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EDITORIAL

It seems as if it was only the other day that as a young man in my mid-twenties I was talking excitedly to the eighty-something year-old Colin Taylor about the newly-formed Peter Warlock Society. Little did I think that some forty years later I would have the honour of editing two editions of the Society's Newsletter! Meanwhile in the intervening years I have travelled a long journey together with the life and writings of Peter Warlock. During this time I have met a large number of fellow Warlockians whom I am proud to number among my very good friends. So I take this opportunity of thanking them for their support and convivial friendship. It has made the distance between Cape Town and the UK seem much closer than 6000 miles.

During my researching I have managed to amass a large and varied collection of material about or associated with Warlock and I have decided to include some of that material in this Newsletter. So in the pages that follow you will find Part 2 of Viva Smith's sister's diary, a continuation from Newsletter 76; Bernard van Dieren's moving tribute published in the *Musical Times* soon after Warlock's death; a little-known section on Warlock from *The Private World of St John Terrapin: A Novel of the Café Royal*, a poem by Robert Nichols and a 1934 review of Cecil Gray's Warlock memoir by Mary Butts (1890-1937), an important author of the interwar years and a friend and intimate of many of the most famous writers, artists and musicians of her day. Her review (expressing some strong feminist feelings) is particularly interesting in that it refers to the occasion when Warlock was seen stretched out on the floor of Westminster Cathedral, an incident recalled by Dr Denis Aylvor in his perceptive article, 'Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock): A Psychological Study' (*The Music Review*, 46 (1985), 118-32) but until now unattributed.

Details of coming events, including the ongoing Grand Auction as well as reviews have also been included and here I am most grateful to those who have helped in the assembling of this particular edition to make sure that nothing important has been missed. My especial thanks go to Vivienne Cox for all her patience and painstaking care in this respect. Hers has been a truly Herculean task in collating and juggling all the multifarious material sent to her.

I would also like to add a word of thanks on behalf of our Society to the Godalming Heritage Trust for sponsoring the beautiful renovation of the Heseltine gravestone. It now looks very different from the illustration that appeared in Ian Copley's *The Music of Peter Warlock* in 1979.

May I conclude by saying that up till now I have only had the pleasure of welcoming and entertaining fellow Society members Malcolm Rudland, Rhian Davies and Danny Gillingwater here in Cape Town. I hope I may be able to add to that list of visitors in the coming years.

A few days before we went to press, we learnt the sad news that Eileen Mills, wife of our founder, Pat died at 7 p.m. on 19 Sept. An ebullient member of the concerts from the time they were married in 1975. A tribute to Eileen by her friend and PWS member Alice Wakefield is in this issue. With sadness too, we learn that one of our Vice Presidents, Sir Malcolm Arnold, died yesterday (23 September).

Barry Smith

Chairman's Annual Report for 2005

Presented at the PWS AGM, Eynsford Village Hall 13
May 2006

First of all I must apologise to you all for not being able to be with you today. Since towards the end of last year, my dear wife has been fighting cancer, and it has been impossible for me to concentrate on the politics of the Society, however compelling they may be, or to be at places where I might have been expected to be. This is why I am retiring from the chairmanship today.

This past year has been very worthwhile for our members. There have been two conferences and sets of recitals at Southampton and Montgomery, and we owe debts of gratitude to David Owen Norris and Rhian Davies respectively. There have also been jollifications at Godalming relating to the restoration of Warlock's tomb. Members of the Society were also invited to form the backdrop of the closing scenes of a film about Warlock set in the upper room of *The Antelope*. I was rather startled to encounter the actor playing the part of the Chairman of the Peter Warlock Society - I had a cameo role in which I played the part of Man in Pub!

I have been able to accomplish one rather large thing. The students of the Royal Academy of Music staged a *Warlockathon* under the auspices of their Club and the direction of Geoffrey Pratley. I was able to make arrangements that the whole oeuvre of Warlocks songs in strict chronological order be recorded and made available on three compact discs to our members at a reasonable price, details of which are contained in the forthcoming issue of the *Newsletter*. This is dependent on there being sufficient take-up of the offer. Some of the performances are a little tentative, but there are a lot of jewels to be discovered. What remains is the problem of the pictorial biography. Unless a squillionaire is a member of our Society, this, it seems, is not likely to appear for a very long time indeed.

During the year I proposed that, in view of Malcolm Rudland's services to the Society over many years, he should be appointed a Vice-President. Those present on the Committee accepted this without demur, subject to ratification at this AGM.

It is usual at this stage of a report for the Chairman to muse on the future of the Society, but to do so would be to trespass on the territory of your new elected Chairman. For this post I have proposed Graham Dinnage, who at this moment is rehearsing the Warlock Singers for a concert for you. As Chairman, he would make the most practical contribution possible to the aims of the Society.

The Society has now produced two complete editions of the songs, and we will, I trust, be able to offer you a complete recorded edition as well. If everyone can succeed in working together, it may well be that it can continue to flourish. When my present circumstances are resolved one way or the other, I hope once again to participate in your affairs in the ways I enjoyed so much.

Patrick Mills

Founder and Chairman of PWS 2005-2006

A Note from the New Chairman



Assuming the role of Chairman of the Society was, I have to confess, very far from my mind some six months or so ago when the possibility was first mooted. Directing the Warlock Singers had already presented plenty of opportunity to deal with the complexities of this extraordinary man and his music, but now I find

myself in the privileged position of being in touch with so many experts and sheer enthusiasts in the field, I am looking forward to helping to carry forward the work of the Society in the future.

I am aware that there have been conflicts of opinion and personality within the Society in the fairly recent past; indeed, my initiation into this was to attend my first meeting as a new member of the Society on the occasion of the turbulent AGM of 2004. What was apparent then, and continues to be so, was the tremendous diversity and depth of knowledge, and the range of talents that are present within the membership of the Society. I very much hope that it will be possible to draw these together, to help repair some of the damage of the past, and to rebuild our sense of priorities, foremost of which should always be the promotion of the life and works of Peter Warlock.

Looking to the future, there are a number of exciting prospects on the horizon, including the initiation of work to produce a revised and updated version of Fred Tomlinson's invaluable Peter Warlock Handbooks; the publication of the complete texts used by PW in his songs (he was, after all, of consummate taste in his choosing of words to set); Rhian Davies' work on the pictorial biography continues, and has benefited from the receipt of a substantial amount of new material - more on this in due course. She is also involved in the Society sponsored publication of the talks resulting from the Montgomery Weekend last December. I am looking into the possibility of having a collection of early 78 R.P.M. recordings of Warlock's music - once part of the late John Bishop's collection - re-mastered and transferred to CD, with the object of making them available to members of the Society.

Finally, as I write this, comes the sad news of the death of Eileen Mills, beloved wife of our former Chairman and founder of the Society, Patrick Mills, and an active and enthusiastic member of the PWS herself. I am sure you would wish to join with me in offering him our heartfelt sympathy at his very sad loss.

Graham Dinnage

Chairman of PWS 2006

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The Private World of St John Terrapin:

A Novel of the Café Royal (*Publisher's frontispiece*)

In the spring of 1886 a strange young man of modest yet independent means wandered into the Café Royal. Situated hard by Piccadilly Circus, the Café Royal was the centre of literary and artistic life in London, and the haunt of royalty, aristocrats and eccentrics. So enthralled was St John Terrapin by what he witnessed that he made the Café Royal the centre of his own long life, becoming its most regular devotee. Possessed of a peculiar perceptive faculty and a determination to record everything he observed, he accumulated a mass of diaries and documents affording a unique account of this extraordinary forum and the figures that frequented it.

Chapman Pincher, master of the art of marshalling facts, has arranged this material into an absorbing description of the gallery of glittering celebrities stretching over sixty-five years: writers from Oscar Wilde to D. H. Lawrence; painters from James MacNeil Whistler to Augustus John; journalists from Frank Harris to Hannen Swaffer; fascinating ladies from Lillie Langtry to Virginia Woolf; and bizarre individuals such as the 'Beast' Aleister Crowley, and the arch-joker Horace Cole.

St John Terrapin was also able to witness at first hand many of the most extraordinary events of the era: the tragedy of Wilde's relationship with Lord Alfred Douglas and his terrible downfall; the social and sexual peccadilloes of Bertie, the Prince of Wales; the mysterious case of Jack the Ripper; the eccentricities of the Bloomsbury Set; the dramatic abdication of Edward VIII – all make their appearance in the private yet fascinating world of St John Terrapin.

Extract: Pages 263-267, The Private World of St John Terrapin (London, 1982)

Mixed-up Minor Masters

In 1915 I noticed Nina Hamnett, the Bohemian artist, in the company of a striking young man, tall, with fair hair and a somewhat derisive smile, who would then be in his early twenties. From the cut of his clothes and the lavishness with which he bought rounds of drinks he seemed to have private means, and looked out of place among the down-at-heel artists with whom he consorted – though, as I was to witness on many occasions, he was as eccentric and exhibitionistic as any of them. His name, I discovered was Philip Heseltine, and by profession he was a musician who was to make a formidable reputation, though mostly posthumous, under the pseudonym Peter Warlock.

Heseltine, who liked to say that he had been born on the Embankment, like some tramp, when he had in fact been born in the Savoy Hotel there, lived in Chelsea, finally moving to Oscar's [Wilde] old habitat, Tite Street. He was a great supporter of a then little-known musician called Delius, and wrote musical criticisms in various journals, making a number of enemies in the process. He was also rather good at writing doggerel verse and limericks, and loved to shock any nearby audience by

reciting some of his cruder efforts, for he seemed fascinated by sex, being a keen follower of Dr Havelock Ellis.

As was later revealed, he was a gifted composer himself, mainly of songs and chamber music, and probably chose to publish them under the name of Warlock because he wanted to fool those critics who would otherwise automatically attack him. I suspect, however, that the name Warlock also appealed because it meant demon, and during the few years I was to see him he became demonic, especially when in drink.

His favourite expression of such activity was to dance on one of the tables or in the aisles, leaping about with great agility as though driven to do so by some compelling force, recalling the biblical phrase 'possessed of a devil'. He would then fall fast asleep to awake refreshed for further drink and conversation. I welcomed him because the Domino Room was becoming a bit short on such eccentrics, but I never liked him because he seemed excessively cynical and derisive about other people. I used to think that his loud and flamboyant behaviour was, as is usually the case, a means of drawing attention to himself. But, as he was later to prove when he took his own life, it may have been a cover for deep-seated insecurity or feelings of inferiority.

He may even have suffered from what has come to be called a split personality, Heseltine being one character and Warlock the other. In what was probably his Warlock phase, he grew a beard and became a mighty drinker, claiming to start the day with a glass of Eno's fruit salts laced with gin – a 'cocktail' which I once saw him mix in the Domino Room for his closest friend, Cecil Gray, a Scottish professional critic of art and music. He left the distinctive Eno's bottle on the table to puzzle the waiters and habitués nearby, but I suspect that they were so used to odd occurrences in the Café that it caused less surprise than he would have wished. We were, however, perturbed when he began to get so drunk that he had to be picked up out of the gutter and then bailed out next day, as the young Augustus John had been. I, for one, felt he was letting the 'Club' down.

Later Heseltine also edited a musical journal called *The Sackbut*, which I believe to be an ancient name for the trombone, and appeared to do much of his editing in the Domino Room, assisted by a couple of young and attractive girls who would march in with him carrying documents and musical scores. *The Sackbut*, which was too esoteric for my taste, also published occasional poetry, including some by a remarkable South African who drifted into the Domino Room called Roy Campbell. I liked him because he had written a book of poems called *The Flaming Terrapin*, and that was the nickname by which his friend Augustus John called him, though to most of us he was known as 'Zulu'.

Heseltine also wrote an anthology of poems on drink and drinkers which he called *Rab Noolas*, which was Saloon Bar spelled backwards. Most of the literary people in the Domino Room found him unbearable, however, because he could not resist making puns of the worst kind and coarse jokes based on *double entendre* or other

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plays on words. One such, I recall, of which he seemed rather proud, asked the question: 'What is the difference between a bald-headed lunatic and a maid taking her master's breakfast to bed?' Heseltine's answer was: 'One is bald on the head and mad as a hatter, of course, while the other is hauled on the bed and had as a matter of course.'

Though some of the Fleet Street critics praised Warlock's work they turned against it when they found it was really Heseltine; one in particular who disliked him and his set was Edward Evans, the critic of the *Daily Mail*. One evening Evans was having a quiet drink alone in the Domino Room shortly after he had written a scathing account of a concert which Heseltine and his friend Gray had mounted to promote the 'avant-garde' music of Bernard van Dieren, a Dutch composer and friend of Epstein. Heseltine moved over to Evans's table and, sitting down uninvited, insulted the critic in the derisory terms of which he was the master. Evans, normally a quiet rather sedate Welshman, who always wore a frock-coat and silk topper, took the insults as any critic should whose business is handing them out, but Heseltine really needled him by announcing another concert. This time he was to promote the works of Bela Bartok, the then little-known composer from Hungary, which was an ally of the hated Hun. Evans pointed a quivering finger at him and said, 'If you perform the music of this enemy or any other I will recruit a group of the toughest Australian soldiers I can muster. I will stoke them up with strong liquor in El Vino's at my expense and under my command they will wreck the hall.'

Realizing that he meant what he said, Heseltine jumped up and punched him in the face, not having the knobkerrie with which he had crowned a previous critic of van Dieren. Evans swiftly retaliated and Gray attempted to join in. Others at nearby tables, who had overheard the later part of the row, began to take sides, and soon a sizeable part of the Domino Room looked like one of those Wild West saloon bars where everybody is hitting anybody. The waiters were no doubt originally intent on stopping the fisticuffs, but finding themselves punched in return they too joined in, perhaps seeing the opportunity to retaliate against a few customers they disliked. Poor Evans was knocked out cold in the fray.

It was in the company of Heseltine that I first took really serious note of D. H. (for David Herbert) Lawrence. This tallish, red-haired young man, who, except when he was holding forth in what I heard described as a 'eunuchy voice reminiscent of H. G. Wells's high pitched squeak', looked disturbingly restless and aggressive. He had been a schoolmaster, but quickly made great impact in the literary world with his writings, which were so forthright regarding sex that he called himself the 'priest of love'. To my surprise he was still married to Frieda, the tall, blonde, full-bosomed German girl with high cheek bones who had run away with him while still wed to an older man by whom she had children.

As I was quick to realize, Lawrence insisted on moulding the characters of his friends as though they

were his own inventions in a novel. Naturally, anybody with a character as strong as Heseltine's rebelled and friction was inevitable, the precise cause in his case being a misunderstanding, or what writers now like to call a failure of communication.

One evening a group including the Armenian, Dikran Kouyoumdjian, about whom more anon in another guise, had a copy of a book of poems which Lawrence had just published. One of the party was reading the poems in a mocking way and, while listeners nearby joined in the fun as the laughter intensified, there was one table where the occupants were anything but amused. They were Katherine Mansfield, by then making quite a name as a writer, Mark Gertler, rising rapidly to fame, though not to fortune, and a swarthy Russian they called Kot, which was short for Koteliansky. All three were admirers of Lawrence's work, so, after a whispered conversation, Katherine stole quietly to Kouyoumdjian's table, snatched the book, and walked out of the Café with it.

[Editor's note: This is not a perfectly accurate account of the incident: Katherine Mansfield was in the Café Royal with S.S. Koteliansky and the artist Mark Gertler. A letter from Gertler to Lady Ottoline Morrell written the next day relates how: two 'University Blacks' and 'a long Thin White Herring of a Woman' with 'a terrific High Bunch of Crimson Hair' began to talk "Intellectually" using "perfect" English very long words carefully chosen . . . imagine our Hatred & Horror when the Red headed piece of dried Dung produced a Volume of Lawrence's poems & commenced to discuss Lawrence with the other . . . We had been ragging them all the time, but now we knew something drastic must be done. . . . Suddenly, Katharine [sic] leant towards them & with a sweet smile said "Will you let me have that Book a moment?" "Certainly" they all beamed back – even more sweetly. Imagine then their horror & utter amazement, when Katharine without a word more, Rose from the table, Book and all, we two following most calmly – most calmly we walked out of the Café!!!" The book was DHL's recently published Amores. One of the 'University Blacks' was Hasan Shahid Suhrawardy: the other is unidentifiable and probably not Kouyoumdjian. The woman was possibly Puma. According to a letter from Aldous Huxley, Gertler, Koteliansky and Mansfield first argued with Suhrawardy and companions, before Mansfield took the poems and the three of them left in a taxi.]

Lawrence soon heard of the incident and understood that it had been Heseltine who had been parodying his work. Instead of talking to his old friend about it, he stored up his anger until he published the novel *Women in Love*, which is his best-known work next to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The Café Royal is clearly represented in it as the Café Pompadour, the name of one of its banqueting rooms, and Lawrence portrayed Heseltine, under the name 'Halliday', as a rather drunken and malicious character in a scene reminiscent of the poem-reading incident.

Heseltine was furious at the caricature and attempted to have the book withdrawn on the grounds of indecency by reporting it to the Purity League. When this failed he

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initiated libel proceedings, which were somewhat more successful: the publishers paid him £50 and promised to change the physical description of the Heseltine-like character in future editions.

Every habitu  in the Caf  heard the story and, while Lawrence was not a popular figure there, it was felt that Heseltine had made a fool of himself.

The Domino Room was to play an important part in Heseltine's life, for he eventually married one of the prettiest of the artists' models who frequented it – a girl called Bobbie Channing. She was full of vitality but was to achieve little happiness with her temperamental husband. While Heseltine continued to put on an act with most of the world he confessed to his close friends, like Gray, that he considered himself a complete failure, and when he began to lament 'the barrenness of my life' and 'my cesspool of stagnation' I began to fear for him, for there were times when he seemed to be in the blackest pit of depression. So it was not too surprising that this young man who seemed to have everything – good looks, talent and some money – should have ended his life by gassing himself as he did, having first put out the cat, in 1930 when he was only thirty-six. Of one thing I am certain after my long study of people – one never really knows anybody else and some people never know themselves. Heseltine is said to have written his own epitaph:

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

Chapman Pincher

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Part II of Winifrid Wood's Diaries

In Newsletter 76 (page 2) Part 1, an excerpt from Winifrid Wood's diaries (in which she mentions Philip Heseltine) was published. Here then, is the concluding part, which describes the background to an angry outburst of jealousy on the part of her sister, Viva Smith, with whom Heseltine was at that time infatuated, but seemed now to be showing a little too much interest in Winifrid.

To appreciate the full significance of the excerpt the reader needs perhaps to be acquainted with the full story of Philip's torrid relationship with Viva (as told in the biography and collected letters). However, the directness of Winifrid's personal narrative gives considerable colour to the whole story and vividly brings to life the tension been between the married Winifrid and her sister, who was unsure of where her affair with the young Philip (ten years her junior) was leading.



Winifrid Wood, circa 1913

My 1914 diary on Philip Heseltine (Part 2)

16 July 1914

Stanley [Winifrid's husband] interrupted me there but today I can go on - questions about my marriage - that is about my reasons for marrying and at last I really got cross with him but would not show it as it might have overjoyed him, but only said quietly that I refused to discuss such matters with him.

Anyway at last we went in but then he said it was ¼ to 2 and the sun would be rising in about ½ an hour and we must watch the sunrise. So we all walked out again and walked to Hailes where we spied a hay stack and climbed - with a ladder and a rope to the top of it and made a nest in it to watch the sunrise. I fell asleep and the two were rather affectionate I imagine but soon we found the hayrick damp and climbed down and so with many silly and harmless games of running and jumping - in which he lost his slippers every time we got home. He still wanted to stay up and we went quickly to bed in the dawn at about 3.30.

Now nothing had happened that day between us and yet everything had. I knew quite well that he was determined to get me alone and talk to me and I was pretty sure that I was taking up a very good share of his time and thoughts but a kindly fate - or otherwise stepped in to prevent developments in the shape of a summer colic which attacked me as soon as I opened my eyes in the morning. I went in and out of three faints every time I tried to move and at last gave it up. I went down at about 10 and lay on the sofa, where I slept most of the morning, he and Viva occasionally coming in for a moment or so.

When tea had been in some time I went and began as they were doing something to the motor bike and so poured out tea. Then they came in late. 'What beautiful strong tea' he exclaimed and Viva must have made a mental note as she never let me pour out again!

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Then after tea he said he was sure it would do me good to go on the back of the mo-bike for a ride so I went.

We went about 35 miles altogether and walked up to the top of Dixton Hill, leaving the mo-bike in the hedge and looked over where we could just see Gloucester Cathedral, a grey blob against the Herefordshire hills. It was supremely beautiful up there and he talked all the time of places he had seen and beautiful spots and how he had grown to love the Cotswold country. It took him so long to like it better than his Welsh moors he said but now he loved it most. Only sometimes he longed for the solitude of the lonely moor instead of our Cotswold homeliness.

Then we went on again and stopped to go over a church and at last home. There was not a word said that was not even too distant for people who had known one another for a week, but he was strangely sympathetic over paroxysms whenever they came over me. I went to bed immediately after supper and they stayed up.

Surely - so far - at any rate I had done nothing? Or absolutely next to nothing. That he interested me was certain - that I was flattered that he took an interest in me was certain but beyond that there was nothing. Well anyway nothing but sins of the spirit, but then those are the worst. I will go on with the chronicle the Last Day later - I have no time now.

22 July 1914

The first opportunity I have had and it all happened a week ago so I've nearly forgotten the exact happenments but must make some sort of a chronicle.

The day was a Tuesday [14 July 1914] and I started by going off all the morning on the motorbike to see the Doctor and see what could be done for my summer colic which was not quite cured. I came back at lunch time, arrived with medicine - He pushed me off and ran out to meet me and took charge of my medicine the moment he saw me and gave it me every three hours without ever forgetting until I went. After dinner I lay down in the drawing room and he came in and worked but we said not one word to each other, indeed I slept a great deal, but we were both all the time supremely conscious of each other. He generally can't work with anyone in the room and I'm not sure that he did a lot of work anyway.

Well, tea and then Viva suggested a walk, he was working he said - oh, I forgot, he had been saying at intervals that he must go up Dixton Hill again tonight to see the view and fully intended to get me to go with him - but the mo-bike utterly refused to move and consequently he was in a bad mood, having taken it to pieces twice. Anyway it wouldn't move so he refused to walk with us and we went alone all round Wood Stanway - quite nerve racking.

We got back only just before supper and I lay down as I was still ill, then I went to do my hair and here was the first sign of Viva's jealousy and it had most disastrous consequences.

For some days he had been saying that nobody on earth could believe I was married and as for having two

children, such an idea was preposterous utterly impossible - no, I was a flapper and a charming flapper etc.

Well, at this point Viva's jealousy appeared and just as I was going to do my hair it was down she came in and pretending to laugh at woman's vanity - her own hair looking awfully pretty at the time - she took mine and did it up in a tight plait and put it perfectly straight round my head with 2 hairpins as unbecomingly as possible and then with as 'There! There's the supper gong, don't change' left me. I saw it was jealousy and came down just as I was to be greeted by him with a horror-struck voice 'What *have* you done, how perfectly horrible!' Viva I've no doubt was pleased but the terrible thing was that when I went to the sideboard to cut bread he dashed up behind and took out the two pins like lightning and there I was in a plait.

My hair has a wave in it and I really don't look at all bad if it's not too tight so poor Viva had defeated her ends and he was utterly delighted with a flapper come from nowhere,

After supper he must go to the station to see if his own mo-bike had arrived and Viva said she wouldn't come she had dogs to feed - I think I knew she was jealous, but not how much, anyway I *am* guilty - but went with him coming back we perhaps flirted a little. Oh, a very little, we sat for 5 minutes on a stile and I was the flapper from nowhere, out of time and space, unnameable. Well, we quickly went in but only found father and an aged friend so retired to the garden where cushions were and all signs of Viva's recent presence and we sat to wait for her.

The seat in the garden has its back to the hedge and on the other side of that hedge is the orchard.

We talked about nothing in particular and then suddenly he began to show me a corner of his soul, how he could never do anything, how he was too nervous ever to say the things he wants to, how others can so splendidly bring things off here he is always wrong and clumsy at the critical instant or his courage fails him. How he tries and tries until he could bite his tongue out for tongue-tiedness.

He worked himself up and I was just concerned ordinary and presently Viva appeared twice while we had been out there he had stopped speaking and looked as if he were listening. Being deaf I can so quickly catch it when anyone else is listening as I have to do most of my hearing by proxy.

23 July 1914

And later I realised that Viva had been behind the hedge listening to us. I wonder if he did. Anyway nothing was said that anyone might not have heard beyond the fact that one cannot pour out one's soul to 2 people at the same time. She must often have heard him talk like that only I suppose he should not have talked to me only to her.

Oh yes - in the middle of his saying the difficulty he felt about talking, he said 'I don't have that difficulty in

writing - I can say what I mean on paper' and I - merely by way of conversation - said 'It's a pity. I shall never see one of these letters' and he answered 'You can't possibly stop my writing to you' I answered 'Oh but you can't write to a flapper out of time and space and consequently without an address and you wouldn't write to Mrs Stanley Wood' but then she may have heard that sentence - emphatically said 'You can't possibly prevent my writing to you.'

Anyway she appeared and said her stockings were wet and she was going in to change them but as she didn't come back I quickly followed her - in 10 minutes or so - her reluctant and when I got in was genuinely surprised to find her door locked and her gone to bed and Father shouting to me to lock that devil out and put out the lights.

The whole evening he had put my wedding ring in his waistcoat pocket since a flapper can't have such a thing and now we had a slight spar for it. He blew out the lights and would have liked me to make little dashes at him in the darkness pretending to try to get upstairs, I should probably have done so had I not been married but as it was cut it as short as I could, got the ring, shut wind out, and went up to bed.

I found Viva's door locked. (I was sleeping in the same room) and after some conversation with father she let me in.

She ran quickly back to bed, I made some ordinary remark. She did not answer and I looked at her and found her looking strange curled away from me. I said 'What's the matter?' and the next moment had the most terrible shock of my life.

She jumped up in bed like a piece of electric wire and in her face, as she looked at me was the most dreadful and violent hatred I have ever seen. Her whole face was changed and she looked like a dreadful she-devil. 'Don't speak to me.' She literally spat the words at me and buried herself in the clothes again.

In an instant she was up again 'Stop! Go, out of this room! I won't speak to you!

'My dear Viva, a matter of this sort must be talked out' I said. It was fright and nervousness but I suppose it does sound dreadful anyway.

'I can't stand your patronising ways.'

I shut the window as he was somewhere outside and might hear and said.

'Now Viva what is it. Are you jealous - there's absolutely no cause.'

'Be quiet. I tell you that - if you ever let him, or Margaret know I am jealous I'll *kill* you - now you know - don't ever speak of it again as long as we live - only I'll *kill* you if you let either of them know.'

She lay down again and I said 'Alright - I'll go tomorrow.' I got to work to pack. I packed up and went to bed and lay awake for a long time. In the morning we talked on ordinary subjects. When the letters came I pretended to Father to have had one recalling me home

and my luggage went. I dawdled over dressing so as not to go down a moment before it was necessary. Once she said 'there's no need for you to go in such a hurry. I go at 10 o'clock.' I only looked at her and said I go at 10.' and once she said.

'No, be very careful - don't be stiff with him.'

I went down to breakfast at about 9.30 and the moment he saw me he got up and said 'You're *not* really going' and laughed naturally and said 'Yes, I am, isn't it sad.' and talked ordinarily through a quick breakfast. Then rushed away to get imaginary labels etc. and started for the train at 10 o'clock. He was very silent the whole way and I thought he must have heard Viva the night before and be cross about it or ashamed of himself and it was not until the moment came to say goodbye that I found the terrible reason. Viva and I touched hands and then I shook hands with him in front of her and held it, held it for a minute tho' all the time I was trying to get it free and looking me in the face - a thing he seldom does to anyone. He said 'You can't go - you're not *really* going - when shall I see you again.' Then, 'Shall I ever see you again.' I daren't face him with Viva there, I only laughed and said 'Oh sometime' and so went and that was the end of it.

30 December 1914

Nearing the end of the old year, I was down in London last month, stopping with the Scharmans and one evening, though there were some rather interesting Russians there I was called away from the gilded drawing room and at the last went to my bedroom. 'I am so bored', I thought, 'I wish I could communicate with Philip.' I went to my bedroom window and leaned out, looking into the darkness and I called with all my soul and mind 'Philip, Philip, Philip.' After a few minutes I felt I must go down and as I walked across the room I saw myself in the long looking-glass. That was a real sin of the spirit I said to myself, you are a wicked woman - but unrepentant I went down.

The climax seemed to have passed, but less than ¼ of an hour later the telephone bell rang for me and I knew, perfectly well that it was he. It was, but I can't hear on a telephone so I made Mrs Scharman answer. He asked me to lunch the next day and I had the strength of mind to refuse. I carefully avoided him and we did not meet. About one hour or a little more later I felt the same feeling again, but with less intensity, he was probably talking to Margaret about me.

28 July 1915

I hear from Margaret (her sister) that Philip Heseltine has deserted Viva (she is now in France feeding soldiers) and taken to himself a mistress named Puma. She is a gypsy model and wears black pyjamas and he has taken a house in the Costwolds for her! Poor Viva! He is, after all, only following the gospel he always preached. He made no secret of his views and opinions and acts on them.

Winifrid Wood

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A Love Child's Reminiscence

Those of you who read and questioned my suspicion of the discovery of another son of Peter Warlock in Newsletter 76, in 'From Love Song to Love Child' (pp. 4/5) may care to consider a childhood reminiscence of his.

In the 1930s, he remembers monthly visits with his mother to the offices of a lawyer or accountant in the Adelphi; the lawyer always patted him on the head and asked the conventional questions of small boys, and for his good behaviour he was rewarded with a visit to the National Gallery before the interview and after it with tea at the nearby Lyons Corner House. Years later when trying to retrace these childhood memories he couldn't find that office.

But I had an idea where it might have been. My Warlock archives made me suspect 6 Norfolk Street. But there is now no Norfolk Street in the London street directory. However a search in a London street directory for 1930 found one, now absorbed by King's College between Surrey and Arundel Streets, 'twixt Somerset House and the Temple.

I showed this map to the 'putative' son and he immediately identified it as the place, whereupon I told him it was the office of Frederick John Oliver Prescott, who on 7 May 1942, as her solicitor, executor and trustee had drafted the will of Bessie Mary Edith Buckley Jones, Warlock's mother!

As a Warlockian lawyer friend of mine said to me, it is a tale too good to stand up in a court of law, but it has been good enough to convince me and the putative son, who for many years did not know who his father was.

Malcolm Rudland



The mother who made monthly visits to 6 Norfolk Street (photo circa 1930)

A Tribute to Philip Heseltine

Published in The Musical Times, February 1931, 117-119.

Philip Heseltine

Tragedy is a much-abused word. But the death of Philip Heseltine (whom an even wider public knew as Peter Warlock) was a tragedy. An exceptionally gifted artist, in the full vigour of healthy manhood, suddenly silenced, incalculable potentialities unfulfilled – such a loss must ever be mourned. There is nothing here in which one can find consolation.

The extent of the loss music and musicians suffer could be gauged by a studied survey of his compositions only, but the time is not yet ripe for that. Their significance assures them a continued attention from which an adequate critical appreciation is bound to result. At this moment it will suffice if one speaks of his remarkable personality.

Heseltine's career was to some extent determined by the inevitable Eton-Oxford upbringing that family tradition prescribed. He had the originality of the creative artist whose spirit revolts against the pedagogues' concerted efforts to force intellectual activity into the moulds their wisdom considers best for the greatest number. The idealist resents indiscriminating discipline; Heseltine, like so many gifted youths before him, was inspired to spiritual rebellion by it. And throughout his life he gave a sympathetic interest to all idealistic rebels when he saw society ready to crush them, and to all art and endeavour that faced extinction because it was too subtle for popularity.

But his penetrating mind could distinguish relative merit, and he kept a grasp on facts in spite of his predisposition.

His unflinching devotion is movingly shown in his lifelong battle on behalf of Delius; but the results of his championing are also an eloquent testimony to his strength of character and conviction, and to his efficiency. The unceasing combat he waged, as a true knight errant, made him at times tilt at some academic windmill, or thrash some shepherding yokel who would have remained in obscurity but for the distinction of being thus attacked as if he were knight or giant.

In the midst of continual chivalrous warfare, a man may easily become aggressive without being contentious. His was recognized by many who had proved his ire, and who, when they judged that they had a grievance, could not help seeing that here was one who was a loyal friend and a loyal enemy. They were ready to forget irritation, not only for his incontestable intellectual honesty, but no less for his irresistible personal charm. His integrity of mind was too convincingly apparent for denial, even by those who personally resented its effects. Mental qualities like these grow in depth by virtue of their very being, and although Heseltine became increasingly impatient of all convention that betrayed any family likeness to smugness and hypocrisy, it is significant that he was always unflinchingly able to appreciate the beauty and power of any venerable

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tradition. In the very centre of his being he was too much of an 'institutionalist' to deny respectful interest to anything shaped by sincere faith and patient effort. But quite naturally his deep-rooted distrust of all things so elegantly cloaked that they could hide cant, engendered an almost systematic caution directed against the risk of self-deception.

That state of mind must occasionally reveal a hesitancy which a casual observer could regard as a sign of inner conflict. When such a conflict occurred, Heseltine knew how to defer the clash until the opposing elements are revealed with the sharpest definition. He never evaded the issue, nor sought escape, but avoided hasty conclusions by applying his amazing industry to subjects unconnected with fundamental problems. He worked desperately hard during the recurrent spells of creative inactivity with which all artists are familiar, and this throws light on his mental attitude; because in the course of similar periods most people would fritter away their energies on irrelevant occupation. Heseltine, on the contrary, acquired in what was practically his 'spare time', a scholarship of which any man might reasonably be proud. This was made possible by his extreme tidiness of mind. Very rarely has an imaginative and emotional spirit this highly valuable disposition, which implies the power to arrange life's experiences in the memory with such consistent precision that existence becomes a continuous and coherent adventure in which the overwhelmingly important and the seemingly negligible take their right places. Heseltine himself was quite conscious of his powers in this respect, and frequently toyed with the idea of a short but all the more lucrative business career that would enable him to exploit them. A few tentative efforts convinced his and his friends' belief in this side of his versatility, but circumstances denied him a full chance, and in this, as in other matters, a multitude of acquaintances were puzzled by what with some confused information, they hastily regarded as waywardness. And Heseltine never felt disposed to explain himself or his actions; he had the sensitive man's instinctive dread of being seen as 'his real self'. That of course is simply the spiritual counterpart of the fear of nudity that one feels where all go fully clothed. Necessarily, therefore, the exterior he presented to the world was deceptive, and unfortunately, it gave rise to much silly legend.

I have heard him described as Mephistophelian. He certainly had the caustic wit, but he had none of the callousness or of 'the spirit of denial' – on the contrary, he was generous and kind, and possessed the warm-hearted enthusiasm of the born artist.

These were the qualities that in his worldly wisdom he tried to hide; he knew too well that a man cannot risk the revelation that he remains a boy, and a rather shy boy. Yet that is what anyone with so fine a sensitiveness always is, and it is this that made him all the more lovable to those friends who knew him well enough and at the same time could value his great talents.

Genuine kindness, the delicate considerateness of the true gentleman, and brilliant wit, made him a most delectable companion. The ready response, from all

who met him, to such appeals, naturally consolidated the delightful conviviality from which otherwise he might have fled. Here at least could be found an escape from the elemental loneliness that every poet knows and dreads. When the years show that no friendships can assuage the bitter melancholy that pays for the power to feel with the intensity which drives to poetic communication, the spirit falters in fear. The tribulation may be unknown to the critics who have in a loud voice spoken of Peter Warlock's 'roystering songs'. Certainly, some of these shine with the light of glorious fun to which the creative artist can claim a right in return for the sadness that is his natural heritage, and that assails him after every phase of concentrated activity. 'Let us drink: it will make us all jolly!' sing the students in 'The Tales of Hoffmann', and to a heartrendingly sad melodic phrase! It is the poet's fate to deceive all but himself in the whole range between 'gentle wistfulness' and the black horrors that Borrow fought so heroically with only once an Isopel Berners to stand by him.

But if the jolly drinking song does not signify a riotous existence, the yearning melancholy song should not lead to the Philistine's absurd belief that 'the poor chap feels all done in'. Poetic yearning is not what Nietzsche called the exasperation of impotence; it is born of indefinable desire, the longing for the eluding land, beyond the horizon, where is the Golden Fleece.

No artist could 'live' all that speaks from his works, were he as robust as Leonardo! It has been said that Heseltine doubted his talents. The creative artist who does not is past redemption. Deep down in himself any talented man knows his own worth. It is true that Heseltine was one of the very rare composers who are genuinely modest about their work. He heavily discounted any praise given to them. Yet he was a most discriminating critic, who could find flaws in his own productions with sufficient certainty to justify his absolute artistic honesty when he ought to admit to himself their excellence.

His heaviest burden was possibly his distracting versatility. In his earliest days he found himself burning to write about music, with the conviction that he could say more than others, and say it better. Delius's timely and discerning advice made him see that he was a composer first and foremost. Later, in a brief career as a concert reporter, he speedily discovered that a daily paper is not a suitable medium for the dissemination of ideas or the propagation of convictions.

After he had already established his fame as a composer, he returned again and again to musical journalism with conspicuous success. On a wider basis of literary endeavour he aimed higher, and again justified every ambition. As editor of the *Sackbut* he displayed a brilliance that compelled the admiration of his adversaries, and his own contributions to this and other periodicals always gave proof of an ease beyond his experience, and a knowledge beyond accepted sources. In his independent literary works (he published several 'full-dress' books) he eclipsed all these achievements and revealed a mastery of prose style, a lucidity in argument, and a constructive ability that in

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themselves would suffice to establish an author's reputation.

Neither Philip Heseltine nor 'Peter Warlock' wrote music in the grand manner or planned on a large scale. The very fact compels us to respect his artistic integrity, for he possessed all the technique required. But he distrusted the sweeping gesture as much as he feared the possibility of, like the lesser artist, repeating himself, whether for gain or fame or from habit.

Very much was still to be expected from a man who at thirty-six had acquired a sound scholarship that enabled him to meet with unwavering confidence, and on their own ground, experts schooled in the course of long lives of specialised work.

Such capacities were gained by him while an unabating flow of transcriptions, arrangements, paraphrases and adaptations – all of incontestable merit – came from his pen, never betraying haste or the complacency of routine, but utmost conscientiousness in every bar. Here was already a productivity, of high merit, on which a man's fame could securely rest. But yet all this was only part of his activity. He wrote some enchanting works for small orchestra, and enriched music with an impressive number of songs of the most exquisite workmanship, and dictated by real inspiration. I need not draw attention to their loveliness; most of them have already become well-known. In their finely-drawn melodic lines, their beautiful transparency and balanced structure, they show, as in everything Heseltine did, a consummate orderliness, a perspicuity and understanding that make them worthy counterparts of the words which, with unflinching taste, he selected from the best of English poets. Can one give higher praise? If I knew how to, I would do it.

But if genuine emotion, infinite charm, and grace, can preserve a spirit as a living reality for future generations, the tribute of my admiration is unneeded. Much of 'Warlock's' music will have become a national treasure when all that was ever said or written about it to-day will be forgotten.

Bernard van Dieren

Two Artists

Book reviews published in *Time and Tide*, 10 November, 1934, 1430

Gerald. A Portrait. Daphne du Maurier. (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)

Peter Warlock. A Memoir of Philip Heseltine. Cecil Gray. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

Two portraits; a portrait by a daughter of a success; portrait by a friend – of a failure? Not exactly. Of something most difficult to estimate, for a final judgment of a man of Philip Heseltine's quality would require a supernatural knowledge of a kind man has not got, or his life would not be the confused and bitter thing it is.

In *Gerald*, the candour of the contemporary child turns on its searchlight. Here at least is something new. Have

children ever been so frank about their parents before? Here is loyalty, but not exactly filial piety, about a father far more a child than his biographer. It is a pleasant family tale; full of little jokes and little intimacies of three generations of united and affectionate persons, singularly fortunate in all outward things, wholesome, often superficial, very English, a little French, good stuff of a country, "familiar as one's garter"; and wholly natural that one of them should have risen to the top of his profession. (Not to its greatest heights, he had none of the supreme artist's austerity, but to the top of the choicest order of popular success.) While, because he was a true artist, it is natural also that he should be nagged, like his father, with a subtle dissatisfaction he was never (like his father) great enough to look in the face, either realize by passion or sacrifice, or else stamp out.

Blame England, with her indifference or contempt for the finest forms of art; who, with regard to the theatre at least is satisfied with Johnson's "They who live to please must please to live." Blame also Sir James Barrie, whose whimsicalities at their deadliest are poison to such natures; whose Dionysos is assumed to be living with his Maenads in lawful matrimony; whose Pan, in exchange for whose thyme-spray Pheidippides died, has for *pré nom* Peter.

It was this dissatisfaction that sought release in what his daughter, for all her loyalty, admits as a "warped brand of humour." A perversity which in *The Ware Case* gave a touch of real terror, when from a window he shouts his secret to the crowd below.

"The dice of God are always loaded" – du Maurier's life, from the first almost to the very end, was a series of easy, brilliant and delightful triumphs. One result of which was, as his daughter shows with ironic detachment, that he never grew up at all. Until the bill came in for the price of easy victory; and it was not a happy child that took to the movies to pay arrears of income-tax. Yet in this, as in all else, he was infinitely fortunate that his play ended at the right moment, before the body had been forced into decay.

All said and done, what an amount of sheer delight he gave; not "purgation by pity and terror," but delight; pathos, elegance, wit. Fun. But when we come to the life of Philip Heseltine, we are in very different country.

Gerald du Maurier was at Harrow, and loved it; Heseltine was an Eton scholar, and – possible evidence to the contrary is treated as scandal deserves – he hated it. The book is admirably done, a work of equal love and far greater piety than Miss du Maurier's. In his sympathy Mr. Gray only weakens twice, once in this matter of "the hell on earth, the English Public School"; once on his friend's concern at sixteen at the death of King Edward – "At a time when most boys of such outstanding intelligence are red-hot revolutionaries and atheists." For the rest, he is largely content to let him speak for himself, in his admirable and revealing letters to Delius and to his friends; especially to Robert Nichols, who has written a chapter himself of most loyal and penetrating sympathy.

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Has the man a few of whose songs will be sung for ever done more for his race than the man who has delighted one generation? Possibly, if the songs are certain to last. Mr. Gray is perhaps a little too anxious to protest that quality is more than quantity, to praise his friend for not being "too vulgar big"; but the songs are there. And the volume of work as shown at the end, not so inconsiderable for a man who, at thirty-six, suddenly decided to end it all.

Mr. Gray does great service in disentangling the two portraits of him; D. H. Lawrence's slander, and Mr. Huxley's exciting version, Coleman, in "Antic Hay." Round the division of his personality, Philip Heseltine and Peter Warlock, no full explanation seems possible. "Lawrence depicts a pitifully weak, irresolute, ridiculous, soft, effeminate nonentity; Huxley a virile, sinister, diabolic monster of vice and iniquity." Neither descriptions are sufficient or just, but Mr. Gray does well to point out the resemblance to Gerald de Nerval. But surely the likeness is even more to Baudelaire, the Baudelaire Mr. Huxley has described too well, the man who must have his woman either "a white-gowned image of female purity" or else a harlot. Who never knew what it was "to combine passion with esteem or respect with tenderness." Who paid for the pitiable division as such men always pay. His biographer does not seem to understand this. In his simple view: "Peter Warlock treated women as they deserve, and ultimately as they wish to be treated, with a complete cynicism . . . merely as rather inferior human beings -." This piece of nonsense is Mr. Gray's nonsense; and in flat contradiction to the piteous and terrible letter he did, one believes, right to publish, where Heseltine speaks of the curse laid on him to destroy the thing he loves.

For all his wild sports a more tragic life was rarely lived, and in the last days at Eynesford [*sic*] Mr. Gray conveys very effectually the sense of something dreadful and extreme, about to break through. One remembers, years before, one's own last sight of him: one Sunday, at Westminster Cathedral, at High Mass. A crowd at the end of the nave, and at the Elevation, Philip Heseltine flung face-downward on the stones, his arms out in the form of a cross.

Mary Butts



Philip Heseltine at Eton, circa 1910

WARLOCKATHON

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Please send these to David Lane, 6 Montagu Square, London W1H 2LB, UK.

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CD Review - Strings in the Earth and Air

Paul Martyn West (Tenor)

Nigel Foster (Piano)

This excellent collection illustrates the point that great poetry (or at least words by great poets) does not always make for the best songs. We have words by Joyce, Shakespeare and Wordsworth, but in terms of vocal setting these are surpassed by the deceptively simple songs of Warlock's "Candlelight". Add to these "The Fox" and Moeran's powerful arrangements of Norfolk folksongs and we have the core of a CD that is essential for lovers of English song and especially for students of Warlock.

Paul Martyn-West has made a special study of Moeran's songs, an interest that he shared with the third featured composer, the late Geoffrey Stern. Paul recounts in the liner notes that he first met Stern through the Peter Warlock Society. This was clearly the beginning of a fruitful relationship, as some of the songs were dedicated to Paul and were especially written for this CD, which was released a few months after the death of the composer in October 2005.

This CD breaks new ground in several respects, not least being the first recording of the unadulterated version of "The Fox" which has until now only ever been committed to disc in the version altered by Bernard van Dieren. Our thanks go to Michael Pilkington for this overdue correction. I am also not aware (please correct me if I'm wrong) of a previous example of Warlock's solo songs being coupled with Moeran's on a recording. Finally, although both stalwarts of the Society for many years, these two fine artists have at last got round to recording some Warlock together.

I thoroughly recommend this CD which can be obtained direct from Paul Martyn-West for the sum of £10: call him on 0208 318 7266 to obtain your copy.

Dunelm Records: Catalogue number: DRD0249

Track listing:

ERNEST JOHN MOERAN (1894--1950)

Six Folksongs from Norfolk (1923)

1. Down by the Riverside
2. The Bold 'Richard'
3. Lonely Waters
4. The Pressgang
5. The Shooting of His Dear
6. The Oxford Sporting Blade

Seven Poems of James Joyce (1929)

1. Strings in the Earth and Air
2. The Merry Green Wood
3. Bright Cap
4. The Pleasant Valley
5. Donnycarney
6. Rain Has Fallen
7. Now, O Now, in this Brown Land

PETER WARLOCK (1894-1930)

Candlelight - a cycle of nursery jingles (1923)

1. How many miles to Babylon?
2. I won't be my father's Jack
3. Robin and Richard
4. O my kitten
5. Little Tommy Tucker
6. There was an old man
7. I had a little pony
8. Little Jack Jingle
9. There was a man of Thessaly
10. Suky, you shall be my wife
11. There was an old woman
12. Arthur o' Bower

Three Songs (1916-17)

1. Along the Stream (Li-Po (trsltd L Cranmer-Byng))
2. Take, O take those lips away (Shakespeare)
3. Heracleitus (Callimachus (trsltd William Cory))

The Fox (1930) (Bruce Blunt)

GEOFFREY STERN (1935--2005)

Three Wordsworth Songs (1953)

1. To the cuckoo
2. She dwelt among the untrodden ways
3. To an infant

Four Songs of James Joyce (2001 -5)

1. Lean out of your window
2. Strings in the Earth and Air
3. Now, O now in this brown land
4. Gentle Lady

Legend (1960) (Henry Treece)

Chris Sreeves

Book Review - London A Musical Gazetteer

Lewis Foreman and Susan Foreman (Yale University Press, £14.95)

In the 1980s, I can remember John Bishop showing me *A Musical Gazetteer* by Gerald Norris published by David & Charles) that covered the whole country, but from it only one entry remains in my memory. In the Chelsea section it declared that at 16 Cheyne Walk in 1902, Percy Grainger had his first sexual experience with its occupant, his patron, Mrs Lowry. This new gazetteer entirely for London omits this fact, but there are plenty more to make up for it.

Having been a musician in London myself for nearly forty years, I find nearly every page of this 372-page magnum opus offers something of fascination.

There are twelve entries on Peter Warlock with nearly two pages of text about his connections with London and there is a photo of his Eynsford cottage. There is also a photo of Felix Aprahamian in his garden with Messiaen.

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The biggest section is on Composers and Musicians, but only includes dead ones, ranging from Orlando Gibbons (b.1583) to Lord Menuhin (d.1999).

There are ample details of the history of orchestras and publishers, have you ever wondered why Warlock had so many publishers? This book puts their background in perspective. There are also sections on places where music is and has been performed, and where it has been learnt, and researched some of which could open doors to further research on Warlock.

There are ten pages on the burial places of musicians, six on musical compositions evoking London, and the out of the centre section includes musical stories relating to the stations on the Metropolitan Line, each one getting more romantic as it gets further from London, climaxing at Amersham in one about Bax's November Woods. There are also specific maps and walk-plans for five Musical Walks, one of which features our Bartók statue.

The book's introduction spans 1500 to 2004 and concludes, as many entries do, inviting posterity for a reassessment in 50 or 100 years time: The music lover is more generously provided for in London than in any other city in the world. At the beginning of a new century, with the contraction of the recording industry and the loss of traditional music teaching and singing in schools, with a basically musically philistine wider public (and government), its long-term viability has many question marks. We hope to have revealed something of its fascination and magic. Enjoy it while you can.

On the King's Theatre (now Her Majesty's);

Its recent history has been dominated by the seventeen-year run of Lloyd Webbers Phantom of the Opera and before that for the much shorter run of Stephen Sondheim's Company.

This pungent style pervades throughout. Musical scandals from previous generations are gently but thoroughly discussed, but more recent ones are left out for future generations to put in perspective?

Useful conversation stoppers include the story of Thomas Attwood leaving Mendelssohn's score of the overture to his Midsummer Night's Dream in a cab before its first performance, so that the composer then had to copy it all out again from memory. We also learn of a ghost at the London College of Music, and that in 1979 Southwark Cathedral had only one lavatory.

Teasers you can now ask your friends include: What has Sir Arthur Bliss in common with Esther Rantzen, and Delius with Fanny Cradock? The latter's moved into homes of the formers. What is the noise with the echo at the end of Bax's Third Symphony in the Chandos recording? Kids in the playground of the junior school next to All Saints, Tooting. What opera has an avalanche on stage? Frederick Corder's *Nordisa*. Who wrote some Enigma Variations 80 years before Elgar? Cipriani Potter. Whose recording of Mars from Holst's 'The

Planets' caused the plaster to fall from the ceiling of Kingsway Hall? Bernard Hermann's. What friend of Warlock was President of the Kensington Kittens and Neuter Cats Club? Constant Lambert.

Nowhere in the book are any photos of the authors declared, but careful hunting can find one of each. Whereas all other index entries for photographs are cast in bold text (e.g. Felix Aprahamian 271, where there is also a text entry in roman 271), if you look through the text entries for the authors, you will find a photo of each of them on pages 20 and 314, but those index entries are marked in roman, not bold! This attempted anonymity pervades the manner of Velazquez and Rembrandt who slipped their self-portraits into group paintings when all others characters paid the artists for the privilege. In their age, it was left for future generations to discover who had not paid for his portrait. Now, I save future generations the wait; I declare that on this gazetteer's front cover, in the biggest of the eight pictures, Lewis Foreman can be seen in the bottom left hand corner of a Prom queue.

Malcolm Rudland

Music Review - Warlock Songs: Critical Edition (1)

During my school days I was lucky enough to be introduced to a vast range of music of many kinds, but the only Warlock I remember from this time was the evergreen 'Capriol Suite', which I was able to play in the piano duet and string orchestra versions, as my other instrument was the cello. But when I started accompanying singing students at the RAM, I quickly became aware of the wonderful range of Warlock songs. I quickly bought up all the volumes in print at the time, (OUP 1+2, Boosey, Chester, Augener, etc) but I soon realised that there were many more Warlock songs which were not so readily available.

I was therefore very excited when in 1982 Thames brought out the first complete edition of all Warlock's known songs in 8 volumes – at last I could explore the whole range of his output! However, although Warlock disliked having his songs transposed away from his original key and tone colour, this complete edition included a number of transposed keys both higher and lower to make them more readily singable by middle range voices; this was obviously good for vocalists, but in some cases created problems for the pianist, as even in the original keys many of his accompaniments include very difficult chord sequences which have to be played rapidly and crisply, often, with large stretches of up to a tenth or so in the left hand. Having a smallish hand myself, I found (as did many of my RAM accompaniment students) that right hand chords with a stretch of a 9th, such as C D F# A D, which are relatively easy with the thumb straddling both the C and D, become impossible when transposed down for example to B flat C E G C, resulting in either awkwardly spread chords or the lowest notes taken by the left hand.

However, at least the fact that singers and pianists at last could purchase the music of all Warlock's songs for the

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first time was an enormous benefit to everyone. In this 1982 edition, all the songs are printed in as near chronological order of composition as possible. This is fine for accompanists like myself who might hope one day to perform them all, and for scholars and music lovers who simply wanted the scores for study, but perhaps not so convenient for singers who might have to buy a whole volume in order to sing perhaps only a few songs that suited their range.

But now we have the New Peter Warlock Critical Edition, edited by the leading expert on English Song Michael Pilkington, the definitive version with all the songs printed in their original keys. There are again 8 volumes, but this time Volume 1 is for High Voice and contains all the songs between 1911 and 1919: Volume 2 contains all the songs for medium range voices written during that period. The other volumes continue in the same way, with nos. 1, 3 and 5 for high voice, and nos. 2, 4, 6, 7 and 8 for medium voice, making it easier for singers to find out which ones are best for their individual voices. The cover design by Katherine Stark is simple but immediately striking in black, with the name Warlock in a different colour for each of the eight volumes. There are copious and fascinating notes by the editor which incorporate most of Fred Tomlinson's excellent introductions in the 1982 edition. The standard of the printing is first class throughout, and no effort has been spared to reproduce Warlock's manuscripts faithfully and clearly, with (in many cases) both versions of a song where more than one exist. The contents page in each volume gives not only the page numbers, but the poets (and their dates) of each song, and the collections in which the poems appear – all useful details when writing programme notes for a recital. The back inside cover gives at a glance the entire contents of all eight volumes, and the reverse outside cover lists all the remaining compositions of Warlock, especially the nine volumes of Choral Music.

Michael Pilkington's editing is as thorough as it is possible to be, and anyone buying these definitive volumes should also make sure to get Volume 2 of his Guides to English Song for even more information and practical comments on the performance of each song. The publisher is Thames Publishing, now a division of W.Elkin Music Services.

These eight volumes represent a most scholarly work of which the late-lamented John Bishop (founder of Thames) would have been justly proud.

Geoffrey Pratley

Music Review - Warlock Songs: Critical Edition (2)

Published in the journal 'SINGING', Voice of the Association Of Teachers Of Singing.

Winter 2004

After the splendid Gala Dinner at the Summer Conference in Birmingham, at which I found myself sandwiched between those two long-standing and very hard-working servants of AOTOS, Michael Pilkington and Paul Deegan, I realised my folly. Somehow or other, inadvertently, I had agreed during the course of the meal to take on the role of 'Chief Music Reviewer', I am still not sure if there was a conspiracy or not but I do know that to follow on from Michael Pilkington is daunting!

As Michael wrote in the summer issue of *Singing*, he has been doing the job since 1987, and for Michael 'doing the job' meant freely giving AOTOS members the benefit of both his enormous pool of knowledge and his meticulous focus on detail. Over the years he has enlisted the specialist knowledge of other renowned musicians, such as Tracey Chadwell, Sarah Leonard, Anthony Saunders, Eugene Asti, and Susan Yarnall, naming but a few, to cover areas for which he felt he had perhaps less enthusiasm or expertise. But for 17 years he has had the prime responsibility for the quality of the music reviews available to AOTOS members, and he has developed this section of the magazine to the point where it has inspired other singers' organisations, such as NATS, to follow his shining example. AOTOS is extremely fortunate to have had such a scholar and writer as their chief music reviewer for so many years. On behalf of my fellow members, may I extend our heartfelt thanks and acknowledge his enormous contribution to AOTOS.

For this issue the review panel has effectively shrunk to one, a far from ideal situation. The English Song specialist is having his own major project reviewed, so can't do it himself; the contemporary music specialist has been promoted (?); the educational music specialist has been given compassionate leave because she has enough on her plate being Chairman; and as announced in the last edition, Anthony Saunders has written his last contribution. If there are any members who do have specialist expertise, particularly in the areas of choral and educational music, and who would enjoy the challenge of sharing that enthusiasm in writing, *please* let me know.

NEW EDITIONS OF SOLO SONGS

New Peter Warlock Critical Edition, volumes 1, 2 & 3, edited by Michael Pilkington, published by Thames Publishing, (2004) each volume 40+ pp, £9.95,

In this issue I am reviewing the first three volumes of the eight that will include all Warlock's songs in a new critical edition. Many were published originally in the 1920's by Winthrop Rogers, Augeners, Chesters and OUP, but the reprints and collections published since then have left many of his total output (more than 100 songs written in just over ten years) unavailable.

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This magnificent enterprise, published in association with the Peter Warlock Society, at last brings all the songs together in what must be considered the definitive edition. The volumes are edited with all the care for musical and poetic authenticity and attention to detail that one would expect from Michael Pilkington. On the contents page the primary sources of the songs are given, and the sources of the poems are similarly notated with poets, dates and publications identified. The preface contains considerable information about textual variations, publishing history and other relevant matters. The songs themselves look clear and uncluttered, with the editorial procedure outlined in the introduction obtruding little into one's reading. It was interesting to realise, when I compared my old Boosey & Hawkes copy with this new edition, that several songs took fewer pages but were actually easier to read.

As Brian Collins of the Peter Warlock Society writes, when discussing the wholesale transposition of Warlock's songs in earlier editions to suit a medium voice, 'Warlock, while accepting it as a fact of life, frowned upon transposition and would rather rewrite a piece than have its pitch altered wholesale'. Here the original keys have been maintained as far as can be deduced from the original holographic or first edition sources, and the volumes are arranged chronologically and by voice. So volumes I & II contain songs from 1911-1919 for high voice and medium voice respectively, starting with songs written while Warlock was in his last term at Eton. (Completely irrelevant is the amazing fact gleaned from the website of the Peter Warlock Society that Warlock, the son of 'stockbrokers, solicitors and art connoisseurs' was born in the Savoy Hotel!) The only song that is previously unpublished from these three volumes is the very chromatic 'A Lovesong' (II), dating from 1919, but which apparently only emerged last year. Warlock was clearly experimenting in this period with some extreme aspects of tonality and also with rhythmic freedoms, for example in 'Along the stream' (II) and 'The Cloths of Heaven' (I). In contrast are uncomplicated songs of tonal and rhythmic clarity and energy, such as 'Whenas the rye reach to the chin' (II) and 'Sweet Content' (I). Volume III contains songs from 1921 and 1922 for high voice, and the extrovert 'rollicking' songs prevail to which the lilting *pastorale* character of 'A Sad Song' and the soaring folk-like melody of 'The Distracted Maid' are a welcome contrast. I hope that the five ensuing volumes follow thick and fast, so that Warlock's songs can be appreciated in their full glory for the first time.

Summer 2005

New Peter Warlock Critical Edition, volumes 4, 5 & 6, edited by Michael Pilkington, published by Thames Publishing, (2004) each volume about 60pp, £9.95.

The new critical Peter Warlock edition continues with the high standard of clarity and comprehensive attention to detail that was found in the first three volumes. Volume 4 has songs for medium voice dating from 1920 to 1923, so that it overlaps chronologically with Volume 3 for high voice. Some of Warlock's better known songs

are in this volume, such as 'Captain Stratton's Fancy', 'Rest, sweet nymphs', 'Sleep', 'Chopcherry' and 'Roister Doister', as well as the carols 'Adam lay y-bounden' and 'Tyrley, Tyrlow'. I have never heard or seen 'Late Summer' before, but it reveals a gentle and lyrical aspect of Warlock's output as he responds to the poem by Edward Shanks. Twelve short songs to nursery rhymes make up the group called 'Candlelight', perhaps written for Warlock's 6-year-old son, who probably relished saying the tempo direction for the last song in the group, 'Tumultuosissimamente'!

Many of the songs in volume 5 (high voice 1923-1928) are well known, including 'Yarmouth Fair', 'Mockery', 'Pretty Ringtime', 'A Prayer to St Anthony of Padua', 'The Sick Heart', and 'The Countryman'. 'Mockery' is here published for the first time in the original key, but thankfully the double sharps do recede in the vocal part after the first two bars! The sixth volume for medium voice covers the years 1923-1926, and includes many songs to early texts, such as 'Twelve oxen', 'Fair and true', 'Jillian of Bury', 'Sweet and Twenty', and the two settings of Herrick poems which open the volume, 'I held love's head', and 'Thou gav'st me leave to kiss'. Clear print and well-spaced text, plenty of background information given in the preface, and differences between editions and manuscripts lucidly explained – what more could one want!

Winter 2005

New Peter Warlock Critical Edition, volumes 7 & 8, edited by Michael Pilkington, published by Thames Publishing, (2005) 51pp & 56pp respectively, £9.95.

With the publication of the last two volumes for medium voice of songs from 1927-1930, the New Critical Peter Warlock Edition is now complete. The high editorial standard established in the earlier volumes has been maintained, with the sources of the texts noted in the Contents page, a preface full of detail about the individual songs, and pages that are clear to read, positively encouraging one to explore these fascinating songs. The only criticism I have is that the absence of an alphabetical index to all the songs makes it difficult to locate individual songs. Inside the back cover of each volume is a listing of the complete edition by volume, with the songs listed in the order they are printed. The more time one wastes searching for a particular song, the more annoying this lack of an alphabetical index becomes!

Volume 7 contains many of the most-often sung pieces, such as 'Ha'nacker Mill', 'The Night', 'My Own Country' and 'The First Mercy'. The commentary clears up one query that I have always had about this last song in my 1967 Boosey & Hawkes edition, the alternative groupings of notes suggesting a non-existent alternative text. Apparently they are there because once there had been a French text added, but when it was removed the various dotted ties and additional notes for extra syllables were left in. So one oddity that has always puzzled me, and which would never have been there if earlier editors had done their work properly, has finally been cleared up! In 'The Lover's Maze' there are so

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many variants between the OUP edition and the manuscript, that two versions are published on facing pages. It is thought that the changes were made, perhaps authorised by Peter Warlock, to 'remove some of the more extreme difficulties in the accompaniment'. The alterations are quite small, with some chords thinned slightly and clefs changed to avoid unnecessary ledger lines, but the accompaniment still needs a very competent pianist, as is so often the case with Warlock's songs. A similar situation is found in 'Sigh no more, ladies' in this volume.

In volume 8 there are thirteen more songs, including 'Youth', 'The Cricketers of Hambledon', 'The Fox' and 'Bethlehem Down', as well as an appendix including another version of 'Late Summer' (see volume 4) and the original version for brass band of 'The Cricketers of Hambledon'. Once again there are variant lines printed in 'The Fox' and 'After Two Years', but from the preface it is clear that Peter Warlock did not sanction these alterations, but that these modifications were made to the manuscripts, probably by Bernard van Dieren, before posthumous publication by OUP. As always both versions are very clear, leaving the performers to make their own informed choices. With this volume, a labour that combined meticulous academic research with a deep love of English Song is finally completed. All singers and teachers of English song owe great thanks to Michael Pilkington and to Thames Publishing for undertaking the New Critical Peter Warlock Edition. As Brian Collins, the chairman of the Peter Warlock Society wrote in the introduction to the series:

Scholarship is as vulnerable to fashion as anything else. Nevertheless these printings are as close as possible, verbally and notationally, to the composer's intentions and will long survive as definitive.

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Further errors in the New Peter Warlock Critical Edition.

There are two errors in 'Robin Goodfellow' (Volume 6, New Peter Warlock Critical Edition, page 44). In bar two the second A in the upper stave should not have a dot; this would align the last quavers properly. Also in the last bar of page 45 the LH low C should have a natural. My thanks to John Mitchell for pointing these out.

Michael Pilkington

Event and Concert Review - The Fifth Warlock Chelsea ChronotograPHical Crawl

Sunday 14 May 2006

Reminiscences by Alice Wakefield, Andrew Bax and John Mitchell.

These marathon events, started in the centenary year of Warlock's birth, 1994, were the brain-child of Fred Tomlinson, and were initially promoted by the newly formed Chelsea Festival, founded by the then Rector of St Luke's Chelsea, Rev Derek Watson in order to 'celebrate the enormous range of talent in Chelsea'. Our crawls came every two years until 2000, since when the Festival has lost its initial direction, and all attempts for another have failed. So this year, we risked promoting another ourselves, and with a budget of nearly £2,500, we made a profit of nearly £50.

Our host for the day, David le Lay, Chairman of the Chelsea Society, did us proud as he led the small but fascinated band of pilgrims from the starting-point of Warlock's home at the time of his birth (now the

entrance to Harrods Food Hall!). I had not realized the social, and architectural divide between humble Chelsea and the burgeoning Royal Borough of Kensington in the days when Warlock's parents lived at 27 Hans Road. This begs an interesting question. If the boundary lies between the two boroughs straight through the Harrods site - on which side was the Heseltine family house? Chelsea, we decided, though without any real evidence.

Other gems of social history emerged. Philip Heseltine, we know, was born in the Savoy Hotel. Apparently, it was quite common for the sick or pregnant to be moved into hotels, if you had the means. Look at Whistler and his sick wife, for example, and that wonderful picture recently exhibited at the Tate. So, Mrs Heseltine didn't suddenly and unexpectedly feel the pangs while out for dinner, as I had previously supposed. Her baby was deliberately produced at The Savoy.

But it was the architectural revelations which formed the kernel of this instructive tour and led by David's urbane, erudite and cheerful commentary, we threaded our way down Walton Street and its environs, stopping to consider the humble foursquare predictability of a row of Georgian facades, or a church gracing the end of a vista, or the pleasing craftsmanship of the emerging experimentations of the Arts and Crafts movement. Tumbling lilac and wisteria scented our route in the spring sunshine.

Amid all this elegance the diverting art nouveau Michelin Building comes as something of a shock. Commissioned in 1910 from architect François Espinasse, it is much earlier than I had imagined. This advertisement in a massive three-dimensional form speaks volumes of the power and wealth of an earlier age. Whereas we have hoarding or balloons or other horrors, here is a towering symbolic edifice; piles of replica tyres on the roof are illuminated at night, while by day one can admire the coloured mosaics on the outer walls depicting famous racing victories - all on Michelin tyres, of course. It's all good fun. I wonder what Peter Warlock thought of it.

Throughout the day, David Le Lay's good-humoured contributions oiled the wheels. His history of Tite Street at the final concert was most illuminating. It is a relatively new street, built as a consequence of the massacre of the riverside gardens by the new Embankment. And if there was a slight disagreement as to the precise date when the Sisters of the Cross moved into the St. Wilfrid's building where we were sitting, the civilized little contretemps on this point was relished by all, not least, David. We must thank him for enriching the day for members of the Chelsea Society and the Warlock Society alike.

Alice Wakefield

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During the world cup recently, I was accused of being unpatriotic. In defence, I once yelled "it was only a month since I was singing 'God save the Queen' on a traffic island in Kensington in front of Sir Malcolm Rifkind and the Hungarian Ambassador!" And so we were - all beside Bartók's statue. From as far away as 17 Pelham Street we had heard the Guildhall Brass Ensemble causing a musical rumpus amongst the chilled out people enjoying their Sunday leisure time. Amidst Malcolm Rudland conducting Warlock's 'Capriol' and the last six of Bartók's Mikrokosmos the sense of occasion was officially raised by the presence of Sir Malcolm Rifkind, the local MP.



The Guildhall Brass Ensemble

A cue of added percussion for the last of the Mikrokosmos, heralded the official party to the raised podium, where, led by the ever effervescent David Le Lay (standing in for our ever-Renaissance man, Danny Gillingwater, who had been billed as our Pied Piper of Chelsea), a banner was brought forward from the original 1994 Chelsea Crawl. However, this time 'Warlock in Chelsea' was on the back and a six-foot Hungarian flag emblazoned the front as a stunning backdrop to the proceedings.

Under this flag, Sir Malcolm gave an impassioned speech about recent European history and the future uniting of its members, which I firmly believed moved everyone present. Sir Malcolm had started his speech saying it was the first time he had been asked to speak from a traffic island, but the Hungarian Ambassador, His Excellency Mr Béla Szombati rose to his occasion by stating it was actually the third time he had been asked to speak from a traffic island!



Sir Malcolm Rifkind delivering his speech behind the Bartók statue

Interwoven between these speeches the music flowed with our own National Anthem and Charles Ives's variations on it; Variations on America, played with great dexterity by the band, in which the humour of Ives's original organ piece was clearly added to in Eric Crees's 1982 arrangement for ten-piece brass. The Hungarian National Anthem (Himnusz) was sung with haunting pathos by Ilona Komkoly joined by the many Hungarians who suddenly seemed to swell the crowd. The finale of this section was the first performance of Eric Crees's arrangement of another organ piece, Tibor Pikethy's Improvisatio a Himnusz fölött, which with Malcolm Rudland's half Hungarian background enabled him to bring tears to the many Hungarians present.

The stalwarts of the ceremony then marched the 230 yards, behind the merry band of Guildhall playing Warlock's The Cricketers of Hambledon, to arrive outside 7 Sydney Place, the house with the blue plaque to Bartók, where Warlock's The Old Codger and Bartók's Mikrokosmos 151 were played. We all then ambled to a reception in the upper room of The Wellesley Arms where we met John Amis, resplendent in one of his multi coloured waistcoats.

Having been fully refreshed, the stewards (John Mitchell and I) went down to Dovehouse Green, adjacent to the Register Office where Warlock was married on 22 Dec 191 and on the site of the public mortuary where Warlock's body lay on 17 Dec 1930. There we performed our stewardly duties and witnessed the start of the Double Warlock and Bartók concert.



On Dovehouse Green

After a short while I was passed a bowl to collect money from the public (one of whom was the busy nurse from Open All Hours.) And so, not since my performance in Oliver Twist at 14 had I wandered around in such a manner, and showed that I am prepared to try anything for the society except Folk Dancing and Incest (to quote Sir Amold Bax).

Simon Masterton-Smith sang with great confidence in much of Warlock's jovial music, a quality further enhanced by the brass players' frequent trips across the road to the nearest bar to 'wet their whistles' I believe it's called until with this journey increasing to every interval there wasn't a drop of ale left in Chelsea by 5 p.m. The performance was made all the more physical with Chelsea Ballet adding choreography to Bartók's last six 'Mikrokosmos'.

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The Chelsea Ballet in their choreographed Bartók 'Mikrokosmos'

We then had the wonderful tune of our President's 'Waltz from Murder on the Orient Express' (Richard Rodney Bennett), which was encored in the auction, with a Chelsea Football Club supporter (fresh from their Victory Parade that day) taking the bidding from £5 to £20 so she that she could blow the whistle to start the train, that heralds the big tune! She then blew it repeatedly afterwards with great syncopation! After that, we had an anonymous bid for some Delius, which produced a very innocent first three bars of Delius's 'On hearing the first cuckoo in spring', which merged into 'Happy Birthday to you' on top of Delian harmonies. It turned out we were graced by the Presence of the President of the Delius Society, Dr Lionel Carley, whose birthday it was. Application has now been made for the Delius Trust to fund Eric Cress to arrange the other 93 bars of this for ten-piece brass ensemble. It will be remembered that Warlock arranged his Brass Cuckoo for the then standard brass band of his time. Ten-part ensembles did not exist until Philip Jones created them in the 1970s by combining his various brass quartets! Peter Warlock's fascination with the power of the 1000cc Indian motorcycle back in 1913, was reflected by the presence of a classic 1000cc Honda Goldwing from 1978 belonging to another Peter, the writer and broadcaster, Peter O'Neil.

I am sure everyone will join me in showering praise on all those involved in the day's music, to our sponsors, the Guildhall Brass Ensemble for all their hard work throughout the day, and to Eric Cress for his arrangements and his coaching of the band, and to Malcolm Rudland for conducting them on this occasion, though Malcolm did tell me he has learnt one thing from the event. 'Never praise a student until after a concert!!'

Andrew Bax

Having spent the greater part of the day on my feet as - now required by the local council - one of two stewards (along with Andrew Bax), in more ways than one I was especially looking forward to the last formal part of the day as it involved sitting rather than standing! The culmination of the Chelsea Crawl - and the part containing the 'serious' Warlock - was a concert of vocal & piano music held in St Wilfrid's Convent, at 29 Tite Street. This building is most appropriately situated: - directly opposite the then [1930] No. 12a (the last house where, for three months or so, Warlock lived and

eventually died). Those attending the concert were most grateful to the convent's Sister Margaret for her warm welcome, kind hospitality and use of an excellent venue.

The performers were Rhian Mair Lewis (soprano), and Sam Evans (baritone), with Alan Rowlands and Ronan Magill, in various capacities, at the piano (a rich-toned grand which had once been owned by the late Ralph Downes, who spent his last days at the convent). There was a slight delay at the start as we awaited the arrival in the audience of a 'surprise guest', who had travelled up specially from Gloucestershire to hear her "Aunt's song". This was the octogenarian actress, Veda Warwick, a niece of Gwen Shepherd, the dedicatee of Celestina - the song Warlock seemingly wrote (in July 1928) for the latter as a birthday gift for her the following month. It appeared subsequently in print, with a few alterations, as 'The Contented Lover'. The opening group of songs, rendered beautifully by Rhian Mair Lewis, consisted of this number (for me, one of the high spots in the programme), 'The Passionate Shepherd' (or 'Shepherdess' as the flyer waggishly had it!), and Youth - an interesting choice, comprising, as it did, the first three of Warlock's 'Seven Songs of Summer'. (We were told by Malcolm Rudland, as he introduced her, that Ms. Lewis had been booked to sing on the strength of her persuasive 'Come live with me' at the RAM Warlockathon last October!! Many of us were a tad agog till we twigged he was referring to the opening line of 'The Passionate Shepherd'!). Her second group later in the concert focussed more on the gentler side of PW and we heard suitably soothing performances of 'Balulalow' (particularly fine), 'Lullaby', and 'The First Mercy'.

Sam Evans had also taken part in the Warlockathon, and his contributions nicely demonstrated much of the range of Warlock in his various song-moods. We heard such diverse items as 'The Frostbound Wood', 'Milkmaids', 'My Gostly Fader', 'Late Summer', 'My Own Country', 'Autumn Twilight' and 'Sweet and Twenty'. All his performances were excellent, both in terms of convincingly 'putting the songs over', and impeccable diction. Particularly outstanding for me was a most atmospheric 'Autumn Twilight', and a stunning rendition of 'Sweet and Twenty' - I have never heard this sung before with such passion. Both singers, incidentally, were very ably and sympathetically accompanied by Alan Rowlands, who clearly enjoyed the task, and, one suspected, with a real affection for 'our' composer.

The vocal parts of the proceedings were interspersed with piano music, beginning with Ronan Magill's telling interpretation of Warlock's 'Folk-song Preludes'. I'm sure I wasn't alone in coming away with a revised impression of this work - in the sense of it being a more substantial contribution to the piano literature than previously credited. This reflected on the pianist's enthusiastic commitment to the pieces, and I wasn't surprised to learn later he will be making a recording of the work in the autumn. The five movements were played throughout with great sensitivity - if I had one tiny reservation it would have been that Mr Magill might

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have made more of the powerful climax in the closing prelude.

The happy conjunction of Messrs. Rowlands & Magill at the same event presented a splendid opportunity for some piano duets to be included. The first of these allowed us to see a side of Warlock that, until the recent Noriko Ogawa & Kathryn Stott CD (reviewed in Newsletter 76), had been relatively neglected - his astonishingly good (in the main) arrangements of Delius orchestral works for piano duet. On this occasion we heard 'A Song before Sunrise', a most appropriate choice as Delius had dedicated this short orchestral gem to Philip Heseltine in the first place! Perhaps it was inevitable (but quite fitting, of course!) that the concert should have ended with 'Capriol', which the duo played with verve and enthusiasm, sending us off on something of a high. Afterwards many adjourned to the nearby Surprise tavern, finishing off the day in a convivial manner PW might surely have approved of (whilst your Intrepid Reviewer wasn't quite so intrepid, and quietly slunk off to catch the train back to his native Canterbury, having had an enjoyable but somewhat tiring day!).

John Mitchell

Concert Review - The Warlock Singers in 'Songs of Springtime'

Saturday 13 May 2006, St Martin's Church, Eynsford.

The first concert for this year to be given by the Warlock Singers was on Saturday 13th May at St. Martin's Church, Eynsford. Starting at 5 p.m., it was so timed to capture Warlockians attending the Society's AGM held earlier in the afternoon at the nearby village hall (where we were under the watchful eye of the late Lady Hart-Dyke, two imposing portraits of whom adorned the walls. She was the owner of the hall in Warlock's day, and being a percussionist of note, we mused whether she might have had any dealings with Warlock, musical or otherwise!).

Before the concert there was an opportunity to view the interior of the cottage shared by Warlock and E. J. Moeran between 1925 and 1928, and the Society was very grateful to the present owner, Sally Coston, for allowing this to happen. She showed us over the building with clearly much enthusiasm for the former famous (infamous?!) residents. I probably wasn't alone in wondering how to equate the relative compactness of the rooms with the presence of Warlock, E. J. Moeran, Hal Collins and Barbara Peache, plus all the visitors and hangers-on during those notorious roisterous weekends! One thing believed to have changed since Warlock's day was the direction of the stairs - there was a suggestion they then once led to a connecting door at first floor level through to the shop immediately adjacent (which gives a new slant on that limerick line about "living next door to Munn the Grocer" - maybe a more a case of "living the other side of the door to"!).

The concert in the church was called *Songs of Springtime* and it will come as no surprise this well chosen title was also selected because the central work featured was that very cycle of seven *a cappella* songs

of the same name by E. J. Moeran. This delightful work has many shades of Delius, Warlock and Elizabethan/Jacobean music throughout, but it wasn't actually composed in Eynsford. Moeran wrote it a year or two after he and Warlock had left the village in October 1928, and one wonders whether these songs were partly an affectionate look back to that period of his life. Interestingly, Warlock had composed a set of seven *Songs of Summer* (alas, not published as an entity, but farmed out to more than one publisher as separate items) not long before the Eynsford ménage came to an end. It's intriguing to speculate whether Moeran took his cue from these? With the similar seasonal title and there being seven songs to Elizabethan texts in each group, it could be more than total coincidence, perhaps?

The opening piece was a bright and appealing part song by William Sterndale Bennett. Beautifully sung and articulated by the Singers, 'Come live with me' was an excellent introduction to the programme of English Music that was our bill of fare for the occasion. It was composed in 1846 and not surprisingly showed some Mendelssohnian influence, though it was none the worse for this. (Warlock, by the way, also set the same lyric as 'The Passionate Shepherd', which was to be heard the following day during the Fifth Chelsea Crawl!). Then followed what must be one of the last pieces from the pen of John Ireland:- 'The Hills', which he wrote in 1953 to words by James Kirkup. This was a more contemplative piece, describing the calm constancy of the hills, which the Singers responded to with according sensitivity. It was certainly a soothing "easy listen" - Ireland, like many composers, had mellowed in his later years, and there was none of the grittier harmony of some of his earlier pieces.

The *Songs of Springtime* received an excellent performance, and there was a pleasing contrast between the more exuberant numbers (like 'Good Wine') and the settings of more reflective poems (such as Samuel Daniel's 'Love is a sickness' and the closing 'To Daffodils' - Herrick's well known contemplation on the transience of Spring). The work contains some lovely melodic and harmonic touches and is justly one of Moeran's most popular works.

Before the short interval we heard Warlock's 'Corpus Christi', a work that still sends shivers down my spine after over thirty years of acquaintance with it. One of the more challenging pieces to sing (or so one of the singers told me during the interval!), the Warlock Singers delivered it with the appropriate 'chill factor', with fine solos from Lesley Berongoy and James Tagg.

It was heartening to see the programme planner(s) hadn't forgotten that during his four year stay in Eynsford Warlock was - despite all the legendary 'knocking them back' - and composing some of his best work (including 'Capriol') - quite busy in the field of transcribing/editing Early Music. So it was good the second part began with his transcription of John Dowland's 'Say love, if thou didst find' - a jaunty madrigal in which the words are in praise of Queen Elizabeth I (as I was informed afterwards). This was sung with much spirit, and one sensed the Singers really

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enjoyed it; one hopes they will include more of Warlock's labours in the realm of Early Music in their future concerts.

Jumping forward to the nineteenth century, the next item was Robert Pearsall's eight part madrigal 'Lay a Garland' (written in 1869) - a lovely discovery for the present writer, and I was struck by its rich texture and harmony. Warlock, of course, set the same lyric as 'A Sad Song' and inevitably, as Pearsall's work progressed, I was making a few mental comparisons (pointless in one sense as the two settings are so completely different!). Another new (to me) piece of Victoriana was Parry's 'Music, where soft voices die' (composed as one of his *Six Modern Lyrics* in 1897), which again I found most attractive, both as a piece and in the accomplishment of the singing. With its thicker texture there was something of a hint of Brahms in it, as well as its implicit Englishness.

One feature in the second half was the inclusion of a couple of folk music settings, the first of these being Holst's 'I love my love' (from his *Six Choral Folksongs* of 1916, to words with echoes of Warlock's 'The Distracted Maid'). The other was Percy Grainger's 'Brigg Fair', and for me this was one of the high spots in the programme. So much of the effectiveness in this work depends on the tenor soloist, and on this occasion it was Peter Young. I don't think I've ever heard Grainger's setting sung with such passion and conviction, and a special word of praise goes to Mr. Young for such a moving experience.

The concert ended with the principal Warlock of the evening: Fred Tomlinson's arrangement of the *Three Belloc Songs*. Having heard the Singers render these at one of their earlier concerts, I knew what a treat was in store - and I wasn't disappointed! I would encourage any readers who only know these in the original solo song form to listen out for them, as the arrangements are most persuasive in their new guise. 'The Night' is particularly fine. If I have one tiny quibble it would be regarding the closing couple of bars of 'My Own Country' which to my ears don't quite 'work' - but that small reservation aside, they really are three beautiful and successful arrangements (and, as I observed somewhere else, worthy to stand in comparison with the originals).

Warlock's 'Yarmouth Fair' is invariably a 'good one to end on' and Armstrong Gibbs' SATB arrangement was given a suitably rousing performance to send us off in good spirits, reflecting on the pleasing quality of singing we had heard, with unspoken thanks to the 21 singers who took part. I don't think I can conclude without saying a few words about Graham Dinnage, the musical director of the group and who, a couple of hours earlier, had been elected as the new Chairman of the Society. With any choral group clearly much depends on the quality of the individual singers, but from the outset I've had a strong impression of what an inspirational conductor Graham is (and sitting quite close in the front row this time I gained a real sense of his enthusiastic direction). We are indeed fortunate to have him in firmly in the Warlock Camp now!

John Mitchell

Event and Concert Review - Gŵyl Peter Warlock Festival

16-18 December 2005 at Montgomery

A local celebration of global importance

How do you introduce a number of young singers and accompanists and a group of primary school children to the music of Peter Warlock and at the same time fascinate those who consider themselves Warlock aficionados? The answer is to gather them all together in Montgomery for a weekend, put Dr Rhian Davies in charge, get the wholehearted support of the Montgomery Civic Society, and the engagement of the local community, and put in an unbelievable amount of hard work.

Over the weekend of 16-18 December 2005 Montgomery saw one of the most significant events so far in the history of Warlock scholarship, performance and general celebration of his work. Warlock spent some of his most creative years at nearby Cefn-Bryntalch, the home of his mother's second husband.

The triennial Festival, brainchild of Montgomery-based music historian Dr Rhian Davies, was first put on in 2002 in the spring of the year. The second materialised in dark December 2005 to mark the 75th anniversary of Warlock's death. The timing, just before Christmas, an ambiguously significant season for Warlock, gave the perfect excuse to air much of his seasonal music and to indulge in debate as to why he detested this time of year so much.

The Festival opened fittingly with a lecture by Dr Davies herself about Warlock's local and Celtic connections, amply illustrated with the images of the composer and his circle that she has made her speciality. Over the weekend we were then presented with the most wide-ranging programme of events among which were lectures on the pathology at Warlock's inquest by Professor Bernard Knight, Professor Wynn Thomas on Nigel Heseltine's often neglected work as a writer, Professor John Worthen on Warlock's appearance as "Halliday" in D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love* and Dr Brian Collins on the Christmas music. The concerts included a recital by rising star Andrew Kennedy and a Christmas celebration, both in St Nicholas church.

A masterclass on Warlock song given by Michael Pilkington provoked not only the usual debates on the pronunciation of "Twiver" but also on the correct way to say "Padua". In addition, in a very short space of time, he achieved remarkable improvements with both singers and accompanist taking on board his comments.

The centrepiece of the festival was the evening concert on the Saturday, featuring Andrew Kennedy, winner of the 2005 Rosenblatt Recital Prize at the Cardiff Singer of the World competition, accompanied by Simon Crawford-Phillips. The audience forgave an early slip of the tongue, when he quite forgot which country he was in, and Rhian is to be congratulated on her coup in booking this fine singer. In addition to Warlock he included Britten, Quilter and Grainger songs and folk song arrangements. I particularly enjoyed hearing some

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of my favourite Grainger arrangements, including 'Lord Maxwell's Goodnight' and 'Willow Willow'. Having been formally introduced to Warlock at Montgomery Andrew has since recorded a CD of Warlock songs which is eagerly awaited.

On Sunday morning at Llandyssil church there was a recreation of the service when the not-always-sober Warlock took great delight in deputizing for the regular organist who was recovering from the night before.

On the Sunday evening, the Guilsfield Singers directed by Suzanne Edwards together with soloists Zoë Challenor and Paul Carey-Jones accompanied by pianist Seth Williams gave "A Wreath of Carols for Peter Warlock". For the second time in a fortnight I was pleased to hear 'Bethlehem Down' and Michael Head's 'The Little Road to Bethlehem' in the same programme, the previous occasion having been at the Nettlebed Folk Club.

I found especially interesting the re-examination of the evidence given at the inquest into Warlock's death by Professor Bernard Knight, who came to the subject without the baggage carried by the typical Warlockian. He roundly demolished the credibility of the pathologist involved at the time and could only reach a conclusion of suicide.

Possibly the most significant event of the weekend was not part of the formal programme and happened quite unobtrusively at Abermule Primary School. It was one of the most sparsely attended by the public, but this was deliberate so as not to overwhelm the children. Brian Collins went into benign schoolmaster mode and got the kids to explore Warlock's local credentials and then the words (by Bruce Blunt) and music of "The First Mercy" before making their own settings of the words. The session finished with a rendition of the song by one of our young singers from the Sunday concert, Zoë Challenor.

In order to preserve these important events, the lectures have all been recorded for future transcription and publication and the Andrew Kennedy concert has already been broadcast on BBC Radio 3.

We must not forget the buildings of Montgomery, which played such an important part in the Festival. As the programme pointed out they were all sites which Warlock himself would have known. There was a fascinating exhibition of Warlock related material in the Old Bell Museum. Apart from the venues themselves, the Dragon hotel where many visitors stayed and the amazing emporium that is Bunnery will stay in our memories.

Many of the participants, rather than disappear after their own performance, were to be seen around town and at other events, having enjoyed themselves so much at the Festival. But this attitude sums up the spirit of teamwork that made the Festival not only possible but also a major success both with hardened Warlockians and with local people and schoolchildren meeting the music for the first time. As I remarked in my introduction to Brian Collins' talk, in London we could only dream of level of

attendance experienced at the festival. We are already looking forward to Montgomery 2008.

Chris Sreeves

Event and Concert Review - Southampton Weekend

Diary record for Sunday 30th October 2005

Left Poole in good time. Little traffic on the road, and we reached Southampton with at least half an hour to spare. Then, as we approached the traffic lights at The Avenue crossing, we could see columns of thick black smoke rising from the area of the University and a yellow notice barring the road ahead. So we turned right to approach the University from the South, only to find a police car redirecting all traffic away from the Campus car park where we had parked yesterday. Finding a space for the car in a parallel road, we walked up to the Students Union building, and from there we could see black clouds billowing from a building just beyond the Turner Sims Concert Hall - the venue for the day's events - and yellow-jacketed security guards preventing anyone from proceeding further.

Obviously Day 2 of the Warlock 111th Birthday Celebration was all too literally going up in smoke! My immediate reaction was of sympathy for David Owen Norris who had organised such a rich and colourful programme with his characteristically enthusiastic flair for originality and variety. Day 1 had been a great success, and I was much looking forward to another Masterclass for young singers from the Royal College of Music, and to hearing more about Constant Lambert whose memory was also being celebrated.

There was nothing for it but to repair to the Students' Building, where we were joined by two other PW 'delegates' from Bournemouth - and by four young singers from the RCM. Over a cup of coffee we watched with growing despair the fire continuing unabated, and tried to establish contact with the Music Department. One of the students (who had sung in the previous evening's concert) had David Owen Norris' mobile 'phone number, but failed to raise him. No one else from the PWS came along, so we decided that David may have planned an emergency relocation at the church where last night's concert was performed (this had included Ian Partridge's masterly and sensitive interpretation of *The Curlew*).

The old church, St. Mary's South Stoneham, was safely out of range of the fire more than half a mile away in a secluded island of green in the middle of the 'suburb' of Portswood. Morning service was just ending as the eight of us arrived: but no one else from the Weekend appeared. The lady priest had heard nothing concerning the possible use of the church, apart from the concert last night, but warmly invited us to join members of her congregation for a cup of tea in the church hall. When we asked if by any chance there was a piano, a reasonably in-tune upright was wheeled out from behind a stage.

And to the surprise and pleasure of the audience, comprising the tea-ladies, a few bewildered Portswood

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churchgoers, and the four of us, the quartet of young singers from the RCM gave us a light-hearted impromptu recital of Quilter and Warlock - free from the constraints of a Masterclass. We lucky few wondered where everyone else had gone and rejoiced in what they had missed - until the chatelain rattled the keys to remind us we had strayed too long into his lunch time!

Keith Glennie Smith

Concert and re-dedication Service Review - Godalming

*Recital at Godalming Sunday 11th September 2005
Including a Service of re-dedication of a Restored and
Repaired Memorial Stone for Peter Warlock*



The restored grave of Peter Warlock at Godalming

And how it looked before the restoration...



Fred Tomlinson being interviewed by Radio 3 on 29 September 2003

Add the word 'On' to the beginning of the words on the cemetery service sheet and you might have the title of an ode by Keats. There was for me certainly an other-worldly atmosphere, with hints of mists and mellow fruitfulness about the occasion, with the weather uncertain and the umbrellas ready for unfurling. About thirty of us gathered around the tomb looking as it did

not actually out of place among the others, but unique in its design compared to the other more conventional memorials. Beautifully restored and shining white, both stone and cross - draped over it - were admired by us all. At 3 o'clock there was a short service, taken by the Reverend Canon John Ashe with heartfelt contributions from Councillor Tony Gordon-Smith from the Godalming Joint Burial Committee and the town's Mayor, Councillor Peter Martin, who told me that his whole family are musicians as well as, happily, lovers of Warlock's music. We enjoyed the contributions ('Jesu Meine Freude' and the 'ubiquitous' - to use Brian Collins' apt description - 'Capriol') of the ever-reliable Guildhall Brass, carefully directed by the well-tempered Malcolm Rudland.



Gordon Smith's Eulogy



Gerry Urquhart (seated) and other worshippers

Many photos, official and un-official, had by now been taken, this activity having commenced in Gerry Urquhart's garden. It was very kind of this charming PWS member to give us all tea, beer and Battenberg cake, and to allow his garden to be given over to rehearsing and, after the ceremony, some sociable performing

AUCTION



After the service in Gerry's back garden.

From the ceremony three of us went from the pub to Godalming's Church of St Peter and St Paul, for Evensong which was Elizabethan in form, using the 1559 prayer-book, with music from Gibbons, Tomkins, Tallis, Weelkes Morley and the recusant Byrd! A feast of music, sung by an enthusiastic church choir.

The recital in the church at 8 o'clock was well balanced, from the point of view of the programming, focused as it was on those composers with connections with the area. We first heard a rousing performance from the Godalming Band of two pieces – his marvellous 'Festival Fanfare' and 'Celebration March' - by the indefatigable David Stone, who was in the audience (I have been wondering what he looks like for more years than I can remember).

After two Vaughan Williams songs and 'O Waly Waly' by Britten nicely sung by Nora Price, we were treated by Matthew Vine and John Belcher to 'Sleep', which did not quite slide into the arms of Morpheus soporifically enough; 'As Ever I Saw' which on the other hand did not move forward as much as I would have liked and finally 'There is a Lady', which was by far the most successful, with lovely expression from singer and accompanist

Then, after V-W's 'Folk Songs from Somerset', the same artists performed 'The Countryman', 'The First Mercy' and 'Lullaby'. The first, reminiscent of 'The Cricketers of Hambleton' did not project very persuasively, but here and in the second song (much more successfully sung) the accompaniment was subtle and sensitive. And, with just a hint of wistfulness 'Lullaby' contained some lovely soft singing.

Three entertaining pieces, written in a lighter mood for band by Matthew Vine's father, and finally more 'Capriol', in one of its many arrangements, this time by Geoffrey Brand, ended a most delightful concert.

Julian Baker

The Grand Warlock Auction – Part 7

When I received the big parcel from the late Lyndall Holt (Arnold Dowbiggin's daughter) in the Spring of 2003, and agreed her father's Warlock music could best be sold off to Society members, I quietly thought we might raise - with a bit of luck - about £500 for our funds. Just over three years later its very heartening (and perhaps a bit astonishing) to record an impressive total of nearly £1,300 has been realised so far, thanks largely to those who have generously supported the Auction. For anyone wondering whether the Dowbiggin supply is inexhaustible, after Part 7 there will be at least two more instalments to run! The star items this time include a score, with parts, of the string quartet version of 'Corpus Christi', Dowbiggin's carefully copied manuscript of the 'Two Cod-Pieces', and Warlock's own copy of 'Fair and true'.

The seventh instalment now follows below and the same rules apply as previously. (I won't repeat these here: anyone not having access to *Newsletter 73* should contact me and the relevant information will be provided). As a reminder, when placing a bid always state the absolute maximum you are prepared to pay for an item - up till now experience has shown that successful bidders quite often obtain lots for less than this figure. Overall the condition of the items is generally very acceptable, and as a rough guide I have categorised them as:

VG = very good

G = good

F = fair

If you would like more specific information on the condition of any item(s), I am happy to discuss individual requirements by post: John Mitchell, Woodstock, Pett Bottom, Canterbury, Kent CT4 5PB; telephone: 01227 832871, or e-mail: john.mitchell12@btinternet.com.

All bids should be sent to me, either by e-mail or letter (not phone or fax), and must be received by midday on 30th November 2006. Any questions about all aspects of the auction should be directed to me, i.e., not to the *Newsletter* Editor.

Abbreviations:

EAD = E. Arnold Dowbiggin

PW = Peter Warlock

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

MB = minimum bid

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

Lots 151 to 175 are listed on the next page.

AUCTION

Lot 151

Capriol - the suite of six pieces arranged for piano solo by Maurice Jacobson (Curwen 1939). EADS VG MB 3

Lot 152

Corpus Christi - the version for soprano, tenor and string quartet (Curwen 1927). Offered here with performance in mind, the score also comes with the string parts. EADS VG MB 6

The following are in choral song (i.e., smaller size) format:

Lot 153

I saw a fair maiden (PW) - carol for five voices (OUP 1928). EADS VG MB 1

Lot 154

As Dew in Aprylle (PW) - carol for unaccompanied chorus (Boosey 1924). EADS VG MB 1

Lot 155

Adam lay ybounden (PW) - carol for unison voices (OUP undated). EADS G MB 1

Lot 156

The Full Heart (PW) - for SATB with soprano solo (OUP undated). EADS VG MB 2

Lot 157

The five lesser joys of Mary (PW) - arranged for SATB and organ/piano by Basil Ramsey (Novello 1961). G MB 1

Lot 158

Oh, what hath overwrought (Dowland, transcribed and edited by PW) - for SATB (Curwen undated). VG MB 1

Lot 159

Come away, come sweet love (Dowland, transcribed and edited by PW) - for SATB (Curwen undated). VG MB 1

Lot 160

O sweet flower (John Cooper, transcribed by Philip Wilson and PW) - unison voices and piano (OUP undated). EADS VG MB 1

The following are in solo song format:

Lot 161

Mockery (OUP 1928) EADS VG MB 3

Lot 162

Mr. Belloc's Fancy - the original (difficult!) version published by Augener in 1922. EADS G (with reinforced spine) MB 2

Lot 163

The Frostbound Wood (OUP 1931). F (with reinforced spine) and with that infamous wrong note in the last bar corrected in pencil! MB 2

Lot 164

The Birds (Joseph Williams 1927). EADS VG MB 3

Lot 165

My Own Country (OUP 1927). EADS G (with a few pencil markings) MB 3

Lot 166

To the Memory of a Great Singer (Augener 1923). EADS G (with reinforced spine) MB 3

Lot 167

Hey, trolololy lo (Augener 1922). EADS VG MB 3

Lot 168

Mourn no moe (Winthrop Rogers 1920) EADS VG MB 3

Lot 169

Pretty ring time (OUP 1926) EADS G MB 3

Lot 170

Two Songs (A prayer to Saint Anthony of Padua; The Sick Heart) (OUP 1928) EADS G MB 3

Lot 171

Fair and true (OUP 1927) *** EADS VG MB 8

Lot 172

When May is in her prime (Richard Edwards, transcribed by PW - OUP 1927). EADS VG MB 3

And finally, three manuscript lots:

Lot 173

What cheer? Good cheer! (PW). A neat ink manuscript in the hand of EAD, which only has the text/music of the first verse. In brown paper wrapper which has been stitched on. EADS G MB 3

Lot 174

Balulalow (PW). A neat ink manuscript in the hand of EAD of the version for solo voice, SATB chorus and organ/piano. Also included in this lot is a separate manuscript of the vocal parts. Both score and parts are in brown paper wrappers that have been stitched on. EADS G MB 4

Lot 175

Beethoven's Binge and The Old Codger from Cod-Pieces (PW). This is a very neat and pleasing ink manuscript in the hand of EAD, including all PWs verbal *ad libs*. Seemingly copied from PWs original (and where PW alludes to whistling what's in green ink, EAD has also used a different colour blue at this point). VG MB 10.

John Mitchell

OBITUARIES

Eileen Mills 1927-2006

As I look through the ancient photographs exhumed from the heaps of happy Peter Warlock Society history, I am aware that there are, and were, other female members of the Society. Yet my impression of those early days is of Eileen and myself as the only women in a very masculine "club" to which – dare I say it – we were able to contribute a little necessary restraint and decorum. We always sought each other out for a chat when things threatened to get particularly mad and manic, and many a relaxing drink we have enjoyed over the years. It is good to recall Eileen in her younger days, always wearing the slightly "ethnic" full-skirted fashions which she continued to enjoy as she matured over the years; very pretty. Her gracious, cheerful kindness will be much missed.



Alice Wakefield with Patrick and Eileen Mills outside Henblas, the home of Professor Ian Parrott, on 8 September 1979 on the first Wild Welsh Warlock Weekend.

Eileen was born in 1927 at 82 Claverdale Road, London SW2 where she lived her whole life, once being featured in a Radio 4 programme with other people with a similar experience. She was trained as a speech therapist and employed by the National Health Service in the Dagenham area, and privately by Pat, whose stutter she managed to eradicate. Her main hobby was amateur dramatics and she met Pat in 1972 when the New Park Theatre Group commissioned Pat to compose music for Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and he had to teach Eileen a song he had composed for Ceres and Juno for which Eileen sang both parts. Together they worked on many mystery plays with the St Peter's Players for which Pat composed much music. Her last production was in September 2005 in the Dulwich Players production of Christopher Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*.

They married in 1975 in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral, and Eileen became a member of the Peter Warlock Society in her own right, and all our jaunts, birthday concerts and AGMs were accompanied by her ebullient personality.

Pat writes "together we roamed the whole of England along disused railway lines, and canal tow paths until the

foot-and-mouth outbreak in 2001 when we diverted our jaunts to tombs of every British Heads of State from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria. I can truly say that there was not a county in England which we had not slept in. Also Wales and Scotland received our attention. She also travelled with me to many European destinations for music library conferences. She was an accomplished actress and music-hall singer and life is monochrome without her..."

We send our heartfelt sympathy to Pat, Founder of PWS, at this time of such a sad loss.

Alice Wakefield

Andrée Ruellan 1914-2006

On July 15, 2006, the Society lost its last surviving direct link with Peter Warlock, when American member, Andrée Ruellan, died at the age of 101. Ms Ruellan was a prominent artist whom the *New York Times* has called "a painter of her century," and whose complete body of work spans almost the entire 20th century dating from her first exhibition in 1914 when she was just nine years old. Her paintings and drawings are in the collections of many of America's leading museums including the Whitney and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and at the time of her death, retrospectives were being held in several cities.



Andrée Ruellan (1925) at The Galerie Sacré du Printemps, Paris

Andrée enjoyed meeting with fellow PWS members, Robert Beckhard and William Perry, and talking vividly of her visits in Paris with James Joyce and Gertrude Stein and of her first meeting with Peter Warlock at the Galerie Sacré du Printemps in 1925. Philip, as she always called him, greatly admired her work and asked her to do a drawing of Frederick Delius as a frontispiece for the book he was planning on that composer's music. On one memorable occasion in July of 1925, she and Philip travelled together to Grez-sur-Loing but found the composer too frail to sit for sketches. The planned book never materialized, and other volumes that Warlock subsequently sent to Andrée disappeared in Paris during World War II.

Bill Perry

POETRY

SWANSONG

For Philip Heseltine

1

The wood is still. I do not hear
A single bird-song grieved or gay,
Or other sound's hint than the sere
Whispering of withered leaves downstrewn
On the spent leaves of yesterday,
And a hid footstep drawing near.

My heart is still. I do not hear
A human echo grieved or gay
Such as has been this or that year,
Only the sigh of my words downstrewn
On the spent words of yesterday,
And Death's hushed footstep drawing near.

2

O Nightingale, my heart,
How sad thou art!
How heavy is thy wing,
Desperately whirred that thy throat may fling
Song to the tingling silences remote!
Thine eye, whose ruddy spark
Burned fiery of late,
How dead and dark!
Why so soon didst thou sing,
And with such turbulence of love and hate?

Learn that there is no singing yet can bring
The expected dawn more near;
And thou art spent already, though the night
Scarce has begun;
What voice, what eyes, wilt thou have for the light
When that light shall appear,
And O what wings to bear thee t'ward the sun?

3

It is still under the pines.
Only the winds flow,
Murmuring low, murmuring low,
Through the tops where the unseen sun shines.

It is still below;
Never a bee
Booms over the mat of cones and spines;
It is dark; no flowers blow;
Only afar a harsh pool glints. . . .
The heart beats heavily, sad, and slow,
Seeking in vain for any hints
Of a Nature cares if Man suffer or no.
Vain search! It is so
Dark, so still, so lonely under the pines.

4

Alas, poor rhapsodist, how sad thou art!
Is thine hour come? so soon, then, must thou part?
Hush we our concert now to thy hushed heart,
And with our measure ease thy onfaring way.

Pale Memory, saddest witness of delight,
Whose eyes with gathered tears now glisten bright
More than with joy they glittered yesternight,
With thy lorn voice begin this roundelay.

Thou Solitude, the Strange Companion,
Heard faintly of the few and seen of none,
Of thy weak pipe of ever-wandering tone
Through and about this ditty weaving play.

Proud Sorrow, shadowy-haired with starlit crest,
On thy black heavy lyre, whose sharp heel pressed
Over thy buried heart destroys the breast,
Make mourn thy moaning chords beneath the lay.

So sooth our concert now thou shalt not hear
The fan of secret sandals feathering near,
Nor shall we mark we play to no man's ear –
When thou with Sleep art stolen away.

5

Put by the sun, my joyful soul,
We are for darkness that is whole;

Put by the wine, now for long years
We must be thirsty with salt tears;

Put by the rose, bind thou instead
The fiercest thorns about thy head;

Put by the courteous tire, we need
But the poor pilgrim's blackest weed;

Put by – albeit with tears – thy lute,
Sing but to God or else be mute.

Take leave of friends save such as dare
Thy love with Loneliness to share.

It is full tide. Put by regret.
Turn, turn away. Forget. Forget.

Put by the sun, my lightless soul,
We are for darkness that is whole.

Robert Nichols
Aurelia and Other Poems (London, 1920)

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

There will be a concert to celebrate the 112th birthday of Peter Warlock. This will feature Danny Gillingwater (Tenor) and Nigel Foster (Piano) performing songs by Warlock, Quilter, Delius, Moeran and Richard Rodney Bennett.

It will take place at

St Wilfrid's Convent, 29 Tite Street London SW3 4JX at **5.30 p.m. on Saturday 28 October 2006.**

Admission is free but as numbers will be limited please contact: Chris Sreeves (see contact details below) if you wish to attend.

At **8 p.m.** that evening we will be holding a dinner for members and their guests where we shall toast the birthdays of not only Peter Warlock but also the late Sir Malcolm Arnold, formerly one of our Vice Presidents, who would have been 85 on 21 October 2006, but sadly died just as we were going to press. This will be at:

Chimes Restaurant, 26 Churton Street, London SW1V 2LP. The cost will be £25 per head.

There is a limited number of places left at the dinner so please contact Chris Sreeves if you wish to attend.

12th LONDON FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC:

16 Concerts in four venues

Four Performances of the following programme:

Moeran: Fantasy Quartet, for oboe and strings (1946)

Vaughan Williams: Merciless Beauty, for tenor, 2 violins and cello (1921), Ten Blake Songs, for tenor and oboe (1957), **Bliss:** Conversations, for flute (& bass flute), oboe (& cor anglais) and strings (1920)

Warlock: The Curlew, for tenor, flute, cor anglais and strings (1922) *Richard Edgar-Wilson tenor, John Anderson oboe and cor anglais, Nancy Ruffer flute and bass flute, English String Quartet*

3 October 8 p.m. at the United Reformed Church, Fox Lane, Palmers Green N13

4 October 8 p.m. Church of St John the Baptist, Spencer Hill, Wimbledon SW19

6 October 8 p.m. St Faith's Church, Red Post Hill, Dulwich SE24

7 October 7.30 p.m. Emmanuel Church, Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead NW6

London Festival of Chamber Music 44 Gondar Gardens NW6 1HG Tel: 020 7435 6232

Email: office@londonfestival.co.uk

www.londonfestival.co.uk

We are planning a showing of **Tony Britten's** film about Warlock '**Some Little Joy**' on Saturday 20 January 2007 at the Antelope, Eaton Terrace (time to be confirmed). Contact Chris Sreeves if you are interested.

It is also possible that a limited edition DVD of the film could be provided to members. The cost is likely to be in the region of £25. Please let Chris Sreeves know if you might be interested in a copy or require further details.

Andrew Kennedy will be singing Warlock again at Wigmore Hall with Julius Drake - Sunday, 22 October, 4 p.m. though no repertoire is listed at the time of going to press.

Andrew Kennedy's Warlock CD on Landor Records is expected shortly. This will feature "The Curlew" and songs with piano and with string quartet. Featured artists are pianist Simon Lepper and the Pavão Quartet.

The English Music Festival: organised by our former Hon Secretary, Em Marshall, will be taking place at Dorchester on Thames, Oxfordshire between **20 & 24 October 2006.** Please contact Em for details:

Miss Em Marshall, Managing and Artistic Director, The English Music Festival, 34 Ponsonby Terrace, London SW1P 4QA, Telephone: 020 7834 5743 or 07808 473889 E-mail: em.marshall@btinternet.com

Warlock Singers Christmas Concerts

Saturday 2 December 2006 at 7.30 p.m.

The Drive Methodist Church, Sevenoaks.

Wednesday 6 December at 7.30 p.m.

St Mary the Virgin Church, Westerham.

Directed by our new chairman **Graham Dinnage** with Ian le Grice (organ), Edward Maxwell (trumpet) and Karen Vaughan (harp)

When he is King by Matthew King (commissioned by the Warlock Singers) plus carols and seasonal music.

A new mass setting for Christmas inspired by, and incorporating music by Peter Warlock (A reworking of *Bethlehem Down* overlaid with the *Credo* forms the central movement). The piece includes a number of new settings of traditional carols as well as original settings of Robert Herrick and a specially composed new poem 'Herod Speaks' by Alasdair Middleton.

See www.warlock-singers.org or phone 01732 866372

One of our members, baritone **Giles Davis**, as well as playing John Goss in Tony Britten's film, is also planning concerts featuring Goss's repertoire. See Giles' website for details: www.gilesdavies.moonfruit.com

John Mark Ainsley is singing another Curlew with the Nash Ensemble. Warlock's 'The Curlew' will be featured at the Wigmore Hall on Saturday 20 January 2007 at 6 p.m. with other English music by Bridge, Finzi, Delius, Elgar, Vaughan Williams and Bliss.

The society has acquired a collection of papers, including photographs, from the estate of **Dorcas Bignall**, Bruce Blunt's aunt. We have yet to sort through these but will advise of any hidden treasures that come to light.

We understand that **Cefn-Bryntalch**, Warlock's family home in Wales is in the process of being sold to new owners.

For further details of any of the above items, please contact: Hon Secretary, Chris Sreeves, Jubilee Cottage, 30 The Hill, Garsington, Oxfordshire OX44 9DG
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