doesn't lie easily with the big chords that are impossible to play without arpeggiation; an exposed septuplet in bar 17, for example, just sounds daft.

So what comes across forcibly is the dissonance, more so than in any other song that Warlock wrote. But I'm getting ahead of myself. "Did Warlock compose this song?" is a fundamental question and everything that has gone before, including what Rhian has written herself, assumes an answer in the affirmative. I must make it clear, though, that in 1919 his style (the style of the Winthrop Rogers songs) was undergoing something of a change: the super-Delianism of *Saudades* and *The water lily*, *The cloths of Heaven* and *The lover mourns for the loss of love* was being transmuted into a more refined and ordered, chord-based vocabulary which regulated modally-driven melodies. Nevertheless, the distinctive handwriting apart, I am reasonably sure that what the three of us (Rhian, Michael Pilkington and myself) have been investigating is a song by Peter Warlock rather than a copy of a piece by someone else; there is no name on the manuscript to identify either poet or composer so perhaps "miss" (whoever she was) would already be aware of both. And I don't believe that PW would have transcribed somebody else's work without accreditation. Nevertheless, what his motivation was for

writing it is open to question; and could it ever have been considered, either by its composer or anyone else, suitable for publication?

The prescribed tempo is simply "Lento". I've interpreted this as $\text{♩} = 40$ and, to my ears anyway, it sounds about right. If the piece moves much more quickly some of the figuration, particularly the $\text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$ rhythm, will sound rushed.

The uncompromising dissonance that will characterise this concentrated little song (only 22 bars) is manifest from the start: the first chord is constructed from three semitonally adjacent notes, E, F and G \flat . The chord makes a second appearance at the start of the second bar but not until it has resolved on to one of Warlock's favourite shapes, the *Curlew*-chord, one of that group which I have described elsewhere as a chordal "family".¹ The voice adds a G to convert the piano's B \flat minor chord into the familiar configuration. See Ex. 1.

Ex. 1: A love-song bars 1-3

The second bar, then, introduces the dotted-rhythm figure mentioned earlier. The semitone is prevalent here too although linearly rather than harmonically. I have written extensively about Warlock's treatment of the semitone and its place in his compositional logic.² I believe that it is a vestigial Delian feature, used initially by Delius himself and other late-romantic composers to intensify harmonic progressions, often expedited by falling, chromatic lines within the texture. PW abstracts it and uses it as a regulating device in his own compositions. It is there from the outset in *A lake and a fairy boat*. It orders not only horizontal shapes but vertical ones too and the way that it distorts these latter devices in the *Saudades* songs and, especially, the *Folk-song preludes* is remarkable. It is never very far away from anything that he wrote and it is the means whereby he migrates between the modes that are themselves linear manifestations of his chordal favourites.

I'm getting ahead of myself once more. Look at the melodic line that sets "weary with"; there are the three adjacent semitones again, descending and - vocally obvious - motivically and rhythmically unavoidable; the triplet lethargically (wearily) contradicts the urgency, vigour and, thereby, prominence of the piano's hemidemisemiquavers (64ths).

There's a lot going on, then, in these opening bars. The principal musical ideas are presented in them. We should expect that, I suppose, but I could elaborate even further than I already have. Having established semitonal affectation, though, it is pertinent that, to set the four syllables of the sensational phrase "night-born poppies" (which Rhian has already identified as peculiar enough to use as a means to identifying the author) and exemplify the inherent headiness, Warlock reverts to whole-tones. Actually there is evidence from the three early songs (of 1911 and thereabouts) of a semitone/whole-tone dichotomy. In both *A lake and a fairy boat* and *Music, when soft voices die* there are mixed usages of both devices although, in those cases, the combination is incongruous. Here, in *A love-song*, it appears that Warlock is using the techniques more symbolically.

But it is the semitone that dominates the song. It is very obvious in bar 6, to highlight the word "lips" (Ex. 2 - the C achieved by whole-tone motion) and then in bars 9-10, effectively the halfway point in the song.

Notice here (Ex. 3) that the first chord is composed of adjacent semitones (B, B \flat and A) and they are briefly joined by the next one (A \flat). Is it irony or bloody-mindedness, though, that all of this activity underlies the song is challenging; here it appears to be perverse. The lower chord in the piano-part, bar 10, is (including the A \flat) a minor 7th, another of his "family" chords. The

E/B \flat s above it deliberately contradict and are prominent in the texture: the left-hand chord appears to be the important one approached by the chromatic shape and the preceding F, a pseudo-dominant.

Ex. 2: A love-song bars 5-7

What we can think of as the second half of the song, then (bars 11-22), contains elements of development although these, given the brevity of the piece, are confined to details rather than an elaborate reworking of material. The $\text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$ rhythm makes only a couple more

Ex. 3: A love-song bars 9-10

appearances, both in bar 11 (transformed into an ascending figure for the second) and then is heard no more. Perhaps the differences in the way material is deployed in the two halves should not be too much of a surprise for, as Rhian has pointed out in her discussion of the source of Cannell's verse, we really have two separate, short poems here, both of which start with the same three words.

The sort of chords which served largely as punctuation points earlier now assert themselves more and more as the principal textural device while the use of motif and the counterpoint associated with it lessen: the piano has nothing but chords, some of them with the notes widely spread, for the last five bars. Some of these are only playable by arpeggiating them: Michael Pilkington has pointed out³ that Warlock did not always indicate his chords to be played this way, even when they had to be, and so we should not read too much into the fact that they are not marked so here.

We've seen big, spread, chords before, in *Music, when soft voices die* and *The cloths of Heaven*, for example. But they were not chords like these! Examine those last five bars in more detail (Ex. 4). Here Warlock plays a series of elaborate games (April fools?) with the chords he chooses and their tonal implications. I accept that the chords themselves, with so many different pitches in them, are open to a variety of interpretations although I work from the sorts of shapes that are to be found elsewhere in his output. They can all be seen as emanating from the "family"

with superimposed, dissonant notes. There are chords derived from pentatones in bars 18 and 20, and chords based on different 7th-shapes in bars 19 and 21. Perhaps the most curious one, though, is the last one. Is the isolated, very low C a reference to the fact that this piece that otherwise avoids a reference to a tonal centre is written without a key-signature? There has been a blatant chord of C in the upper part two bars earlier – a Warlockian joke? That last note in the bass is far too far away from the others to sound like a tonic and there is an element of D_b in the upper part that, in combination with the C# of the vocal line, suggests otherwise. The difference between C and D_b is a semi-tone, of course.

It must be pointed out that, as the nature of the piano texture changes, the melodic construction undergoes a matching transformation. The voice, which had mostly been confined to intervallically restrained or even static figures in the first half of the song, is now more mobile and there is a new, if brief, reliance on the whole tone: of the seven notes of bars 18-19 (Ex. 4 again) only the F (on the first syllable of "Fallen") does not conform. The result is a line that is demanding to sing and which is given little or no support by the piano writing. Indeed, apart from some coincident metrical stresses, the two parts could be seen (heard) as independent of one another. The limited motivic relationship in the first half of the song is no longer apparent in the second.

Not only are there no references to poet or composer on the score, there are no dynamic instructions either. In fact there is very little in the way of performance instructions apart from an "espress. molto" here and there, a "dolcissimo", a "teneramente" and a "sotto voce". Could these expressions be ironic? Is the climactic "As a sword" to be understated *sotto voce*? Rhian has already mentioned the reversal of a group of words; "therefore" is actually written as a mathematical symbol, a triangle of dots. All of these elements could be harmless but they beg the question as to whether this piece was intended to be performed at all. Could it have been an elaborate message of some kind or does the lack of detail and the frequent, uncharacteristic dissonance demonstrate a disdain for the text set? If this is so, then should the piece be performed at all? It is not without interest, after all,

Ex. 4: A love-song bars 18-22

Ex. 5: *The full heart* bars 1-3 (text omitted)

Very slow, soft and veiled tone

and it can be put into another context altogether. I've tended to describe this song in the light of earlier ones. That's because it is easier to assess it (and validate it) in terms of its precedents and so, in particular ways, it looks back rather than forwards. But there is one other piece which I can't avoid referring to. When Rhian first revealed her discovery to me and read through the text that Warlock had set, my first thought, coloured by my limited knowledge of the Warlockian circle, was "Robert Nichols", thereby coinciding with one of her initial suspicions. It is not just in the falling-semitone figure that *A love-song* recalls *The full heart* although that is a powerful link between the two and the similarity can be heard in Ex. 5. The latter piece, one of only two extant settings of words by PW's friend,⁴ was written over a long period of time, only achieving completion in 1921.⁵ If we take the completion date on the holograph as correct (and I'm writing on, coincidentally, 1st April 2003) then this piece fits nicely into that particular chronological scenario. The Nichols setting is more sophisticated, more worked out and considered. It is not as dissonant as, and the textures are thicker than those in, *A love-song* but it contains some delicious scrunches (which sound softer sung than played on a piano) and also some exposed figures. Although the moods of the two pieces are different they are both settings of texts that rely upon strong imagery (hence the name given to the poetic movement) and it is tempting, therefore, to consider *A love-song* as something of a preliminary exercise

for the larger piece, even though that was probably far from being the intent.

In my capacity as editor I asked Michael Pilkington to contribute an article to sit alongside these two. He declined saying, modestly, that he was sure Rhian and I would cover everything that he could. Nevertheless I am grateful to Michael for the information and advice he has given concerning what has appeared here in print. And he voices similar thoughts to those shared by Rhian and myself. Is there yet more out there yet to be revealed? Who can tell us of manuscript collections, either in public or private keeping, whence further, startling revelations may yet come?

Brian Collins

Notes

- 1 Brian Collins, *Peter Warlock the composer*, Aldershot, 1996, *passim*.
- 2 *idem*.
- 3 Conversation with BC, 15th January 2003.
- 4 Fred Tomlinson, *A Peter Warlock handbook*, Vol. I, London, 1974, p. 24. One setting has been lost. (I am grateful to Rhian Davies for pointing out that the Warlock/Nichols correspondence mentions a missing companion to *The full heart*. See Rhian Davies, "Robert Nichols and Philip Heseltine", *Peter Warlock Society Newsletter* 62, Spring 1998, p. 8.)
- 5 *idem*.

NEWSBRIEFS

Paul Nash is working on a bibliography of the books printed by Guido Morris at the Latin Press in Saint Ives (and elsewhere) between 1935 and 1953. One of Morris's authors was Nigel Heseltine, whose *Violent Rain* was published in 1938. In 1951 Morris announced another book by Heseltine, although this did not appear. Mr Nash would be very grateful for any information about the poetry of Nigel Heseltine, the Latin Press, Guido Morris and his friendship with Heseltine during this period. If you can help please contact Paul W. Nash directly at 8 Fairfield Drive, Witney, Oxon OX28 5LB, Tel 01993 774130, E-mail paul.w.nash@virgin.net

A typographical error crept into Silvester Mazzarella's article in Newsletter 71. The last phrase in the second, indented quotation should have read, "passing through a glass window pane," not "... At a glass ...". Issue 40 of the **Hampstead Authors' Society News Sheet** has a piece by Brian Collins relating to the PWS AGM on their patch. HAS meets monthly: on 16th June there will be a workshop based on John Hand's creative writing course at the University of North London; and on 6th July the annual Garden party takes place at which Sonja Linden talks on "How to get your fingers burnt without really trying - a writer's journey from playwright to founder of the *Iceandfire* theatre company." The HAS chairman is Zsuzsanna Ardó (ardo@pobox.com) and more details can be found at www.societyofauthors.org/HAS.

Andrée Ruellan

The oldest active American member of the Peter Warlock Society is Andrée Ruellan, a lovely and lively lady who turns 98 this year and who has lived since 1929 in a charming house near upstate Woodstock, New York. Andrée is a well-respected artist whose works are in the collections of many of America's leading museums including the Whitney and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. She also holds the distinction of being the only living PWS member who knew Peter Warlock and who, on one memorable occasion in the summer of 1925, traveled with him to Grez-sur-Loing to meet Frederick Delius.

Incredibly, the first public showing of Andrée's works was in 1914 when, at the age of nine, she shared an exhibition in Greenwich Village with George Bellows. The most recent retrospective of her work took place in June of 2000, eighty-six years later.

On a recent visit to Woodstock, Robert Beckhard and I, armed with Robert's trusty tape recorder, took down Andrée's recollections of Peter Warlock and Paris in the 1920's.

Here are some excerpts.

William Perry

1925. Everything was happening in Paris. I was young, just twenty, but I was already having my share of adventures. Lunch with James Joyce; a visit to Gertrude Stein with my friend, Hart Crane; parties with Nina Hamnett; being photographed by Man Ray; and meeting Peter Warlock.

My mother and I had a studio, a very small studio, in Montparnasse. The studio cost \$5.00 a month and had no running water, but the light was good. My work came to the attention of Jan Sliwinski, who had been a successful singer in London and had then married a Russian-Georgian princess and come to Paris. He opened a small gallery and music shop called *Le Sacre du Printemps* on the rue du Cherche-Midi, and he offered me my first one-person show. It was a marvelous opportunity.

Jan gave me a big party in his apartment on the Ile St. Louis with some highly attractive people, including his friend from England, Peter Warlock. And that was the name he used in the introduction, not Philip Heseltine. Apparently, Peter had seen my show, and he thought that I drew very well. He took me out on the balcony – my mother was a little worried, he was such a dark, handsome man and not to be trusted. We were standing side by side on the balcony looking at the view, and suddenly he started to put his hand behind my neck. My mother appeared, and he quickly dropped it. Then he said he was writing a book on Delius and would be delighted if I could do a drawing of Delius as a frontispiece. I said that was wonderful, and we made a date right then and there.

Within the week he came and fetched me, and on a beautiful summer day we took the train to Grez-sur-

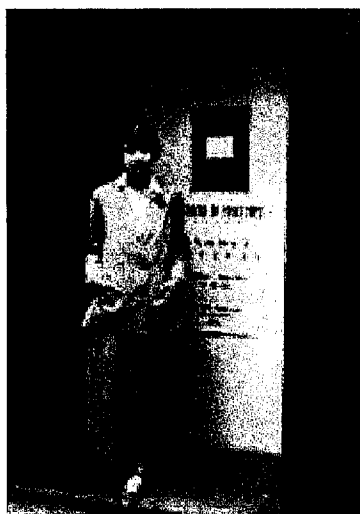
Loing on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. It was a good walk from the station, and we approached the house not the proper way but through the garden, and here was Delius in a chair, a wheelchair, looking like death. All I could see was his profile – I didn't see him full face – and he was asleep with his mouth open, which was rather scary. He looked terrible and white, very white.

Peter said to me, "Wait a minute, Andrée. Do you mind staying in the garden? I'm going to wheel him into the house, and I'll see if this is possible or not." So I waited with my pad and pencils while he went in. He had brought over from England a new recording of a piece by Delius, I don't know what, so he was there quite a long time, and I could hear the music. The sound and the surroundings were beautiful. Finally Peter came out, and he was obviously upset. "Andrée, it's impossible. I can't ask you to do a drawing of a man in this condition." And he apologized. I think he felt that I was too young to be facing a man who looked dead. So we went back to Paris, and I never had a chance to do the drawing. He later sent me a book about Delius, and I was a little surprised when I saw the date. I didn't realize that he was planning a different book, which I understand was never written.

My impressions of Peter Warlock? Surely a good-looking man: imposing, intense and very aware. His life was interesting to say the least and a little wild, I think, with a reputation – I may be wrong – that he treated his women rather badly.

And our excursion? We did a lot of talking on the train, mainly about art. But Peter also talked about his admiration for Delius's music, that it was not appreciated enough, and what a pleasure it was to be bringing him a new recording. The whole expedition was a loving tribute to Delius. I wish I could have done my drawing.

Andrée Ruellan



Andrée Ruellan
Galerie Sacre du Printemps
Paris 1925

REVIEWS

Roy Palmer: "Neglected pioneer: E. J. Moeran (1894-1950)"

Folk Music Journal, 8, 3 (2003), pp. 345-61

This extensive article by Roy Palmer, the prolific and respected folklorist, has just appeared. Based on a paper given at *Folk Song Tradition and Revival*, the centenary conference of the English Folk Dance and Song Society at Sheffield in 1998, it combines a highly readable text with checklists of the folksongs which Moeran collected and the names of the singers who provided them. The pervasive influence of Norfolk upon Moeran and his music is traced in particular detail. The composer ascribed his interest in the folksong of his adoptive county to a performance of Vaughan Williams's *Norfolk Rhapsody* which he heard at a Balfour Gardiner concert early in 1913 and, by July 1915, he had noted his first tune, *The 'Bold Richard'*. Moeran communicated his enthusiasm to Warlock and they went on "a folksong hunt with . . . a phonograph in the eastern counties" in September 1923. Their destination was the Bacton area of Norfolk's east coast where Moeran's father was the parish parson, and Warlock chronicled the expedition in a *Music Bulletin* profile of his friend the following year.

There is plenty to interest the Warlockian here, of course, including descriptions of domestic life at Eynsford plus a second trip to Norfolk which Warlock made to hear Harry Cox – Moeran's "prince of singers" – at the *Windmill Inn*, Stalham, circa 1926. A recording of Cox singing *Down by the river-side* (*The bold fisherman*) – the 'beautiful but profane' song which Moeran collected in 1922 and which Warlock played on the organ of Holy Trinity Church, Winterton, as Barbara Peache was sacrificed on the altar to cataclysmic effect – was included in a disc produced by Decca during the 1930s. *East Anglia Sings*, Moeran's broadcast about folksong for the BBC's Third Programme in 1947, may be heard by appointment at the National Sound Archive, while the singing of "Jumbo" and "Velvet" Brightwell, a father and son from whom he collected at the *Eel's Foot*, Eastbridge, Suffolk, was issued variously on LP, cassette and CD in 1975 and 2000.

I was surprised to learn how much of Moeran's folksong collection has disappeared over time. Roy concludes ruefully that:

His way with material when he had it on paper must have been utterly chaotic, given the small fragment (a handful of tunes and no texts) which has survived in manuscript.

Certainly Warlock's *Miniature Essay* on Moeran, published as part of the Chester series in 1926, states that Moeran's collection of folksongs totalled "more than 150" – and that was well before he extended his activities to Ireland. Roy, by comparison, can list only 69 extant songs, several of them to be found in an autograph MS at the Victorian College of the Arts in Melbourne.

I should declare some small interest at this point, having alerted Roy to one or two references and

provided a couple of illustrations from the PWS Photographic Archive. My only regret is that I wish I had known more when we were last in touch. Why is it that fresh information always comes to hand just as research has been published? Roy lists the Victorian crime ballad *Mrs Dyer, the baby farmer* as being the only item collected by Moeran in England outside East Anglia, but a score in John Bishop's collection confirms that the tune was noted by Warlock from the singing of Mr William Bushnell of Begbroke, Oxon, and then arranged by Moeran as the fifth of *Seven sociable songs*, published by Curwen in 1927.

Doing some checking for Barry Smith at the British Library a few weeks ago, I chanced upon a second reference. In a postcard to Cecil Gray on 8th July 1923 (BL Add. MS 57794), Warlock claims to have noted *The old baby farmer* that very day – "with 5 other choicely descriptive verses, at the *Grapes*, Yarnton, Oxfordshire". The card includes the names of "Phyll" and "Timber", which poses the additional question – could this have been the same occasion on which Warlock draped himself about Phyllis de Chroustchoff and Judith Wood to be photographed in that famous group together?

Rhian Davies

Cedric Morris and Lett Haines: Teaching, Art and Life

National Museum & Gallery of Wales, Cardiff, 25 January - 27 April 2003

The artists Cedric Morris (1889-1982) and Lett Haines (1894-1978) met on Armistice Day 1918 and, following Lett's separation from his second wife Aimée in 1919, formed a personal and professional partnership which would last a lifetime. They are best remembered as the founders of the East Anglian School of Painting and Drawing, first at Dedham, Essex, and then at Benton End, near Hadleigh, Suffolk, where Lucian Freud (b. 1922) and Maggi Hambling (b. 1945) were among their most eminent pupils.

This striking and important exhibition, curated by Ben Tufnell of Tate Britain and first shown at the Norwich Castle Museum and Art Gallery last autumn, combines paintings and sculptures by Morris and Haines with artwork by six of their former students including Freud, Hambling, Frances Hodgkins (1869-1947), Lucy Harwood (1893-1972), David Carr (1915-68) and Glyn Morgan (b. 1926). Scrapbooks, photograph albums and other personal papers are also displayed and confirm for the first time that Peter Warlock – as well as several key members of his circle such as Cecil Gray, Phyllis Crocker, Viva Booth, Kathleen Hale and Mary Butts – knew both Morris and Haines.

An image of Butts, dating from 1924, is one of several raw, almost visceral portraits by Morris included in the exhibition. Indeed, Morris's style was so uncompromising that every time he painted a friend,

he is reputed also to have lost that friend. When nearly 100 of his portraits were shown together at Peggy Guggenheim's Jeune Gallery in London in 1938, one sitter took his likeness off the wall and stamped on it. Another guest took such a violent dislike to the show in general that he began to set fire to the exhibition catalogues. Morris responded by assaulting him, leaving the gallery walls – quite literally – “splattered with blood”.

The exhibition is running until Sunday, 27th April. Beware that the National Museum, in Cardiff's Civic Centre, is closed on Mondays, but otherwise admission is free each day between 10am and 5pm. The Museum will also be running a study-day in association with the Contemporary Art Society for Wales on Saturday, 5 April. Tickets cost £12 (£10 concessions, £6 students) and include a light lunch and tour of the exhibition plus lectures by scholars and pupils of both artists. For further information, or to reserve a place, please contact Miranda Berry at the Museum's Events Office on 02920 573148.

Rhian Davies

Warlock with a Hungarian accent

Over 150 people at St John's Wood Church heard a truly fine concert on the rather grey and overcast afternoon of Saturday 26th October. Decorated in plain shades of white and sporting a lively acoustic, this church turned out to be the ideal venue for the concert entitled “English and Hungarian Music for Violin and Organ” featuring the well-known Hungarian violinist, György Pauk and our own (our very own) Malcolm Rudland on the organ. The principal artistes were ably accompanied by a fine ensemble comprising Skaila Kanga (harp), János Keszei (timpani), James Godfrey (glockenspiel, triangle, side drum and bass drum), Alex Woodhead (cymbals, tam-tam, whip, crotale and coperti) and our own (our very own) Danny Gillingwater, intriguing in the extreme, in his roles as celeste player, narrator, bass drummer and salami slicer! (How do you play that Dan?) The whole ensemble was expertly and sensitively conducted by Howard Williams.

The opening item was the *Andante flessibile* from William Mathias's *Violin Concerto*, a work dedicated to and first performed by György Pauk, and played in the presence of the composer's widow and daughter. The mood of the piece was immediately established by a brooding elegiac melody first heard on the violin accompanied by simple but effective chords on the organ, typical of Mathias's music. Mr Pauk created much excitement through the development section of this work, whipping the music into a frenzy in his “quasi cadenza” before allowing the initial theme to reassert the calm of the opening. And as with so many other works by Mathias, there was a delicate interplay of colour between instruments in the ensemble, the celeste and harp particularly adding pinpricks of light as a foil to the darker sonorities.

With the next piece, Elgar's *Sonata for Organ* Op. 28 we were brought very squarely back into an earlier

period of very British music. Mr Rudland played with much panache and pure gusto especially in the opening movement which was made even more resplendent by the battery of percussion that accompanied every climax. These had been drawn from the orchestration that Gordon Jacob made of the piece. Lighter touches were to be found in the *Allegretto* and *Andante espressivo* sections before the excited *Presto comodo* finale.

Warlock was represented by *Lullaby* and *Piggiesnie* from *A Warlock Suite* for violin and piano arranged by the late David Cox. Both pieces were played beautifully with a somewhat Hungarian “accent” from the violin but nevertheless effective for that. Malcolm's thorough acquaintance with the pieces showed through in his jewel-like accompaniments which brought out some of the finer details rarely heard.

At the interval there was much munching and quaffing of Elgar Sherry, with the compliments of Tesco Stores Ltd, and Elgar Cheese. This is made within a mile of Elgar's birthplace by, and with the compliments of, Lightwood Farm. This cheese (now available at Tesco) has an identical photo on the packets to that on the Elgar sherry. The food and wine was then “Hungarianized” after the concert with fine Hungarian wine by courtesy of the Hungarian Embassy, and Szegedi “Pick” Salami (that's where Danny's slicing came in), courtesy of Terry's Delicatessen.

The second half of the concert began with three pieces by György Kurtág from *Játékok VI* played on the organ by Malcolm with much rhythmic verve and vitality. He emphasised the improvisatory nature of the pieces by leaping off the organ stool at the end of the final chordal sequence. Bartók's *Andante tranquillo* from the *Second Violin Concerto* proved in many ways to be the counterpart to Mathias's *Concerto*. If Mr Rudland was thoroughly acquainted with the Warlock, Mr Pauk was nevermore so here. A lyrical beauty pervaded this performance as the exquisite opening melody was variously transformed throughout the piece. Again, Bartók knew how to play with the various instrumental colours of the ensemble against each other.

The final offering in the concert was James Pearson's notable arrangement of Miklós Rózsa's *Love song* and *Organ Finale* from *El Cid*. And here's where Danny came in again. He had already narrated the words of the Warlock songs and now he narrated the story of *El Cid*, rather like the voice of God from on high, but sitting behind the celeste. As the *Cid* rode out to his destiny and the music soared to its thrilling conclusion we, the audience rode out with him too, the music of England and Hungary ringing in our ears.

Paul Martyn-West

[This concert launched the appeal for a statue of Béla Bartók by the Hungarian sculptor Imre Varga who has recently been awarded the silver medal of the British Society of Portrait Sculptors. He will come to London to receive it on 14th May. The appeal fund has now exceeded £9 000 but further donations are still welcome – Ed.]

To bag a curlew

Peter Warlock Birthday Concert, Vestry Hall, London College of Music and Media, 29th October 2002

*[Editor's note: This review is a shortened version of the piece Richard wrote for the PWS website and I have retained his transatlantic spellings (as I do with all North American contributors). It should be made clear that, as Richard briefly points out – and with a little bit of luck – he was able to travel from New York state to London with relative ease; Rhian Davies was unable to get from Cardiff to the same location because the UK rail-system couldn't cope with the annual climatic conditions! Anyway, in honour of Richard's round trip of several thousand miles for a concert of just over an hour's duration I award him the title **Warlock-nutter of the year**. Who will say me nay?]*

I really ought not to bore you with my accounts of air-travel to UK venues as a good many of you are more than aware of my affiliation with a world-renowned airline; by no means do I have any guarantee of travel in spite of my plans: I had quite a hurdle to negotiate before I had any chance of making what was, for me, a highly anticipated venture just to hear *The curlew* along with other special and well-chosen pieces performed shortly after midday on October 29th.

My plan was to fly from Albany, New York, to Chicago and then take a flight from Chicago to London's Heathrow arriving late morning, thus making it very convenient to travel as planned by "the tube" to South Ealing. By the way, the wonders of the Internet worked very nicely for me (this estranged Englishman of 10 years residence in the USA) by way of my finding www.thetube.com. I pre-planned my journey on the tube over the Internet and printed out my itinerary so as not to find myself lost.

My original plans were severely dashed at the last minute. Arriving at Albany's International Airport in ample time, as is necessary for international travel, I found that the flight before my own in Chicago had been cancelled and therefore the later flight became full to over-booked. Perhaps I was unlikely to make this trip after all, but no, I put on my thinking cap and changed my route by way of New York City. We in the airline industry have to be creative when trying to get our customers where they need to be when flights cancel or the weather intervenes. Thinking seriously that I was likely to become stranded in Chicago, I looked at the possibility of flying American Eagle to New York's J F Kennedy airport to connect with a United flight which would get me to London much earlier than I had planned.

This became my single and only option. Purchasing a ticket at the last moment, I proceeded to American's gate area and we boarded on time. The flight arrived in New York at around 5.45pm and I had less than an hour to make the transition between the American and the United terminals. With only less than 30 minutes before departure, I arrived at the gate in somewhat of a hurried state only to find that

they had my seat assignment and boarding pass awaiting me. I cannot explain the feeling I had when I then calmly took the ticket and joined the queue to board the aircraft. I was surely on my way to achieving my goal of bagging my curlew after a good deal of stealth and creative thought.

The flight arrived early in London and I continued to pursue my course with revitalized vigor knowing that I was much closer to achieving my goal. Making my way to the "tube" I found myself not that well acquainted with how to use the automatic ticket machines and so I joined a small sleepy queue for a ticket salesman; and it was a good thing as he advised me that I should purchase a two-day pass for unlimited travel system-wide which I thought to be both reasonable and correct considering my itinerary. Making my way into the depths below the terminal and with much more walking than I had anticipated, I eventually found myself at the platform. Stepping onto the carriage I took a seat immediately and from that point it was like a sardine can all the way to Waterloo via Leicester Square. I was feeling very tired in spite of a pleasant flight and I did relax a good deal but my body clock was calling this tune. Because of my early arrival I figured that it would be a good idea to get to my hotel in Waterloo and freshen up before I retreated back the way I came to South Ealing, which, ironically, I passed on the way in to the city. I booked in, took the elevator to the 22nd floor and rested on my bed for several hours keeping a close eye on the clock and actually setting the alarm just in case I slumbered too well. It would have been a disaster should I have overslept and missed the event after arriving so early. The pace of life was a little less fraught at 11am and I had good seating all the way to South Ealing. On arrival I proceeded in the direction that the printed map from my website indicated to the Vestry Hall. It just so happens that in that vicinity there's a pub. At a clean and pleasant watering-hole, the New Inn, I ordered my pint of Fuller's London Pride and sat down at a table looking through a large window which allowed me to scrutinize passers by and to potentially pick out any Warlockian vagrants. Sure enough, a short while later Brian Collins showed up. He's an Abbott Ale man by the way [well, he was on this occasion, anyway - Ed].

We sat and chatted merrily about our travel experiences getting to the venue and inevitably the conversation spun toward the beleaguered railway system, again hit hard by a recent storm and was the cause of Rhian Davies's absence, which disappointed me very much. Shortly after Brian and I sat down to conversation Les Pratt and Barry Smith joined us. Barry was on his way back home to Capetown after a holiday in Italy via London for a taste of curlew. As you might guess, the atmosphere was electric and the conversation rumbled on better than any railway train, "leaves on the line" or no. Brian took charge eventually and urged us to make our way across the street a few yards to Vestry Hall for the recital. On arrival we walked through the entrance hallway to find Malcolm Rudland. Besides Malcolm I saw a figure whom I guessed immediately to be Fred

Tomlinson whom, until that day, I had never met. Fred and I eventually hit it off later in the pub as good Lancashire men would. After a few pleasantries, everyone took their seats in the small hall and awaited the artists and what they had prepared for us.

First to perform were Paul Thompson (tenor) and Francis Pott (piano). Here is an amazing story but typical of artists of such high caliber. We were to learn later that Mr Pott and Mr Thompson had rehearsed only hours before the event yet the quality and empathy of performance was exemplary. Yes, there were areas where one could become a little picky but I suggest that being critical is not what most of us were there for. The impeccable accompaniment and the tasteful vocal line was more than convincing. Paul Thompson's tone is pure and his diction was both pleasing and articulate. They sang and performed *Rest, sweet nymphs [programmatically singular - Ed.]* and *Pretty ring time*. I like the 3rd above on the final "spring" but, for all that, a great rendition. Being a pianist myself I have to say that the tempo might have been a little quicker but Francis Pott made it all so easy and without blemish. After much enthused applause we settled down to the *Folk-song preludes* (1923) after a short but very well informed talk by Francis Pott. He proceeded to navigate the keyboard with confidence and conviction. Conviction is an important word to use as I think that, for too long, the pieces have been neglected and disregarded by many [*only the second time I have heard the whole set performed live in over 35 years of listening to Warlock's music; the previous occasion was in 1970! - Ed.*]. After hearing such a sympathetic performance, so ably expressed by Mr. Pott, we should give more credence to this collection. It would be a welcome addition to the recorded choices we have today.

A small break was necessary in order for chairs to be moved, music stands added and the grand piano moved away to accommodate the Solaris Quartet (Mark Wilson, Neil McTaggart, Morgan Goff and Nick Allen), Sarah Royle (flute) and Emma Gourlay (cor anglais) along with Paul Thompson (tenor) and their director, Patrick Bailey. *The curlew* (only my second live hearing) was about to be performed, awaited with bated breath such is its depth of feeling and emotion. I love many of his songs but, in spite of the darkness and the despair in *The curlew* its beauty is equal to favorites such as *My own country*, *Sleep*, *The fox*, *A sad song* and many more. The opening measures are deeply moving. For the most part I had eyes closed throughout this performance as I found that to listen with my ears (rather than eyes and ears) was more fulfilling.

Better musicians than I can recount just how good this performance was. Each instrumentalist in his and her own right was capable, and the whole unit was a good team in such a work as this, which demands so very much. On conclusion, and with an eerie and respectful extended pause after the final strains, there was vigorous applause from the small but highly charged gathering. Once again, I found myself allowing my otherwise reserved character to

get the better of me and felt that such a performance required more than the customary and polite applause. On my prompt, many of us stood in admiration for a truly magnificent afternoon's work.

As planned, many of us met in the *The Castle* for lunch and I became more acquainted with highly respected fellow Warlockians like Fred Tomlinson and Barry Smith. One of the most important figures in the history of the Warlock Society, Fred was very animated, enthused and happy to be at this event. Thank you Chris Sreeves for your calling on Fred and transporting him to this event. Fred had no problem about changing our discussions from PW to Python! Just as I shall never listen to César Franck without a smile I shall have a huge problem listening to Parry's *Jerusalem* after our hilarious discussions about Graham Chapman and many other Pythons. I enjoyed so very much being in your company Fred, not forgetting Andrew Bax, Claire Beach, Jack Buckley and Chris Sreeves.

The crowd slowly dispersed and only Claire Beach, Brian Collins and myself found ourselves still in charged conversation. We all left *The Castle* and made our way back to South Ealing station to carry on our conversation as best we could in the circumstances of rail and crowd noise. Claire was first to disembark followed by Brian a little later and then I too got off at Waterloo and found my way back to my hotel. Bearing in mind that I had flown over the Atlantic only a few hours ago it was a daunting thought to realize that I was to fly again the following day. I was so tired that I decided to retire to bed at the unearthly early hour of 6.30pm. I didn't get to sleep proper until about 1.00 in the morning and, when I awoke, I felt terrible. No matter, I poured myself a cup of coffee, got myself together, checked out of the hotel and made my way back to Heathrow to board my flight without any delay. Several weeks prior to this venue I had been to an annual reunion in Portsmouth to pay my respects to those members of The Band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines who had given their lives during the two wars and also the terrible and pointless atrocity of the School of Music terrorism in 1989. That was a deeply moving and fulfilling occasion. I have been blessed yet again by a second and equally unique event in the Peter Warlock Birthday Concert 2002. I doubted that Manchester could be bettered. It wasn't! The London College of Music and Media was its sublime equal.

I arrived in Washington-Dulles, Virginia, to connect with my flight to Albany. There I was pleasantly surprised to discover a colleague who was continuing on the same flight. This story really has no ending and I shall not discuss further with you the remainder of my journey. Suffice it to say that I shared a very pleasant and captivating hour with my friend; it was meant to be that I could continue my high spirits to the very end of my short but necessary journey to pursue my love of Peter Warlock, the man and his music.

Richard Valentine

Supermarket Curlews

(Waitrose woos Warlock)

By courtesy of Messrs. Waitrose, on 24 October, an exclusive audience of 500 account holders were given a rare opportunity to hear a performance of *The curlew* in Gloucester Cathedral, the first of a series of "Cathedral Classics" concerts given by the London Festival Orchestra conducted by Ross Pople.

The curlew was programmed to follow the interval. Before its performance, I was nagged by two doubts: first, how would this intimate piece survive the rich and ample Cathedral acoustic, against which the excellent orchestra and solo violinist (Akiko Ono) had had to battle so hard in the first half, despite crisp articulation and lively tempi? Secondly, how would Warlock's dark and despair-laden masterpiece fit in the middle of a solidly mainstream orchestral programme of Mozart (the *Impresario* overture and "Jupiter" Symphony), Mendelssohn (*Violin concerto*) and Borodin (*Nocturne* from the 2nd *String quartet*)?

There was no need to worry. The refined and sensitive playing of the chamber ensemble (drawn from the orchestra), and the committed singing of Richard Edgar-Wilson, brought Warlock's textures across through the acoustic in all but the most heavily-scored passages in *The withering of the boughs*. As for the programme's daring juxtaposition of such disparate styles and forces, its effect was startling in the way it threw the emotional starkness of PW's work into relief. This was emphasised by a performance which combined a withdrawn bleakness with passages of great intensity. Edgar-Wilson's platform demeanour added to this; during the instrumental preludes and postludes he would stare into the distance as if transfixed by melancholy, and the half-whispered third statement of "The boughs have withered . . ." was as chilling as ever.

In short, a marvellous opportunity to hear a live performance of *The curlew*. I was only sorry to live too far from Ely and Guildford to experience it gain the following week!

John Merrick (at Gloucester)

Both these other *Curlews* at Ely and Guildford fell within the octave of Warlock's birthday, and attracted another 1,700 Waitrose's account holders. In their free programmes, they all were able to read of our existence and website, Fred Tomlinson's notes on the work, and the words of Yeats's poems (though these were not on the same page as the notes, and not cross-referenced). I was able to catch the largest audience of 900 at Guildford Cathedral on Halloween night.

I had gone to Guildford early to beat the rush hour traffic, and whilst browsing in a second-hand bookshop, I found PW's *The English ayre* for £4. Almost immediately afterwards, a call on my mobile

from the LFO orchestral management invited me to go and give some Warlock Society brochures out at a pre-concert talk I had not been told about. It was given by the conductor and the soloists at 6.30pm in the Refectory. Ross Pople has a very heart-warming manner of speaking, and after explaining the pedigree of his concert series, he introduced Richard Edgar-Wilson who had certainly done his homework on the history of *The curlew* which he convincingly communicated. I was introduced, and said I was looking forward to the nearest performance to Warlock's grave of *The curlew* I had heard, and to the *Witches' Sabbath* being celebrated on Hallowe'en. As I left the Refectory, all 40 Warlock Society brochures I had placed on the table had been taken. (Later, in the loo, someone actually asked me where Warlock was buried!)

In my humble days as a student Warlockian, I remember going to a performance of *The curlew* at a Musical Festival held in a tent on a farm in Sussex. The most memorable feature in this performance was four gunshots (as if an attempt was being made to shoot the curlew). Later, I was told the farmer had forgotten to switch off his automatic five-minute scarecrow pistol. As *The curlew* is 22 minutes long, that meant four of them! I was reminded of this when, in Guildford Cathedral, there were far more than four bangs as Hallowe'en fireworks raged outside, mostly during the *Witches' Sabbath*. Apart from this technicolour choreography, and the vast expanse of Guildford Cathedral, Richard Edgar-Wilson's rendering was even more intimate than the performance of *The curlew* at the London College of Music's birthday concert two days earlier (see elsewhere in this issue). His experience of singing in resonant buildings has taught him to focus his voice directly on the audience. I have no hesitation in saying that his diction was the clearest I can remember since Wilfred Brown.

On leaving the concert, I was able to catch Waitrose's Events Manager for these concerts, Amanda Dance. She said, "We're delighted to find this little-known British composer has a 300-strong Society propagating his music, and so it is an honour to promote and let 2 200 of our customers hear his most highly praised work *The curlew*. However, as yet, we have no plans to promote a frozen curlew line in our poultry department."

Malcolm Rudland (at Guildford)

PS Ross Pople has recorded *The curlew* with Martyn Hill on Arte Nova Classics 74321 37868 2. It was reviewed in Newsletter 60, Spring 1997, p. 14. [I think it is still available; I have seen a copy recently in a record store - Ed.]

Holst Singers/Stephen Layton

The Greek Orthodox Church in Bayswater was an inspired venue for an extraordinary concert on Saturday, 22nd February. The majesty and solemn beauty of the building evoked awe, and the atmosphere was reverent but excited even before the Holst Singers, under their conductor Stephen Layton, took their places.

The programme opened with a requiem by Pizzetti – a pleasant though unremarkable piece in itself, yet which was rendered vibrant and deeply moving by the ambience combined with the excellence of the singing. The second half of the concert was more thrilling and varied in its programming. It commenced with Purcell's intense and emotional *Hear my Prayer, O Lord* – exquisitely sung, followed by Holst's hauntingly beautiful *The evening watch*. Again, the mystical quality of this was exacerbated by the venue and the reverential and enthralled mood that had befallen the hushed audience. It was a dynamic and compelling performance. Warlock's extremely demanding *The full heart* was performed flawlessly; it was taken at a suitable pace, fully effective use was made of the unusual and interesting harmonic shifts, and the dramatic intensity of the piece was well portrayed. More fervour ensued in the form of Howells' *Take Him, Earth, for Cherishing*, again, a stirring rendition of this poignant piece. The final programmed work was Sandström's version of *Hear my prayer, O Lord*, where he takes Purcell's piece and develops, stretches, distorts and expands it, whilst keeping the same level of emotional tension and power. The encore – which it would have been nice to have announced! – was a similarly striking piece. As Stephen Layton later informed me, it was *Herdling calls* by Tormis, and the extraordinary ululations by two solos that periodically broke the almost esoteric and abstruse chorus lines represented children calling to each other whilst looking after the cattle.

All in all, it was an excellent evening: the quality of singing was outstanding; the conducting was brilliant; the choice of venue and the atmosphere was perfect, and the programme was captivating.

Em Marshall

Association of English Singers and Speakers

This was not quite what I expected as the event had been advertised as a concert. I would have described it as a lecture recital. The start was chaotic and very late which in a very dry atmosphere must have been a trial to the singers. After opening remarks by Niven Miller we heard the first of the "spoken programme notes" from Brian Collins. They were, as those who know him would expect, erudite and comprehensive.

I wish they had been printed so we could have started with music and taken each group of songs as an entity rather than interspersed with speech. The songs were a mixture of Warlock's well- and lesser-known pieces. Danny Gillingwater sang *And wilt thou leave me thus?*, *The droll lover* and *Late summer*, with lightness, delicacy and a little twinkling humour in the appropriate places. Paul Martyn-West sang *Sleep*, *Robin Goodfellow* and *My own country*. Paul has a quiet, composed presence, presenting *Sleep* so that its shifting harmonies seemed inevitable rather than as sometimes occurs, difficult. The real delight of the concert was *My own country* given with a gentle conviction that moved one to tears. The duet *Twelve oxen* finished the set with a flourish. Malcolm Rudland accompanied both singers admirably.

The Finzi section was prefaced with a scholarly introduction by Diana McVeagh which I would have preferred to read. The singer Howard Wong and his accompanist, Hein Boterberg, were both new to me. They performed the posthumous collection of settings *To a poet*. After a tenuous start the pair gave a well thought-out presentation of this diverse group, the diction clear and tone well focused, Finzi's idiosyncratic piano part supportively played.

After an interval we were introduced by Andrew Niell to Elgar's *The fringes of the fleet*. I knew the music from the score but not the history of the poems and have never heard the songs. Nicholas Warden, accompanied with suitable vigour by Anna Tilbrook gave a dramatic presentation of these four songs. A splendid voice for this group almost encouraging us to join in "a-roving" and the other choruses in a near operatic manner – a voice I expect to hear again in that context.

A worthwhile afternoon.

Kathleen Bentley

Roderick Williams in York

The York Late Music festival, a fairly recent venture created to counterbalance the York Early Music Festival, presented, amongst a number of contemporary programmes, one of Finzi, Power, Britten and Warlock. We went up on 18th March (yes, typical Warlock nutter – all the way up from London and back again the same evening!) to hear Roderick Williams, accompanied by Michael Cleaver, present this exciting recital.

It took place in the delightful little Centre for Early Music – the newly restored mediaeval church of St Margaret's in Walmgate, which seated a modest audience of about 30. The opening half of the programme consisted of Finzi's cycle *Before and after Summer*. The ten songs in this cycle were performed excellently. Roderick Williams has a rich and pleasant voice with a very full and dark tone, well-suited to these songs with their slightly melancholic air. He generally expressed the sentiments of the

songs convincingly, especially in the opening song *Childhood among the ferns*, and in the first verse of the title song *Before and after summer*. The fourth verse of *Channel firing* ("All nations striving strong to make / Red war yet redder") was most stirring, and the final lines of the same song were sung dramatically and intensely. At times his communication with audience was exquisite, notably in the second verse of *The self-unseeing* ("She sat here in her chair...") and the final line of the same song, "While we were looking away", was most compelling. His enunciation was excellent, remarkably so in the line "The glebe cow drooled" in *Channel firing*, and his enunciation, sense of drama and rhythm was outstanding in "There pressed we", the last line of *Epeisodia*. On the other hand, however, there were a few words and phrases of significance that would have benefited from greater emphasis - for example "Alack" in *Overlooking the river*, the important words "Judgement day" and God's injunction "No!" in *Channel firing*, and "phantom" in *In the mind's eye*. Similarly, the second stanza of *Before and after summer* could have been sung with a bit more feeling and understanding, as with the final poignant verse of *Overlooking the river*, and the penultimate 3 verses of *Amabel*, which although beautifully sung, lacked some passion. In one or two places he could have made even better use of dramatic pauses (in the penultimate verse of *He abjures love*, for instance, in which verse far greater contrasts were called for than he gave voice to).

Six Songs by the Artistic Director of the Late Music Festival, David Power, followed the interval after a brief but slightly uneasy welcoming introduction from Roderick himself. Power explained briefly in the programme notes (the only commentary on any of the songs in the programme) that these are the six best songs taken from his *Five Visiak Songs* (1991) and *Five Ronald Duncan Songs* (2000). Slightly apprehensive at the thought of something so contemporary, I was pleasantly surprised - these short songs are almost Brittenesque and perfectly pleasant. Roderick communicated them well, bringing out effectively the humour of the amusing ones and the sombreness of the darker ones.

Britten himself ensued, with four *Folksong Arrangements*, commencing with the beautiful *Salley Gardens*. This was charmingly performed, with a lovely air of wistful remembrance. The only criticism I have was that he did not create a great enough change in emotional intensity in the final line of the song "And now am full of tears" - a line that can really sob. The accompanists, Michael Cleaver, who had played in an accomplished manner until now, really shone as he allowed the piano to delicately comment upon the voice line. An energetic, vivacious rendition of *The Ploughboy* followed - this was superbly conveyed to the audience - with suitable and lively actions, although again the "so great" could have been more stressed, and perhaps a bit more pianissimo on the last line of the second and fourth stanzas "You'll forget the little ploughboy who whistled o'er the lea" wouldn't have gone amiss! *The Bonny Earl o'Moray* was done with a fantastic accent - really admirable -

and with sensitivity and feeling - although the end could have been softer and gentler. Slightly more tenderness was called for on the final Britten song - *The Foggy, Foggy Dew* - parts of it needed to be quieter and lighter, although it was gracefully and movingly sung.

Warlock rounded off the programme with six songs, and was given a good introduction (although I wasn't too sure that the emphasis of Roderick's words presented Warlock in the best light possible!), and included the delightful story of the conception of *The Fox*. He opened with *Sleep*, which was generally well sung, apart from a slip with words and the fact that the word "joy" in the last line needed to be more marked. *Robin Good-fellow* again needed a bit more fire, especially on the word "columbine", which could also have been held for slightly longer. This song also contained a few slips on wording. Similarly more tenderness and feeling was needed in *There is a Lady Sweet and Kind* - notably in "yet will I love her till I die". *Jillian of Berry* was adroitly performed (but more accent on the word "kiss?"), and *The Fox* ensued - very atmospheric and stirring, intensely and profoundly sung. This, together with the final song, *The Cricketers of Hambledon* were probably among the best of the entire recital. *Cricketers* was dynamic, rousing and spirited - just as it should be!

Roderick gave an encore of two songs by Bridge - Yeats' *When you are old and grey*, and *Love went a-riding*. These were both fantastic - the first was sung with compassion, feeling and poignancy, the second was energetic and powerful. All in all, an impressive and satisfying recital - it was not a wasted journey!

Em Marshall

Paul Martyn-West (tenor) & Nigel Foster (piano)

St Anne's Church, Soho, 16th November 2002

The Programme was entitled "Songs of Travel", for the eponymous collection by Ralph Vaughan Williams was the opening item. But that is a little confusing as the remainder was given over to E J Moeran (three songs before the interval and six after) and concluded with half-a-dozen songs by Warlock.

Paul is an engaging singer and his virtues have been heralded in previous editions of the Newsletter and, above, in this one. His presence manifests a concentration and sympathy which draws in his audience and this is especially so in the way he approaches Warlock's songs and, of course, those of his beloved Moeran. His renditions are meticulous with an enviable clarity of diction.

The intimacy of the surroundings was an ideal theatre for Paul's way of working. He was more than ably supported by Nigel Foster who matched the singer's sympathetic performance in every degree.

Brian Collins

Parry to Finzi – Twenty English Song-Composers

By Trevor Hold

Boydell Press – £45

Trevor Hold is the ideal person to have written this book. A composer, poet and experienced commentator, his criticism and analysis is presented in a manner that is searching, clear and appealingly honest. Had circumstances been otherwise this book could well have been issued by Thames Publishing. There is no slur intended upon Boydell who have produced another excellent volume in rapid succession to that on Roger Quilter (see Newsletter 71). But the Thames connection is there in the dedication "To the memory of John Bishop (1931-2000) *sine qua non*".

While English song accounts for only a small portion of the music composed in Europe at the end of the 19th century and in the first half of the 20th, and a tiny fragment of the History of Music of All Time, coverage of everything that could fit the description would necessitate a volume considerably larger than the 400+ pages that constitute this one. Consequently, Dr Hold sets out his stall in his Preface and Introduction. He explains precisely what line he wants to take – and why – and also says what he is not going to discuss. So he is concerned with original settings by British composers of English words – not, for example, arrangements of folksong or settings involving more than one voice.

Interestingly, the name of Peter Warlock crops up continually, a point of reference or comparison, perhaps, when describing the work of another composer. And Warlock's comment in a letter to Bernard van Dieren that

I would rather spend my life trying to achieve one little book of songs that shall have a lasting fragrance, rather than pile up tome upon tome on the dusty shelves of the British Museum

serves as the epigraph to the author's Preface and, hence, to the whole book.

Trevor Hold is appealingly candid in the way that he describes his subjects' products. Failures or weaknesses are commented upon as readily as masterpieces but always with reasons that could include poor choice of text or maladroitness of the setting.

Chapters dealing with individual composers follow a chronological sequence and so the first ones are those dealing with Hubert Parry and Charles Villiers Stanford, who effectively established the genre between them. These are followed by Elgar, Delius, Somervell and so on and Warlock is not arrived at until much later, the 18th of the 20, in fact.

The chapter on Peter Warlock is the largest in the book at some 43 pages. It recognises 4 periods: The early songs; the Welsh period; Eynsford; and the last songs. Few of us would have much argument with that. Hold, in his largely biographical introduction to the chapter, identifies Warlock as "a genuinely 20th-century phenomenon: the composer-scholar" and, in

so doing makes a bold statement about Warlock's place in the scheme of things. It has long been this reviewer's opinion that Warlock's music is very much of the new century, not a sort of Romantic hangover from the previous one, and the evidence is very much in the music and the way it is thought out.

Bearing in mind the reviews of *The curlew* that have appeared in this newsletter over the years (including this one) I am particularly taken with Trevor's description of it as "a bitter, broody bird, not a work to be listened to too often . . . one to be saved for special moments". And then ". . . most other British song-cycles appear frivolous by comparison". This is about a composer, you will remember, who has been maligned for writing too many drinking songs and other pieces of little consequence. Tell this to your critical friends!

It would be impossible to discuss Warlock's entire canon, of course. Those that you would expect to be the subjects for analysis are included and the comments are usually positive. Warlock fares better than some of his companions in this volume and I can't help but think that some of Warlock's weaknesses are included just to redress the balance a bit – they could have been left out altogether and the chapter would still have been substantial enough. So

"The sweet o' the year" is disappointingly tame and conventional. It relies too much on the technique of earlier songs, new then but growing tired here.

And of the *Seven songs of summer*

They do not compare in quality with his earlier settings of similar verse: they are lighter, less demanding, more popular in appeal. Indeed, one suspects that they were written as pot-boilers to pay for the rent and beer.

Warlock would probably have agreed although he didn't necessarily regard "pot-boiler" as a derogatory term.

The chapter concludes with a lengthy discussion of *The fox*. Trevor Hold states that this was Warlock's last song but this is not so. The solo version of *Bethlehem Down* post-dates it. This is a rare inaccuracy although the assertion on p. 30 that Warlock made three settings of "There is a lady sweet and kind" is also open to question. Two survive and Fred Tomlinson suggests a further two have been lost. It would have been useful to have had a substantiating reference for this statement and in that criticism lies one of the few flaws of this otherwise excellent book. It is written from a personal standpoint that, however well-informed and illuminating, occasionally needs to look further afield.

The various appendices are useful and those song-composers who didn't make it into the "top twenty" are included in one of them. A useful glossary of terms is also included so that those unfamiliar with some of the technical language (which is kept to a minimum anyway) need look no further.

This is essential reading for anybody interested in this genre. You may not agree with everything that is said but you will find it thought-provoking.

Brian Collins

A Morland Brewery Jaunt

Peter Warlock his Birth-day

Now here's a pretty how-de-do! An enchanting record of "Peter Warlock his Birth-day". That the said event took place on October 29, 1998, reveals a certain tardiness in the post-production area but who cares about deadlines if the event is worth the wait? Readers who enjoyed Malcolm Rudland's earlier video, in which he and director Maurice Kanarek explored the improbable Chelsea connection twixt Warlock and Bartók will find this new venture equally entertaining. Never mind the occasional moment of wobbly camera work; it's the spirit that counts and the Warlock devotees who turned out to perform and partake (liquidly at the end of the proceedings, thanks to the ever-generous Morland Brewery – the firm that took over Ruddles) generate a warm cloud of goodwill that visibly seduces the good citizens of Abingdon into postponing their supermarket forays in favour of listening to the band on the Market Place. Pride of place was accorded to their delightfully named mayor, Councillor Jeanette Rickus-Prosser. (Incidentally, I would willingly offer a prize for the best Warlockian limerick incorporating her name – and if you can work in a bibulous reference to the fact that Abingdon is in the Vale of White Horse, so much the better.)

The video is of incredible archival value, since it not only contains two *Cod-piece* world premières and several unfamiliar works as well as a dazzling performance of *Capriol* (in Eric Crees's virtuoso arrangement) but also a sadly rare sighting these days of the great critic (and about whom could you use that epithet these days?) Felix Aprahamian. The coach picked him up (not literally) in North London and after an appropriate serenade he is piped on board, an honoured guest joining the happy band musicians and supporters.

When all have been decanted on to the market square the ceremony begins, a mite incongruous midst the retail outlets and the roaring traffic's boom. The music was performed by the unflappable Guildhall Brass Ensemble under the inspirational leadership of Malcolm Rudland, a man who deserves a medal first for his untiring search for Warlock novelties and second for having the energy and musical insight to make them come to life. Appropriately for Warlock, it was a somewhat breezy day and the use of clothes hooks to anchor down the manuscript pages could not prevent the occasional gust from momentarily disrupting the performances, but this seems merely to have added to the cheery gaiety of the occasion. The atmospheric conditions also hamper a comprehensive appreciation of the vocal contributions by those much-loved veterans John Amis and Pat Mills; songs such as *The cricketers of Hambledon* and *Peter Warlock's fancy* are delivered with evident gusto but, on the sound track, the words

are not always easy to discern, despite the liberal use of a loud hailer.

But as with the Olympics, the important thing was to have taken part. Advance publicity stressed the fact that megaphone and police protection would be provided in Abingdon but happily there's no sign on the video of any hint of trouble. As he always should be, Peter Warlock was welcomed with open arms and open hearts.

Enjoy it if you can. Copies are available from Malcolm Rudland at £12, cheque payable to PWS.

Humphrey Burton

OBITUARIES

John Williams

(24th September 1920 - 17th October 2002)



Photo credit: Gerald Place

The church musician, John Williams, had been a staunch armchair Warlockian since 1994, when I had hoped his choir Cantores ad vincula would sing at our Savoy centenary.

As a gentleman musician, he suffered the unfortunate ignomy of having two namesakes of equal standing in the profession, but who both work in genres with far greater public profiles. However, Warlock wrote nothing for films or the guitar! In a *Gramophone* review of sacred choral music in 1980, Roger Fiske said the conductor of the choir of

St Peter ad vincula should do something about his name as he'll be the fifth John Williams in the *Gramophone* Classical Catalogue!

A tribute to John by Anna Picard appeared in the *Independent on Sunday* as early as 27th October, and obituaries followed in the *Daily Telegraph* (9th November), *The Times* (13th November) and *The Independent* (16th December). The last, by Kenneth Shenton, captured my remembrances of him best, saying "this multi-faceted and charismatic figure influenced, inspired and helped nurture generations of young musicians".

Born in Swansea, son of a furrier, he rose to become head-chorister under Walter Vale at All Saints, Margaret Street, in London's West End. He then won a music scholarship to King's, Canterbury (where he played the Grieg Piano Concerto at a Speech Day), then won a Choral Scholarship to St John's, Cambridge (where he stood next to Jimmy Edwards and read History and Music). His war service took him to the North Atlantic, where he served on Flower Class corvettes, notably HMS *Clematis*, as a lieutenant in the RNVR, and finally to Bombay.

For his first civilian job, he taught music at University College School, Hampstead, home to our 40th anniversary celebrations on 10th/11th May this year (see back pages of this issue). In 1945, he married the pianist Valerie Trimble, sister of Joan, whose charming *The green bough* for two pianos was written for their duo, and which I remember being introduced to me by Evelyn Webb, the music tutor who also introduced me to Warlock. Sadly, Valerie died in 1980 leaving four children, but John's second wife since 1984, Barbara Nias, survives him. In 1949, John assumed the mantle of Walter Vale, as director of music at All Saints, Margaret Street. He then became director of music at St Mark's, Hamilton Terrace and started teaching at the RCM in 1952, officially joining the staff there in 1960, a position he held with great distinction until retiring with an Hon. RCM in 1990. He also became a revered adjudicator and Associated Board examiner.

In 1965, a chance request to provide music for a funeral at the Chapel of St Peter ad vincula in the Tower of London, resulted in John being asked to form a new choir for the chapel that, on 30 January 1966, was to become reinstated as a Chapel Royal. For the first year he worked for free until a public appeal raised enough to establish the Tower of London Choral Foundation. For 23 years, John established a choral tradition, second to none, commissioning works from composers such as Herbert Howells, Alan Ridout, Christopher Brown and Elizabeth Poston, who labelled John as The Yeoman Warder of Music when the real Yeomen invited John to become an Hon Member of their club! After John sadly resigned from the Tower in 1988, he re-established his own choirs at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, where The New Choir of Holy Trinity sang a Sunday morning service once a month, and his Cantores ad vincula gave distinguished concerts in the Chelsea Festival and elsewhere. Throughout his time, not only did John promote much music of

Warlock, but he also helped many who have gone on to become Swingle Singers or Kings Singers or become otherwise distinguished in the profession. An octet of these sang at his funeral at St Mary the Boltons on 23rd October with many others attending. I met several, including a couple of lapsed members of our Society, who I hope by the time they read this, will have rejoined our fold! I also met the legend of the crump tenor from *Hornblower's Diary in Classical Music*, where a Rogers Covey had been seen to be billed as such, next to the counter-tenor James Bowman. But really, he is a real tenor, and had just flown in from a singing date in Germany, with the real name of Rogers Covey-Crump!

John would have felt proud of the music at his funeral, but the most moving moment for me was an inspired eulogy given by Jim Peschek, a fellow All Saints chorister from 1934. It really caught the atmosphere of the occasion, highlighting John's friendship and the inspiration it gave others. It resonated in me the warmth I always felt John exuded every time I saw him cycling around our Warlockian haunts like a mad professor. At the blue-painted 2 Child's Place after the funeral, I learnt of "Open House" there and at Drayton Gardens, many fishing trips to Dungeness, Kent, visits to Norfolk and Portugal, and his bounding up the RCM steps two at a time. I would liked to have imagined his wry smile had I been able to tell him his funeral and wake pulled in at least two for our launch concert for the Bartók statue (see p. 13) the following Saturday. I was especially proud to be able to introduce his friend, a counsellor at the New Zealand to the new Hungarian ambassador!

Tributes and reminiscences still circulate and a memorial concert for John is in planning stages for later in the year. Details are to be announced, so watch this space.

Malcolm Rudland

Professor Sir Frank Callaway

Frank Callaway died, aged 83, on 22nd February 2003 (curiously, the centenary of the death of Hugo Wolf) after a long illness.

At the splendid Great Warley weekend in May 1999, I asked if there were any members in Western Australia as I was planning to spend most of the rest of my life there. Only one, I was told. I was daunted by the august title but nevertheless phoned "The Prof" as he was known to Perth's musical world. "Come to tea" was the reply. I did, and met his pianist wife, Kathleen. Thereafter they amazingly treated me and my wife as if we were their oldest friends.

I was glad to help sort some of his Warlock archives, particularly those relating to his fellow New Zealander, Hal Collins, and have since been doing volunteer work at the Callaway Centre, the extensive

musical archive of the University of Western Australia. When I celebrated my 65th birthday with a concert of my vocal music, I was very touched that Frank and Kathleen came to it, and that Frank said that he had enjoyed it. We continued to compare notes over successive issues of the PWS Newsletter which he followed with enjoyment.

He had suffered with kidney failure for some time. Last August, after open-heart surgery, he was in a coma for a month and gradually recovered although he was unable to leave hospital. However he and Kathleen celebrated their diamond wedding in November. While physically very frail, his lively mind, amazing memory and sense of humour were undiminished. At his funeral, his successor at UWA, Prof. David Tonley, paid tribute to his achievements; and his sons and grandsons gave a picture of a devoted family man with wide interests outside music, notably gardening and cricket.

During the depression Frank had to leave school at 15 and started a commercial career. But a scholarship enabled him to start musical and teacher-training

studies. Initially a violinist, he played bassoon in bands during war service. In 1947 a fellowship enabled him to study in England at the RAM and he met Ralph Vaughan Williams and Percy Grainger.

After teaching at a College in New Zealand, he was appointed as Reader to start a music department at the University of Western Australia in Perth. This grew under his enthusiastic leadership as Professor, from 1959 until his retirement in 1984. He was notable as a conductor of choral music – nearly 200 performances with the UWA Choral Society and many with the WA Symphony Orchestra.

Bringing music to the widest audiences was one of his goals. Others were encouraging an interest in Asian music, the organising of the Percy Grainger Centenary events, and the International Society for Music Education in which he followed Kodaly and Kabalevsky as Life President. He had a great love for English music, notably Elgar, Delius, Vaughan Williams and Peter Warlock.

Tony Noakes

PICTURES



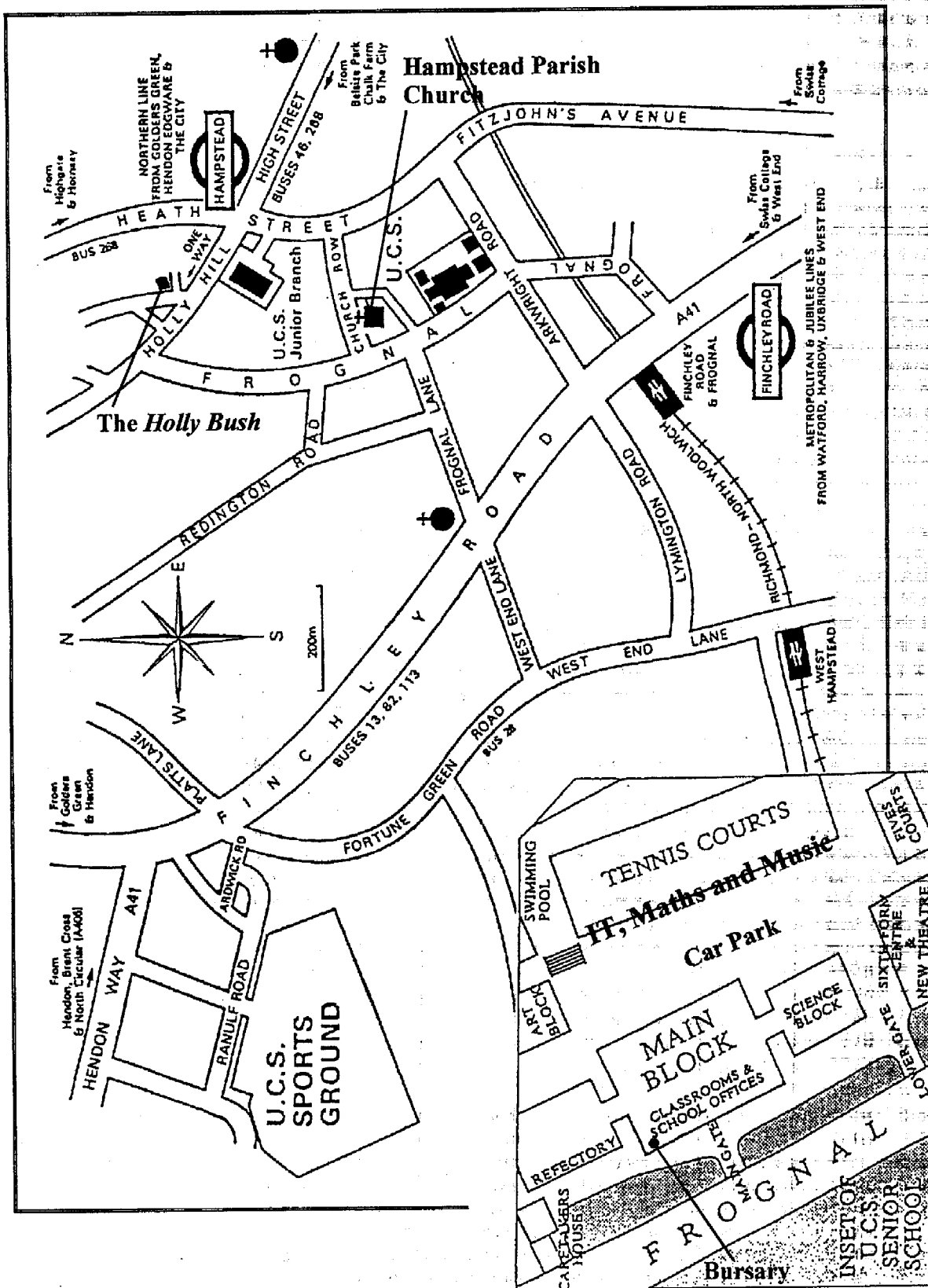
These should really have appeared in Newsletter 71 but there was no space left for them.

Above: Society members gather at Cefn Bryntalch, PW's home in mid-Wales.

Right: Patrick Mills (left) and Prof. Ian Parrott in discussion (also at Cefn Bryntalch).



Warlock in Hampstead



University College School is marked as "UCS". Please note that disabled access to the Main Hall is via the entrance next to the Bursary. Access to the car park is through a gate by the Caretaker's house.

Warlock in Hampstead

Saturday 10th May 2003

10am University College School Music School, Frognal, London NW3
Coffee will be served and orders taken for the meals at *The Holly Bush*

10.30am: A Warlockian jaunt around Hampstead

Igor Chroustchoff, son of Warlock's friend, Boris, will join us on a walk around Warlockian Hampstead. We pass the site of the first committee meeting of the Peter Warlock Society held on 19 October 1963 at 30 Arkwright Road. Of the seven enthusiasts that attended, five of them survive and all hope to attend, along with representatives of the other two.

Warlock went to Hampstead several times and took Juliette Baillot (later Huxley) to Hampstead Heath. We will be able to spot 1 Byron Villas, Vale of Health, where Warlock visited D H Lawrence in November 1915. Another friend of Warlock's, Lionel Jellinek lived at Hampstead Square where Igor Chroustchoff will share his reminiscences of Warlock, Jellinek and Moeran.

During the weekend, the main publishers of Warlock's works, William Elkin Music Services, will have Warlock material for sale, and also Stephen Varcoe's *Sing English Song* and Michael Pilkington's five guides to English song (see Sunday 3pm). The Society will have a stall of second-hand Warlockiana.

12.30pm to 2pm: *The Holly Bush*, Holly Hill, NW3: lunch will be served

2.30pm University College School Music School, Frognal, NW3

Peter Warlock Society's 40th AGM (members only) followed at

4pm in the Great Hall – The Music of Peter Warlock

to include

Four *Folk-song preludes* arranged for string orchestra by Philip Lane

The University College School Chamber Orchestra – Ian Gibson (conductor)

The passionate shepherd; Simon Walton (tenor) John Bradbury (piano)

Trevor Hold: *Song-tune Prelude on Sweet-and-Twenty* from *A Paean for Peter Warlock – 10 pieces for organ*

John Bradbury (organ)

Bethlehem Down; One more river

The University College School Choir – John Bradbury (conductor)

For more details contact the Hon. Sec. Malcolm Rudland

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Sunday 11th May 2003

10.30am Hampstead Parish Church, Church Row, NW3

Festival Sung Eucharist (and the opening service for the Hampstead and Highgate Music Festival)

The children's choir, directed by Helen Swift, sing Warlock's *The birds* and the senior choir, directed by Lee Ward, sing *As dewe in Aprylle*. The psalm will be sung to a chant based on the *Pavane* from *Capriol*, and the final organ voluntary is *Fantasia on Capriol* by the Hungarian, István Koloss. The setting of the Mass is a newly commissioned work by David Matthews

from 12.30pm to 2.30pm *The Holly Bush*, Holly Hill, NW3; Lunch will be served

3pm Hampstead Parish Church, Church Row, NW3

Lecture recital: Warlock for civilians – admission £7 (£5 concessions)

Stephen Varcoe (baritone) and Michael Pilkington (piano) perform some of Warlock's finest songs.

Stephen Varcoe was a choirboy in Canterbury Cathedral and now travels worldwide giving recitals, lectures and master classes, and for adjudicating and examining. He has written *Sing English Song* (published by Elkin at £14.95), a guide to the language and repertoire of English Song, of which eight are by Warlock.

Michael Pilkington began work as a freelance accompanist, and was on the staff of Guildhall School of Music & Drama for 30 years. He has conducted workshops in English Song at 14 universities in the USA, edited a dozen collections of English song for Stainer & Bell, and published several guidebooks to the English Song repertoire.