



President Sir Richard Rodney Bennett

The Peter Warlock Society

Newsletter N° 75 – Autumn 2004

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EDITORIAL

“This is my last Newsletter.” With what confidence and relief I wrote those words 18 months ago! In my Editorial of the time I looked forward to handing over to Dr Rhian Davies. Much has happened in the meantime; amongst this has been a dramatic increase in Rhian’s workload. In spite of this she managed to produce two very successful editions of the Newsletter but, to give her some breathing space, I have agreed to reassume the editorial reins, albeit temporarily. I hope that, in due course, Rhian will feel able to drive the editorial desk herself once again. Consequently I am reverting to the format that evolved during my own ten years’ editorship. Those present at the AGM on 1st May (or have heard about it) know what a bizarre and traumatic event it became. I would like to use the rest of this Editorial to put straight some of the record of what has happened since and to counter distorted, erroneous and possibly libellous accounts that have been put about. I do this wearing my Chairman’s hat and, thereby, open myself to criticism. But, as this front page is probably the first you are reading, you should know from the outset what is happening in your Society.

At the AGM the Committee arranged a date in June to meet. Unfortunately, because of circumstances unforeseeable at the time, that date became impractical and the next mutually convenient date would be in late July. We had a very productive meeting then and, *inter alia*, sorted out some of the anomalies of the AGM. We have met once since the inevitable summer hiatus and shall do so again in December.

Please note the details below relating to our new Hon. Secretary. As Chairman I would like to state my appreciation for the attitude and effort expressed by your Committee; its further-flung members have put themselves to a deal of trouble in time, travel and expense in order to attend and there is a new positivism, a vigour and determination to move the Society forward, that the events of 1st May and subsequent unpleasantnesses and interference have failed to dampen.

Brian Collins

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OBITUARY

Denis ApIvor – a memoir

It was with great sadness that I heard about the death recently of a very dear friend, the composer Denis ApIvor. In fact it was the Society's very own Dr Brian Collins who broke the news to me (and which he had heard originally from Dr Rhian Davies, who seems to have her finger on the pulse of anything culturally pertinent!).

Denis ApIvor (14th April 1916 - 27th May 2004) was a prolific composer who wrote fairly constantly throughout his life. His first work, *Chaucer Songs* op. 1, 1936, and his last, *The Trickster* op. 101 (dated 2002), give us some idea of his output. This last work, an operatic *scena*, uses Warlock's poem *A signpost at a fork o' the road* as its libretto.*

This large output is a little surprising considering that his career as an anaesthetist meant numerous postings – Barbados, India and many more in this country. This must have been very unsettling for the creative process. I'll not dwell too much on his work as there are others far better qualified than I to comment upon his music. This will therefore be more of a personal reminiscence about the man that I knew.

Although I was aware of Denis as a composer within my broad-brush general knowledge, as it were, it was not until 1977 that I met him for the first time. This meeting was occasioned by another death, that of the poet and mystic Hugo Manning who, it transpired, was a mutual friend. I had at this time decided to compile a complete bibliography of Hugo's published works and desperately needed the help of others who had relevant information that would be of help to me. I therefore consulted Hugo's address book for contacts. Denis was one of the first that I contacted.

Being very green to this *milieu* it was with some trepidation that I phoned Denis and was pleasantly surprised by the warmth of his response, once I had explained my undertaking. This, the first conversation, seemed to go on forever, with Denis talking about not only Hugo but himself (with little prompting!) and others of interest to him. One such was the great Spanish poet, Federico García Lorca. At this time Denis was in the middle of translating Lorca's complete poetic works (no mean feat when you take into account both the complexities and symbolism contained in the poetry).¹ Lorca is one of my favourite poets so, fortunately, I was familiar with his work and our conversation took a favourable turn. I soon realised that Denis had little small-talk; he was a very intense conversationalist and a considerable polymath!

This conversation ended with a generous invitation to visit him at his Hampstead home. Rima (Austin), his charming wife (she was a choreologist of note and one of the founders of the Benesh tradition), was so welcoming and had prepared a meal for us all – Denis,

Rima, Dylan their son (Lyndel, their daughter was out for the evening) and myself. This family meal was a welcome break in our conversation as I was exhausted by the intensity and breadth of knowledge that I was desperately trying to keep up with! I cannot remember what time I left but it must have been in the early hours as the last tube-train had long gone!

This then, our first meeting, was one of many over the years until perhaps 18 months prior to Denis's death. Denis and Rima were wonderful, natural hosts and lovely company. Our conversations were always interesting, fascinating, always marathons: just as you thought you had exhausted a topic, then off we would go at another tangent! It was always a mutual exchange of interests. In fact Denis was a perfect listener as well as conversationalist, marvellous company in fact, a rare commodity these days.

Denis was obviously a very complex character, not easy, sometimes self-centred. He could also be irascible although I was never on the receiving-end. On the contrary, I always found him to be generous and helpful to a fault! His reminiscences were a goldmine. In fact, I promised to arrange an introductory meeting between Denis and Rhian Davies so that she could hear him in full flow, garner some nuggets and put her questions to him. I feel sure that it would have been a productive meeting of minds. Alas, because of various circumstances it was not to be. However, when Denis's eyesight failed him during the last few years he used to "write" to me *via* audio-cassette so all is not lost. I am fortunate to have so many of his memories on tape. Coincidentally, Denis also gave me those recordings that exist of his performed work.

Denis ApIvor was of the period in which, if you were involved in the artistic world, it would have been impossible not to have met interesting people. Fortunately Denis's long-term memory was crystal clear. Despite the fact that he wrote and published articles about Warlock (from different angles as it were) I don't think that he ever met him. The list of people that he did socialise with, however, is remarkable. This tranquil jungle included such luminaries as William Glock, Elisabeth Lutyens, Constant Lambert, Alan Rawsthorne, Sir Arthur Bliss (who was a proponent of Denis's work), Bernard van Dieren, Cecil Gray, Humphrey Searle, Herbert Howells, Patrick Hadley, Roy Campbell, Dylan Thomas, Dame Margot Fonteyn (I have a marvellous reminiscence of this episode on tape!), Andrée Howard, Montague Slater, Sir Eugene Goossens, Louis MacNeice, Hugo Manning, Edward Clark *etc.* To all of this must be added his intellect and his considerable knowledge of Jungian analysis (which Denis undertook at one stage), Christian mythology and Buddhism (with which he was very familiar – indeed his funeral service was a Buddhist one).

I cannot remember the scope of our conversations over the years as they now become a blur, what I can only describe as a distillation of fascinating information. I so loved his company and we bounced off of each other very well. I will say that I can imagine that, as a

younger man he must have been very scratchy, upsetting his contemporaries (as they did each other). In the final analysis, despite a composer's complaint, i.e. that of not being performed, Denis had a fair *corpus* of work performed when you consider the amount of competitive talent at that time, and the rest of his work is lodged at Leeds. Time will consolidate his reputation I am sure.

The guitar was another point of contact between us (I play flamenco) and Denis is possibly the first English composer of a guitar concerto (written in 1954, op. 26 and performed by Julian Bream with the BBC Scottish Orchestra, Glasgow). I recall contacting the editor of *Guitar Magazine* at one stage, pointing out that, as it considered itself to be in the forefront of what was happening in the guitar world, why had the name of Denis ApIvor not appeared in any issue? The response from George Clinton (the editor) was, "Good grief, I thought he was dead!"

This resulted in a visit by George to Hampstead and a commission to write a book and some small pieces of music. *Serial Composition for Guitarists*, published in 1984, was the result. It included ten guitar pieces (op. 72). The substantial essay that prefaces this book is one of the most concise and erudite overviews of serialism. Denis sent me a copy with a very generous dedication inscribed; needless to say I cherish it.

To conclude, many people worked tirelessly behind the scenes to promote him; alas fashion, being what it is, moves on. But he remains a force to be reckoned with. We have not only to consider his music, prose, poetry

but his personality, a link sadly now gone with a period that is also lost.

Our condolences go to his children, Dylan and Lyndel, and also to Sue (Suwaree Houyphai) his wife (who cared for Rima during her last years, and also for Denis until his death).

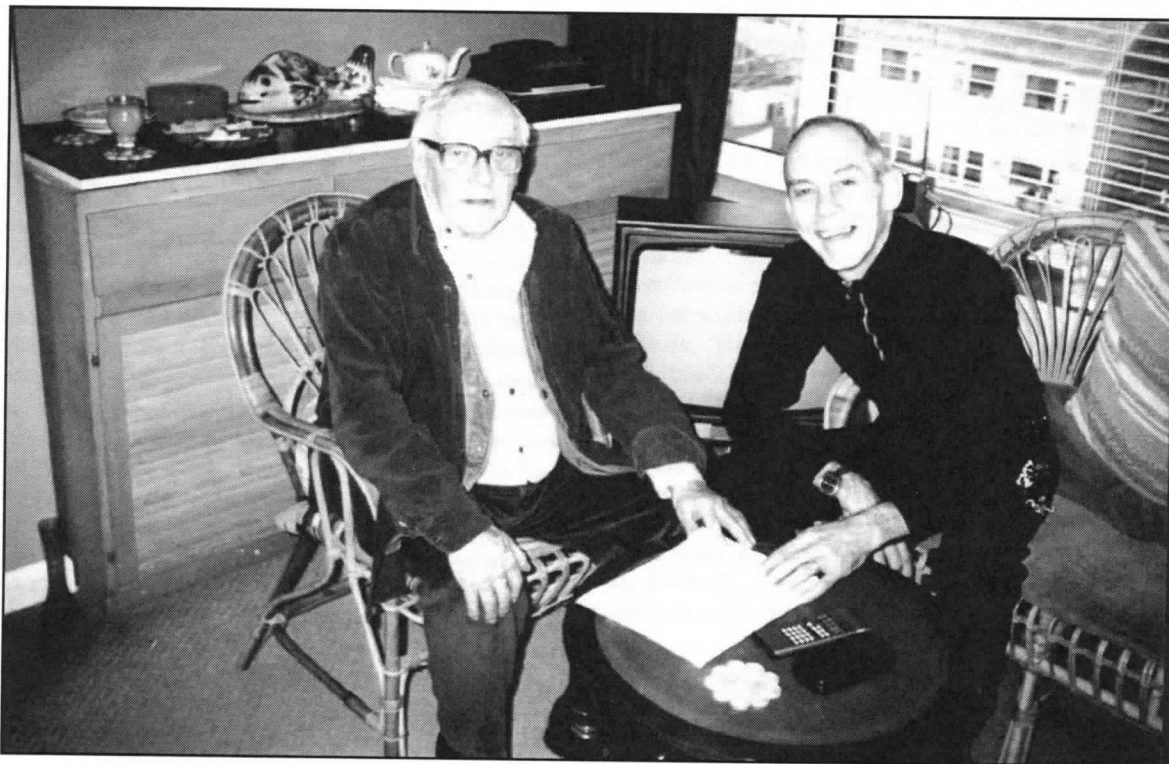
For me, it was a privilege to know Denis ApIvor.

Phil Coram

Notes

1 In fact, sometime later, I spent a considerable amount of time and effort on Denis's behalf trying to find a publisher for this huge undertaking, with no success unfortunately!

* [Editor's note: A signpost at a fork o' the road: a comment on the psychology of Peter Warlock, *Dr Denis ApIvor's Jungian analysis of Warlock's poem as well as some other observations*, appeared in *Newsletter 55*. Unfortunately my computer mangled it – and some other bits of that edition's content – and the missing part was printed in the next issue. But I still have Denis ApIvor's article in digital form and can send it, complete this time, to anybody who would like a copy. The poem itself can be found on pp. 146-8 of Cecil Gray's biography where it is idiosyncratically entitled *A Delectable Ballad* in which is set forth ye Futilitie of Remorsefull Retrospection.]



Dr Denis ApIvor (left) with Phil Coram – Photo: Collection of Phil Coram

ARTICLES

Lilium et Rosa

The Imaginal Alchemy of *The Bayley berith the bell away*

In a reply, dated 28th November 1928, to Miss Jane Vowles of Leicester, who had expressed her curiosity about the strangely beautiful lyric he had set to music in *The Bayley berith the bell away*, Peter Warlock remarked that the words were:

completely incomprehensible ... for me the charm of the fragment lies precisely in the fact that it means nothing, but suggests the loveliest images with a verbal music that foreshadows the procedure of the French *Symbolistes* in the nineteenth century.¹

Peter Warlock seems to be saying that the resonances and peculiar verbal magic of these lines, with their dream-like imagery, were his primary inspiration. Indeed the song is uniquely beautiful, Warlock's musical setting and the lyric combining in their delicacy to conjure up an image redolent of some luminous mediaeval miniature or radiant illumination. But Peter Warlock's mention of the methods of the French *Symbolistes* makes us aware that the lyric itself conveys a supernal pattern of numinous meanings whose arcane loveliness surpasses the rational faculty and works directly upon the imagination. As Josephin Sar Peladan, one of the foremost ideologues of *Symboliste* aesthetics put it:

The Beautiful is an interior vision where the world is clothed in supereminent qualities.²

Or, as Stéphane Mallarmé said of his poetic technique: Suggestion, that is the dream.³

"The lily, the rose, the rose I lay."

The symbols we find glowing in this lyric are of course those conventional mediaeval emblems denoting the Virgin and the Immaculate Conception depicted in so many works of art of the period. The Rose is the flower of Our Lady as the *Rosa Mystica*. The Lilies too are her flowers as symbols of virginal purity, usually shown borne in the hand of the Archangel Gabriel in scenes of the Annunciation. The Rose and the Lily – two flowers which run like a heraldic motif through so much of the art and the poetry of the High Middle Ages in the lofty context of Christian mysticism. And they convey esoteric depths of significance too which a student of magic such as Peter Warlock must have been sensitive to. As the 17th-century Hermeticist Robert Fludd says in his work *Truth's Golden Harrow* concerning the Philosopher's Stone:

And this stone ... shall be God's house. It follows therefore, if the house of God then is consequently the mystical church, the spouse of Christ with him is her soul, of which Solomon makes so large testimony in his song, who called herself the rose of the field and the lily of the valley, after the pattern whereof the Alchemists have shaped their red and white Elixir or stone.⁴

"The silver is white, red is the gold."

The White Elixir or Stone, in the curious emblematic language of the mediaeval alchemists, had the power to convert base metals into silver; the Red Elixir had the power to transmute them into gold. Their symbols in the Great Work of Alchemy are the White Queen and the Red King who are often depicted conjoined in a royal wedding. As the historian John Read has written:

... their alternative symbols are often a red rose and a white lily.⁵

Another relevant source that Peter Warlock was certainly familiar with was the *History of Magic* by the 19th-century French occult authority Eliphas Lévi, whose ideas were very influential in the *Symboliste* milieu. Warlock mentions this book among those esoteric tomes which he found especially significant in his letter of 27th September 1917 to Colin Taylor. Lévi says:

The rose-tree represents the Work and the successive colours which characterise its stages: it is the mastery passing through the black, white and red aspects out of which gold is produced as a blossom that buds and unfolds.⁶

"And through the glass window shines the sun."

Taking our alchemical analogies further, the Blessed Virgin as the Mystical Rose and the Immaculate Conception and birth of the Christ-child are used as explicit symbols of the generation of the Philosopher's Stone as early as 1336 in the *Pretiosa Margarita Novella* of Petrus Bonus of Ferrara. The sun's golden rays shining through the glass-window is certainly an established iconological device in mediaeval pictures of the Annunciation to signify the unbroken hymen of the Virgin and her supernatural conception by the Holy Spirit. Christ is the Lapis, the Stone of the Wise. Now the above is not meant to imply that Peter Warlock was in any way trying to make any overt statement through his setting of the delightful lyric of *The Bayley*. He says himself that the sheer strangeness and beauty of the words alone were his inspiration. But I think it can certainly be conjectured that he was aware of the more esoteric undertones of arcane mediaevalism that the mysterious and suggestive images of the lyric convey. In this sense one might bear in mind that there is an "Alchemy of the Imaginal" at work within the creative process itself. The Great Work of the Alchemists provides a potent and eloquent symbolic metaphor for the artistic process, that subtle reification which transfigures and transmutes the soul, the perceptions and the world in the eternal light of theophanic revelation. As Robert Fludd said in the 17th century:

This is the work of the true and divine Alchemy, through the mediation of which the earthly has been opened to the entry of the joys of Paradise so that men may pluck that red rose with the lilies of the field and taste of the Tree of Life.⁷

I think Warlock was articulating just such a conception in those brilliant letters where he speaks of the "Kingdom of God" that is within us in a manner

rather reminiscent of the Blakean concept of the Divine Imagination, stating that:

all music, all art of any kind must be sought and found in that inner kingdom.⁸

Elsewhere in a letter to Cecil Gray dated 30th May 1918 he describes the numinous impetus which powers his work:

I am driven day by day towards a purely mystical conception of the nature of art: I believe that creation is a wholly spiritual act ...⁹

It is perhaps from such perspectives that we might gain an insight into the "Imaginal Alchemy" which Peter Warlock here achieves, the magisterial synthesis and distillation of dream-world imagery, suggestive verbal magic and exquisite music which combine to create such a perfect jewel in *The Bayley berith the bell away*.

Nigel Jackson

Notes

1 cited in *Witches and Warlock: a possible interpretation of 'The Bayly berith the bell away'* by Ernest Kaye, pp.166-170 of *Peter Warlock: A Centenary Celebration*, London 1994.

2 cited on p.12 of *Symbolist Art* by Edward Lucie-Smith, London 1972.

3 *ibid.* p.54. Stephane Mallarmé writes:

To name an object is to suppress three quarters of the enjoyment to be found in the poem, which consists in the pleasure of discovering things little by little: suggestion, that is the dream.

4 p.161, *Truth's Golden Harrow* in *Western Esoteric Masters Series: Robert Fludd* ed. William Huffman, Berkeley 2001.

5 p.201 *Prelude to Chemistry: An Outline of Alchemy, its Literature and Relationships* by John Read, London 1939.

6 p.251 *The History of Magic* by Eliphas Lévi, London 1913.

7 cited on p.98 of *The Elements of Alchemy* by Cherry Gilchrist, Shaftesbury 1991.

8 Letter from Philip Heseltine to Colin Taylor, September 27th, 1917, cited on p. 132 of *Peter Warlock; The Life of Philip Heseltine* by Barry Smith, Oxford 1994.

9 *ibid.* p.137.



[Nigel Jackson's earlier article, Peter Warlock, Magic and the Anti-Self, appeared in Newsletter 71, pp.6-7. The title of the song on early editions was given variously as The Bayly berith the bell away, or Bayley berith the bell away and The Bayley berith the bell away - Ed.]

Warlock at Eton

Dr Barry Smith writes: [This] is the full, uncut version of Colin Taylor's reminiscences of PW which appeared (with pruning) in *The Composer*, No. 14, 1964, pp. 9-10. The typescript (which I have copied) is in the University of Cape Town Library (MS and Archives, BC76 C3.11). Readers may be interested as I think, 40 years after its original publication, there will be few who will have seen it.

When reading the earlier Philip Heseltine letters the date of the writer's birth, 1894, should be kept in mind. Although some of the letters bear the stamp of adolescence and its attendant vehemence and restlessness, most of them show astonishing, maturity of thought and of expression. Hardly a page but reveals a penetrating and analytical mind. Occasionally perhaps we may be tempted to smile a little at the bewildering rapidity of mood changes and at the enthusiasms which jostle and supercede one another; but Heseltine was never of those who allow enthusiasms or opinion to become atrophied.

When Heseltine came to Eton in 1908 at the age of fourteen, I was twenty-seven and had already been an assistant master at the College for four years. Dr Charles Harford Lloyd was Precentor and the director of music studies and consequently my boss. Lloyd, better known to church organists as Lloyd in E flat, on account of his popular morning and evening service in that key, was a kindly, gifted and excitable little man who lived in a perpetual state of imagined haste. I look back on Lloyd with gratitude and affection.

From the very outset of Heseltine's advent it was apparent that in this well knit and rather pale little boy there was something arresting, something apart, something strikingly different from the ordinary run of our music students. Not that he showed musical or pianistic precocity, but it was his approach, his attitude that differed. This posed a problem.

Sensing, and I hope rightly, that had I insisted on the stereotyped drill commonly meted out to those in my charge, the boy, as likely as not, would give up music altogether. The upshot was that I devoted the greater part of lesson time to an attempt to enlarge his musical horizon. This was done by playing the accepted classics, romantics and moderns to him, and by discussing and exploring music. By these means his keenness grew and his interest consolidated.

In those days I probably considered myself a deuce of a go-ahead modern, for I was playing and teaching Debussy, Ravel, Schönberg, Scriabin, and the then available Bartok, hot from the press, so to speak. This was more than fifty years ago, so would hardly surprise me to learn that I may have been among the first to play and teach Bartok at an English private school, possibly among the few to do so in Britain at that time.

Of course Philip's pianistic drill was not altogether

neglected. My bait, in his case as in many another, was to extol sightreading as a means towards exploration. The boy was sensible enough to see that lacking at least a workaday technique the bulk of our musical heritage would be literally a closed book to him. We must remember that mechanical reproduction barring the pianola was then virtually non-existent.

At about this time a colleague of mine, the 'cellist Edward Mason, fresh from an orchestral rehearsal in London, came to our music school in great excitement. In a composer whose name was then unknown to me, he had found the greatest, the most original, the most enchanting of all the moderns. The name, destined later to have a profound and lasting influence on Philip Heseltine, was that of Frederick Delius. And thus it came about that I was cast for the role to be first to introduce Heseltine to Delius the composer (the actual work 'On Craig Dhu', I believe) while shortly afterwards it was Heseltine's role to introduce me to Delius the man.

It was certainly a red letter day when, in 1911, I wangled special permission to take Philip to an evening concert in London, at which Delius' Songs of Sunset under Beecham were to receive their first performance. By this time the boy had already become acquainted with Delius himself, and the ecstatic letter he wrote to the composer on this occasion is one of many such in Cecil Gray's illuminating book *Peter Warlock* (Cape, 1934).

It was not long before the burning question of Heseltine's career exercised the minds of Mr and Mrs Buckley Jones, the boy's mother and stepfather. Music of course was absolutely ruled out. When appealed to, Mamma (hoping I would side with the family) would say: 'Dear Mr Taylor, you have such great influence; cannot you make Phil see reason? He will listen to you.' This was all very well, but as my sympathies were entirely with the boy, I had to say so and naturally my stock fell to an all time low. The disturbing vicissitudes that followed these discussions are well and faithfully chronicled in Cecil Gray's book.

I cannot recollect Heseltine showing the least sign of the creative urge while he was at Eton, and as our periods together were drastically limited, there was little chance of stimulating it. However, apart from playing to him, he also insisted that I improvised to him (this persisted throughout life) but whether this could possibly have generated or awakened a latent desire to 'make-up' something on his own, is anyone's guess. But of one thing I am sure, namely, that I had no hand whatsoever in his subsequent development as a composer. The occasional and insignificant alterations he would make in his M.S.S. as a result of my criticisms amount to little, if anything. Piano figurations were his constant bugbear. Chordal progressions got dismally glued to the centre of the keyboard. It was here that I could help a little, though, as it happened, rather disastrously perhaps, for now many of his song accompaniments took wing to such a degree, and became pianistically so exacting,

as to preclude the universal acceptance that the works in question deserved.

Was Heseltine schizophrenic – a dual personality? By birth, certainly not. But even if the gradual emergence of Peter Warlock was not deliberately cultivated, it was welcomed rather than checked. Peter Warlock shielded the sensitive other self from the outer world; a mask symbolized by the beard – his fungus, as he called it. Philip actually said as much in one of his letters to me. Once created, the spectacular success of this Mr Hyde appeared to surprise none so much as it did the very man who brought him into existence. As far as I personally was concerned, the quiet rather introverted Philip Heseltine was a constant and ever loyal friend, whereas the bearded swashbuckling Peter Warlock I regarded as little more than an occasional acquaintance. Geographical considerations dictated the difference. Both, however, in their respective ways could be the most delightful of companions unless black moods of depression prevailed.

Gray, in his *Warlock* book, among other tributes, highlights two in particular, the curious fact that most of Warlock's correspondents, including Delius himself, destroyed none of his letters, and, that mutual friends meeting years after Heseltine's death, would seek to bring him into their conversation almost as if compelled to do so.

The now well known Puckish streak in Philip's make-up kept friends and enemies in a constant state of alert. A case in point is bellows. Mystified victims (mainly music critics) received at regular intervals pairs of bellows the significance of which, as Gray remarks, must necessarily remain veiled in obscurity. But for the sake of record, let me add that I am now among the very few who possess the key to this cryptic act, and am positively the only one who had a hand in its creation. All I can state is that it was begotten of a somewhat ribald story told me by the author of *The Promenade Ticket*, A. H. Sidgwick, and that I in turn passed it on to Philip to his immense and lasting delight.

It may surprise those who only knew the Warlock of pulverising and mordant wit, to learn of the Heseltine noted for his sympathy and generosity – for the manner he gave lavishly and selflessly to all in distress or need. Many of his colleagues, in particular, have cause to remember this.

Consciously or subconsciously every teacher learns from his pupils. That I learnt a great deal from Warlock is not to be questioned. It was a case of pupil outstripping the teacher. And for the little I was capable of assimilating from his rich and varied erudition, I have never ceased to be grateful.

Colin Taylor
June 1964, Stellenbosch.

REVIEW

A statue of Béla Bartók



Bearing in mind the cordial relationship between Warlock and Bartók, the Society was very happy to be associated with the unveiling of one of Imre Varga's statues of Bartók, situated on a traffic island opposite South Kensington Station, close to where Bartók stayed on his annual visits to London. On a blowy autumn day, what David Mellor described as "this rather eccentric ceremony", the roar of London's traffic faded into the background as the Guildhall Brass Ensemble launched into the familiar strains of the *Cod-pieces* (complete!) and *Capriol*.

Important people present were Dr Hiller, Hungarian Minister of Culture, Michael Portillo (the local) MP, the Hungarian Ambassador, the Deputy Mayor and Mayoress, and David Mellor, one time Minister for the Arts. I was obliged to stand on a tuffet holding one end of a large banner with the Hungarian flag on one side while the other was inscribed "Warlock in Chelsea". The other end of the banner was held by a Chelsea Pensioner.

After a while the official party moved toward the unveiling ribbons and the Ambassador, Mr Portillo and Mr Mellor exposed the statue to our gaze. It's a wonderful likeness, almost moving in its simplicity.

There were, of course, speeches. Michael Portillo spoke about the illustrious people who had settled in the country and particularly in Kensington and Chelsea; and David Mellor reminded us of Warlock's invitation to Bartók to visit the UK in 1922. Sir Charles Mackerras conducted the brass ensemble in Bartók's 6th *Dance in Bulgarian Rhythm*. Peter Laki some songs by Bartók; nor must we forget the Brompton Oratory Junior Singers who sang very sweetly. Danny Gillingwater discovered himself pressed into being Master of Ceremonies.

And then we processed to a reception given by the Hungarian Ambassador at the Royal Brompton Hospital – with yours truly hanging on to my half of the banner for dear life! Meanwhile, behind, Daniel Gillingwater serenaded the startled public with *The cricketers of Hambledon* complete with brass backing. The concert in St Luke's Church was too lengthy to dwell on in great detail but, perhaps, I should mention

the highlights. David Mellor made his début as a violist in Warlock's edition of Purcell's *Fantasia upon one note*, the prolonged note being played by Mr Mellor with soulfulness interspersed with a cheery grin.

I have never heard the Guildhall Brass Ensemble play *Capriol* so perfectly, conducted by Malcolm Rudland. Eric Crees has a sure touch in his brass arrangements and we are all very grateful for his endeavours.

I think only in a church concert would you encounter *Waltz from Murder on the Orient Express* by Sir Richard Rodney Bennett nestling next to *The curlew!* The latter was sung in Hungarian by Peter Laki demonstrating that this harrowing work is gaining an international reputation. The rigours of Bartók's first *String Quartet*, played by the Elysian String Quartet, were well received by a large, appreciative audience. *Little trotty wagtail*, *Queen Anne*, *The birds* and *Carillon*, *carilla* were lovingly performed by the Brompton Oratory Junior Choir in addition to some Bartók numbers. The Chelsea Ballet danced *Six dances in Bulgarian Rhythm* with great panache.

Finally, the finale to end all finales had *Love song* and *Finale* from the film *El Cid*, with David Mellor as the narrator – a piece of vulgar pizzazz with all forces deployed, including the organ, which brought the house down.

Malcolm Rudland planned the day in association with the Hungarian Cultural Centre and our redoubtable ex-Secretary must have been pleased at how well it went.

Patrick Mills



Imre Varga's statue of Béla Bartók - photo by Brian Collins

AUCTION: PART 3

We're now into the third part of the sale of the late E. Arnold Dowbiggin's Warlock collection, and it is heartening to record that 49 out of the first 50 lots were sold, realising the best part of £500 for the Society's funds. We are grateful to Lyndall Holt (Dowbiggin's daughter) for donating the cache of material, and all proceeds from the auction will directly benefit the Society's finances.

The next 25 lots are listed below, and the same rules apply as previously. (I won't repeat these here: anyone not having access to Newsletter 73 should contact me and the relevant information will be provided.) Overall the condition of the items is generally very acceptable, and as a rough guide I have categorised them as:

VG = very good

G = good

F = fair

If you would like more specific information on the condition of any item(s), I am happy to discuss individual requirements by post: John Mitchell, Woodstock, Pett Bottom, Canterbury, Kent CT4 5PB telephone: 01227 832871

e-mail: john.mitchell12@btinternet.com

All bids should be sent to me, either by e-mail or letter (not phone or fax), and must be received by midday on 30th November 2004. Any questions about all aspects of the auction should be directed to me, *i.e.*, not to the Newsletter Editor.

Abbreviations

EAD = E. Arnold Dowbiggin

PW = Peter Warlock

*** = an item bearing a note in EAD's hand, stating that it originated from Warlock's own library, having been given to EAD by Bernard van Dieren.

MB = minimum bid

A great number of the items have been rubber-stamped with EAD's name. Such items are indicated EADS.

Lot List

Lot 51

Yarmouth Fair, SATB version by Armstrong Gibbs G MB £1

Lot 52

Little trotty wagtail, unison voices and piano EADS G MB £1

Lot 53

Balulalow, soprano solo & SATB chorus with piano EADS G MB £1

Lot 54

The fox, G This copy has the following inscription by EAD:

"First performed at the First Memorial Concert - see programme. Score for St. Qt. and flute arranged by Van Dieren. Heyner behaved in a very bad way over this song, claiming it from Philip's mother as soon as he died! EAD"

(Herbert Heyner was the song's eventual dedicatee.) G MB £3

Lot 55

Sweet content, EADS VG MB £2

Lot 56

Captain Stratton's fancy, (low voice) EADS G MB £2

Lot 57

There is a lady sweet and kind, (low voice) EADS VG MB £2

Lot 58

Mr Belloc's fancy, (low voice, 1930 version) EADS G MB £2

Lot 59

The night, EADS VG MB £2

Lot 60

The Bayly berith the bell away, (low voice) EADS G MB £2

Lot 61

Rest, sweet nymphs, EADS VG MB £2

Lot 62

Consider, *** EADS F MB £6

Lot 63

Jillian of Berry, *** EADS VG MB £8

Lot 64

Candlelight, *** EADS In handmade paper cover (F); music contents G. Contains an inscription by EAD:

"This copy from Warlock's library. Written for Nigel, Xmas 1922, at the suggestion of WB."

MB £10

Lot 65

A Book of songs by Peter Warlock - the first book of 12 from OUP. Looks like a first imprint, and is of a slightly larger format than the one that appeared later. Cover F, inner contents G. EADS MB £6

Lot 66

The curlew, 1924 edition in board covers. EADS + ex libris label G MB £15

Lot 67

The curlew, "rehearsal score" (1924) EADS F. This is a reduction for voice and piano of the first three songs only, *i.e.*, omitting the linking instrumental interludes. Although it doesn't specifically say so, presumably the reduction was done by PW himself. MB £5

Lot 68

Where riches is everlastingly, voices and piano. Seemingly a neat hand-copied score by EAD. Brown paper cover, machine-stitched on. EADS VG MB £4

Lot 69

Who doth behold (Bartlett) + *What is a day* (Rosseter) – transcribed by Philip Wilson & PW for unison voices and piano. EADS G MB £1

Lot 70

Pretty wantons, sweetly sing (Peerson) – transcribed by PW for two treble voices and piano. EAD signature. G MB £1

Lot 71

Who shall have my fair lady? (Fayrfax) – transcribed by PW for TTB. EADS G MB £1

Lot 72

Since just disdain began to rise (Jones) – transcribed by PW for SS & piano F MB £1

Lot 73

Flow not so fast, ye fountains (Dowland) – transcribed by PW for SATB G MB £1

Lot 74

Celestina (Greaves) – transcribed by PW and Philip Wilson for voice and piano in single song format. G MB £2

Lot 75

Second Memorial Concert Programme of the works of PW (given at the Wigmore Hall, on Friday 4th December 1931). F EADS MB £3

John Mitchell

AGM 2004

Chairman's report

(This report was prepared by the Chairman and read in his absence by Fred Tomlinson)

I intend to keep this brief because time will probably be pressing when we get to this bit and, anyway, as Fred pointed out to me, you've all read the Newsletters.

I would like to pay tribute to the endeavours of two of our number whose work has yet to come to fruition, even though they have both been engaged in it for some time.

First of all I would like to congratulate Barry Smith on his bringing together all of the Peter Warlock correspondence. This will finally be published later in

the year by Boydell and Brewer, a house which has produced some excellent books on British Music. Barry has spent a considerable amount of time on this undertaking, principally as a labour of love. For a long time he was unsure what to do with it as it seemed that no publisher was interested in it, despite a few sniffs. It has proved on several occasions to be a valuable resource because, being in digital form, it is relatively easy to search it for keywords and dates, for example. I recall an afternoon of e-mails a couple of years ago when I wanted some information in a hurry about PW's whereabouts at a particular juncture in his life. Barry was able to tell me because he had been able to find out to whom Warlock wrote and from which address during the period of time that interested me. And he was able to respond to my follow-up questions rapidly too. I was recently asked to write, on behalf of the PWS, a short tribute to Barry for a presentation to him celebrating his 40 years at St George's, Cape Town. I was delighted to do so and had a charming message from him the other day in reply.

Secondly I should like to commend the work done by Michael Pilkington in putting together the new edition of Warlock's songs. The previous edition is slowly going out of print but, rather than merely have it copied, a number of us were of the opinion that a new typeset would be appropriate. So Michael has prepared an edition that is based on the most accurate sources available. Where possible he has returned to the composer's manuscript material; where this has not been available he has used first printed editions as his starting point. As you would imagine, this process has thrown up some anomalies and conundrums. But I think that Michael's work represents the closest we can get to Warlock's intentions and will prove to be the definitive edition for a long time to come. This project too started as an enterprise driven by enthusiasm rather than commerce but, again, it will soon be available for purchase.

Finally I can't help repeating something that has already appeared in the Newsletter. I refer to the death of Trevor Hold which took so many of us by surprise. Trevor was a good friend of the Society and was made an honorary member for his contributions to our events. These took the form of talks on aspects of Warlock's music and were always delivered in that matter-of-fact way that he had which was so engaging. I have my own reasons to be grateful to him but the whole Society does too for the insights and observations that he shared with us.

Brian Collins

STOP PRESS

Not long ago I sent some information to members and sympathisers about an event too imminent for inclusion here. I keep this sort of mailing to a minimum but information must be disseminated by the quickest means. If an event, because of its timing, cannot be publicised in a Newsletter, e-mail is a useful procedure. However, some of you have changed your e-mail addresses, perhaps as you migrate between service-providers. If you've done this recently, please let me know and I'll update my records. And I try to preserve privacy by sending blind copies (Bcc). As I must identify at least one recipient, the name on the message might not be yours!

Brian Collins

PUBLICATIONS

A new Warlock edition

In the early 1980s the Society took the opportunity, in collaboration with Thames Publishing, to begin issuing PW's vocal output in a new edition. The timing was appropriate: Warlock's music had gone out of copyright at the end of 1980, 50 years after his death. (Later, of course, the goalposts were moved and it became subject to copyright law again when 50 years gave way to 70 as the Period of Grace.) Further to this some pieces had fallen out of print and were becoming difficult to obtain.

It was deemed necessary to make all songs (for that is what we are principally considering) suitable for the "medium voice" and, as a consequence, some had to be transposed into new and not altogether appropriate keys which Warlock hadn't himself considered. Errors crept in. Inevitably, versions had already been printed in different keys but PW himself was not happy about the practice.

As time passed some of this edition itself went out of print but the Society kept what it could available, often with financial assistance. A number of us had doubts about its credibility, though, especially in an age where music editions are expected to be as true as possible to the composer's intentions and where attention is drawn to anomalies, variant readings and historical context.

To this end Michael Pilkington has been preparing a new, authoritative edition that takes as a starting point, wherever possible, such manuscript sources that exist of Warlock's songs. Where an autograph is not available, first printed editions have been the basis for preparing material. The outcome is the closest we are likely to get to a definitive Warlock edition. It will replace that of the 1980s some of which is still available but will not be reprinted.

The first three volumes are already on sale; another three have been completed and will be commercially available shortly. Once again the Society has been pleased to work with Thames Publishing, now a part of William Elkin Music Services.

The song volumes are organised chronologically, as before, but now items are gathered together alongside others for the same voice. Thus:

Volume I (high voice – songs 1911-19)

A lake and a fairy boat; Music when soft voices die (2 versions); *The everlasting voices; The water lily; Bright is the ring of words/To the memory of a great singer; As ever I saw; The cloths of Heaven; Dedication; Love for love; Sweet content; My little sweet darling.*

Volume II (medium voice – songs 1911-19)

The wind from the west; The lover mourns for the loss of love; Take O take those lips away (1917, 2 versions); *Heraclitus* (2 versions); *Along the stream* (2 versions. These last three together as *Saudades*); *I asked a thief to steal me a peach* (2 versions); *Take O take those lips away* (1918); *My ghostly fader; The bayly berith the bell away; Lullaby; Whenas the rye reach to the chin; There is a lady sweet and kind; A love-song; Balulalow; Mourn no moe; Romance.*

Volume III (high voice – songs 1921-22)

Mr Belloc's fancy (2 versions); *The singer; Good ale; Piggesnie; The bachelor; A sad song; Rutterkin; Spring; Lusty Juventus; Lillygay* (*The distracted maid*); *Johnnie wi' the tye; The shoemaker; Burd Ellen and young Tamlane; Rantum tantum*); *In an arbour green.*

Forthcoming volumes will cover medium voice songs 1920-23 (vol. IV); high voice songs 1923-28 (vol. V); medium voice songs 1923-26 (vol. VI); medium voice songs 1927-28 (vol. VII) and medium voice songs 1928-30 (vol. VIII).

When you order these from your local music shop, make sure that you stipulate the "New Peter Warlock Edition" of 2004, edited by Michael Pilkington. Thames Publishing can be contacted at William Elkin Music Services, (01603) 721302, e-mail sales@elkinmusic.co.uk.

Full reviews of this new edition will appear in future Newsletters.



Warlock correspondence

Dr Barry Smith's edition of the complete Warlock correspondence will be published soon by Boydell and Brewer. Four volumes will cost a whopping £200 (five Warlockian exclamation marks called for) but the publishers are generously offering a discount of 20% to PWS members who order before the end of January 2005 (£160 to include UK postage, overseas extra at cost). Members should quote the reference number 04209 on any order they send. Please contact Michael Richards, Sales & Marketing Director, Boydell & Brewer Ltd, PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 3DF, United Kingdom (Tel 01394 (+44 1394 from overseas) 610600, Direct: 01394 (+ 44 1394) 610610, Fax: 01394 (+ 44 1394) 610316, e-mail: mrichards@boydell.co.uk).

Websites are at <http://www.boydell.co.uk> or <http://boydellandbrewer.com>.

Once again, we hope to publish full reviews in due course.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

The Warlock Singers

The Warlock Singers is a new choir established by Vivienne Cox, daughter of David Cox whom many members will remember with affection, amongst other things, as both a long-standing committee member of the Society and the Editor of this Newsletter. The Peter Warlock Society is pleased to be associated with the choir and has been able to make a small contribution to aid its founding. The choir's first concerts, to be conducted by Graham Dinnage, will be on Tuesday 21st December at St Peter's Church Limpsfield (where Delius and Sir Thomas Beecham are buried) and Wednesday 22nd December at St Martin's Church, Eynsford. Both will start at 8pm and tickets are £10. They can be reserved by phoning 01732 866372. The title of the programme is "Bethlehem Down" but it will include a lot more Warlock besides this, including the *Corpus Christi* carol. Some items have still to be confirmed but a draft programme for both concerts follows. We shall endeavour to put a final schedule on the website.

Three Warlock carols (approx. 12 min.)

Benedicamus Domino

Adam lay ybounden

Balulalow (Mezzo solo and SATB)

Solo Warlock song (Bass) (approx. 4 min.)

Group of non-Warlock carols (approx. 12 min.)

Britten: *Hymn to the Virgin*

Anon: *Out of the Orient Crystal Skies* (PW trans.)

Anon (arr. Hamond): *Sweete was the song the Virgine soong*

Solo Warlock song (Soprano) (approx 5 min.)

Warlock: *Corpus Christi* (Tenor and Alto *solis*) (approx 5 min.)

Three Warlock carols (approx. 12 min.)

The birds

Song for Christmas Day (SSA)

Bethlehem Down

(First half approx. 48 min.)

INTERVAL

Three Warlock carols (approx. 12 min.)

Where riches is everlastingly

I saw a fair maiden

The first mercy (SSA solo trio)

Solo Warlock song (Tenor) (approx. 5 min.)

Audience carol (approx. 4 min.)

Three non-Warlock carols (approx. 12 min.)

I Saw Three Ships?

Cornelius: *The three Kings* (Bass solo + SATB)

Leighton: *Lully lulla* (Soprano solo)

Solo Warlock song (Mezzo/Alto) (approx. 4 min.)

Audience carol (approx. 4 min.)

Two Warlock carols (approx. 4 min.)

Carillon, carilla

The sycamore tree

Encore?

(Second half approx. 35 min.)

Another Gillingwater Curlew

PWS committee member Daniel Gillingwater is set to repeat his former triumphs on Monday, 22nd November. He sings *The curlew* at 7.30pm in the Duke's Hall of the Royal Academy of Music. The programme also includes Vaughan Williams's *On Wenlock Edge*, (sung by Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor); Peter Maxwell Davies's *Little Quartets* Nos 1 and 2 and Benjamin Britten's third *String Quartet* op. 94. The instrumentalists are the Artea Quartet, wind players tbc.

Tickets are £3 (£2 concessions) from:

RAM Box Office

Marylebone Road

London

NW1 5HT

020 7873 7300

NB credit or debit card booking fee of £1; otherwise cheques payable to RAM with SAE for return of tickets.

Capriol and The full heart

On 2nd December 2004 at 7:30 pm in the Chichester Festival Theatre, Oaklands Park, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 6AP (Tel: 01243 781312, e-mail

box.office@cft.org.uk) I Fagiolini (www.ifagiolini.com) and the BBC Concert Orchestra (conducted by Robert Hollingworth) will give a concert to include two Warlock items. Tickets cost £10-£30 and the projected programme is as follows:

Vivaldi: *The four seasons* (Autumn, Winter); Caresana: *Tarantella*; Byrd: *Lullaby*; Anchieta: *Con amores mi madre*; Anon: *Canción a dos tiple*s; Iribarren: *Jacara*; **Warlock: *The full heart*; Capriol**; Dudley: *Veni Emmanuel, A winter solstice*; Poulenc: *Un soir de neige*.

ENGLISH MUSIC FESTIVAL

[PWS members have interests in other aspects of British or English music. In fact, a few years ago, there was some correspondence to the Society on the subject, especially the neglect of same by the musical establishment. In that context, then, it is appropriate to print this which comes from PWS Hon. Secretary Emma Marshall – Ed.]

When the Amsterdam Concertgebouw opened in the 1880s, the symphony that began the first night was not, as one might expect, one by Beethoven, Brahms, or Dvořák – it was Stanford's third. Following this great success, Berlin's Philharmonic Hall made sure that it secured the première performance of his fourth. Now this great composer's music is relegated to the occasional enterprising amateur choral-society concert. Once he was a leading name in music in this country; now he, and almost all of the other English composers of that period are scoffed at, perceived as the "English pastoral composers" (as I was shocked to read recently in a *BBC Music Magazine* article) – lesser musicians whose "cow-pat", simplistic, rustic and folk-y works are second rate to the great Germanic school, or forward-looking Russian school or hugely inspired and under-rated Scandinavian school. So we are told. In fact, the influence of folk music pretty much stops at merely forming the basis of various suites or the occasional enlightened theme in a symphony, and English music is not tied to the roots of folk music, nor has it inherited the simplicity and rural purity of folk. Similarly, whereas many works have been inspired by the countryside, look at the drama, the wildness, the stark desperate desolation, the shocking, striking, power of Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral Symphony*, Holst's *Egdon Heath*, Moeran's *In the Fen Country* or Bantock's *Celtic Symphony*, for example. These are in no way cows looking placidly over gates into pretty fields of corn, no complacent rural idylls. Listen to Bowen's second symphony: one

cannot get any more romantic, lush, sumptuous, or accomplished and advanced for its time than this. One wonders whether those who short-sightedly dismiss English music in the way described above have ever actually sat down and properly listened to a symphony by Moeran, McEwen, Boughton, Vaughan Williams or Scott – or have indeed heard any English music apart from those few accepted classics, the done-to-death lip-service pieces.

This problem of a completely unjustified, deficient image is only one that English music faces. It has to battle against the problem of involuting repertoires, where none but the "famous few" are allowed into the clique of acceptable works. It also has to combat concert managers who are not willing to take risks and programme anything other than contemporary dustbin lids or established classics. It has to deal with bureaucracy and prejudice in radio and television, and last – but certainly not least – it has the serpentine, all-pervading, ever-encroaching epidemic of political correctness as its sparring partner.

As a result, names such as Bainton, Sainton, Mackenzie, Bowen, Farrar, Gibbs and Quilter are disappearing. Names such as Warlock, Delius, Holst, Howells and Vaughan Williams are being disregarded. And look at poor old Frederick Cliffe! His first symphony was one of the most accomplished symphonies ever written in the nineteenth century and yet it has only just (last year) been recorded and hasn't had a proper professional performance for roughly 100 years! I'm not saying that Shostakovich or Bruckner are no good.... I'm simply stating the fact that the best of our lot easily equal the best of theirs, and that, in the early twentieth century, music in England underwent an extraordinary renaissance that is surely one of the most incredible cultural revolutions our country has ever seen. Yet it is completely unrecognised.

This is why I am establishing an English music festival. In October 2006, the beautiful abbey at Dorchester-on-Thames will play host to top performers in a 5-day annual event celebrating English music, from English solo song (plenty of Warlock!) through to full orchestral/large-scale choral works. The idea is to promote British excellence in other ways, too, by linking with other British companies, especially food, drink (plenty of ale, too!), art and crafts products. Of course this is a tremendously ambitious project and help is now needed to raise funds. If you can think of any contacts you may have, whether wealthy philanthropic music-lovers or business contacts, or any way in which you might be able to aid in fundraising, please do contact me. Together we can put English music back on the map. Please contact:

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e-mail: em.marshall@btinternet.com,

website: www.englishmusicfestival.org.uk