



Editorial

I am glad *The Spectator* (see p. 16) lists calligraphy as one of Warlock/Heseltine's attributes, as I feel sure he would have been glad to know our society had created a logo from his handwriting. In *Newsletter 32* in 1983, I explained:

I have always been interested in graphic design since I ran my own Academic Festival Orchestra (successor to my Prodocimus Players), and when searching for an identity, I came across Chris Matthews's publicity for the Salomon Orchestra. I found he was a fellow student at the Royal College of Art and he helped me design my orchestra's publicity, from which a friendship ensued. My own notepaper came next, and his idea of silver organ pipes won him third prize in the 1983 British Letterheads Awards.

We then thought of producing some notelets and cards for the Peter Warlock Society, and Chris used Warlock's signature. I then asked Chris how Warlock would have written 'Society'. The result is heading this Newsletter.

In 1983 Chris Matthews was the British Library's Design Manager, motivating all staff to adhere to his corporate identity principles of 'less is more' (his Manual ran to 400 pages). After the logo, our committee asked Chris to design them a corporate identity. He specified typographical templates for brochures (highly praised by several musicians), notepaper, adverts, membership forms, minutes, agendas and Newsletters.

Unfortunately, for practical or political reasons, this is the first Newsletter that is able to complete Chris's corporate identity for all the society's printed material. May we hope this can now bring a unity to all the society's ambitions.

This Newsletter has a record 25 contributors, but cost £2 each to produce, twice the cost of the last one. Do send your views on how you feel your £15/£5 subscription should be spent to our Treasurer: John Mitchell, Woodstock, Pett Bottom, Canterbury Kent CT4 5PB or: john.mitchell12@btinternet.com by the AGM on 4 June.

Malcolm Rudland



Our elder statemen at *The Antelope*, The late Felix Aprahamian, Fred Tomlinson (Chairman Emeritus) and Pat Mills (founder)

Peter Heseltine

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My 1914 diary on Philip Heseltine

[When Ian Partridge's recording of The Curlew was issued in 1972, Antony Hopkins was hosting a Sunday morning phone-in record request programme on Radio 3. I braved the show and got talking to Antony about the Peter Warlock Society whilst they found the record. Later, a Sally Hyam who had listened, rang to say her grandmother, Winifrid, knew of some letters from Philip Heseltine, written to Winifrid's sister, Viva Smith. These letters are now in the British Library, but transcripts of Winifrid's diary entries on Philip came to me. Dr Barry Smith has prepared this entry from 15 July 1914 for this Newsletter. Winifrid's entries for 16, 22 and 23 July and 30 December 1914 and 28 July 1915 will appear in the next issue of the Newsletter with more details of Viva's family. We are grateful to Winifrid's daughter, Winifred Hazel Brewin of Cirencester, for allowing these letters to be published. Editor's note]

15 July 1914 (Wednesday)

I have just had a slight brush which proves to me that as you are once so you always remain and I have not changed a scrap since I was married in my heart of hearts as if I weren't married – and since one may as well tell the truth even now I am – I get at my old games again at the first opportunity. This affair I will write the whole and utter truth about however bad it may be and that at any rate will be open. Last Monday week [6 July 1914] ¹ I went down home suddenly for a week's rest and change. When I got there Viva and Margaret were very pleased to see me, Viva looking very smart and M. said in an undertone it was because Heseltine was expected. Heseltine has not been mentioned in this book before so I suppose some sort of a description is necessary.

He is at Oxford, still very young, probably about 22 but he appears to be years older. ² All his life he has spent reading, never playing games, and thinking – he has read every book one has ever heard of and millions that one hasn't. His entire life is bound up in music. He is a musical critic in his spare moments and makes plenty of money that way and also rearranging scores for other instruments; he plays but not well and doesn't consider that necessary or desirable. Music and poetry he practically lives for and he has only two other subjects. Sex and motor biking – the latter really is entirely a phase of the former as it is all for the 'sensation' that he does it. Add to this that I think he is not quite a man. ³ Anyone reading this diary might think that I had a mania on that subject but the truth is we attract sex cranks and he is certainly one. Put this character in a beautiful young body 6 feet high, absolutely fit, as thin as a lath, hands rather ugly and red but a white face of the clearest skin, brilliant blue eyes, long fair hair brushed straight back from the forehead with never a hair loose though it is nearly eight

inches long and the curved lips and highhead carriage of a young Greek God. Add to this a charming Oxford accent and an emphatic manner and there he is.

This young man, a poet to the last degree with a brain like a machine has been in love with Viva for nearly two years ⁴ in spite of the fact that she is nearly ten years older than he is, and that she is not his type in the least. I must write some of their history in this book later but want to write the other part while it is fresh in my mind.

Ten minutes after I arrived on Monday [6 July 1914] he did – he is a strong Nietzschean [sic] and would hardly dream of putting himself out for anyone he didn't care about – anyone ordinary and he just looked at me, said a word and turned to Viva and they went out. Margaret and I very happily paired off and we saw no more of him. Oh, no he did suggest that he would take me (for) a little run on the back of the motor bike and I went.

When we got to a lonely part of the road he suddenly stopped, got off, and said 'Now, get on'. I was horribly frightened of the machine as I have never been on one and my skirt was too long besides but I saw that he was anxious to hear me make excuses and calmly got on, and started off. He was certainly surprised the more so when he suggested – never thinking I would dare – I should turn and I did it – because I didn't know till it was over how difficult it was.

He told me then he had never seen anyone ride as well as I did for the first time – that he didn't turn like that the first time.

Then he left for London the next morning [7 July]. On Wednesday evening [8 July] he returned and spent the evening with Viva in the garden. On Thursday he and Viva never spoke to anyone else. On Friday morning Viva came to me and said H. was going away, he had said to her 'it's obvious M. and W. can't stand the sight of me. I'll go away'. Viva ended by asking me to go into Cheltenham on a jaunt with them that afternoon and not be stupid so that he would stay. I said I wouldn't unless he asked me as I knew he wouldn't do that if he didn't want me to. However M. talked about our journey before it had been mooted at lunch and so I went tho' he didn't ask me.

I think the first faint psychological moment was reached a few minutes before we started when he ran quickly upstairs and found me on the landing in a little new hat which is too wonderful for words. He looked at me, perhaps for nearly the first time, with a peculiar boyish look in his eyes. My sins are sins of the spirit not of the flesh. We never lost consciousness of each other again that afternoon – at least I don't think he did – and we both pretended to be so admirably indifferent.

Anyway he bought me a pair of orange stockings and a little black purse – and Viva bigger presents and perhaps

he started a little – a very little flirtation on the way home in the train. Then Viva came to fetch me out to sit with them on the seat in the garden and I only sat about five minutes and then came in. The peculiarity – on looking back – is the very many times Viva came to fetch me and get me in. I wonder if he really had the heartlessness to send her for me.

On Saturday (11 July 1914) they spent the morning together in the drawing room while Margaret drew me. In the afternoon Viva came again and tried to get me to go up into the orchard with them to spend the afternoon but I went and lay down on my bed instead and I slept and that he knew I refused was quite obvious as he asked what I meant by sleeping in a stuffy room when I might have been in the beautiful air.

After tea they again retired and at about 7pm Viva came down and said H. wants you to go up and talk to him. I said 'Oh no', really and truly longing to go. She tried again twice and at about 7.30pm and said 'Go and tell H. he can have a bath whenever he wants one now'.

It was rather a poor excuse but it was too much with my inclinations and I went. When I got up there he jumped up and when my message was delivered he said he didn't want one at that moment. Then I was sure he wanted me to stop – wanted me frightfully to stop and so we stopped but Margaret the ever watchful appeared in less than five minutes with the news that the bath was ready and we went. I think after this time we were guilty it wasn't what we did or said, but what we thought.

That night I ran away to bed early but I carried with me a lot of his thoughts.

On Sunday [12 July] Margaret went away and we three were left. Viva again came, told me not to be silly and I was to go for a walk with them. I rather thought I wouldn't but he seemed rather determined so we all went for a walk. It seemed rather flat at first and he seemed cross and wouldn't talk to either of us, though quite devoted in a way to Viva but not talking. Presently we came to Hailes Pond and on it a raft to fish from.

We all took off our shoes and stockings and got on the raft which at once began to sink and Viva and I jumped off again. Then he wanted us to go on one at a time, but Viva was frightened so I went – I didn't think it an atom dangerous and we steered out into the middle and back.

Then he took Viva and flirted with her very much, trying to kiss her in the middle of the pond and the raft nearly going under and I walked away to be out of sight. In all this I was not guilty except that my feet are a much nicer shape than Viva's which I can't help and she suggested paddling.

We ran nearly the whole way home naked footed and then split up as I said I would go home the quickest way

and I went but got rather lost and only arrived in one moment before them in time, however, to receive a storm of swearing from father. H. came in, in the middle and did a great thing from him, tried to stop Father. Then after tea they disappeared together but after an hour Heseltine came back again and suddenly began talking about my deafness – I must get better he said it was impossible for me to go on in this way and he began to tell me a wonderful Swedish doctor who has discovered a new cure and said he would send me particulars. 'And if you get better' he finished 'will you promise to take up music?' Viva came in and I think he was sorry, anyway after supper when her embassy failed he came himself and fetched me out to sit in the garden with them. Then a strange conversation began – it was too long to write all down – it was about marriage, prostitution, harlotry, Christianity (he is a very strong anti Christ) but chiefly marriage and chiefly my marriage. He asked me a great many [questions] –

Winifrid Wood

1. On 4 July Heseltine travelled by pushbike from Cefn Bryntalch to Whitney-on-Wye, on 6 July from Whitney to Didbrook and on 7 July he borrowed Viva's motor bike to go to London for a Delius concert.

2. Heseltine was, in fact, 19 at the time.

3. This comment is most interesting. Winifrid was not the only person to notice this trait in Philip and Cecil Gray, later to become one of his closest friends, noted 'a streak of something akin to effeminacy, in him'. It is also significant to note that, according to Basil Trier, one of his close friends from the Oxford year, Philip 'had a deep fear of impotence and anxiety' when Trier first met him – a curious fear for a young man of nineteen in the middle of what appears to have been a highly passionate undergraduate love affair. Although Bruce Blunt (a friend in later years) claimed that Philip had no homosexual inclinations, he did, however, add that Philip had confided to him that 'he regretted he had not tried buggery'. Such comments perhaps hint at a touch of unacknowledged homosexuality in his make-up and his listing of works by authorities such as Edward Carpenter, Havelock Ellis and Krafft-Ebing in letters at this time also suggest a degree of interest in the subject, a possible manifestation of some slight sexual ambivalence. Ten years later Philip was still discussing the subject with friends. In April 1922 Sorabji wrote to tell him that he had an article on sexual inversion from the October 1921 *Medical Times*, written by a very distinguished and enlightened doctor, which he wanted to show Philip: 'It has been very highly praised by other medical men as well which is also highly useful and edifying.' It seems that by then Philip had happily accepted Sorabji's homosexuality and was quite at ease with his openness and frankness. Although Philip may have been exposed to homosexual practices at Stone House, Eton, and Oxford, there is no evidence of his having anything but a theoretical interest in the subject. He is recorded as having shown in public on at least one occasion an unsympathetic attitude towards homosexuality. His friend, the author Douglas Goldring (1887-1960), described an incident at the Café Royal when Philip, approached by an obviously gay young man, snarled at him, 'Go away, you dirty little joy boy!' a seeming over-reaction which might have its explanation in possible feelings of recognition or sexual insecurity.

4. Heseltine first went to Didbrook early in 1913. In a letter to his mother (2 March 1913) he mentions Viva for the first time. He took her to Stratford and taught her to ride a motor bike.

From Love Song to Love Child

The text of a speech that Malcolm Rudland gave after the Darent Valley Choir's annual dinner at the Darent Valley Golf Club, Shoreham, near Eynsford on 6 May 2004

In connection with environmental studies about Warlock in Eynsford, I am delighted to introduce you to this booklet on the subject, by your local Gwen Macintyre (still available at 50p). You will find it covers all the facts, but tonight I'd like to concentrate on how these facts have influenced me, so that I can offer you a revelation, suggesting all biographies of Warlock should be rewritten.

But first some music. Warlock wrote his six movement suite *Capriol* for piano duet, strings, and full orchestra. This 5th movement *Pieds-en-l'air*, is played by Vernon Handley and the Ulster Orchestra (CHAN 8808). Note the lovely flute descant not found in any other version.

It's wonderful belonging to a society with a website guestbook that prompts such comments about this piece as the following from Joseph Stoddart in New York:

Of all the music I've known in my 58 years, I would have everyone hear the 5th movement of *Capriol* which takes my breath away. When I get the disc out I have to replay those two minutes a dozen times. Ineffable stuff. Wondrous.

I myself was introduced to the music of Peter Warlock when a music student at St Paul's Teacher Training College in Cheltenham 1962-5. We had to prepare music for college concerts, and our assistant lecturer, Evelyn Webb, introduced us to a far wider range of repertoire than could be found in any music library. He suggested names of songs by Warlock, telling me that I'd like the piano codas. I was captivated. In my final year I chose Warlock as a topic for my long study, and this was greatly enhanced by meeting the local Painswick composer C W Orr, subject of a limerick that Warlock wrote that has earned me many a beer. I'm still open for offers afterwards! Wilfred Orr knew Warlock well, and I was riveted with personal memories of his life in Eynsford with the cats, the Maori factotum Hal Collins, whose grandmother was said to be a cannibal, and Warlock with two ladies in the same bed.

This latter story is also mentioned in Gwen's booklet. Do any of you know where it comes from? We always knew of Barbara Peache; and the poet Bruce Blunt, who inspired 'Bethlehem Down' and 'The First Mercy', has related that Warlock often paid the £5 for abortions of any girls he got pregnant. Word around Eynsford has suggested that some of Warlock's sperm may have got away and produced children in the village. I remember how Warlock's friend Augustus John said he [John] always tapped little children in Chelsea on the head - just in case one of them might be his! One suspected local Warlockian offspring was an

Eric Warlock, but our founder once met him in Eynsford and tried to get him to join our society. He declined saying he was more a Boulez man, and what's more he added 'Warlock is my real name'. Do any of you know of any other suspected offspring in this area? Well, last August, I met a real one, something of which I now have proof, but my punch-line tonight will not name him, though some of you may find clues to enable you to do so. If so, do not quote me, but I reveal a phone call of his to Rolf Harris which was once broadcast on BBC Radio 4's *Dead Ringers!*

In 1967, after teaching music in Cirencester, I was awarded a grant to study at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where I found a bunch of nutters had just formed a Peter Warlock Society. One of my first memories of them was a visit to Eynsford on 3 May 1969 when Eric Fenby unveiled a blue plaque to commemorate Warlock's and Moeran's stay next door to Munn the Grocer. Hence the epitaph that Warlock wrote for himself:

Here lies P Warlock, the composer
Who lived next door to Munn the grocer
He died of drink and copulation
A great discredit to his nation



Eric Fenby unveiling the plaque in Eynsford on 3 May 1969

Many people have written about the debauched 'legend' of Warlock in Eynsford but if one tabulates the musical work he achieved in his years here, you will see that the 'debauchery' could only be a small part of it. Here are two short contrasting compositions from his time in Eynsford.

Firstly, 'Sleep' for tenor and string quartet with John Mark Ainsley and the Nash Ensemble (CDA 66938). Note the Elizabethan vocal line with piquant string sounds, and note too how Warlock colours the word 'sliding' in John Fletcher's haunting poem.

Secondly, 'Maltworms' with Neilson Taylor and chorus with Jennifer Partridge (piano) (SHE 525). This was actually composed, as a joint venture by Warlock and Moeran, in *The Five Bells* pub.

Remembering the Eynsford plaque when I became Hon Secretary of the Peter Warlock Society in 1971, I felt Warlock should have a plaque where he died at 12a Tite Street in Chelsea. The idea presented itself at a

Purcell Room concert to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Warlock's death in 1980, compered by Antony Hopkins – the musician, not the actor, who once told me he narrated and conducted his own *John and the Music Man*, and noticed two elderly ladies in the foyer seeing his name in the programme. One said to the other: 'I don't suppose they can afford the real one!'

When our concert publicity was available, I was driving home via Tite Street with a few moments to spare, and felt emboldened to stop and tell the then occupier of No 12 about it. I was politely received by a retired military gentleman who admitted being a Philistine with regard to music. However, he did explain that his row of eight houses was built in 1935 on empty ground, and suggested that a call to the Town Hall might reveal the 1930 numbering. I found the old No 12 is now No 30. I called there on the way to the Purcell Room rehearsal on the morning of our concert on 17 December. Seeing a rubbish skip outside, I found workmen relaying buckets of rubble from the basement into it. Knowing that Warlock had died in the basement, I begged to meet the foreman, who kindly showed me round after I had explained my interest. He said they'd only just started work there, and the basement hadn't been lived in for maybe 50 years. It was easy to recapture the outline of the place as it would have been in 1930 and on re-reading the contemporary news cuttings and the inquest reports, it was easy to trace the exact corner where Warlock died. It was interesting to reflect that I had arrived at the flat at the exact time to the day when 50 years before, Barbara Peache had returned to find Warlock dead. The flat's new owner, Andrew Hamilton, joined the Society, bought a copy of Dr Copley's book, and said we could use the room where Warlock died for our committee meetings! As this was the actual property where Warlock died, we became eligible for a GLC blue plaque and after four years of negotiation this was unveiled on 10 December 1984 by Dr Ian Parrott.

Being half Hungarian, I then arranged for English Heritage to erect a blue plaque for Béla Bartók, as it was Warlock who was instrumental in bringing him to London for the first time in 1922. On the 75th anniversary of this event, 22 March 1997, David Mellor and Felix Aprahamian unveiled the blue plaque for Bartók at 7 Sydney Place in South Kensington in SW7, where the composer had stayed with Sir Duncan and Lady Wilson when in London.

In March the following year, the Royal Society of British Sculptors invited a talk from the distinguished Hungarian sculptor, Imre Varga. His seven-foot statues of Bartók already enhance public places in Budapest, Brussels, and in Paris where the square was renamed Béla Bartók Square. I proposed Varga made another Bartók statue, for London. This he completed in 1999,

when we started an appeal to fund the £25,000 needed. [*It was unveiled in October 2004: see Newsletter 75 p. 7*]

Independent of all this, in May 2003 another society, that of British Portrait Sculptors, awarded Imre Varga its silver medal, and the Hungarian Embassy threw a reception to which they invited a number of journalists, one of whom declined, expressing an aversion to Warlock's music. To me, this was a challenge to try and convert him.

When I saw this same journalist lecturing at the Chelsea Festival, 50 yards from my home, I went along and lent him a CD of Warlock's music.

Now, anyone who knows me well will not believe this, but it's true, I found the CD had been deleted, so I rang him to ask if I could swop it. We met on 3 August 2003, and I shall end here with the words I spoke to him on that occasion: [*All sanctioned by him for this Newsletter only. Ed.*]

Sir, after ten minutes here, you may ask why else have I come to see you apart from swopping the CD. I would answer I don't know, but something is drawing me to share some niggling potential association of ideas.

On 29 June, I deputised on the organ for the Sunday Service at St James Garlickhythe in the City. Had I not bought a postcard there, I'd not have known the Garlickhythe was the dock from where sailors took garlic to the saint's relic in Santiago da Compostella in north-west Spain. Purely by chance the following Tuesday, I found myself being drawn to watch a six-week TV series of your travels to that saint's relics. As each episode appeared to reveal more and more atavisms, I became curious of the potential coincidence of you being born on St Swithin's Day 1931, and a later declaration of you being a son of a composer who died before you knew him, and whose music you could not listen to. Might your feelings on losing a parent be the same as mine? My Hungarian mother, Marika Széll, died in my infancy, and I rebelled against all things Hungarian until 1971, when I was 30, and my father's mother had died leaving a wedding invitation from 1962 from a Széll in Hilversum, where I was about to go on a conducting course. This revealed all my mother's family, who now all welcome me with open arms. . . .

In *Newsletter 72*, pp. 2–10, Dr Rhian Davies was able to reveal a manuscript of Warlock's that had survived in the British Library for years, yet had remained unidentified. It was entitled *A Love Song*.

In a future *Newsletter*, may we be able to identify a surviving *Love Child* whom 300 members in 14 different countries would all welcome with open arms...?

After my speech I went round each table asking if my clues revealed my interviewee. There were no suggestions.

Malcolm Rudland

Another Heseltine admits lineage

My great grandfather was a second cousin of Warlock's Uncle Evelyn and I had partially known of his involvement with both the village and church at Great Warley whilst slowly updating my father's version of our family tree. When reading his diaries my father confirmed a strong belief that there was a family connection with the Heseltines and Peter Warlock in particular.

However, until I saw Great Warley church [see p. 17] I had certainly not appreciated the extent and the generosity, with which Evelyn Heseltine had both built it and endowed it with such gloriously decorated furnishings in memory of his brother Arnold, Philip Heseltine's father. The inscription in the church reads:

THIS CHURCH WAS BUILT IN THE YEAR AD 1902 TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER ARNOLD HESELTINE BORN 18 JANUARY 1852 DIED 13 MARCH 1897

My father was, and for that matter I am, a Heseltine in all but name, there having been two step-fathers and grand-fathers in the family tree whose names were given to the offspring of their wives' first marriages. Thus it was with joy that I found the copy of the known Heseltine family tree in the side chapel under a picture of Evelyn, much of which confirmed my own researches, but excluded several branches on my side of the tree.

My own musical background stems from Durham Cathedral, where as a boarder at the Chorister School we were to some extent able to join in with the choristers' activities and attended services in the Cathedral twice every Sunday. My own father, Miles, an Egyptologist, resembled Peter Warlock in so many ways, especially in the woodcut by Hal Collins that was reproduced on the programme for the concert, and appears at the top right hand corner of the front page of this Newsletter.

Evelyn Heseltine's grandfather and Miles's great great grandfather were brothers. Thus he is, or was, of the same generation as Nigel Heseltine. Miles played the lute and recorder and was always arranging music for a variety of consort groups which of course included my mother, Eileen, who was a soprano, trained as a 'cellist at the Guildhall School of Music, and rated Edward Elgar as her best-loved composer. So I suppose it was inevitable my early 'musical appreciation' developed into a love of English church music, which in turn has translated itself into the research and performance of English psalmody and carolling traditions with a 'west gallery' quire.

I was glad to read Keith Gould's article on Warlock's genealogy in *A Centenary Celebration*. Meanwhile, I am researching a newly discovered branch within my side of the Heseltine family and I shall hope to produce a more documented account of it in a future Newsletter, and to make an updated Heseltine family tree available.

Edwin Laming Macadam

Henry Morgan



Henry Morgan (1635-1688)



Captain Morgan's Rum

All Warlockians know of Henry Morgan, from the punch line to every verse of 'Captain Stratton's Fancy': 'Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan'. But how many know who Henry Morgan was? The only clues from Warlock's setting of John Masefield's poem of the same name in *Ballads and Poems* (1903) are that he had something to do with Jamaica and rum. Warlock set five of the seven verses in Masefield's poem, but his original subtitle was *Rum*, one of *Two True Toper's Tunes to Troll with Trulls and Trollops in a Tavern* (the other one was 'Mr Belloc's Fancy'). They were published in 1922 when Harvey Grace wrote in *The Musical Times* 'Mr Warlock has rattling good tunes and full-blooded accompaniments'.

However, in 1926 Warlock wrote to Colin Taylor:

On 'Captain Stratton's Fancy' - my most popular song, an absolute pot-boiler which has been published in three keys, gramophoned, [Peter Dawson and Gerald Moore] and continually broadcast, I have had less than £3 in four years. [£91.50 in today's money]

Warlock's drinking songs were eventually to overshadow his more intimate songs and in July 1940, Gerald Cockshott, later to become our first Chairman, wrote 'What a pity he only wrote one 'A Frostbound Wood' and all those songs about beer'. In 1975, Trevor Hold wrote that 'Captain Stratton's Fancy' was 'a bellicose bellowing if ever there was', and in 1989, in his 'English Solo Song - guides to the repertoire' (Duckworth-Thames) Michael Pilkington declares it to be 'One of the best drinking songs ever'. In 1996, in his book *Peter Warlock the composer* our present chairman, Dr Brian Collins, wrote that this song:

... certainly appears incongruous when placed alongside *The curlew* or 'The full heart' but, once any aesthetic problem of approaching what is, unequivocally, a drinking song has been set aside, the piece can be seen to exhibit many aspects of Warlock's style that, in other circumstances, must be deemed perfectly respectable.

At 11pm on Friday 3 December 2004, BBC Radio Four broadcast the tenth in a series of *Great Lives* with Lucinda Lambton, photographer and broadcaster, and David

Cordingley, formerly of the National Maritime Museum, discussing with Humphrey Carpenter the life and legacy of Captain Henry Morgan. I am most grateful to the producer, Peter Everett for helping me prepare this article.

We learnt that Henry Morgan was born in Wales in 1635 from a family of gentlemen and colonels and he married into the grandees of European society, but had no children. Some of you may know of Captain Morgan's Rum, (I've just bought some in Kuala Lumpur airport!), but much of what we think we know about him turns out to be wrong. He wasn't a pirate, he didn't rob galleons and he never buried any treasure. He wasn't even a good sailor. But he became a legend in his own lifetime. Although many pirates of this time did come from Wales 'perhaps the Welsh nature encourages freelancing and freebooting', Morgan always sailed with 'letters of marque' in wartime, making him a privateer. At the age of 20 he was made an ensign on an expedition sent by Oliver Cromwell (with a batch of 'useless' men) to capture territory in the West Indies from the Spanish. His first successful raid there was on Jamaica where, for the British, he established Port Royal, the most strategically key base in the Caribbean. He settled there, and six years later the then Governor of Jamaica, Sir Thomas Nodiford, sent him to capture Santiago, the second city of Cuba. By the age of 30 he was described as 'awful and majestic in countenance, and no one could look on him without veneration'. He had developed a passion for drink and had a pointed black beard (Did Warlock know this?).

Once at one Council of War on Morgan's flagship when all were drunk and firing guns in celebration of a successful raid, he narrowly escaped death when the powder magazine exploded leaving five captains and 250 men dead. Morgan failed at several attempts to salvage this flagship, but it has recently been discovered on the seabed, so more about its captain may yet be revealed.

Although Lucinda Lambton feels that Morgan ranks with Cortez, Pizarro and Drake, the truth is that he was not really a good sailor, more a solid upright soldier who led amphibious army attacks with amazing clear energy in difficult conditions. When he attacked Venezuela, he deceived the locals into thinking he was landing thousands of men. But, all those men seen to arrive ashore were sitting upright in rowing boats on the shoreward journey, and lying down in the bottoms of the boats when they returned, only to immediately be sent back as a new batch of men.

However, Morgan's successes were challenged by his being prone to making unwise outspoken comments about the powers-that-be which would have made him well at home with the present-day crowd at *The Spectator*.

Nevertheless he became 'The Admiral of the Brethren the Coast' a loose confederation of seamen that planned raids when commissioned to do so, of which those on Portobello and his last and most ambitious epic raid on Panama in 1670 were the most notable. For his raid of Panama he sailed his men to the eastern side of the isthmus and led them through 50 miles of jungle to confront Panama City. But the local Governor, Don Juan, reacted by setting fire to the town, and Morgan, who had not wanted this, was arrested and shipped back to England with the Governor of Jamaica and accused of diverse barbarous acts. Morgan was exonerated but his friend the governor was imprisoned in style in the Tower of London for two years.

Exuding amazing charisma, Morgan was knighted and made Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica. He returned there to create a line of forts known as 'The Morgan lines', of which Fort Charles still exists. He acquired three estates; one of 1,200 was later named 'Firefly' when owned by Noel Coward (and yes, there is a Noel Coward Society www.noelcoward.net). Although Morgan was a friend and patient of Dr Hans Sloane, also then resident in Jamaica. But when Morgan was 53 he was treated by a local doctor for the ill effects of drink. Learning that Morgan had earlier been cured of jaundice with injections of goose dung, this doctor decided to inject him with urine and plaster him with clay, from which treatment Morgan (unsurprisingly) died in 1688. He was buried in Port Royal, but in 1692 an earthquake and tidal wave uprooted all the local graves and deposited them in the sea, where it is assumed he must still be resting.

As soon as I read of the BBC programme in *Radio Times*, I wrote to the producer asking if he knew of Warlock's setting of Masefield's poem and might slip it in? I suggested he try the EMI Warlock Centenary Album: Robert Lloyd on CDM 5 65101 2 track 21, or Ben Luxon's Warlock Songs: on CHAN 8643 track 12. He replied:

Dear Malcolm, Thanks for this. I wish I'd known about the Masefield poem earlier! As it is, we're ending with a version of the song 'Spanish Ladies' (together with an anecdote) so I can't even smuggle it in as an afterthought. But I'll know next time. Best wishes, Peter.

However, one question the programme did not answer was 'Who was Captain Stratton?'. Neither David Cordingley nor Lucinda Lambton had come across that name in their researches into Henry Morgan. So who was the bold mate of Henry Morgan? Was he Captain Stratton, or, was it the rum that was Morgan's old mate?

Malcolm Rudland



Once upon a time in a land *with* music

It was on an amazingly warm November day in South Kensington more than a year ago when, on my way home to Barnes on a red London bus, I caught a glimpse of a blue plaque which bore the name Béla Bartók.

I was then in London for five months studying English literature and music at Roehampton University as an Erasmus exchange student.

Only months later, when out of curiosity I made some enquiries into Bartók's relationship to Britain, did I learn of the composer Peter Warlock and how he had helped plan Bartók's London début in 1922.

Later on, listening to my first record of work by Peter Warlock, I at once fell in love with his immensely emotional and moving music, especially the *Serenade written for Frederick Delius on his sixtieth birthday*.

Filled with enthusiasm, I asked several of my fellow students and teachers if they had ever heard of a composer by the name of Peter Warlock. The response was not encouraging; only one of my friends had played some guitar arrangements of his songs during her schooldays. This was the moment when I first got the idea of devoting my thesis in some way to Peter Warlock.

May I introduce myself now as a student of musicology in Leipzig, the German city where Johann Sebastian Bach worked as choirmaster of the Thomaskirche. It is a very musical city but often marked by a very well developed cultural conservatism, and the same applies to my university. Many courses focus on the German-Austrian and East European tradition of classical music, whereas my own sympathies lie in an appreciation of such things as French impressionist music, and Vaughan Williams's *Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1*. The tendency of many German musicologists to underestimate British musical culture, and to deny many British composers any artistic initiative of their own, only strengthened my desire to write about Peter Warlock in my final dissertation. This was in order to refute the perception of Britain as a 'land without music' which has lived on in the minds of too many German musicologists since Schumann's article in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and to help Warlock gain a higher degree of fame in Germany, as I could not find one single German library that had any literature on Warlock.

In my dissertation, I want to concentrate on Warlock's compositional as well as his journalistic activities. In various music analyses I intend to demonstrate not only that his musical language was influenced by several European composers, such as Béla Bartók and Bernard van Dieren, but also how he fused them together into a distinctive personal style. Some of the songs Warlock composed during his stay in Ireland in 1918, as well as his masterly setting of 'Sleep', are, I feel, just the right compositions to show this.

Naturally, Warlock moved with the times and at the beginning of the 20th century Britain's musical life was full of movement. The search for an authentic national musicality led to what later became known as the 'English Musical Renaissance'. The quest to find the roots of a national music to set against that of Germany became louder and louder and were finally answered in one way or another. Some composers integrated folk-song elements into their music, others used the music of the Tudor period as a source of inspiration. Warlock did both. His contribution to the revival of music from the 'golden age' should not be overlooked, as I will try to make clear in my analysis of the harmony, melody, rhythm and structure of my chosen songs of *Lillygay*, and the 'Cradle Song' of 1927.

But Peter Warlock was not convinced of his own value as a composer and reviver of early music. In a letter to Fritz Hart dated 10 October 1924, he complained:

If only one had sufficiently little critical sense to believe in one's own works! But then I was always critic first and composer a very long way afterwards – hence these grizzlements.

It is, however, thanks to Warlock's activities as a reviewer for the *Daily Mail*, *The Musical Times* and his own magazine *The Sackbut*, that I will be able to present in the second part of my thesis the perspective of a British music scholar on the richness of British music making, and the relationship between British and German music. Warlock's dispute with Joseph Holbrooke in the magazine *The New Age* (No 1160, p. 134, dated 3 December 1914) is worth mentioning, especially in this context. Warlock's arguments might surprise the academics assessing my thesis as they are contradictory and require some qualification:

. . . and since the death of Wagner and Strauss – (yes, they are both quite dead) – Germany has produced no music of any significance whatever. Twentieth century musical history is being made in England, France and Russia alone.

However, Warlock wrote in the same magazine only three years later, on 14 June 1917:

. . . we hear a great deal about British music, in the abstract, but when our enthusiasm has been roused to the point of demanding actual specimens of those masterpieces that have given rise to such eulogy, there are singularly few to be found.

Whatever may be correct, at least one thing is for certain: that Schumann was mistaken and Britain is not a land without music. Peter Warlock is the best proof of that!

Sabine Koch

How I first came across the music of Peter Warlock

... which is perhaps not quite the same as 'How I first became a Serious Warlock Aficionado' (for many the two may well have occurred simultaneously, but for me it was more a case of a gradual trail of discovery). The story begins in the uncertain mists of obscurity some fifty years ago, and although I can recall the occasion, the exact timing of it eludes me. All I can say is it happened during my later years at primary school, between the ages of 9 and 11 in the mid-1950s. I remember that as a special treat the older pupils were taken to an afternoon concert (probably at Goldsmiths College in south east London), where a mixture of musical fare was presented. The only item on the programme leaving a lasting impression was a jaunty, bright song sung by a rather jolly middle-aged man with a balding head. In it, as I recall, 'the birds they sang (this, that and the other)' was a recurring strain which quite delighted me and stuck in my memory. I can't be 100% sure, of course, but I'd almost be prepared to put money on the song being none other than 'Yarmouth Fair'!

So, an isolated incident of little real significance, perhaps, and the first knowing encounter came several years later when I was in my mid-teens (I say 'encounter' as it was with the PW name, rather than the music). Being suddenly fired by an intense interest in music at that age (as one often is!), I bought myself *The Observer's Book of Music* by way of trying to learn a bit more about the subject on a general level. In it there was a section on composers near the end, and the entry for Peter Warlock (whose name I hadn't previously come across) stuck in my mind, not because of what it said about his music, but for an arresting statement which went something like: 'Died of coal gas poisoning, some say by his own hand'. To a somewhat innocent and naïve teenager, who had little awareness at the time of such things as depression and suicide, I found myself asking 'Does this mean he actually killed himself, then? Why would he have done that?'. One smiles at such unknowingness now, but from then on the name of Warlock was fairly firmly lodged in my brain!

My third encounter was a real one in that it gave me a proper introduction to the music of Warlock. This took place in 1966 when I had just made the Great Discovery of English Music – not via the more predictable route of Vaughan Williams, but through a chance hearing of Butterworth's *The Banks of Green Willow*. Having been awakened to a whole new realm of music, it wasn't too long before I made a start exploring English Song, and being a not too well off pharmacy student, I did this by splashing out on a budget-priced Saga LP of an anthology performed by Janet Baker and Martin Isepp. This contained two Warlock songs 'Balulalow' and 'Youth'. Oddly enough, at the time 'Balulalow' (which many would consider the superior song of the two) made no impression

at all, whereas I was captivated by 'Youth' immediately. I have wondered since exactly what it was about the song that grabbed my attention so much, and I have a sneaking suspicion (through having a strong penchant for Music Hall material) my delight stemmed from the opening bars which seemed to take the form of a bouncy and sophisticated 'till ready' (indeed, they haunted me for a long time, and over thirty years later I used them as the basis for an organ/piano piece entitled *Mirth and Play*).

I still wasn't completely hooked on Warlock at this stage, although the net was widening all the time, of course. The real turning point came a year later when I was reading Colin Wilson's excellent book on music, which had an extended chapter on English composers. Warlock comes in for special praise, and what spurred me on to investigate him further was the sentence: 'In my opinion, this (*The Curlew*) is possibly the finest piece of English music written in the present century'¹ Well, with an accolade like that I just had to hear it! Luckily the Argo LP with Alexander Young's fine performance was still available then. I quickly acquired this, and having been bowled over by *The Curlew*, it wasn't too long before I was discovering the twelve songs on the other side (which again left an enormous impression once I'd got into them).

There has to come a point with an article like this where the writer is expected to conclude with something to the effect 'the rest is history'. In my case, after being 'seriously smitten' in 1967, events rapidly followed on from one another: reading the Gray memoir of Warlock (and how potent a read that was at the time!), hearing *Capriol* and the Delius birthday Serenade, buying up as many of the Warlock songs that were still in print then, etc. etc. The final word goes on the Society – I had just joined the Delius Society around that time and had formed an impression there was also a Peter Warlock Society in existence. However – and bearing in mind how much harder it was then to track things down in the pre-Internet era! – I found the Society a bit elusive until I eventually made contact with the late John Bishop in 1971 (whereupon I promptly joined – but of course!).

John Mitchell

John Mitchell is our Hon. Treasurer. He qualified as a community pharmacist in 1968 and now lives and works in East Kent. He has been a keen amateur musician for most of his life, and spends much of his spare time now – when not engrossed in the Society's financial affairs(!) – either as Music Hall pianist for the Marley Players at Broadstairs, or as principal accompanist for the Canterbury Operatic Society, recently completing a run of Fiddler on the Roof at Canterbury's Marlowe Theatre.

¹ Colin Wilson *Brandy of the Damned* Pan Books Ltd London 1967 p.156

Publications

The Collected Letters of Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine) [4 volume set]

Edited by Barry Smith

ISBN: 1843830809.

1584 pages, 37 black and white illustrations
£200

£160 to members up to 30 June – Society members are offered this 20% discount if they quote the reference 04209. Order at www.boydell.co.uk, or: trading@boydell.co.uk, or by post to Order Department, Boydell & Brewer Ltd, PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 3DF (Tel 01394 610600)

Boydell and Brewer announce this publication:

The composer Philip Heseltine (1894–1930), better known by his pseudonym 'Peter Warlock', is one of the most fascinating characters in twentieth-century English music. Educated at Eton and Oxford, yet musically largely self-taught, he is considered by many to be one of the great English song-writers. But besides being a composer, he was also an important pioneer editor of early music as well as the author of a number of books and numerous articles for newspapers and journals. His eccentric life-style, his outspoken comments and writings about music, as well as the mysterious circumstances surrounding his death, have all ensured that the 'Warlock legend' has not lost its fascination over the years. During his short life he was a prolific and highly articulate letter writer and some thousand of his letters have survived. These the Warlock scholar and authority Barry Smith has edited with copious annotations and footnotes as well as generous background material.

See Fred Tomlinson's review on pp. 13–14

Achillbeg – The Life of an Island

by Jonathan Beaumont

ISBN 0 85361 631 0

£16.50 including postage, cheques to Jonathan Beaumont. Order from 9 Kenilworth Avenue, Lisburn, Co Antrim BT28 3UG, N Ireland. For payment in euros, dollars or by credit card, please enquire at: jhb171@aol.com.

Peter Warlock appears under 'Famous Visitors' who also include Sean McBride, the Nobel Peace Prize Winner and a Minister in the Irish Government, and Dr Douglas Hyde, Ireland's first President and a 'noted Gaelic scholar'.

Dr Rhian Davies will review this in the next Newsletter

By the same author *Rails to Achill* (also £16.50) is about the scenic West of Ireland branch line from Westport to Achill, the very one Warlock travelled on, in fact!

New Peter Warlock Critical Edition

edited by Michael Pilkington

Volume I – Songs 1911-1919 (High Voice)
Volume II – Songs 1911-1919 (Medium Voice)
Volume III – Songs 1921-1922 (High Voice)
Volume IV – Songs 1920-1923 (Medium Voice)
Volume V – Songs 1923-1928 (High Voice)
Volume VI – Songs 1923-1926 (Medium Voice)
Volume VII – Songs 1927-1928 (Medium Voice)
Volume VIII – Songs 1928-1930 (Medium Voice)

published by Thames (A division of William Elkins)
£9.95 each plus postage

£9.00 to members from Elkins (Tel 01603 721302) or: sales@elkinmusic.demon.co.uk – see offer sheet enclosed

Of this new edition, Dr Brian Collins writes:

When Peter Warlock's music went out of copyright in 1981 a door was opened to prepare a new and comprehensive edition of his songs. Enthusiasm and a desire to make material accessible to as wide a clientele as possible resulted in the transposition of many items to fit a 'medium voice'. But Warlock, while accepting it as a fact of life, frowned upon transposition and would rather rewrite a piece than have its pitch altered wholesale. In this new edition, meticulously prepared by Michael Pilkington, Warlock's original keys have been maintained on the evidence of the holographic sources or first printed editions. These printings are as close as possible, verbally and notationally, to the composer's intentions.

Mark Wildman and Geoffrey Pratley will review these in the next Newsletter

The Video/DVD of the Bartók statue unveiling

Directed by Maurice Kanareck

published by Fogarty Films

in VHS Video and DVD format

£22 each (either VHS or DVD-R) including postage

Cheques payable to the Peter Warlock Society to be sent to Malcolm Rudland, 32A Chipperfield House, Cale Street, London SW3 3SA, mentioning which format you prefer.

See Humphrey Burton's review on p. 12

Also from Fogarty Films directed by Maurice Kanareck

The Video/DVD of *The Bracelet* by Chelsea Ballet

set to Bartók's Mikrokosmos 148–153

Arranged for brass by Chris Mowat

Choreographed by Ross Barker Chesteron

£22 each (either VHS or DVD-R) including postage

Obtainable as for the Bartók statue unveiling

This will be reviewed in the next Newsletter

The Video/DVD of the unveiling of the Bartók statue

[for details on how to acquire a copy, see p.10]



London Transport did us proud



Sir Charles Mackerras conducting *Mikrokosmos 153*



'I hope . . . this will be a beacon . . . to other artists of creativity'



'This wonderfully eccentric ceremony'



'An anti-immigration protest of some kind?'



David Mellor's debut as a viola player



The last bar of 'Bransles'



Peter Laki sings 'Ó, vad madár, ne sírjál tovább!' 'O, curlew, cry no more in the air' from Warlock's *The Curlew*

'A wonderfully eccentric ceremony'

The indefatigable Malcolm Rudland came up with another smashing event last autumn when a handsome bronze statue of Béla Bartók was unveiled just outside South Kensington station. Peter Warlock championed and befriended Bartók in the 1920s when the Hungarian composer lodged in the borough. (Bartók also made forays further afield, as a plaque in my local church here in Aldeburgh proudly confirms.)

The Peter Warlock Society commissioned this video, which is just as well because if we didn't have this entertaining record some might well doubt the veracity of those who claim to have seen David Mellor and Michael Portillo on the same cultural platform. Mr Mellor rightly put his finger on Bartók's eternal freshness as the reason for his durability among the great 20th century composers. He praised Imre Varga's full-length bronze portrait for its humanity; it preserves an image of the still youthful Bartók at the fruitful period of the 1920s when he composed much of his finest music. Mr Portillo (still the local MP last October, but since re-launched by BBC2 as a perfect Wagnerite) charmingly extolled the virtues of his constituency, describing it as a sort of London Left Bank, a stronghold of composers and writers.

Brass players under Eric Crees, the Brompton Oratory Junior Choir under Ian Coleman and Chelsea Ballet, choreographed by Ross Barker-Chesterton, were on hand to celebrate in the streets, most closed off for the occasion by Chelsea Police. Valiant was their performance as double-decker red buses were trundling past with uncharacteristic frequency and regularity, accompanied at the outset by Richard Rodney Bennett's lilting Waltz from *Murder on the Orient Express*. An appropriate choice of composer (Bennett is President of the PWS) and a nice visual pun: for express train think London omnibus.

The picturesque aspect of the occasion reached its climax in a musical procession through the streets led by 'The Pied Piper of Chelsea', as the Hungarian Ambassador credited the stalwart if unlikely-named Daniel P. Gillingwater. Two red-coated and much-medalled Chelsea Pensioners carried a banner emblazoned *Warlock in Chelsea*. Was this perhaps an anti-immigration protest of some kind? If local residents were perplexed they didn't show it. Plucky voices battled to be heard in that perennial Warlock favourite, 'The Cricketers of Hambleton'.

After what looked like a splendid picnic, the sizeable crowd repaired to St Luke's Church to witness a concert which offered more tranquil memories of Bartók and Warlock. Malcolm Rudland conducted the Guildhall Brass Ensemble, and the Chelsea Ballet gave us a darkly melodramatic interpretation of the last six of Bartók's *Mikrokosmos* arranged for brass by Chris Mowat. One of Mr Rudland's pupils played 'An Evening in the Country'

by Bartók to remind us of his precious work as an educationalist and the gifted Elysian String Quartet offered two Purcell Fantasias, as edited by Peter Warlock long before the cult of early music began. In the second, David Mellor made his viola-playing debut with a constant open middle C in the quintet *Fantasia upon one note*. Mellor's distinguished predecessors in Warlock-inspired events include John Amis and Sir Charles Mackerras.

A peak of pleasure was reached when Mr Mellor changed into a white-tuxedo jacket to read a description of El Cid's last foray against the Moorish enemy while dead and strapped to his horse. El Cid, that is, not Mr Mellor. The music, strikingly performed and with a fine contribution from the St Luke's organ, was from the film score by the eminent Hollywood composer Miklós Rózsa. One wasn't quite sure of the relevance to the theme of Béla Bartók in Chelsea. Perhaps Rózsa, a fellow Hungarian, had also resided in Chelsea between the wars, when he worked for the celebrated producer Alexander Korda. Apparently the organ featured in *El Cid* was recorded in the nearby Westminster Central Hall.

The video produced by Michael Fogarty Associates offers a pleasing cocktail of musical sound-bites rather than a hearty meal but with three cameras, the director Maurice Kanareck has captured the spirit of the occasion, so that I kick myself for not having attended it in person.

Bartók's reputation is riding high in the 21st century. In *The Mail on Sunday* on 10 April 2005, the ubiquitous David Mellor reviewed Pierre Boulez's 80th birthday all-Bartók concert (*Four Orchestral Pieces* [1921], the First Piano Concerto [1926] with Daniel Barenboim, and the *Concerto for Orchestra* [1943]) at the Royal Festival Hall:

I have always loved Bartók . . . When, finally, after the collapse of Communism, his remains were being taken back to Hungary with great ceremony, I spoke at a concert, with his two sons beside me, on the evening his coffin docked at Southampton. Subsequently, I unveiled both the blue plaque at the house in Chelsea where he often stayed and, last year, the charming statue adjacent to South Kensington tube station. Yes, Bartók means a lot to me, and never have I been more certain of his greatness than at this magnificent concert.

For me, the enduring highlight of this Video/DVD is of the almost-octogenarian Sir Charles Mackerras conducting one of Bartók's Bulgarian folk song settings with characteristic vitality and glee.

To conclude, it is heartening to know that thanks to the efforts of Malcolm R, the PWS and above all the gifted sculptor Imre Varga, Béla Bartók will henceforth be remembered in London in a thoroughly dignified manner.

Humphrey Burton

The Collected Letters of Peter Warlock edited by Barry Smith

When Malcolm asked me to review these four volumes for the Newsletter, my first thought was 'lumbered'. The vast majority I knew I had seen before, indeed Barry had first seen them from my photostats or originals, but when I started reading them in print I was bowled over.

I was barely half-way through the first volume when I just had to phone South Africa to tell Barry what a terrific job he had done. He told me he had once almost given up hope of finding a publisher, but it is now out, thanks to Boydell & Brewer, of Woodbridge, Suffolk. (Longstanding members will remember Woodbridge from one of our PW jaunts to East Anglia). These excellent four volumes are really a must for PHellowPHiloPHiles.

There are over a thousand letters. One must wonder at the quality that made people keep them. His mother obviously would, but Delius (FD), receiving a fan letter from a 16-year-old, and Colin Taylor (CT), responsible for their meeting, each did, for which we are deeply thankful.

Being a chart man, I had to tabulate them all, to make it easier to look things up. So I apologise in advance for using initials to save space.

The letters are in chronological order, and the preambles summarising each year add up to a most succinct biography. Footnotes throughout explaining names, nicknames, vague references, etc, are all elucidated in painstaking detail, drawing from a vast all-round knowledge. Barry was not without help, of course, not just from fellow-nutters, but from librarians worldwide – London, Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Cologne, Capetown, Texas and Melbourne.

The pictures will mostly be familiar to you, but we have another treat to come when Dr Rhian Davies completes her 'Pictorial Biography'. She too has done an incredible amount of work of research all over the place. We are fortunate to have such devoted colleagues.

Volume I (1899 to 1911) Letters 1 to 234

Until 1911 nearly all these are to be to his mother Edith Heseltine until 1903, when she married Walter Buckley Jones, hereinafter EBJ & WBJ.

Nicknames make a very early start. His mother was DARLING MOVIE (pronounced 'muvvie' to rhyme with 'Covie' short for Covernton, her maiden name) from her loving SONNY ALLY SLOPER GOLLYWOG FROGGIE SHEEPSKIN BLIGH (not all at once!).

From his years at prep school from 1904 and Eton from 1908 these were gradually toned down. He was writing dutifully every week, possibly in danger of being overlooked, but they remained very dutiful and loving.

Even from these early days we can learn much about PH and EBJ. She was deeply religious and made sure he

was too. The school had its chapel and services, but fortunately other music as well. Although fiercely competitive, as was Eton later on, there was a leavening of other music, plays, visiting lecturers, and so on. Although frequently baffled by promotions to higher classes, he coped well, always being above his age group.

Although successful at school, he looked forward to holidays. He got all the information on coming concerts and operas. In December 1908 he asked EBJ to get seats for *The Ring* and *Mastersingers* (£1 each).

These early letters show much about PH and EBJ. She was very overbearing, and was always moaning about short letters, whether he was working hard enough, etc. When he put the Apocrypha on his Xmas present list she hoped it wouldn't lead him to neglect his study of the bible.

There are several gaps in these years; eg. 1907 only has half a dozen from 20 September to 20 October. There must have been many more. Presumably they were lost in Nigel Heseltine's worldwide peregrinations.

PH shared with his stepfather, WBJ, a passion for Wales and railways. As early as 1903, when he was on holiday with his aunt in Whitney-on-Wye, he was planning a railway magazine with his friend Nigel Bannerman. NB was a close friend for many years though they went to different schools. There's a lovely story about him in when NB heard he had been expelled from Malvern College but didn't find out why till much later. It is an amusing story and found its way into Michael Arlen's novel *Piracy*. I won't spoil it – get Barry's book.

1911, of course, was the first major turning point in PH's life. The Delius concert in June changed everything. Music came first. Unfortunately the chosen course in Cologne was a technical drudgery nothing to do with music.

Volume II (1912 to 1915) Letters 235 to 718

Cologne was abandoned, and a career in the Civil Service meant 'cramming' for Oxford.

The first person, Rolt, had three different addresses that year. The second, Allen, was Vicar of Didbrook and there PH fell in love with Olivia Smith (VS. Viva for short).

By this time Delius had become a father figure. PH's step-father was useful on railways and, later, mo-bikes, but more personal matters were raised with FD.

PH was always hopeless about money. From childhood he had lived with affluence and couldn't manage his accounts to EBJ's satisfaction, particularly when his mo-bike broke down. £20 was supposed to last him four months. He had obviously been upbraided for overspending. The details are fascinating, 92 years later. 'Taxis (which appear to me the worst extravagance!) 4/6'. (For non-Oldies that's 22½ pence).

Cramming was successful and he was at Oxford in October 1913. He had promised to write to VS every day. He didn't quite manage that after the first week or two, but of the 95 letters from Christ Church, 66 were to VS.

I must quote one particular outpouring: 'What a curious mixture of sexes you and I make! The feminine in me responds so often to the male in you! And do you not see how I should be the mother of the fantastic children of our union?'

His affair with VS led to various subterfuges in letters to EBJ, pretending he had mistaken the date he should return to Christ Church so he could go to Didbrook etc.

By mid-1914 he was sick of Oxford, and with the approaching war it made it easier to persuade EBJ to save money by letting him study in London at UCL. There's a lovely description of London in the blackout.

1915 was a very hectic year, excellently summarised by Barry: Beecham, *The Musical Times* article, Café Royal, Puma, D H Lawrence (DHL), 'the Swiss Miss' etc.

Volume III (1916 to 1921) Letters 499 to 718

Obviously, with a thousand letters and appendices to print, decisions about divisions have to be made, but very important happenings connected the end of 1915 and most of 1916. In October 1915 Puma became pregnant. So while all the DHL, Garsington, Cornwall experience was happening, she was expecting a child. Back in Chelsea, a son was born. He was called Peter. Although they were not living together, they married in December 1916 and Puma and her son were looked after by EBJ at Cefn Bryntalch. We do not know when Peter changed to Nigel he was still Peter in 1917 but by 1926 Nigel was sending his father socks for Xmas!

After the financially disastrous concert for Bernard van Dieren (BvD), PH returned to Cornwall, but not to DHL's place. He must have taken up with his wife again, as they were together during the 'Irish Year'.

From Dublin most of the letters were to CT, describing his *Folk Song Preludes* and in 1918 after his month on Achill Beg, back to Dublin, dabbling in the occult, meeting W B Yeats, etc, but most crucially '10 songs in a fortnight'. All this time he was greatly concerned about BvD, whom he thought was dying. Winthrop Rogers (WR) had turned down BvD's *Netherland Melodies* as being 'shockingly bad workmanship'. PH thought it would be an excellent revenge if he could get WR to publish his own songs. To preserve his anonymity he used the name Peter Warlock.

Back in England, he chose Maida Vale (Maida Hill it was at first). The success of the PW songs led to a better relationship with WR, and WR agreed to let PH take over

the editorship of *The Organist*, changing its name to *The Sackbut*.

Journalism took up most of the following year or two, but these years were interrupted by sundry trips. He had often been abroad, but in 1921, with Gerald Cooper, he embarked on a tour that took him to Marseilles, Algiers, Biskra (with a 3-day excursion in the desert), Tunis, Naples and Rome. Then came Budapest, meeting Bartók and Kodály, and Vienna, meeting FD's publishers *Universal Edition*.

His travels hadn't helped *The Sackbut*, as Curwen had appointed a new editor, leaving PH penniless. He had to SOS EBJ to rescue him and soon he was back in Wales.

Volume IV (1922 to 1930) Letters 719 to 1001

This decade is probably the best known period of PW's life. The years in Wales, Chelsea again, Eynsford, Pimlico and finally Chelsea have been well documented, but it is nevertheless fascinating to have more details.

Despite his troubles he never stopped helping others – proofreading for FD, plugging for Sorabji, Orr, CT, etc.

In Wales he gave himself more time for his own work, resulting in the *Peterisms*, *Lillygay* and the final *The Curlew*, plus many articles and the book on FD.

Particularly interesting are letters to Robert Nichols in Hollywood, George Thewlis, who transcribed the missing part-book of the Thomas Whythorne book, André Mangeot who helped with various transcriptions, and Arnold Dowbiggin whose tireless work digging out PW's articles after his death was a boon to us all.

Back in London Bruce Blunt features prominently, leading to *Merry-go-Down* and some of PH's finest songs.

The Imperial League of Opera, like several Beecham ventures, fizzled out, but the few issues of its magazine MILO tell us much about the successful Delius Festival.

An Epilogue gives a number of letters reacting to PW's death, followed by a Select Bibliography (7 pages) and Index (47 pages).

We all give thanks for this memorable achievement, and I sign off as Philip would have done.

With all good wishes

Ever yours

Philip Heseltine

and Fred Tomlinson

Events

Warlock in Sussex

On Saturday 1 May 2004, the Warlock Society was offered its grandest event since the 1994 Savoy Centenary when David and Mary Bowerman opened their home to the Warlock and Elgar Societies and the John Ireland Trust.

David, a retired farmer with a devotion to English music, is Chairman of the Elgar Foundation, and my first introduction to their Sussex home, Champs Hill was in May 2001, when I was invited to an Elgar event there.

It nestles in 27 acres of woods and gardens with streams, bridges, and at various places abstract and animal sculptures by artists such as Helen Dennerly, Sandra Bell, Caroline Russell, Peter Logan, and one by Philip Jackson overlooking a wonderful vista of the South Downs in which David is sculpted perusing an Elgar score.

Also in the grounds, David and Mary have built a 150-seat Music Room where they hold regular concerts for their friends. Around the walls are original paintings of 20th century British artists from the Newlyn School, and also from Stanhope Forbes, Augustus John, Lowry, Stanley Spencer, Graham Sutherland and Laura Knight.



Before the concert and lunch, coffee was served, and maps were available for the Warlockians to see Vine Cottage, Steyning, where Warlock stayed with Victor Neuberg of the Vine Press; for the Elgarians to find Brinkwells; and the Ireland Trust to find his windmill near Storrington.

The concert at 1pm featured Nathan Vale, a third year tenor from the Royal College of Music, who sang a group of Warlock and Ireland songs, accompanied by Graham Johnson, a regular at Champs Hill, who had just flown in from Vienna after a night out with Bryn Terfel! 'Fair and true', 'Jillian of Berry', 'Passing by', 'Pretty ring time' and 'Sleep', were all projected with style and panache. The highlight of the concert was the Brodsky Quartet playing the Elgar Quartet, and this came across as if it was one of the most favourite items from their repertoire. However, the quartet was interrupted in the third movement when a member of the audience collapsed and an ambulance had to be called. Fortunately the victim was a doctor and when he came round he was able to tell the medics what to do. I am happy to report he later recovered.

After the concert, the sumptuous lunch including champagne and salmon perfectly matched the ambience that David and Mary had most charmingly created for us. A day of opulence and elegance to remember.

Malcolm Rudland

Warlock at Trinity College of Music 110th Birthday Concert

These concerts, initiated in 1985 by Nigel Foster at the Royal Academy of Music, have since continued annually at various music colleges. It is amazing the variety of content each college offers and this was no exception. Hosted by Trinity College of Music, who also hosted our concerts in 1987 and 1998, this one was held in their vast new beautiful Old Naval College Chapel on 4 Nov 2004.

Conceived by Sean Farrell, this concert was described as a reflection on the contribution of Peter Warlock to the use of melody and English Song by students of the Brass, Composition, Keyboard and Vocal Faculties, and featured organ music from *A Paean for Peter Warlock*.

The well-designed printed programme gave all the words of the songs and a good two pages on the work of our Society, but no officer of the Society was in attendance. However our founder, Pat Mills, gave a well-focused vote of thanks, and we were able to mingle with the students afterwards and find they had enjoyed learning the music.

Initially the concert promised works by Trinity's Composer in Residence, Errollyn Wallen, but even though nothing transpired from her, the concert did feature some very enterprising composition students who had set words that Warlock also set. So we had 'Robin Goodfellow' in Warlock's version, then Frank Bayford's *Robin's Dance* for organ, and then a setting by Dan Millest in which all the herbs were musically blended in a potpourri of styles. My favourite new composition was John Chambers's setting of 'The Cloths of Heaven' in which the wistful hopes of the beloved were musically held in a delicate balance between expectation, submission and denial.

However, only one performer of any piece from *A Paean for Peter Warlock* appeared to understand the roots of Warlock. Stephen Moore gave a spirited performance of John Mitchell's *Mirth and Play* capturing all the innocence of 'Youth', the jollity of 'In an arbour green' and the vitality of 'Lusty Juventus', the songs upon which the piece is based. Although the song 'Rutterkin' was given a spirited performance by Robert Burlton (tenor), the organ *Prelude, Intermezzo and Fugue* on it by Anthony Ingle omitted the fugue (the best bit) and did not show that the performer, Robert Broad, knew the quotes from Warlock. In Betty Roe's *Leave me at the Fox Inn*, Esther Chun kept a 16 foot pedal throughout, not realising that the solo on and offs were to focus the melody of the song.

Of Eric Crees's Brass *Capriol*, all the tuning and ensemble was accurate, but the tempos and sense of dance were not appropriate, so it was fortunate that the name of the conductor was not mentioned in the programme.

Malcolm Rudland

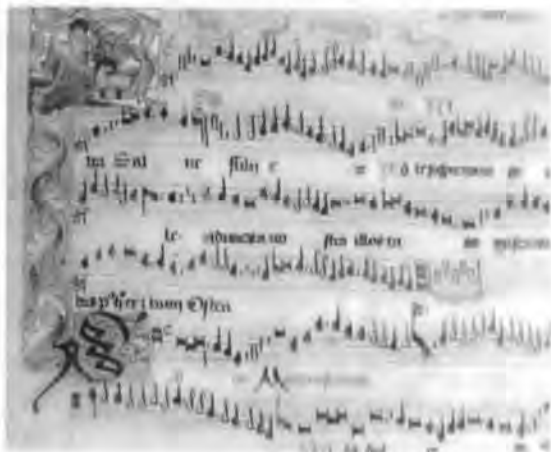
Events

Warlock at Eton

Musica Etonensis

Music and Musicians from Eton 1440-2004

Opening Concert 25 April 2004 and Exhibition in
Brewhouse Gallery, Eton College to October 2004



To launch their exhibition from April to October last year (see below), Eton College put on an amazing feast, featuring music by their alumni, of all but one of which Eton has the manuscript. It ranged from excerpts from a 15th century choirbook (above) to a trombone solo by Matthew Knight (b.1986), a scholar in his final term.

In between were works by Thomas Arne, Sir Donald Tovey, Lord Berners, Hubert Parry, Roger Quilter, George Butterworth and two delicately performed Warlock songs 'Mourn no moe' and 'My lady is a pretty one' sung by Jonathan Kanagasooriam with a string quartet.

Malcolm Rudland

Floreat Etona

[abridged and reprinted from The Spectator of 4 September 2004 and reproduced here with kind permission]

You do not have to be an Etonian to gain pride and much entertainment from this exhibition in the shadow of College Chapel. The chapel is central to the story, and Eton's influence on English music was unchronicled until Richard Osborne wrote *Till I End My Song: English Music and Musicians 1440-1940: A Perspective from Eton* (Cygnets Press 2002). The show derives from his research and from material unearthed during the recent rebuilding of the Music Schools by his co-curator Jack Rozman.

Eton, like other mediaeval schools (two seals show that its statutes were based on those of Winchester College, 1394), was founded as a music school. When, in July 1455, Henry VI delegated responsibility to the first Provost and Fellows, he made them promise that they would complete the chapel (achieved by 1480) and maintain it with four chaplains, four clerks (one organist) and eight choristers. No mention of the famous 70 'poor

and indigent scholars', who still today live 'stalled' like cattle in college – unlike the fee-paying oppidans in the many houses, each of whom has a room to himself – a social humiliation from which few 'tugs' recover.

True to its musical foundation, music at Eton has flourished fitfully but persistently down the years, and never more so than at present. Thanks to a diplomatic Puritan provost, the choir survived the Roundhead wreckers of the Protectorate, when even surplices were banned as an offence against 'the law and liberty of the subject', while singing was reduced to a diet of psalms.

The most public musical contribution Etonians have made is to our national anthems. Thomas Arne wrote the music for 'God Save The Queen' and 'Rule Britannia' (both performed in 1745 to bolster national pride in the face of the Jacobite threat; hence some very un-PC verse about the Scots). A.C. Benson wrote the words of Elgar's 'Land Of Hope and Glory' and Hubert Parry wrote the music of 'Jerusalem'. Cecil Spring Rice also wrote the words of 'I Vow To Thee My Country', which some asinine bishop has recently declared racist. Various effects are gathered together for the first time in celebration of this under a draped but one hopes not ironic Union Jack.

Other Etonians celebrated who may ring bells are Robert Bridges (his portrait by the underrated C.W. Furse is the best on view), George Butterworth (one of 1,160 Etonians killed in the first world war), Roger Quilter, Lord Berners, John Christie (founder of Glyndebourne) and such living legends as Julian Slade, Humphrey Lyttleton and the philanthropist Sir Peter Moores. Oddly, unlike other public schools, Eton has yet to produce an A-list pop star. Perhaps this is why the curators rather primly dismiss 'Rock' and 'Pop' (so why not jazz?). By contrast, the counter-tenor Michael Chance and musical director of the Temple Church, Stephen Layton, are among those who currently distinguish 'European art music'.

There are a number of amusing flies in the ointment, including the opera-loving (Italian therefore unacceptably dissolute) womanising Roman Catholic Arne. Also Peter Warlock (born Philip Heseltine), aesthete, sexual predator (according to Aldous Huxley), composer, calligrapher and versifier. One of his more printable limericks concerns the critical panjandrum Ernest Newman:

Said a critic initialled EN
'Why does my wife like young men?'
A friend said, 'You fool',
Don't you know that the tool
Is mightier far than the pen?

John McEwen

[As I wandered the exhibition, I couldn't help calculating that Warlock had more space allotted him than any other Etonian! Ed.]

Events

Great Warlock at Great Warley

Warlock for civilians at the Great Warley Centenary Saturday 18 September 2004

Imagine my surprise, when searching the internet for my family name 'Heseltine' (see also p. 6) to be directed to the Great Warley church website, not only to find details of the church itself, but details of a concert the following evening. And, if this were not enough, the concert was not only to celebrate the centenary of the church, dedicated in memory of Peter Warlock's father, but was to be a programme of music by Peter Warlock himself. Just too good to be true, a hasty telephone call to Gerarda Solomon confirmed not all seats were taken.

So, cancelling all else, my wife Sheila and I arrived with time to spare – which indeed we needed because, prepared as we were by eulogistic reviews of the church in guide books, there is no substitute for seeing the real thing, just as there is no substitution for live music.

Sitting towards the back of the church was probably the best place to be, for it afforded an all-round view, from the low-relief plaster panels which are effectively the ribs of the barrel-vaulted nave roof, past the brass and mother-of-pearl pulpit and reading desk, through the rood screen with its bronze roses, and so through the choir and past the organ casing (requiring further study) to the triptych behind the altar and the figure of the risen Christ, which to me dominated the entire evening's performance.

Other personal factors to the evening were my father's musical achievements and our family's involvement with music in church, before the Oxford Movement insisted on doing away with village bands and singers and replacing them with surpliced choirs, and along with them the old psalmody and music so beloved of country people. Running as we do a west gallery quire of singers and instruments in Warwick, and researching local composers, there is a strong link back to the church musicians who were the fore-runners of the rather more florid tunes which eventually heralded their downfall.

John Arnold was one of these, he and his father living in Great Warley; John was obviously leader of the local singing society, probably also of the village quire, which sang from the back of the church, and eventually in the west gallery which was undoubtedly placed under, or just in front of, the tower of the old parish church, judging by the picture currently hanging on the west wall of the present St Mary's Church. As a travelling country psalmist and singing master, he wrote knowledgeably about the correct way of singing and his view of harmonising tunes. His published books contained not only collected tunes by other composers, but his own compositions as well, of which I hope to write more later.

Thus it was with heightened emotions that we sat

and listened to a lively recital by Stephen Varcoe, accompanied by Malcolm Rudland on piano and organ. They presented a musical biography of Peter Warlock, in which Stephen interspersed stories and anecdotes of Warlock's life from birth to death with some sixteen of his songs, and with others which influenced the composer. Linking these were six short organ interludes, ably and sympathetically played on the church organ by Malcolm Rudland, and written by composers who in turn had used Warlock's songs as a starting point for their own homage to a promising young man who died in uncertain circumstances at the early age of 36.

The illustrative songs were beautifully sung and well projected by Stephen Varcoe, and his historical background to Warlock's life (including curious sidelines into his personal life) was presented in a very charming manner. It vividly brought to life Warlock's musical character as it developed, from his rediscovery of early English music and his careful interpretation of the styles he found there, including the texts he used for some of his songs, from the anonymous 'Jillian of Berry' quoted c. 1610 by Beaumont and Fletcher in their play *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, to 'Piggésnie' (16th c.), through the years when his development was influenced heavily by Delius, the folk song connections 'Yarmouth Fair' and Warlock's collaboration with E J Moeran 'Maltworms' and finally to his reworking of an earlier choral piece 'Bethlehem Down' for baritone solo and organ which, although the words were written by Bruce Blunt, who we are told had no religious feelings, is to my mind one of his most moving and deeply-felt pieces of music I have heard.

Perhaps the enigma in all of this comes from the words of a song which Peter Warlock composed in 1918, 'My gostly fader', wherein Charles d'Orleans, (d. 1465) used the word 'fader' to mean a spiritual confessor. To Warlock, who could never have really known the father who died when he was two years old, but who did know of the church his uncle had built in 1904 in his father's memory, it must have been incomprehensible that none of the family inheritance came his way on the death of his uncle in April 1930. No wonder the Coroner gave an open verdict on Peter's own death the following December.

Edwin Laming Macadam

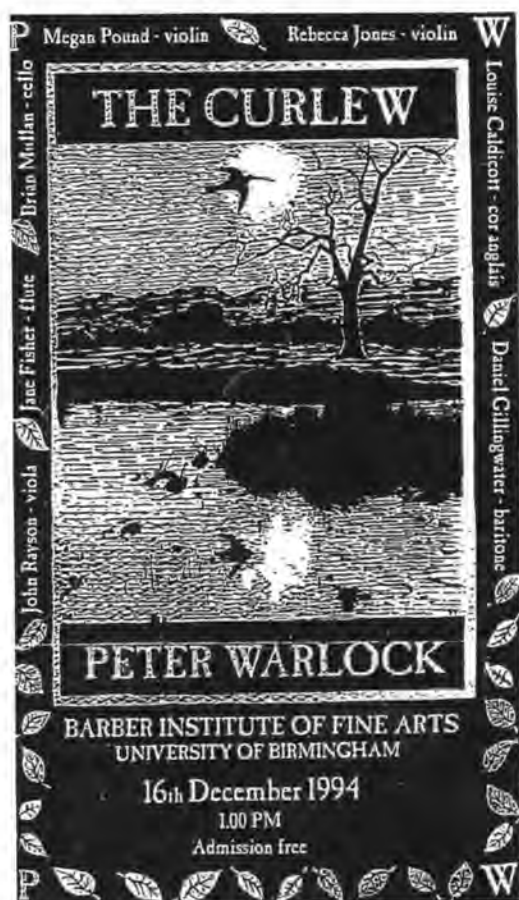


Events

Gillingwater plucks another Curlew

On Tuesday 22 November 2004 Danny Gillingwater stood in at short notice for the third time to sing *The Curlew*. The first was through sudden ill health, the second through bad planning, and this time he replaced Anthony Rolfe Johnson who did not feel well enough to sing it in the Duke's Hall of the Royal Academy of Music.

Ten years ago on 16 December 1994 at the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at the University of Birmingham, the ever-youthful Danny Gillingwater not only sang his first *The Curlew*, and drew one over a moonlit estuary, for the concert's publicity, He also fixed his band!



This later appeared as the cover for the study score of *The Curlew* with two-stave reduction of instrumental parts by Fred Tomlinson and Michael Pilkington, published by Thames in 1994, and it was used again in the edition with a Hungarian translation by Vera Rószka in 1997. This multi-talented artist has also danced a fairy in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, sung Tony in *West Side Story*, fronted three jazz bands (eg. The Sloane Square Syncopators), sung with the Hot House Orchestra for the Hong Kong changeover, sculpted many busts of children (and busts of women), and painted many portraits (e.g. Sir Geraint Evans, Felix Aprahamian, John Amis, Alun Hoddinott), and he now plays piano in his double-act

Red and Ginger. We just await his turn to taxidermy, when he will doubtless stuff a curlew.

In March 1997, the tenor Nicholas Sears was booked to sing *The Curlew* with *Gemini* at the Queen Elizabeth Hall as part of the Warlock and Bartók celebrations surrounding the unveiling of the Bartók blue plaque in South Kensington. Two days before the concert he fell ill, and after many agents had searched for a replacement, Danny was the only tenor who knew it and was free. Nicholas Williams writing in *The Independent* said:

Gillingwater's voice, uniform throughout its range and mellow in colour, was well suited to the work's heavy atmosphere. In the monotone line of the second song, 'The Lover Mourns for the Loss of Love', he held a steady pitch. The third and longest song, with its haunting refrain of 'The boughs has withered because I have told them my dreams', perfectly caught the tone of loss and despair that is the work's most telling feature.

Also, in *Newsletter* 61, p. 13, Dr Brian Collins wrote:

... such an emotionally complex and intensely demanding work cannot be put down and picked up again at will. Perhaps it was the resultant fragility that made the vocal performance so affecting because while the singer must, of course, be totally familiar with the notes, too assured a rendition negates the neurotic tensions inherent both in Yeats's text and Warlock's setting of it. The mood-swings between anticipatory gloom 'Your breast will not lie by the breast of your beloved in sleep' via tense stasis 'Pale brows, still hands and dim hair' and fantastic frenzy 'I know of the leafy paths the witches take' were powerfully drawn such that I, for one, look forward to another Gillingwater *Curlew*. The instrumental component... was sensitively played and many features of the writing with which I thought I was familiar came over as new and revelatory.

With such reviews, Gillingwater watchers, waiting anxiously for his next appearance to be a billed West End *Curlew*, were going to be disappointed, for the next London *The Curlew* to come to our notice was scheduled for a Coffee Concert at 11am on a Monday morning in the 2000 Chelsea Festival, where it was to be followed by Salmon Tasting at Partridges, the grocers opposite! A student, David Curry, had been booked by the Chelsea Festival on the strength of his Countess of Munster Award to study at the Royal Academy of Music. Less than 48 hours before the performance, the Chelsea Festival asked the Warlock Society to find a replacement. The Royal College of Music claimed that Mr Curry had not told them about his *Curlew*, and felt they had a prior claim on him for a joint venture in the London Royal Schools Opera, when one of their rehearsals clashed with the *Curlew* performance.

Now we know that Warlock wrote disparagingly about the Royal College of Music (see Vol. 3 of Barry Smith's Four Books of Warlock letters, p. 23, letter 512, lines 6-7) [see review of the books on p. 13; details on p. 10], but, when the then Head of Mr Curry's Royal Academy of Music's Vocal Faculty, Mark Wildman, was approached about the problem, he wrote:

This is really the matter of a contract between Mr Curry and the Chelsea Festival, but, had I been approached, I could have given a more considered response, and offered the services of a singer well versed in the Warlock *genre*, rather than those of an operatic tenor, splendid though he may be.

The work in conflict was Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, in which Mr Curry was to sing Tom with critical acclaim. Perhaps a strange contrast for a tenor to be singing with *The Curlew*, until one realises Alexander Young created the part of Tom in 1951 and then went on to make the first LP recording of *The Curlew* in 1954. The instrumental ensemble to accompany Mr Curry had been booked on the strength of their playing *The Curlew* at the RAM 1997 Birthday Concert, following which Brian Collins wrote *Newsletter* 62, p. 15, that they were 'almost too accurate in the fantasias as some of the neurotic quality was lost'. However, by the time the names were released for the Chelsea Festival, there was only one

survivor, the leader, and there was no conductor, as at the RAM. Sadly, the instrumental component of this performance lacked any sense of direction, and sounded insecure as if merely note-bashing, and it was later discovered that the event had taken place without all the performers having rehearsed together before the day! However, it did give Danny his second chance to offer *The Curlew* at short notice, and his mellifluous voice resounded well around the wonderful acoustics of Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, Chelsea.

On Tuesday 22 November 2004, at the Royal Academy of Music, Danny Gillingwater's plea for the curlew to 'cry no more in the air' dispelled the grief and regret that had permeated the opening fantasia in more ways than one, and when he was freed of the instrumental accompaniment to 'wander by the edge of this desolate lake' in the final unaccompanied song, a confidence grew that made me know that his top A on 'hurl' was going to be ringingly secure. As the song-cycle ended, he left us with that gaping feeling of haunting despair as he tormented us with 'Your breast will not lie by the breast of your beloved in sleep'.

We can only wait for some promoter to realise that here is a voice that needs to have his own billed *Curlew* with proper rehearsals.

Malcolm Rudland



Two curlews as depicted by Andrew Bax, our Manchester postman member, who is allegedly related to Arnold. He drew this on a holiday in the Hebrides after walking Hanna, the family's dog, a German Pointer, when they were mobbed by a pair of curlews who were possibly protecting their nest.

Events

Warlock and Messiaen

On 14 December, I joined the congregation at All Saints Church, West Hill, SW15, for the Annual Carol Service of Prospect House School. Despite the fact that my son Jonathan is in charge of the music at this Putney prep school, and I am exceedingly proud of what he has achieved over the last few years with the boys and girls and don't mind boring people to death with the details, you may wonder what in fact this has to do with PWS or why it might interest its members. The reason lies both in the fact that Malcolm Rudland played the organ (Martin Neary was waiting in the wings, but was not needed) and also that we heard four Warlock pieces.

The temptation to sing 'Bethlehem Down' was resisted, and, among items from John Rutter, Martin Shaw, Howard Davies *et al* and some very affecting readings we were treated to 'Balulalow', 'Adam Lay Ybounden', a clean, in-tune and 'together' 'The First Mercy' and finally a lovely performance of 'The birds' from these very young singers. What a feast for an addict as myself!

But on this occasion, there was more. Before the service Malcolm played his own organ arrangement of *Capriol* with, in turn, verve and sensitivity, followed by Messiaen's *Les Bergers* from *La Nativité du Seigneur*. This was on the church's marvellous 'Father' Willis organ presented in 1889 by the brewer, JD Charrington. The organ stool was first occupied by Otto Goldschmidt (1829-1907), pianist, composer and founder of the Bach Choir, as well as being vice-president of the RAM.

The instrument is, unusually, basically untouched since it was built, although it was overhauled in 1960. Its registration to my untutored ears seemed ideally suited to the Messiaen, as it did to one of its meditational companion pieces, the composer's *Les Anges*, played at the end of the service. [*Messiaen often demands registrations not usually found on 1889 organs, but for these two pieces, strangely, all was available. Ed.*] This music, to me angular yet essentially naïve, seemed to reflect the essential simplicity of the service. Those who knew that they were on to a good thing remained seated for this and Bach's Chorale Prelude on *In Dulci Jubilo*.

Afterwards, Malcolm and I drank his health in nearby licensed premises, and as this review follows one I did for the church service at the Welsh AGM Weekend of 2002 (*Newsletter* 71, pp. 3-5), he told me I should now regard myself as the religious correspondent of this Newsletter.

I reflected on how lucky I had been to experience Warlock's and other good Christmas music performed so well, mostly by the very young, but also on this occasion by the rather more mature in years.

Julian Baker

Warlock in Eynsford

Warlock Singers at St. Martin's Church, Eynsford

To celebrate Warlock's name and to place his music in its true local setting, a new professional band of singers has been formed in Kent – the Warlock Singers. Energetically conducted by Graham Dinnage (with Stephen Haylett, pianist and organist), the group specialises in 20th century English music in the south-east. Their debut concert took place at St Peter's Church, Limsfield on 21 December (a mixture of Warlock, Britten, Vaughan Williams, Leighton and Rutland Boughton), all repeated the following evening in Eynsford.

Graham Dinnage has certainly created a remarkable formula here: a group of voices, perfectly attuned to the style, background and atmosphere of Warlock's music – that almost indefinable blend of English lyricism and mediaeval purity. Their interpretation of 'Bethlehem Down' took us back in time, as if Warlock himself (in tweed jacket) were sitting at the back of the church, reflecting on the stillness of that cold December night.

Yet there were other fine things performed at St. Martin's that evening, not least the well-known 'Adam lay-ybounden', and a particularly delicate rendition of 'I saw a fair maiden' – surely one of the sweetest and loveliest of Warlock's tunes, and as immediately appealing and attractive as the simple, clear sound-world of his Nursery Jingles. The ease of this music, its restful, restrained gentleness, and economy of scale makes it (to my mind) the very best of English music and among the best work of this composer. It is music that, for want of a more academic description, seems to put its arms around you – and I am sure that Warlock would not mind if I described it in such a way.

Graham Dinnage's performers put me in mind of a rural version of the BBC Singers – his voices occupying not the stale air of a metropolitan BBC studio, with its microphones and specially-invited audience, but the clear, 'free' air of an ancient place, where music can echo, drift and circulate. The crystal-clear voices – particularly of the lady performers – could have found no better venue.

Graham's fluent and well-constructed introductions had all the information one would have expected from a BBC continuity announcer, but were delivered from the heart and without a script. Yet it would have been very special if someone at the BBC had decided to despatch a producer and sound engineer down to Eynsford that evening to record this remarkable little concert. Must *all* Radio 3 relays be from The Barbican or Bristol?

I cannot wait to hear more from the Warlock Singers. May their work carry them far, and on the strength of this concert I am sure it will. [*See p. 35. Ed.*]

Stuart Millson

Events

A Day out with Fred and Bartók

If you want to get ahead, get a hat. That was the theme on 22 January 2005 outside South Kensington station for the dedication of a new inscription for the statue of Béla Bartók by the Hungarian sculptor Imre Varga.



Chris Sreeves

The mastermind behind the event and our conductor, Malcolm Rudland, was sporting a cap redolent of the swinging sixties*, so much of which had been celebrated in the vicinity. [*Actually San Francisco 2004. See p. 32. Ed.]



Chris Sreeves

János Keszei, Professor of Timpani (possibly in C and G) at the Royal College of Music, was wearing a dark fedora.



David Facsar

And of course the man of the moment, Bartók himself, was topped off with a fedora in a lovely shade of bronze.

[This photo of the Bartók statue is with a scarf in Hungarian colours, added by Danny Gillingwater after Chris left for The Wellesley Arms. Ed.]

Having read an account of last October's Bartók Statue unveiling in a well-known satirical magazine, I had been keen to see for myself what had attracted the attention of the national media. It was a cold January morning when Fred Tomlinson and I (sadly both hatless) set out for the

ceremony. We arrived before the pubs opened, so we fortified ourselves with coffee in a local brasserie.

We took up our positions in plenty of time for the scheduled 12.30pm start, but it was 12.45pm before Malcolm arrived at once launching the band into Warlock's *Four Cod-pieces*, followed by *Capriol*. The Guildhall Brass Ensemble, old hands at this sort of thing, were not fazed at all. They were joined by percussion from the Royal College of Music under the proud gaze of their behatted professor, also a veteran collaborator with Malcolm from March 1997 when Malcolm conducted him in Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion and celesta* at the QEII.

Following a long speech from the Director of the Hungarian Cultural Centre (no hat) and a long but heartfelt one from Danny Gillingwater (no hat, but has been known to wear one), a Bach chorale was played in tribute to Felix Aprahamian who had died the previous week. Through this we sat shivering respectfully.

By now Fred felt he could take the cold no more but I managed to convince him of the delights in store at the promised 'Warlockian Social'. We at once set off for *The Wellesley Arms*, anticipating the usual heaps of Melton Mowbray pies and Stilton cheese with lashings of Ruddles County Ale – Warlock drank nothing else apparently. For a change, the festivities this time consisted of a lot of men standing around watching Southampton play Liverpool on the TV. (It finished 2-0 to Southampton.) However, after a couple of pints, some food and a chat with some fellow Warlockians, Fred and I had forgotten the cold weather and were eventually reluctant to leave.

As we had left part of the way through the performance, although I understand it is customary among some members of the musical press to review events at which they have not been present [see p. 27 Ed.], I am unfortunately unable to tell readers about the Chelsea Ballet or any miraculous happenings during the procession to *The Wellesley Arms* [see Saint PW on p. 34. Ed.].

Well, what is going to be next from Rudland Enterprises Unmitigated? Can he come up with another such occasion? Whatever it may be, I doubt that Malcolm will be keeping it under his hat.

Chris Sreeves



David Facsar

Roy Morton as the Gigolo in Chelsea Ballet's *The Bracelet*

CDs

Frederick Delius

arrangements for piano 4 hands by Peter Warlock

On hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring, Summer Night on the River, In a Summer Garden, A Song before Sunrise, North Country Sketches, Dance Rhapsody No 1 & No 2
Noriko Ogawa and Kathryn Stott

CD : BIS-CD-137 (DDD) Total Playing Time 72' 51"

[Adapted, revised and reprinted from the Delius Society Journal No 135 Spring 2004 pp. 64-67 and reproduced here with kind permission]

It has been fascinating to me to listen to this disc – I have known several of these Heseltine arrangements (here understandably marketed under the name of Peter Warlock) for over fifty years, and in some cases they provided my first introductions to the music I grew to love so dearly. Yet such were the difficulties of finding a sufficiently gifted and sensitive partner that it is not until now that I have really heard how they sound when expertly played; indeed the elusiveness of a Delian pianistic soul-mate compelled me in the end to turn several of Heseltine's (and my own) duet arrangements into piano solos. I am astonished to realise the total extent of Heseltine's work for Delius – there are three versions of *In a Summer Garden*, for two pianos, piano duet and piano solo (I made only two), then the rest of the works on this disc, the piano reductions of the last three concertos and *Hassan* (some in two versions), a two-piano version of *Brigg Fair* and an unpublished short score of *The Song of the High Hills* and much else.

Noriko Ogawa and Kathryn Stott both play these arrangements with tremendous aplomb and exemplary clarity – the disc is worth hearing for 'March of Spring' alone – throbbing with life, as the composer wished. They play extraordinarily well together, even managing some synchronised *rubatos*. They are most scrupulous in observing the written text, including all markings of tempo and dynamic, but this leads me to wonder whether they realised the minefield they were entering in undertaking this project. I say this for two reasons – it turns out the Heseltine texts are absolutely littered with errors; also Delius was notoriously unable to explain how he wanted his music to be played, and following his written directions is often not the best way to do it (as Beecham well knew). It is to the credit of Ogawa and Stott that they have detected some of these errors: for instance they have restored most of the 'Scotch snaps' missing from my text of the *North Country Sketches* 'Dance'. But there are four harmonic errors on the first page of *secondo's* part of this piece, all of which they faithfully reproduce, just as I equally faithfully reproduced them in a solo version I made at a time when the full scores were unavailable, imagining them to represent an advance in

Delius's harmonic idiom. So frequent were the errors uncovered during the course of listening to this disc and examining the texts that they caused long phone conversations with Mr. Robert Threlfall.

I must congratulate these players on the way they manage to bring out the entry of the cuckoo in the first piece, while maintaining the smoothness of the quite new development of the Norwegian folk-tune. I never felt able to do this with only two hands and more or less gave up the attempt, feeling that to maintain the mood was more important than to be literal. The later direction 'rather broader' (for the last full appearance of the folk-tune) is a good example of the difficulty of hitting the right tempo in Delius: I have never been able to feel that it works to play the passage much slower, as is rather laboriously done here, and take some comfort from the fact that Beecham also ignores the instruction. The same applies to 'working up to the original Tempo' in *A Song before Sunrise*, which Beecham also ignores – it sounds ponderous if started this slowly. A more serious case is in the *North Country Sketches* 'Dance', where these players arrive at a funereally slow tempo in bar 73 (four bars before fig. 28 in the score). But who can blame them? – it is the result of Delius's repeated directions in the preceding bars to play more slowly. Personally I am convinced that one of these directions must be a mistake, and certainly most conductors make some kind of adjustment here.

The question of tempo is a vexed one. Ogawa and Stott play much of this music very fast – their timing for *A Song before Sunrise* is over a minute shorter than Beecham's and for *In a Summer Garden* over three minutes shorter than Mackerras's. Of course there may be something to be said for taking a faster tempo on a non-sustaining instrument, but the mood remains paramount. This is what I feel is missed in the first *Animato* of *Summer Garden*, which fairly rattles along, and I do not feel they capture the moments of inward rapture towards the end. The players know the score well enough to arpeggiate a harp chord (not so indicated by Heseltine) in the second bar after fig.18, but I wish they had also noticed that there is a crucial E natural in the chord which Heseltine has inexplicably omitted. Another wildly fast passage in their performance is the first *Vivo* in the *Dance Rhapsody No. 1*. It should surely be exuberant rather than showy, but at least this is not as bad as Percy Grainger's treatment of the same passage in his 2-piano version. I recently performed this in Switzerland and found that he had converted this *leggiere* passage for cellos and basses into a whirlwind of double octaves for the second piano; in fact the whole score is full of the most extraordinary changes in Delius's textures, dynamics, and

My copy has several pasted-on emendations, as I could not bear to play what Grainger had written. After the *Vivo*, our players get a very good relationship between the varying tempi – no easy task – and it all sounds wonderfully dancey and clear. The solo violin variation, which Heseltine described as the most exalted moment in Delius's work ('wonderful, causing tears'), is beautifully balanced and together, but could have been even slower. I was curious to know how Heseltine would arrange the final variation (which almost demands two keyboards), but it sounds thin – not the players' fault – partly because Heseltine has omitted the opening kettle-drum flourish and the first eight notes played in unison by the six horns, though they are easily within reach of *secondo's* hands. How could he have overlooked this – in a place where the maximum noise is needed?

Another vexed question is that of the ties. What is to be done (by both arranger and performer) with long-held tied notes, especially in the bass of the orchestral texture, which are bound to soon die away on the piano? Heseltine is very inconsistent in the way he deals with this problem, sometimes omitting the ties or suggesting a gentle repercussion, but more usually leaving the performers to their own devices. The endings of *Summer Night on the River* and 'Winter Landscape' are highly unsatisfactory, as one is here left with the sound of one note of the final chord instead of the whole chord. The most crucial case is in bar 36 (2nd bar after fig.18) of 'Winter Landscape', where the upper strings swell to *forte*, leaving the lower notes to die away helplessly unless something is done about it. This is one of several places where I feel the performers could have taken matters into their own hands. I should also mention a whole bar is missing from this piece, due to the tape editor confusing two different Ds.

It strikes me again how good Delius's music can be made to sound on the piano – in a way that some other composers' (Elgar's, for instance) cannot. Lovely though his orchestration is, there is something about his music that transcends it, and I think one reason may be that so much of his music was inspired by his own improvisations at the keyboard. I would like to take issue with the writer of the introductory note, who suggests that Delius had not much to contribute to the keyboard, and that there is little connection between his writing for the piano and that for orchestra. In fact Delius in his maturity developed a unique way of writing for the piano – I mean those ongoing rhapsodic chordal passages of changing harmonies, using differing spacings and registers, and paying scant attention to any imagined need for 'movement of parts' or a coherent bass line. What could

be more inspired in this way, and more perfectly suited to its medium, than the final page of the song 'To Daffodils'? Delius often uses this style and it reaches its apogee in the 'Cello Sonata. Moreover he manages to make this technique highly effective on the orchestra, as in *Song before Sunrise* and *First Cuckoo*. In the final three chords of the latter, the 'bass' moves directly from a B flat on the second violins to a note two octaves below on the double basses, a manoeuvre obviously inspired by keyboard improvisation – and there are many other such.

I am not so sure that I want to take on board the idea, also mentioned in the note, that the end of *A Song before Sunrise* represents an 'idealised cock-crow', even though it seems to have come from Fenby (it was also mentioned by Rob Cowan on Radio 3 recently). If it is so, it must be a very distant cockerel, for the woodwind figure is marked *pp* by Delius (though not, unfortunately, by Heseltine). Anyway, our players make no bones about it and wake us up with a startling thump on the C major *sforzato*, followed by a call to arms – I hope this idea does not gain currency as I feel this is basically one of Delius's quiet endings, and is so treated by most conductors. Again the central section of this piece really demands a relaxation of the tempo (though not marked by Delius) otherwise it sounds clattery – there is a moment of magic to be found where the strings play 'on the bridge'.

Another tricky issue in playing transcriptions is how to represent such things as string *pizzicati* and soft drum-taps. These days the fashion has swung towards extreme dryness, and I often feel the very sounds they are trying to imitate have some degree of resonance and duration, and Delius in the 2nd *Dance Rhapsody* writes some of his bass *pizzicati* as minims. Fortunately my feelings towards Ogawa and Stott are not quite so strong, but the tendency to dryness is there, even in *portamento*. Maria Donska told me that once, in Schnabel's class, a rather lost student, when confronted by the master's disapproval, suggested helplessly, 'perhaps a little pedal would help?'

But I mustn't cavil more. The 2nd *Dance Rhapsody* receives a highly enlivening performance and I like the final *tremolando* representing a drum-roll. 'Autumn' and *Summer Night on the River* are well-judged in tempo and texture and the strange harmonies command maximum attention when played on the piano. What wonderful and original pieces they are! – and how far the composer has come since, say, 1900. I think we must be grateful to these two pianists for working so hard on these difficult and elusive arrangements and filling a gap in the canon of Delius's recorded music.

Alan Rowlands

CDs

Bethlehem Down

Carols by Holst, Warlock, Rutter and others
Finchley Children's Music Group www.fcmg.org.uk
Grace Rossiter conductor John Evanson accompanist
CD : Naxos DDD 8,557581
Total Playing Time 56' 17"

At last, a CD named after one of Warlock's best-loved carols, with also 'Balulalow' and 'The first mercy' too.

'Balulalow' is a collector's item in so far as this performance provides an opportunity to hear Warlock's first version for unison voices and piano, published in 1919, which is certainly a contrast to the solo and SATB with orchestra version dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams some years later. It receives a tender and loving performance at just the right tempo.

'Bethlehem Down' is sung in unison in Warlock's 1930 version, originally for solo voice and organ. The eerie organ accompaniment suggests to me either that Herod's troops are not far away, or the shadow of the Cross. This is a very atmospheric performance.

'The first mercy' is once again sung in unison. Here there is a lost opportunity since Warlock also arranged it for SSA. *Allegretto con moto* is the tempo mark on the score; this is the fastest performance on record with 'moto' very much the order of the day.

Of equal interest is the chance to hear the rarely performed *Four Old English Carols* by Gustav Holst, dating from 1907. The rest of the CD presents the usual seasonal odds and ends; Andrew Carter's scintillating organ accompaniment to his arrangement of 'A Maiden most gentle' is here perversely played on a piano which gives it a strikingly monochrome effect. However, Britten's 'The birds' and his arrangement of 'Herod and the cock' offer some compensation, as does Andrew Carter's 'Mistletoe' with its outrageous text 'Carol singers out of tune, switch off the telly, pretend we're out!'

All Warlockians fervently hope for an all-Warlock disc. However, there is a lot to be said for a recycled disc in which many people might be encountering the music of Warlock for the first time and may be tempted to investigate further.

The royalties of this CD go to a charity called HOPE. Reg Charity 1041258, www.hope4c.org. It was founded in 1994 to assist Handicapped, Orphaned, Poor and Exploited children in developing countries and the United Kingdom. So let's hope this CD makes a lot of money.

Pat Mills

The Grand Warlock Auction Part 4

John Mitchell, our Treasurer, writes: I would like to thank those who have taken an interest in and supported the auction to date, and so far a pleasing total of £640 has been produced for the Society's funds. Apologies to those of you overseas who, through the delayed issue of Newsletter 75, received the latter too late to place a bid in time. Part 4 contains lots 76 to 100 (we are around about half way through now!) and once again I would record the Society's grateful thanks to Lyndall Holt (Dowbiggin's daughter) for donating the cache of material that once belonged to her father.

All proceeds from the auction will directly benefit the Society's finances. This is perhaps a good time to say a few words about E. Arnold Dowbiggin for those less familiar with the name. Of the same generation as Warlock, Dowbiggin was by profession an analytical chemist, but in his spare time he was a very keen amateur singer. He became interested in Warlock's songs virtually from the time they were first published from 1919 onwards. He assiduously collected them as they appeared in print, and eventually made contact with Warlock, leading to a significant friendship during the last few years of Warlock's life. Indeed, several of Warlock's songs were dedicated to him, including 'And wilt thou leave me thus?' and 'The Frostbound Wood'.

Following Warlock's death, and at the instigation of Bernard van Dieren, Dowbiggin collected together a lot of press material relating to PW, which was of use for future researchers. Dowbiggin was arguably Warlock's first serious fan, i.e. in the sense of not being from Warlock's immediate circle. He admired Warlock's work from afar in the first instance – the Auction is an opportunity to acquire something once owned by him!

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. (Tel 01227 832871), or: 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 30 June 2005.

Any questions about all aspects of the auction should be directed to me, i.e. not to the Newsletter Editor.

The lots are listed below, and the same rules apply as previously. The auction is only open to fully paid-up members of the Peter Warlock Society, including Vice Presidents, Patrons, Life and Honorary members. Anyone with more queries who has not access to *Newsletter* 73 for the complete list of rules should contact me and the relevant information will be provided.

continued over...

Overall the condition of the items is generally very acceptable. As a rough guide I have categorised them as:

VG	very good
G	good
F	fair

Abbreviations

EAD	Arnold Dowbiggin
EADS	Items rubber-stamped with EAD's name
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 after Warlock's death.
MB	minimum bid

LOT LIST

Lot 76

Folk-Song Preludes Nos. 1 & 3 G MB £1
from Augener's Graded Piano Pieces series

Lot 77

'Walking the Woods' EADS VG MB £2

Lot 78

'Take, O take those lips away' EADS G MB £2

Lot 79

'Sigh no more, Ladies' EADS VG MB £2

Lot 80

'Whenas the rye' (low voice) EADS VG MB £2

Lot 81

'Tyrley, Tyrlow' EADS VG MB £2

Lot 82

'Yarmouth Fair' (low voice) EADS F MB £2
Has an inscription by EAD: 'Not Traditional Song, but a fine example of Contemporary Folk Song. For the amusing details of its history see letter from Jack Moeran 5 Feb. 1931, Folio 3A. Hal Collins, singing of the original words to his own accompaniment a most amusing and clever piece of work: - 'Antelope' Derby Day 1926. John Goss produced Peter's 'My Lady's Birthday' on the same day'.

Lot 83

Romance a bit worse for wear, but it would be nice to think Warlock played from it a lot! EADS F *** MB £8

Lot 84

'Sweet-and-Twenty' EADS G *** MB £8

Lot 85

'A Cornish Christmas Carol' SATB EADS G MB £1

Lot 86

'Carillon, Carilla' unison version EADS G MB £1

Lot 87

Capriol (piano duet) EADS G MB £3

Lot 88

'The Frostbound Wood' - not a published copy of the song, but the first proof from Henderson & Spalding in the form of three loose sheets. The final bar has a correction done in pencil of a note in the left hand of the piano part, and the proof does not have the published dedication to Dowbiggin. F MB £4

Lot 89

'Benedicamus Domino' SATB EADS G MB £1

Lot 90

'Mourn no moe' SSA & piano EADS VG MB £1

Lot 91

'Corpus Christi' Unaccompanied voices version
EADS F MB £1

Lot 92

'Adam lay ybounden' Unison voices & piano F MB £1

Lot 93

'Never weather-beaten sail' (Campian) & 'Let him that will be free' (Rosseter). Transcribed by Philip Wilson & PW for unison voices & piano EADS F MB £1

Lot 94

'Cuckoo' (Martin Peerson) transcribed by PW for 2 treble voices & piano EAD signature F MB £1

Lot 95

'Farewell, unkind, farewell' (Dowland) transcribed by PW SATB G MB £1

Lot 96

'Said I that Amaryllis' (Morley) transcribed by PW for unison voices & piano G MB £1

Lot 97

'Say, Love, if ever thou didst find' (Dowland) transcribed by PW SATB G MB £1

Lot 98

'Ah, my dear son' (Anon) transcribed by PW SSA
G MB £1

Lot 99

'I will not force thy thoughts' (Greaves) [song transcription by PW in single song format] G MB £2

Lot 100

'Suffolk Folk Song' - manuscript in the hand of EAD, a nice copy of E.J. Moeran's folk song arrangement 'The Jolly Carter' (voice and piano with unison chorus). This is very neatly done, 6 pages long, and in brown paper wrappers stitched on. It's in the key of E flat, which may be the original (Thames Publishing version is in D). G MB £5

John Mitchell

Obituary: Felix Aprahamian (1914–2005)



June Mendoza's first portrait, reproduced with permission

I first saw Felix on Friday 30 March 1962, when I attended his pre-concert lecture at the Delius Festival in Bradford, but I did not come under his spell until I was on the music criticism course at the Royal Academy of Music in 1968, when Arthur Jacobs (3 xii 66)* would invite his colleagues to share their experiences with us. They would take us to concerts which they wrote up afterwards, whilst we wrote dummy reviews within the same deadline, which were then compared and discussed. The week after Felix came, we had William Mann (1 i 72)* then chief music critic of *The Times*. When he discovered he was following Felix, he told us he had just returned from Finland (remember this is 1968) where a student researching Sibelius had just asked him 'In what year did Felix Aprahamian die?'

In 1992, a Duruflé *Requiem* at the Royal Festival Hall with the Bach Choir had a note by Stanley Webb:

Maurice Duruflé was a perfectionist who composed only very sparingly. As the late Felix Aprahamian pointed out, his music fuses two streams – the modality that derives from his liturgical background as an organist, and the harmonies that colour the compositions of his seniors: Debussy, Ravel, . . . and Paul Dukas.

The ensuing banter of correspondence after Felix discovered this culminated in the following letter dating from 28 November 1992 to Mrs Vernon-Miles of the Bach Choir. It is pure Aprahamiana, worth quoting in full:

Thank you for your letter of 27 November and enclosures, which I happily add to my archives;

* Dates when notable signatories first appear in Felix's visitors' book.

for yours, I am pleased to enclose an up-to-date CV as further proof of my confirmed existence! More seriously, the words of the late lamented Felix Aprahamian have been quoted verbatim without benefit of quotation marks. I suppose I should be flattered, but a cheque (with VAT) for the proportion of the programme-note fee represented by the Duruflé note would have been far more appropriate than the offer of concert-tickets. (Incidentally, I last paid for concert-tickets at a Cortot-Maggie Teyte Wigmore Hall recital in the mid-Thirties). I would have been even happier to have provided notes myself on the works of four personal friends, three of whom (Duruflé, Messiaen, Poulenc) visited this house over the past sixty years; while I was often the fourth's guest at St. John's [College] Cambridge, when 'Holy' Herbert [Howells] was *locum-tenens* there.

Never mind! The note, with acknowledgements to the Bach Choir, and my original will be duly reprinted in my memoirs! Yours sincerely, Felix Aprahamian.

Copies to several interested and amused parties.

The grace, style and humour portrayed here have immensely influenced me for nearly 40 years, but not only as a music critic. As an organist, a piano teacher, a conductor, and an entrepreneur (To Felix, I was always 'Rudland Enterprises Unlimited') (17 vii 77)*, I have seen my life enhanced by his friendship. Also, as Felix was of East-European origin, as I am, his experience steered me through the mire of maintaining dignity when faced with the Anglo-Saxon establishment and its lesser mafiosi.

As a journalist, his corrective red pen was always to the ready, even on final printed copies. He was castigating but fatherly when spotting errors of fact, spelling, grammar and syntax. He would make the correction, then glare at me in total silence until I realised he was right.

As I write this obituary, I can feel his presence over my shoulder. 'Have you checked the facts?' he would say with a doggedness that was almost bullying. Had he seen



June Mendoza's 2nd portrait: www.junemendoza.co.uk

his obituaries, letters would have gone to the one who said the tree Poulenc peed against was in his garden (it is outside the front gate), to the one who said Elgar proposed him for the Athenaeum Club (it was Adrian Boult), and to the one who got his birthday wrong (it was 5 June).

He had no qualms about naming and shaming people who misspelt his name. So I shan't. Of the five major obituaries, pride of place must go to the *Sunday Times*, his employer for 41 years who dared call him Felix Aphrahmian. The first e-mail on Felix's death from the Peter Warlock Society called him Fekik Aprahamian. In circumstances like this, I have heard Felix say: 'They must have had brainstormers. I'm not a free kick aphrodisiac'.

Felix was born in the fading days of the Edwardian Empire when one-third of the world map was still coloured pink. His father, a son of a Protestant pastor, escaped to Salonika during the second Armenian massacres, and then settled in England, where he became naturalised in 1904. After establishing a carpet business here, he returned to Constantinople to marry the daughter of another Protestant pastor, returning with her to England, where Felix was born in Crouch End. Four years later the family moved the mile up Muswell Hill where he remained for ever. His loft had a commanding view of the Alexandra Palace, whose Willis organ he tirelessly campaigned to restore after 1944 war damage and 1980 fire damage. Beyond that, were the world not round, Felix said he would overlook no higher land eastwards until the Ural Mountains. A great-uncle was Archbishop of Smyrna, but Felix said he himself looked like a thousand rabbis.

Felix was proud to call himself an autodidact, but he became a Doctor of Music (*honoris causa*) and a Visiting Professor at the Polytechnic of East London. To his knowledge, interest and collection of music, one must add his vast eclecticism in acquiring books on horticulture, French literature, Japanese gardens and Mayan antiquities and the culinary arts.

But more importantly, Felix collected people. His gift for extracting and communicating concise cameos might often be all you needed to know about anyone he met, and this was often extended to include reminiscences of first and sometimes second wives. Of Zoltán Kodály's second wife, Sarolta, he said: 'A most successful widow'. Of John Amis (29 v 60)*: 'He always has champagne for breakfast'. After Beecham called Malcolm Sargent 'Flash Harry', Felix called Alexander Gibson: 'Flash Haggis'.

His 'House of Usher' was always like the Marschallin's bedroom in Act One of *Der Rosenkavalier*, a hive of interesting visitors where one could as well meet a science fiction writer from Sri Lanka as a botanist from Kew. Unlike the Marschallin, Felix wasn't a 'canary fancier'

but he still got invited to judge many singing competitions. His visitors' book reads like a *Who's Who in Music*. It starts with Ernest Ansermet (8 x 59)*, and David Lloyd-Jones appears on this first, and also the last page of volume one. On the second page André Marchal came (28 xi 59)*. Malcolm Arnold came with George Thalben-Ball (18 i 61)*. Other notable signatories are Richard Baker (11 xi 64)*, Peter Maxwell Davies (3 xii 66)*, Wilfred Orr (25 vi 67)*, Lionel Carley (3 v 71)*, Lewis Foreman (25 xi 79)*, Philip Crozier (27 xii 80)*, George Benjamin (20 ix 83)*, Ursula Vaughan Williams & Evelyn Barbirolli (24 iv 85)*, Olivier Messiaen (5 x 86)*, Julian Lloyd Webber (2 vi 87)*, Petr Eben (23 xi 89)*, Barry Smith (15 vii 92)*, Nigel Heseltine (14 ix 92)*, Bill Perry (28 xii 92)*, Dr Peter Heseltine (4 xi 94)*, Antony Hopkins (27 x 01)*.

In Felix's 1995 *Desert Island Discs*, Sue Lawley called him 'one of this country's musical institutions'. Bernard Levin said anyone who didn't know Felix should be tarred and feathered. Sir Charles Mackerras (12 i 62)* called Felix 'The Metropolitan of the Inner Circle'.

His first job in 1930 was as a clerk to the Metal Exchange in Mincing Lane in the City, and in 1935 he became Secretary to the Organ Music Society (until 1970). In 1940 the shift from metal to music was complete when he was appointed assistant secretary and concert director to Thomas Beecham's London Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1942 he started *Concerts de Musique Française* at the Wigmore and these lasted over twenty years. In 1946 he left the LPO to be a consultant to United Music Publishers.

His first national review was for the *Daily Express* in 1937 for a concert he did not attend. Several obituary writers tried to say his last review was also for a concert he did not attend, when Rozhdestvensky should have conducted. But Felix was then well beyond retirement age.

From 1948 to 1989 he was deputy music critic at the *Sunday Times*, originally to Ernest Newman. He survived three proprietors, six editors and four arts editors.

In 1956 Nigel Kennedy was conceived in his front bedroom. In 1958 Felix was made President of Putney Music, and in 1973 an Hon.RCO. In 1980 he extended his house so his protégé David Liddle (29 i 78)* could have use of and inherit André Marchal's Gonzales organ 'Jean-Sebastian' from Hendaye-Plage. In 2003 the RCO inherited Felix's collection of 5,000 items of organ music.

Having visited Delius in Grez-sur-Loing in 1933, Felix became an adviser to the Delius Trust in 1961, and in 1997 he succeeded Eric Fenby (8 xii 64)* as President of the Delius Society. On 22 March 1989, Felix asked me to play some Delius-Warlock piano duets with him at a Delius Society meeting. This resulted in him becoming a Warlock Society committee member. Our 1990 AGM was held at

Methuen Park, and Felix's brilliance at making something out of nothing appears in *Newsletter* 45 – his account of how he nearly met Warlock. Felix went to Ruddles Brewery on 21 October 1991, which John Amis wrote about in *Newsletter* 48, pp. 7–8. In *Newsletter* 51 a photo on p. 10 shows him launching my organ arrangements of Warlock's *Two Cod-pieces* [see also p. 29].

In *Newsletter* 53 Felix wrote about the AGM day at Eton College, mentioning names of Etonians who today are now regularly reviewed in the musical press.

Perhaps my favourite appearance of Felix in our Newsletters is in No. 55, pp. 12–13 – his account of 'The Warlockian Vicarage Tea-Party followed by a Warlock concert in Didbrook Church and a Hungarian wine party.'

In *Newsletter* 56, Felix wrote about Warlock's Cat, p. 2, and Warlock at Wadham [College, Oxford], p. 14.

In *Newsletter* 59, Felix's photo appears on p. 19, indicating his presence at the AGM in Cornwall that year. He was also mentioned on p. 17 in relation to the *furor* in *The Times* of 11 May 1996 when Richard Morrison denounced the St Paul's Cathedral Dean and Chapter as spineless and inept for proposing to promote Nietzsche in Delius's *A Mass of Life* that July. I had mentioned that the performance went ahead after Felix had faxed John Scott, the then St Paul's Director of Music, with this quote on *A Mass of Life* from Heseltine's book on Delius p. 106:

This colossal work, without a doubt the greatest achievement since Wagner, a Mass worthy to rank beside the great Mass of Sebastian Bach, is in the fullest sense of the word, a deeply *religious* work. [PH's italics]

With this John Scott was able to reply to me:

I am very grateful to Felix for his intervention, on the strength of which the Dean and Chapter were entirely happy that the performance should go ahead.

In *Newsletter* 60, p. 3, in his last article before he died, David Cox (21 xii 79)* asked Felix to clarify his interest. This appeared on p. 12, and on p. 13 Felix's *Church Times* article of 12 July 1996 was reproduced.

In *Newsletter* 61, pp. 12–14, Dr Brian Collins (9 vi 90)* reviewed Felix's unveiling of the blue plaque to Béla Bartók. In *Newsletter* 64, pp. 10–11 there is a review of the Morland Jaunt to Abingdon when Felix was collected with John Amis singing 'Peter Warlock's Fancy' with the Guildhall Brass at Methuen Park. In *Newsletter* 66, I wrote 'Warlock, Thiman (28 xi 59)* and Aprahamian'.

In 2001 Felix's collection of Warlockiana went to Eton College, and *Newsletter* 70, pp. 11–13, has Eric Wetherell's review of the concert which celebrated this event on 22 February 2002. Also on p. 11 Chris Sreeves (9 xi 90)* reviews a Social Lunch at Felix's.

Newsletter 71, p. 14 reprinted Alastair Sampson's review of the Eton–Warlock concert for the *Eton Chronicle* with a photo. On pp. 11–12, Chris Sreeves reviews a joint Delius–Warlock venture in Muswell Hill on 7 September 2002. *Newsletter* 72, p. 20, has Humphrey Burton's review of the video of the Morland Jaunt to Abingdon.

After two Christmases in a residential home, Felix died at 3.30pm on 15 January in the Whittington Hospital with his niece, Sallie, and David Liddle by his side.

At St Marylebone crematorium, Felix's leave-taking ceremony began with his coffin entering to the closing pages of Delius's *A Mass of Life*. The proceedings were then warmly presided over by John Amis, a secular High Priest if ever there was one, and included David Liddle very sensitively playing Bach's chorale prelude on *Valet will ich dir geben* BWV 736, and Danny Gillingwater (8 iv 85)* charmingly singing Warlock's 'My own country' to his own pre-recorded piano accompaniment.

Stevan Brown (26 xii 66) spoke of his Uncle Felix being like a second father to him, but still an enigma. Felix's encounter with the Jehovah's Witnesses on his front doorstep, dressed only in his bathrobe, was as a character straight out of the Arabian nights, yet there was something of the eternal English schoolboy in him, delighting in scatological humour, as well as puddings! He could often be extremely manipulative, but with such charm. He had no malice, just kindness, generosity and wisdom. Above all, he had a tremendously positive attitude towards life.

Gordon Honey (26 x 63)* then spoke of his time as a tenant of Felix's mother – Araxie of the twinkling eyes that Felix inherited. In 1952 Gordon had his first paid engagement at Butlin's Holiday Camp in Clacton. Felix went to hear him and arrived there at the same time as the immaculate Billy Butlin, in rolled-up sleeves. Butlin noticed Felix with his black beard and monocle and asked 'Is he the camp magician?' Felix then photographed the poster: 'Come and hear Gordon Honey, the camp baritone'.

My last abiding memory of Felix, before he became blissfully benign in Cheverton Lodge, was a visit to his hospital bed one Sunday after having attended a service at my spiritual home of St Mary the Boltons, SW10, from where I had been invited for lunch at the Hurlingham Club. 'Have you ever been there?' I asked. 'Yes, with Lady Cunard. Go and get my diary for 1929 and I'll tell you the date'. 'Ah, but you weren't invited there by two widows and a priest.' Felix looked me straight in the eye and said 'Malcolm, you need neither'.

Malcolm Rudland

[A shorter version of this obituary appears in *Choir and Organ* May 2005]

Reminiscences of Felix

Layton Ring on *Sugar Plums*

My first 'vignette' memory of Felix comes from 1957 at the 2nd Hoffnung Festival during a rehearsal of 'Sugar Plums' – Elizabeth Poston's hilarious send-up of Early Music via Tchaikovsky on recorders and viols etc, written for the Dolmetsch Family plus supporters. I was playing a bass recorder and turned around to see who was at the back of me – there he was twinkling behind a neat goatee and a tiny pair of antique cymbals (à la Debussy) as part of the fun.

We met again infrequently over the years but always remembered that moment with great cordiality (on one occasion it involved a jolly taxi-ride whilst Felix and his brother indulged in a ding-dong fraternal argument about this and that).

Our last encounter was at the Festival Hall during a performance a couple of years ago of Delius's *A Mass of Life*. As we clasped hands he exclaimed 'We're survivors, aren't we?', and we had another 'secret moment! . . .'
Ave atque vale.

Ralph Allwood on *Cod-Pieces*

In 1993 I took some of my music students from Eton to Marylebone for the launch of Malcolm's *Cod-pieces* publication (arrangements of Warlock's parody of bits of Franck and Beethoven) [see *Newsletter* 51, p.10].

We were meeting in a fish bar, appropriately enough, and were being urged to drink plenty of free Ruddles. Felix had been asked to say a few words (I'm sure Malcolm would have liked a little speech rather than a few words).

Few they were, and he drew them out splendidly in his great drawl, complete with grand rolled r's:

(forte) My feelings . . . on arrangements . . . are well known.

(piano, intenso) Parrrodiess . . .

I deplore. *(Beecham drawn-out vowel-sound on 'plore')*

This . . . *(crescendo with tremulando on walking stick)*

is an arrrrangement . . . of a *(fortissimo)* parrrody.

(mf rit) Let's all have another beer.



Felix Aprahamian launching MR's organ arrangements of Warlock's *Cod-pieces* at the Sea Shell on 24 May 1993

Silvester Mazzarella on *Gerontius* and *Maltworms*

The time came when Felix could no longer manage the steep, narrow stairs to the upper room at the Antelope in Eaton Terrace, SW1, where PWS committee meetings were regularly held, so on two delightful occasions, in 2001 and 2002, he hosted a combined committee meeting and party at the House of Usher, one with the Delius Society.

My last memory of Felix, as people were already beginning to leave at the 2002 party, is of him hurrying off with his zimmer-frame, as enthusiastic as a schoolboy, to look out a slightly charred poster advertising a performance of *The Dream of Gerontius* on the afternoon of 10 May 1941 by the LPO and Royal Choral Society under Dr Malcolm Sargent in the Queen's Hall, London. It was the last concert ever held there, for that night the Hall was bombed, and next day Felix took the poster from the wall of the burnt-out shell. He also saw a stricken orchestra member searching the ruins for his cello, left at the Hall overnight.



Dr Rhian Davies holds the *Dream of Gerontius* poster at Felix's whilst Silvester Mazzarella (left) and John Mitchell look on.

Another memory is of Felix at the 1998 PWS AGM concert in the church at Shoreham in Kent, where the composers Warlock and Moeran, living nearby at Eynsford, joined energetically in local life in the late 1920s. A highlight of the 1998 concert was 'Maltworms' 'I cannot eat but little meat . . . But belly, God send thee good ale enough, whether it be new or old', a setting of an Elizabethan lyric composed jointly by Warlock and Moeran and written for a 1926 revue by the Shoreham Village Players. Unfortunately the wife of the 1926 local bandleader disapproved of play-acting so this rousing song had to be first performed with a piano. In 1998 full amends were made in the church when a local bass singer was joined by Eric Crees and the Guildhall Brass Ensemble. Brandishing an 'appropriate prop' (of beer!) the soloist, to some extent losing track of the melody, gave what Pat Mills described in this otherwise extremely dignified concert, as an 'eccentric but not inappropriate rendition'. During this perhaps deliberately erratic performance, Felix turned in his pew and commented with an impish grin 'Rather an original version, don't you think?'

Philip Crozier on staying at Felix's

In August 1978 I was browsing through the *Musical Times* and saw the blind French organist André Marchal would be in England in October to give master classes and private lessons. This was my first contact with Malcolm Rudland who was co-ordinating everything. A private lesson was arranged at All Saints' Church, Durham Road, London, N2. Felix Aprahamian, Marchal's host for the visit, translated my lesson with great precision and clarity.

After Marchal's death in 1980, I renewed contact with Felix, and I was even invited to stay at his home in Muswell Hill on several occasions before my immigration to Montreal in 1984. He was a wonderful host, and a walking encyclopedia of knowledge of just about everything. Our discussions covered an enormous range of topics about which he would throw his characteristic often dry observation, always extremely well informed, tilting his head and glancing over his spectacles. His manner was such that his response begged for expansion, as he ventured into closer details about renowned persons most of whom he knew individually. There was a tremendous aura of fascination about Felix.

Staying at his home was memorable. Aside from the obvious musical attractions of his staggering collection of scores, books, recordings, private correspondence and numerous articles, his spacious kitchen housed an impressive library of cookery books, and he had delightful aquariums everywhere, even in the bathroom! With great pride he showed me the lighting in his garden which had just been installed. One day he pulled open a drawer that was brimming with a widely varied selection of bars of chocolate when the subject of chocolate came up in conversation. He was spontaneously generous, and gave me all his duplicate copies of André Marchal's recital programmes, along with his newly released edition of the Saint-Saëns *The Carnival of the Animals* in which he wrote in his beautiful handwriting for Philip Crozier (earnest student of French music) with the Editor's affectionate regards, Felix Aprahamian / 8.xi.81.

We once returned to Methuen Park by taxi. Leading us on a journey through a myriad side streets and small lanes Felix gave continuous directions and commentary to the driver, who upon arrival pronounced with real consternation that in all his years driving all over London he could never have imagined such an abbreviated distance between two points.

In 1992 I saw him for the last time. Visiting from Canada with my wife Sylvie Poirier we had a pleasant afternoon playing organ duets in very convivial company on the house organ he had inherited from André Marchal. Felix Aprahamian was a truly remarkable man, to be remembered by all who were privileged to know him.

Dr Peter Heseltine on Felix in Cornwall

My first vision of Felix was in 1996 as he climbed out of Malcolm's car. Both small men, bustling and loquacious, burst from a Morris Minor 'Woodie' as though making a stage entrance from a different world's perspective. Small in the distance, they grew larger than life on closer inspection. There was not a musical note uttered in Britain over the past 70 years that Felix had not heard, or at least about which he did not have an opinion. Although he was extraordinarily gentle and charming to me and my wife Maria, he was the uncle who delights the child with stories and sleights of hand and captivated us both.

Squeezing him back in the car was not an easy task. It took all three – possibly four – of us. He was not overtly pleased to find himself once again on the road – in Cornwall – with a seagoing organ tutor at the wheel. To his credit, on arrival at each of the waypoints on our Cornish Crawl, he ignored the hardships and Messiaen's 'Mon Cher Felix' was there again, 21 in spirit, a little older in body – regaling us with brilliant and detailed accounts of musical greats and lesser alike.

It was this ability to capture and paint with words, gestures and little-known details, the very physical presence of so many of the music and art world of the last century, that was Felix's great talent. The tape recorder, video or sound, does not capture or present the true person. Only the shanachie, the story-teller, can do so in a way that holds your attention and imagination. This was Felix: not so much authority as participant and bard.

Having glimpsed the mind that laid out that back-garden in Muswell Hill, and realizing it held the secret of a mind that rearranges the world as a better place – Felix, I will miss you and so glad I met you.



Felix Aprahamian and Peter Heseltine in *The Antelope*

Tim Harrison on Felix stopping him smoking

I was having a crafty fag at a Committee meeting once, and Felix said, 'I don't know why you smoke, Tim; some people need to smoke, but you don't'. I asked if he had ever smoked. 'I once had one of Beecham's cigars – that was enough!' Later, I often thought of his words: 'some people need to smoke, but you don't'. Thanks Felix.

Danny Gillingwater's eulogy given by the Bartók statue outside South Ken station on 22 Jan 2005

If you are wondering about Felix Aprahamian's connection with Bartók, it was that in 1997 he and the then Arts Minister, football pundit and classical music fan David Mellor unveiled the blue plaque to Bartók in Sydney Place. They also both went to Southampton to meet the body of Bartók on its trip back home to Hungary from the USA. Today, I thought I'd like to say something of my friend.

I was wondering what Felix would have made of the entertainment quagmire that is Celebrity Big Brother. We can be sure he would have voiced an opinion using his very best Anglo-Saxon. In the eyes of the world I don't think Felix could have been described as a 'C' list celebrity, or even a 'D' list celebrity. But for fifty years or more for the classical music concert-going public he was a figure people recognised and looked out for. Let me describe him to you: Short and like Jessie Norman as wide as he was tall, trimmed goatee (fashioned after his much loved ex-boss Thomas Beecham), specs, or on special occasions that famous monocle. He was famous for his cape and monocle. He was so attired not out of a desire to court the media. The media back then couldn't be easily swayed by a well-tailored suit. No, he was all decked out 'as a pox doctor's clerk' as he called it, for the simple reason that he had great taste, panache, and, what the hell, he could carry it off. Of course, as well as all that, we mustn't forget that Felix came from a world where capes, monocles and painted leather shoes were relatively normal. He had one of the finest collections of cravats it has been my joy to behold. He gave me a particularly beautiful one – white polka dots on a pink background. I wear it at rugby matches. Eyebrows are raised I can assure you. The reason for talking in this frivolous manner about my beloved friend is because over and above his lofty status in the world of musical writing his was, for us lucky few, his friends, the greatest fun. I can assure you that although he died, as one of the obituaries wrote 'a bachelor', with the implied connotation of lonely old man, nothing could have been further from the truth. His circle of friends, not acquaintances, friends, was massive and his home in Muswell Hill (the House of Usher) was for more than half a century packed to the rafters. As Felix would say, 'the place is like bloody Piccadilly Circus'.

The great and the good would pop in for cucumber sandwiches, lemon sponge cake made by Felix 'with my own feet,' washed down with glasses of Elgar sherry. 'Boarding House grab', it was called. They'd find themselves sitting at the kitchen table with a motley crew of students, dowager widows from Hampstead Garden Suburb, and whatever workmen were there, employed for the day to sort out Felix's water closet, tweak the garden

lights or prune the quince tree. Which brings me to Felix's other great love – the garden. You went through the kitchen, past the spare loo, in which Felix had hung a glorious picture of his father in all his Victorian, stiff-collared finery. And there it was. A postage stamp of a garden. A Japanese garden. 'A mixture of order and disorder'. Maples – the gold and the crimson, a contoured lawn with stepping-stones across it, the 'Tea House of the August Moon' clad in bamboo, and the adored pools, two of them, fed by a fish head waterspout. His one departure from the Japanese was, not surprisingly, a little Monet bridge. It meant you could cross over the pond, and be afforded 'yet another glorious vista'.

I said to him once, 'Did you ever want to be the senior *Sunday Times* critic?'. 'I was never asked', he replied, 'Anyway, I don't think I could cope with sitting through another Beethoven Symphony or Verdi Opera.'

And when you think of it, it must get a little tedious sometimes as senior critic, having to be there for the new *Infant Terrible's* first London Beethoven series or Covent Garden's latest production of *Rigoletto*. Being the deputy music critic gave Felix the opportunity to be exposed to the music he loved. The lesser-known composers: André Caplet, Lili Boulanger, Frank Martin, Gian Carlo Menotti. Florent Schmitt, etc. . . . How he would wax lyrical on the subject of Fauré's *Pénélope*, Barber's *Vanessa*, or Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmélites*. You will be pleased to know that Felix wasn't just a listener. He was a fine pianist and organist. How he would dazzle visitors with a short extract of 'Ondine' from Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit* before stopping short of the really difficult bit, rushing off to the kitchen declaring there was something in the oven. I can't begin to imagine how many hours we spent singing English song together. He on Berta Geismar's beautifully restored Steinway grand and I trying my luck with C.W. Orr's 'Soldier from the Wars returning', Delius's 'To Daffodils', Warlock's 'My Own Country' and his favourite, John Ireland's 'The Trellis'. Oh Happy Days!

Enough of all this. I know that Felix wouldn't have liked any great lamentation on his passing. Delivered in 'Chingford English' as he called my accent. I suppose living until you're ninety is good going, especially considering the amount of saturated fats in his diet. Certainly, he had a wonderful life and it is wonderful to remember him. What I will miss most of all is arriving in front of his big yellow front door on a sunny day. Reading the sign, which read RING LONG AND KNOCK LOUDER. He got increasingly deaf in old age. Then having his sparkling, mischievous eyes appear round the doorframe and hearing his immortal words, 'Remove your trousers and come in'.

Before the band play a Bach chorale prelude in honour of Felix, I ask you for a minute's silence in his memory.

Letters from America

From our American representative

Dear Malcolm, Greetings from 'over the pond', but not wishing to be negative, I must say ill health took its toll on me some months ago and for a short time it was a little scary. I'm happy to say all is now stable.

Members knowing of our inimitable founder member Robert Beckhard from New York will be as concerned as I to know that despite his remarkable sense of humor and great spirit, his alert and articulate mind, he is dogged with challenging health issues. He has nearly finished his book on John Goss and we think of him and are thankful for his scholarship to our beloved subject. I look forward to warmer days when I can sit with Robert and Pat (his dear wife) on the patio of their country home a couple hours south of me.



Richard Valentine with Robert Beckhard

Last year Barry Smith came over to work at the National Cathedral and we met up! It was a lovely time and besides having lunch with him and his team, I had the pleasure of listening to the choirs under his direction.

Dear Bill Perry and I met up again some months ago when he visited from Berlin. We had a pint and I learnt he still continues to work on his music and also recently some new entrepreneurial venture marketing skin care products, and by all accounts is making it a success.



Bill Perry with Richard Valentine

We have two new US entrants! Bryan Blessing and Darryl Bradley. Bryan sings Warlock! So do I! Well I sit with my manuscripts and play over and over again and hum.

Thank you Malcolm for giving me this opportunity to say hello from the USA. Believe me, we are a tiny entity as a society and even more so with our clique over here, but I cannot express just how strong we few are and especially when we get together. The atmosphere is eclectic and electric. My good wishes to all.

Richard Valentine: rich@richvalentine.com

From Betsy in San Francisco

Dear Malcolm, The consolations of living in America's favorite tourist destination are many – but no Warlock. All we get is the odd *Capriol* on the local classical station.

Since I joined the PWS in 1997, I've heard much live Warlock, but until last year it has all been in England. Highlights were the 1997 Birthday Concert at the RAM, the 1998 AGM concert and the post Chelsea Crawl concert, and all the *Warlock in Hampstead* festivities in 2003.

So, imagine my surprise to discover that there would be three 'visitations' of Warlock's music, right here in San Francisco. The perpetrator/instigator was Malcolm Rudland, who is clearly determined to see that the music of Peter Warlock is heard in every corner of the globe.

Malcolm visited the Bay Area early in 2004 to give four organ recitals. Two included a lovely series of five pieces, by Frank Bayford, Trevor Hold, John Mitchell, Eric Wetherell and PWS's own Dr Brian Collins, from *A Paean for Peter Warlock*. I heard them all twice, once amid the stately grandeur of San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, atop Nob Hill, and then in a beautiful church on the almost-island, Belvedere. To captivate the locals, Malcolm always played *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* as an encore!

The Belvedere concert was especially thrilling as we were honored by the presence of Warlock's grandson, Dr Peter Heseltine, accompanied by his wife, who had travelled up from southern California for the occasion. Dr Heseltine told me that he has video-recordings of the 1994 Warlock Centenary at the Savoy Hotel. Will some enterprising and technically competent PWS member take note of this and make a DVD?

At the same church where I met Dr Heseltine, I learnt that the Russian Chamber Orchestra was going to play *Capriol* a week after Malcolm's last concert. As Malcolm could not be present, I proudly represented the PWS.

I had overheard Malcolm advising the orchestra's conductor, Alexander Vereshagin, on the tempi for the piece, when he attended Malcolm's recital, and conductor Vereshagin did not disappoint! The church nave was packed to the gills, the sizeable Russian population in this area came from all over to hear and support a young pianist from Ukraine perform the Shostakovich 1st Piano Concerto. (I was glad it came last, as it would have been impossible to calm the audience down for *Capriol* had it followed the Shostakovich.) *Capriol* was performed with great skill and style, and I still clearly remember an audible frisson of delight which rippled through the audience after the performance of the 'Tordion', which was played with great charm and delicacy.

Are any other PWS members up for a visit?

Betsy Fowler

Letters from America

From Olivia in Florida

Dear Mr. Rudland, I hope this e-mail reaches you on a good day. I am writing to you under unusual circumstances and I hope you do not think I am crazy. I am really a very normal down to earth girl, but I recently received some disturbing news that I find a bit hard to believe. I had a 'life reading' from a woman who studied at the A.R.E. Institute, the Association for Research and Enlightenment of Edgar Cayce (1877–1945) [www.edgarcayce.org], the best documented psychic of the 20th century.

She returned to me a very detailed four page report on my past life saying I was this Peter Warlock character named Phillip Arnold Heseline III. I had *never* heard of the man and so I decided to go on the internet to learn more about him. I am still not convinced but I thought I would at least check it out, and found you via Google.com.

It was very disturbing to learn that he and I am indeed very much alike – frighteningly so – and I am still a bit thrown off to be honest. I don't know if this woman is toying with me, but I do believe in reincarnation so I am planning to find out for myself through other sources.

Perhaps it will help if I told you a bit about myself. Keep in mind what I tell you, I did not tell the woman who gave me my reading. My name is Olivia and I was born on 19 November 1979. I was due on 30 October but due to my mother's health complications I was born late.

I learned to play piano at the age of six but was on and off from my musical preparation because of my family problems at home. I wrote my first song at the age of seven and my first book at the age of thirteen along with numerous poems and short stories. I have since written close to 500 songs and am writing my first 'real' novel which I started close to three years ago. My works are all written under the name 'Dorely' as my father chose this name for me for the purpose of using it as a pen name or artistic representation. (Geesh, no pressure, huh?! lol).

I have been in and out of colleges, and suffered from a teenage-lifestyle addiction, now free from since the age of 21. I have always been drawn to the occult, but have been pulled back from it from my rather 'religious' upbringing. (I prefer to meditate and seek spirituality now to help me find my center. Go figure!). Since I was a young child, I used to tell my parents I would probably die in my mid thirties, even though my lifestyle did not make me a candidate for premature death.

My father has been missing from my life since I was 17 – he said he was here to raise me to a young woman and then leave. The lifereading report said this was so because my father was the father, which left Philip Heseltine when he was two years old, and returned to raise me, in incarnation, because he felt bad about leaving

me with a deranged mother in that lifetime! I also found it strange that I have a square birthmark on my left arm and they supposedly said Mr Warlock carved some square somewhere on him before dying. I also must write a song (mostly just vocal and piano solos), a poem, or add to my book at least once a day or I feel incomplete.

Mr. Rudland, I hope you do not think I am pulling your leg; if anything, this woman might be pulling mine.

However, you can see I am twisted up inside. How could she know all this about me? I ask you if there is honestly anything you can say for me to make sense of this? I would rather deal with straight forward people than polite brush-offs.

Sincerely confused, Olivia

From Pinky in Alaska

Dear Mr Rudland, It has become increasingly apparent to me over the last decade that things are getting more and more unclear. You see, the history of Peter Warlock, the fact, the mystery and the legacy of his veiled life is I feel getting less brought into focus by these constant revelations. Please tell me, am I losing the plot a bit to put forward the notion that like Lord Lucan and the Jackson Five there is more than one Peter Warlock? When it is reported that Elvis Presley is a shelf stacker in a Preston Co-op, is it too outlandish to suppose that Warlock didn't die from coal gas poisoning in Tite Street, Chelsea in the 1930s but in fact, lived to a ripe old age in Palmers Green as a retired grammar school caretaker? Did Peter Heseltine, Philip Warlock and/or Peter Philips or Hessa Warlock go en masse or singly, under his or her own steam on the 1966 British Lions Tour to New Zealand and never come back? Is there a collection of gangly semi-indigenous youths galloping across the outback whistling *Chopcherry* or reciting 'There was a young fellow called Goss . . . ? I know I am not the first to think thus. I ask you, are such assumptions any more outrageous than the possibility that Philip Heseltine, like the Dalai Lama has been reincarnated *Halleluia*h into a Las Vegas Follicle Technician by the name of Glenda.

Food for thought, dear reader. But that's only a sideline. Today I reveal another chapter in the ever expanding tome that is Peter Warlock folklore. After years of painstaking research, the studying of faded sepia photographs and the illegal hacking of various health trusts computer systems here and abroad, I have pieced together, with the use of sticky tape and a glue gun, a fascinating story of poisoning and performance, of tessitura and terror, what I mean is *The Curse of The Curlew* [see next Newsletter Ed.].

The Rev. Alfred 'Pinky' Stump

NewsBriefs

Warlock and Poston

24 October 2005 sees the centenary of the birth of Elizabeth Poston. The Friends of the Forster Country, Stevenage, are pleased to accept a grant from the Local Heritage Initiative, a partnership between the Heritage Lottery Fund, Nationwide Building Society and the Countryside Commission to promote public awareness of the cultural heritage of the Green Belt Forster Country that derives from Elizabeth Poston and her close friend, the novelist, E. M. Forster. Both lived in Rooks Nest House (the model for *Howards End*) that stands on the northern limit of the town.

An exhibition on her life and work will be held at the Stevenage Museum, and two commemorative apple trees will be planted, one near the museum and the other near her place of birth, in memory of her carol 'Jesus Christ the Apple Tree'. More details from John Alabaster (Tel 01438 355055) or: john.alabaster@talk21.com.

Elizabeth Poston knew Warlock well, but declined to become a member of our fold, christening herself 'an honorary member unlisted.' She made generous donations to the Society, but always said 'I feel I cannot discuss anyone I have known and loved'.

Her obituary was featured on p. 15 of *Newsletter* 40, February 1988, when David Cox noted her very fine carol 'Jesus Christ, the apple tree' had been sung next to Warlock's 'Adam lay ybounden' in the 1987 Christmas Eve broadcast from King's College, Cambridge. Referring to the *Radio Times* entry, he said 'There she was placed on top of Warlock. It was a coincidence: we've been assured that there was no symbolic planning' For thirty years, Miss Poston guarded the letters of Warlock to Delius, having bought them from Sothebys on 16 May 1967 (lot 434) after unwittingly bidding for them against the Delius Trust. She prevented them being related to those from Delius to Warlock already in the British Library (Add. Ms 52547/8), but both sets are now safely there (Warlock to Delius : Add. Ms 71167/8), and Dr Barry Smith's book of these letters *Frederick Delius and Peter Warlock: a friendship* is still available from OUP at £70.

Warlock and Tippett

When I asked Antony Hopkins about his memories of 17 December 1980 (see p. 5) he added that in 1943 he visited Michael Tippett when he was in Wormwood Scrubs Prison as a conscientious objector, taking a copy of Cecil Gray's Memoir of Peter Warlock as a present. However, he couldn't give it to him personally; it had to be donated to the prison library, from where Michael could borrow it.

Antony asks if anyone may find themselves in Wormwood Scrubs Prison Library, could they ask if it is still there and report back.

Warlock's Brass Cuckoos

Jack Buckley writes: of two performances of Warlock's brass band arrangement of Delius's *On hearing the first cuckoo in spring* by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band directed by Elgar Howarth, the first in Symphony Hall, Birmingham in November 2004, and secondly at the Festival of Brass at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester on 21 January this year. Both concerts were well attended and the cuckoo was well received by the audiences, some of whom after years with brass band repertoire were hearing the piece for the first time. Many remarked on the beautiful scoring reminiscent of a small orchestra with E flat tenor horn virtuoso Sandy Smith assuming the role of the cuckoo. Elgar Howarth later revealed he and the Grimethorpe Band will record the piece in autumn 2005 for release in Spring 2006 in a series of brass masterworks. Details to follow when available.

The Gemini Foundation have agreed to sponsor the printing of Volumes 7 & 8 of the new Michael Pilkington edition of Warlock songs. We offer our grateful thanks.

The Warlock Singers are looking for a tenor
See www.warlock-singers.org (Tel 01732 866372)

From the Society's Website GuestBook

Often www.peterwarlock.org gets interesting snippets posted in its GuestBook. See Joseph Stoddart's entry on page 4. As we go to press, the latest dated 24 March 2005, is from J. Beilby of Northland, New Zealand:

As a teenager I worked for a piano tuner in Farningham, along the road from Eynsford. We often spoke of P.W. In the late sixties there were very large trees on one side of the road all the way from Eynsford to Farningham; and if, starting near P.W.'s cottage, you took the first letter of each tree it said 'She wrought her country lasting good' (referring to Queen Victoria) They may be there still.

[Sadly Mr Beilby did not leave an e-mail address for us to reply to. Ed]

Saint Peter Warlock

On p. 21 Chris Sreeves writes that he was unfortunately unable to tell readers about any miraculous happenings during the procession from South Kensington to *The Wellesley Arms*. Well, there was a miracle, in that between 'The Cricketers of Hambleton' starting and finishing the procession, the band were silent, but right in front of 6a Bury Street, without any of them knowing Warlock lived there in 1924, they suddenly struck up an impromptu performance of 'When all the Saints'. So, we now can all say *Saint Peter Warlock*.

Future Events

Sunday 15th May 2005 at 5.45pm

BBC Radio 3: Music Matters

An interview with Barry Smith regarding his new Collected Letters of Peter Warlock (see pp 10 & 13-14). Those unable to listen on the day, can hear it via the internet on <http://www.bbc.co.uk/radio3/musicmatters>.

Sunday 15 May 2005 at 7.00 pm

St John the Baptist Church Penshurst Kent
and

Tuesday 17 May 2005 at 7.45 pm

St Peter's Church Limpsfield Surrey

The Warlock Singers in 'My Own Country'

directed by Graham Dinnage with Ian le Grice *organ* and Edward Maxwell *trumpet*. Features 'The Spring of the Year' and choral arrangements by Fred Tomlinson of the Three Hilaire Belloc songs: 'Ha'nacker Mill', 'My Own Country' and 'The Night'. Also some of Warlock's transcriptions of early music are featured. More details on the choir's website at www.warlock-singers.org. Tickets £10 (01732 863084) or: boxoffice@warlock-singers.org

Saturday 4 June 2005 at 10.30am for 11am

Austrian Cultural Forum, 28 Rutland Gate, SW7

off Kensington Road which buses 9, 10 and 52 go along. Nearest tube station Knightsbridge

Invitation Showcase followed by the AGM

More details from Em Marshall (0207 834 5743, 07808 473889) or: em.marshall@btinternet.com

Monday 18 July 2005 at 1pm

Cadogan Hall, 5 Sloane Terrace, SW1

Buses 11, 22, or C1. Nearest tube station Sloane Square

Proms Chamber Music: Sir Thomas Allen sings

Warlock with Imogen Cooper *piano*: 'Sleep', 'The Fox',

'The Three Belloc songs', 'Captain Stratton's Fancy'

More details: Box office 020 7589 8212 or 020 7730 4500

Live Radio 3 broadcast, repeated 23 July at 12 noon

Saturday 10 September 2005 at 8pm

Godalming Parish Church

The Godalming Trust, dedicated to the preservation and improvement of the heritage of this ancient market town, is organising events for Europe-wide Heritage Open Days.

The concert is devoted to the music of Peter Warlock, Vaughan Williams, James Vine and other local luminaries. Tickets from Godalming Museum (Tel 01483 426510).

The Godalming Trust is also taking an initiative to explore the possibilities with the Heseltine family and the local Joint Burial Committee to renovate Warlock's gravestone in Nightingale Road Cemetery.

Further details of both projects from the Trust Secretary, Mrs Karen Bryant, 6 Grays Road, Farncombe, Godalming, Surrey. GU7 3LT (Tel 01483 417595).

Saturday 1 October 2005 at 7.45pm

St Peter's Church, Limpsfield

The Warlock Singers Autumn Concert

Saturday and Sunday 29 and 30 October 2005

Southampton University

A Lambert centenary & Warlock birthday weekend

Saturday 29 October 2005 at 7.30pm

St. George and St. Andrew's Church, Stevenage

Stevenage Symphony Orchestra

First of a series of concerts celebrating the centenary of Elizabeth Poston. It will include Warlock's full orchestral version of *Capriol*. (See also p. 34)

Sunday 30 October 2005

A Warlockathon at the Royal Academy of Music

This year's birthday concert (the 111th) returns to the place of their inception in 1985. A second visit to the RAM in 1997 means this event starts round three, yet one college of music has still to host the series, even though their Director of Performance may be related to Warlock. His surname is the same as Warlock's wife's maiden name!

This year's event is the brainchild of Geoffrey Pratley, a RAM professor who this year is President of the Royal Academy of Music Club. Every year, their President chooses an event, and he has chosen an all day event, when every song of Warlock will be performed.

Friday to Sunday 16 to 18 December 2005

A Second Warlock Festival in Montgomery

Organised by Dr Rhian Davies in partnership with the Montgomery Civic Society and the Welsh Music Guild, this second festival is timed to coincide with the 75th anniversary of the composer's death (the first festival was in May 2002). The main concert highlights Warlock's Christmas music for choir and solo voice, and there will be talks, walks and an exhibition: full details in the next Newsletter, with updates meantime on the PWS website.

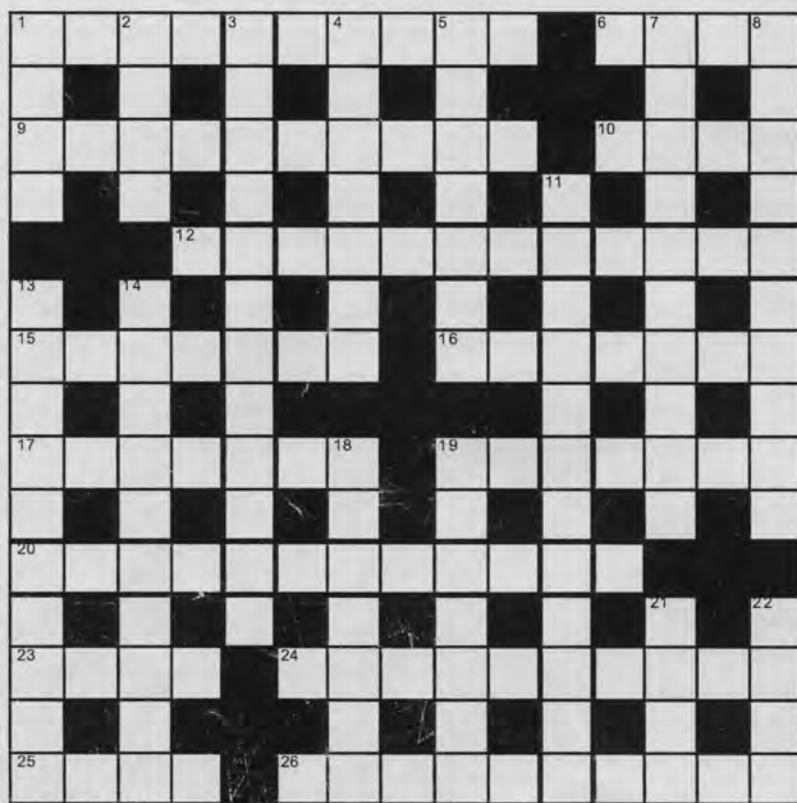
Warlock was a frequent visitor to Montgomery, the historic county town with a ruined Castle and Gaol. In 2002 many PWS members stayed very comfortably at *The Dragon*, one of Warlock's favourite watering-holes.

Rooms at a discount have again been reserved at *The Dragon* in the Society's name until August, so do please let Chris Sreeves know straight away if you are interested in this special offer. (Tel 01865 368461, Mobile 07880 780484) or: chrissreeves@csreeves.freereserve.co.uk

STOP PRESS

Between our Newsletters we circulate details of newly discovered events by e-mail. If you have not received one of these and would like to, please send your e-mail address to: mrudland@talk21.com to add to our database.

Crossword



- ❖ Entry is free and open to all
- ❖ Most of the clues or answers or both have a Warlockian connection
- ❖ We suggest you make a photocopy and send your entry to Chris Sreeves Jubilee Cottage 30 The Hill Garsington Oxfordshire OX44 9DG
- ❖ Entries must arrive by 31 May 2005 and include your name & address
- ❖ The first correct solution drawn on 1 June will win a complete set of Michael Pilkington's new edition of Warlock songs, kindly donated by Richard Elkin (Thames Publishing) (Tel 01603 721302) or: sales@elkinmusic.demon.co.uk
- ❖ The winner will be notified by 18 June and the next *Newsletter* will give the solutions and the winner's name

Across

- 1 Village ended endlessly about bottomless bottom with headless Crosby tenor (10)
- 6 Skillfully confused Hungarian (4)
- 9 Fred's sliding trip about Irish ledge (6,4)
- 10 Take it orally, Miss Smith? (4)
- 12 It's not the same with toe surgeon: he gets confused (12)
- 15 Transport circulates about us (7)
- 16 Artless purgatives assorted yields (5,2)
- 17 Mushroom with additional right and left gives Henley MP (7)
- 19 Dance student trips lorica quietly (7)
- 20 Deem man superior to knave? Bichromate losing and the rest goes wrong (4,3,5)
- 23 As she wrote to Marianne, rusk eating surrounds Laura's paternal home (4)
- 24 A set theory? Set in stone! (4,2,4)
- 25 Waits for no one? To supervise the publication is certifiably bonkers (4)
- 26 Aussie tart shaped groups of sculptures (10)

Down

- 1 Travel on ship, John? (4)
- 2 Sedge esteemed by Peter Warlock's Fancy (4)
- 3 Nursery musician composed the birch glen (12)
- 4 Warlock collected songs where Southern danger went to pieces (7)
- 5 The Chesterton poem or An work by Warlock (3,4)
- 7 Radiotherapist missing It Girl buggers Warlock's Sackbut role (10)
- 8 Very quietly salaamed forms core of Warlock carol (5,5)
- 11 Be useful to Anna? Dish up dessert! (5,7)
- 13 He composed, I'm a dull tar (10)
- 14 Warlock, going downhill fast, waggered around muddled rank (5-5)
- 18 Constant turns Mabel right (7)
- 19 Boys Brigade octet formed one with a 'galaxy of mediocrities' (7)
- 21 Ute I mixed up your bag (4)
- 22 'Under this roof his ___ mistrust' (4)