



## Editorial

### *My Dear Friends*

A Felix Aprahamian joined us up here recently and threw a party for composers. He introduced himself saying we had made eye contact outside the British Museum in 1930 and that he'd been dining out on the story ever since. Felix also invited Henry Purcell and told him a friend of his said 'his first commitment in heaven would be to make eye contact with Purcell'<sup>1</sup>. But Felix didn't invite Stravinsky, fearing composers he'd plagiarised would claim royalties! Felix told us all that, because of your Society, I'm doing better on earth than most composers, and that your president, a son of a friend of mine, is also doing very well as a composer, and that a son of mine, born to a dear Irish lady-friend, is doing very well as an art historian. Genes from my Uncle Postle?

I learned a relative of mine was deputy prime minister when you celebrated my centenary on the Embankment, and that he even got publicity for not attending<sup>2</sup>, and I would have loved those brewery jaunts, all planned by some mad Hungarian who got Felix to unveil a blue plaque to my friend Béla Bartók with an even madder nutter who's been arranging all my stuff for ten-piece brass ensemble. Felix tells me you all parade my Chelsea haunts with some Pied Piper of Chelsea who's named a son after him, and that someone once reviewed a *Warlock* MasterClass! What fun.

I'm sorry historians will find a gap in Society activities over the past four years, apart from two entries in *Private Eye*<sup>3</sup>, but Felix relished being lampooned there<sup>4</sup>. I gather the mad Hungarian now wants a Warlockian Chelsea Festival, culminating with this Pied Piper of Chelsea parading my drinking songs up the King's Road with the Band of the Scots Guards and a choir of Chelsea Pensioners (see photo on p.20). As this pied piper has a fan club with a president who is also the chairman of the Chelsea Society, the omens look good.

When I was with you, I remember a book that said Christ has not been back for his second coming because he was having such a good time up here<sup>5</sup>. Doubtless you'll all find out about this sooner or later, and I'll await hearing from the first of you to tell me of my Chelsea Festival.

*With all good wishes  
Ever yours  
Christoph Heseltine*

#### References

1. PWS Newsletter 55, p.13, end of second paragraph.
2. 'Music, food, love ... and no Michael Heseltine'  
*The Independent on Sunday* Sunday 6 November 1994
3. *Private Eye*, 10 Dec 2004 (No 1121) p.12, & 7 Jan 2005 (No 1123), p.13
4. The mad Hungarian made £200+ in fees from the publicity from this.
5. A Preparatory Discourse of DEATH by Nathaniel Whaley, Oxford 1708

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## An hour with our President

Sir Richard Rodney Bennett graciously accepted the presidency of our society in 1986 upon the death of Sir Peter Pears. In 1991 in PWS *Newsletter* 47, (pp 9–11) our then Newsletter Editor, David Cox, reprinted Sir Richard's father's article on Peter Warlock that had appeared in *The Bookman* (London) in Sept. 1923, after Richard's father had met Warlock in his Cheyne Walk flat, with a door post with two name-plates – P Warlock and P Heseltine.

When I met our President at his Southfields flat this May, it was to discuss a preface to a new edition of Vol.1 of Fred Tomlinson's *Peter Warlock Handbook* that he had agreed to write. Sir Richard mentioned he thought his father had written two articles on Warlock. Since I didn't know the other, an investigation discovered it in South Africa in the archives of Barry Smith, and I am happy to reproduce it to follow this article.

In the new preface to our revised Vol.1 of Fred Tomlinson's *Peter Warlock Handbook*, Sir Richard tells us of his connections with Peter Warlock's music, saying it has always played an important part in his life.

Sir Richard's father, Rodney Bennett (1890–1948), was successively a schoolmaster, an operatic bass-baritone and a writer of children's books. Warlock may have been one of his friends, as his family possessed manuscripts in Warlock's hand of *Lillygay* and *Saudades*, mentioned in his father's 1923 article for *The Bookman*. He also possessed a manuscript of *The Curlew*, which is now in the possession of the British Library. However, by the time Richard was growing up, Warlock's name was not mentioned in his house, and he never discovered why.

During the late twenties and thirties, Richard's parents together reviewed a great deal of vocal music for magazines of the period, and this was collected in a large wooden chest in their front hall, full of vocal and choral music by Elgar, Holbrooke, Bantock, Bridge and of course Warlock. Richard avidly consumed printed music of any kind, so this wooden chest was a treasure trove for him.

It also, incidentally, started his long love affair with English poetry from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, which has provided the texts of most of his vocal and choral works.

Richard's mother, nee Joan Spink (1901–1983), was a composer and pianist who studied with Gustav Holst at St Paul's Girls School and at the Royal College of Music. As a schoolgirl, she was a member of the off-stage chorus in the first performance of *The Planets* at the Royal Albert Hall, but she gave up professional music-making after her marriage in the mid-1920s. In his book *Holst among friends* (Thames 2000) Alan Gibbs refers to a letter Holst wrote to Joan after failing a scholarship exam: 'Failure is a most important part of an artist's training, and one that

you cannot afford to do without'. However, Joan went on to win a composition prize at the RCM.

Of all the composers whose work Richard came across in his parents' collection, it was the work of Peter Warlock which most attracted him. It was the combination of the beautifully chosen texts, the adventurous piano parts, the formal perfection and above all the harmonic sophistication which drew him to Warlock's work. Even sixty-odd years later, the fascination has never waned.

Sir Richard has never been happy with Warlock's instrumental music, the *Folk-Song Preludes*, the *Serenade* and *An Old Song*. Warlock seems to be playing a part for which he is not suited. And yet, *Capriol* is to his mind a masterpiece of invention; when he was nine or so, he thought that the last page of 'Mattachins' was harmonically the most 'modern' thing ever written.

It is an interesting co-incidence that Evelyn Webb, the music tutor who introduced me to 'Mattachins' and Warlock's music generally at St Paul's Cheltenham from 1962 to 1965, was also Richard's music teacher at his prep school, Betteshanger School in Kent from 1945 to 1949. Even then, Evelyn remembers Richard producing some amazingly talented little compositions.

Before I left Sir Richard in May, he phoned his counterpart in the Delius Society, Dr Lionel Carley, to ask him to convey to the Warlock and Delius jaunters his apologies for not being able to join them, and to tell them that he had sanctioned the sound of the whistle (*An Acme Thunderer*) to be used for starting the train in his Waltz from *Murder on the Orient Express* that would be featured in the concert in the village of Warlock's Uncle Joe. (see Brian Hammond's review on pp. 22 of this Newsletter).

I also reminded Sir Richard that in PWS *Newsletter* 49 p.1, he said he would like to 'write a piece to do with Warlock, a substantial piece, maybe 'Variations on a theme of ...'. He said this is still possible, but in the meantime he gave me a 2006 Chandos CD (CHAN 10389) of his orchestral works: *Partita* (1995), *Reflections on a Sixteenth Century Tune* (1999), *Songs before Sleep* (2002/3) and *Reflections on a Scottish Folk Song* (2004), in memory of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

When Sir Richard was composing *Songs before Sleep*, I remember him contacting me to ask for the sources of the poems from Warlock's *Candlelight*. but although the sources of the poems for *Songs before Sleep* come from the same genre as for *Candlelight*, Sir Richard's piece is a large scale song-cycle, written for an operatic bass-baritone.

On finding that I have a score of the *Reflections* it was interesting to find that Variation III is marked 'Homage to Peter Warlock', with a hauntingly captured flavour of 'Balulalow'.

Malcolm Rudland

## Songwriters of the Day

from *The Music Teacher*, Volume 5, No 5, May 1926



Peter Warlock.  
Portrait specially drawn for  
*The Music Teacher* by John Cooper



Rodney Bennett

Photo: Howard Coster.



Sir Richard Rodney Bennett

Photo: Katie van Dyck

### Forward

Many teachers of singing, adopting the attitude of the sage who said "Every time a new book appears I read an old one" pin their faith and their pupils to the classics. There is much to be said, of course, for the classics, but there is also a good deal to be said against too exclusive an attention to them. For one thing, they are mostly foreign and must, therefore, be sung either in an original language, with which the pupil probably has no more than a nodding acquaintance, or in translations which are usually of less than no literary value. Some of these conservatives argue on two lines: firstly, that English does not conduce to good vocalism, and secondly, that good modern songs, if there any, are rare and not good for teaching.

To these two arguments I would reply dogmatically and offensively: "Rubbish." English is a magnificent language to speak and to sing. Of course foreign teachers have told us otherwise. It paid them to say so! To the second argument I would reply that never were so many good and suitable songs being produced as today, and that the teacher who does not know that is not putting his weight in the progress of English music. The younger generations of song writers have something to say and deserve all the support they can get in proving it.

Many teachers who admit that, fail, nevertheless, to act accordingly and concentrate exclusively upon well-known material. This is pedagogically bad just as the use of dull translations is bad. Translations, unless good, do not make for originality in interpretation, for they fail to produce that kindling of imagination which is the first step; nor do the majority of old songs, because they are so familiar, have been heard performed by others so often, that only the most independent pupil can really think for himself about them.

The real trouble probably is that keeping pace with modern output costs more time and money than most of us have loose. The object of the articles which will occasionally appear under this general heading is to meet that difficulty. Some of the composers will be foreign but the majority, obviously, British. Obviously too, neither biography nor criticism nor complete catalogues will be expected or wanted. The articles will describe the character and particular utility of such songs and good teaching songs.

Peter Warlock is one of those people whose work, for reasons that one is at a loss to give, is less familiar than his name. Though keenly appreciated by a few, it has yet to take real hold of the large and increasing public who prefer the understandable but good to the understandable but ordinary. This is the more regrettable, if my opinion is right: that, from the point of view of both singer and teacher, he is easily one of the most worth while of the younger men. The number of song writers whose work is at once musicianly, scholarly, consistent and effective is small and probably always will be small.

Warlock's scholarship is shown in his researches into the Elizabethan Lutenists, about whom he knows at least as much as any man in England. Four short volumes are published by Enoch, *Chromatic Tunes by John Danyel* by Chester, and *Four English Songs* by the Oxford University Press, which also issues twenty-six transcriptions in the Oxford Choral Songs (nos. 301 to 313, 3d to 5d). These are worth the attention of teachers not only because they contain some very beautiful things, but also because these are presented as they were written, without any of the pianistic furbishings which in some other editions obscure the original flavour. Warlock's scholarship is shown, too, in his choice of words. He has gone far afield, for instance, among the medieval anthologies. But not too far. His remarkable ear for a real song, for words that ask to be sung, has saved him from a fault into which clever young men often slip; he never adds music to words that do not call for it, merely because they are unusual.

So Warlock's work has the first essential of good teaching material: he sets good and singable texts. It also has the second; that his music really fits them, letter and spirit.

#### What makes a Teaching Song?

But, as every teacher knows, there are scores of songs which pass these two tests but do not make good teaching songs. Some are too difficult, technically and interpretatively. (Warlock has several which fall into that class. These I shall not mention. Those who want them have passed the need for guidance such as this, and find the things for themselves at one of other of the publishers whose names occur below).

Others, not too difficult, lack a something which is difficult to name. They have a dozen good qualities, but – they miss the quality that a good teaching song must have. For some reason they do not make the pupil want to sing. They do not add power to the vocal elbow. The matter is difficult to discuss and it does not matter any way. The thing can be felt. The teacher usually feels it, and the pupil always, and there it is. I suppose rhythm is at the bottom of it as it is at the bottom of most things. Real teaching songs need, besides words that matter, a rhythm and tune that carry the singer along. Almost all of Warlock's songs, whether grave or gay, have this power. They move. They run through. Asked for the qualities that make them eminently worth while from the teacher's point of view, I should without hesitation give rhythm as the first and convincing tunes as the second.

Warlock has a fine flair for a tune. Singing his settings, particularly of old words, you feel that he has hit on just that inevitable melody that feels right, the sort of thing that seems easy when it is done but is in reality so hard to do. His one defect for the teacher is that he occasionally requires a rather long compass.

#### Vigorous tenor songs

With which preface it will be well to go on at once to the songs themselves. They are of various types, for Warlock is versatile and equally at home with very diverse moods.

Those that leap most readily to mind are the mannish, rather swash-buckling ones like *Mr Belloc's Fancy*. Curiously enough, most of them were written for tenor voice, possibly to suit the late Philip Wilson, who collaborated in the Elizabethan books. Indeed, tenors owe a particular debt of gratitude to Warlock as one of the few composers who not only do not, like Strauss, regard tenor voices as a disease, but credit their possessors with vigour, humour and a desire to celebrate something beyond roses, ladies' eyes, and their own hearts.

*Mr Belloc's Fancy* (Augener, G, D to A, 2/-) is a lusty setting of J. C. Squire's parody of Belloc in *Tricks of the Trade*: "At Martimus when I was born, Hey diddle, Ho diddle do," a piece of high-spirited nonsense.

*Captain Stratton's Fancy* (Augener 2/-) is similar in style and in its bold marching accompaniment. Originally written for a robust tenor (F : C to F) it is now done in G and D, in which key it should make basses rejoice. The words are John Masefield's, about the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

*Good Ale* is still more to my taste, (Augener, C : C to F, for bass-baritone, and A<sup>b</sup>). This presents a fine rapturous carol of the fifteenth century and rushes through in rare boisterous style. Words of the same period appear in *The Bachelor* (Augener : A, C<sup>#</sup> to F<sup>#</sup>, 1/-).

#### Grace and Humour

A different type of writing for tenor or high baritone appears in two very graceful songs : *Sweet and Twenty* (Oxford University Press) : A<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup> to F 2/-) and *There is a lady, sweet and kind* (Winthrop Rogers : D<sup>b</sup>, D<sup>b</sup> to A<sup>b</sup>, and B<sup>b</sup>, 2/-), both fairly simple. *Take, o take those lips away* (Winthrop Rogers : F<sup>#</sup> minor, C<sup>#</sup> to C<sup>#</sup>, and E minor, 2/-) sounds as easy, but is technically more difficult, contrasting a number of quiet phrases in the lower middle voice with one, still quiet, descending from C<sup>#</sup>.

The most popular song in this group is also the most unusual, and has been accepted with fervour by sopranos, though it is man's song. The words of *Piggessie* (Augener:G, D to G, and E, 2/-) "she is so proper and demure ... my sweet sweeting." Have been set often, but usually with the accent on the "sweet" and the quaint endearment which here gives the title discreetly expurgated, Here they are treated unsentimentally, with a tune that steps up and down the scale very neatly. This ingenious song, which

She is so pro-per and so pure, Full stead-fast, sta-ble  
and de-mure, There is none such, ye may be sure, As

makes an admirable study in diction and staccato, is now also issued by Augener in E : B to E. It needs to be sung in strict time, each short verse in a breath.

Other songs of the same free type are to be found in *Peterisms* Set II. (Chester) : *Roister Doister*, *Spring* and *Lusty Juventus*.

In concluding the description of Warlock's essentially tenor songs, mention may be made of two others, too difficult for ordinary teaching purposes but excellent as concert studies; *Hey, trolly, loly, lo* (Augener: C, C to F, 2/-), a piece of free declamation in dialogue form, and *Dedication* (Winthrop Rogers : D<sup>b</sup>, D<sup>b</sup> to A<sup>b</sup>), unusually rhapsodic in style and with a brilliantly elaborate accompaniment.

### Songs of Quietness

To turn from these to the songs next mentioned is to receive a surprise and to accept Warlock's versatility. They are as calm as those are stirring and at their best rise to a serene beauty. They are a product of that side of his temperament which makes Warlock a devoted admirer of Delius. Though it is difficult to choose a best among diverse beauties, I should give that distinction to *Balulalow* (Oxford University Press : E<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup> to F, 2/-), one of the loveliest songs I know, and a perfect study for middle women's voice in the legato singing of fairly long phrases. This is one of those extremely simple things which the comparative beginner can attempt with safety and pleasure, but only the complete artist compass with perfection.

The same assured and tranquil beauty is to be found in several other of his songs. *The Bailey beareth the bell away* is another interesting study in legato and mezza voce (Winthrop Rogers : E<sup>b</sup>, C to E<sup>b</sup>, for the one low G can be replaced without detriment by a C; and G, 2/-), *My gostly fader* (Winthrop Rogers: E minor, C<sup>2</sup> to D<sup>2</sup> ; and G minor, 2/-) adds quizzical humour to serenity and gives opportunity for rubato and recitative.

*Mourn no moe* (Winthrop Rogers : E<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup> to A<sup>b</sup>; and C, 2/-) calls for a technique advanced enough to alternate smooth phrases in the middle voice with equally quiet ones in the high register. Thus, though note-easy, it is not so simple as it looks.

*Lullaby* (Winthrop Rogers : D minor D to D ; and F minor, 2/-) is a refreshingly unsentimental setting of "Golden Slumbers kiss your eyes." Quite easy, it contains interesting variations of rhythm. These are all women's songs and are worth the attention of such teachers as recognize that simplicity provides a healthier if more rigorous discipline than brilliance. They are superficially easy but may worry that too common type of pupil who can more readily hustle through an elaborate exercise than control a sustained phrase.

Quietness again characterizes four songs suitable to either sex. *Late Summer* (E, B to F<sup>2</sup>) and *To the memory of*

*a great singer* (A<sup>b</sup>, D<sup>b</sup> to G), both published by Augener at one shilling, furnish short studies in that rather difficult rhythm, the slow triple, and in the art of maintaining a smooth vocal line against a restrained but harmonically complex accompaniment.

*Sleep* (Oxford University Press : G minor, D to E, 2/-) is a song of great beauty and a valuable exercise in phrasing and just accentuation. It needs to be sung as if unbarred, the sense dictating the stresses. This, though simple in notes, is an advanced piece of work, particularly as the accompaniment is very free and harmonically rich. With it may be classed *Autumn Twilight* (Oxford University Press; E<sup>b</sup>, D to E<sup>b</sup>, 2/-), a study in vocal colour and long phrasing well suited to advanced mezzo or contralto voice.

### Spontaneous Gaiety.

Gaiety returns in the group that remains to describe. Those discussed in the last are interpretively beyond all but the more advanced, but many of these are suitable for the less mature, and, for their fun and vigour, very good for them.

The best known is *As ever I saw* (Winthrop Rogers : D<sup>b</sup>, D<sup>b</sup> to G<sup>b</sup> ; and E<sup>b</sup> 2/-). Written for men and even more popular with women. If the G<sup>b</sup> be too high, E<sup>b</sup> might be substituted. It is not so good, lacking the rhapsodic touch, but better than straining or missing the song.

*My little sweet darling* (Winthrop Rogers: E, G<sup>2</sup> to E; and G 2/-) is one of the few of Warlock's songs particularly suitable for contraltos, and a good example of his individual brand of refreshing and half-humorous lullabies. *Rest, sweet nymphs* (Oxford University Press : F, E to F, 2/) is another, easy and delightful for young sopranos.

*Love for love* (Winthrop Rogers : E, B to E; and G, 2/-) will please any baritone or tenor who can feel and express pleasure. *When as the Rye* (Winthrop Rogers : F, C to E ; and G, 2/-) is great fun for any voice, and *Sweet Content* (Winthrop Rogers : G, D to G) is a good version of Dekker's sane philosophy that I am glad to know ; while, to any one who has heard John Coates sing it, *Tyrley Tyrlow* (Oxford University Press : C minor. E to F) will need no recommendation as a fine study in humorous dexterity for either sex.

Sopranos who like this sort of thing will find more of it in *Lillygay* (Chester, 1/-), three songs including a particularly good version of 'One morning, very early'.

Teachers who want the old, old thing verbally, melodically, and in the accompaniment, will dislike Peter Warlock very much. The others, if they do not know him already, will find pleasure and profit in making his acquaintance. He is stimulating, vocal and original without being eccentric.

Rodney Bennett MA

## Crab-apples in Stevenage

When I heard of a John Alabaster of Stevenage planning to celebrate the centenary of Elizabeth Poston's birth there in 2005, by planting apple trees all over Stevenage – in memory of her celebrated carol 'Jesus Christ, the apple tree' – I felt warmed to a man after my own heart, especially when I found the idea had matured! They are crab-apple trees of the 'Golden Hills' and 'Red Lantern' variety funded by the Local Heritage Initiative. The most central one is next to the Stevenage Museum behind the church of St Andrew and St George. There is also a Braille plaque to Elizabeth in the churchyard of St Nicholas's Church, Stevenage, placed alongside the monument to her close friend, E M Forster, and explaining their connections. The celebrations also included exhibitions, of artwork from Roebuck School on the theme of 'Jesus Christ, the apple tree', lectures, and several concerts.

Elizabeth's connections with Warlock were always shrouded in secrecy. She declined membership of our fold, calling herself 'an honorary member unlisted', but she did make some generous donations, always saying 'I feel I cannot discuss anyone I have known and loved'. However, in February 1931 two months after Warlock's death, Elizabeth wrote a long heartfelt letter to Robert Nichols about her feelings on Warlock's death (*Collected Letters of Peter Warlock*, Vol. IV, letter 996, pp. 312–6), and on 13 February 1931 she also wrote a revealing letter to Warlock's mother (*Collected Letters*, Vol. IV, letter 994, p.994):

... I knew Philip very well, though not for a great many years ... I always thought that he had the greatest capacity in himself for Beauty which any man could possibly possess – Perhaps it would seem, almost *too* great & too intense a beauty ... I cannot bear there to be any bitterness about him anywhere. He was so fine & generous & great-hearted, and all love & admiration for him only grew greater. Surely, *surely* there can be nothing for him but the ultimate Beauty, & the serenity and happiness he seemed unable to find here. His restlessness, & the dissatisfaction of the artist in him seemed part of his life's seeking & striving after loveliness. He was so touchingly humble and his music – and he did get dreadfully depressed about it, & it is terrible to think of him having such suffering over it ...

In the obituary of Elizabeth on p.15 of the Peter Warlock Society *Newsletter* 40, February 1988, David Cox noted her 'Jesus Christ, the apple tree' had been sung next to Warlock's 'Adam lay ybounden' in the 1987 Christmas Eve broadcast from King's College, Cambridge. He also documented that for thirty years Elizabeth had guarded the letters of Warlock to Delius, having bought them at Sotheby's on 16 May 1967 (lot 434) after unwittingly bidding for them against the Delius Trust.

She thus prevented them being related to those from Delius to Warlock already in the British Library (Add.Ms 52547/8). However, both sets are now safely there (Warlock to Delius: Add. Ms 71167/8), and Dr Barry Smith's book of these letters *Frederick Delius and Peter Warlock: a friendship revealed* is still available from OUP at £70.

Elizabeth Poston was born on 24 October 1905, and in 1914, a year after her father died, her mother took her to live in Rooks Nest House, where she was to remain for the rest of her life. It had been the childhood home of the novelist E M Forster and the setting for his novel *Howards End*. In 1946 when 'this little piece of England' north of Stevenage known as the Green Belt Forster Country was first threatened with development, Elizabeth and E M Forster campaigned to keep it as an open green space. Since 1989, *The Friends of The Forster Country* have taken over their work. (see [www.forstercountry.org.uk](http://www.forstercountry.org.uk).)

During the war, Elizabeth worked for the BBC sending musically coded messages to the allies in Europe, and afterwards became one of their team to set up the BBC Third Programme. She became an authority on carols and folk music and was a prolific composer – like Warlock, mostly in miniature forms, but unlike Warlock, nearly 80% of her works are still unpublished.

After Elizabeth's death in 1987, Rooks Nest House became the home the then Master of the Queen's Music, Malcolm Williamson, and his close friend and publisher from Australia, Simon Campion. It is Simon who became Elizabeth's literary and musical executor and to whom we are indebted for the ongoing publication of her works by Campion Press ([info@campionpress.demon.co.uk](mailto:info@campionpress.demon.co.uk))

On the eve of her centenary two hitherto unpublished organ pieces were heard at St Nicholas's Church, Stevenage, where on occasion Elizabeth played the organ.

At her centenary concert on 29 October 2005 at the church of St Andrew and St George in Stevenage New Town, three of her small-scale works were heard: the opening *Fanfare for Hallé* for brass quintet was commissioned for Sir John Barbirolli's 70th birthday on 2 Dec 1969. He was then in America, but he conducted it in Manchester at his birthday concert on 18 December. Secondly, we heard *Blackberry Fold – Requiem for a Dog* for strings with an optional four notes for flute at the end – for Anthony Friese-Greene. In Nov 1972, Elizabeth's dear little Pinkie, companion for 16 years, died of a stroke and she buried him under a blackberry thicket. The largest work, *Harlow Concertante*, for string quartet and string orchestra was commissioned by the Harlow Youth Orchestra in 1969 to mark the 21st anniversary of Harlow New Town. All three works show Elizabeth a composer of supreme fluency and craftsmanship, as I hope more publications will reveal – with the stories that inspired them.

The rest of the music was from two of her friends. Elizabeth described Vaughan Williams as a mentor to whom she showed many of her compositions, and we heard a very mellifluous performance of *The lark ascending* from Anya Birchall; and having conducted VW's Fifth Symphony myself, I found Peter Britton's rendering very fluent and convincing. Secondly, Warlock's *Capriol*. When a chance phone call with John Alabaster revealed that this centenary concert would be performed by the Stevenage Symphony Orchestra, I found John did not know of the full orchestral version of *Capriol* that Warlock had conducted himself at a 1929 Prom in the Queen's Hall, or that we had a set of parts we could lend him. Conducted by Peter Britton, the tempi were all convincing and it was lovely to hear those extra flute and clarinet counter melodies that are not to be found in any other version.

There were more interesting Warlockian connections revealed on 14 October 2006 at the one-day conference and final concert held at the Stevenage Centre of North Hertfordshire College (an Associate College of the University of Hertfordshire).

Despite my trusty Morris Traveller breaking down that morning en route to Stevenage, my membership of AA Relay Plus provided a Renault Mégane which made me miss Dame Thea King's opening address and Margaret Ashby discussing the fiction and reality at *Howards End*.

However, I was able to catch up on what I had missed in John Alabaster's 130-page book with typescripts of all the day's lectures as well as five other articles of interest on Elizabeth, together with some 92 of Elizabeth's letters. Two more volumes have been published (in 2007 & 2008) and another is planned for 2008. More details from John Alabaster, 1 Granby Road, Stevenage, SG1 4AR. Tel: 01438 355055. (e-mail: john.alabaster.t21@btinternet.com.)

Margaret Ashby revealed how E M Forster's mother had leased Rooks Nest House in 1882 from the Poyntz Stewarts for her to bring up her son after her husband had died. They spent eleven happy years together until the owners terminated their lease in 1893. By strange coincidence, Elizabeth Poston's widowed mother leased Rooks Nest House, again from the Poyntz Stewarts, to bring up her two children, Elizabeth and Ralph.

E M Forster's fourth novel *Howards End* was published in 1910 and set at Rooks Nest with Ruth Wilcox being based on Elizabeth Poston's mother, Clementine. Elizabeth first met E M Forster at the National Gallery when she was playing in one of Dame Myra Hess's wartime concerts. They remained friends until his death in 1970.

The second lecture was on Elizabeth, the BBC and the Secret Musical Codes, by Christopher Lambton, who has spent 16 years investigating the subject. Although he was not able to produce any conclusive evidence he did

pull together a few threads and make a few suggestions, including a known musical code system invented by Czeslaw Halski, a musician in the Polish air force. One of the audience, June Pitcher, wondered if this was the musical code mentioned in Bernard Newman's *Memoirs of a German Spy* (Victor Gollancz 1936, pp 82–85).

During lunch we discovered Elizabeth's knitted woollen jacket, as seen in Margaret Ashby's photo on p.8. It was being worn by the lady Elizabeth bequeathed it to, Suzanne Rose, a long-standing friend.

After lunch, Dr Jamie Claire Bartlett told of not imagining the trouble she had got herself into by asking her husband to perform 'Jesus Christ the apple tree' fifteen years ago! It led to her doctorate thesis *Beyond the apple tree: The published music of Elizabeth Poston (1905–1987)* University of Wisconsin-Madison 1996. 101 pp. Her enthusiasm and devotion were a tonic to behold.

Jack and Imogen Thomas then talked of Elizabeth as a friend. As a Housemaster and teacher of A-level English at Haileybury, not far from Stevenage, Jack introduced his students to *Howards End* and when visiting an exhibition on *Forster's Stevenage* he overheard a very special voice, Edwardian in quality, richly vibrant, exquisitely phrased and modulated, with English spoken as if it were one of Beethoven's late quartets. It was the voice of Elizabeth Poston, and the friendship that ensued culminated in a dramatized performance of *Howards End* at Rooks Nest House in 1981. Elizabeth's thank-you letter for this is reproduced on p.8, and it has been noted before that her handwriting has echoes of that of Peter Warlock.

It was the Peter Warlock Society's first chairman, Gerald Cockshott, who first drew our attention to Elizabeth's interest in Warlock. He believed Elizabeth had the urtext manuscript of all Warlock's limericks, and told us they were reputed to be on a toilet roll, and that Elizabeth had been given them for safe keeping when she once visited E J (Jack) Moeran in hospital. After the centenary concert, Elizabeth's nephew, Jim Poston confirmed to me that he had followed Elizabeth's wishes and burned a whole box of her papers after her death. We shall never know whether it contained the toilet roll!

However, several of her links with Warlock have been preserved. In 1956, Curwen published her *Two traditional Basque Carols in memory of Peter Warlock*, namely 'Praise our Lord' and 'O Bethlehem'. Among her collection, there is also an arrangement of three movements from *Capriol* for 'cello and piano. With unknown provenance, but with pencil markings in her own hand, Elizabeth could be a contender as the arranger. Also, I wonder how many of you have noticed her tribute to Warlock in her carol arrangement of 'Behold a silly tender babe' in the *Penguin Book of Carols* which she edited in 1977.

Malcolm Rudland



Elizabeth Poston at Rooks Nest, 1979. Photograph copyright Margaret Ashby. Reproduced with permission.

Elizabeth Poston

FROM: ELIZABETH POSTON  
ROOK'S NEST HOUSE STEVENAGE HERTFORDSHIRE SG1 4DE STEVENAGE MK18 8TD (RM)

22 January 1972

Malcolm Rudland Esq  
117 Queen's Gate  
LONDON SW7

Dear Mr Rudland,

Thank you for your letter.

The Warlock-Delius letters will be published. I cannot yet give you the date.

Yours sincerely,

ROOK'S NEST HOUSE.  
STEVENAGE,  
HERTFORDSHIRE.  
STEVENAGE, SG1.

5 May 1981

Dear Jack and Imogen,

I have already much to thank you for & how your generosity & enterprise have made it get more.

I did so mightily enjoy our unforgettable Day that lasted so badly from the weather & turned out such an inspiring occasion, both inside & out - inside, a triumph of mind & matter over space!

I hope you weren't worn out after the wonderful thought & work & organisation that made all you did so special. The picnic was truly gorgeous!

I love particularly that very sweet paragraph on p 2 of the programme. We - the house & I - were honoured & touched in Forsterian proportion. I so wish he could have been with us to share in the indescribable legacy he left the place ('It always was a memory house'), something that will continue so long as there are you both & Hailyburians in the work.

Kind drop of that most kindly bottle of wine to you. I am greatly blessed & so proud.

Bliss you with my most loving thanks,

Grateful acknowledgement is made to Simon Campion, literary and musical executor of Elizabeth Poston, for permission to reproduce her letters



## Capriol some (occasionally unquiet) thoughts

*Capriol* is an iconic work. That very expression has become clichéd and, therefore, largely meaningless but I mean it literally in that *Capriol* is now an image (audible rather than visual) that stands for Warlock. Mention his name to a non-specialist and it is likely to be the only composition that can be named (and then, probably, wrongly as 'The Capriol Suite' but that's another story and one I've told elsewhere)<sup>1</sup>. It is the single work by which he is generally identified and for many of us – myself included – the first work of his that we can recall hearing, perhaps even in childhood.

That could be historically and nationally true also for, while some of PW's songs would have been known to a certain coterie during his lifetime, the performance of *Capriol* in the version for full orchestra during the 1929 season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall (on 29 August, conducted by the composer)<sup>2</sup> must have been its first significant rendering before a mass-audience. Hold that fact a while, if you will.

It appears to have been well received,<sup>3</sup> hardly surprising as it is a piece that is at once striking and assimilable. The contrasting movements are short with peculiar qualities – mood and character, timbre, metre, harmonic or linear vocabulary, etc. – so it is hardly surprising that it exists in a number of arrangements beyond the composer's own. Only the versions for piano duet, string, and full-orchestra are Warlock's. Those for recorders, brass ensemble/band, guitars, mandolins and other even more esoteric combinations are by others. I plead guilty here as well, as when I was teaching in Leicestershire I made an arrangement for the school wind-band, although the evidence has, mercifully, disappeared since.

So the work is in a style that is not so *recherché*, conventional but able to thrill by means of the occasional, refined *frisson*. In that sense it is very British, very English perhaps – an acceptable compromise. And it has become extremely popular: a quick search on the Amazon website produced 48 results. Some of these were for arrangements and some were for second-hand or out-of-stock items. The quantity doesn't put it into the *Four seasons* class, but it is relatively substantial nonetheless. It appears in a number of compilations: there are collections of pieces by British composers, or of string works (or of guitar or mandolin-arrangements). More worryingly, perhaps, is that it is included in a 5-CD boxed set entitled *100 relaxing classics* but, as this also includes music by that master-of-the-trivial Ludwig van Beethoven,\* I shouldn't be too concerned.

(As an aside to all this audiology, I note that the excellent Warlock anthology from *Arte Nova* which I reviewed in *Newsletter* 60 and which cost less than £5 then, is no longer in the catalogue and is only available used; it will set you back between £45–£126!).<sup>4</sup>

Nevertheless I do have some concerns about that iconic status that I referred to in my opening sentence. *Capriol* is not typical of Warlock's output, in that it is one of a very small number of exclusively instrumental pieces in an *œuvre* that is overwhelmingly concerned with the relationship between words and music. It is significant that Warlock wrote it at a time when he was beginning to become increasingly disillusioned with the place of songwriting in contemporary music although, if he had doubts about his own ability, what turned out to be his last songs would demonstrate both a new vigour and a new direction.

I am also concerned about the readiness with which commentators lump *Capriol* in with Warlock's musicological work, as though it had some affinity with his transcriptions of lute-songs, dance-tunes and other antiquities. It is true that he probably wouldn't have written it had not Cyril Beaumont – a writer on dance, particularly ballet – approached him to write the preface for Thoinot Arbeau's *Orchesographie* of 1588 which he (Beaumont) had newly translated.<sup>5</sup> (And it was Warlock who produced the notated examples as well.) Nor would PW have been approached if he had not been an expert on the music of the period. You might consider it a fine distinction but this is not the same as saying that the music of *Capriol* emanates primarily from Warlock's involvement with the music of the Renaissance.

Let's examine the evidence: to begin with, *Capriol* is a true composition because it moves outside the domain of transcription; it transcends the mere recording of detail and contains much material of an imaginatively innovative kind, stuff that goes beyond what was there to begin with. This is often underlying harmony (and not always what you might expect) but there are contrapuntal devices too. While the movements do not work as dances in that they don't necessarily follow the correct structural norms, that's not to say that they can't be danced: some of us saw a performance by the Globe Court Dancers at the Savoy Hotel during the Centenary celebrations in 1994, and the music was choreographed by Sir Frederick Ashton, no less, during Warlock's lifetime.<sup>6</sup> Only the 'Pavane' begins as a transcription but it too ends as a composition when Warlock constructs a simple counter-melody. 'Bransles' presents the tunes from a number of dances, one after another, hence the title of the movement (in the plural). Then there is the matter of conscious modernism, most apparent in the

\* I recently attended a recital promoted by the Beethoven Piano Society of Europe. On swapping our brochures with their Newsletter Editor, I mentioned that Beethoven was to be mentioned in this Newsletter, whereupon he said he knew the writer of this article! [Ed]

Pieds-en-l'air' and 'Mattachins'. In the former, what would have been the original tempo is significantly slowed and the whole possesses a lush, Delian *affekt* (and half the melody is by Warlock anyway); 'Mattachins' is redolent with Bartókian dissonances that, while intended as onomatopœic sword clashes, become the principal feature. I could go on. Whatever I could add, though, couldn't disguise the fact that the archaisms throughout are eclectic rather than the essence.

Please forgive the foregoing self-indulgence. Take it or leave it as you prefer. However an opportunity has arisen to re-appraise *Capriol* in a different way. During the PWS Anniversary celebrations in Hampstead in 2003, Nicholas Tyrrell-Evans showed me the (printed) score of *Capriol* (full-orchestral version) that he had rescued from the rubbish-bag. (See *Newsletter* 73, p.8, and Newsbriefs in *Newsletter* 74, p.13.) It struck me then that, given Warlock's indisputable signature on the front, the date (1929) and the nature of the annotations (again, incontrovertibly in PW's own hand) that this was the copy of the piece that he used when conducting *Capriol* at the Proms in 1929. There are numerous cues marked in at instrumental entries, reminders to the conductor to look in the appropriate direction and bring in the players. This copy is now housed in the British Library, alongside the manuscripts of *Capriol* in the full-orchestra and piano duet versions that Nicholas Tyrrell-Evans mentions, as well as some other texts that are the preserve of others to comment upon rather than myself. I have been back to the BL to read through these pieces, shall undoubtedly do so again, and hope to report more fully upon them, here or elsewhere, in the near future.

Brian Collins

Psalm 118

Psalm for the 30th day of the month, as performed by the choir of The Queen's Chapel of the Savoy on 30th October 1994, the centenary of his birth.

Warlock in G minor (1894-1930)



References

1. *PWS Newsletter* 52, Spring 1994, *Editorial*. It is, undoubtedly, a suite of dances (or pseudo-dances) but I still contend that the word does not appear in the official title. PW refers to it himself in a letter to Delius of 11th July 1929 (see Barry Smith (ed.): *A friendship revealed*, OUP 2000 p.473) as 'my Capriol suite'. Note however that the first letter of 'suite' is lower case giving the expression the same meaning as 'my suite *Capriol*'
2. Barry Smith: *Peter Warlock: the life of Philip Heseltine*, OUP 1994, pp.262-3
3. *ibid.*
4. as of 24 August 2008
5. as *Orchesography* and published by Beaumont himself in 1925
6. Smith: *op. cit.* p. 268



Adrian Allinson at the time he knew Warlock

MODUS MUSIC

Peter Warlock

A CHINESE BALLET

Piano score

MODUS MUSIC MM 362

Cutting from—The

**Daily Telegraph** Now 1d

Date of Issue 11 SEP 1931

**Peter Warlock's Ballet—**

MY note about Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine) led a friend to tell me yesterday of a minor tragedy.

Soon after the war Heseltine and an artist friend, who was designing the scenery for some of Heseltine's operatic ballies, Heseltine being responsible for the score and the artist for the costumes and general setting.

It was a light-hearted affair and they were not seriously cast down when they failed to find a producer for it.

—And Its Disappearance

IN tone sketches and music were put away and forgotten. It was not until Heseltine's death that the public showed any great interest in his work, and the artist then remembered the joint effort.

He got into touch with a well-known producer, who eagerly asked to see the material at once. A long time followed for the artist. He touched up his sketches and then started to look for Warlock's score. He looked through all the scores, printed and manuscript, in the place; he looked through portfolios and ransacked every corner of his studio.

But the score had disappeared and all others have failed to bring it to light.

## A Chinese Ballet

What the motive was that originally prompted the composition of Warlock's *A Chinese Ballet* is not known for certain, but quite possibly the work was a *jeu d'esprit* resulting from the friendship and creative enthusiasm of two talented young men wishing to produce something together. The other person in question was the English painter, Adrian Allinson (1890–1959) and the friendship dates from at least 1915, when they are known to have holidayed together in the Cotswolds. *A Chinese Ballet* was a joint collaboration, the plan being for Warlock to provide the music, and Allinson the scenario, costumes and décor.

Warlock completed his part of the project in either 1916 or early 1917. In a letter to Colin Taylor (dated 19 November 1917), he describes how he was amusing himself greatly by 're-writing my Chinese Ballet', and presumably the surviving manuscript in the British Library (dated 1917) is this revised version. At some point after it was written the ballet was offered to Diaghilev, but the attempt to interest the great impresario came to nothing. What happened next has seemingly not been documented, and the only other reference I have found pertaining to it during Warlock's lifetime was in a *Daily Mail* article, dated 16 January 1932, when Allinson, according to the report ... 'remembered playing it over about two years ago (ie, about a year before Warlock died) and then it vanished.'

After Warlock's death, Bernard van Dieren (as Warlock's literary executor, and beneficiary) began searching for the composer's missing works, and in a notice appearing in the press (PETER WARLOCK'S LOST WORKS – APPEAL FOR RETURN – December 1931), van Dieren wrote as follows: 'Perhaps the most important of these missing works is the full score of a Chinoiserie, a Chinese Ballet which he wrote in about 1918 or 1919.'

It is tempting to speculate from this that Warlock may have orchestrated the work a year or two later, but there is no evidence he ever did. The surviving piano score, which turned up in Berlin a month later (maybe as a direct result of van Dieren's appeal), has occasional instrumentation indicated.

The general commentary since has been to write off the work as of little artistic importance – Warlock's first biographer, Cecil Gray, derided it as a 'pot-boiler', and the composer himself refers to it somewhat disparagingly in the above-mentioned letter to Colin Taylor.

A slightly different view comes from Allinson. In the above mentioned *Daily Mail* article he writes:

I had the idea of the ballet, and devised the setting, and then asked Peter Warlock – a very old friend – to write the music. He produced a clever bit of pastiche work in a satirical more ... The ballet would appeal to a much larger public if it were produced now.

The ballet's music was penned under the name Huanebango Z. Palimpsest and, according to a note appended at the end by Warlock, the playing time runs to exactly ten minutes. An interesting feature of the score is the rhyming couplets which appear at various points outlining the scenario (Ian Copley, in his book on Warlock, opines they are of more value than the music!). They are reproduced here:

*A Chinese Temple by the sea  
Designed by Allinson, A.P.*

*The Priests – who've had an early swim –  
Return to sing their morning hymn.*

*Enter the High Priest of Chop-Suey  
Who bids them genuflect and pray.*

*And thus upon the God they call  
With endless ceremonial.*

*Now a princess, of stately mien,  
Arrives, attended, on the scene.  
Upon the God she's very keen –  
Princess in name, in fact a quean!*

*By gazing at the statue, she  
Has reached a state of ecstasy.*

*She suddenly perceives the priest  
A-leering like a lecherous beast.*

*The priest begins to make advances –  
He is clearly no St. Francis.*

*The poor girl cannot keep her distance,  
In the face of such insistence.*

*She is in an awful stew,  
Wondering what the priest will do.*

*Perhaps the blessed God above  
Can shield her from this grisly love.*

*Stout fellow! He the prayer has heard –  
The priest has got the astral 'bird'.*

*Now for the God the maiden dances,  
To see if he will make advances!*

*Her wiles at end, the little minx,  
Before the golden statue sinks!*

*The charm has worked! Our little witch  
Distinctly sees the God's nose twitch.*

*He moves, he stirs! O joy, O rapture!  
Now she's really made a capture*

**DEUS EX MACHINA**



### Example 2

17 **poco accel.**

Piano *f*

(Enter the High-Priest of Chop-Suey  
Who bids them genuflect and pray.)

### Example 3

104 **Tempo di valse lente**

Piano *p* (*lento rubato*)

*con ped.*

(Now for the god the maiden dances,  
To see if he will make advances!)

### Example 4

174 **più lento** **rall. molto**

Piano *p subito*

(Her wiles at end, the little minx  
Before the golden statue sinks!)

### Example 5

223 **Molto allarg. e cresc.**

Piano *f* *sempre cresc.*

## The Cricket Match at Hambledon New Year's Day 1929

Tony Britten's fine recent film on Warlock opens spectacularly with a recreation of the famous cricket match (and its musical accompaniment) at Broadhalfpenny Down at Hambledon in Hampshire on 1 January 1929. Many years ago Fred Tomlinson explored the event in detail in a 1972 article in the PWS *Newsletter*, which he later expanded in his 1981 book *Warlock and Blunt*.

Warlock wrote two pieces for the local brass band admirably suited to the occasion, one of them ('The Cricketers of Hambledon') to words by his friend Bruce Blunt, who (unlike Warlock himself) played in the cricket match; the other was 'Fill the Cup, Philip'. The official *raison d'être* of the match had been a conversation in a Fleet Street bar criticising the encroachment of football on the cricket season. The two teams each of twelve men were 'Invalids' of a mainly literary bent led by the poet, critic and editor John Squire, and 'Hampshire Eskimos', a scratch local side captained by one Edward Whalley-Tooker. The match was played in fine (if cold) weather on a matting wicket laid on soggy turf, and was interrupted in its early stages by the local hunt pursuing a fox.

The match was reported in detail by *The Times*, but there seem to be at least three versions of this report, and so far I have not managed to sort them out to my satisfaction.'

*The Times* devoted a splendidly atmospheric and distinctly literary full column to the match on Wednesday 2 January, describing the great public interest, the conditions, the course of the game (including the interruption by horses and hounds), and the post-match jollifications in which of course Warlock himself played a part; it also printed two photographs on the back page, including one showing the well-wrapped-up cricketers standing bemused while the hunt crossed the field. As was customary at the time, *The Times* report is anonymous; it may be found on *The Times* official microfilm, available in most public libraries. The Peter Warlock Society archive contains an undated cutting of uncertain origin which appears to be a shortened version of the microfilm report – Fred Tomlinson tells me it may have been published in a local Hampshire paper. To add to the confusion, in his entertaining recent history of the 'Invalids' cricket club, Jeremy Paul states of the 1929 New Year match that 'The noted cricket historian, Gerald Howat, writing in *The Times* in 1989, tells the tale', while Howat (who died last year), in what seems to me a rewrite and slight simplification of the 1929 *Times* report (or reports), tells us that the actual author of this splendid piece was another (and older) well-known cricket writer, Dudley Carew. Paul, clearly dramatising the tale – after all, he has written the scripts of many television dramas including *Upstairs Downstairs*, *Lovejoy* and *Midsomer Murders*, etc – asks us to believe that 'While Howat keeps his eye on the ball,

Carew's attention, as might have Henry Blofeld's, lurched back to the hunt.' Carew indeed may well have written the original *Times* report; he was of the right age and indirectly connected with the 'Invalids'. But Howat, born in 1928, can scarcely have been babbling directly to the press about the goings-on of New Year's Day 1929. Paul alleges that Howat was 'writing in *The Times* in 1989'; in fact, so far as I can see, there is no reference whatever to Howat in the comprehensive index to *The Times* for 1989, or 1988 or 1999 or even 1979 (50th anniversary of the match) – contributors were no longer anonymous by this time, and Howat's name is mentioned in other cricket connections. In any case what Paul attributes to Howat seems to be no more than a slightly updated version of *The Times* 1929 microfilm report.

Here is Paul quoting Howat's version of Carew setting the scene:

It was a cold crisp day with a sky as blue as if on a June morning and a sun casting robust black shadows. A crowd of some 2000 had arrived by car, charabanc, bicycle and Shanks's pony, while a lorry had brought a group of Squire's own supporters. All this activity needed a policeman on duty at Broadhalfpenny Down. Cinematograph crews and legions of photographers clicked away as Squire tossed up four times with E Whalley-Tooker, the Eskimos' captain, for their benefit.

[*The Times* (presumably in fact Carew) imagined Mr Jingle, from *Pickwick Papers*, watching the proceedings:]

The multitude of photographers and cinema operators might have confused him, but he would have loved the band, which played a march especially composed for the occasion by Peter Warlock, the general heartiness, the ale at – for cricketers – the most famous of all taverns, and he would have looked forward to luncheon at 'The George,' with the thumping of beer mugs and the singing of appropriate songs.

[The onlookers] had ... the pleasure – amusement would perhaps be an unkind word – of watching men who had not handled a bat for four months batting on a matting wicket which was equally ready both to help the ball jump to an intimidating, in January to a positively dangerous, height, and to make it shoot in a way that reminded one of another age.

The detailed score and names of the players are also listed in *The Times*, and my only contribution here to this famous story will be to have a closer look at the off-pitch (in the cricketing and literary rather than musical sense) contributions of the teams.

The 'Invalids' team included that day:

**Lieutenant B Walton O'Donnell** (batting 16 runs, bowling 4 wickets for 11 runs), one of the best-known handleaders in Britain. He had been Director of Music

the Royal Marines at Portsmouth when he was recruited by the BBC in August 1927 to be founding conductor of the 'BBC Military Band'. This became a family business; when B W O'Donnell left Broadcasting House in 1937 he passed the baton to his brother Major P S G O'Donnell, former Director of Music of Royal Marines Plymouth, who apparently led the BBC Military Band throughout World War Two and 'into its last years'. There is no evidence that B W O'Donnell conducted the local Hambledon Brass Band after the cricket match, but he did contribute to the singing, as did among others, Squire and Straus of the 'Invalids' and Clark of the 'Eskimos'; *The Times* reported that 'a most convivial evening was spent, and all dispersed about 10 pm'.

**A D Peters** (1892–1973) (20 runs, and 3 wickets for 100), born August Detlef of German-Danish ancestry, he became addicted to cricket while at school and university in England, and later was so famous as a literary agent that publishers, editors and authors alike are said to have been in awe of him.

**R H Lowe** (11 runs, 3 wickets for 11, and 1 catch), known as 'the Major', is reputed to have been for many years the 'Invalids' most reliable opening bowler. On this occasion, *The Times* tells us, he 'bowled with any amount of energy up the hill and into the wind.' He too was a writer: in 1927 he had published *Cricket Eleven: an Anthology of Cricket Short Stories with verses*.

**Milward Rodon Kennedy Burge** (1894–1968) (1 run) had worked in British Military Intelligence during the First World War and was now director of the London branch of the International Labour Office. He published some twenty detective novels mostly under the name of Milward Kennedy; one of these written jointly with his old school-friend A G Macdonell.

**Howard P Marshall** (1900–73) (14 runs) was at this time just beginning a distinguished career as a BBC sports and special events commentator. He would soon become the BBC's first cricket commentator on radio and the ancestor of all cricket broadcasters. He wrote many books on sport, including a cricket anthology, and according to Wisden *Cricketers' Almanac*: 'His voice was also known to thousands for his descriptions of boxing, rugby football and [wartime] events in North Africa and Western Europe, including the D-Day landings. He also wrote cricket and rugby reports for *The Daily Telegraph* for some years.'

**A G Macdonell** (1895–1941) (1 run), a writer and journalist born in India of Scottish extraction, was soon to publish in *England their England* (1933) a hilarious description of the 'Invalids' in action with recognisable portraits of Squire (as 'Mr Hodge') and many of his team in what, inspired by Dickens in *The Pickwick Papers*, has become a classic comic description of an English village cricket match – unfortunately not the actual game of 1 January 1929!

**W T Monckton** (1891–1965) (10 runs, wicket-keeper; stumped one batsman). lawyer and politician (later 1<sup>st</sup> Viscount Monckton of Brenchley). Educated at Harrow, where he distinguished himself as a schoolboy cricketer, and Oxford, where he became a confidant and close friend of Edward Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII and Duke of Windsor). Mediated between the King and Prime Minister Baldwin during the crisis of December 1936, when he is said to have written the first draft of the King's abdication speech. Later a 1950s cabinet minister under Churchill and Eden.

**Ralph Straus** (1882–1950) (1 run), novelist and biographer; his books included *Dickens: a Portrait in Pencil*. According to Paul, Straus drove all the way from Scotland for this match, or as *The Times* report put it, 'travelled 600 miles and survived a motor accident – to meet with that melancholy fate, "run out".'

**John Collings Squire** (1884–1958) (0 not out, and – characteristically – one dropped catch), poet and editor of the review *The London Mercury*. Not knighted till 1933. Founder and captain of the 'Invalids' cricket club, which still flourishes to this day (its name a reference to soldiers wounded in the First World War). Despite his passion for the game, Squire himself had no skill whatever as a cricketer. A more talented 'Invalid', the novelist Alec Waugh – not present at Hambledon in 1929 – once wrote that Squire 'was no cricketer, that he knew he was no cricketer, and that he knew the Invalids knew he was no cricketer, but that everyone was in a conspiracy of silence on the matter.' By 1929 cricket and alcohol were taking up much of his time. Indeed, in 1937 Squire was to emulate an earlier joint experience of Warlock and Blunt when he was arrested as drunk and disorderly. His biographer, Patrick Howarth, judged him to have been 'a good minor poet, a perceptive critic, a brilliant parodist and a great editor.' Warlock was already familiar with Squire's writing; in about 1922 he had set a parody by Squire of Hilaire Belloc's style ('At Martinmas, when I was born') as 'Mr Belloc's Fancy'.

For the 'Hampshire Eskimos' H Clark, a 'local tradesman', nearly won the match by scoring a 'masterly' 42 runs, but Bruce Blunt himself was bowled by Peters for 0. The team's 65-year-old captain, Edward Whalley-Tooker, had been a good enough cricketer in his younger days to play three times (if without any great success) for Hampshire. His Wisden obituary (1940) throws some light on the background to the 1929 New Year's Day junketings:

his passing removed a link with the old Hambledon club, renowned as a cradle of cricket [in the eighteenth century]. Broadhalfpenny Down had been ploughed up for farm land, and Whalley-Tooker, a descendant of a member of the original Hambledon club, set about the task of securing the field for cricket again. It was got into condition for a match in July 1925 between Winchester College, then

given possession of the land, and Hambledon. Mr Whalley-Tooker captained the side representing Hambledon and led his team to victory.

As it happened, at least two of the 1929 New Year's Day 'Invalids' were themselves old boys of Winchester College: M R K Burge and A G Macdonell.

Jeremy Paul judges the 1929 New Year's Day match to have been 'perhaps the most eccentric' of the many cricket matches Squire arranged.

Would the fixture become an annual event? No. 'It is always a mistake to endeavour to repeat perfection,' Squire said firmly.

\* \* \* \* \*

However, the Peter Warlock Society has paid its respects at Hambledon a couple of times, each time combining Hambledon with other Warlockian ports of call, including the composer's grave at Godalming. First on a 'misty September morning' in 1985 (recalled by Ernest Kaye in *PWS Newsletter* 36 the following February), when their inevitable rendition of 'The cricketers of Hambledon' at the Bat & Ball was received with 'surprise and amusement' by the locals. On their next visit, on a very wet day in autumn 1994, they were reinforced by Eric Crees and the Guildhall Brass Ensemble. At Godalming they paid their respects at the grave where the Ensemble played Eric's arrangement of the 'Pavane' and 'Pieds-en-l'air' from *Capriol* – 'within PW's earshot,' as Brian Collins reported for *PWS Newsletter* No.55, 'but under a tree rather than around the grave. In fact, Warlock in his grave was dry while all around were wet, a reversal of what we are told was usually the case. ... Thereafter to *The Bat & Ball* at Hambledon for lunch and frolics. The bar cleared somewhat when the rehearsals began but there was curiosity too over our rendition of the drinking songs. After we'd eaten we relocated to the famous, historic cricket ground near the pub to perform 'The Cricketers of Hambledon,' etc.' (see William Perry's 'The Cricketers Revisited' on p. 17). [Then we had] 'the opportunity to perpetrate a world première. We made our way into Hambledon village – to *The George* hotel, in fact – where after a gentle word with the friendly landlord, we were welcomed to perform 'The Cricketers of Hambledon' in its proper place ('I'll make a song of Hambledon and sing it at *The George*'). The phone rang (in the wrong key) during the song – was someone trying to tell us something?'

We may add a postscript. One Saturday in the middle of July 2006, Alan Lee of *The Times* visited Broadhalfpenny Down. He found cricket still being played there, though not quite in a form that would have been familiar to the

rustics of the eighteenth century or their descendant Edward Whalley-Tooker. For one thing, a different field (Ridge Meadow) was now Hambledon's main cricket venue, though Whalley-Tooker would have been gratified that his 1920s initiative to save Broadhalfpenny Down for cricket had born fruit; Lee noticed that the sacred acreage of Broadhalfpenny Down [resounded] to the shrill cries of a county under-13 girls' game.

Most will imagine Hambledon still playing at the fabled cradle of cricket. They moved out, however, in 1782, and Broadhalfpenny Down lay scandalously unused for a century. These days, it is owned by Winchester College, leased by the naval-based Brigands club and protected by the Broadhalfpenny Down Association, which hosts such matches as Saturday's.

Lee also noted that the historic *Bat and Ball* inn 'still stands guard over Broadhalfpenny'. The July 2006 landlord, sadly about to leave, not only gloried in the name of Dick Orders, but he had spent ten years rescuing *The Bat and Ball* from a recent spell as 'a cheap and disastrous Mexican eaterie', and made it financially viable once more and 'restored its cricketing glory, decorating it lovingly [with] acquired memorabilia – some found casually tossed away in the pub shed.'

Dick Orders showed Lee round the premises, starting with a picture of the 1929 New Year's Day game. But in July 2006 the future of *The Bat and Ball* was uncertain; the London brewery Fullers (present licencees of that other Warlock pub *The Antelope* near Sloane Square in London) had taken over, as Lee put it, 'with different commercial ambitions.'

Silvester Mazzarella

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- Tomlinson, Fred, 'Squire, Warlock, Blunt and Cricket' (Peter Warlock Society Newsletter, June 1972, p.3)
- Tomlinson, Fred *Warlock and Blunt* (Thames Publishing, London, 1981)

See also William Perry's 'The Cricketers Revisited' on p.17

See another verse of William Perry's in the second NewsBrief on p.39

The Collected Poetic Works of William Perry will be published shortly



## How I first came across Warlock's music

My first encounter with Warlock, at the age of thirteen, was suitably disastrous. C V Hales, our English master, who first aroused my interest in Elizabethan music, unwisely got me to sing 'Sweet was the song the Virgin sang' to the accompaniment of Warlock's transcription for string quartet. I had failed to learn the song properly, and my voice was in the process of breaking, and the performance dissolved into a miasma of wrong notes and croaks. Fortunately, I have never sung solo since.

After that, though, Warlock could only get better. *The Abbotsholmian* of April 1943 reports: 'The day before we broke up, Clive Bemrose sang to the school in Chapel after lunch – a refreshing interlude in a day of hard work'. He was an old boy of the school, an officer in the RAF Volunteer Reserve (he may not have known that his family firm in Derby was almost at that moment being dropped as printers of the magazine). He had an agreeable tenor voice and I remember that I was captivated by his 'Yarmouth Fair'.

During some school holidays within the next year, back in Rugby where we lived at the time, I must have talked about Warlock with some younger friends of my parents, Bruce and Amy Laurie. (Bruce died on Christmas Day 2007, the historian of the British colonial period in Minorca; Amy still lives there, also in her nineties.) They introduced me to the Constant Lambert HMV 12-inch plum label record of *Capriol*, by which I was enchanted. I used four shillings (20p) of my pocket money and holiday earnings to buy a copy: the first record of classical music I ever bought. The Hawkes pocket score of *Capriol* was also the first score I bought: there it still is, inscribed in my careful School Certificate handwriting 'D. N. Lane Leicester, 25 July, 1944'.

The Lauries also lent me their copy of Cecil Gray's biography of Warlock – a copy which they were actually so kind as to give me a few years ago, some sixty years on. Warlock's dark side rather eluded me (as *The Curlew* still does), but to read about his bohemian lifestyle held quite an appeal for an adolescent in the wartime Midlands. Over the next few years I bought records (all 10-inch) of various Warlock songs: 'Sleep', 'Sweet and Twenty' and 'Consider' sung by Nancy Evans, 'Fair and True', 'Piggessnie', 'My Own Country', 'Milkmaids' and 'Captain Stratton's Fancy' sung by Roy Henderson, and 'The Frost-bound Wood' and 'The Fox' sung by Dennis Noble. I still have all these 78 rpm shellac records, though I have not been able to play them for some decades: happily all these performances are likely to be reissued in the near future in the Divine Art 2-CD set of historic Warlock recordings which Betty Roe so kindly gave to the Society on behalf of her late husband, John Bishop.

Somehow my pocket money enabled me to buy the parts of Warlock's transcriptions for strings of *Six English Tunes* and *Six Italian Dances*, and the school orchestra

gave them a run-through. It was nice a few years ago to find a good home for these schoolboy purchases in the Society's Hire Library, which did not possess them.

The school play in November 1945 was Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, from which Warlock got the words of 'Jillian of Berry'. This led me to arrange his accompaniment for string quartet, though neither the singer, Giles Heron, nor I have any recollection of how he and the players coped with those cross-rhythms. I did notice that the words of the final song in the play, 'Better music ne'er was known', would neatly fit the music of 'Strawberry Leaves', one of the *Six English Tunes*, and this, sung (and danced in a sort of way) by the whole cast to Warlock's string quintet transcription, provided a good rollicking finale.

Better than that first encounter, four years earlier...

David Lane

*David Lane has been attached – worldwide – to Warlock's music for the past 65 years. He has provided the Society with the programme of the first performance in Turkey of Lillygay, and when he was British High Commissioner in Trinidad and Tobago he got a girls' school choir to perform the SSA version of 'The first mercy' with the accompaniment arranged for steel band, a quite ravishing sound, of which Warlock would surely have approved. He has helped with the arrangements for the issue of the Warlockathon CD set, the booklet of poems set by Warlock, and what is hoped to be a forthcoming CD of Warlock's vocal and choral music involving an orchestra.*

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### The Cricketers Revisited (see article on pp.14-16)

The Hampshire Jaunt to Hambledon in autumn '94  
Was gravely making music when the skies began to pour.  
The players with suspicions the composer was a witch  
Retreated to the cricket ground to try to hold their pitch.

*Chorus (after each verse)*

Then up with ev'ry glass and we'll sing a toast in chorus:  
The spirit-filled Warlockians who carried on before us;  
These stalwarts of a stormy day patrolled a lonely down,  
But sang and played their hearts full out and never wore a frown.

The band struck up a lively air, the rain came down in sheets,  
Still Malcolm kept the tempo bright, and Fred cried out 'Repeats'  
The music and the music stands went flying all about,  
While Brian marked the score board with 'A century not out'

As Gordon braved the elements to thunder forth the text,  
The trumpeters and hornists wondered what the hell was next ...  
The answer was 'A Marching Band', the car park saw its birth;  
The fox head in the local pub could scarce contain his mirth!

William Perry

## The Grand Warlock Auction Part 11

*John Mitchell, our Hon Treasurer writes:* The lots listed here comprise the second half of the Warlock items donated by Fred Tomlinson and Betty Roe, to whom we are grateful for allowing the Auction to continue for another – and possibly last – instalment. The lots on offer in the last *Newsletter* were all sold, raising a total sum of around £120.

The same rules apply as last time (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. 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. Tel 01227 832871, or e-mail: MMITCHELLJohn@aol.com.

All bids should be sent to me, either by e-mail or letter (not phone or fax), and must be received by midday on 30 November 2008. Any questions about all aspects of the auction should be directed to me, i.e. not to the *Newsletter* Editor.

### Abbreviations

PW	Peter Warlock
FT	Fred Tomlinson
MB	minimum bid

### Lot List

#### Lot 25

'Two Pieces for small orchestra': *On hearing the first cuckoo in Spring* and *Summer night on the river* (Delius) arranged for piano duet by PW. OUP 1931 F MB £3

#### Lot 26

*Third Book of Elizabethan Songs* with string quartet (transcribed and edited by PW). 24 pages containing 8 songs, with a foreword by PW. String parts included. OUP 1926 F MB £5

#### Lot 27

*The Muses' Garden of Delight* (Robert Jones, 1610 transcribed and edited by PW for voice and piano). 27 pages containing 12 songs, with a foreword by PW. Enoch & Sons 1923. F MB £6

#### Lot 28

'I care not for these Ladies' (Thomas Campion, 1610 – transcribed and edited by PW and Philip Wilson for voice and piano). Published by OUP for the 1933 Blackpool Music Festival. G MB £2

#### Lot 29

*Lachrimae* (John Dowland, 1605 – transcribed by PW for string quintet and lute). 36 pages with a foreword by PW. OUP 1927. Music contents G, cover F (some minor damage). This looks like a first edition. MB £6

#### Lot 30

*Lachrimae* – as per Lot 29, but a much later edition with a magenta coloured cover. G MB £4

#### Lot 31

*On hearing the first cuckoo in Spring* (Delius) – arranged by PW for 25-piece brass band (affectionately known by Warlock aficionados as 'The Brass Cuckoo!'). OUP 1976. VG MB £4

#### Lot 32

*A Book of Songs by Peter Warlock*. This is a first edition of OUP's first book of 12 PW songs, and is in a slightly larger format (31cm x 24cm) than later editions. 'Sleep' contains some red pencil string quartet annotations by FT. Music contents G, cover only just F with various sellotapings. MB £4

#### Lot 33

*A Second Book of Songs by Peter Warlock* – the OUP follow-up book with a further 12 songs (the one with the orange cover!). Signed by FT. VG MB £4

#### Lot 34

*Warlock Songs* – the album of 14 songs compiled by Boosey & Hawkes (the one with the red cover!). Embossed with FT's library stamp, and in a protective blue card cover. VG MB £4

#### Lot 35

*Peterisms* (First Set) – the 'middle' edition, and bound into a protective blue card cover. Signed by FT, and with a correction in red by him in 'Rutterkin'. F MB £3

#### Lot 36

*Lilligay* – an original edition (Chester 1923) with the deep blue cover. Bound into a protective blue card cover, the score having had a 'punctuation check' done by FT in red ink. F MB £4

#### Lot 37

'Consider' a later edition by OUP in its 'anaemic grey' livery. Signed by FT. G MB £2

**Lot 38**

'Piggiesnie' high voice key (G major). Augener 1922  
VG MB £3

**Lot 39**

'One more river' (solo song version). Winthrop Rogers  
1927. Signed by FT. VG MB £3

**Lot 40**

'In an Arbour Green', Paterson's Publications 1925.  
Signed by FT. VG MB £3

**Lot 41**

'The Everlasting Voices', Thames Publishing 1975, the  
Yeats setting with a suggested alternative ending by  
Anthony Ingle. G MB £1

The following items are in the smaller, choral music  
format:

**Lot 42**

*Choral Music of Peter Warlock* Volume 6 – Thames  
1995. Unison songs with piano. Contains: 'I have a  
garden', 'Little Trotty Wagtail', 'Rest, sweet nymphs',  
'Yarmouth Fair', 'Pretty Ring Time', 'The Countryman',  
'Jillian of Berry' and 'Queen Anne'. VG MB £3

**Lot 43**

*Choral Music of Peter Warlock* Volume 7 – Thames  
1995 Mixed voices, unaccompanied. Contains: 'The Full  
Heart', 'A Cornish Christmas Carol', 'Corpus Christi',  
'All the flowers of the Spring', 'Call for the Robin-  
Redbreast and the Wren', and 'The Shrouding of the  
Duchess of Malfi'. VG MB £4

**Lot 44**

*Choral Music of Peter Warlock* Volume 8 – Thames  
1995. Ladies' Voices (2 & 3 part) with piano. Contains:  
'The Bayley Berith the Bell away', 'Lullaby', 'Mourn no  
Moe', 'Milkmaids', 'Chanson du Jour de Noël', and 'The  
First Mercy'. VG MB £3

**Lot 45**

*Choral Music of Peter Warlock* Volume 9 – Thames  
1998. Seven transcriptions by PW for SATB of pieces  
by Thomas Ravenscroft, John Dowland, Robert Jones,  
Michael Cavendish, and Thomas Whythorne.  
VG MB £3

**Lot 46**

*Two Carols* ('A Cornish carol' and 'The Rich Cavalcade')  
Thames 1973. G MB £2

**Lot 47**

'A Cornish Christmas Carol'. Boosey & Co. 1924 for  
SATB. Bound into a protective blue card cover.  
G MB £2

**Lot 48**

'Where riches is everlastingly'. OUP 1928.  
Signed by FT. G MB £1

**Lot 49**

*Three Carols* – arranged by Harold Geer for four-  
part chorus of Women's Voices, with Soprano Solo ad  
lib., and piano. OUP 1933. VG MB £3

**Lot 50**

'My Lady's Birthday' – for male voices and piano.  
Winthrop Rogers 1926. Bound into a protective blue  
card cover. F MB £1

And finally.....a curiosity:

**Lot 51**

'The Distracted Maid' – a Braille score of the song  
produced for the National Institute for the Blind  
(Catalogue no. 12552). VG MB £2

The auction has ~~been running~~ continuously in the  
Newsletter since Autumn, 2003. Once the lots listed  
above have been sold, at this stage I have no more  
material to auction.

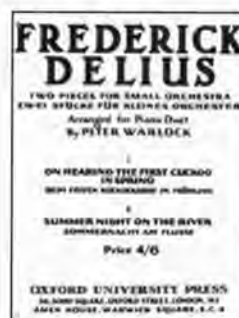
However, we would like to keep the auction going,  
so can we hope some members of the Society may have  
Warlock items, or Warlock-connected items, they no  
longer require and are prepared to donate them to the  
Society for auctioning? If so, I would be very pleased to  
receive them.

I would emphasise that 100% of the money from  
auction sales goes into the Society's coffers, as the project  
has been run on a 'nil expenses' basis.

In the meantime, there will be an auction of Warlock  
items during the 25th October 'Warlock in Chelsea' Day.  
Anything unsold here may well be auctioned again later  
in the Spring 2009 Newsletter.

Finally, it just remains now for me to thank again  
those of you who have so generously supported the  
auction over the last five years or so, and to hope that  
more material will come in to enable it to continue.

John Mitchell



**H** (see p.1)

*left* An ageing Peter Warlock  
*right* Up King's Road, Chelsea.  
Rehearsal for Warlockian  
Chelsea Festival



Photo: Thomas Donatu



Photo: Malcolm Rudland

**G** (see p.23-27)

*left* Gregynog Hall  
*right* 'Until the axle break'  
(W B Yeats)



Photo: Neil Fraser

**E**  
(see p.22)

*left* The band leave Sir John  
Betjeman at St Pancras

*right* The President of the  
Delius Society (right)  
presents the owner of the  
Delius house with Barry  
Smith's book of letters  
between Warlock to Delius

*bottom* Eric Crees in control



Photo: Henry Carter



Photo: Henry Carter



Sketch by Andrew Bax



The band enters Passage Heseltine

Photo: Brian Radford



Up Heseltine's Passage

Photo: Brian Radford



Humphrey Burton takes command

Photo: Rafal Pilot



Bar 182 of the Waltz from the *Murder on the Orient Express*

Photo: Henry Carter



Tacot des Lacs

Photo: Rafal Pilot



The British Rail executive prepares his speech

Photo: Henry Carter



The concert in the cathedral of trees

Photo: Henry Carter



Vin d'honneur in Delius's garden

Photo: Brian Radford

## A Weekend with Malcolm's Marauders

see photos on page 20/21

### Warlock/Delius Jaunt to Marlotte/Grez on 4/6 July

It was a delight for me to be once more in *La douce France* – land of formality and laissez-faire, of rigorous classicism and musical fantasy, of Jean Racine and of Maurice Ravel. I have sometimes wondered what drew Delius to Grez-sur-Loing, especially to the house which sits right next door to the church. He may have been more amused by the irony of a virulent atheist as a thorn in the flesh of the Catholic hierarchy than he was irritated by the sound of the bells. Perhaps we need also reminding that by the early twentieth century France was well and truly in the hands of an impious government, very patriotic but anticlerical. As for Heseltine, his antics, both public and private, as a colourful but ungodly heretic, would have been tolerated.

We arrived at Bourron-Marlotte on the Saturday and, no doubt to the astonishment and perhaps alarm of the local inhabitants, we roared out 'The Cricketers of Hambledon' up the Passage Heseltine(!) led by Danny Gillingwater, Eric Crees (marching backwards) and the musicians of the Guildhall Brass Ensemble. I suppose it could be argued that the spirit of Delius might have appreciated this gesture, although he would have preferred a reference to Yorkshire. A visit followed to the adjacent beautiful house and garden of Arthur Heseltine (Warlock's Uncle Joe, who had introduced Warlock to Delius). It is now owned by Dominique Martin du Gard, and we were able to sample Arthur's paintings, whilst the band performed 'Pieds-en-l'air' from *Capriol*, after which an inscribed score and piano reduction of the piece were offered to Dominique to commemorate the occasion. More evidence of the work of the local artist colony was to be seen in the Mairie.

A concert in the courtyard of the Place de la Salle des Fêtes (in the rain, with the band and audience canopied) called upon varied talents, including Malcolm conducting, with Eric Crees blowing an Acme Thunderer whistle to start the train in the Waltz from *Murder on the Orient Express* (by our President), and a reprise of this was conducted by a trombonist in the band, Geoff Batchelor, who turned out to have been a student of mine from twenty years ago! Humphrey Burton conducted 'Mattachins' from *Capriol*, and a young French member of the audience conducted a lively reprise of *La Marseillaise*, all part of 'auctioning the baton' which earned 60 euros for the PWS. The programme also included Joseph Horowitz's catchy tune in 'Fanfare and March' written for the Chelsea Pensioners. Warlock was represented by 'Captain Stratton's Fancy', 'The Old Codger', and a performance of Eric Crees's arrangement of 'Maltworms' from Warlock's still unperformed version for full orchestra. In referring to this in his article 'The Jaunt' in *Classical Music* on 2 August, Humphrey Burton asked the Prom Planners to note this as a potential world premiere for next year's *Last Night of the Proms*.

A delightful luncheon was served to us in the adjoining hall, and after grateful thanks, we left the village to enjoy an excursion on the railway, *Tacot des Lacs*, in memory of Warlock's first venture into journalism, when he wrote about the Van Railway in *The Locomotive*, 15 January 1912, pp. 13-16. The article was dramatically recreated on the train by Brian Radford, whose life with British Rail also enabled him to compare the two railways. (see photo on p.21)

Sunday was Delius day and we drove through the magnificent Fontainebleau forest direct to Delius's house at Grez (there is a plaque on the house to commemorate him). The site is magnificent, with the garden lawn running down to the bank of the Loing. Here one could imagine the ailing composer in his wheel-chair, music flowing around in his head – uselessly – until Fenby arrived to the rescue.

We sat amongst a cathedral of trees to enjoy a moving concert given by the Guildhall musicians. Who would have thought that such a poetic piece as *On hearing the first cuckoo in spring* could sound so magical on brass instruments alone? *The walk to the paradise garden* too? Perhaps if Delius had paid more attention to the advice given him – to compose more short pieces with amateurs in mind – he would not now be suffering from an eclipse of acceptance. (None of his works performed at this year's Proms!) I reflected upon the esteem he was held in by his fellow-musicians: Grieg, Beecham and Warlock, of course, but others, including Elgar, who on visiting Grez is said to have called Fred a true poet.

After the concert, the President of the Delius Society, Dr Lionel Carley, and Malcolm Rudland made presentations of Barry Smith's book of Warlock and Delius letters and of scores signed by the performers of the Delius works played, to the owner of the house, Jean Merle d'Aubigné, who had prepared a *vin d'honneur* party for us. Then it was time for lunch at a nearby inn, and a return home, when we were brought back to earth at St Pancras with the sight of that wonderful statue of John Betjeman peering into the distance.

So ended our 'jaunt'; and although every minute was a delight I am still left no nearer to understanding the true nature of our two heroes: on the one hand the atheistic, self-exiled Yorkshire son of an intolerant German merchantman, who nevertheless wished to be buried in a quiet country English churchyard; on the other, the sensitive, intelligent, but mercurial Englishman who wrote to Bernard van Dieren on 24 January 1920 saying he would 'rather spend his life trying to achieve one book of little songs, than pile up tome upon tome on the dusty shelves of the British Museum'. (See Cecil Gray's *Peter Warlock*, p.24.)

Many thanks are due to Malcolm for his enthusiasm and organisation; or as Warlock himself might have said from his lonely Cornish cottage: *Mur ras, Malcolm, rak an vyaj lowenek yn Pow Frynk.*

Brian Hammond

## Andrew Kennedy in Montgomeryshire

### Gŵyl Peter Warlock Festival 2005

*One of the highlights of the 2005 Montgomery Warlock Weekend arranged by Dr Rhian Davies to celebrate the 75th anniversary of Warlock's death was an all-Warlock song recital given by Andrew Kennedy on 17 December 2005 in St Nicholas's Church, Montgomery. That recital was recorded by the BBC and later relayed on Radio 3 on 23 May 2006 in a series called Voices with Iain Burnside. This review is of the broadcast [Ed]*

I have just been looking at the visitors' book that I kept whilst I was organist at St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town. Amid the many distinguished names is that of the tenor, Andrew Kennedy, who was a member of the choir of King's College, Cambridge, when they sang in the Cathedral during a tour of South Africa in August 1996. I remember too the Director of Music, Stephen Cleobury, singling out Kennedy as a singer whom he predicted would make a name for himself as a soloist.

And, indeed, so he has. It is therefore a pleasure all these years later to write a few comments on the recital he gave in St. Nicholas's Church, Montgomery, as part of the highly successful second Warlock Festival which was later broadcast on BBC Radio 3.

Since the occasion of his recital Kennedy has recorded much of this music on CD (with pianist, Simon Lepper, Landor Records, LAN 279), but it was certainly a coup on the part of Dr Rhian Davies and the Montgomery Civic Society to engage a singer of his promise so early in his career.

In a programme of some sixteen songs, Kennedy gave listeners a good cross-section of Warlock repertoire with BBC Radio 3 presenter, Iain Burnside, rather patronisingly describing the composer as 'highly-talented' and 'highly-tortured'. The choice was wide-ranging and included favourites such as 'Captain Stratton's fancy' and 'Sleep' but not neglecting the less frequently-sung numbers such as 'A sad song' and the solo version of 'Bethlehem Down' with its restless, disturbing harmonies.

Andrew Kennedy proved a superb protagonist for Warlock's genius. He showed not only a care for the line of each song but also a sensitive feeling for the words with impeccable diction throughout. He also caught the changing moods with a musical sensitivity and carefully-focused tone: plangent where necessary yet ringing out in heroic climaxes.

Interspersed in the programme were effective contrasts in the form of two groups of songs by contemporaries Percy Grainger and Roger Quilter. Simon Crawford-Phillips provided the musical and highly efficient accompaniment.

Barry Smith

### The pleasures of Gregynog (Part Two), 2008

In PWS Newsletter 55, pp.13-14, David Cox wrote of 'The pleasures of Gregynog' about a Warlock weekend that our Vice-President, Prof Ian Parrott, arranged in September 1994.

One could almost say the first weekend of this year's 75<sup>th</sup> Gregynog Festival, arranged by Dr Rhian Davies, was a resplendent Part Two to Prof Parrott's 1994 Warlock weekend.

It was not a wasted journey for me, even though there was a broken axle of a different kind to W B Yeats's in 'Cry of the sedge' in Warlock's *The Curlew*. One on Malcolm Rudland's Morris Traveller collapsed on the South Circular Road (see photo on p.20) just after he had picked me up to drive to Gregynog, and we ended up with a brand new Ford Focus to complete the journey.

Prof Parrott first visited Gregynog in 1952 whilst the second of the Davies sisters, Margaret, was still alive, and he remembers the 'Upstairs, Downstairs' type of life that they had been accustomed to, and which he has engagingly told in his book *The Spiritual Pilgrims*. The sisters had used their inherited wealth from coal to collect paintings, create a printing press and establish a festival that this year is celebrating its 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary, thanks to the house now being run as a Conference Centre of the University of Wales, though it is a pity that they have not yet been able to renovate the now unplayable Rothwell house organ that was such a feature of the 1994 weekend.

Over the years I have heard many *Curlews* of Warlock, but none comparable to that offered by Andrew Kennedy on this occasion. He gave a scintillating performance of this harrowing work. The accompanying musicians acquitted themselves well in a work that makes tremendous demands of them. I could feel my blood freeze on the spoken 'withering of the boughs'. It was a privilege to hear this work performed in the middle of a landscape which Warlock loved so much.

'My lady is a pretty one' was quite as enticing as it should have been, and, 'Ha'nacker Mill' was sung with full nostalgia, and 'The Fox' with full menace, both enhanced by Bernard van Dieren's scoring as for the *Curlew*. 'Yarmouth Fair' was delivered jauntily and stylishly in John Mitchell's new string quartet version which used effective pizzicatos, but it was a pity the *non rit.* at the end was not observed. However, Rian Evans wrote in *The Guardian* of 17 June that Andrew Kennedy 'set a seal on a rewarding evening with his encore, Warlock's 'Sleep', magically delivered.'

A rare treat was offered with the performance of Vaughan Williams's *Household Music* which makes use of some Welsh hymn-tunes. It is amazing what can be done with the tune 'Aberystwyth', (Jesu, lover of my soul). Other rarities were the *Three Traditional Ballads* of Grace Williams in which 'The Lass of Swansea Town' vied with 'Fair Lisa'. I think 'Fair Lisa' came off best, but who shall say?

Pat Mills

## Warlock and Yeats – Pre concert talk at the Gregynog Festival, June 2008

In this talk I hope to cover three areas. First, to describe some similarities between the artistic beliefs of Peter Warlock and W B Yeats, secondly to discuss Warlock's earlier settings of Yeats's poetry and to give some idea of the history of the creation of *The Curlew*, and finally to add some insight on other items in tonight's programme.

In April 1918 Warlock met Yeats in Dublin. In a letter to his friend Cecil Gray, Warlock described Yeats as 'a golden and blessed casket', and said that they had

talked for several hours about the moon – and the talk was as beautiful as the moon of the 14th night itself.<sup>1</sup>

This probably relates to ideas Yeats later expressed in his book *A Vision* of 1925. Both Warlock and Yeats were influenced by Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society and the writings of James Morgan Pryse on more esoteric matters. Cecil Gray wrote that

at that time and for sometime after, perhaps always, Philip was an ardent believer in the objective reality of the phenomena of the magical arts.<sup>2</sup>

Yeats believed in a Daimon, a power from outside which possesses the artist. This was an idea that came down from Aristotle and Plato. Nigel Jackson in his fascinating article in the Warlock Society *Newsletter* No 71 says

Gaining contact with one's Daimon remained an important Magical objective well into the mediaeval and Renaissance eras ... For W B Yeats, at the time Philip was associating with him, this Neoplatonic concept of the inspiring Daimon as the source of creative energy and genius had become pivotal.<sup>3</sup>

That Warlock shared this belief is made clear in a letter to Colin Taylor written in August 1918, only a few months after his meeting with Yeats:

Individuals in artistic matters (as elsewhere) are but the tools of certain tendencies and ... forces, and the more one effaces oneself, the more strongly can this force operate through one.<sup>4</sup>

Purely as an aside, this idea of a Daimon reminded me of a very different character: Rudyard Kipling in his late book *Something of myself* devotes a couple of pages to the matter:

Let us now consider the Personal Daemon of Aristotle and others, of whom it has been truthfully written, though not published: This is the doom of the Makers – their Daemon lives in their pen. If he be absent or sleeping, they are even as other men. But if he be utterly present, and they swerve not from his behest, the word that he gives shall continue, whether in earnest or jest.<sup>5</sup>

He later notes:

When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously. Drift, wait, and obey.<sup>6</sup>

There is no suggestion here that it would be possible to use magical methods to control the Daimon.

In the light of all this it is hardly surprising that Warlock was attracted to the poetry of Yeats. As early as 1913 Warlock's friend Robert Nichols found a setting of Yeats's verse on Warlock's piano in his rooms at Oxford, though we do not know the particular poem used. In 1914 he set a 'Cradle Song', also lost. In 1915 Warlock sent three settings of Yeats to Delius for comment, who replied

Your song *The Curlew* is lovely and gave me the greatest pleasure ... there is real emotion in your song.<sup>7</sup>

Barry Smith in his collection of the letters between Warlock and Delius identifies this song as being 'He reproves the curlew', while Brian Collins in his exhaustive study of the music writes:

It is not at all clear whether Delius had been sent 'The lover mourns for the loss of love', destined to become the second movement of the cycle, or another setting, now lost.<sup>8</sup>

To add to the confusion, Warlock wrote to Delius about his final version of the work:

This has no connection (save for the two opening bars) with the earlier setting of the same poem which you saw some years ago.<sup>9</sup>

As *The Curlew* sets four different poems this remark is not very helpful! Two more settings date from 1916, one of which is lost, and the other, 'The cloths of heaven' for reasons given later, was adapted to a different text.

On the 6th of October 1920 in the Mortimer Hall in London a group of *Five Songs* by Philip Heseltine was sung by Gerald Cooper. These were 'O Curlew, cry no more', 'The Lover mourns the loss of love', 'The cloths of Heaven', 'Wine comes in at the mouth', and 'The cry of the sedge'. Philip thought this his best work to date, but wrote to his mother that the performance was

a dismal affair, Cooper's voice, never very thrilling, was in very bad form and most of the instrumentalists were simply incompetent. There were passages in my songs that sounded just like pussy at midnight.<sup>10</sup>

Over the next two years the entire score was reworked. The third and fourth songs were dropped, and a new extended song 'The withering of the boughs' replaced them. The 1920 title *Five Songs* suggests that they were originally separate items rather than the present continuous piece, but when writing to Delius in 1922 Warlock says

the present work dates from two years ago when it was murdered at a London concert by some of the most incompetent performers ever let loose in England – which is saying a good deal.<sup>11</sup>

Nor is it clear whether there was any change in the scoring. It seems Warlock had a little better luck with performances of his final version. To Colin Taylor on 7 December 1922:



My Curlew was performed on November 22 – and for the first time in my life I feel really pleased with something I have written. (Philip) Wilson bugged up the voice part completely but the instrumentalists were fine. It is going to be given again in January – with another singer, John Goss, who will do it far better.<sup>12</sup>

This suggestion that Warlock was reasonably happy with the performance since the instrumental parts were well played backs up Brian Collins's view that this is

an extended work of a single movement with a number of sections, in which the instrumental writing is as important as the vocal.<sup>13</sup>

The first European performance of *The Curlew* took place in Salzburg, 5-9 August 1924, and I am indebted to Dr Rhian Davies for finding the following review written by Hubert Foss for *The Musical Times*:

One bad performance in a Festival is enough to make us suspicious of forming judgments of works which, for all we know, are being grossly distorted in the way Peter Warlock's *Curlew* was maltreated.

It is pitiable that the English works ... Warlock's *The Curlew* and Vaughan Williams's *On Wenlock Edge* – should have suffered at the hands of the performers. A more grotesque result could hardly be imagined than their presentation of *The Curlew*, and though *On Wenlock Edge*, having more definite features as landmarks, was better treated, it was still a travesty. ... the singer, Mr Charles Albert Case, was not even a tenor [nor was John Goss!], nor was he an artist; the conductor, Herr Gruenberg (oh, that he should have been necessary! [maybe, but it can help!]), had only the vaguest sense of the music he was directing; the instrumentalists seemed to have no power of assertion, and rhythmically distorted both works. At least, I suggest Mr Case might have had the courtesy to know his notes (especially his leads), his words, and the correct pronunciation of the proper names, and I am sure that, apart from the competent English musicians present, there are many who would for their expenses have been glad to go to Salzburg and direct these works better than did Herr Gruenberg. I cannot speak too strongly in condemnation of the performance of *The Curlew*, both artistically and in its results, for it gave no one a chance of assessing its extraordinarily high value. It was obviously the English work of importance at this Festival, and stands out as one of the big works of the whole series of concerts. *On Wenlock Edge* sounded a little disappointing in its new surroundings; it seemed local, and the clumsiness of the writing was more than ever evident from the scratchy playing. The music is good enough, the workmanship poor, and though it retains my warm affection it does not seem to me one of the most valuable productions of the English revival.<sup>14</sup>

This last verdict shows a bit of bias natural in one who was a personal friend of Warlock. In 1946 Hubert Foss wrote a chapter on Warlock in the Penguin book *British Music of Our Time*. About *The Curlew* he wrote:

In the ecstasy of sadness no work by a living composer can surpass it. Warlock combines here a positive sense of desolation and the extraordinary negativeness of Yeats's words: 'No boughs have withered because of the wintry winds; the boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams ...' The expression of that sentiment in suitable music is itself an achievement; the exquisite beauty of the whole work is something not to be realised save in the hearing – which is seldom allowed us today.<sup>15</sup>

This last remark was true at the time: John Armstrong's recording of 1931 had long been unavailable, and there had been no others. It seems that Foss's recommendation did bring some fruit – two recordings were made in the 50s, three in the 70s, three in the 90s and already two more this century; and this does not allow for reissues – there are 11 recordings listed on Amazon today!

To return to Yeats for a moment. Though performances of the settings were possible, settings of words could not be published without copyright permission from the poet and/or publisher. The following letter appeared in *The Musical Times* of 1 February 1922:

SIR, – Composers who, having succumbed to the temptation of setting to music some of the lyrics of Mr William Butler Yeats, desire to reap such benefit from their work as may be afforded by publication, must realize that between themselves and the public there exists a censor, the appeasing of whom might be more accurately termed a game of chance than a game of skill ...

Two London publishers having expressed a great reluctance to consider manuscripts of Yeats-settings on account of the trouble this censorship had already given them, I called on Mr Yeats and explained the matter to him. He informed me that his object in establishing a musical censorship (which is, of course, quite independent of his publishers) was not to prevent composers from setting his poems to music, but to make them careful in doing so. The idea was apparently born of his horror at being invited by a certain composer to hear a setting of his *Lake Isle of Innisfree* – a poem which voices a solitary man's desire for still greater solitude – sung by a choir of a thousand Boy Scouts.

Some months later I wanted to publish some Yeats-settings of my own, and it occurred to me that the publishers' reluctance to look at them might be overcome if the MSS were submitted with the censor's august imprimatur already upon them. I therefore wrote to Mr Yeats for the address of this individual, which he sent me, adding that he was 'very much obliged' to me for 'finding so

friendly a way out of the difficulty'. The censor, however, thought otherwise, for after my songs had been ruthlessly turned down, I was informed that 'no songs should be sent unless they have first been accepted by a publisher.'

I wrote asking if I might be allowed to know in what respect my unfortunate little songs had offended, and suggested that much trouble and annoyance would be saved if the censor would reveal the principles to which musical settings of Mr. Yeats's lyrics are expected to conform.

To the more personal query no reply was given. It appeared, however, that insuperable difficulties prevented compliance with my 'admirable suggestion', because, ... however carefully principles are laid down ... so much in art must always be a matter of individual feeling. For instance, might it not be perfectly possible to follow every given rule, and yet for the general atmosphere and character of the music to be utterly unsuited to the poetry it was intended to enhance?

But unless 'individual feeling' is controlled by some principles, criticism becomes a mere matter of caprice. If the music of a song were so flagrantly at variance with the poetry with which it is associated, it would not be impossible for any capable critic to show the reason why. (Mr W. J. Turner might go further, and praise it for being so!) Mr Yeats himself is, on his own confession, completely insensitive to music. If he were not, a great many settings of his poems – which, since they are to be had in print, have presumably been passed by his censor – would cause him considerable pain. But however great an aversion he may have to the very idea of his beautiful rhythms and cadences being distorted to suit the fancy of any Tom, Dick, or Harry who pays the publishers their fee for the use of the poem, it is not, I think, unreasonable on the part of composers to request that he shall appoint as his censor some competent musician who will be consistent in his judgments and articulate when they are called in question. I enclose, Sir, for your inspection two of the rejected MSS. with the request that if you find the 'general atmosphere and character of the music to be utterly unsuited to the poetry' you will not print this letter. –

Yours, &c PETER WARLOCK

There was further correspondence, in the course of which Warlock proposed various methods of escaping the ban, such as printing the words backwards, or as anagrams, or with nonsense verse as a substitute. (This last method was used by Charles Ives when permission to use a poem by Kipling was refused, so that 'Tarrant Moss' was changed to 'Slugging a Vampire.') Yeats finally issued a blanket order preventing any setting of his words by Warlock to be printed. This is why the setting of 'The cloths of heaven' was adapted to fit Arthur Symonds' poem 'The Sick Heart'.

In 1924 the Carnegie Trust selected *The Curlew* for publication, with the adjudicators writing:

A most imaginative setting of Mr Yeats's poems, of which, indeed, it may be regarded as the musical counterpart. It is pervaded by a keen sense of colour, which is here used to most appropriate effect.<sup>16</sup>

With this commendation Yeats's publisher, Macmillan, could hardly refuse permission to publish the work. However, attempts to be allowed to publish one or two other settings seem to have failed. After Warlock's death Yeats wrote this in a letter to a friend:

Years ago he and I fell out because of his rudeness to a harmless, well-bred woman who acted as a kind of musical agent for me. I hardly knew her but felt I had to protect her. The result was that very regretfully, for I knew his music was good, I forbade him to use my words in future and he was of course enraged. He threatened to pirate my words and I called in the Society of Authors. One thing led to another. I rather think he left unpublished music to words of mine which I would of course gladly see published – one's quarrels stop at the grave.<sup>17</sup>

But Warlock set no more Yeats.

*The Curlew* was performed at the Memorial concert given on 23 February 1931 at the Wigmore Hall, after Warlock's death, sung by John Armstrong. According to an unsigned review in *The Times* Warlock's luck had not changed:

The *Curlew* cycle, at any rate as sung last night, and 'Heraclitus' are failures. Yeats's poems of Celtic frustration were the last that one of Warlock's mentality should have attempted to set, though there were moments of beauty prompted by the imagery of Nature.<sup>18</sup>

A second Memorial Concert was given on 4 December 1931, which included the arrangement of 'The Fox' by Bernard van Dieren we are to hear tonight. On this, another unsigned *Times* review says:

'The Fox' gains a touch of eeriness from the haunting theme on the wind instruments.<sup>19</sup>

This raises two problems. The surviving score, and Fred Tomlinson's *Peter Warlock Handbook* both give only one wind instrument – the flute, though van Dieren did arrange 'Ha'nacker Mill' for flute, oboe and string quartet. Also, this 'haunting theme' was added by van Dieren, not composed by Warlock. Bernard van Dieren was the executor of Warlock's Will, and put his last two songs (with piano accompaniment) through the press. In both 'After Two Years' and 'The Fox' it is clear from the surviving autographs that van Dieren made considerable modifications to both, without comment. Only in 2005 did Warlock's original version appear in print.

One other item of interest remains to be mentioned. It has long been known that the piano version of 'Sleep' and the string quartet version differ in detail, not to mention the fact that the first publication of the piano version, by OUP in 1924, differs from its reissue in 1967. A number of

## Serendipities at Shipley

corrections were then made to agree with the fair copy of the string quartet version Warlock made in 1930.<sup>20</sup> According to Hubert Foss, Warlock's original version was for string quartet, but in the absence of the MS of this it seemed reasonable to suppose the piano version of 1924 was based on it, and that Warlock had revised it slightly when making his fair copy in 1930. The original quartet autograph MS was obtained by the British Library on 10 October 2007 from Evelyn Maureen Knight, the beneficiary of Bernard van Dieren's will.<sup>21</sup> Brian Collins discovered its presence while researching *Capriol*, mentioned it to me, and I saw it for the first time last week. It makes it clear that the 1930 copy was just that, a copy of the original MS. This answers a number of questions, in particular showing that the changes made to the piano version in 1967 were correct. However, a major question presented by the verbal error in both piano versions remained. They both have 'There may steal an influence' where Fletcher wrote 'I may feel an influence' This was corrected by me in my 2005 edition because Warlock gives the right text in his 1930 fair copy. Ian Partridge felt, when I discussed it with him, that since Warlock gave 'There may steal' in his piano version this is what should be sung when giving a performance with piano. To my great delight the original quartet MS not only gives 'I may feel' but has 'There may steal' firmly deleted in ink! This only goes to confirm my long-standing opinion that music editors often fail to read the words of a song.

One further satisfying point about the programme. Choosing 'My Lady is a pretty one' from the many other songs with string quartet available is a nice example of serendipity. The newly arrived autograph of 'Sleep' in the BL turns out to be one of 'Two Songs', and the other is – 'My Lady is a pretty one.'

Michael Pilkington

## References:

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2. Peter Warlock Society Newsletter No 71, p. 6
3. *ibid*
4. Barry Smith, *Peter Warlock, The Life of Philip Heseltine*, OUP, 1994, p.155
5. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*, Macmillan, 1937, p.208
6. *ibid*, p.210
7. Barry Smith, *Peter Warlock, The Life of Philip Heseltine*, OUP, 1994, p.199
8. Brian Collins, *Peter Warlock The Composer*, Scolar Press, 1996, p.55
9. Barry Smith, (ed) *Frederick Delius and Peter Warlock*, OUP, 2000, p.397
10. Barry Smith, *Peter Warlock, The Life of Philip Heseltine*, OUP, 1994, p173
11. Barry Smith, (ed) *Frederick Delius and Peter Warlock*, OUP, 2000, p. 397
12. Barry Smith, *Peter Warlock, The Life of Philip Heseltine*, OUP, 1994, p.205
13. Brian Collins, *Peter Warlock The Composer*, Scolar Press, 1996, p.61
14. *The Musical Times*, 1 September 1924, pp.844-46
15. Hubert Foss, *Warlock*, in *British Music of Our Time*, A L Bacharach, (ed) Pelican Books, 1946, p.72
16. Barry Smith, *Peter Warlock, The Life of P Heseltine*, OUP, 1994, p.206-7
17. *ibid*, p.200
18. *The Times*, 24 February 1931 (PWS Newsletter No. 82, p.14)
19. *ibid*, 6 December 1931 (PWS Newsletter No. 62, p.15)
20. BL Add. MS 52909
21. BL MS Mus 1590.1



When I heard that this year's Warlock Society AGM was going to be held at Shipley I felt an immediate interest, one reason being that John Ireland is buried there and I had not seen his grave since attending his funeral in 1962. Another was that the meeting was to be held in Hilaire Belloc's windmill, still a working eight-sided smock mill and very similar in origin to the converted mill some ten miles away in which I had so often visited Ireland. Add to that that we were promised a dinner in *The Countryman* Inn, followed by a concert in Shipley church including some Warlock, Britten and Vaughan Williams, and the prospect seemed very interesting indeed.

And so it happened that on the fine morning of 3 May, Malcolm Rudland called at my Battersea flat, having promised me a door-to-door lift. We set off with all the élan of 'Yarmouth Fair' and the journey had its own interest, Malcolm's car being a 1969 Morris Traveller made largely, it seemed to me, of wood, and with its own repertoire of squeaks and bumps. Arriving safely at Shipley we saw the old Norman church and the nearby Mill but no sign of *The Countryman*, which we had mentally earmarked for an early lunch. Local enquiries established that the Inn was some distance away and could be reached by a walk across the fields or, if motoring, by turning either (a) to the right or (b) to the left. Having negotiated one of these circuitous routes and settled ourselves in the garden, the first thing I noticed was a distant hill crowned by some ragged trees (remaindered by the 1987 hurricane) which I immediately recognised as Chanctonbury Ring, of which there had been such a wonderful view from Ireland's Rock Mill. Malcolm said that we might be able to visit that area later in the day.

The AGM was held at 2pm on the first floor of the windmill and afterwards we were treated to a guided tour of the upper workings, which turned out to be far more interesting and complicated than I had imagined, e.g. there were three different pairs of millstones at the same level, all off-centre and linked to the main source of windpower by the most complicated gearages. This mill was built in 1879, bought by Hilaire Belloc in 1906 and continued in active use until 1926. It is now preserved as a heritage site and is open to the public. (see article on p. 30)

We did have time to visit Rock Mill, though it has

become difficult to see owing to the trees that have grown up all around and to the fact that the grounds are securely padlocked by the sand-mining company that now owns it. When Ireland came there in 1953 to escape the noise of the heavy traffic in Gunter Grove, Chelsea, he found himself worried by more noise in the form of the sand-mining, then only at the rear of the Mill. Mrs Norah Kirby, the companion of his later years, wrote many letters of complaint about it. It didn't seem too bad to me in the days when I was playing Ireland's piano, but now the sand-pit almost entirely encircles the Mill, a desolate sight indeed. We then spent some time in nearby Steyning and I was able to see the house, 106 High Street, where Norah Kirby had lived after leaving the Mill and where I had often stayed. She simply worshipped the ground Ireland walked upon, but as her health declined she became somewhat Havisham-like, and on one visit I recollect seeing the 20-odd photographs she had placed around the 'Ireland Room' literally linked by cobwebs. The house is now a bookshop and the proprietor told me that when she took over the house after Norah's death it took several years to get rid of the smell of cats.

In Steyning we also saw the house where Victor Neuberg, the poet friend of Warlock, had set up the Vine Press. It was Victor who had published the poems that comprise *Lillygay* and Warlock had several times visited him and completed the *Three Carols* in Steyning.

The next item on the agenda was dinner at *The Countryman*, which had been expertly organised by Chris Sreeves, with all our menu choices pre-arranged. During the second course my neighbour on the left, John Mitchell, asked me how I had come to be a member of the Warlock Society, and my reply to this involved telling him how I had got to know Malcolm Rudland. This is a rather curious story which I think will bear being put into print. So here goes ...

In 2004, when I was signing my name in the book at a meeting of the Delius Society, a man looking over my shoulder said, "Oh, are you Alan Rowlands? — I've been wanting to meet you for a very long time". I turned to see a complete stranger who responded to my questioning look with, "you're the person who found me a room in Chelsea thirty years ago". I was completely foxed by this, as I had no recollection of any such incident, nor was I helped by the stranger introducing himself as Malcolm Rudland, a name then completely unknown to me. It turned out that the link was the composer C W Orr, whom Malcolm and I had both independently got to know in the 1960s.

Malcolm had been explaining his accommodation problems to Orr on a visit to Painswick in 1971 whilst he was conducting a tour of *Winnie the Pooh* in Bristol, and Orr had written to me then asking if I knew of a room a friend of his could rent in London. I wrote back to him suggesting the name of Lady Clavell Salter, whom I knew

rooms to let. She was a rather eccentric old lady, a friend of the family I lived with in Chelsea, and a music-lover who had been to some of my concerts. (I recollect that she once took a group of us to lunch in a West End club where I had my only glimpse of Dame Edith Sitwell — tall and Tudor-looking, though supported on both sides by a pair of female acolytes.)

So my letter was passed on to Malcolm, and soon after, while on his way to meet Judge Lionel Jellinek (a friend of Warlock) with Fred Tomlinson, he called on Lady Clavell Salter at her flat in Coleherne Court and found himself welcomed with open arms, indeed almost expected. I was meanwhile entirely oblivious of these developments and remained so for thirty-three years, but when I next met Malcolm, in 2005, he showed me the very letter I had written to Orr, and told me that when he first arrived at Coleherne Court for what he thought was to be an interview as a potential tenant, there was a Rolls Royce with a uniformed chauffeur outside, which immediately made him feel this was not the place for him, but Lady Clavell Salter opened her door with the words "Quick!, you must come and see your room whilst the sun is out". It turned out Malcolm had already been selected over a Roman Catholic priest, as she had discovered his mother was Hungarian, and she had very fond memories of the Hungarians she had harboured after their 1956 revolution. I had said about Lady Clavell Salter, "she's rather a funny old stick, but it might be worth a try". Malcolm lived at Coleherne Court from 1972 until her death in 1979, when he played for her funeral at the Servite Church.

By the way, if any Warlockians do not know the songs of C W Orr, I do recommend them—they are beautiful, especially the Housman settings. I used to meet Orr regularly for lunch at the Onslow Court Hotel in Queen's Gate on his visits to London from Gloucestershire and once accompanied a group of his songs in a Wigmore Hall recital at which he was present. This was in 1963, the year Malcolm got to know Orr when a music student in Cheltenham.

The final event of the day was to be a concert in the church (the AGM coinciding with the Shipley Festival) but before that we went to look at John Ireland's grave. This is marked by two prehistoric Sarsen stones intended, as stated on a plaque in the church, 'to symbolise the antiquity the love of which inspired much of his music'. The composer used to like to come to Shipley churchyard in his later life and was often brought there by Mrs Kirby — in particular to visit a 'delightful cat' of the neighbourhood with whom he had made friends. It will be remembered that John Ireland gave evidence at the inquest on Warlock's death and I notice that in the recently published correspondence with Alan Bush, Ireland writes that he had seen Warlock only a few days before, and that he (Warlock) was 'shortly going to write an article on my music'.

The concert programmed *Capriol*, but another item involved a solo singer by the name of Sarah Corp, and I remember wondering whether she could be related to a Charles Corp whom I had accompanied in Ireland's *Land of Lost Content* in Steyning parish church in about 1967. The next day Malcolm Rudland received a telephone call from this same Charles Corp asking whether that was Alan Rowlands that he had 'glimpsed in the church last night', though not seen since they had done an Ireland concert together in 1967. Well, of course it was, and Alan and Charles have since renewed their acquaintanceship via the telephone. Sarah is Charles's daughter. Another thread to this story is that 1967 is also the year in which Malcolm gave a concert in Cirencester with Charles Corp's wife, Penelope Birtles, when he was teaching there in the wake of Peter Maxwell Davies. So there have been some synchronicities in the musical lives of Rudland and Rowlands which have not fully revealed themselves until recently.

#### Postscript

P.S. Since writing the above I have had lunch with Malcolm Rudland and some further parallels have indeed emerged, particularly in regard to the way we both got to know C W Orr in the 1960s. In my case this was connected with the enormous passion I had for Delius in my early life and the story involves another rather odd coincidence.

So I had better begin at the beginning ... In 1945, as a boy of 16, I was the pianist for a Welsh Choir which my father had taken out to India on ENSA to entertain the British troops. We sang in many places, including Deolali in Bombay State, where there were thousands of troops waiting to come home and bored out of their wits (I believe this gave rise to the expression 'he's gone doolali'). In Calcutta we performed in the Garrison Theatre for a week and one of the things my father used to do was to get the two halves of the audience to sing two different tunes simultaneously. For instance, 'Pack up your troubles' and 'It's a long way to Tipperary' go very well together in this way. A review appeared in the *Calcutta Statesman* which was clearly very well informed musically and the writer referred to this combining of popular melodies as something which was often done in Bach's day, when it was known as a quodlibet, a word of which neither my father nor I (not knowing the *Goldberg Variations*) had ever heard. We wondered who this obviously cultivated writer could be.

In 1947, I went up to Jesus College, Oxford, to read chemistry, having won the only scholarship awarded to Welsh-born people on the results of the Higher Certificate, the then equivalent of A-levels. There I met a senior student called Denis Stevens, who was already showing signs of the musical eminence he subsequently attained. He played the viola in the Oxford String Quartet and with me he played Delius's second Violin Sonata in the Holywell Music Room. He was also music editor of the undergraduate magazine

*The Isis*, and knowing of my intense passion for Delius he asked me to contribute an article.

This article eulogising Delius was casually picked up in Balliol College Junior Common Room by an outside visitor to Oxford who had the same passion for Delius and was entranced to discover that there was another human being who shared it. This person, John Chaffer, sought me out and of course we became firm friends. It was John who, seeking out people who had any connection with Delius, discovered C W Orr and his music, and introduced him to me. We read Delius's letters to Orr with great interest and I still have photographs taken by Orr of Delius's house at Grez.

Meanwhile I had recollected that the review in the *Calcutta Statesman* had been signed by the initials D S and when I mentioned this to Denis Stevens it turned out of course that it was the same person! (He had been in the RAF.) It was well over half a century before I saw him again, which was when he had retired to Morden College, Blackheath, and a few years before he died he sent me a photocopy of the *Calcutta* article which he had kept all those years and in which my name is mentioned.

So for me to C W Orr, it was from India to Oxford, whereas for Malcolm it was only from Cheltenham to Painswick.

In 1962, as a 21-year old music student at St. Paul's Teacher Training College in Cheltenham, he had to prepare performances for a regular monthly student Sunday evening concert. On preparing some sub-standard Victorian ballads, his tutor, Evelyn Webb suggested he could find some better music. "Why not try some Warlock songs?" He was hooked, and when a long-study was required in his final year, Warlock was his chosen subject, and Evelyn Webb knew that a friend of Warlock's, C W Orr, was living in Painswick, so the link was made.

When Malcolm moved to London in 1967 as a BMus student at the RAM, he found a room in the vicarage of St Augustine's, Queen's Gate, 50 yards from the Onslow Court Hotel where C W Orr made his bi-annual visits, and met Malcolm there on many occasions. C W Orr subsequently wrote 'Recollections of Philip Heseltine' in *Newsletter 4* (January 1970) and once on a walk on Painswick Beacon, Orr recounted the Warlock limerick on himself that has stuck in Malcolm's memory. It is still recountable by Malcolm for a pint in any pub.



C W Orr

Alan Rowlands



Photo: Graham Dinnage



Photo: Graham Dinnage

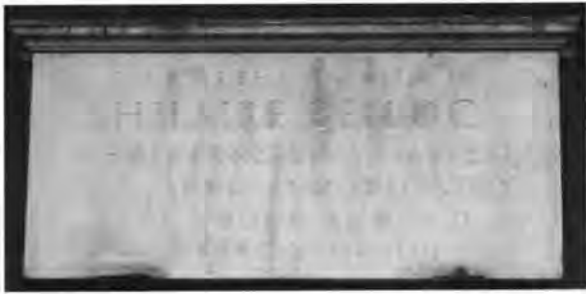


Photo: Graham Dinnage



Photo: John Mitchell



Woodcut by Hal Collins

top left Shipley Windmill  
 top right David French. Curator of the Shipley Windmill  
 square plaque Plaque to Hilaire Belloc on Shipley Windmill  
 circular plaque Plaque to John Ireland in Shipley Church  
 bottom From the Preface to *Merry-do-Down* (The Mandrake Press 1929)  
 E J Moeran, John Ireland, Alec Rowley, Peter Warlock

## AGM in Shipley

### Shipley Windmill

We arrived in Shipley, somewhat windswept, after a fast and exhilarating drive down the A24 in the then Chairman's Morgan. Our pace had slackened considerably as we drove through the meandering narrow lanes to the village. We parked by a hedgerow buzzing with insects, and walked the final few yards to Shipley Windmill. A sense of calm, other-worldliness descended upon us almost immediately.

The white sweeps of the windmill stretched above the trees against a clear blue sky as we walked down the track past the mellow red-brick house named Kings Land which had been Hilaire Belloc's home from 1906 until his death in 1953. The house and the mill were both silent and deserted. Gradually others arrived and we were soon greeted by the cheery figure of David French, current curator of Shipley Windmill, who was jangling a bunch of keys and we all passed under the stone plaque with its tribute to Belloc.

Shipley Windmill was built in 1879, by the aptly named Mr Grist and was the last, and the largest windmill to be built in Sussex. Just a few miles away, her eponymous sister, Halnacker (Ha'nacker) Mill, sits on a high ridge, looking in rather better shape than Belloc described in the poem set by Warlock. Belloc would no doubt have been delighted at the present condition of Shipley Windmill, restored to full working order in 1991. He apparently struggled to keep the windmill in good repair while it was in his ownership, but was thwarted by the dearth of materials and labour during and after the second world war.

Members of the PWS with a head for heights were invited to tour the windmill after the AGM, and given an informed technical and historical insight by David French. Starting from the top, the 'bin floor' where the grain starts its journey through the workings of the mill, we felt the top sway and swivel gently in the breeze, and had a view of the fantail, which directs the sweeps into the prevailing wind. As we worked our way down through the five levels we were shown how the grain feeds through into the millstones for grinding into flour.



Photo: Graham Dinnage

The brakewheel is a huge wooden gear mounted on the windshaft, fitted with wooden cogs made of hornbeam, each one individually mortised into the rim of the wheel.

The mechanism is largely composed of wood – huge wheels with cogs made from hornbeam, wooden chutes feeding the grain through each stage, and heavy timbers supporting the structure.

At the first floor level, there is a circular stage surrounding the mill. There we were able to stand directly under the sweeps and look towards the church, where we were soon to hear the concert featuring Warlock's *Capriol* (reviewed below). From here the village of Shipley seemed little changed from Belloc's time, and it was easy to imagine the farmers bringing their sacks of grain by horse-drawn cart to be ground by the great wind-powered machine.

Vivienne Cox

### Opening concert of the Shipley Festival

After the AGM in Shipley Windmill on Saturday 3 May and a dinner at 'The Countryman' we went on to nearby St Mary's Church for a Celebrity Classical Concert which marked the opening of the Shipley Arts Festival.

The Addison Singers conducted by David Wordsworth opened the programme with a performance of 'The Hills' by John Ireland who is buried in St Mary's churchyard. The acoustic of the church and the positioning of the choir may have contributed to a somewhat lacklustre performance. A copy of the words John Ireland chose for this setting (or attribution of their authorship!) was not printed in the programme, which was regrettable as this listener's appreciation of this (to him) unfamiliar work would have been enhanced had he known what the choir was singing about! There followed a sympathetic and spirited interpretation by the soloists Andrew Tortise and Richard Wainwright of Britten's *Serenade for tenor, horn and strings*. Andrew Tortise has a growing reputation as a soloist and interpreter of the tenor repertoire which this performance amply justified. This is music which cannot be fully appreciated without knowledge of the words set with such care and subtlety by Britten. As with the Ireland, no copy of these words was available and this did a positive disservice to composer and interpreter alike and probably contributed to the unwelcome applause which broke out in between movements, destroying the different moods which the musicians had so successfully created. Nevertheless, this was a memorable performance by all involved and the additional descant of the birdsong which accompanied the horn in the Epilogue – played from outside the west door – would surely have delighted the composer as much as it did the audience.

*Capriol* was given a decent though not over imaginative interpretation by the Bernardi Chamber Ensemble. The first half of the programme saw the choir and string orchestra joined by Sarah Corp (soprano) in a performance of *Ave Maris Stella* by Cecilia McDowell a

substantial work which explores the various facets of the conflicts of war in the context of the sea. This requires the singers to express changes of mood from the tempestuous to the serene – a challenge which the Addison Singers and their conductor David Wordsworth clearly relished. The soprano soloist, conscious perhaps of the need to project, allowed some vibrato to colour an otherwise pure tessitura.

After the interval the emphasis was on Vaughan Williams with Andrew Bernardi giving a moving performance of *The lark ascending* in which however the orchestral accompaniment was at times a little laboured. The familiar setting of *Greensleeves* which followed allowed the soloists Bruce Martin (flute) and Helen Tunstall (harp) an opportunity to warm up for their solo roles in the next work. This was *The descending blue* for flute, harp and strings by Cecilia McDowell commissioned by the Shipley Arts Festival and receiving its premiere. Cecilia McDowell is a prolific composer and has a distinctive voice – apparent in the earlier work and confirmed in this new piece. Inspired by the Gerard Manley Hopkins poem 'Spring' she makes reference to folksongs and hymn tunes with which Vaughan Williams was particularly associated. In paying this tribute to him she avoids the trap of pastiche. Lightweight music, perhaps, as compared with her other work in the programme, but it surely will find a place in the concert repertoire where smaller forces than a full symphony orchestra are required.

The penultimate item in the programme was by another prolific contemporary composer – Howard Goodall. His setting of the 23rd psalm written for a TV serial felt rather out of place, although it was given a vivacious enough performance.

The final scheduled item in which the performers and audience joined forces was the setting by Vaughan Williams of the *Old Hundredth* which he made in 1953 for the Coronation. The audience were not content with this and, insisting on more were rewarded by a dazzling virtuoso performance of 'Plink, Plank, Plunk' (1951) by Leroy Anderson – in celebration of his 100<sup>th</sup> year and the link between Shipley and the US – William Penn left here for to found the America's. We then all went home in joyous mood on this early May evening of English music.

Michael Walshe



Michael Walshe with our founder, Pat Mills, at Shipley

photo John Mitchell

## Publications

### London : a musical gazetteer

by Lewis Foreman and Susan Foreman

Yale University Press £14.95

*My full review of this appeared in Newsletter 80, but the unproofed graphics there rendered the last paragraph unintelligible, so I make no apologies for reprinting it again here. Do try the last paragraph again, as I intended.*

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

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

There are 12 entries on Peter Warlock, with nearly two pages of text about his connections with London, and there is a photo of his Eynsford cottage. There is also a photo of Felix Aprahamian in his garden with Messiaen.

The book's introduction spans from 1500 to 2004 and concludes, as many entries do, by inviting posterity for a reassessment in 50 or 100 years' time. A pungent style pervades throughout. Musical scandals from previous generations are gently but thoroughly discussed, but more recent ones are left out – for future generations to assess?

Teasers to now ask your friends include: What has Sir Arthur Bliss in common with Esther Rantzen, and Delius with Fanny Cradock? *The latters moved into homes of the formers.* Who wrote some Enigma Variations 80 years before Elgar? *Cipriani Potter.* Who was President of the Kensington Kittens and Neuter Cats Club? *Constant Lambert.*

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

Malcolm Rudland

### Warlock in Dorset

*The Square and Compass* – a Newman century written and researched by Ilay Cooper, illustrated and researched by Jack Daniels, designed by James Twist.

Isbn: 978 0 9555327 0 2.

Pub: 2007 at £7.50 from *The Square and Compass*, Worth Matravers, Dorset BH19 3LF. Tel: 01929 439229.

*Jack Daniels writes:* 'I was researching to illustrate a book on my favourite local pub *The Square and Compass* in Worth Matravers, Dorset. The pub celebrated 100 years of being hosted by the Newman family in March last year and the book was published to celebrate the anniversary. One of the items I scrutinized for the book was a visitors book covering from 1913 to approximately 1933. Alongside the names of many a holidaymaker appear the names of several special guests, including Augustus John and his lover Alex Schepeler. Many other artists and poets crop up throughout. Musically other names cropped up, like Judge Lionel Jellinek who played fiddle with local musicians when visiting from London. Of particular note was the discovery of Peter Warlock, who signed along with E J Moeran and a local eccentric, Trelawney Dayrell Reed.'

Jack lives in Swanage, Dorset, and would be more than happy to show the copied visitors book to anyone passing – in particular to those offering him a pint at *The Square and Compass* and the taxi fare home. It could be that some Warlockians may recognise other signatures in the visitors book. In the Newman family archives, there are also some photos, and some Warlockians might be able to put some names to some faces. Might any Warlockian like to make a pilgrimage and report back for the next *Newsletter*?

The book is well researched and contains names that might have Warlockiana connections. eg: 'On the page before that [Augustus] John so cavalierly tore out two composers, Peter Warlock and E J Moeran, signed in July 1924. With them are names ... connected with the English Singers, who played a major role in reviving Elizabethan madrigals. Warlock was then thirty. His music, influenced by Tudor work, Celtic culture and Delius, received recognition after WWI, 'Corpus Christi' being a lament for the war dead. He corresponded with Augustus John during the 1920s, so their simultaneous entries were probably no coincidence.'

Malcolm Rudland





## DVD Review

### Peter Warlock – *Some Little Joy* A Film by Tony Britten

produced by [www.capriofilms.co.uk](http://www.capriofilms.co.uk)

Tony Britten writes: At long last the DVD of our film 'Peter Warlock – *Some Little Joy*' is available on a brand new label – Signum Vision. It sells in all good record shops for £15.99, but you can buy it from the comfort of your computer for £13.25 including postage and packing, direct from the Signum website. Just go to [www.signumrecords.com](http://www.signumrecords.com), hit the tab marked DVDs and follow the instructions. On the payment page you will find a box marked 'vouchers', type Warlock into the box and your discount will appear. You can also order by phone, on 020 8997 4000, quoting the 'Warlock' code. Discs are available in PAL (UK and Europe) and NTSC (USA and Japan) format.

Included in the disc package is a full booklet with articles by Barry Smith and myself (kindly sponsored by the PWS) and a director/leading actor commentary which you may find intriguing.

This offer runs for a limited time only, so please take advantage of it. The consensus among the Warlockians who attended the screening at *The Antelope* some time ago was that I hadn't let PW down! Do tell anyone you know about the DVD, I don't expect to ever recoup on the film – it was a labour of love, but it would be nice to return something to the people who put time and money into it. More importantly, buying and talking about the film may help promote a wider appreciation of this unique composer, who has led me a merry dance through the years!

Yours sincerely Tony Britten,

writer/director – Peter Warlock – *Some Little Joy*

Why have we not seen this wonderfully subtle and intelligently artistic film screened on mainstream terrestrial television? It would then give the opportunity of enjoyment to a wide discriminating audience, for, in essence, it is first and foremost a keenly observed drama concerning a gifted, high-spirited composer hounded by a personality illness that at last, tragically and pitifully, brings him down.

One needs hardly any previous knowledge of Peter Warlock or Philip Heseltine (and Mark Dexter in the role superbly manages the split) to get drawn into the threads of the drama, for such is the glamour of the individual scenes, the accuracy of the period detail, the sumptuousness of pastoral charm and realisations of interior chambers, that any audience would soon respond to its allure. This would then, undoubtedly, lead on to further expressions of interest in the composer's life and work, and a return to a yet profounder enjoyment of the film.

But for Warlockians and anyone interested in 'The

Eynsford Years' it is surely a gift of even greater value. Put aside occasional chronological discrepancies, even biographical invention, enjoy it as a 'film drama' and I'm certain a most sensitively drawn portrait of Heseltine will emerge: it might not be a portrait exactly like another, but what decent portrait is? – yet it has a quality of veracity about it that is wholly satisfying.

It is a finely constructed drama; time and time again I found myself uncovering links, leitmotifs, symbolism and inner symmetry. Yet, most strongly felt is the sense of 'the hunt' and 'the hunted', from the intrusion of the Hambledon hunt on winter cricket(!) to the sinister leering of a stuffed fox (surely Heseltine's depressive illness made manifest and startlingly 'personified') towards the end of the film.

There isn't much space here to applaud each and every niche of this fine film, but I must just mention the wonderful portrayal of 'young Mr Moeran' (played by Richard Dempsey). Here is not the famed, rubicund farmer figure of later photographs; here is a gentle, almost baby-faced character, full of shy charm and quiet nestling under the wing of his more extravert and quick witted chum. And there is, as far as I can glean from historical accounts, veracity in this image too. Indeed, one of the highest peaks, for me, of this film, is the trip to a Stalham pub to hear Harry Cox sing folksongs: what a stupendous scene! What singing! – so evocative of the old recordings of Harry Cox and of the scenes later described by Moeran; and again, how wonderful the detail within the inn, from Moeran's intense copying down of the folksong, to the reprimand of a local to Augustus John (played by Simon Masterton-Smith) for daring to interrupt! and Barbara Peache's (Lucy Brown) beery tobacco-fumed, happy drowsiness. This is a film of high order and I strongly recommend it.

Peter Thompson



At *The Windmill Inn*, Stalham (c.1926):  
Augustus John (far left), Peter Warlock (with berat),  
John Goss (with pint glass), Barbara Peache and E J Moeran

## CD Reviews

### **The Twelve Days of Christmas**

Royal Opera House Brass Soloists and Chorus with Matthew Rose (Bass), directed by Eric Crees.

Brass Classics BC3006

This recording was made at a live performance given in the Floral Hall, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in December 2005. It brings together an entertainingly varied programme of (mostly) seasonal music, all of it arranged and directed by the Royal Opera House Brass Soloists' Artistic Director (and Peter Warlock Society member), Eric Crees. If you are weary of hearing the traditional sound of an Oxbridge Christmas CD collection, then this might well be one to put on your shopping list.

In assembling this programme, variety has obviously been a prime consideration. Thus, we hear a spirited and extremely stylish performance of 'The King's March' and 'Prince Eugene's March' by Jeremiah Clarke, delivered with great gusto and finesse, juxtaposed with new arrangements of traditional carols, three pieces by Bach and an upbeat carol medley arrangement. Warlock is represented by 'Balulalow', 'When He is King' and 'Tyrley Tyrlow', and the latter receives a sparkling and vivid rendition – aided considerably by the imaginative and colourful orchestration of the arranger. Curiously, 'When He is King' receives a somewhat matter-of-fact performance, too operatic in character perhaps until, that is, the final verse suddenly takes on a warmth of humanity that is really very compelling indeed. A further, non-seasonal piece of Warlock is with the rich-toned bass soloist, Matthew Rose, in Eric Crees's own witty, clever and entertaining arrangement of 'Maltworms' which he has arranged from Warlock's still yet unperformed full orchestral version.

The arrangements of three of J S Bach's organ chorale preludes make for very interesting listening. The first, a very upbeat and rather strident interpretation of 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme' (the first of the six 'Schübler' Chorales), is perhaps a little rushed and lacking in expressiveness for my taste. In contrast though, Crees's arrangement of Bach's introspective setting from his *Orgelbüchlein* of 'Puer natus in Bethlehem' – played here with great sensitivity – is an enigmatic evocation of the sense of reverie and awe that is inherent in the original organ setting, whilst his exuberant arrangement of 'In dulci jubilo' (from the same collection) is masterful in its articulation of Bach's canonical counterpoint.

Perhaps the most entertaining items on this CD are Crees's arrangements of traditional carols. These include a high-spirited version of 'The Twelve Days of Christmas' – one of the real highlights of the disc – a superbly imaginative setting, full of witty references and

snippets of melodies (you can play 'spot the tune' in this one), all given in a sparkling performance, where the rich, full-toned operatic style of the singers is absolutely right for the music.

The disc concludes with Crees's Christmas Trilogy. This medley is yet another cracking arrangement, giving 'We three kings' in a way you will never have heard it before. This gives way to an unashamedly indulgent, chromatic treatment of 'Silent Night', in which the singers are supported by an ever-changing and inventive accompaniment, whilst the programme comes to a rousing conclusion with a delightfully swung jazz arrangement of 'Deck the Hall'. Recommended.

Graham Dinnage

### **Another organ Capriol**

VIP Records VRCD060

This attractively produced CD with a total playing time of 63:18 features the music of seven composers spread over seventeen tracks. It was recorded by David Coram on the organ of Romsey Abbey at the end of October 2007 to commemorate 150 years of the Romsey organ. Originally built into a north transept in 1858 by J W Walker it was moved into its present position thirty years later and has passed through various renovations, restorations and additions, including most recently a new nave division in 1999.

David Coram, Assistant Organist at Romsey Abbey, presents a well balanced recital beginning with an energetic rendering of the Scherzo Symphonique by Alexandre Guilmant. Another Scherzo of a totally different character by fellow Frenchman Eugène Gigout, deftly played, appears later on the CD which is interspersed with five tracks of Bach comprised of four Chorale Preludes and the first movement of the Trio Sonata No. 6. There are many interesting interplays in the programme structure throughout the CD, both within the Bach and the inclusion of other Choral Preludes by Anthony Scott and the Choral No. 2 by César Franck which at 13:39 is the longest single track. The 'Adagio in E' by Frank Bridge, like the Franck, takes us through the wide dynamic range of the organ.

In the Newsletter No. 64 – Spring 1999 Malcolm Rudland wrote a very comprehensive essay under the heading 'On Organising Capriol' in which he discusses in great detail the numerous versions of *Capriol* that have been arranged, transcribed, recorded and performed by a wide variety of artists. To this we can now add David Coram as arranger and performer.

Extensive programme notes are included, with passages in italics for those interested in the registrations used.

Philip Crozier

**A new 'Bethlehem Down' from  
Christmas at St. John's College, Cambridge**  
Hyperion CDA67576

The twenty two tracks on this CD follow in close succession, taking us from Advent through Christmas to Epiphany. Nine of the tracks are Plainsong Antiphons and there are three well-known Hymns: 'O come, O come, Emmanuel'; 'Lo! He comes with clouds descending' with a descant by former Director of Music at John's, Christopher Robinson; and 'O come, all ye faithful'. The scene is set with the tolling of the Chapel Bell and the choir begins in the Ante-Chapel with the Plainsong *Rorate caeli* and processes during the first Hymn to the choirstalls. During the last track, the Antiphon 'Hodie Christus natus est' the choir recesses and between times we are treated to a delightful selection of mostly unaccompanied carols, motets and anthems by Otto Goldschmidt, Herbert Howells, Edward Naylor, Judith Bingham, John Rutter, Gustav Holst, Francis Pott, Peter Warlock and Morten Lauridsen.

The whole CD, directed by David Hill, is beautifully sung with fine accompaniment by organist Paul Provost. The new arrangement of Peter Warlock's 'Bethlehem Down' by David Hill combines the accompaniment of the later solo-song version with the original for a capella voices. The first and third verses are sung respectively by boys' and men's voices in unison, with the piano accompaniment adapted to the organ, whilst the second and fourth verses are in harmony.

Philip Crozier

**Gossiana**

Divine Art dda 25048

One does not have to delve very far into Peter Warlock before coming across the name of the singer, John Goss (1891-1953), but this new CD conceived and sung by the enterprising Giles Davies explores the far wider range of repertoire that Goss promoted than just the songs by Peter Warlock.

In his *Anthology of Song*, published in 1926 Goss unashamedly states 'It is simply a collection of songs I am fond of. Most singers could compile a similar collection, and many singers should'. This CD is a similar collection of Giles Davies's from the repertoire of John Goss, and incorporates his 'Goss Male Quartet' just as Goss used his Cathedral Male-voice quartet, created from fellow singers in the choir of Westminster Cathedral under R R Terry.

From the choice of Warlock, my only query is, why has 'The lady's birthday' been omitted? Surely, it is one of the most hilarious of Warlock songs: 'A song sung by Mr Platt at Sadler's Wells and arranged (at least 150 years later) for Mr Goss and the Cathedral Male-voice Quartet

by Peter Warlock at Eynsford on Derby Day 1925.' Maybe they are considering it for a volume two!

Throughout, the singing is exemplary, the diction faultless, and a wide range of tone and colour coupled with the wide range of repertoire means that one's mind is always kept captivated.

The pianist, Steven Devine, also has a vivid sense of colour and there were moments when I wondered how many different instruments he was playing, the Elizabethan songs are almost lute-like, and the end of Schubert's 'The Grave-diggers longing for home' has the depth and resonance of a real double bass.

There are early and traditional English and French ballads, and sea songs (an especially moving 'Shenandoah' of which a 78rpm record Warlock sent to Delius, and in this recording incorporates a touching new coda by Danny Gillingwater, in which the 'rolling river' continues to ripple gently as the voyagers depart).

There are German Lieder, and English songs, including some of the songs Warlock dedicated to Goss, and others by Moeran, and Rebecca Clarke, together with van Dieren's 'Der Asra', a favourite of Goss's that echoes Warlock's interest in Bartók and cultivates three subtly contrasting voices of a narrator, telling the story of a ravishingly beautiful Sultan's daughter who asks a slave where he is from, only for the slave to hear that his brethren, the Asra, are those who die for love.

Malcolm Rudland



## Letter from America

### Pinky from Alaska on *The Curse of the Curlew*

In Newsletter 76, p.33, The Rev. Alfred 'Pinky' Stump wrote promising this for the next Newsletter. We are sorry it has taken him so long to make contact again. [Ed].

It will amaze, even horrify you to discover that Peter Warlock's masterpiece *The Curlew* – to us a moving, soul searching musical realisation of Yeats's despairing poetry is, to Nfargo peoples of the Lower Mptzwe Valley – a national sport. Yes, sport. In fact, it forms the central section of a extended and arduous coming of age ceremony. After a long and perilous trial, boys attain the status of manhood, enabling them to take teenage wives and legally claim Social Security. How do I know this and how does this relate to *The Curse of the Curlew*? Read on.

Life was tricky for a child living in the mild squalor of Freezy Water, not a stones throw from Ponders End, Middlesex. The Rectory attached to St Reg. the Mellifluous (Patron Saint of Whistlers) was a cold unloving barn of a building with nothing for the lonely boy to do but keep a wary distance from Mr Peebles the assistant organist. I was that lonely 10-year old fast-moving child. My father, the Reverend P F Sprout had little time for children, he was far too busy doing good work. One glorious day in 1926 (a Thursday) when while playing 'avoid the organist' I chanced upon a secret priest hole behind the panel of the third footman's decommissioned privy. It was a surprisingly large room, stale from lack of use. There was a dusty collection of primitive photographs showing naked young men doing sport at close quarters. Among piles of papers I found a photograph of my adored mother (which I still treasure), jodhpurs, tweed bodice, flying helmet, strangling a goat. One might call it her party piece. She loved strangling animals. Also there were hundreds of letters, all of them between my father and a certain Lionel Trubshawe. It was carefree schoolboy stuff for the most part:

Dear Plunger, Missing you horrid. Seminary dull, none of the other chaps up for japes. No takers on apple overturning the Bishop's day bed ... much love Squiffy.

Going through them, I got the picture of what life had been like for Trubshawe or should I say 'Plunger.' He was a couple of years older than Squiffy, my father, and on receiving his ordination was sent by the Bishop of Bush Hill to Lower Mptzwe. From his letters it sounded like a particularly wild place, full of pagan rituals and fierce women. An upright and cultured chap, Plunger arrived after a three month journey with the bare essentials – full dinner service for eighteen, trouser press, inflatable cricket net, cor anglais (with 10 year supply of reeds),

wind up gramophone and a copy of (and here's where my jaw dropped to the floor) a shellac pressing of Nellie Melba singing *The Curlew*. Hold it! *The Curlew*! Cor Anglais! Inflatable Cricket Net! Peach Melba! Could it be the same piece of music? No, surely not? Let facts speak for themselves: the first shellac record was issued in the 1890s so that's OK, but *The Curlew* was written in and around 1920, Yeats's poems in the 1910s. The problem was that Plunger was writing to Squiffy in 1905? Yes, a decade or so before anyone considered that the call of a curlew had any charm whatsoever. This undoubtedly is something of a bombshell to you Warlockians. There's the question of authenticity. Is this a whole new other *Curlew*, or is it a literary and musical precursor to the Warlock one? Did Yeats come up with the idea or not? A woman singing *The Curlew*! Eek!! But this is sidetracking us. Back to the jungle. Piecing together information in the letters, it seems as if the primitives he was missionary to grasped only some of the civilisation he brought. Not one ounce of the religion, alas, but absolutely all the music. Within a couple of months of Plunger's arrival, there were tea dances. They built a bamboo band stand for afternoon glee club singalongs. They performed Handel's *Messiah*. Most bizarre however, is that aspects of this *Curlew* recording were adopted into the young men's coming of age ceremony. Apparently, on day three of the ritual, after successfully 'felling tree using only your teeth' and before a night in the snake pit, the initiates had to dance the charleston for two hours in the blazing sun, to the section of *The Curlew* beginning 'I know of the leafy parts the witches take', all the time with the cor anglais strung to their testicles. This is where the tale becomes dark and desperate. Poor Plunger. It appears he undertook the manhood ritual himself to appease the tribal Gods and create goodwill with the village elders. It was during *The Curlew* dance that he stubbed his toe on the cor anglais octave key. This broke the skin, which later became infected, he got a chill etc...etc... In his last letter, scribbled in a frail, wavering hand, he explained about the kindness of the tribe. How they had eventually stopped laughing at his speaking voice which, since the accident had changed from basso profundo to mezzo soprano and how that the elders had bestowed on him the honour of a warrior's funeral, 'spit roasted and served with a green salad.' What became clear to me then, sitting reading in that dusty room, was why my father always blasphemed whenever I put my record of Peter Warlock's *Curlew* on the wind up gramophone. For a man of the cloth, it was quite an earful. It was in fact – *The Curse of the Curlew*.

The Rev. Alfred 'Pinky' Stump

## Obituary

**Lesley Bastable** (21 May 1918 – 6 July 2008)

*In 1963, Lesley Bastable became a founder committee member of the Peter Warlock Society, and remained so until she retired to York in the 1980s. Based on the funeral oration given by Gillian Scott, this obituary has been written by Lesley's niece, Jennifer, who has followed in her aunt's footsteps, and joined our committee. [Ed]*

She was, in many ways, the ideal aunt. Her character could be summed up by her unfailing youthfulness of spirit. She had a great love of company and, of the many interests that illuminated her long life, abiding passions for clothes and music. Her nephew and two nieces were made unfailingly welcome, and granted licence they would never have been allowed at home. My teenaged sister was allowed to try on Lesley's vast wardrobe of clothes, to experiment with her make-up, even to sample gin and tonic for the first time (not something she admitted to my parents!); the high-spot of my own youthful visits was to sort through a wondrous boxful of the buttons culled from various outfits.

Lesley lived for some years in Cornwall, where her parents owned a school; on their retirement, she moved with them to a house in Richmond-upon-Thames. Her musical activities in London encompassed choral singing, concert-going and, in 1963, attendance of the inaugural meeting of The Peter Warlock Society. She once told me that her chief recollection of the Society was of 'holding everyone's coats', despite which she had quite a fund of anecdotes about Society proceedings and her fellow-members. She became a life member of the Society but, as time passed, found it increasingly difficult to attend events: and logistically impossible to do so after she moved to York, where a rejuvenated Lesley threw herself wholeheartedly into a new circle of friends and new activities, as a qualified guide in York Minster and a stalwart (and Friend) of the York Early Music Festival. Many a concert did we attend together.

Following some years of increasing confusion and a few months of ill-health, Lesley slipped quietly away on a Sunday morning. She will be sorely missed.



Lesley Bastable

## Future Events

**Saturday 25 October 2008**

**Warlock in Chelsea**

*See details on back page*

**Saturday 25 October 2008 at 1pm**

Yamanashi Elwa College, 888 Yokonecho,

Kofu, Yamanashi Tel 055-223-6013

<http://www.y-eiwa.ac.jp> and

**Friday 31 October 2008 at 7pm**

Philia Hall, Yokohama, Tokyu-Square South 5F, 2-1-1

Aoba-dai-Aoba-ku, Yokohama Tel 045-985-8555

<http://www.philiahall.com/j/index.shtml>

Admission free

**Ronan Magill piano**

Handel, Bridge, Warlock (Five Folk Song Preludes) and Chopin

**Wednesday 5 November 2008 at 7pm**

**Peter Warlock, Stock and Barrel!**

*See details on p.38*

The last Purcell School birthday concert was for his 98th, in 1992, when the school was in Harrow-on-the-Hill.

*No tickets are needed.*

*Admission for members and friends is free*

There will be a reception afterwards, to which guests are warmly invited.

This concert is dedicated to the memory of David Cox, who loved and admired Warlock's music, and who died in 1997. He was our *Newsletter* editor from 1983 to 1993. A collection will be taken at the end of the concert, which will be used to support 'The David Cox Award for Outstanding Creative Work'. Anyone who cannot attend but would like to contribute to this fund please send a cheque payable to the 'David Cox Award' to Alison Cox at The Purcell School, Aldenham Road, London WD23 2TS.

*All donations will be gratefully received to help encourage and support the work of talented young musicians. Sponsors are greatly valued, and will be invited to become 'Friends of the Purcell School', receiving all sorts of special benefits and invitations to our many musical events in different parts of the UK.*

The Purcell School is the oldest of England's four most prestigious schools specialising in music (the others being the Yehudi Menuhin School, Wells Cathedral School and Chetham's). Purcell has 170 pupils, all chosen for their outstanding musical ability and coming from all over the world, and has included many now-famous musicians and composers, such as Tasmin Little, Oliver Knussen, Janice Graham, Dru Masters and Nicholas Daniel.

**Saturday 9 May 2009**

Warlock AGM (venue to be decided)

Poster designed by Yuriko Watanabe

CAPRIOL  
Suite for String Orchestra

1. Basse-Danse

PETER WARLOCK

Wednesday November 5th at 7.00 p.m

A special event at the Purcell School celebrating  
Peter Warlock's 114<sup>th</sup> birthday



A unique collaboration between the Purcell School  
and the Peter Warlock Society

Programme to include;

Capriol - Warlock

Songs for voice and piano - Warlock

A Warlock Suite for violin and piano  
arranged by David Cox

First performances of new music

by young composers inspired by Peter Warlock

Phone Jane Hunt on 01923 331100 for further information

The Purcell School, Aldenham Road, Bushey, Hertfordshire WD23 2TS

[www.purcell-school.org](http://www.purcell-school.org)

## NewsBriefs

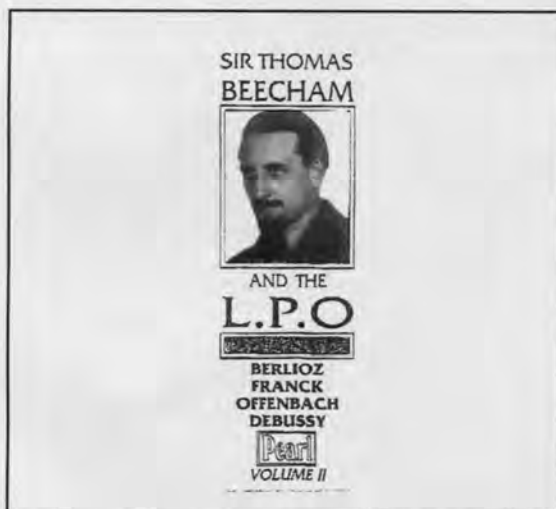
### Hire Library

Gary Eyre has now very generously taken over the hire Librarianship from Robin Crofton, and has housed it in the church where he is organist in Bayswater. He would like it to be known that he can usually only access it on Sundays, so it would be helpful if any requests from members would be able to take this into consideration.

By the time this *Newsletter* is published, a new complete catalogue of the material in the Hire Library will be available on our website: [www.peterwarlock.org](http://www.peterwarlock.org).

### The Composer on First Seeing Himself Represented as a Conductor

William Perry sends the following from New York



Now Pearl gives us Thomas the Conductor  
On CD in volumes through three  
Two show a picture of Beecham  
The third has a photo of me

Can some Warlock have changed out of likeness?  
Was Booze' muse in the print shop that day?  
Tho' my age is over one hundred  
This Phil for a Pill – will not play!

### Felix Aprahamian and *Private Eye*

Amongst the legends surrounding Felix Aprahamian is one that he once appeared in *Private Eye* (see editorial p.1) on account of reviewing a concert that didn't happen. It would have been around 1988/89 when Gennady Rozhdestvensky had to be replaced by a younger conductor who changed the programme, but Felix 'reviewed' the original work. If any of you have *The Sunday Times* cutting of that concert or even know the date, or have a copy of the alleged cutting from *Private Eye*, or know its date, or might know where a copy could be found, his biographer would be very grateful, and reports of this to the editor would be most welcome.

### Index of Recordings

Michael Pilkington has very thoroughly undertaken an index aimed at listing all the recordings of Warlock material ever made, and this is now available on our website: [www.peterwarlock.org](http://www.peterwarlock.org) in two forms. First by title of the piece, and secondly by details of the recording. If any members find any more recordings that are not listed, please do let Michael know for the next revision: [mikepilkington@lineone.net](mailto:mikepilkington@lineone.net).

### Peter Warlock Handbook Volume 1

Originally written by Fred Tomlinson in 1974, this is now being reprinted, edited by Michael Pilkington. Details of when it will be available, and how to obtain it, will soon be available on the website, or do feel free to contact the *Newsletter* Editor.

### Warlock and Szigeti

Joseph Szigeti's arrangements of four movements from *Capriol* have been reprinted by Carl Fischer, in a 40-page volume of his transcriptions and arrangements, edited by Eric Wen, selling at £16.

### My Music in London

John Amis has produced a 229-page perfect bedside book of his reviews and a miscellany, one of which is entitled 'Warlock in Rutland', which is the article John wrote for the *Peter Warlock Newsletter* 48 in Spring 1992, where he titled it 'What cheer, good cheer' after he had joined our jaunt to Ruddles Brewery in Oakham, Rutland. The book is published by him at £15, and is only available from him at Flat R, 17 Eccleston Square, London SW1V 1NS. Tel 020 7821 5444. Copies will be on sale at the Warlock Dinner where John is after-dinner speaker (see back page).

### News from Boydell & Brewer

Boydell and Brewer have some interesting books coming out in the autumn: a new biography of Beecham (with a CD of rehearsals), another on Ivor Gurney and Marion Scott, and a new life of William Alwyn.

Society members can purchase these with 25% off, and now also the Warlock letters at 35% off, by quoting the offer code: 08321, to [www.boydell.co.uk](http://www.boydell.co.uk), or tel: 01394 610600.

### and finally ...

The Peter Warlock Society would most whole-heartedly like to thank [www.musicroom.com](http://www.musicroom.com) for undertaking the cost of printing this *Newsletter*.

This website is where the music of many publishers is available to be bought on-line. A search for Peter Warlock in the composer section produces 72 results! Do explore and buy!



Issued on 29 September 2008

## Warlock in Chelsea

Presented by The Peter Warlock Society [www.peterwarlock.org](http://www.peterwarlock.org)

The Society promoting the music and life of Peter Warlock (1894–1930), the English composer who lived and died in Chelsea  
Hon. Sec. Malcolm Rudland 31 Hammerfield House Cale St. London SW3 3SG Tel/Fax 020 7589 9595 e-mail [mrudland@talk21.com](mailto:mrudland@talk21.com)

### Saturday 25 October 2008

11am

The Upper Room of *The Antelope Tavern* Eaton Place London SW1 8EZ

*The nerve centre of the Peter Warlock Society – see memorabilia on the walls of the ground floor back bar*

**First showing of Mike Fogarty's c.45-minute DVD of the Warlock/Delius jaunt to Marlotte/Grez in July 2008**

It is unlikely that copies of the DVD will be available for sale on the day, but orders can be taken at £25 including postage

**followed by a Social Lunch (just order at the bar)**

2.30pm

The Conference Room at *St Wilfrid's Convent* 29 Tite Street London SW3 4JX

*Opposite the blue plaque to Peter Warlock where he died on 17 December 1930 at 12a Tite Street (Now No. 30)*

**Pre-concert talk *New Wine in Old Bottles* by Roderick Swanston** President of the Incorporated Society of Musicians

**followed c. 3.15pm by**

***On hearing the last partridge in autumn* (2008)**

**A Warlock concert with Ian Partridge CPE\***

*The Curlew*, Purcell/Warlock Fantasias, a Locke/Warlock string quartet and Fred Tomlinson's *The Curlew Companion* with the Rasumovsky string quartet with Lynda Coffin *flute* and Sarah Francis *oboe/cor anglais*

Ian Partridge first sang *The Curlew* on 3 November 1969. This will be his last performance of the work.

**followed c. 4.45pm by**

**Tea, and a Grand Auction of Warlockiana with our auctioneer, Danny Gillingwater** Books, records, etc.

To offer items for this auction, please contact John Mitchell on 01227 832871 or [MMITCHELLJohn@AOL.com](mailto:MMITCHELLJohn@AOL.com)

**6pm for 6.30pm**

The New Chelsea Rooms of *The Sloane Club* 52 Lower Sloane Street London SW1W 8BS

*by courtesy of club member, David Le Lay, chairman of the Chelsea Society, and master of ceremonies on several Warlockian Jaunts*

**Dinner with John Amis**

**Talk and Concert: £15 (€12 to PWS members) Dinner: £40 to £45**

Booking for both through John Mitchell (see details below or phone 01227 832871)

**BECAUSE OF SPACE AND CATERING BOTH THE TALK/CONCERT AND THE DINNER MUST BE BOOKED BY 20 OCTOBER**  
and at the same time, please advise us if you are coming to the showing of the DVD and the Social Lunch at *The Antelope*

For the dinner, your choices of all three courses must be made to John Mitchell with a cheque to the Peter Warlock Society.

The price of the Sloane Club three course dinner (including service charges) is based on choice of main course:

£40 for pollock, chicken, hake or lamb, £43 for salmon or vegetarian options, £45 for Beef Rossini

**For two glasses of house wine, add £8.** Cash bar also available.

Full menu available on [www.sloaneclub.co.uk](http://www.sloaneclub.co.uk), or from John Mitchell at [MMITCHELLJohn@AOL.com](mailto:MMITCHELLJohn@AOL.com)

Booking with your choices of *all three* courses must be made to John Mitchell with a cheque to the Peter Warlock Society (non refundable after 20 October) and sent to him at Woodstock Pett Bottom Canterbury Kent CT4 5P

Those travelling from afar could stay overnight at *The Sloane Club* on the Friday and/or Saturday night

Per night: Single rooms from £114.00 Double/Twin rooms from £122.00 West Wing Suite £260.00

All prices include VAT and Club Breakfast

Please book direct with *The Sloane Club* 52 Lower Sloane Street London SW1W 8BS Website: [www.sloaneclub.co.uk](http://www.sloaneclub.co.uk)

Telephone: 0207 730 9131 Fax: 0207 730 6146 e-mail: [reservations@sloaneclub.co.uk](mailto:reservations@sloaneclub.co.uk)

\* Fred Tomlinson's *The Curlew Companion* is dedicated to Ian Partridge CPE (Curlew Performer Exempleire)