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EDITORIAL

Greetings from a blissful Cape Town autumn!

In an attempt to give you a variety of mix in this issue I have once again selected another few articles from my own collection of Warlockiana. These include Eric Blom's review of the Memorial Concert held in the Wigmore Hall in February 1931. Born in Berne, Blom (1888-1959) was a distinguished English critic and scholar (he edited the 5th edition of *Grove*). His review of this particular concert is an elegant piece of writing and contains some perceptive and sensitive comments on the composer and his music.

Warlock's painter-friend Adrian Allinson (1890-1959) was a contemporary of such artists as Stanley Spencer, Edward Wadsworth, Mark Gertler and C. R. W. Nevinson. Some years ago, whilst working on the Warlock biography, I read Carole Angiers' fascinating book on the author Jean Rhys (1990) and it was here I was alerted to the existence of a manuscript entitled *Painter's Pilgrimage*, a biographical piece of writing in which Allinson recorded his recollections of a number of friends, including Warlock. I hope you will enjoy some of the insights into their friendship which Allinson records there. To appreciate the article fully I would recommend that members read Jean Rhys' short story *Till September Petronella*, (*London Magazine*, 7, 1960, pp. 19-39) and the article by Carole Angier 'Week-end in Gloucestershire: Jean Rhys, Adrian Allinson and *Till September Petronella*' (*London Magazine*, 27/3, June 1987, pp. 30-46).

Yet another highly important friend in the Warlock circle was the singer John Goss. One of our enthusiastic members, the baritone Giles Davies (whom some of you will have seen playing the role of Goss in the recent film) has been delving into the life and recordings of Goss. In an article, written for this edition of the Newsletter, he gives us some more information and background to a singer who played such an important role in propagating the music of composers such as Delius, van Dieren and E. J. Moeran as well.

I am happy too to include an article on Warlock by David Cox, a former editor of the Newsletter. This appeared in an edition of *The Listener* as an introduction to a number of programmes on Warlock's music which were broadcast on the BBC's Third Programme in December 1964.

Bruce Blunt (1899-1957) provided the texts for some of Warlock's finest settings (including 'Bethlehem Down', 'The Frostbound Wood' and 'The Fox'). In one of Warlock's notebooks housed in the British Library I came across a copy of a Blunt poem entitled 'March Evening' and I have thought it would be of interest to include it in this edition. Like some of his other poetry it is full of beautiful, if slightly unsettling, imagery. Possibly Warlock considered setting it at some time, hence its preservation in the notebook.

Besides giving us details of Part 8 of the ongoing Grand Auction, John Mitchell (who has delved deeply into the mystery of Warlock's death) writes about yet another Warlock mystery, 'A Lost Warlock Song'. As usual, reviews and details of coming events are also included and here I am once again most grateful to those who have helped in the collecting of material and assembling of this particular edition. It is a complicated task and I beg you to bear with us if not everything is not always to your complete and absolute satisfaction.

I hope that I may have the opportunity of seeing some of you later this year when I bring my St George's Singers to England to take part in the Elgar 150 celebrations in Worcester in May and June. Besides performances in the Cathedral and St George's Catholic Church in Worcester (where Elgar was for a brief time organist) we shall also be singing in Blackburn Cathedral, Leeds Parish Church and Malvern Priory. It would be grand to have an opportunity to meet members whilst I am in England - perhaps we can have a convivial meeting in London where I am to give an organ recital in Westminster Abbey on Sunday 10 June.

Barry Smith

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ERRATA:

Apologies are due for several errata which appeared in Newsletter 79:

1. There is an incorrect date under the 'before' picture of the gravestone on page 23. This should have been 1990.
2. Tony Gordon-Smith's name was unfortunately incorrectly spelt under his picture on page 23.
3. Andréé Ruellan's date of birth should be 1905 on page 26.
4. Galerie Sacre du Printemps was incorrectly spelt on page 26.

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WARLOCK MEMORIAL CONCERT

Wigmore Hall, 23 February 1931

Concert-giving in London is not in so healthy a state nowadays that the Wigmore Hall proves too small to accommodate an audience; but on February 23 a good many people had to be content with 'standing room only'. What is more, they *were* content. Nobody minded in the least paying a tribute to the memory of Peter Warlock in some discomfort. One was glad to see a concert of his works so well attended, and to take one's chance about the exceptional conditions. They were unexpected for a one-man hearing, and on reflection one could not be altogether delighted to find that an artist must die, and die conspicuously, before the world will acknowledge the fact that his work is alive. Still, it did not matter so very much on this occasion. There was always something puckish about Warlock, and he may well be left to consider, if such things can happen posthumously, 'what fools these mortals be', now that he himself is no longer mortal. For he had a sense of humour, and that is perhaps part of his immortality. Whether he thought his music to be ever-enduring is questionable, and maybe he now expects us to exercise our humour about that too. We may not unfittingly do him the final homage of appraising him at what we suspect to have been his own valuation. He was a small artist when all is said, and the critic, the Philip Heseltine in him, must have been quite aware of the fact. That part of his dual personality must have often quizzed and teased the creative part unmercifully. Heseltine could be scurrilous, as many have occasion to know, and probably no one ever suffered more from his stings than the Warlock side of him. As he was generous in his abuse of the enemies or imagined enemies of what he admired, and never used his sharp tongue and sharper pen on his own behalf, so he was, one fancies, cruel to himself. His two-fold soul must have enacted a perpetual tragi-comedy until one day tragedy got the upper hand just a little too much. That is as far as inquiry may decently go, but it would be explanation enough of what has been indelicately inflated into a newspaper sensation.

One hopes that sensation had very little to do with the splendid attendance at the memorial concert, which was certainly worth going to for the music's sake and had been impressively sponsored by a number of patrons who included, not only many distinguished musicians, but representatives of other arts – like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Augustus John, and Madame Lopokova. A momentary thrill ran through the hall when it was announced that one of these would take the viola parts at short notice. As we were neither in Scotland nor the U.S.A., nobody could be expected to realise at once that the player would be Mr. Bernard Shore. However, he doubtless did the job much better, since one is accustomed to hear Mr. Shaw on a very different instrument.

The excellent programme was carried out by a number of well-known musicians. Megan Foster, John

Armstrong, and Dale Smith sang; so did, needless to say, the Oriana Singers, under Kennedy Scott. The International String Quartet was there, and a chamber orchestra of first-rate artists, conducted by Constant Lambert. Arnold Bax forsook his busy creative life for a short while to become a sensitive accompanist of another's songs.

The concert first showed us Warlock – or rather Heseltine – as an editor of old music; and, indeed, no token of appreciation could have been complete without this, for his service to the art of other men and other times was a noble part of his career. He was a scholar without being a pedant, one who looked for life in old music, not for fossilized specimens. What is more, he knew that the utmost moderation in touching up was the likely way to make such things as a Dance Suite by Dowland reveal its vitality. This work was followed by one of Purcell's Fantasies for strings which he brought out in a new edition with André Mangeot. The lusty 'Capriol' Suite, played at the end, also belonged to this category.

With three solo singers present, there was of course a large exhibition of songs. They showed at once Warlock's diversity of styles and his comparatively narrow range within each of them. The best is what one may call his Elizabethan manner, though it is by no means the mere musical equivalent of modern period furniture. These songs to old English poetry – always fastidiously chosen – are evocations rather than imitations. No musician of Queen Elizabeth's time could have written like this, but he would do so if he lived in that of Princess Elizabeth and had Warlock's nostalgia for the past, combined with his own talent. Of the more personal songs one has a much vaguer impression left after the lapse of a few weeks; they are, oddly enough, much less individual in effect. One remembers only a certain conscious striving after independent expression on the one hand, and reflections of Delius's often rather pallid song-writing on the other. The best of the Delius influence, which is undeniably present in one phase of Warlock's music, and in fact openly acknowledged in the lovely Serenade dedicated to this master, is to be found in the domain of instrumental music in which Delius himself is truly at home, 'An Old Song' will long remain as a gently persuasive answer to those who hold that it is always reprehensible to yield to influences in composition.

The Yeats song-cycle, *The Curlew*, for voice, flute, English horn, and string quartet, lies in the same territory, but not actually on the track of Delius. As a brown study in music it is scarcely to be surpassed, and if it were, the composer who succeeded would overstep the permissible limits of melancholy brooding. Warlock did just as much as can be endured, which one may regard as sheer luck, but prefers to interpret as judgment since the whole thing shows uncommon artistic susceptibility.

The choral pieces, 'Corpus Christi', 'As dew in Aprylle', and 'Balulalow', were among the best things

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of the evening, as they are among the finest music for massed voices written by a modern Englishman, which one may perhaps without due conceit about English choralism stretch to mean by any modern composer. Here again, Warlock's range is small, but his aim astonishingly certain. One can only hope now, that whatever his self-judgments may have been, that he never desponded because he could not run to length. There are things, it is true, which in the time-art of music simply cannot be done briefly, but if he was dissatisfied because he could not develop an extended musical argument, we for our part are content to have had him capable of exposing a thought briefly, lucidly, and gracefully.

E.B. [Eric Blom]

PAINTER'S PILGRIMAGE: Peter Warlock

To those who know Cecil Gray's excellent biography of Philip Heseltine, or to give him the name by which he is best known, Peter Warlock, these reminiscences of a friendship are unlikely to shed any fresh light upon the enigma that this composer's strange personality presents. But now that the B.B.C. has familiarised many more people with Warlock's music than are likely to have read his biography, this pen picture, which admittedly is as much concerned with me as with him, may have a certain interest.

Memory is hazy as to how we originally became acquainted. The Café Royal – that one-time rendezvous for artists of every denomination, a club whose entrance fee was the mere price of a drink – probably supplied the background. But once having met, I remember that we instantly took to one another. This pale young man with lank fair hair, green eyes, square-tipped combative nose and mouth that curled up so curiously at the corners, and from whose lips issued either a spate of persiflage for the accepted musical deities of my world or hymns of praise to composers whose names I barely knew, filled me with mingled awe and amazement. In those days, as an epithet of praise, the word 'amazing' was constantly on my lips – indeed old Eduard Schilsky was wont to designate my circle as 'The Amazing Club'.

Why Philip should have taken to me – seeing that he was not particularly moved by the graphic arts – can only be explained by the community of other interests and possibly by the attraction that contrasting temperaments frequently creates. Being fundamentally shy, he probably admired my faculty for rushing in where angels feared to tread; indeed it was put at his disposal whenever needed, and on one occasion at least with far-reaching and devastating results as shall be related in due time.

Philip had just come down from Oxford when we first met. In view of the musical career upon which he was about to embark, he considered the years he spent there a prodigious waste of time; on the other hand the contacts he made included a small circle of men of literary pursuits whose friendship constituted a valuable and formative element in his life. I at all events had no reason to regret the fact, as my intimacy with Philip

enabled me in my turn to become acquainted with men like D.H. Lawrence, Robert Nichols, Tommy Earp and that charming and brilliant Indian Suhrawaddi [*sic*] and on the musical side I was able to enjoy the company of Delius, Bax, Goossens and van Dieren, and it was to Philip too that I owed my introduction to Sir Thomas Beecham which had resulted in my becoming his chief scenic designer. In fact, without being aware of it, or I either for that matter, he played the part of liaison officer between myself and a host of future friends who have had a hand in the working out of my own destiny.

Philip, in whom passionate idealism fluctuated with violent intellectual cynicism, sensualism with ascetic mysticism, was as violently anti-war as I and this formed another strong bond between us. How he managed to keep free of the military machine I do not clearly recollect, for his objection to killing his fellow man was not based upon Christian ethic for which he had little use. No, I should say that as a fervent believer in the 'sacred individualism of the artist', Philip, like many another of his ilk, necessarily rebelled against every sort of regimentation; and in refusing to be spoofed by the phrases coined for the interests involved under the guise of patriotism he strove to maintain the integrity of his vision and the freedom of action demanded for the pursuit of his art.

My interest in music was of course the strongest tie between us, and as a mere amateur, I was only too glad to avail myself of his superior understanding and experience; though there came a time when I found myself unable to follow where he led. While much admiring Philip's selfless propagandist efforts on behalf of composers such as van Dieren and Sorabji, I could not share his enthusiasm for their work; and in any case, seeing that Philip's predilections waxed and waned in quite unpredictable manner, I was glad for the sake of our friendship to be a painter rather than a musician. Thus I escaped the risk of today being heralded as a swan, and tomorrow being relegated to the nether realms of goosedom. I was in fact more fortunate than most of his friends in being able to steer clear of the sudden storms that Philip's changeable temperament could beat up across the waters of his friendship.

In those early days, Philip seemed to be doing all the giving and glad though I was to receive the gifts his nature could bestow, I constantly hoped for opportunities to render services in return. Eventually the occasion arose – would that it had not, or that I had grasped the nettle – and yet, had I not been the instrument of his destiny in this particular matter, another must have inevitably acted for me. The setting for the deed was once again the Café Royal. We were chatting quietly over our beer when a young woman's silvery laughter rang out well above the surrounding hubbub of voices, clinking glasses and rattling of dominoes. Philip rose to his feet to catch a glimpse of the perpetrator of this musical cascade, only to be even more enraptured by the sight than by the sound of her. This was the girl of his dreams – the perfect embodiment of feline femininity, for Philip adored cats, particularly black ones, and it had been one of his grouses against

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the Creator that He had never produced a species of woman with sleek soft fur. He must know her, and at once, but he was much too shy to dare a 'pick up'. This was my cue; I was not acquainted with the young woman, but I was quite willing to accost her on his behalf. Five minutes later 'Bobby' Channing the popular Chelsea model, for she it was, joined us at my request. In all good faith I had acted as matchmaker in what was to prove a disastrous marriage; though it was D.H. Lawrence who had finally persuaded Philip to take the final plunge.

Here, if ever, the attraction of opposites (but alas not complementaries) found expression. Philip, the characteristic 'Nordic' with a touch of Celt, lethargic beneath his bursts of energy, cool, introspective and intellectual, despite his temperamental vagaries, the dreamer and idealist hidden behind the youthful veneer of cynicism found himself irresistibly drawn to a woman as far removed in type as one could well imagine. Bobby embodied both in appearance and temper those traits which one associates with the women of the south. No trace of the complexity of the artist, but a forthright animal well-being, hot-blooded, vivacious and naïve. An almost classical cast of Mediterranean beauty, black-haired and olive-skinned – behind which lurked a spit-fire element which had earned for her the nickname of 'Puma'. Though lacking the specific qualifications of a covering of fur, Bobby came nearer to providing an anthropomorphic version of the cat tribe – even including a pretty talent for purring and scratching – than any woman that Philip had ever known. They were very soon lovers, and for a time the thrills of physical passion obliterated the fundamental disharmony of their natures.

Philip was now in close contact with Delius, helping him with proof correcting of musical scores, and also engaged upon some of his own early songs and small orchestral works. I had started on my first operatic stage sets for Beecham. In between bouts of work and in order to find occasional escape from the war atmosphere – so much more noticeable in London than outside it – we used to pay short visits to obscure corners of the Cotswolds, a region that we both loved. One of these, in which not only Philip and I, but also Bobby and a girl friend of mine participated remains vividly in my memory.

Ella, a fair young Englishwoman born in the West Indies had been a fellow guest at a Chelsea studio party. I had been instantly struck by her remarkable likeness to the famous Renaissance beauty 'La Fornia' that Botticelli had so often painted. I must portray her modern counterpart and as a preliminary step, got my hostess to introduce me. Her tender loveliness seemed an embodiment of spring and I conceived a picture of her amid the dappled sunshine and shadow of some vernal spot. Ella agreed to sit, and although it was the month of May, we both were tied to London. As a pis-aller I started to paint her among the blossoming but soot-laden trees of Manchester Square to which as resident in Spanish Place I had the entrée; but this environment was unable to evoke the Arcadian mood I had in mind.

In the summer, Philip, then submerged in the first raptures of his love affair with 'Puma', suggested an idyll, possibly à quatre in Gloucestershire, and I, thinking to find there the ideal setting in which to paint Ella, asked her to join our trio. She agreed to come but left me in no doubt as to the purely platonic attitude I should continue to observe even at such close quarters. Though enamoured of her beauty, I was not in love with Ella, so I readily agreed to her conditions.

We rented a four-roomed wooden bungalow on the lower slopes of Cleve Hill with just the minimum of furniture to make it habitable. Too much enamoured to notice the crude discomforts of the place, it was definitely a case of love in a cottage for Philip and Puma; but for me and Ella, who had not yet arrived, not so good. I had not taken the precaution of previously introducing her to my two friends, but had assumed that her beauty would serve as passport, and that in most other respects she would 'fit'.

Alas and alack, Philip and Puma took so instantaneous and violent an aversion to Ella, that they could not be even decently civil to the unoffending girl. I ought of course have taken her back to London immediately, but obsessed with the thought of my picture, I hoped that the situation would improve.

The ensuing weeks were sheer hell. Firstly we discovered that of the four of us, I was the only one with any knowledge of cooking, with the result that the kitchen claimed much more of my time than the easel. Secondly Philip and Puma refused point blank even to eat in the same room with Ella which further complicated the household chores. Thirdly, Ella as a Colonial was violently patriotic and pro-war – she even went so far as to offer to become my mistress on condition that I did my bit for King and Country. Lastly her speaking voice was of a most unfortunate timbre, something between a high pitched pipe and a nasal whine peculiar to certain transatlantic regions for which poor Ella could not be blamed but which offended our musical ears beyond endurance. If Ella had been a professional model and our relationship on a purely business footing no doubt her wounded feelings could have been salved with cash down and a ticket back to London. But, as my guest, she rightly insisted – with a streak of hard determination oddly at variance with her outer frailty of taking full advantage of my offer of a holiday in the country thus leaving me painfully suspended between conflicting loyalties.

To aggravate the situation, I discovered Ella's conception of a nice holiday was to spend hours before a mirror, combing out her lovely hair and playing with a make-up box filled with various unguents, powders and lip-sticks – a narcissistic indulgence with which I had all too little patience. By way of enjoying the countryside, a gentle ten minute's totter down the lane seemed the limit to which her slender legs would carry her. My proposals of tough walks among the hills, bathes in the streams or jaunts further afield on my motor-cycle with her riding pillion, alike filled Ella with horror. And then, to crown it all, and in spite of her manifold drawbacks as a companion, I'm hanged if I did not fall in love with her.

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The restricted space of our bungalow seethed with the electric vibrations of passion. Philip and Puma in the neighbouring bedroom, fairly made the rickety dwelling rock with the violence of their amours – only a thin matchboard partition separated them from me – and from Ella.

The strain imposed by this emotional upheaval reduced me to pulp and brought on a bad attack of gastritis all the more trying as I had to continue fulfilling my functions as cook throughout its duration. When the situation had reached breaking point, our dearly beloved Suharawaddi [*sic*] mercifully arrived on the scene, and pouring the soothing oil of his gentle nature and delicate tact upon us all, persuaded Philip and Puma to apologise and Ella to return to London.

Soon after this episode, Philip met Cecil Gray, whose personality, literary and musical sympathies were so akin to his own, that, as the latter states in his biography of Philip, theirs was a friendship as close and deep as that of Flaubert's inseparables Bouvard and Pécuchet. From that date, Philip and I gradually drifted apart; not that there was any open breach, for I did not hold the Ella episode against him, but we ceased to be the boon companions of yore. Furthermore, my marriage and the years of my life abroad intensified the break and by the time I picked up the threads of my life in London again, Philip had further intensified the strange dualism already inherent in his personality, causing him to acquire habits and friends with whom I found myself unable to cope.

In the intervening period he had begun to dabble in black magic, a procedure for which the individual concerned must sooner or later pay a heavy toll. The 'elementals' that the magician evokes to gratify his desires may start by being his slaves, but eventually they become his masters; and I believe the extremes to which Philip's dual personality led him in later days can only be explained if one accepts him as having become a victim of 'possession'. It is highly significant that he should at this time have adopted the pseudonym of Warlock, an old English term for male or elemental spirit.

I met him a fortnight before he committed suicide, and was grieved to find him in a tragically despondent mood. I remember his telling me that he had come to the end of his creative powers and had nothing left to say in terms of music. This could only be, if, by some act of his own volition, he had cut himself off from the divine stream of inspiration which is ever open to the creative artist as often as he is willing and able to dip his pitcher into it.

Several years later, I had a dream vision of Philip, in which he smiled at me in the most endearing manner and I recognised in his eyes expressions of tender understanding and love such as had never shone from them in terrestrial life. Whatever purgatory or hell he has had to endure is over and done with, and I look forward to our next meeting with the liveliest pleasure, for I loved the man.

Adrian Allinson

Warlock: The Mask and the Meaning

The Listener, 10 December, 1964, page 953

How vividly I remember the excitement of first reading Cecil Gray's biography of Warlock when it appeared in 1934! Of course, we now know that Peter Warlock (whose real name was Philip Heseltine) was in many ways misrepresented by Gray; the idea of the Jekyll-and-Hyde duality, Heseltine versus Warlock, was particularly misleading. But what a remarkable story it told, and how important and vital everything about it seemed at the age of eighteen! It was a liberating glimpse of how the artistic life could be lived – adventurously, intensely. I had already come to know many of Warlock's songs well, having (as a pianist) worked at them with a singer. Also, as a would-be composer, I was attracted by the remarkable personal solution of the problems of word-setting. Here, if ever, words and music were completely at one – whether it was a raucous drinking song or a profound and subtle work, such as *The Curlew* (settings of W.B. Yeats). There was that early recording of *The Curlew*, sung by John Armstrong with an ensemble conducted by Constant Lambert, which I played until it was worn out...

And associated with all this was the excitement of discovering Aldous Huxley about that time, and of rapidly absorbing all his (pre-mystical) books. *Antic Hay* had an additional interest in that the character of Coleman was supposed to be based on Peter Warlock. So also, we were told, was the character Halliday in D.H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*. Lawrence's portrait is of a tentative, spineless individual, whose one real aspiration, however, is to live completely naked. Huxley's portrait in *Antic Hay*, quite different, is of the Warlock that has become a legend – the cynical, rowdy, hard-drinking, hard-fornicating, hard-blaspheming character, who enters a Soho restaurant with 'a peal of cracked and diabolic laughter'; who says he has grown a beard for religious reasons – to imitate our Saviour. The beard, or 'fungus', was an important part of the mask Warlock liked to adopt. In a letter to Colin Taylor (July 1918) he wrote: 'it does have a certain psychological effect on me . . . for nearly ten years all my best strength and energy has been used up negatively in keeping out the tide of the world which wants to swamp me and prevent me from doing the only kind of work I can do with any success . . . it is necessary for me to make use of any little magical energy-saving devices that suggest themselves.'

The magical devices extended also to the satanic. In a letter to Robert Nichols (December 1917) we read that he was suffering from the effects of tampering with 'the science vulgarly known as Black Magic'. (*Antic Hay* again comes to mind: Coleman howling the Black Mass.) And Augustus John has told of Warlock offering up a girl on the altar of a country church, 'reviving the rites of a more ancient cult'. Was this merely a high-spirited prank? . . . It's difficult to believe that the pseudonym 'Peter Warlock' was chosen purely for reasons of euphony. What is a warlock? He is an oath-breaker, a wicked person, a wizard or magician, a devil

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or demon, a damned soul in hell, a savage and monstrous creature, one in league with the Devil and so possessing occult and evil powers . . .

Warlock undoubtedly did his best to establish the 'legend' – even suggesting an epitaph to perpetuate it:

*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.*

The truth seems to be that when Philip Heseltine took the pseudonym Peter Warlock he became – not a dual personality, but a combination of several different and complementary personalities. There was the uninhibited character associated with the drinking songs, with certain literary works such as *Merry-Go-Down: a gallery of gorgeous drunkards through the ages*, and with the scurrilous limericks about musicians and critics. There was also the quiet scholar and scrupulous editor of early music, author of *The English Ayre*. There was the Elizabethan composer, born out of his time, who set English verse with such sensitivity, wit, freshness. And there was the extreme pessimist, who found rich and poignant expression for his melancholy – a melancholy which eventually took over and destroyed him. He showed different faces to different people.

Between those extremes of crude uninhibition and deep pessimism, there is something like a complete response to life – instinctive, emotional, intellectual. The mask may well have compensated for inadequacies in himself which would have prevented full awareness and abundant response. Probably only through the mask was creative assurance found and the imagination really freed. Was it not a releasing of repressed, instinctive forces – a release without which any art (in a fully realized sense) is impossible? We may recall how Stravinsky's vision of primitive fertility rites led him to a violent and instinctive musical reaction – *The Rite of Spring*. We may recall the guests at Jean Genet's brothel (*Le Balcon*) finding completion by living out their repressed fantasies.

At all events, Warlock's range of creative expression is extraordinarily wide. *The Curlew* conveys saudade, a Portuguese word well known to Warlock, meaning the spirit of profound sadness and regret for things past; and the curlew's mournful cry becomes a symbol of spiritual desolation. In complete contrast, some of the songs are full of unclouded happiness: the beautiful, precise setting of Clément Marot's 'Chanson du Jour de Noël', and 'Tyrley Tyrlow', with its exhilarating syncopations. 'The Lover's Maze', sprightly and cunning, reflects exactly the contrived humour of Thomas Campion's poem; but there is the utmost simplicity in the 'Lullaby' ('Golden slumbers'), and in the quiet breathing of 'Balulalow', where everything is related to a continuous E-flat, like a mother-fixation. 'Sweet and Twenty' (Shakespeare, 'O mistress mine') radiates the magic of love in spring, while 'Sleep' (Fletcher) rediscovers the reflective art of Dowland in an exquisite contrapuntal web of sound. There is the grisly death-smell of 'The

Fox'; the mystery and sombre colouring of 'The bailey beareth the bell away' . . .

Call these (if you will) *fleurs du mal*, or pills to purge melancholy, or simply good songs. The mask and the background can, if preferred, be forgotten, so as to concentrate wholly on the music. Or a meaning, a unity, can be given to the diversity by relating it to aspects of the composer's extraordinary mind and personality.

David Cox



Remembering John Goss

The singer, scholar and *bon vivant* John Goss, (1891-1953), was one of the most influential British musicians, and colourful characters of the inter-war era. He was adored by the composers whose music he championed, including Peter Warlock, Frederick Delius, E. J. Moeran, Rebecca Clarke and Bernard van Dieren. Goss was also responsible for the revival of the British ballad in the 1920's, recording for HMV with his colleagues the Cathedral Male Quartet, and alongside Warlock was responsible for the revival of the English Jacobean and Elizabethan lute song repertoire. He also recorded with the legendary accompanist Gerald Moore at Abbey Road, but the recorded master plates have not survived. One of these recordings was a disc including songs by Warlock, Delius, Moeran and Peterkin. As there are very few surviving discs of John Goss singing art songs, this seems a particularly tragic loss.

There were essential qualities that singled out John Goss; his innate musicianship, his ability to entertain, his love of rural English pubs and folksongs, and his strong left-wing politics. The one dimensional, modern recital, based around tried and tested works by German composers, would have baffled John Goss, whose song programmes were the most encyclopaedic of any singer, and he would regularly include ballads, folksongs and new music, alongside the lesser well known repertoire by famous composers. For him, music was for everyone, and the native language of the listener of paramount importance, and he was never happier than when singing his favourite ballads in the taverns of Kent or Norfolk, aside from appearing on the concert platform.

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His politics were to feature later in his life after the Second World War, when he was branded a communist. He was forced to leave America and was sent back to Canada where he lived during and after the war, before returning to England where he died suddenly in 1953. Tragically, many who had been close to him, including devoted singing students, turned their backs on him after this incident. In the aftermath of a world devastated by the Second World War, many of his friends and colleagues from happier times were now dead, and he was largely forgotten in Britain. Although concert programmes and letters survive, the most crucial in the correspondence between composers Delius and Warlock, John Goss remains a shadowy figure in British composer biographies.

As a scholar, Goss published *An Anthology of Song* (dedicated to Peter Warlock), *Ballads of Britain*, contributed to the publication *The Weekend Book and Community Song Book*, and wrote a witty, satirical novel during his time in Japan in the 1930's – *Cockroaches and Diamonds*. From the latter, a short quote from the chapter, 'Allegro ben Moderato', as an example of Goss' writing:

'I've often played with the idea', said Moratin unheeding, 'that much light might be thrown on musical history if it were examined as part of the superstructure of economics. For example, polyphony developing out of the plain chant as the reflection of mediaeval economy. Voices of approximately equal importance moving horizontally from one fixed point to the next, each voice rarely venturing outside its narrow clef, Independent, yet contributing.

'The consequent rise in music of perpendicular harmony propping an outstanding melody, arrogant and pretending to self-sufficiency. And none the less arrogant when, in time, melody becomes merely the inevitable product of underlying harmonic activity – the skin on the milk. Does not the entrepreneur imagine that he alone sets the wheels of industry in motion?'

Looking back over concert programmes from the 1920's, we may expect to find these dated and old fashioned. However, Goss's encyclopaedic recital programmes were remarkable, as was his ability to adapt his style and vocal tone to different musical eras. These concert programmes are so diametrically opposed to the often 'elitist' classical song programmes of today that, rather than appearing old fashioned, now they seem positively *avant garde*. This is also due to Goss' interest in fine poetry and literature which would often lead him to his own musical discoveries.

The HMV recordings of John Goss and his own Cathedral Male Quartet reside at the British Library Sound Archives, and give us a glimpse as to what a marvellous society entertainer he was. The few recordings left to us of art songs, illustrate why Goss was so often the favoured mouthpiece of the inter-war composers. His warm baritone, musical phrasing, impeccable intonation and superb legato are the hallmarks of these recordings.

Over the last couple of years, while and since re-creating the character of John Goss in Tony Britten's new film on Warlock, tracing John Goss' life and work has proved a fascinating detective story, connecting many important lives and events, both socially and artistically. It is surprising that such an important Englishman has been so unjustly neglected by music history, although recently Divine Art Records have released remastered tracks of Goss and his quartet on a disc of music by E. J. Moeran. This is a rare commercial release and also includes tracks of the fine tenor Heddle Nash, who sang alongside John Goss at the Delius Festival in 1929.

The 'Gossiana' Project

Our 'Gossiana' project is now planned and will be released this autumn on Divine Art Records. This is the first commercial tribute to the life and work of John Goss, and is both an anthology of song and a revival of his own recital repertoire from the 1920's.

With accompanist Steven Devine and my own vocal quartet formed for this recording, we will explore arrangements of traditional British ballads and folksongs, alongside lieder including Schubert and songs dedicated to Goss by Warlock, Moeran, and Rebecca Clarke. Delius and van Dieren also feature in songs which were favourites with Goss. Also Warlock's and Hubert Foss's arrangements of early English songs that appear in Goss's *Anthology of Song*, dedicated to Peter Warlock. As these composers (with the exception of Clarke) are all featured in the new film, it seemed timely that they should all be featured on one album as a vital core of John Goss's repertoire. As a high lyric baritone myself, I will be using the same song keys which Goss himself used to use. We are also fortunate to have the use of a superb Bösendorfer piano, which once belonged to the conductor and pianist André Previn. I feel strongly that, for the song repertoire in question, a Steinway instrument might be far too aggressive, particularly on a recording.

'Gossiana' is therefore charting territory unexplored since before the Second World War on disc. The project has a strong Warlockian theme, and aims to convey the spirit and colour of a typical John Goss recital. It is rare to hear art songs alongside traditional British folksongs and ballads, but we hope that the final results will be an entertaining and musically rewarding anthology of song, and musical biography of the life of John Goss.

I must also take this opportunity to thank warmly the following, without whose help research for the 'Gossiana' project would not have been possible. Robert Beckhard for so much help and biographical information, Fred Tomlinson, Alastair Chisholm, and Barry Smith. Finally thanks also to Stephen Sutton at Divine Art Records for his enthusiastic support.

Giles Davies

Details on the Gossiana Project can be found online at gilesdavies.moonfruit.com and gossiana.moonfruit.com

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The Eynsford Years

With Tony Britten's Warlock film, *Some Little Joy*, enjoying quite a high profile at present, some readers might be intrigued to learn that an earlier film of Warlock's years in Eynsford had been conceived over a quarter of a century ago by the late Carey Blyton. Before saying anything about this, a few words to begin with might help to set the scene for the genesis of the project. The composer Carey Blyton (1932-2002), like Warlock, was a miniaturist at heart so perhaps it is not surprising he became a great admirer of Warlock's music quite early on (or to quote from the Author's Note prefacing *The Eynsford Years*: "This film treatment is the homage of another, lesser, song-writer who loves Warlock's music...").

Carey came to Warlock via studies into Elizabethan Music during the 'Fifties, and was one of the early crop of Warlockians, joining the PWS in 1965. By a fortunate accident of geography, he happened to be living at the time in Swanley, Kent, just a few miles away from Eynsford, and a consequence of this was that he became heavily involved in organising the blue plaque for Warlock's Eynsford cottage in May, 1969. In retrospect I feel this may have had a major bearing on his being attracted to Warlock's years in the village as the subject for a film.



Eric Fenby unveiling the Eynsford cottage plaque in May 1969 with Carey Blighton and Mrs Fenby.

By way of explaining Carey's approach to the subject matter I cannot do better than to quote from the above mentioned Author's Note:

"The events depicted in this film treatment are as recounted in Peter Warlock (Jonathan Cape, 1934) by Warlock's life-long friend and collaborator, Cecil Gray.

This book still remains controversial, as some still maintain that the picture of Warlock, as drawn in this book, especially in the last years of his life, is exaggerated."

"However, it is my view that this picture is, in its essence, accurate. Cecil Gray wrote his biography of Warlock immediately after Warlock's death, at a time when memory could hardly have been dimmed by the passage of time. Cecil Gray no more attempts to whitewash the more extreme and outré parts of his friend's life than he attempts to blacken or exaggerate them. The overall picture is one of extreme frankness, but one drawn with love and understanding. In any case, it is now too late to prove or disprove many of the things stated in this book, since both its author, and most of Warlock's contemporaries, are now dead".

This was written in 1977, some decade and a half before the appearance of Barry Smith's excellent and authoritative account of Warlock's life. Accordingly, it clearly did not have the advantage of what might be considered a more balanced viewpoint, so in that sense it was very much a product of the time it was written.

As to the duration/content of *The Eynsford Years*, the film as envisaged would have run for about 25 minutes (and with television in mind, one suspects this might have been planned deliberately to fit in nicely with broadcasting schedules). There are 18 short sequences, beginning with the renowned incident of a slumbering Warlock arriving at Eynsford Station by train and being trundled off by one of the porters on a luggage trolley, and finishing with his funeral at Godalming, where, as his coffin is lowered into the grave, there is seen the superimposed image of Warlock dancing and chanting in his African witch-doctor's robe. The film is propelled along by a narrator and Warlock's music (mainly *Capriol*, but also four of his songs), and although various characters are depicted (PW, Moeran, Hal Collins, and a selection of mistresses, guests and locals), there is very little spoken dialogue.

Having high hopes of what he had produced being realised as a film, Carey made various attempts to find a backer/producer. His principal target was the BBC, and a letter to him (dated 29th November 1978) from Herbert Chappell (then Executive Producer, Music & Arts for Television) is an interesting mixture of enthusiasm and reservation:

"I have just read your Warlock script and I enjoyed it immensely.

For some years I have considered making a film about Warlock and several treatments have been prepared – none of which is in any way as fluent and as well-wrought as yours. I love the way you integrate the songs and the *Capriol* sequences with such skill and comely affection.

I also admire the way you've unified the film by concentrating on the Eynsford period. But, inevitably,

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(as a fellow composer, though not in the same league!) it worries me to gloss over Warlock's other facets – as a musicologist and as a very complex split personality. A fuller treatment, lasting 50 or 60 minutes could encompass some of this and it's my belief that a truer and more rounded picture of the man and his music would emerge."

As a personal aside here, I am not sure whether Herbert Chappell might have missed the point as regards the 'horses for courses' aspect, in that Carey Blyton had never intended anything like a full, rounded picture of Warlock in his short-ish film. My suspicion here is that Carey was trying to produce something that would make for easy viewing, appealing and accessible to a wider audience, by way of an introduction to Warlock and his work. On the other hand Mr. Chappell may have felt that, as this was [then] the first film treatment of Warlock, a more complete portrait was essential as it was unlikely the composer would again be the subject of a film for a very long time.

Be that as it may, the result of this was *The Eynsford Years* was seemingly put 'on hold' – nearly a year later another letter from Herbert Chappell (dated 15th October 1979) reveals that, because the BBC yearly budget for music documentaries had been slashed from 13 to 6 new films, Carey's was one of those being dropped.

Consequently *The Eynsford Years* has languished quietly ever since then; what we have now is something more of curiosity to Warlockians, perhaps, than a film that is all but waiting to be made. As Carey Blyton states at the end of his script: 'This is a film-treatment and not a finished shooting-script.' The composer's widow, Mary Blyton, has kindly agreed that her husband's script may be viewed by interested PWS members. Any takers should contact me either by 'phone (01227 832871) or e-mail

(MMITCHELLJohn@aol.com) and I shall make it available accordingly.

John Mitchell

A Lost Warlock Song

"Which one?" may well be asked by those who have noted the two dozen or so titles listed in Fred Tomlinson's *Peter Warlock Handbook Volume I!* The one that has caught my attention specifically is seemingly the last to have been penned by Warlock in that 'casualty list'.

I have recently been exploring (courtesy of Fred Tomlinson) E. Arnold Dowbiggin's collection of press cuttings connected with Warlock. One of these is headed *Peter Warlock's Lost Works - Appeal for return* and it was clearly placed there by Bernard van Dieren, who up till then had tried advertising for these missing items in various papers and musical periodicals without success. The works listed are the 'Chinese Ballet' (the full score,

no less!), 'The Old Codger' and (to quote BvD)...another little treasure which is still missing is a song entitled 'An Old Song' [not to be confused here with the short orchestral piece of the same title that Warlock composed in 1917]. Van Dieren then goes on to describe - inaccurately on at least two counts! - that it was... one of a set of four songs written during the last month of Mr. Warlock's life. Three of these, 'The Fox', 'After two years', and 'The Frostbound Wood' have been posthumously published, and I should like to find the fourth and complete the set. I know exactly which works are missing, for Mr. Warlock was the most methodical of men, and kept a list of everything he wrote.

Whether this appeal was directly responsible for what occurred next is probably debatable, but another cutting (this time from the *Daily Mail*, dated 16th January 1932) is headed *Peter Warlock's Missing Work - Chinese Ballet Find*. The report simply states the work ...had been found. The ballet (c. 1916/17) had been a collaborative effort with Adrian Allinson, who according to the report ...remembered playing it over about two years ago and then it vanished. 'The Old Codger' also turned up later on, of course, but what of the documented 'An Old Song'? One assumes it has disappeared without trace, despite van Dieren's efforts to locate it.

Also recorded in the Handbook entry is that the song was a setting of 'I syng of a mayden', which Warlock had set for a capella voices in 1918 as 'As dew in Aprylle'. It is tempting to wonder whether this lost song was an entirely new one, or could it be another "recycled" piece? During his last months Warlock had re-vamped 'As ever I saw' as 'The Fairest May', and recast 'Bethlehem Down' in a new version for voice and organ. The latter is perhaps more significant here in that Warlock was able to take an a capella piece and transform it into something with a completely different feel to it for voice and keyboard (some might argue it made for virtually a new work). It's perhaps hard to imagine the material of 'As dew in Aprylle' in voice and piano guise, but noting Warlock's genius for such things in 'Bethlehem Down', I believe it's well within the realms of possibility.

So what more can be said of the song and its possible whereabouts? To begin with, van Dieren seems to imply it was on Warlock's own list of extant compositions (in contrast to some of the two dozen or so listed missing songs in the Handbook which one imagines Warlock may have destroyed). Revealing too is the comment about it being a "little treasure" - surely this implies van Dieren had either seen the score, or maybe had heard Warlock play it, i.e., having some sort of personal knowledge of it? An intriguing possibility is in a report of Warlock's death that appeared in the *Daily Mail* on 18th December 1930 which has the following...On the grand piano at which he did his composing was the manuscript of an unfinished song. Could this have been the manuscript of 'An Old Song'?! A tantalising prospect, perhaps, but unfortunately if indeed it were

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this, someone must have whipped it away fairly smartly as it was not listed by the police in their brief inventory of artefacts found in Warlock's flat. The police did in fact record one music manuscript being there, but this was the score of Moeran's Sonata for two violins (which was subsequently returned to the composer). Perhaps the reporter, being ignorant in musical matters, simply assumed, mistakenly, it was a song-in-progress because Warlock was known as a song composer!

Another explanation is provided by Ian Copley, who suggests the song was lost by a publisher. The source of this line of thought would seem to have been an extract from Moeran's reminiscences of his old friend. Here Moeran (via Gerald Cockshott) records that of Warlock's three serious [then] unpublished songs "...two were lost by a careless publisher - irretrievably, since the composer never kept rough copies." Whether 'An Old Song' was one of those two is open to question. The sense of the wording suggests the two songs were mislaid by the same publisher, and possibly on the same occasion. It prompts the question "If 'An Old Song' were one of them, what was the other?" Was Moeran's recollection more likely to have been of something that had happened during the 1925-28 Eynsford Period, when he probably would have been well acquainted with any such incidents relating to Warlock's output? (by contrast, from van Dieren's description we are considering here a song written near the end of Warlock's life, i.e., post-Eynsford).

If we accept 'An Old Song' was lost by an errant publisher, it's interesting to ponder which of them it might have been (and Warlock used a dozen or so during his lifetime!). The most likely - and this only applies if the song were a new treatment of the earlier 'As dew in Aprylle' material - would have been Boosey & Co.. They had published this latter choral piece in 1924, and one assumes Warlock would have approached them first in this instance for copyright reasons (in the same way Winthrop Rogers handled both versions of 'Bethlehem Down', for example). With various music business takeovers in the intervening years, it could be some music publisher or other may still have it unknowingly in a basement archive! (I recall here a wonderful anecdote the late Carey Blyton told me. Referring to when, earlier in his career, he was working for Mills Music he later recalled how an enormous manuscript score, seemingly unloved and unowned, got in everyone's way and was frequently used as a door-stop - it turned out to be the full score of Havergal Brian's opera *The Tigers*, which the Havergal Brian Society had been trying to track down for ages!).

Whatever one chooses to think, a valid question is whether any of the above is of anything other than academic interest? In defence of having written it I would add I am a great believer in "things continuing to turn up"! We have, of course, the quite unexpected appearance of 'A Love Song' that surfaced only 3 or 4 years ago, but I would also cite here a more parallel case where a documented lost song has been found fairly recently. After his death in the First World War, George

Butterworth's father in a memorial book to his son mentions an early song, a setting of the Robert Bridges poem 'Haste on, my joys!' This was believed to have been either lost or destroyed until it was discovered purely by chance in the archives of the English Folk Dance and Song Society in January 2001 when a researcher was looking for something else entirely! Whether a similar bit of serendipity will befall 'An Old Song' remains to be seen; what we can be certain of, judging by van Dieren's reference, is this "little treasure" is one of the most significant of Warlock's missing works. If anyone reading this can offer any helpful comments or suggestions on 'An Old Song' and its possible location I would be pleased to hear from them.

John Mitchell

March Evening

Shadows are long,
The moon a shade,
The blackbird's song
A silver blade.

Glimmers a ghost
As the bird sings
Of beauty lost
In other Springs.

From the sweet throat
Sharp sorrows come
Note after note
The blade strikes home.

Bruce Blunt

(Philip Heseltine's notebook, BL, Add MS 57969, folio 11)

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Concert Review: Peter Warlock Birthday Concert

Saturday, 28 October 2006

Daniel Gillingwater (Tenor), Nigel Foster (Piano).

Programme: Songs by Peter Warlock: Richard Rodney Bennett, Roger Quilter, Ralph Vaughan Williams, E. J. Moeran, Geoffrey Bush and Daniel Gillingwater.

This was a well balanced and eclectic programme structured around different settings of the same poetry. Thus we had Peter Warlock's 'Passing By' ('There is a lady sweet and kind') compared with Daniel Gillingwater's setting of the same poem, Warlock's 'To the memory of a great singer' contrasted with Ralph Vaughan Williams setting, and so on. Other comparisons were more subtle: the concert included E. J. Moeran and Geoffrey Bush's settings of 'It was a lover and his lass', and Moeran's setting of 'When daisies pied'. It must be admitted, however, that the ghosts of Warlock's 'Pretty ring time' and 'Mockery' could be heard in the background!

An opening and closing section of separate songs framed these comparisons. The concert began with *Dream Songs*, four songs by Richard Rodney Bennett. Gillingwater and Foster gave a sensitive performance of these settings of poems by Walter de la Mare, particularly the second song, 'The song of the shadows', where the initial rippling arpeggios in the accompaniment established a sense of stillness and tranquillity. The fragmented melodic structure of a large proportion of the third song, 'Dream Song', made it difficult to sustain a flowing vocal line. In comparison, the broken, questioning vocal phrases of the fourth song, 'The song of the mad prince', fitted the colloquial language and the rather disturbing narrative of the poem.

The closing section of Warlock songs began with the well-known Symons' settings, 'A prayer to St Anthony of Padua' and 'The sick heart'. In both, the performers' interpretation established and maintained the appropriate atmosphere, with the (supposed!) simplicity of the melodic line being realised, and the plainchant elements sung with reverence. Likewise, in *Peterisms* (Set 1) the folksong influences were foregrounded in 'Chopcherry', and Foster's playing was supportive and exciting. Unfortunately, the tessitura of 'A Sad Song' appeared to cause Gillingwater concern - his voice sounded rather strained and opaque. However, it is possible to argue that the mood of the song requires this type of vocal timbre, emphasising the dissonance of the poem and its mournful message. The programme concluded with 'Rutterkin'. In his introduction, Gillingwater indicated that this was under-prepared which was a pity since this song requires precise attention to rhythmic detail, particularly syncopation, in order to counteract the 'slipperiness' of the poem, both linguistically and semantically.

At the heart of the concert was a comparison of settings. The second section began with four Warlock songs: 'Passing By', 'Take, O take those lips away', 'Late Summer' and 'To the memory of a great singer', followed by four settings of the same poems by

Gillingwater, Quilter and Vaughan Williams. Gillingwater's performance of Warlock's 'Passing by' ('There is a lady sweet and kind') was lyrical and perceptive, evidencing a sensitive approach to phrasing across all the stanzas, a pre-requisite for a performance of strophic song. Later in the programme it was interesting to hear Gillingwater's setting of 'There is a lady sweet and kind'. This had a ballad-like quality, and established a more serious mood than Warlock's setting. The final stanza was ornamented rather effectively.

Gillingwater and Foster performed Warlock's second setting of 'Take, O take those lips away'. This song revealed a difficulty singers often experience with Warlock songs: tessitura. Warlock moves quickly between registers and this can lead to phrases, such as 'But my kisses' in bar 11, extruding out of melodic texture. Gillingwater was at his best when singing lyrical ballads, and Quilter's version of 'Take, O take those lips away' falls into this category. As early as 1925, Scott Goddard described Quilter as, 'the foremost living English example of the singer's composer...he possesses in as strong a degree as any songwriter, the knowledge of the disposition of the human voice and the ability so to fashion his works that the most is obtained from that instrument with the greatest facility.'

Gillingwater and Foster's thoughtful approach to interpretation was shown to advantage in Warlock's 'Late Summer'. Here, musical and poetic interpretation coincided well, and Foster's accompaniment was appropriately empathetic. Gillingwater's setting of the poem was chosen as a companion piece; the reverent quality of the opening chords and the evocative piano postlude were satisfying in their harmonic simplicity. The interpretation of Warlock's 'To the memory of a great singer' was not entirely successful. Some of the harmonic interaction between the singer and pianist had been eradicated, thus obscuring the inherent melancholy of the poem. In comparison, Vaughan Williams' setting appeared to be influenced by the pastoral elements of the poem and was performed with emotional sincerity.

The third section of the programme consisted of settings by Moeran and Bush. I was struck by the similarities between Moeran and Warlock's settings of 'The lover and his lass' ('Pretty ring time') and 'When daisies pied' ('Mockery'). Moeran wrote these in 1940, and it was impossible to miss their melodic and harmonic derivation. Geoffrey Bush's songs were a revelation! His version of 'It was a lover and his lass' out-Warlocked Warlock with shotgun staccato interwoven with rapid time-signature changes and jazzy syncopation. The influence of jazz could also be heard in 'To Electra', a setting of a poem from Herrick's *Hesperides*. (Warlock had set two other poems from *Hesperides*, so there was a tenuous connection). Foster believes that 'To Electra' is one of the sexiest songs written in English, and to some extent I agree! Harmonic and emotional intensity created by chromatic discords and suspensions between voice

¹Scott Goddard (1925). "The Art of Roger Quilter." *The Chesterian* VI: 213-17, 216

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and piano, made this a thrilling experience. PWS Hon Treasurer, John Mitchell, said after the concert: 'Although it was good to hear the familiar Warlock... I think the star items on the programme for me were the Richard Rodney Bennett songs, and those two by Geoffrey Bush (especially 'It was a lover', which I found quite spectacular!).'

Jonelle Daniels

And afterwards...



Paul Martyn-West, Nigel Foster and Daniel Gillingwater enjoying a glass of wine.



Chris Sreeves and Pat Mills discussing the days' events.

Concert Review: Wigmore Hall Recital

Andrew Kennedy (tenor) and Julius Drake (piano)
22nd October 2006

My concert companion for this recital was Dr Rhian Davies, *en route* from Montgomery to Cardiff (*via* London, naturally) and I am grateful for her suggestions for this review. We had both been present at Andrew Kennedy's recital at the Montgomery Festival in December 2005 and, like all present on that occasion, had been transfixed by his vocal quality, his commitment to the material he was performing, the rapport he achieved with his audience and the credibility of his interpretation.

All of these virtues were apparent once again at Wigmore Hall. The companions to his Warlock group this time were German, songs by Schumann and Wolf.

Barely had the welcoming applause receded than Kennedy and the equally forthright Julius Drake launched into their first offering, 'Morgens ste' ich auf und frage' from Schumann's *Liederkreis* op.24. Emotional highs and lows were powerfully rendered and the physical gestures of both performers, deliberate or otherwise, reflected the intensity of their joint involvement. By the time we reached the end of the Wolf group (seven Mörike settings) the scale of the dramatic helter-skelter had grown considerably and, after 'Der Tambour' and 'Der Feuerreiter', we were left wondering whither else was left to venture.

Warlock's songs are different, of course, and not just linguistically. Their *raison d'être* derives from a different cultural climate; there was another philosophical standpoint here, sometimes pastoral, sometimes metaphysical.

'Yarmouth Fair' – rustic if not actually pastoral – was outstanding. Hal Collins's words were credited with a veracity that belied the fact that they were spatchcocked on to sequence of harmonies motivated by an altogether contrary text. And at the end of the song the audience offered up a ripple of contained delight that, while it didn't actually become applause, registered a sense of relief after the Wolfian passions that had come before.

Warlock's settings of Hilaire Belloc are always good value. Sally was certainly missed from 'Ha'nacker Mill' and Kennedy's octave leap at the end of the opening, intoned passage of 'The Night' was deliciously controlled. Warlock's treatment of the oxymoron 'Cheat me with your false delight' is inspired; Kennedy and Drake gave it a sublime transfiguration. 'My Own Country', with its naïve melody, is the perfect foil.

'Cradle Song' and 'Sleep' had been programmed in the reverse order. Sensibly the performers chose to present them this way round; but the irritations in both parts that characterise the restless infant of the first song were not brought to the fore. It became too comfortable – the *berceuse* that it really isn't – and 'Sleep', which should have been first a contrast and, then, a resolution was compromised despite its clarity.

The choice of 'Captain Stratton's Fancy' as a closer was also questionable. It has the right sort of bravado and panache, of course, but, after the paradoxical contemplations of 'Sleep' ('sweet deceiving' and 'lock me in delight'), has too much of the bathetic about it. 'Away to Twiver' would have been more suited to this voice, has more depth verbally and musically, and would have been equally rumbustious, if that was what was required. One felt that, in the transparency of Vaughan Williams's 'Orpheus with his lute', the encore item, both participants were more comfortable.

Nevertheless, Andrew Kennedy has an ideal Warlockian voice and attitude, as he has now demonstrated on at least two occasions. We can forgive him his occasional memory lapses and hope that he will continue to promote a composer that he has obviously taken to his heart.

Brian Collins

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Two Concert Reviews: *When He is King* by Matthew King

The Warlock Singers conducted by Graham Dinnage at the Drive Methodist Church Sevenoaks and St Mary's Church, Westerham, 2 and 6 December 2006.

First Performance 2nd December 2006

It is rare for Sevenoaks to host the first performance of a major musical composition, and for those who attended the concert given by the Warlock Singers last Friday at The Drive Methodist Church, it was clear that the work *When He Is King* by Mathew King was a significant work and destined to join the repertoire.

The piece commissioned by the Warlock Singers is woven around a number of well known carols and some perhaps less well known. There is also a setting of a new poem, 'Herod Speaks' by Alasdair Middleton, that portrays a modern terrifying account of the slaughter of the innocent children of Bethlehem, that has a strong relevance to the governance of our world today.

The work contains elements of the Latin Mass and Christmas narratives. The only instruments are a single trumpet, harp and organ. The choice of these instruments had a resonance and particular charm, the harp one minute soothing us then together with trumpet and organ stirring us into life with 'O Come, O Come Emmanuel'. This collage of carols and instruments overlaid with original counterpoint and delightful obligato solos was surprising and delightful.

The variations on Warlock's 'Bethlehem Down', according to Mathew King, was a homage to this quintessentially English composer, who created a new repertoire of Christmas carols and this work was a fitting tribute to Warlock and the English choral tradition.

The work was challenging for the choir but the sound was exquisite. The balance and dynamic range of the singers was impressive, and it would appear that most of the choir are quite able to perform as soloists in their own right. We of course would expect the choir to shine in their rendition of Warlock carols and we were not disappointed, and how I wished we could have spirited Warlock back for 15 minutes to hear their wonderful interpretation of 'Bethlehem Down'.

Congratulations to Graham Dinnage the choir's Musical Director, and I believe, an inspiration for a wonderful evening.

John Bovington

2nd performance, 6th December 2006

I settled into my seat in St Mary's Church, Westerham to hear the Warlock Singers, under the direction of Graham Dinnage, give the second performance of the work they had commissioned from Matthew King, *When He is King*. This was to be the second half of their Christmas concert, the first half having been a collection of carols and Christmas themed music including some carols for the audience to join in.



The Warlock Singers with Graham Dinnage, Director

A year previously the Warlock Singers had premiered the opening chorus 'O come, O come Emmanuel' at their 2005 Christmas concert. The title for the work *When He is King* is, appropriately for a piece commissioned by the Warlock Singers, a line taken from Peter Warlock's arguably most famous carol, 'Bethlehem Down'. Like the first half of the concert the piece contains movements for the audience to join in with the choir as well as both choruses for the full choir, small groups and a number of solos for individual members of the choir.

When He is King is sub-titled 'A Mass for Christmas' and is a work in sixteen movements based upon familiar carol themes interspersed with sections of the Mass (Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus etc.). The music is complex with unexpected harmonies and thoughtful setting of texts. Individual movements are dedicated in memory of loved ones connected with the choir or members of the audience and this is a very personal touch for the singers concerned.

The opening movement 'O come, O come Emmanuel' quickly moves from the unadorned familiar French Carol theme to exciting modern harmony woven around the theme, which moves from the basses around the altos and tenors before finally arriving with the full choir in unison just before the fortissimo climax. Immediately the mood changes as the 'Kyrie' begins softly straight out of the first movement's final chord. Between the Greek words pleading for mercy there is a delightful juxtaposition of text announcing the coming of Christ, taken by soprano and alto solos. The third movement returns again to a familiar carol 'Unto us a Boy is born' with a brilliant jazz trumpet accompaniment played excellently by Eddie Maxwell. This leads to a canon with the audience for 'O & A, and A & O'.

The Gloria of the Mass follows, introduced by a tenor and then alto recitative. Here I felt that the combined soprano forces were a touch too loud overwhelming the lower parts somewhat. However that is a minor criticism within the overall context of some truly excellent interpretation of Matthew King's opus.

Verses of Warlock's beautiful setting of 'Bethlehem Down' follow, interspersed with the Latin text of the Creed. This leads to 'The Star-Song' (words by Robert Herrick 1591-1674) commencing with an alto solo,

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through alto and soprano duet to the third verse alto, soprano and tenor trio and final verse taken by the full chorus. 'Silent Night' is intertwined with the Sanctus and Benedictus of the Mass in a fashion becoming familiar from the earlier movements. This is a delicate movement, never rising above a calm mezzo-piano, leading on to the carol movement 'We three Kings'. This movement combines solo voices, taking the verses of the named wise men, with the chorus and culminates in the final verse with audience participation.



Matthew King, composer, Graham Dinnage, Warlock Singers Director, and his wife Vivienne Cox, secretary of the choir, before the second performance of *When He is King*.

'Rachel Weeping' is a haunting tenor solo accompanied by soft 'Ahs' from solo singers from the upper voices. This is followed by a setting of the 'Coventry Carol', unaccompanied until the audience joins the verse 'Herod the King, in his raging' where the organ has relentless triplet rhythms in the bass, leading to King Herod's (imagined) words, written by Alasdair Middleton specially for this work. Herod's words are set as a tenor solo under the lullaby refrain of the 'Coventry Carol' and are political and contemporary.

The final 'Hosanna' leads into a setting of 'God rest you merry, Gentlemen', which is combined in the now familiar pattern with the Agnus Dei of the Mass and a final verse for the audience to join in.

The Warlock Singers are to be congratulated for their enterprise in commissioning this work. It is an excellent choral piece and deserves to become part of the Christmas repertoire for choirs aspiring to high standards. It is not an easy piece and everyone involved deserves high praise. Everyone will have had to learn this piece from scratch. Graham Dinnage has trained and led his choir with skill, resulting in an outstanding evening's music. All of the soloists, taken from amongst the choir, performed with skill and sensitivity. Ian le Grice had a prodigious amount of work with the organ part, Karen Vaughan brought a lightness of touch and energy to the harp sections and Edward Maxwell's trumpet playing was exciting and lively.

Martin Levie

Review: Peter Warlock - 'Some Little Joy' A Film by Tony Britten

'Dispelling the Jackals' was the title of a BBC talk by Elizabeth Poston in 1964. It appeared in our publication, *Centenary Celebration*, in 1994. In it she tried to sort out the true Warlock from all the myths and inventions that surrounded him. She would have approved of the two memorable events which some of us were privileged to experience within the space of a month.

On January 20th around thirty of us gathered at 'The Antelope' for a showing of Tony Britten's film, *Peter Warlock - Some Little Joy*. We are hoping this will be available on DVD before long, when it will be written up for a Newsletter, but the occasion is worth describing.



Members of the cast, left to right, Maimie McCoy as Puma, Lucy Brown as Barbara Peach, Mark Decter as Philip Heseltine, Georgina Rich as Winifred Baker

The film itself was due in the afternoon, when the light would be fading, but people were encouraged to meet for lunch and to socialize.

I was fortunate to have Jenny Partridge as chauffeuse. We have been working for some weeks sorting out my PW collection, which is to go to Harrow School shortly. (Felix Arahamian's went to Eton, so we thought PH would be tickled by a bit of rivalry).

Unfortunately, when we got to 'The Antelope', the landlady informed us that the chef had broken a tooth and had to be hospitalised. However, she had phoned a nearby pub and checked that they were doing lunches. So the socializing was punctuated by relays to the other spot. Ian Partridge made up our trio. We had been warned of a football match on TV, but we managed to find a quiet corner where we couldn't see the match.

I was a little apprehensive before the film, knowing how PW's life has been distorted ever since Cecil Gray (first of the jackals), and remembering what some film-makers have done to soup up biographies. I needn't have worried.

Part of the film is set in 'The Antelope'. Unfortunately Fuller's at that time closed it for refurbishment and they had to find a look-alike. So it was all done in Norfolk, and all the actors, made up and costumed as Warlock, Moeran, Blunt, Foss and Goss and the other John

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(Augustus) etc. Tony Britten had done his homework. No jackals were encountered.

Fred Tomlinson

Lecture Review: 'Peter Warlock in Montgomeryshire'

Lecture by Rhian Davies

The British Academy, just over a century old, exists to promote the humanities and the social sciences. It is in a beautiful house in Carlton House Terrace, between Pall Mall and The Mall. On February 14th it was host to the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, its Welsh equivalent, but founded a century and a half earlier.

There on February 14th, Dr Rhian Davies gave her lecture, 'Peter Warlock in Montgomeryshire'. She had previously given it in Wales, but this was the first opportunity to enjoy it in London, and enjoy it we did. It is a pity that only seven PW 'nutters' were there but apparently it was all at short notice.

In my youth we would have called it a lantern lecture. There was a lovely big screen, a podium for the speaker, and a controller for the pictures and music. It was fascinating to hear and see the results of Rhian's research into PH's forebears, both on his mother's and stepfather's sides, and see pictures from as early as 1880.

The music tracks were accompanied by projections on the screen, either the printed music or the verses. There were excellent pictures of several paintings of 'Puma'. For me, personally, having been immersed in PW for over half a century, it was a delight to learn something new as well as a re-relishing old favourites.

The music is chosen for its Welsh connections, and none the worse for that. The final quote from Elizabeth Poston reinforces Rhian's belief that in the final song, 'My own country', PW was thinking of mid-Wales rather than Sussex. One is tempted to agree, but consider this: PH's mother was always known as 'Covey'. Covey is the collective noun for Partridges. Ian and Jenny, our finest Warlock performers, come from Sussex.

Fred Tomlinson

CD Review: *The Curlew: Songs by Peter Warlock*

Andrew Kennedy (tenor), Simon Lepper (piano),
Pavão Quartet, Daniel Pailthorpe (flute) Owen
Dennis (cor anglais)

Landor Records LAN279

1. In an arbour green
2. Autumn Twilight
3. Late Summer
4. Pretty ring time
5. A Sad Song (string quartet)
6. Mr. Belloc's Fancy
7. Ha'nacker Mill
8. The Night
9. My Own Country
10. Sleep (string quartet)

- 11-14. *The Curlew*
15. The First Mercy
16. Adam lay ybounden
17. Bethlehem Down
18. The Frostbound Wood
19. Cradle song
20. My lady is a pretty one (string quartet)
21. Music, when soft voices die
22. Yarmouth Fair
23. The Contented Lover
24. And wilt thou leave me thus?
25. Mourn no moe (string quartet)
26. Jillian of Berry
27. Captain Stratton's Fancy

At first hearing, this collection seems an odd mixture. Songs with string quartet accompaniment are scattered amongst the more usual voice and piano arrangements, with *The Curlew* as the centrepiece. The return to piano accompaniment after the softer sound of strings can be disconcerting, and it seems odd to have *The Curlew* in the middle, rather than as the first or last item on the disc; what is appropriate after its final bars but silence? However, the choice of the songs that follow is fittingly sombre, and the mood gradually brightens towards the roistering finale.

It is good, though, to have another recording of *The Curlew*, which until relatively recently was hard to find. Andrew Kennedy's dark-hued, expressive voice best suits the gentle, contemplative songs such as 'The Night' and 'Late Summer', but he can be effective too in lighter songs like 'Mr Belloc's Fancy'. Simon Lepper provides a sympathetic piano accompaniment, changing mood effectively between the introspective and the more cheerful songs. The Pavão Quartet's sensitive playing for 'Sleep' and other songs is supplemented by Daniel Pailthorpe and Owen Dennis in *The Curlew*, and the ensemble blends well to present a superb interpretation of this work.

Andrew Kennedy, a BBC New Generation Artist and winner of several awards, here presents a fine addition to the Warlock discography, and one which may appeal to a wider audience than just the readers of this newsletter, being a kind of sampler of Warlock's best works. By concentrating on the more sensitive songs, while not neglecting the drinking songs entirely, featuring *The Curlew* as a central work, and including rarely recorded quartet accompaniments, this CD offers an introduction which should appeal to anyone curious about Warlock. Michael Pilkington's excellent notes provide a commentary to the songs, which gives extra value to this CD.

Claire Salmon

REVIEWS

CD REVIEW: WARLOCKATHON CDs

This remarkable achievement is noteworthy on several accounts: firstly because of the sheer scale of the undertaking and the enormous amount of organizational skill and effort which it must have taken. For this there can be only admiration and gratitude, especially from Warlock enthusiasts since a number of rarities appear for the first time on disc, notably the recently discovered curiosity, 'A Love Song'. And also, most important, because a new, young generation of singers and accompanists has been exposed to and involved in the performance of songs by a great British song-writer.

To state the obvious: the standard naturally varies quite markedly throughout the three CDs. But then one needs constantly to remind oneself that these are students singing; these are live, unedited performances and some of the songs, especially the complicated chromatic ones are anything but straightforward.

To generalize: several of the participating sopranos tend to be a little too fulsome, too operatic in tone and the often spreading vocal quality does not help the diction, especially when the voices rise above the staff. A notable exception is Chloe Barnett who seems to have an instinctive feeling for the English song style. Her fresh-toned singing is ideally suited to the songs which were allocated to her. Michelle Minke, too, is an intelligent singer with a good feeling for the line of the music. Her singing of 'Rest, sweet nymphs' is particularly well-shaped and shows an instinctive feeling for the changing moods encapsulated in Warlock's music.

For someone whose chauvinistic behaviour would seem to indicate a preference for the male voice it seems slightly ironic that the majority of the songs are here allocated to female singers. Despite the imbalance there is, however, some memorable singing from a number of the men, especially from Callum Thorp whose musicality and sense of line is a joy. Ben Seiffert struggles somewhat with that little gem, 'Sweet-and-Twenty', and sounds perhaps more at home, in 'One more river'. Richard Rowe gives us a bright and skittish performance of 'Yarmouth Fair' (high marks for Elizabeth French's accompaniment here) but surely 'Milkmaids' is sung too slowly? I see that Michael Pilkington discusses the problems of tempo and metronome marks in this song in his new edition. Tom Lowe makes a dramatic contribution in 'Maltworms' and I was both delighted and amused to discover George Humphreys amongst the participants. He spent a gap year in Cape Town (between school and St John's College, Cambridge) and his fine singing and genial company added much to my St George's Singers with whom he sang during his stay with us. Given his amiable sociability and generous personality, it seemed very fitting that he should have been chosen to sing 'Captain Stratton's Fancy', 'The Cricketers of Hambledon' and 'What Cheer!' I was also proud to find the very promising young South African pianist, James Baillieu, amongst the accompanists. A former student of our Cape Town University's College of Music, he is presently carving out a distinguished career for himself abroad, winning a number of prestigious prizes. His playing of

the difficult accompaniment in 'Dedication' is one of the pianistic highlights on the disc. In fact, in some ways, the contribution by the numerous accompanists is sometimes more distinguished than that of their vocal counterparts.

In conclusion: this set of CDs (with a book of words of all 123 songs for sale at cost price to members) is a must for all admirers of Warlock's songs. Not only because of the important gaps it fills in the less-recorded oeuvre but also for the obvious enthusiasm and delight these young singers exude in this particular voyage of their musical discovery.

Barry Smith

All 123 Songs at eighteen pence each!

WARLOCKATHON

For sale exclusively to members of the Peter Warlock Society

All Warlock's solo songs for voice and piano

Complete on 3 CDs

£10 or US\$20

including packing and postage (by air mail if outside the UK)

This is a properly mastered recording of the live performance at the Royal Academy Music Club on 30 October 2005.

Members are asked to place their orders, with a cheque for £10 per set (payable to the Peter Warlock Society) or US\$20 per set (payable to Stephen Trowell, NOT to the Society).

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

AUCTION

Grand Warlock Auction Part 8

Regular readers of this section of the Newsletter will notice there are slightly more than the usual 25 lots this time. We are nearing the bottom of the barrel now, as the saying goes, and the material left I have decided to divide roughly into two which will comprise Parts 8 and 9 of the Auction. Perhaps, inevitably, this instalment is not quite so exciting in terms of content as some of the others (although I have saved up a choice rarity for the final Part 9 next time!). This time's star item is probably Warlock's own copy of 'Elore Lo'. Lots 206 and 207 may be slightly questionable for inclusion as neither have much connection with Warlock (with maybe Sir William Walton's setting of 'What Cheer?' as an 'also-set-by-PW' being the exception!).

The eighth 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: MMITCHELLJohn@aol.com

All bids should be sent to me, either by e-mail or letter (not telephone or fax), and must be received by midday on 30th June 2007. 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

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

Lot List

The following Warlock songs/early music transcriptions are in solo song format:

Lot 176: 'Chanson du jour de Noël' (Winthrop Rogers 1926) EADS G MB £2

Lot 177: 'The Bachelor' (Augener 1922) EADS A poorer copy with reinforced spine and a small stain on the cover. MB £1

Lot 178: 'Whenas the rye reach to the chin' (Winthrop Rogers 1920) VG MB £2

Lot 179: 'The bailey beareth the bell away' (Winthrop Rogers 1919) F with reinforced spine MB £2

Lot 180: 'Robin Good-fellow' (OUP 1927) VG MB £2

Lot 181: 'Peter Warlock's Fancy' (Paterson 1925) EADS G MB £2

Lot 182: 'Ha'nacker Mill' (OUP 1927) EADS VG MB £2

Lot 183: 'Cradle Song' (OUP 1928) EADS VG MB £2

Lot 184: 'Captain Stratton's Fancy' (Augener 1922) EADS F with reinforced spine MB £2

Lot 185: 'Elore Lo' (Augener 1929)*** EADS VG MB £8

Lot 186: 'Bethlehem Down' - voice & organ version (Winthrop Rogers 1931) G MB £2

Lot 187: 'As ever I saw' - low voice version (Winthrop Rogers 1919) VG MB £2

Lot 188: 'He whose desires are still abroad' (John Danyel, transcribed by PW. Curwen) VG MB £2

Lot 189: 'Now let her change and spare not' (Thomas Campion, transcribed by PW. Curwen) VG MB £2

Lot 190: Two Songs from *A Pilgrim's Solace* (John Dowland, transcribed for voice and piano, with violin obligato, by PW and Philip Wilson. Chester 1923). EADS Cover disintegrating a bit in parts, and music contents have a small water stain near the top of pages. Violin part included. MB £2

The following Warlock songs [solo & part-songs]/early music transcriptions are in choral song (i.e., smaller size) format:

Lot 191: 'All the flowers of the Spring' - for SATB (Boosey 1924) EADS G MB £1

Lot 192: 'The bailey beareth the bell away' - version for two voices and piano (Winthrop Rogers 1928) EADS G MB £1

Lot 193: 'The Spring of the year' - for SATB (OUP 1925) EADS VG MB £1

Lot 194: 'Adam lay ybounden' - arranged by Reginald Jaques for SSA and piano/organ (OUP 1962) EADS VG MB £1

Lot 195: 'Where riches is everlastingly' - for unison voices and piano/organ (OUP 1928) EADS G MB £1

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Lot 196: 'Corpus Christi' - version for soprano, tenor and unaccompanied SATB (Curwen 1921) VG MB £2

Lot 197: 'One more river' - for 2 tenors, baritone, bass, and piano (Winthrop Rogers 1928) EADS VG This copy has a brown paper wrapper stitched on by EAD. MB £1

Lot 198: 'The First Mercy' - for voice and piano (Winthrop Rogers 1927) EADS G MB £1

Lot 199: 'To Former Joy' - for SSATB (Thomas Cavendish [1598], transcribed by PW and Philip Wilson. Enoch & Sons 1924) G MB £1

Lot 200: 'Whether men do laugh or weep' (Rosseter) + 'There is a garden in her face' (Campian) - for voice and piano. Both transcribed by PW and Philip Wilson. OUP EADS G MB £1

Lot 201: 'Now each creature joys the other' - for voice and piano (George Handford [1609], transcribed by PW. Curwen) VG MB £1

Lot 202: 'Whither runneth my heart' + 'Tarry, are you gone again?' - both for 2 treble voices and piano (both John Bartlet [1606], transcribed by PW and Philip Wilson. OUP). EADS VG These have been stitched into a thin paper wrapper by EAD. MB £2

Lot 203: 'Praise blindness, eyes' - for either SATB unaccompanied, or for solo voice and piano (Dowland, transcribed by PW. Curwen) G MB £1

Lot 204: 'Now have I learn'd with much ado' - for SS and piano (Robert Jones [1608], transcribed by PW. Curwen) VG MB £1

Lot 205: 'To his sweet lute Apollo sung' + 'Jack and Joan' - for voice and piano (Campian, transcribed by PW and Philip Wilson. OUP) EADS VG MB £1

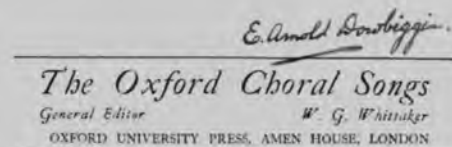
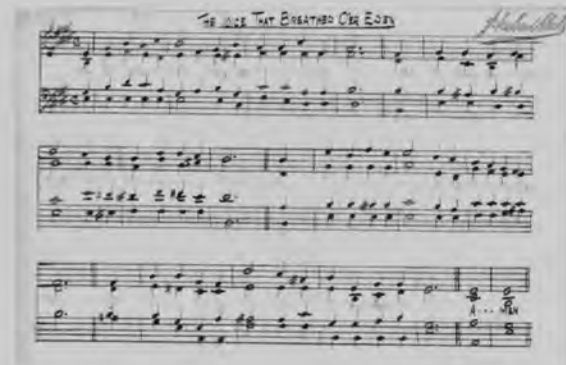
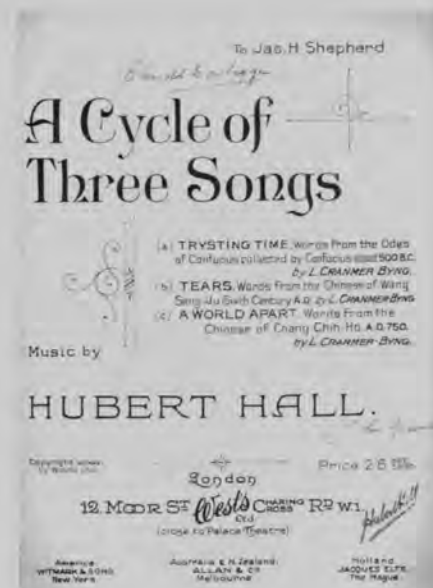
Lot 206: Two items by Hubert Hall. It would seem Hubert Hall was a composer friend of EAD (a Warlockian similarity here is Hubert Hall was a pseudonym - his real name was John Greenall). The first part of the Lot is *A Cycle of Three Songs*, published in 1920 by Wests (Charing Cross Road), and consisting of settings of translations from the Chinese by L Cranmer-Byng (of PW *Saudades* fame). The titles are 'Trysting Time', 'Tears', and 'A World Apart'. EADS G - with reinforced spine. The second part is the manuscript (possibly in Hall's hand - his name is ink-stamped at the top, so it could well be a copy in another hand) of a hymn tune for 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden'. MB (for both items together) £3.

Lot 207: This is what might be termed a "semi-mystery Lot"! It consists of 40 or so single items in choral song format, some for unison voices, some part songs. The composers are various, ranging from J.S. Bach up to such things as Walton's 'What Cheer?' Nearly all are in good to very good condition. I am going to auction them

as a single lot; anyone who wishes further information on the contents should contact me by telephone (01227 832871). MB £5.

John Mitchell

Some of the items in the auction:



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FORTHCOMING EVENTS

2007 AGM. This will take place on **Saturday 12 May 2007** at Harrow School starting at 11:00. Details on separate sheets enclosed with the Newsletter.

The Finzi Friends are organising A Weekend Of English Song at Ludlow from **Thursday 31 May to Sunday 3 June**. The Saturday evening concert includes 'The Curlew' with Mark Chaundy (tenor). For further details see the Finzi Friends website: <http://www.chosen-arts.org.uk/finzifriends>

The Warlock Singers directed by Graham Dinnage **Sunday 17 June** at Finchcocks Museum of Music, Goudhurst and **Thursday 21 June** at All Saints' Church, Tudeley, near Tonbridge. The first venue features a collection of 100 historic keyboard instruments (free demonstration tour included, plus a chance to picnic or dine in the restaurant). The second venue is famous for stained glass windows by Marc Chagall. The programme features some of Elgar's favourite and lesser-known part songs to mark the 150th anniversary of his birth, with works by Warlock, Grainger, Pearsall, Vaughan Williams and others, as well as music by early British composers transcribed and edited by Warlock. Further details and booking forms are on www.warlock-singers.org or Tel 01732 866372.

London Song Festival organised by Nigel Foster at Rosslyn Hill Chapel Hampstead from **4-16 October 2007** – he assures us some Warlock will be included. For details see the website: www.londonsongfestival.org

Birthday celebrations Following the success of last year's events we intend to have a similar format this year on **Saturday 27 October 2007**.

This will consist of an early evening concert at: St Wilfrid's Convent 29 Tite Street London SW3 4JX followed by a dinner at: Chimes Restaurant 26 Churton Street London SW1V 2LP
For guidance, the cost last year was £25 per head for the dinner and the concert will be around £5.
Full details will follow on the website and in the Autumn Newsletter.

NEWS

It is planned to issue transcripts of the lectures given at the 2005 Montgomery Festival.

We are looking at the possibility of transferring John Bishop's collection of vinyl & shellac recordings to CD – watch out for some unearthed rarities.

A booklet of lyrics is being produced to accompany the Warlockathon CD and will be available to members in the near future.

Chris Sreeves was emailed by Gail Thorpe (née Heseltine) who promised some interesting documents from her father Bryan Heseltine but unfortunately has never got back in touch. Can anyone assist with contact details?

Work is in progress on transferring Fred Tomlinson's "Peter Warlock Handbooks" into electronic form for wider dissemination.

A UK website for the Peter Warlock Society is under construction to complement the existing website managed by Richard Valentine. The purpose of this is to provide details of UK-specific events. The web address for this is www.peterwarlocksociety.org.uk

Sky Arts have bought Tony Britten's film on Warlock 'Some Little Joy' (see p. 14 of this issue) - broadcasting in July. Date to be confirmed. DVDs will be available to purchase later in the year.

For further details of any of the above items, please contact: Hon. Secretary, Chris Sreeves, Jubilee Cottage, 30 The Hill, Garsington, Oxfordshire OX44 9DG
Tel: 01865 368461
Mobile: 07880 780484
email: chrissreeves@csreeves.freemove.co.uk