

Peter Warlock Society

Newsletter 98

The Journal of the Peter Warlock Society – Spring 2016

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Editorial

Welcome to *Newsletter 98* and once again we thank Music Sales for their generous support in printing it for us. My sincere thanks also go to those who have contributed to this and past editions of the *Newsletter*.

We start with another substantial article from Bryn Philpott, *Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press*, which is a sequel to his previous article in Newsletter 97, *Peter Warlock and the Fanfrolico Press*. Bryn has again undertaken a great deal of research on this subject and has succeeded in providing us with a concise and comprehensive account.

A 'new' letter of Warlock's has recently been identified. It first appeared in *The Spectator* in the edition of 6 January 1923. It is a response to a former letter sent to *The Spectator* criticising a poem by Edith Sitwell. John Mitchell has been looking into this exchange of letters and provides an insightful account unearthing some interesting information about Warlock and the poet Edgell Rickword.

Reviews include the 121st Birthday Concert at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester, as well as short account of the jaunt to Manchester. There are also reviews of two Christmas concerts and a Chelsea celebration.

There are two book reviews; one of selected writings of Felix Aprahamian and Devon Cox's book on Tite Street.

We were sorry to hear of the deaths of Derek and Jayne Davies, parents of PWS member Rhian Davies. Jayne had also been a member of the PWS since 1987. Derek's and Jayne's lives are remembered in this issue.

We are looking forward very much to our AGM weekend this year, which will be held at Eton College. See Page 3 opposite for details of the weekend's activities. I do hope you will be able to join us.

Please do write and send me an account, however brief, of any Warlock related events you may attend, or, indeed, anything at all relating to the world of Warlock that you think might be of interest to members.

Remember, I am happy to receive material for the *Newsletter* at any time, but to guarantee consideration for inclusion in the Autumn edition, **30 June 2016** is the deadline. My full contact details are on the front cover. I do hope you enjoy this edition of the *Newsletter*!

Michael Graves
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Warlock at Eton

Peter Warlock was an Oppidan at Warre House, Eton College from 1908 to 1911

Type 'Warlock in France' into YouTube for an 8 minute video on this. See also www.peterwarlock.org



Eton College Chapel (Photo: Steve Watkins, courtesy of Eton College)

YOU ARE INVITED

Saturday 23 April 2016

12.15pm Sherry at Ballards (*for invitations please contact Malcolm Rudland*)

from 12.45 Lunch at *The Watermans Arms* Brocas Street SL4 6BW : www.watermanseton.com

All at members' expense; mention Warlock to Gillian for lunch in their private room.

14.30 Tour of Eton College SL4 6DH meet at Porters' Lodge

15.25 The 2016 Danny Gillingwater pre-AGM sketch in the Music Schools Concert Hall

15.30 Warlock Society AGM in the Music Schools Concert Hall followed by tea
from **16.30 to 20.00** See Eton and Windsor and/or back to *The Watermans Arms*

20.45pm Warlock Concert in the Music Schools Concert Hall

Sunday 24 April 2016

9.50 Visit to College Library to view Warlock manuscripts meet at Porters' Lodge

10.30 Morning Prayer in College Chapel (*for invitations please contact Malcolm Rudland*)
(*to include The Birds and Quilters Non nobis, Domine*)

11.30 Lecture in the Music Schools Concert Hall by Dr Brian Collins

'All you wanted to know about Peter Warlock, but dare not ask.'

from **12.30** Back to *The Watermans Arms*

All events are free, but you must book Saturday 12.15 Sherry and Sunday at 10.30 Morning Prayer

RSVP, donations to, & for more details, including advice on accommodation contact:

Malcolm Rudland at 31 Hammerfield House, Cale Street, London SW3 3SG

Tel: 020 7589 9595, 07761 977155 or email: mrudland2@gmail.com

Articles

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press

Bryn Philpott provides a sequel to his article *Peter Warlock and the Fanfrolico Press*, which can be found on page 4 of *Newsletter 97*, Autumn 2015.



Dust jacket of *Merry-Go-Down* by Rab Noolas published by The Mandrake Press (1929)



In the last edition of the *Newsletter* we looked at the story of the Fanfrolico Press and in particular Peter Warlock's involvement in several of its publications. We shall now take a look at its short lived, but in some ways more interesting offshoot, The Mandrake Press that was to publish Warlock's *Merry-Go-Down*. Although their accounts of how the new press came into being differ, it was essentially the result of the drifting apart of Lindsay and Stephensen (for a variety of reasons) that led to its formation. More of this later but it would be worthwhile starting off by providing a brief background to its founder and the principal protagonist of the story, Percy Reginald Stephensen.

Stephensen was born on 20 November 1901 at Maryborough, Queensland, a second generation Australian

whose father was of Danish origin and mother of Russian-born Swiss extraction. After attending Grammar School, where he proved a competent sportsman captaining both the cricket and football teams, he continued his studies at the University of Queensland in Brisbane. Here, he acquired the life-long nickname 'Inky', after the popular wartime song: *Mademoiselle* from *Armentières* (with its well known refrain *Inky-pinky-parlez-vous*) due to his fluency in the French language. For consistency with the previous article, we shall stick with the other name with which he was commonly known – PRS.

It was at university that he first met Jack Lindsay who introduced him to Brisbane's intellectual and radical scene. In the years following the First World War, Queensland was a centre of certain revolutionary rumblings in Australia. The effective suppression of these by conservative forces was to make PRS's youthful political stance more militant. He soon became editor of the university magazine *Galmahra*, where he developed the skills as a satirist and polemicist that he was later to use to great effect. Here, he wrote various articles championing the idea of a proletarian revolution and in 1921 he joined the Communist Party of Australia.



His first collaboration with Jack Lindsay caused controversy with the university authorities when he published some of Lindsay's erotic poetry. They insisted on the unsold copies being recalled and, in future, the magazine would be censored before going to press. His experience on *Galmahra* taught PRS the rudiments of printing as well as the power of scandal, along with an early understanding of the effects of censorship. After graduation he worked for a few years teaching at a Grammar School, when much to everyone's surprise (including his own) he won a Queensland Rhodes Scholarship and left for England in August 1924 to read philosophy, politics and economics at Queens' College, Oxford. Here, he continued his political activity by joining the small university branch of the Communist Party, alongside the likes of A.J.P Taylor, Graham Greene and Tom Driberg.

Controversy was never far away and he was nearly sent down for distributing pamphlets in support of Ghandi, and was actively involved with the General Strike condemning what he saw as a right-wing TUC when it failed. Such

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

activity was to bring him to the notice of MI5. After this his attention turned to organising the Workers Theatre Movement, a sort of propaganda theatre in London, and wrote several plays, one of which was entitled *Stanley's Pipe Dream* set in Stanley Baldwin's smoking room at 10, Downing Street. Before his final exams, he helped Tom Driberg in the staging of a *Homage to Beethoven* which was intended to mock what they felt was the seemingly endless series of events commemorating the centenary of the composer's death. This involved a concerto featuring a typewriter, an extended megaphone solo and concluded with a WC flushing offstage and a door slamming!

As we have seen in the previous article, PRS became re-acquainted with Jack Lindsay when the latter came to England and, in 1927, conspired with him to become business manager of the Fanfrolico Press. The friendship flourished for a couple of years and he learnt much about publishing; however, towards the end of 1928, their working relationship was becoming strained. PRS had become disillusioned with the Lindsay philosophy feeling somewhat constrained by the direction Jack was taking with the Fanfrolico Press. He felt he had contributed much to its success and wanted a say in its future. Jack, for his part, was concerned with some of the extravagant financial decisions made by PRS and worried that these would threaten the future of his press. This unsatisfactory situation rumbled on for a while and the idea of a separate press in which PRS would be the directing mind had been tentatively discussed, perhaps as an adjunct to the Fanfrolico.



It was just after his affair with Betty May had ended that Jack took a much needed holiday to Italy on PRS's suggestion. He visited the writer Norman Douglas who had given him an open invitation to stay. Whilst there, Douglas introduced Jack to Pino Orioli, the publisher of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and Orioli showed Jack photographs of some of D.H. Lawrence's paintings. Although he didn't feel that they were particularly important as paintings go, they would certainly be of interest as products of the writer and casually suggested to Orioli that they ought to be exhibited.

When he returned home, Jack wrote to Orioli repeating the idea of an exhibition and suggesting an accompanying



Percy Reginald 'Inky' Stephenson (1929)

book. It seems that Lawrence was open to the idea and, on 14 December 1928, wrote a letter to Jack where he stated 'Orioli wrote me from Florence that the Fanfrolico Press might do a portfolio of reproductions of my pictures, that hang now in Dorothy Warren's gallery. I think the idea is fun, if you'd really care to do it. I would write a little introductory essay on painting, modern painting, if you wished.'

Jack, however, had strong reservations about the Fanfrolico publishing the paintings due to their subject matter. At the time the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks (nicknamed by PRS and others as 'Jix'), was carrying on a vendetta against Lawrence and was looking for any opportunity to prosecute him. As the Fanfrolico Press had itself sailed somewhat close to the wind with their editions of *Lysistrata* and *Petronius* (barely avoiding censure by limiting the publications as privately printed for sale to subscribers only), Jack felt that, to publish the paintings,

Articles

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

would lead to certain legal action which the Fanfrolico Press could ill afford.



IMMEDIATELY prior to this, Jack had been approached by Edward Goldston, a Jewish bookseller who had shown an interest in the Fanfrolico Press. In 1926, Goldston had made his fortune by acquiring a vellum Gutenberg Bible from the Benedictine Abbey in Melk and selling it in New York for a substantial profit. He was looking to invest in a press but at the time Jack had declined his offer fearful of the influence such an arrangement would imply. He had, however, kept in touch just in case he might need urgent financial assistance at some future point. On receiving Lawrence's letter Jack immediately thought of Goldston and approached him with the idea that he should set up a new press with PRS in order to publish the volume of Lawrence's paintings; he readily agreed.

Jack immediately wrote to PRS with the proposal strongly suggesting that he should sign Lawrence up to do the book. Jack thereby claimed the credit for giving him a new start with his own press with the backing of Goldston, as well as a certain financial success for their first publication.

PRS's account somewhat differs from Jack's. He had himself spent several days with Lawrence whilst on a business trip to Europe late in 1928 and, according to PRS, they had 'got on wonderfully'. They discussed many things, including the fact that he was planning a press that would be outside the influence of the Lindsays. He later claimed that the idea that Jack had, in effect, given him the book to publish was utterly fantastic. Lawrence, he stated, did not like Jack's writing or ideas and would never have consented to the publication of any of his works in the Lindsay-dominated Fanfrolico Press. It is certainly true that Jack had been critical of Lawrence in an extended article, entitled 'A modern consciousness', in the first edition of *The London Aphrodite*. For his part, Lawrence described the seven Fanfrolico volumes he received from PRS as being a waste of good printing. PRS later claimed, however, 'he [DHL] took a liking to me, and gave me his paintings to take to London'. This was not strictly true as the paintings were, at the time, already with Dorothy Warren, stored at her gallery. Jack and PRS rather publically disagreed over these circumstances in a variety of publications in later life.

Whatever the truth of the matter, the paintings were in the end published by the new venture that PRS was to name 'The Mandrake Press'. On 19 February 1929, the new venture was registered with PRS and Goldston as partners. PRS would run the press from offices owned by Goldston near his bookshop at 41, Museum Street, London WC1. Goldston would provide the initial capital alongside his valuable knowledge and connections within the book world. They would each share in the profits but it was agreed that PRS would also continue with the Fanfrolico until the final instalment of *The London Aphrodite* was issued in August 1929. The name of the new press was in hindsight well chosen, a mandrake being a poisonous plant with a forked fleshy root that resembles human form. Formerly used in herbal medicine and magic, it was said to shriek when pulled from the ground.



AN exhibition of the paintings was to be given at the Warren Gallery, in London, and it was decided that publication of the Mandrake volume should be planned to coincide with the exhibition. PRS needed to borrow the paintings for reproduction but problems with finding a printer prepared to take on the work slowed progress and meant that compromises had to be made over the quality of the images. Several letters were exchanged with Lawrence over the proofs and he wrote extensive comments on the reproductions of individual paintings. He initially appeared disappointed with them but, after accepting the limitations of the reproduction process, became on the whole pleased stating that 'sometimes the reproduction succeeds very well as a whole, even when it doesn't follow the original very exactly'. All this meant delays and the Warren Gallery were becoming decidedly concerned and were demanding the paintings back so that they could mount the exhibition. The launch would now have to be during the summer which was not, commercially speaking, the best time for London showings.

The Mandrake edition entitled *The Paintings of D.H. Lawrence* was finally published in June 1929 and was their first book. It was printed by the Botolph Printing Works at Holborn in a standard limited edition of 500 copies on Arches mould-made paper and sold for 10 guineas. There was also a special signed edition of 10 vellum bound copies printed on Japanese vellum which sold for a staggering 50

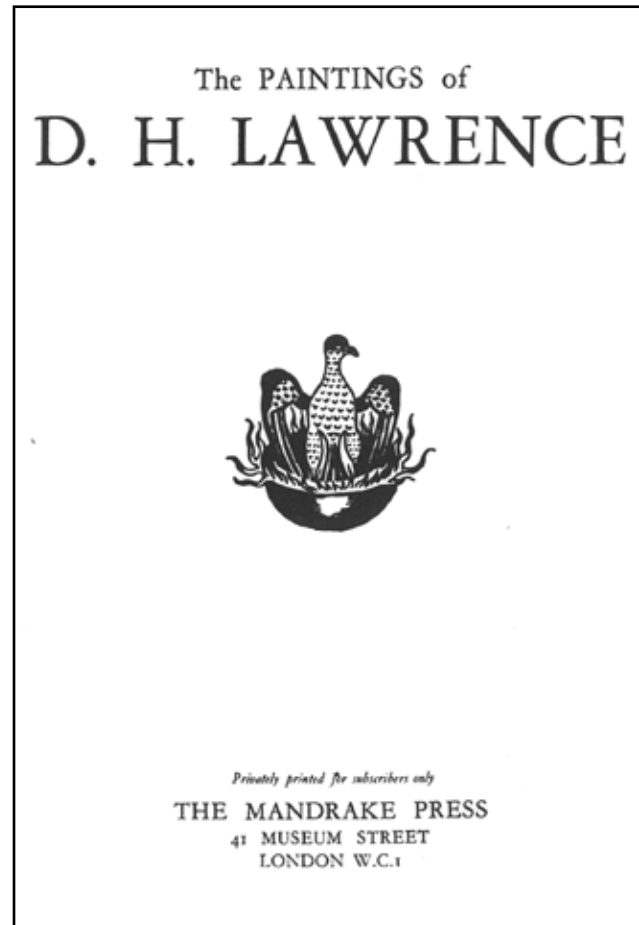
Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

guineas each. The volume comprised of colour plates of 15 oil paintings and 11 water colours along with a woodcut of Lawrence's and the customary Phoenix on the title page. Lawrence also wrote an extensive introduction to the paintings and the state of art in general, asking Jack Lindsay to look over the draft and check some historical facts. Over half of the edition quickly sold via pre-publication sales.

The exhibition opened on 14 June 1929 and proved a major success for the Warren Gallery with nearly thirteen thousand people visiting in the first three weeks (each paying the shilling entrance fee). On 15 June, the Aga Khan visited the gallery and, apparently, liked the paintings but, on the same day, two policemen also attended. They returned on 5 July on the authority of the Home Secretary with reinforcements and seized 13 of the paintings (those that displayed pubic hair and genitalia) along with four copies of the Mandrake edition. Summonses were issued under the antiquated Obscene Publications Act 1857 and the case was heard on 8 August. The defence council stated that, 'The pictures were not painted with the idea of titillating obscene-minded people; they were painted by a serious minded artist dealing with art from a serious point of view and were not in any sense of the word pornographic'¹. The Warren Gallery had also obtained the support of the entire Bloomsbury group but the 82 year old magistrate, a Mr Mead hearing the case, dismissed this along with the expert evidence of painters such as Augustus John as being irrelevant and stated that 'The most splendid painting in the universe might be obscene.' Co-incidentally, the council for the prosecution, one Mr Herbert Muskett, had in 1915 prosecuted in the case against Lawrence's *The Rainbow*².

All of this came as a savage blow to Lawrence who wrote, 'Something inside me weeps black tears. I wish it would all go away'. He was unable to travel to England to defend his work due to the tuberculosis that was consuming him. In the event, the offending paintings were not destroyed as Lawrence had asked Dorothy Warren to negotiate a compromise whereby the paintings would be saved on condition they were returned to him in Italy and would never be exhibited again. However, the four copies of the Mandrake edition that were seized in the raid, including a vellum copy, were ordered to be destroyed.

One wit wrote of the case, 'the sole criterion adopted by the Police was the presence or otherwise of pubic hair



Title page of the Mandrake Press edition of
The Paintings of D.H.Lawrence (1929)

on the nudes.....As it has obviously come to splitting pubic hairs, the National Gallery will have many gaps on its walls'.

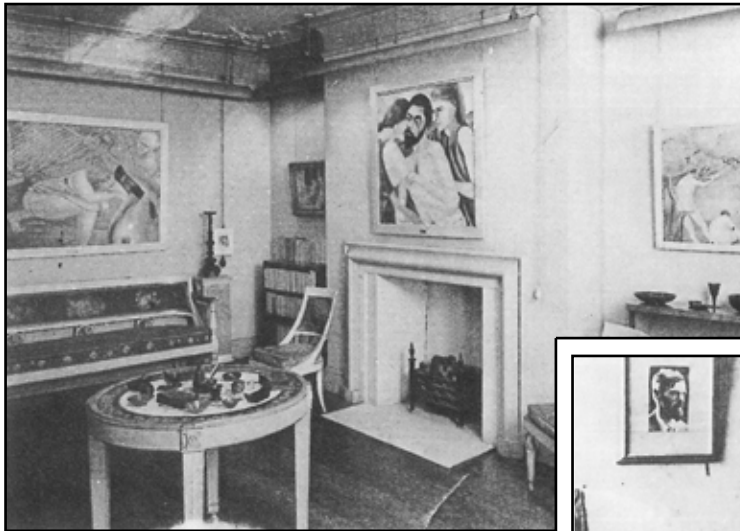
The resulting publicity meant that the remaining copies of the Mandrake edition soon sold out giving Lawrence £577 in royalties and both PRS and Goldston over £1,000 each over and above that which went back into the press. The first Mandrake publication proved to be a sensation for the press though the destruction of the four volumes angered PRS.



HIS hardened his involvement in an ongoing campaign against sexual and political censorship; his focus being the home secretary, 'Jix', and the editor of the *Sunday Express*, James Douglas. Douglas had previously led a press campaign against Jonathan Cape and his proposed publication of Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, a novel

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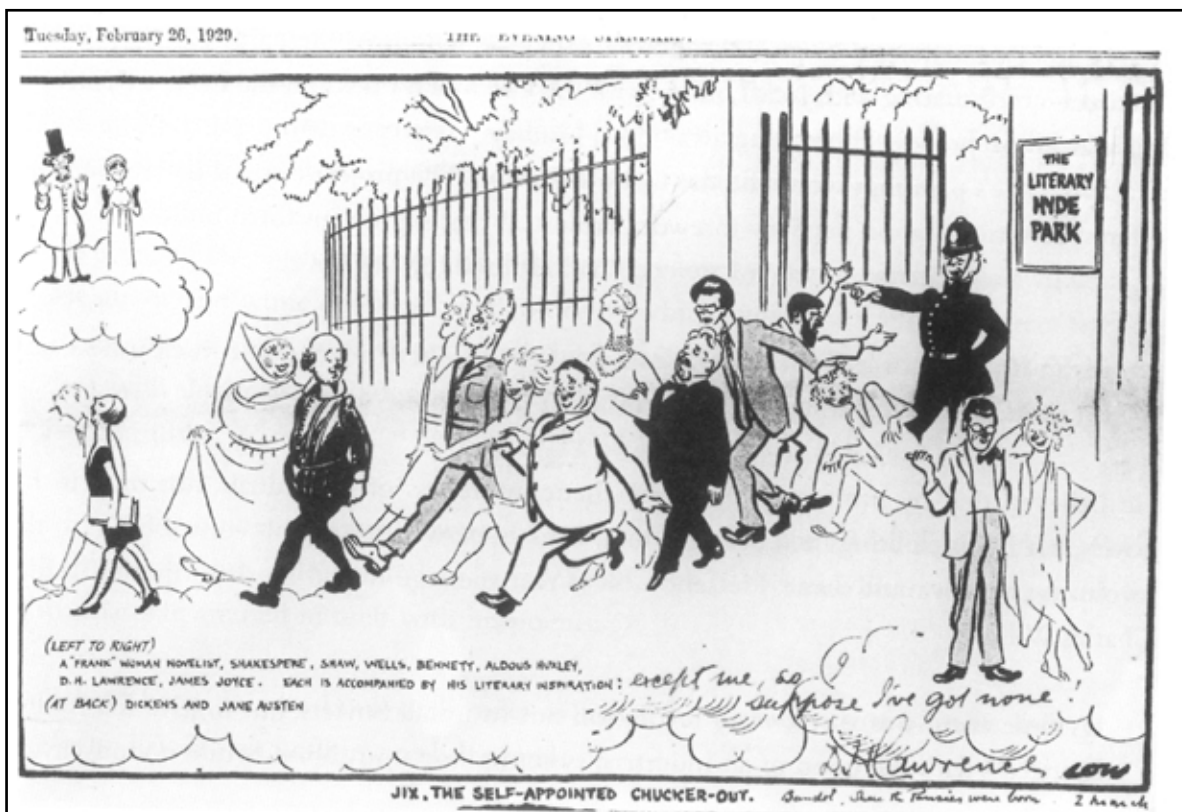
Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)



Left: The exhibition of D.H. Lawrence's paintings, held at the Warren Gallery, 39a Maddox Street, London W1, opened on 14 June 1929. The controversy surrounding the exhibition contributed to the successful launch of the Mandrake Press. Below: Dorothy Warren with husband and gallery partner, Philip Coultts Trotter. Warren was Ottoline Morell's niece and apparently met Lawrence at Garsington in 1915/16.



Below: *Jix, The Self Appointed Chucker Out* – David Low's cartoon from the *Evening Standard*, 26 February 1929. It is signed by Lawrence from Bandol on 2 March, with the amusing inscription regarding his literary inspirations '...except me, so I suppose I've got none! D.H. Lawrence'. A smaller addition reads, 'Bandol. Where the Pansies were born', a reference to the collection of poems that was privately printed for subscribers only by PRS.



Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

Hal Collins' illustration from *The Well of Sleevelessness*
(Scholartis Press)

with lesbian undertones. This led to it being dropped by Cape, who sent the plates secretly to France, though copies imported to the UK were condemned by 'Jix' to be burned. PRS published a pamphlet ridiculing Douglas entitled *The Sink of Solitude* (under the imprint of the Hermes Press) and followed this with another that lampooned Joynson-Hicks (under the imprint of the Sophistocles Press) entitled *Policeman of the Lord*. Both were strikingly illustrated by Beresford Egan. The pamphlets were said to have caused Radclyffe Hall 'considerable pain' as PRS had called her book 'dull and insipid' but his target was the principle of censorship and she was merely a weapon in his war.

Perhaps more of interest to Warlockian's followed the suppression of Nora C. James' novel *The Sleeveless Errand* in 1929. This was a less celebrated case than that of D.H. Lawrence and Radclyffe Hall. Her novel was set against the background of a dissolute bohemian life in post war London and was suppressed for its use of coarse language and perceived immoral behaviour. It was banned on the day it was due to be released by the Scholartis Press. Edward Garnett wrote in the preface to the French edition that its banning was, 'a mixture of moral righteousness and official Pecksniffery'. PRS penned another pamphlet (also published

by the Scholartis Press) amusingly entitled *The Well of Sleevelessness*. This was a series of satirical verse relating to two little girls Trixie and Jixie who 'Instead of being good little girls, Well behaved and coy. One of them used to put on trousers. And masquerade as a boy.' This was illustrated by none other than Hal Collins and sold for two shillings.

In the last year of D.H. Lawrence's life, PRS did take a number of risks on his behalf, including lending his name to an unexpurgated edition of Lawrence's *Pansies*³ published with the socialist bookseller Charles Lahr. He also published, with Lawrence's approval, a secret illegal English edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* that falsely bore the Florence imprint (in the event it was issued after Lawrence's death). Neither of these were Mandrake productions and PRS perhaps hoped for the publicity that legal action would attract. In an interview for *The Manchester Guardian* on 16 August 1929 he stated, 'If this case should come before the courts, I should most certainly press for a definition of obscenity for the guidance of publishers in general'. No prosecution ever ensued. There was, however, one further Lawrence publication this time under the Mandrake imprint and this was an extended reworking of his essay 'My skirmish with Jolly Roger' entitled *A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Though signing a contract, Lawrence had second thoughts and wanted to suppress its publication but the Mandrake insisted on their contractual rights and finally published it 10 days before Lawrence's death in the March of 1930; invoking his final comment on the subject 'Oh, that Mandrake - vegetable of ill omen!'



WITH the great success of the Paintings volume, Goldston was only too pleased to let PRS have a free hand with the press and he immediately set to work on compiling a list of works to be published. Unlike the Fanfrolio Press, where Jack Lindsay had an aesthetic mission to which he stuck fairly rigidly, producing mainly high brow volumes, PRS had no such self imposed constraints. He wanted to try out a variety of areas for publication aiming to appeal to a general readership. His next book *Amorous Fiammetta* was a finely printed limited edition in the Fanfrolico style but he was also to produce unlimited editions. A particularly attractive series of small hard bound volumes were published in a consistent format under the 'Mandrake Booklet Series' written by contemporary authors such as

Articles

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

Rhys Davies, Liam O’Flaherty, Edgell Rickword, Philip Owens and several Australian writers – W.J. Turner and Jack McLaren. PRS even published his own series of short stories entitled *The Bushwhackers: Sketches of Life in the Australian Outback* in this format.



THE Mandrake was also to publish *Merry-Go-Down*, a drinkers’ volume that was being compiled by Peter Warlock, who was by then a friend and drinking partner whom PRS had first met during his Fanfrolico days. The idea of a toppers’ anthology had first been suggested back in Eynsford and, now that Warlock was once more living in Wales, with time on his hands, he was able to start work on the book. By the autumn of 1928, his ideas were beginning to formulate. He intended the book should be really comprehensive, and ‘... contain as many odd, unknown, and out of the way pieces as possible.’ Although as yet he had but little material and only two illustrations, he was already thinking about a publisher. On 7 October 1928, Warlock wrote to his friend Robert Nichols ‘Thanks very much indeed for mentioning my Toper’s anthology to ‘Chatto and Windus’. I had quite an enthusiastic letter from them, but you must have given them the impression that the MS and the illustrations were already in existence. The book is as yet an embryo; however, if only Colly will set to work on the illustrations, it should not be long before the copy is complete.’



However, good progress was made in the month that followed and, by the end of 1928, the work had largely been completed and it seems that, despite their initial enthusiasm, ‘Chatto and Windus’ were not to publish the anthology. On 1 January 1929 Warlock again wrote to Nichols to explain, ‘I have done my gallery of drunkards, illustrated by Collie, but it turned out much too improper to offer to Chatto – so Lindsay and Co have got it and I think will produce it expensively, in a limited edition.’ This is, perhaps, surprising as, according to Lindsay, they had by then fallen out and it is questionable whether the book would have fitted well with the ‘aesthetic’ position of the Fanfrolico Press. There were no such difficulties with PRS and it was agreed that the book would be published by The Mandrake Press; the inebriated subject matter would have appealed to him.

Jack Lindsay stated in *Fanfrolico and After* that, ‘it was a rather lightweight book, PRS mentioned, and although I had no connection with the Mandrake I offered to fill it out, which I did with some more 17th Century poems and a few ballades of Bloomsbury by myself. Heseltine of course should have been consulted, even though not putting his name to the book. PRS I suppose had expected me to get in touch with him, and I expected PRS. Heseltine angrily struck out all of the additions to the proofs.’

Perhaps a measure of Warlock’s feelings for the Lindsay aesthetic is given in a letter he wrote to Fritz Hart in Australia, on 6 August 1929, where he refers admiringly to Hal Collins’ woodcut illustrations for *The Parliament of Praters* but which were produced, he states, ‘.....under the auspices of that preposterous artist Norman Lindsay’s still more preposterous poetaster⁴ son Jack...’



WARLOCK must have thoroughly enjoyed working on the anthology and, by November 1928, had returned to London and was able to research and check on sources in the British Museum, a place where he felt very much at home. The offices of The Mandrake Press were also close by in Museum Street and opposite, was *The Plough Inn*, a pub that, like the *Fitzroy Tavern*, was a haven for the artistic and literary circles of London. Warlock would undoubtedly have spent time here as a drinking partner of PRS over a pint after working in the library; there appears to be much in common between them and PRS was also very much at home in the

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

pub. In his autobiography, Jack's brother Philip Lindsay wrote of PRS, 'You heard him approaching a pub many, many minutes before he flung wide the door and entered bellowing for drinks all around. Then would there be backslapping, laughter, excitement that seemed to tinkle thrillingly along the very glasses on the shelves. He stirred a pub to life. Tall, fair, handsome, noisy, generous, [a] merry fellow, whom no one could dislike...'⁵. He was said, by his friend Robert Hall, to have blown most of his share of the profits of the volume of Lawrence's paintings within three months by buying drinks for his friends.

Philip Lindsay's description seems to echo one given of Peter Warlock by Bruce Blunt for a radio broadcast⁶. For his part, PRS once described Warlock, as 'one of the most potent toppers in English history, and a man of erudition.' What better qualifications for such an anthology?



HE book's full title was to be *Merry-Go-Down: a Gallery of Gorgeous Drunkards through the Ages* and subtitled *Collected for the Use, Interest, Illumination and Delectation of Serious Toppers* by Rab Noolas⁷, an amusing pseudonym Warlock took from reading the sign writing (in reverse) of an etched glass pub door that read 'Saloon Bar'.

The anthology comprises over a hundred extracts that relate to alcohol, drinking and drunkenness. Even the title *Merry-Go-Down* is, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, an archaic slang term for Strong Ale. The items used ranged from ancient texts to some very modern writing; literally from Genesis to Joyce.



Rab Noolas / Saloon Bar



The caricatures of composers (from left to right) E.J. Moeran, John Ireland, Alec Rowley and Peter Warlock in Hal Collins' woodcut decoration for the 'Preface'.

In the preface, Warlock stated that the book is, '... made by toppers for toppers to read'. He clearly affirms that the objective of the book is to amuse and is intended for the delight of the converted in the hope that 'the English still possessed a shred of the old sense of humour which Puritanism, and dyspepsia, and newspaper reading, and tea drinking have nearly extinguished.' What he would have made of the current Chief Medical Officer's advice on drinking can only be imagined!

Warlock wrote to Bruce Blunt stating that he wanted the book to be, 'a drunkenly haphazard affair – with no chapters, or anything of the sort – but the items must have an artfully artless juxtaposition, especially in relation to the pictures.' A striking feature of the book is the illustrations made by Hal Collins, of which there are over 40 separate woodcuts. Amusingly, Collins decorated the preface with a rather charming caricature of fellow composers: E.J. Moeran, John Ireland, Alec Rowley, and Peter Warlock; all dressed in Elizabethan garb merrily toping. He even captured the ruddy complexion that earned Moeran the nickname, 'Monsieur Framboise' or 'Raspberry', as he attempts to play a beer jug as if it were a lute.



FTEN short of money, Warlock was keen to ensure that the book was a success and even acted as an unofficial salesman. On 17 June 1929, he wrote to Bruce Blunt clearly delighted with the book. 'In its present form, the book looks – and reads – very well. It should be out before the end of the month. If you can sell a few copies, I will send you some prospectuses. By carrying a set of proofs about with me, I have got quite a number of orders in various pubs. The jacket (with the Victorian gent) is most effective.'

Articles

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

The book was issued by The Mandrake Press in July 1929 in a 231-page limited edition of 600 copies. It was printed by the Crypt House Press Ltd, Gloucester, on Arches mould-made paper, hard-bound in buckram and priced at two guineas (equivalent to around £170 at today's prices).



ALTHOUGH the bulk of the undertaking was by Warlock and Collins, a number of the items were contributed by friends and acquaintances. For instance, Bruce Blunt contributed a poem entitled *The Drunken Wizard* and Arnold Bax apparently provided assistance by translating some text from the Irish. Notwithstanding Jack Lindsay's claims, Warlock chose to include Jack's translation of *Trimalchio Drunk* from Petronius: *Satyricon*, duly credited. There were other items included that had recently been published by the Fanfrolico Press. For instance, *The Drunken Mens Banket* extracted from *Parlement of Pratlers* and John Skelton's long and raucous poem *The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng*, an edition of which had been published by Lindsay in November 1928; his edition was illustrated by Pearl Binder.



Perhaps it was with a sense of mischief that Warlock included several passages from Genesis; as if to prove that even the Bible can at times be bibulous. He also chose to include texts of several songs he had previously set to music such as John Skelton's *Rutterkin* and the anonymous 16th Century poem *Away to Twiver*. The book was not restricted to ancient texts and he included a poem from his friend

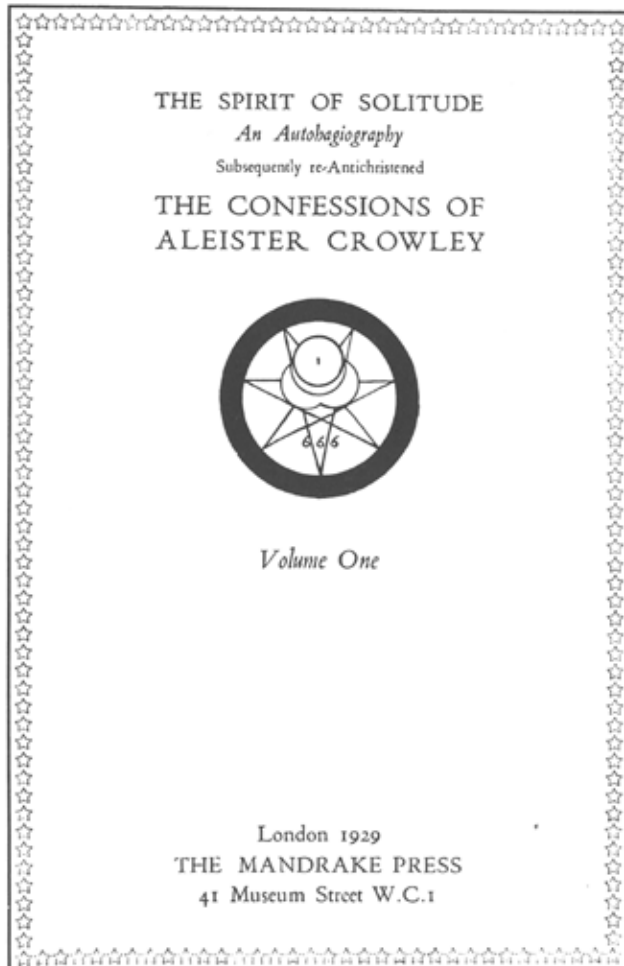
Victor Neuberg's *Lilligay* anthology *Sick Dick; or The Drunkard's Tragedy*: who suffered from an extended bout of the colley-wabbles! The inclusion of an extract from James Joyce's *Ulysses* of 'All off for a Buster' is claimed to be the first time this particular extract had been published in England, the book being banned here until 1936⁸. Finally, 'Rab Noolas' himself contributed the verse *A Drunken Song in the Saurian Mode* and a limerick entitled *Mothers' Ruin*.

It is clear that the anthology succeeded in its aims and fitted in well within the Mandrake's catalogue. *Merry-Go-Down* was re-issued in 1971 by SR Publishers Ltd, in co-operation with Merrydown Wine Co. Ltd; copies of this and the original edition can still be obtained from various second hand book websites.



IT was about a month before the publication of *Merry-Go-Down* that a certain Aleister Crowley walked into the Mandrake offices⁹, followed by his assistant Israel Regardie – an event that would change the fortunes of The Mandrake Press. Crowley, by then in his mid-fifties, was looking for a publisher for his autobiography but his reputation was such that publishers were reluctant to take it on and he could no longer afford to self publish. PRS was by now well-known for fearless, if not prudent, publishing so was an obvious choice for Crowley.

PRS agreed to take a look at the manuscript that had to be delivered into the office using a wheelbarrow. He later wrote of the work; 'The most extraordinary manuscript of modern times has appeared at the offices of the Mandrake. Weighing more than half a hundred weight and measuring nearly 600,000 words.' Known as the 'Beast of the Apocalypse' and vilified in the national press as 'The Wickedest Man in the World', Crowley's life and personality held an irresistible appeal for PRS, and he had come along just at the point when PRS was heavily involved in his crusade against censorship. Lawrence was by now quite ill and was unlikely to be around for much longer. PRS was therefore looking around for the next 'star turn' to be the centrepiece of The Mandrake Press and hoped Crowley's

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

Title page of *The Confessions: Volume One*
(Mandrake Press 1929)

books would replicate Lawrence's success. Crowley was invited back to the office on 28 June 1929 and a contract was signed for a series of short stories, published within the Mandrake Booklet series *The Stratagem and Other Stories*; he received a £50 advance.

In July, he signed a second contract for four more titles, including the novel *Moonchild* and his autobiography *Spirit of Solitude: An Autohagiography*¹⁰, which PRS had subsequently re-Antichristened *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*. PRS wanted this to be a finely printed book and he spared no expense at a time when the Mandrake's resources were becoming stretched. The first two volumes (of a planned series of six) were published in November and December 1929 respectively and were bound in white

buckram and sold for two guineas each. The third volume only got as far as the galley proof stage by the time the press had folded.

The problem for PRS was that Crowley was not selling well. The six volumes of *The Confessions* were only finally published in full in 1969 and in his introduction, John Symonds summed up the situation: '*The Confessions* might have paid their way, or even made some money, if the bookshops could have been persuaded to take them. But such was Crowley's reputation that the salesman employed by the Mandrake Press always, to their amazement, returned without any orders. Booksellers weren't having Crowley at any price; especially with his demoniac self portrait on the cover and the phallus-like feature of the A for Aleister in the oversized signature beneath it'.

By the autumn of 1929, the effects of the looming depression were beginning to be felt by small publishers. Goldston, who held the capital in the business, was beginning to become concerned with PRS's enthusiasm for Crowley and the extravagant production of his publications. Crowley was also becoming a nuisance by frequently visiting the office and interfering with its running. This somewhat amused PRS though not so Goldston: Crowley rather gave him the creeps. PRS later wrote that Crowley '... put the Basilisk eye on my unfortunate co-director, "Teddy" Goldston and frightened the hell out of him through sheer devilry'. This exaggerated Goldston's fears, but he had realised, after several months of dealing with Crowley, what a financial liability he was. His books were not bringing in sufficient cash to sustain PRS's ambitious programme. Lawrence was also concerned and wrote to caution PRS, 'I want to write you one day about your Mandrake list. I'm a bit sorry you've got Aleister Crowley at such heavy tonnage. I feel his day is rather over'.

On 9 November 1929, partly in an attempt to keep him away from the office, PRS installed Crowley and his wife in *Ivy Cottage*, a house next door but one to his own weekend retreat in Kent. Situated in Knockholt, not so very far from Eynsford, PRS had himself rented a cottage there since 1928. Apparently the villagers took a liking to Crowley, PRS recalled him, "... strolling down the street, muffled up like a polar bear, singing at the top of his voice ... 'Oh my gawd it's bloody cold, In the bloody rigging; Sister Susan's growing old, All along o'frigging ...' The local yokels loved him ..."

Articles

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

TRYING to revive the situation, PRS was looking to put on a display of Crowley's paintings. He wrote, 'This astonishing man has also painted over 200 canvases which will cause an artistic furore if he can be persuaded to exhibit them'. PRS tried several times to arrange an exhibition in the offices of The Mandrake Press to coincide with the release of *The Confessions*. An exhibition was finally held on 1 November 1929 against the will of Goldston who wanted nothing to do with it. PRS charged an entrance fee of £1 but the event was a failure and was ignored by the critics and public alike.

The outcome was a near estrangement from Goldston after arguments over some early expenses associated with shipping the paintings. He finally got cold feet and cut PRS's salary and, in frustration, temporarily closed the Mandrake offices for the winter. This was probably as much to do with his concerns over the effects of the Wall Street Crash on publishing generally. PRS had little option but to retire to his cottage in Knockholt. Rather disgruntled with the situation he wrote to Lawrence on 31 October 1929, 'I'm going on holiday from office work for three winter months; retire to the country and see whether anything happens to me in the way of writing a book. (Goldston of course will keep on selling the Mandrake books, and I shall come up to the office when necessary). But I am getting heartily sick and tired of this murky London. I have been brought up in the sunlight. When Spring occurs again, I suppose the Mandrake will put forth new shoots.' From this Lawrence was quick to interpret that the Mandrake was 'as good as dead'.

Though he attempted to write an autobiographical novel while in Knockholt, he soon became distracted by his near neighbours the Crowleys, who shared their cottage with his secretary Regardie. PRS took the opportunity to get to know the man over endless games of chess. Crowley also gave PRS access to a room full of his publications, press cuttings and manuscripts. Ever the optimist, PRS felt that



Museum Street with *The Plough Inn* (left), site of Goldston's bookshop (right) and The British Museum (far end).

(Photo: Bryn Philpott)

if the Mandrake was to succeed, then he would have to vigorously promote Crowley. His idea was to produce a biographical account of Crowley that could be prepared quickly and published cheaply.

The result was *The Legend of Aleister Crowley – A study of the Documentary Evidence Relating to a Campaign of Personal Vilification Unparalleled in Literary History*. Crowley had lent PRS his assistant Regardie to act as typist. The book was a study of the facts and sought to correct some of the public misconceptions of Crowley and attempt to end the mystery. It also carried on the crusade he had been waging against censorship and, in particular, with James Douglas. PRS described Crowley as, 'a dangerously good poet both in his poetry and in his life' (Crowley had modestly judged himself and Shakespeare to be 'England's greatest poets'). Though largely promoting Crowley, the book was not without criticism of him for deliberately seeking notoriety by baiting his enemies. The fall out with Goldston ensured that the book was not finally published until around June 1930, and was almost certainly the last title that he saw through to publication at the press.

With the Mandrake in temporary abeyance and his relationship with Goldston further deteriorating, PRS was anxious to avoid further losses and, on 9 January 1930 entered into correspondence with Crowley's business manager, Gerald Yorke. A plan was suggested for a financial

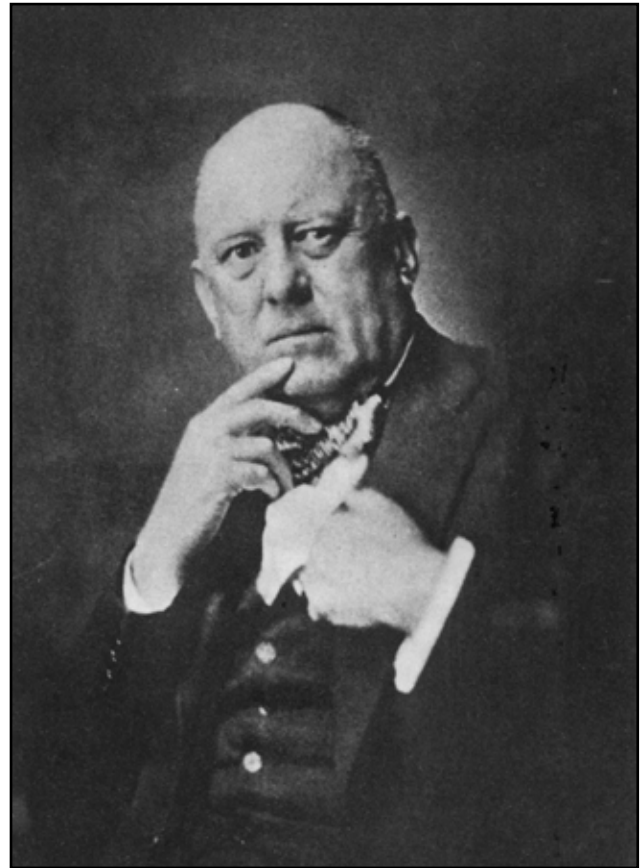
Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

syndicate to organise the production and sale of Crowley's books. This was to be named the 'Thelema Bookshop and Publishing Co Ltd.'. However, under the proposed scheme, Crowley was to be guaranteed an income of £1,000 per year. This proved an unlikely prospect and the capital could not be raised.



IN the end, a company promoter by the name of Major Robert Thompson Thynne (pronounced Tin) formed an alliance with several of Crowley's supporters, Gerald Yorke and Karl Germer, to take over the press as a limited liability company called The Mandrake Press Ltd. The intention was to continue with the existing authors but with special emphasis on Crowley. Goldston was, of course, relieved to sell the Mandrake and the new company was incorporated on 28 March 1930. The board of directors consisted of Thynne, Yorke, PRS and an associate of Thynne's, a Major J.C.S. McAllan. Shares in the new company would be purchased by the directors and a few of Crowley's supporters including Karl and Cora Germer, and Israel Regardie. PRS was to continue as business manager and would be left to run the press on his own and be paid a salary; Regardie would take up the role of Company Secretary. By May 1930, they had issued their first and only prospectus. Ultimately, they were only to produce a further six books.

Business dealings with Crowley became ever more difficult for PRS. Crowley not only tried to sue the old Mandrake partners, over the shipping costs associated with the art exhibition, but also tried to divert £500 of the funds to purchase the Aquila Press and form a merger with the Mandrake in an attempt to revive the earlier Thelema Bookshop idea, this time to be called 'The Magick Publishing Co.'. In exasperation, PRS wrote, 'I want absolute carte blanche for Mandrake Press Ltd to go ahead publishing your work, as and how I think fit, in consultation with Thynne and Yorke. I want you to regard Mandrake Press Ltd solely as your publishers, and not to prejudice the purely commercial side of that purely publishing concern with any of your fits and starts, Thelemite politics, earthquakes, and other distracting phenomena of art and nature, such as pin pricks, dogmatism, human chess, brawls, faux pas, bravado, braggadocio, pure bluff, brainwaves, and dementia precox, which tend to accompany your too personal intrusion into the world of practical affairs.'



Aleister Crowley taken in 1929
(Photo from *The Confessions*)

It is questionable as to who was exploiting whom, both were experienced businessmen and each wanted something from the other. Their relationship was of a quarrelsome bantering nature, with both giving as good as they got. However, they did manage to maintain essentially good humoured relations.

During the summer of 1930, PRS had a disagreement with Thynne and the other directors. He believed that they were not paying him enough for his services. He, therefore, made the curious decision to simply stay away from the press, convinced they could not do without him and would soon come to terms. However, they called his bluff and installed Wilfred Hanchard, former editor of the *Arts and Crafts* magazine, in his place. The company struggled on for a short while into autumn but failed to publish any more books. Crowley, with his further prospects for publication in England more or less exhausted, for the time being, soon left for Germany.

Articles

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

Towards the end of 1930, dissatisfied creditors were pressing for payment, both Thynne and PRS were arguing about money and PRS could not pay the debts that Thynne claimed he owed. A shareholders' meeting was arranged in November to voluntarily wind up the company and, when pressed for a financial statement, PRS was informed that more than £2,000 was owed to printers and there were still £4,000 worth of unsold stock. In fairness, the great depression had had a devastating effect on small publishers and its failure was probably inevitable as, indeed, the Fanfrolico Press was also to be wound up a month later. Philip Lindsay, in his autobiography, summed this up, 'Inky had the misfortune to start just when the limited edition mania was dying, and his efforts to combine reprints with general fiction proved too great a strain for the Mandrake's low finances. Wilfred had been called in after Inky's retirement, to see if he could salvage anything or open with a new, more lucrative programme, but it was hopeless...'

In their later accounts, both Crowley and PRS accused Thynne of being a sharp share dealer pocketing much of the capital. This may also have been as much a way of excusing themselves for its failure. Crowley had himself diverted Mandrake funds and Goldston had managed to extract almost as much as he had originally invested. Even PRS had been able to take £700 out before the final collapse.



HE Mandrake Press and its even shorter lived successor managed to publish some 31 books which was a remarkable achievement in such a short period of time i.e. less than two years (the Fanfrolico had lasted a little under four years). Even the *Observer* stated that the Mandrake had done the apparently impossible – created 'a new thing'. Though now consigned to the annals of history the name does live on as there is a modern Mandrake Press Ltd; based in Oxfordshire, that publishes Metaphysical, New Age and Occult products but, other than the name, it has no connections with the original company.

With the demise of the press, PRS lost his income and along with the onset of an English Winter, he fell into a state of depression. He grew more and more homesick and shut himself away – effectively going into hibernation in the house of a friend who had generously assisted in his time of need. A further blow came just before Christmas 1930 with

the death of his friend, Peter Warlock. PRS's biographer, Craig Munro states that 'On Heseltine's death Stephensen scribbled a memorial ditty, noting at the bottom 'Before turning on the gas Philip put out the cat':

Here lies the body of Peter Warlock, Composer
Who lived next door to Soames the Grocer.
He died of drink and syncope
To the lasting disgrace of the British nation¹¹

He goes on to say that he '...had much in common with Stephensen and Lindsay, being anti-Christian, an admirer of Nietzsche and steeped in the lore of booze and ribaldry ... Like his Australian friends he had seen his hopes and income evaporate, and his schemes for making money were 'touchingly naïve' ... but Stephensen's artistic ambitions were never so high, nor his depths of depression so low, that he ever considered suicide.'



ANAGING to scrape a meagre living by ghost writing and hack journalism, PRS remained with his wife to be, Winnifred, in England for several years. They eventually returned to Australia in 1932 initially to manage the Endeavour Press newly set up by Norman Lindsay as well a succession of other publishing ventures. He spent the next ten years championing Australian literary culture and defending Aboriginal rights.

For one reason or other his disillusionment with both democracy and communism lead him down the path of nationalism. In 1941, he founded 'The Australia-First Movement', which was a political pressure group that had a strong anti-British, anti-Semitic and anti-democratic agenda and showed admiration for both Germany and Japan. An alleged plot, that had in fact nothing to do with his movement, was the excuse for Military Intelligence (who had failed in a previous bid to ban the group) to arrest him and 15 others in 1942 and they were interned without trial for the remainder of the war on suspicion of plotting sabotage. One of his fellow internees was, in fact, John Kirtley, the original co-founder of the Fanfrolico Press.

After the war, PRS continued with his ghost writing, mainly for Frank Clune and was a founding member of the Australian Society of Authors. It was on 28 May 1965, at the age of 63, that he gave a speech at their annual literature night on the subject of censorship and his personal involvement

Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press (continued)

in the secret London edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. After receiving an enthusiastic standing ovation, he rose to thank the audience then collapsed and died on the spot – perhaps this was the dramatic exit he would have wanted.

FINIS
Which, being interpreted,
is
THE END

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Footnotes

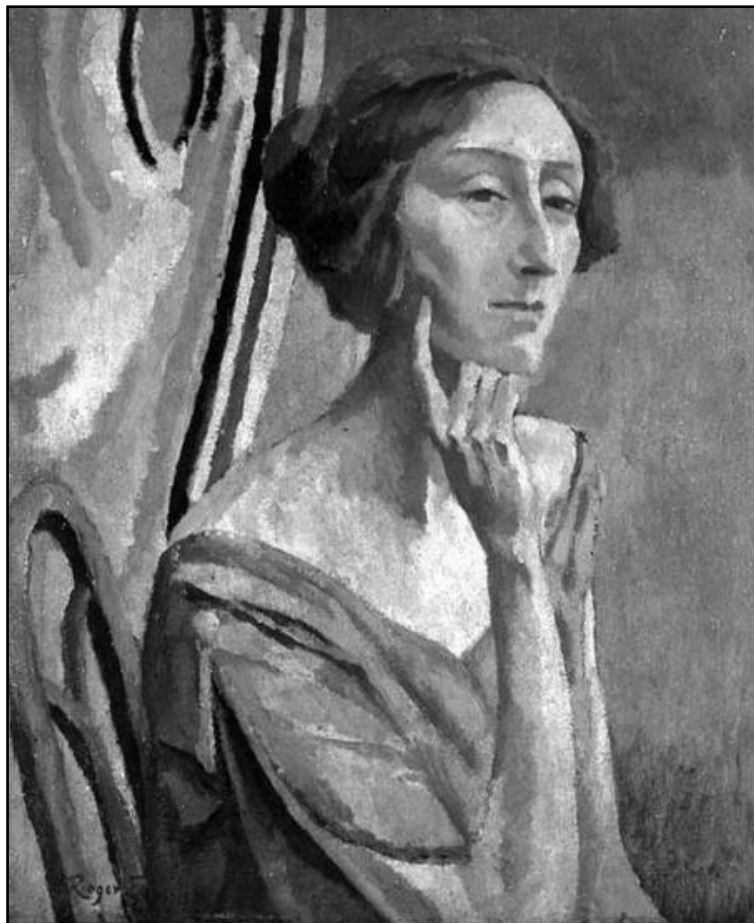
- 1 Bernard Causton and G. Gordon Young – *Keeping it Dark, or The Censor's Handbook*: Mandrake Press Ltd, 1930.
- 2 In 1916 Philip Heseltine had devised an ultimately unsuccessful scheme to privately print an edition of *The Rainbow* following its suppression.
- 3 Lawrence's best known collection of poems had previously been issued for public sale with a number of the poems removed. This complete edition was privately printed for subscribers only by P.R. Stephensen, 41, Museum Street, London. WC1. The name 'Pansies' was derived from the French word *Pensées* – meaning thoughts which, according to Lawrence in his introduction, come 'as much from the heart and the genitals as from the head'.
- 4 Writer of inferior verse.
- 5 Philip Lindsay *I'd live the same life over; being the progress or rather the circumgyration of*: Hutchinson 1941
- 6 *The World goes by*: BBC Home service, 16 December 1944 – An extract of the script is reproduced in *Warlock and Blunt* by Fred Tomlinson: Thames Publishing.
- 7 One of the many pseudonyms used by Warlock. Other beer related examples were Sniksneb E. Lapela (Benskins Pale Ale) and Sylcrab Nodnol Regal (Barclays London Lager). The Rab Noolas pseudonym was also used by Warlock in his light hearted correspondence with J.B. Morton (*Daily Express Beachcomber: Bye the Way Column* – November 1929)
- 8 A number of other extracts had in fact been published previously in the UK in *The Egoist* magazine in 1919.
- 9 There has been much speculation as to whether Warlock and Crowley had ever met. Whilst there appears to be no documentary evidence that they did, it seems likely that with Stephensen publishing their respective books around the same time that they might well have met in the Museum Street Office (if they hadn't met before).
- 10 An autohagiography is literally an autobiography of a saint i.e. one intended to flatter its subject.
- 11 From Stephensen's Papers (Fryer Library Brisbane): Warlockian's may recognise this as a somewhat sanitised version of one of Warlock's own limericks.



Articles

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry'

John Mitchell investigates the context surrounding a hitherto unknown letter from Warlock to *The Spectator*, and provides some background on the poet Edgell Rickword.



A portrait of Edith Sitwell by Roger Fry
(With grateful acknowledgment to the National Portrait Gallery)

Following the discovery of a previously unknown letter from Peter Warlock to Arnold Bax in 2013 (detailed in the Autumn 2013 *Newsletter*), it is very pleasing to report that our President, Dr Barry Smith, has recently happened upon another letter from Warlock that had slipped through the net of our knowledge of the composer's correspondence. By a curious quirk of coincidence some of the subject matter of this 'new' letter was referred to unknowingly in the article on *Warlock and Osbert Sitwell* that appeared on page 16 of the last (Autumn 2015) *Newsletter*. Here mention was made of Warlock's mild outrage (in his letter to Robert Nichols of 15 January 1923) at the way that *The Spectator* had underrated Edgell Rickword (who Warlock deemed the most significant poet of the younger generation), and how there was a failure to realise Rickword was (in Warlock's opinion) a far better poet than Edith Sitwell. The 'new' letter in question is one, partly in protest, that Warlock had written to the Editor of *The Spectator* a couple of weeks earlier, and it appeared in the 6 January 1923 issue.

Before examining the letter's content it is necessary, by way of setting its context, to go back a few weeks earlier in *The Spectator's* columns, and the story to be told here began in the issue of 18 November 1922¹, where a poem by Edith Sitwell² appeared. Entitled *Promenade Sentimentale*, it read as follows:

Professor Goose-cap³ Speaks:

ONE time when the cold, red winter sun
Like a Punch-and-Judy show shrilled in fun,
And scattered down its green perfume
Like the dust that drifts from the green lime-bloom,
I sat at my dressing-table (that chilly
Palely crinolined water-lily),
And watched my face as spined and brittle
As the tall fish tangled in a little
Dark weed, that sea-captains keep
In bottles and perpetual sleep.
My face seemed the King of Spain's dry map,
All seamed with gold—no one cared a rap
When I walked on the grass like the sheepish buds
Of wool that grow on lambs chewing their cuds.

The small flowers grew to a hairy husk
That holds Eternity for musk,

And the satyr's daughter came: I saw
She was golden as Venus' castle of straw,

And the curls round her golden fruit-face shine
Like black ivy berries that will not make wine.

With my black cloak (a three-tiered ship on the Main),
And my face like the map of the King of Spain,

Beneath the boughs where like ragged goose-plumes
Of the snow hang the spring's first chilly blooms,

I swept on towards her; my foot with the gout
Clattered like satyr-hoofs, put her to rout,

For she thought that I was the satyr king,
So she fled like the uncouth wind of spring

Across the sea that was green as grass,
Where bird-soft archipelagos pass,

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry' (continued)

To where like golden bouquets lay
Asia, Africa, and Cathay.

And now the bird-soft light and shade
Touches me not; I promenade

Where rain falls with tinkling notes and cold,
Like the castanet sound of the thinnest gold

In chess-board gardens where, knight and pawn
Of ivory, scentless flowers are born.

Edith Sitwell

The poem clearly created something of a stir, as several letters about it appeared in the Journal's pages over the next couple of months. Because Sitwell's style was so novel and unfamiliar to a great many of the poetry loving public of the time, some of the readers may well have wondered whether a deft hoax⁴ had been played on them. Whilst she did not pen outright spoofs, it is probable that the playful tone of some of Sitwell's verse, with its eccentric vocabulary⁵, sudden leaps and juxtapositions, must have cast a few doubts in some minds. The first response was a letter in the 16 December 1922 *Spectator*⁶ from Percy Waxman, Poetry Editor of the *New York Pictorial Review*. He thought *Promenade Sentimentale* a 'delightful poem', his only slight gripe being the questionable way that Sitwell had (right at the end) rhymed 'pawn' with 'born'. He continued: 'Am I wrong in believing that this is not a legitimate rhyme, or is it just an American idea that it is not a legitimate rhyme?' (Viewed from a British 21st century position, this seems a strangely petty quibble perhaps?).

The next letter to *The Spectator's* Editor was seemingly the one that spurred Warlock into action, and one that started a train of lively correspondence on the topic of 'difficult' poetry. Appearing on 30 December 1922⁷, it was from a W.H. Ward⁸ of 2 Bedford Square (London) and read as follows:

Sir,—May an old reader of the *Spectator* make an appeal to you in connexion with the poetry which you publish now and again? And that is that you would be so good as to provide some clue to the meaning of such verses as those by Miss Sitwell in your issue of November 18th. Doubtless, if one possessed the key the mystery could be unlocked. Perhaps the mention of Professor Goose-cap is intended for the key. But then, who or what in the world is he? As it is the

lines are wholly unintelligible to me. I shall doubtless have already proved myself a hopeless back number in literary taste, and when I make my further confession I shall be relegated by the initiated to the outermost berg of Philistia. Dare I make it? To one not wholly unread in the lyrics of the Greek anthology, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats—not to mention the discredited Victorians—such writing reads as a mere juggling with words, as alembicated as the most "conceited" of the "metaphysical" poets, and with little or no relation to the main currents of human life. We old fogies—for I cannot suppose I am alone in my bewilderment—would like to be told in plain language, suitable to our superannuated wits, what it is that is so much admired in works of this character, and above all what they are all about.—I am, Sir, &c.,

It could be that Mr Ward was indeed deemed to be not alone in his total bemusement, as later on in that *Spectator* issue there was an article headed *Obscure Poetry* written by the journal's Literary Editor, Amabel Williams-Ellis⁹, attempting to 'explain' part of the content of *Promenade Sentimentale*, with some general thoughts on how the meaning of poetry often makes itself known via a gradual 'seeping through' process. The first part of her article¹⁰ is reproduced here, albeit it in a truncated form (it being too long and beyond the scope of the present article to include in entirety):

THE reader will find in the part of this paper devoted to correspondence a letter in which a poem of Miss Edith Sitwell's which we published recently is complained of as difficult of comprehension. I read into this letter, too, a hint that a good deal of the poetry which we publish is crabbed or eccentric. Politeness alone, I fancy, has prevented my correspondent from asking further and more direct and personal questions. Are uncouthness and strangeness the qualities that I admire in poets? ... do I really like these things, or is it a pose? And if I like them why? ... May I, then, take this opportunity of explaining my attitude toward poetry that can be called eccentric so far as I can? It may be a little difficult to make myself clear as—to take the case of Miss Sitwell's poem as an instance—my pleasure in it is of a spontaneous and even rather naive sort and is hence a little difficult to analyse.

Articles

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry' (continued)

The first thing that an attempt at analysis reveals is that I am myself very far from completely understanding the poem even now after repeated reading. This slightly takes away from my pleasure in it, but only slightly, as what we call the "understanding" of a poem is generally the "pulling up" of our enjoyment on to the conscious plane. Nobody asks us to "understand" a picture or a piece of music in this sense before we enjoy it. We often have just the same simple enjoyment of a poem. In fact, it would hardly be too paradoxical to say that we cannot thoroughly enjoy any poem that we completely understand; that is to say, any poem which appears to us as completely devoid of mystery.

Upon first looking over a poem most readers instinctively make for the words or phrases that specially attract them. Hence they see the poem not as a coherent, logical whole, but as a series of high-lights. This makes a first reading. On first reading *Promenade Sentimentale* I found that there were a great many of these high-lights—phrases or couplets—that gave pleasure. Perhaps the reader has already noticed some of them. For example, to what could a flounced muslin dressing-table be better compared than "a chilly, palely-crinolined water-lily"? ... Again, the comparison of the man's wrinkled face to a map seamed with gold has a delightfully vivid, tactile quality. The next two couplets I skipped: they meant nothing to me; ...

Let us, then, add up this confession of a first view of the poem. Out of nineteen couplets this particular reader had understood and enjoyed seven sharply and about five in a general sort of way; the rest were either puzzling or seemed silly or uninteresting. The general placing of such a poem on to the debit or credit side of the poetical account would therefore depend on the sharpness and the pleasure that the five fully comprehended and assimilated couplets had produced. I think every reader will find if he searches his heart carefully that in the ordinary way about this proportion of complete comprehension and complete assimilation is all he asks from a poem, at any rate until he knows it well. If in two or three instances the poem produces the little electric shock of the entirely new vision or the sharp realization of some till now dimly-expressed feeling, he will, so to say, "give" the rest of the poem to the poet, partly out of a feeling that in receiving this much of the true gold he has already made a good bargain, partly from respect to the poet, who, since he has proved his ability to



Amabel Williams-Ellis, Literary Editor at *The Spectator* when Warlock had occasion to write in.
(With grateful acknowledgment to the National Portrait Gallery)

teach the reader in one respect, may quite possibly (in cases where they differ) be in the right rather than the reader. ... Whenever we have a change in the nature of poetry—even in the outward trappings of poetry—readers always experience this difficulty of getting into focus.

... a ... familiar instance of this sort of difficulty is Browning. I am sure that there must be many readers of the *Spectator* who can remember the age of Browning Societies. Browning was considered a poet so extremely obscure that it was necessary to found circles to study his poems; in fact, a considerable amount of research was expended in seeking out his meanings. ... The odd thing about the whole affair is that to us now Browning is not difficult to understand. ... It is nothing to do with superior intelligence in the younger generation, merely that mankind has acquired the knack. We have got the correct focus, and we can now read Browning's words as naturally as he wrote them.

At this point in the article Mrs Williams-Ellis then went on to mention that Edgell Rickword's poem *Terminology* had appeared in the current *Spectator* issue, along with

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry' (continued)

her reaction to, and understanding of it – but more of that later. She concluded by inviting readers to send in their own thoughts on the elucidation of obscure poetry:

Aspects of the subject which it would be interesting to hear discussed are such as these: In what instances does obscurity seem to spring from vacillating intention in the poet? In what instances is it justified by reason of the complication or subtlety of the thing to be conveyed? Can obscurity ever be justified as a purposeful device adopted to slow down and concentrate the reader's attention. Obscurity was, so to say, unconscious in Blake and conscious in Browning. Did Shakespeare know when he was being difficult, or Donne, or had their contemporaries got the focus which clarified the obscurity?

The next issue of *The Spectator* (6 January 1923¹¹) included in the letters pages the first responses to the invitation, and these included one from Sitwell herself, and one from Warlock (writing as Philip Heseltine). The former, first to appear, was quite short: congratulatory to those who had grasped the intent of *Promenade Sentimentale*, and patronisingly dismissive, with veiled contempt, to those who had not:

Sir,—Mrs. Williams Ellis's explanation of my poem, "Promenade Sentimentale," is so entirely admirable, she has understood it so well, and has explained it so clearly for that section of the public to which I myself belong, that I have, as far as they are concerned, no addition to make to her explanation. But for the comfort of another and more numerous section of the community, may I suggest to them that they should continue to realize that the poem means nothing; it is all simply nonsense; and I had merely picked words out of a dictionary with no idea as to their meaning, and had put them down anyhow and anywhere, with no feeling for relationship.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Edith Sitwell

Warlock's letter followed on immediately¹²:

Sir,—Mr. W. H. Ward dislikes Miss Sitwell's poem because he cannot understand it. Your Poetry Editor, though "very far from completely understanding the poem even after repeated reading," admires it.

It is implied that (a) one would necessarily admire the poem if one could understand it; (b) if one does not admire it one betrays lack of understanding. But is it not possible that (a) there is very little in the poem to understand; (b) that, having understood that little, one might still find it silly and uninteresting? Is it not rather probable that a poem which is unintelligible after repeated reading by a sympathetic critic who meets the author with a Polonius-like deference to certain naive comparisons is indeed void of intelligible content? Discussion of "modern tendencies," of which apparent obscurity is often accounted one, in poetry, as in music, is apt to lead to the association of utterly dissimilar artists for the sake of some purely superficial similarity. Recalling some of the articles on "modern music" of the early years of the century, with their references to "composers like Strauss and Debussy"—even to-day one sees the names of Delius, Schönberg, Bartók, Stravinsky and Scriabin herded together at random in a single sentence to exemplify some hypothetical conception of "modernity"—I regret to find the fashionable vendors of gingerbread verse, jugglers of little coloured balls of verbiage, associated in the columns of the *Spectator*, even by implication, with the author of "Terminology," a poet¹³ of real vision and creative imagination allied to an acute and penetrating intellect, whose little book, *Behind the Eyes*, is, in the opinion of more than one reader, the most significant contribution of the last ten years to English poetry.—I am Sir, &c.,

Philip Heseltine

Cefn-Bryntalch, Abermule, Montgomeryshire

As so often with Warlock's writings, he penetrates here the heart of the issue in question with a few well aimed, concise sentences, and suggests that the 'intelligible content' of poetry also needs to be taken into account (or at least that it cannot be totally ignored). Interesting too that he draws a parallel with music as regards the dangers of lumping together dissimilar artists simply because they are 'modern'. Also remarkable is the way Warlock briefly champions Edgell Rickword, an action so very much in character, bearing in mind how often he had lauded composers whose achievements he believed had not been sufficiently recognised.

In the ensuing few weeks a fair number of other readers wrote in to *The Spectator* to air their views, some



Edgell Rickword at the time of his World War 1 service

for, and some against the notion that it was acceptable for contemporary poetry to be obscure. *The Spectator* has an excellent (and with free access to!) online archive¹⁴, albeit with some issues missing, that can be referred to for those interested in delving into some of the other responses. One short letter I will quote here, as I found it slightly amusing. Appearing in the 13 January 1923 issue¹⁵, it was from a F. Inigo Thomas, of 2 Mulberry Walk, Church Street, Chelsea, and it nicely illustrated how some poets could smile inwardly at their obscurities:

Sir,—Apropos of Miss Sitwell's letter in your last issue and a reference to Mr. Browning in the previous one, I am reminded of a garden party at Venice some thirty¹⁶ years ago. Mr. Browning had been reciting one of his poems and as the applause died down he turned to a lady nearby. "You see what I meant, Miss Stephanie?" "I don't think I quite do," the lady replied. "Nor do I, nor do I," said the poet.

It would seem *The Spectator* finally closed its columns on the subject in its issue of 3 February¹⁷ when the Editor, before including shortened versions of the most recent batch of letters about *Obscure Poetry*, noted that:

So many communications have been received on the subject of Miss Sitwell's poem and our Literary Editor's commentary that we have been forced, in this instance, to forgo our usual custom of publishing correspondence at length.

Warlock and Edgell Rickword

It is possible Warlock may have become first acquainted with the work of Edgell Rickword in the later part of 1922. Writing in a letter (from *Cefn Bryntalch*) to Colin Taylor on 19 December of that year he describes, in favourable terms, what appears to be his discovery of the poet's writings:

When I was in London I stayed with a bookseller and came across a good few things. I told you, I think, about "Ulysses" – a most stupendous creation. And there's a very remarkable little volume of poems called "Behind the Eyes" by Edgell Rickword (published by Sidgwick and Jackson) – quite the best I've seen by any young and unknown writer.

In the aforementioned letter to Robert Nichols (of 15 January 1923) Warlock went further in confirming his praise of Rickword:

There is one first-rate poet writing in England (of the younger lot), Edgell Rickword – who has published a book¹⁸ with Sidgwick and Jackson, but scarcely anyone has ever heard of him and those who have – such as the idiot who writes about verse in *The Spectator* – seem totally oblivious of the fact he is a man of profound intellect writing not about little things in vogue at the moment but of ideas of no time and all time...

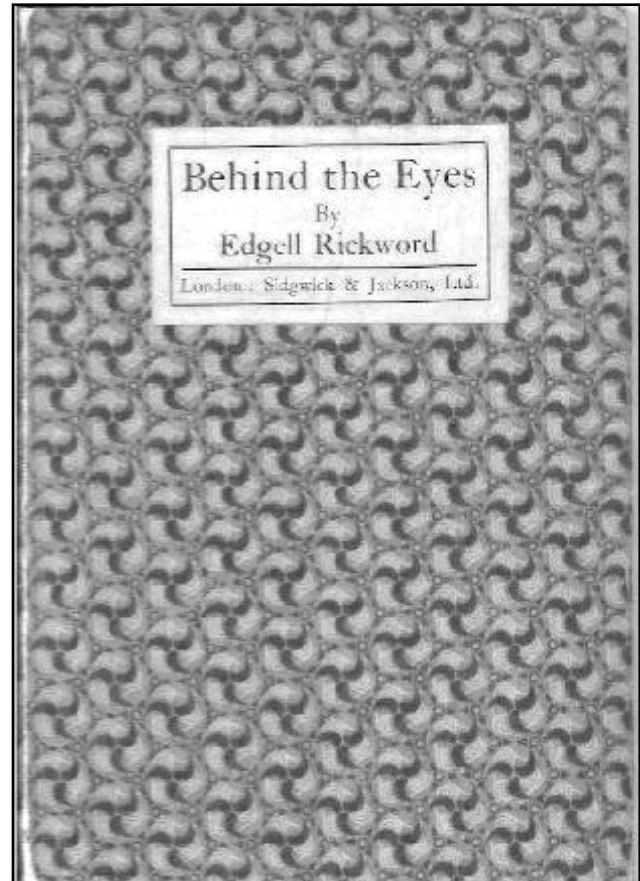
The 'idiot' referred to is presumably Amabel Williams-Ellis! In fairness, her commentary on Rickword's *Terminology* is quite perceptive in some ways, but before examining her thoughts it is necessary here to set out the text of the poem:

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry' (continued)

Terminology

Tress have been named, and brutes with shining skins
 And in pure darkness many a planet spins
 No living eyes have seen, yet men say "There
 Orion's gathering in his massy hair."
 New stars will burn when all our lights are gone.
 Our world moves slower and our Sun grows wan,
 Lighting pale girls who crowd the city's edge—
 Frail flowers that cannot pierce Time's thick ranked sedge.
 So in the cold faint mirror of the mind
 These syllables beckon the firm shapes behind,
 Though Ecstasy, that lofty unicorn,
 Starts at the bidding of no common horn;
 But lingers ghostly in mysterious moods,
 A milky angel hid in flowering woods.
 Except a strangeness from the nameless comes
 We shrouded lie within sepulchral homes.
 Speech is most precious when the words we use
 Leap to an end the speaker did not choose,
 As sometimes leopard from the accustomed haze
 Breaks, and the beast moves down his leafy ways;
 Or one unheedingly may call up whales
 Smashing the city with their tails.
 These are but emanations out of Sense,
 Intangible stuff, vortices in the dense
 And universal stillness, wherein birds
 Lie folded that not yet have winged from words,
 And other novel qualities that be
 No less substantial than our He and She;
 Departments still unopened, stores of Worth,
 For mystery is commonplace when Earth
 Moves through symbolical forests. But the pure
 Intractable substance is not thus obscure,
 And in clear forms the mind may crystallize
 The word-cloaked phantoms that delude our eyes—
 By means of passions, ecstasies, deceits
 Of sense and reason and the brutish heats.
 Then the familiar trees and fair-named flowers
 Shut in the four-fold stuff of space and hours,
 The curious elephants, like women grown
 Too gentle in a habit not their own,
 And all fierce lives subdued to what they seem,
 Shed their coarse husks and naked in Time's stream
 Stand up unsullied, out of the Sun's beam.

Edgell Rickword



The first edition (1921) of Edgell Rickword's *Behind the Eyes* which so impressed Warlock.

This poem appeared in the same 30th December 1922¹⁹ issue of *The Spectator* as Mrs Williams-Ellis's article²⁰ on 'Obscure Poetry', and extracted now is that part of the latter that details her reaction to *Terminology*, and how its 'meaning' suddenly dawned on her later:

... We are printing in this issue ... a poem of Mr. Rickword's which is to my mind a good example of rather difficult poetry. I must confess that on a hasty first reading this poem conveyed little or nothing to me, except that I noticed, of course, the beauty of certain lines and some curious, rather funny, prosaic effects. For instance, the lines about the "department store" seemed comic. At the same time, it had obviously been written with a considerable amount of emotional élan. Isolated passages were attractive. What the general drift of the poem was I had no idea. I showed it to two colleagues, both "working poets,"

Articles

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry' (continued)

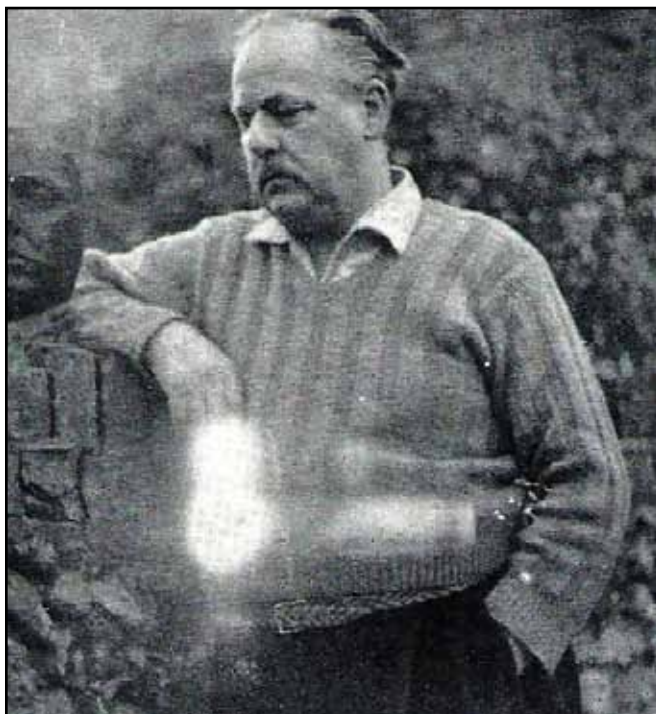
one of whom makes a speciality of what we may call the compressed and crabbed side of modern verse. To him the poem seemed perfectly logical and straightforward. The other admired it for the beauty of its rhythms. But I could gather no general idea from the poem at all, and put it away for a week. Then, on re-reading it, I saw what may have been long ago obvious to the reader of this article—that the poem was about the inability of words to express meanings “in the round,” that names and words are, so to say, a two-dimensional medium and leave out a great deal about the thing spoken of. When I had in this lumbering fashion got hold of the central feature of the pattern, the whole poem began to fall into shape to me.

Her eventual grasp of the poem seems to have met with the general approval of the poet as the 13 January 1923 issue²¹ of the journal elicited a letter from him:

Sir,—Thank you very much for the lucid and generous exposition by Mrs. Williams-Ellis which you gave of my poem. The whole of the article interested me very much, particularly where it touched on the justifications of obscurity. The most important one occurred to me when I read :— “Words . . . are a two-dimensional medium.” If this is so, then what we name poetry, at its rarest, is something which gives to words a three-dimensional appearance; the poetic form (which covers a heap of ignorance) gives reality to an idea, as perspective gives the illusion of it to a drawing. Words used two-dimensionally, as I am using them now and as it is so hard to escape from using them, show the idea in plan; the literal poem, like the design of an architect, defines without making visible the actual structure. Actually, this fact is recognized by everybody, otherwise a howl of ridicule would greet mention of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*²²—the purest poem in the language, but completely meaningless in the flat. Yet, after all, I think obscurity is sometimes a self-indulgence.—I am Sir, &c.,

Edgell Rickword
Sopers, Chipstead, Surrey

As to whether Warlock relented in his low opinion of *The Spectator's* literary editor following Rickword's grateful and approving letter we shall probably never know. Indeed, how much further interest Warlock took in Rickword



Edgell Rickword photographed in 1961 with a bronze head of him made in the late 1920s by an American sculptress

and his work is questionable, as apart from the references quoted above in letters he wrote around the time he became acquainted with *Behind the Eyes*, Rickword is not mentioned again in Warlock's letters or writings during the remaining eight years of his life.

A Note on Edgell Rickword

With Rickword's name and reputation having had something of an eclipse in present times, it may be helpful to summarise a few key facts about his life. John Edgell Rickword was born in Colchester, Essex, in 1898 and immediately on leaving school in 1916 he enlisted. Eventually posted to France, he was wounded twice, losing the sight of one eye, and went on to win a Military Cross for distinguished service. The painful and disillusioning experience of war, and the discovery of Siegfried Sassoon's war poetry (where ordinary language was used to capture powerfully the terrifying aspects of warfare) were elements that then went on to influence the making of, and some of the content of *Behind the Eyes*, his first volume of poems to be published. Two further volumes appeared in the ensuing

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry' (continued)

decade, but during that period there was a gradual shift of emphasis away from poetry. The focus of his writing was to change from poet to that of editor (of periodicals), reviewer²³ and critic. To this could be added a growing political awareness and involvement, first with the Labour Party, and then the Communist Party which he joined in 1934. He went on to become Editor of the *Left Review* in 1936.

There is an inevitable "what if" about Rickword, in that had he not largely abandoned poetry in the early 1930s, he would be better remembered today, perhaps joining the ranks of his better known contemporaries²⁴. In later years (he lived on into 1982) Rickword admitted he viewed this abandonment as a sort of artistic failure. However, be that as it may, it is generally accepted now that his actual contribution to the development of English poetry has been undervalued. Those wishing to find out more about Rickword will be pleased to know there is an engaging account of his life (and to a lesser extent, his work) by Charles Hobday²⁵.

With Warlock being greatly impressed by Rickword's first volume of poetry, and with the two men being near contemporaries, one naturally wonders if, how, and when, they may ever have met. As will be seen shortly, meet they almost certainly did, but how that first encounter came about is open to conjecture. As to when it might have occurred, evidence is also lacking. Unfortunately, Warlock's letter to *The Spectator* doesn't give any clues as to whether at that point he was acquainted with Rickword. If he did know Rickword then, perhaps he may have been introduced to him by their mutual friend Roy Campbell, the South African poet. Campbell had been known by Warlock probably since at least March 1921, when some of Campbell's poems had appeared in *The Sackbut*, and Barry Smith in his Warlock biography²⁶ has noted how, for a while, Campbell and Warlock were drinking companions. Campbell had become acquainted with Rickword at Oxford in the later part of 1919, so there is a possible Warlock/Rickword connection via this route. Other mutual friends included the writer/publishers Jack Lindsay and P.R. Stephensen²⁷, but Warlock only came to know them several years after the appearance of his *Spectator* letter. Lindsay is slightly questionable as a link between Warlock and Rickword because around

the time that Lindsay first met Rickword in the *Fitzroy Tavern* (probably late 1928, although Lindsay's dating of the occasion in his autobiographical *Fanfrolico and After*²⁸ is vague), he had already fallen out with Warlock²⁹, who in any case had recently left Eynsford and moved back to his family home in Wales. Perhaps a more likely later link might have been P.R. Stephensen of the Mandrake Press. (Ed: See article Peter Warlock and The Mandrake Press pp4-16 of *this issue*.) Warlock would have had some dealings with him over the publication of his anthology *Merry-go-Down* in June 1929, around the time when a title of Rickword's was also being handled by the Mandrake Press.

Even if none of these three friends had facilitated an introduction between composer and poet, it is known that the *Fitzroy Tavern* was one of the regular haunts of both Warlock and Rickword, and so they may well have bumped into each other there by chance and shared a friendly pint. Who knows?!

Confirmation that Rickword knew Warlock is implied in part of the former's unpublished memoirs, in which in later life he reminisced about some of the restaurants he had frequented in his younger days, and recalled a favourite dish of Warlock's. The likely inference is that Warlock had personally introduced Rickword to this 'gastronomic gem':

Philip Heseltine always sought for the pleasures not yet dulled by reiteration, and among the minor ones was the discovery of a small gastronomic gem. He had come upon this at a public-house-restaurant in the Fulham Road. Its actual concoction was the secret of the landlady, but in the main it consisted of an amalgam of ripe gorgonzola impregnated with port wine and variously spiced, then spread in a thick creamy layer on thin toast. This was a superb conclusion to a meal, and Heseltine used to enjoy introducing it to a friend.³⁰

There is a hint here that Rickword and Warlock were at least nodding acquaintances, and the extract also adds to our knowledge of Warlock's food preferences. Having just revealed a description of this 'superb conclusion to a meal', one imagines it will only be a question of time before one of our more enterprising members with culinary expertise will attempt to recreate this *Toast au Warlock* for consumption at one of our Social Lunches! ■

Articles

A 'new' Warlock Letter, and 'Obscure Poetry' (continued)

Acknowledgments:

The Estates of the Dame Edith Sitwell, Amabel Williams-Ellis, and Edgell Rickword are gratefully acknowledged for their literary materials reproduced in this article. *The Spectator* is both congratulated and acknowledged for its excellent online archive, without which this article would not have been possible. I am also grateful for Bryn Philpott's assistance in acquiring some additional information.

Footnotes

- 1 Vol. 4925, page 727.
- 2 (Dame) Edith Louisa Sitwell (1887-1964), British poet and critic.
- 3 Goose-cap: defined in the 1828 *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary* as 'a silly person.'
- 4 Or as one correspondent put it in the 13 January 1923 *Spectator* letters pages: 'What guarantee have I that Miss Sitwell is not pulling my leg?'
- 5 The following year (1923) the profile of Edith Sitwell's eccentric poems was likely to have been raised by their appearance in William Walton's *Façade* when it was first performed publicly.
- 6 Vol. 4929, page 922.
- 7 Vol. 4931, page 1002.
- 8 William Henry Ward (1865-1924), London-based architect.
- 9 Amabel Williams-Ellis (1894-1983) was the daughter of John St Strachey, owner and editor of *The Spectator* for the first quarter of the 20th century. She was Literary Editor only briefly (from 1922-23), and later found some minor fame as a writer for children. She was married to Clough Williams-Ellis, the architect and creator of the famous Portmeirion village (where the cult series *The Prisoner* was filmed) in North Wales.
- 10 Vol. 4931, pages 1011-1012.
- 11 Vol. 4932, page 14.
- 12 Ibid.
- 13 As will be apparent later, Warlock here is referring to Edgell Rickword.
- 14 It can be browsed at: <http://archive.spectator.co.uk/>.
- 15 Vol. 4933, page 57.
- 16 Robert Browning died in 1889 which could imply it was well over thirty years ago!
- 17 Vol. 4936, page 183.
- 18 *Behind the Eyes* (London, 1921).

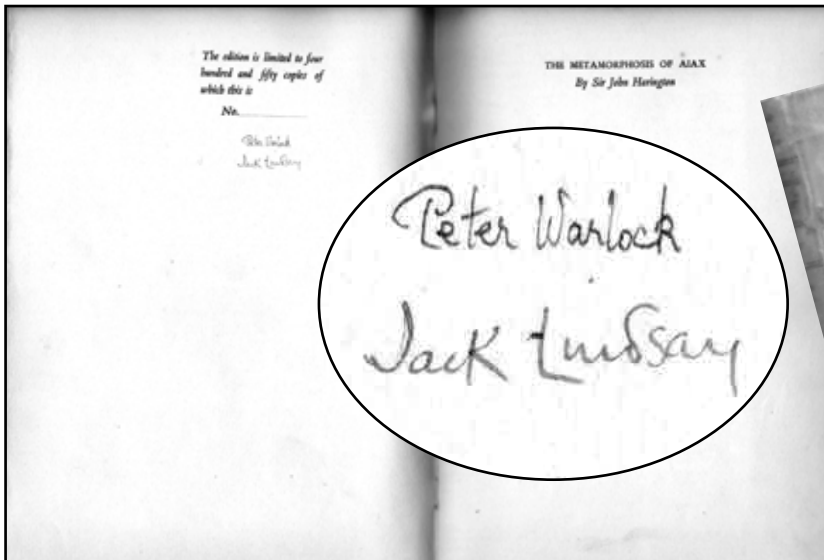
Postscript:

For those interested in exploring more of the poetry of Edgell Rickword, a republication of *Behind the Eyes* is currently available via Amazon at reasonable prices. Rickword's biography, *Edgell Rickword: A Poet at War*³¹ by Charles Hobday is also obtainable at present.

- 19 Vol. 4931, pages 1004-1005.
- 20 Op. cit.
- 21 Vol. 4933, page 57.
- 22 First published in 1601, and to quote Wikipedia: '*The Phoenix and the Turtle* is an allegorical poem about the death of ideal love by William Shakespeare.'
- 23 His output here includes (in *The Times Literary Supplement*) a celebrated and perceptive review of TS Eliot's *The Waste Land*.
- 24 There is an odd parallel here with another creative artist who had greatly impressed Warlock with his early talent, albeit in a different field, and who subsequently failed to develop fully in that capacity. This was the composer George Whitaker, who Warlock believed showed outstanding talent as a song writer. After a promising start Whitaker's career eventually settled into teaching the piano, with his compositional output now almost completely forgotten (see the article on Whitaker in the Autumn 2014 *Newsletter* for further information).
- 25 Charles Hobday: *Edgell Rickword - a Poet at War* (Carcanet Press, Manchester, 1989).
- 26 Barry Smith: *Peter Warlock - The Life of Philip Heseltine* (OUP, Oxford, 1994), page 172.
- 27 See Bryn Philpott's excellent articles on the Fanfrolico Press and the Mandrake Press (in the previous *Newsletter* 97 and current one respectively) for more detailed information about Lindsay and Stephensen.
- 28 The Bodley Head (London) 1962, page 137.
- 29 See pages 11 and 12 of Bryn Philpott's article on the Fanfrolico Press (in *Newsletter* 97) for what gave rise to the bad feeling that had been generated between them.
- 30 Charles Hobday: *Edgell Rickword - a Poet at War*, page 90.
- 31 Interestingly, Hobday on page 290 of his biography recorded how in the 1970s Rickword had been approached by a biographer of Philip Heseltine. One wonders who this might have been - Ian Copley...Fred Tomlinson...?!

Articles – a postscript

Following Bryn Philpott's excellent article *Peter Warlock and the Fanfrolico Press* in the Autumn 2015 edition of the *Newsletter*, Barry Smith and Bryn Philpott share with us images of their Fanfrolico books, *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* and *Parlement of Praters*.



Signed copy of *Ajax*

The latest Warlock Newsletter/Journal arrived today (No.97, Autumn 2015) – I have started reading it and will enjoy carrying on this evening.

I thought you and Bryn Philpott would be interested to see the two scans I have attached.

Some years ago I saw a copy of *Ajax* advertised on the net (bookfinder.com) by an Australian rare book-dealer. It was described as being bound in vellum and not in very good condition. I was intrigued by the vellum binding and, because it was not very expensive, I ordered it. When it eventually arrived I was amazed and delighted to find it was also signed both by PW and Jack Lindsay. So I've scanned in the cover and the signed page for you to see and, if the quality is good enough, perhaps to use them in the next Newsletter .

Barry Smith

Signed copy of *Parlement of Praters*

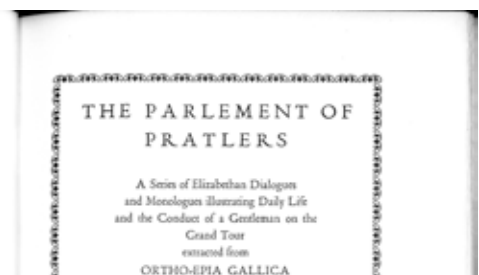
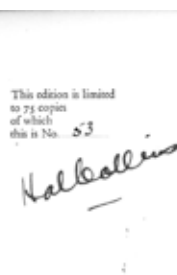
Thank you for forwarding Barry Smith's email. The vellum copy of *Ajax* is really quite rare. I've been looking on line and have yet to find a vellum copy advertised (at any price), probably as only 25 copies were ever produced. I wonder how many have survived.

I do however have a vellum copy of the *Parlement of Praters* signed by Hal Collins which is in quite good condition. There were 75 copies of this and I enclose a scan of the cover and signed title page. It would appear fortunate he signed them if he was not fully paid for his efforts.

I have to say I quite like the idea of including the image in the next *Newsletter*, perhaps we could also include a scan of this alongside the *Ajax*?

Please thank Barry for sending the scan it was indeed very interesting.

Bryn Philpott



Articles – a postscript (continued)

Yet another offering from Barry. This copy of *The Parlement of Praters* is not only signed, but also contains an original caricature by Collins.

The Parlement of Praters with a caricature added!

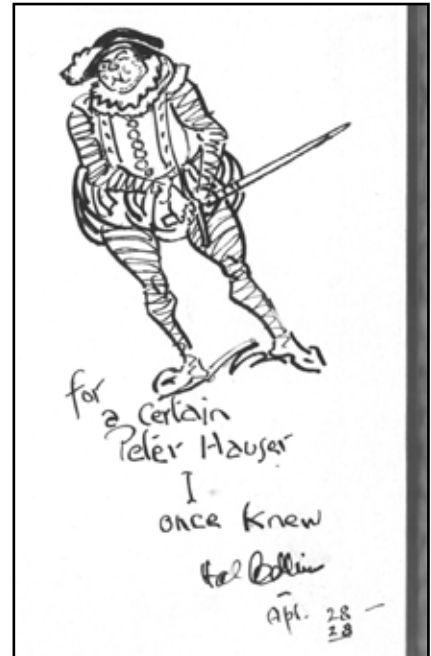
Following on from Bryn's signed copy, I have attached two more scans – both connected with Hall Collins' book, *The Parlement of Praters*. Some time ago I found a copy in a Johannesburg bookshop – also signed by Collins but with a rare addition of a caricature added for the recipient – 'for a certain Peter Hauser I once knew'.

I've tried to find some information on Peter Hauser. All I could find so far is that Warlock dedicated *The Lover's Maze* to him and dated it 'Eynsford, July 1927'. He must have been part of the 'Eynsford gang'! Anyone know any more about him?

Barry Smith

[Ed. If anybody has any further information regarding Peter Hauser then please contact me at pwsnewsletter@yahoo.com, or by 'phone or letter. All my contact details are on the front cover.

Also, if any members have any books with a Warlock connection, which have signatures or any other interesting additions, comments, drawings etc., then do please send scans in to me. I would like to include them in future Newsletters.]



Reviews

PWS Jaunt to Manchester for Peter Warlock's 121st Birthday Concert at the Royal Northern College of Music, Tuesday 27 October 2015

Michael Graves sets the scene.

I was really pleased when I learnt that the 2015 Peter Warlock Birthday Concert was going to be held at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester. Having been born and bred in Bury just eight miles up the road, Manchester had been my playground in the mid 1960s. In those teenage years I was something of a 'culture vulture' and ventured into the city, sometimes several times a week, either to see the Hallé Orchestra under Barbirolli at the Freetrade Hall, or to attend the Library or University Theatres. They were exciting days and I have many vivid recollections. Amongst them was a cracking performance of *Waiting for Godot* at the University Theatre and a stunning performance of Dankworth's *Improvisations for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra*. My mother was also at that concert and, with a pained expression on her face, spent the entire duration of the piece with her eyes closed and her fingers in her ears! On another occasion, when Daniel Barenboim was to be performing, a rather striking woman with a commanding

presence moved towards the seat directly in front of me. I realised, with some excitement, that it was Jaqueline du Pré. I also bought my first Warlock record, *The Curlew*, from an emporium called Rare Records. But I digress.

Most Warlockians based in the capital had decided to travel to Manchester just for the day, the train journey being only a fraction over two hours. However, six of our number took the opportunity to stay for a few days in order to explore Manchester. Several museums, galleries and locations of interest were inevitably visited, but in addition to that, I offered Warlockians a guided tour of my home town of Bury for the Wednesday morning. It proved to be great fun and Bryn Philpott provides an account on p.34.

On the day of the concert, Tuesday 27 October, we all gathered at *Sinclair's Oyster Bar*, adjacent to Manchester Cathedral, for lunch. It is a hostelry full of character, a commendation which, unfortunately, does not extend to its choice of ales. There was not a drop of real ale to be had and

PWS Jaunt to Manchester for Peter Warlock's 121st Birthday Concert (continued)



Above: Chairman Michael Graves (left) with Vice-President Dr Brian Collins (Photo: John Mitchell)

Below: In the foyer of the Royal Northern College of Music.

From left to right: Claire Beach, David and Sara Lane, Valerie Langfield. (Photo: Michael Graves)



I must say it was rather like a pub that harked back to the dark days of the 1970s when Watneys reigned supreme. Not only that, but there were no oysters to be had either! Neither of these deficiencies, of course, was a major disaster, but for some was certainly a disappointment. Fortunately *Sinclair's* is adjacent to two other emporia, so we were easily able to

decamp to a location that suited better and which also had more interesting food. The assembled group of Warlockians, having chatted a great deal and lunched sufficiently, went their separate ways for the afternoon to check in to hotels or to explore a little before meeting up again at the Royal Northern College of Music. The RNCM had very kindly offered to provide a tour of the college facilities for us. Accordingly we gathered in the foyer of the college to meet our guide, student Ela Was, who very efficiently and knowledgeably took us through concert and theatre performance areas, rehearsal rooms, recording studios and, of course, the library. Here we checked the resources under 'W' and were pleased to see that our composer was represented, Dr Collins being particularly pleased to see his book on the shelves. After the tour we made our way to the Carole Nash Recital Room for the 121st Peter Warlock Birthday Concert. See Claire Beach's review on Page 31. ■

Reviews

PWS Jaunt to Manchester for Peter Warlock's 121st Birthday Concert (continued)



*Sinclair's Oyster Bar and pub sign. Donald Bunce admires the Chairman's 'hanging kebab'!
(Photos: Brian Collins)*



*From left to right: David and Sara Lane, Michael Graves, Donald Bunce,
Malcolm Rudland, Bryn Philpott, John Mitchell and Claire Beach.
(Photo: Brian Collins)*

Peter Warlock's 121st Birthday Concert, 6pm Tuesday 27 October 2015
Carole Nash Recital Room, Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester

Claire Beach reviews the concert, which contained two premieres and some rarely performed works.



Left: Our student tour guide, Ela Was, showing us one of the recording suites.

Right – from left to right: Bethany Crockett and Liga Korne who played the piano duet versions of *Cod-pieces*, and Iwan Owen, also on piano. (Photos: Michael Graves)

This year's Birthday Concert took place in the simple architecture and sympathetic acoustics of the Carole Nash Recital Room at the Royal Northern College of Music. Unusually, the concert was 'topped and tailed' by *Cod-Pieces*, following some *Greetings* from the four vocal soloists. Charlotte Trepess (soprano), Lara Harvey (mezzo), Adam Temple-Smith (tenor) and Richard Moore (bass-baritone), accompanied on the piano by Iwan Owen, wished a happy birthday to as many as possible of Philip Heseltine's pseudonyms, as set to music by Fred Tomlinson. The singers displayed obvious amusement in trying to get their tongues around some of the more fanciful names at speed: Huanebango Z Palimpsest, anyone? Following this, we were treated to our first helping of cod: *Beethoven's Binge* and *The Old Codger*, in their piano duet form, also courtesy of Fred Tomlinson, were played with a variety of colours and evident enjoyment by Bethany Crockett and Liga Korne.

Charlotte Trepess, Lara Harvey and Adam Temple-Smith returned in the company of a string quartet: Oliver Baily, Brendan Garde, Rosamund Hawkins and Megan Rolf. *My Lady is a Pretty One* and *Sleep* are occasionally heard

in this version, and were a joy to hear, especially among a longer group of songs with the same accompaniment. Here, *Corpus Christi* – usually heard with a wordless chorus accompanying the soloists – used Warlock's 1927 string quartet arrangement, which I had never heard before. The contrasting string timbre of the undulating harmonies throws the solo singers into focus in a quite different way from a choir. *O Death, Rock Me Asleep*, Warlock's arrangement of a song attributed to Anne Boleyn, was also new to me and was sweetly sung to its unnerving accompaniment. The last in this group was a song I had wanted to hear for many years: *Sorrow's Lullaby*, Warlock's setting of Thomas Lovell Beddoes' *Song for two voices* which, inexplicably, has never been recorded. The performers did not disappoint, and conveyed the poignancy of the words and Warlock's sinuous and unresolved harmonies. I'm very pleased to have heard this song at long last!

The intensity of feeling which had built up gave way to a wistful mood with the return of Richard Moore, with Elin Rees on piano, for some songs by Warlock's friend EJ Moeran, all too seldom performed. We heard *When Smoke stood up from Ludlow*; *Lonely Waters*; and *Twilight*. These

Reviews

Peter Warlock's 121st Birthday Concert (continued)

were followed by a selection of Warlock's more popular songs. Charlotte Trepess, Lara Harvey, Adam Temple-Smith and Richard Moore took turns to deliver a suitably jolly or serious song, according to taste, and Iwan Owen and Elin Rees tackled Warlock's tricky accompaniments admirably. We heard *Captain Stratton's Fancy*; *Sigh no more,*

ladies; *Take, O take these lips away*; *Yarmouth Fair*; *Jillian of Berry*; *As ever I saw*; and *The First Mercy*.

The concert ended with a world première. We have become used to hearing *Beethoven's Binge* and *The Old Codger* in the saxophone quartet arrangement by Carey Blyton and the PWS's own John Mitchell. John has now

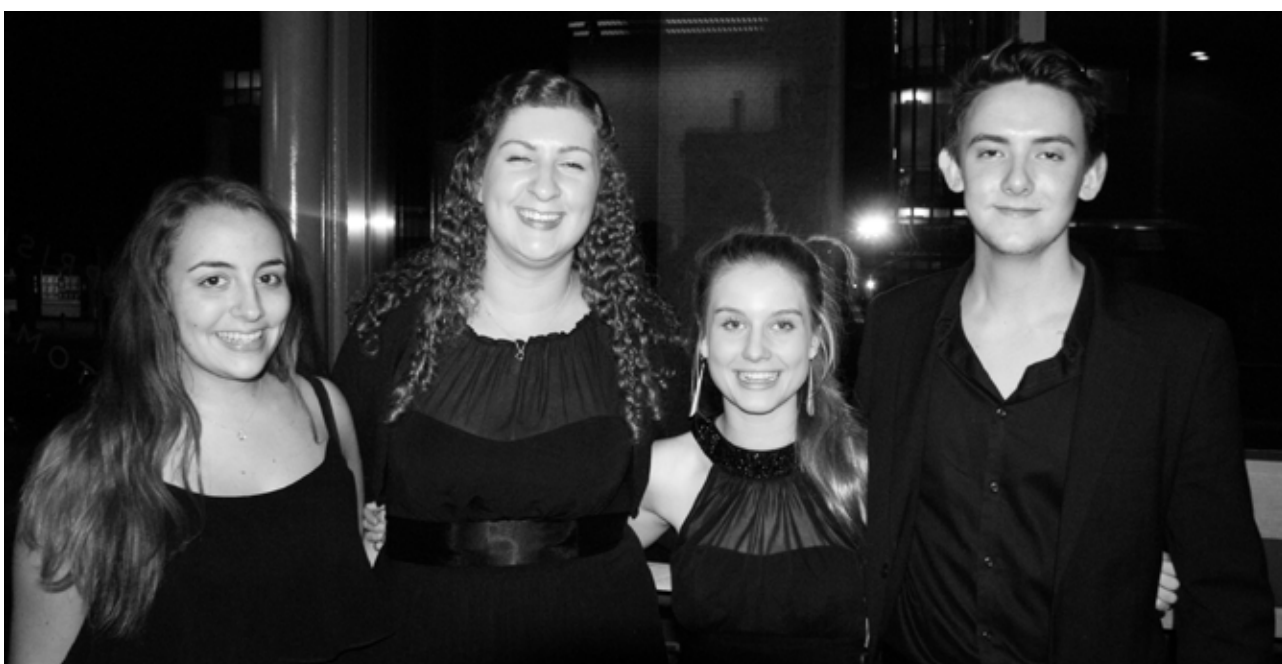


Above left: Sara Lane with Charlotte Trepess (soprano) and Lara Harvey (mezzo);

Above right: John Mitchell with Elin Rees (piano) (Photos: Michael Graves)

Below: The Abelia Saxophone Quartet, *from left to right:* Emma McPhilemy, Gillian Blair, Hannah Corcoran and Jamie Sharp, who stood in at the last minute for Catherine Hanson.

(Photo: John Mitchell)



Peter Warlock's 121st Birthday Concert (continued)

completed the set by arranging the two remaining *Cod-Pieces* – *Dance* and *Orientale* for the same forces. While lacking the obvious parodic elements of the other two, these are delightful pieces in their own right and deserve to be heard. John's arrangement has just the right amount of playfulness, and the (usually) all female Abelia Saxophone Quartet – Emma McPhilemy, Gillian Blair, Hannah Corcoran and, on this occasion, Jamie Sharp, who covered for Catherine Hanson who was unwell – played this finale with feeling and humour.

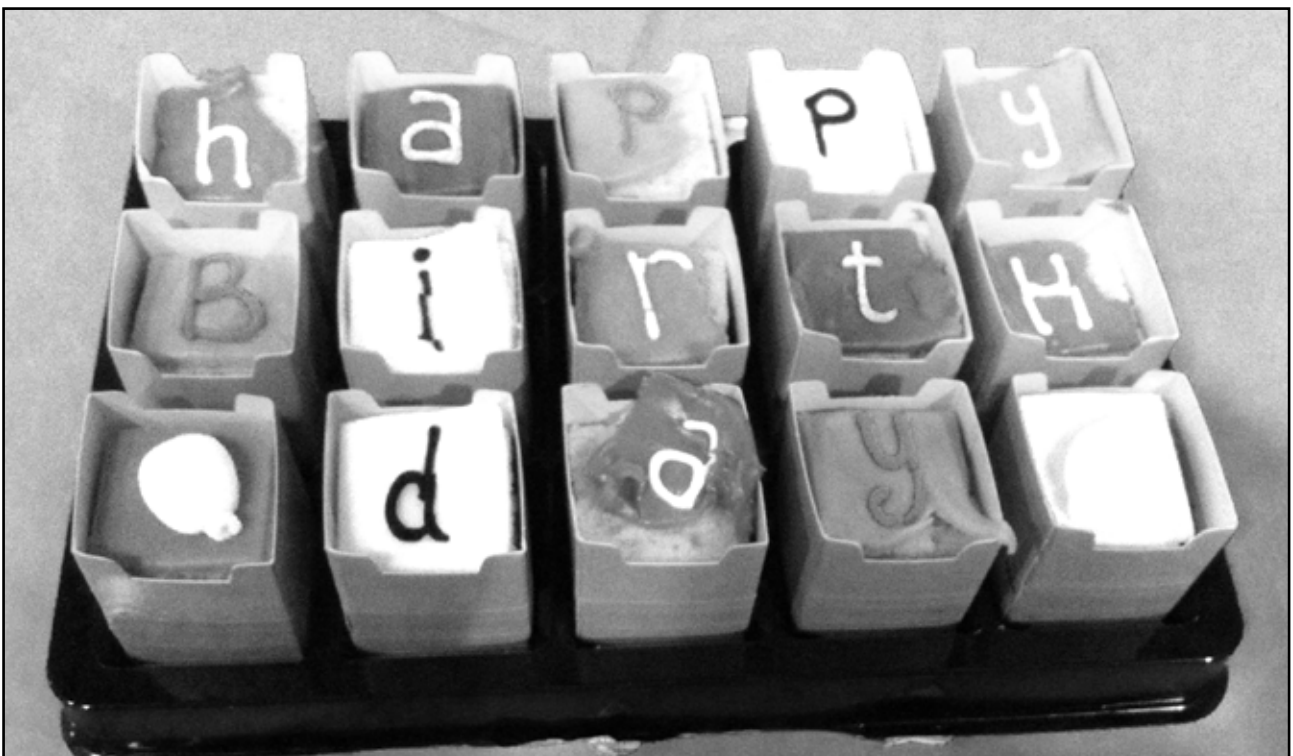
After the concert, Warlockians were invited to a drinks reception on the Carole Nash mezzanine where we were able to meet and chat with the performers. It was clear that they had enjoyed engaging with Warlock's music. Congratulations and thanks go to the singers and musicians of the Royal Northern College of Music for providing such a varied and innovative programme of Warlock's music to aficionados and novices alike. Our thanks also go to Ela Was for showing us round and to the staff team, Richard Collins, Susan Roper and Lynne Dawson, for their warm welcome and for making our visit so pleasurable and memorable. We must also thank Lynne Dawson for making such a splendid suite of cakes for our composer's birthday. They were delicious! ■

Postscript – Malcolm Rudland writes about the variants of the song *Sleep* and Charlotte Trepess's choice

In the 1960s there was only one edition of Warlock's *Sleep* available, until OUP discovered there were two editorial differences between their 1931 edition in *A Book of Songs*, and Warlock's version for string quartet, which they had in their hire library. In bar 7 in the string quartet version, the voice part starts with a quaver rest, and the 'Let' comes in on the D on second quaver. In bar 16 in the string quartet version the 'lit' of little is on a B flat, not an A.

When OUP issued *A Second Book of Songs* in 1967, they renamed the 1931 album *A First Book of Songs*, and the two variants were incorporated, and then in 1984 when the Peter Warlock Society published their *Collected Edition of Songs*, *Sleep* appears on p. 49 also with both alternatives quoted, and a prefaced note from Fred Tomlinson to say that he is not sure which edition came first, but he thinks the string quartet versions are second thoughts. However, Michael Pilkington questioned this in volume four of his *New Peter Warlock Critical Edition* (2004).

When Charlotte Trepess sang *Sleep* with string quartet at the RNCM birthday concert, she chose to sing the crochet 'Let' in bar 7, and the B flat in bar 16. ■



Reviews

In Search of Jillian (in Bury) – Wednesday 28 October 2015

Bryn Philpott describes the guided tour of Bury



Chairman Michael Graves holding a 'John Kay' flying shuttle that was rescued from the mill his father worked in when it shut down in 1972.

(Photo: Úna McDonald)

I have to admit that Bury was not at the very top of my list of places to visit. It was therefore with a sense of curiosity that I decided to extend my trip to Manchester for an extra day after our Chairman, Michael Graves, kindly offered to show us the town where he spent his formative years. We had apparently dispelled one well worn cliché that 'It always rains in Manchester'! Our stay had proved to be unseasonably dry, sunny and warm. Could this be the perfect opportunity to dispel another?

Cliché or not, it did in fact rain on the morning after the birthday concert when David and Sara Lane, Michael and I set out from Piccadilly Gardens on the Metro-link tram for the half hour ride to Bury. A modern and extensive tram system reaches out to the suburbs and the Lancashire mill towns that now form part of Greater Manchester. They run largely on the routes of former railway lines where we passed through stations with some unusual names such as Abraham Moss and Besses o' th' Barn.

On arrival at the terminus, Michael gave us a brief introduction to the town laced with a sense of humour and a hint of pride. Bury came to prominence during the Industrial Revolution as a mill town manufacturing textiles.

Its development and wealth were furthered by the construction of the Manchester, Bolton and Bury canal, and later by the coming of the railway. The town has a number of famous progeny including John Kay, inventor of the Flying Shuttle (a key invention of the Industrial revolution for cloth weaving), Sir Robert Peel the 19th Century Prime Minister who introduced the modern police force to the UK, Richmal Compton author of the *Just William* stories – and even Cherie Blair! More importantly our Chairman was born and lived in the town until the age of eighteen; his father had worked in one of the local mills.

Our first stop was at the Bury Art Museum which houses the impressive collection of some 200 oil paintings, water colours, prints and ceramics of a local paper manufacturer Thomas Wrigley. These were donated by his three children, after his death, to mark Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The bequest was conditional on a suitable building being found

to house the collection. This substantial Edwardian building also houses a museum and the local history archive. The gallery has a number of interesting pieces including the bronze bust of George Bernard Shaw by Jacob Epstein along with paintings by Turner, Constable, Lowry and Landseer. The museum came to some notoriety in 2006, when the council sold Lowry's painting 'The riverbank' to fund social services in the town and thereby lost its accredited museum status. Unfortunately for us Turner's 'Calais Sands' was out on loan during our visit but there was much of interest to see in this rather impressive building, including an installation based upon John Kay's flying shuttle.

Bury is the base town of the East Lancashire Railway so we moved on to Bolton Street Station where a train was due to depart. This preserved line runs to Heywood, Ramsbottom and Rawtenstall and we arrived in good time to see No 80080 BR 2-6-4T class 4MT steam engine pull out of the station in all its glory. With the train safely departed we took the opportunity to visit the nearby Bury Transport Museum. Located within the old Castleford goods shed, this was packed full of interesting local transport related artefacts which include a selection of lovingly restored

In Search of Jillian (in Bury) (continued)

historic buses, railway memorabilia and even 'Hilda' the steam roller!

After a stroll around the museum it was time for lunch and en route we passed by Bury Castle. The name Bury comes from the Old English word meaning Castle, stronghold or fort and the de Bury family had held a manor here since the 12th century. The ownership later passed to Sir Thomas Pilkington who was given permission to fortify it by Edward IV. It was razed to the ground on the orders of Henry VII after Pilkington's support for the house of York in the wars of the Roses – he later lost his estates for this allegiance, though was later pardoned. Little now remains of the castle, other than some foundations within a local parking area (a similar fate befell Richard III).

We had lunch at the nearby *Two Tubs Inn* where they had 'good beer and ale to sell'. Reputedly the oldest building in Bury, it provided refuge from the weather, a beer and a hearty lunch. Suitably refreshed we set off past the prominent statue of Sir Robert Peel, towards the highlight of the day: Bury's 'World famous' Open Market.

There has been a market in Bury for nearly 600 years and visitors now come from around the world to visit its impressive display. Unfortunately time was against us and we had just sufficient time to get a brief feel for the place. Our main aim was to purchase some of the famous Bury Black Pudding over which Michael had waxed lyrical on our journey up here. We joined the queue at Chadwick's Bury Black Pudding Stall, a local institution, where they've been selling them since 1929 (to a recipe dating back to 1865). Though many varieties and flavours are now sold we opted for the original recipe (fat bits included). The preferred cooking method is to simmer in water for 6-8 minutes taking care not to boil to avoid splitting the skins. Served with a mild mustard sauce it tasted every bit as good as



British Railways Standard 2-6-4T class 4MT No 80080 on the preserved East Lancashire Railway, Bury.

(Photo: Bryn Philpott)



Bury black pudding before cooking (left) then, after simmering or steaming, soft, plump and succulent, quite unlike conventional black pudding.

(Photos: Bryn Philpott)

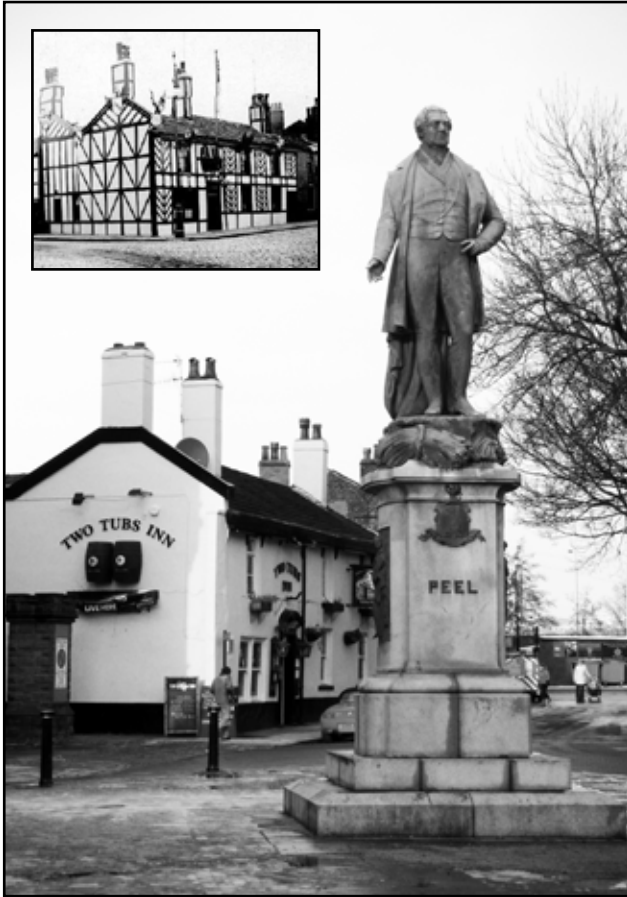
Michael had promised. The market is definitely a place I shall return to explore, but our time had finally run out so 'thither will we go now' to the tram station for the journey back to Piccadilly and our respective trains home; alas Jillian was nowhere to be seen!

Our thanks went to Michael for a most enjoyable day and indeed for dispelling one's prejudices; I shall never again think of Bury without a degree of affection. ■

Reviews

Postscript: Warlock would have loved a visit to Bury

Michael Graves argues the case



Above: The Two Tubs Inn behind the statue of Robert Peel
Inset: The Tubs photographed in 1897.

Below: Flying Scotsman on its first test run on the East Lancashire Railway in Bury earlier this year following a ten year restoration project.

Warlock loved railways, so that's a good start. Workshops on the East Lancashire Railway have been restoring steam locomotives for many years and most recently overhauled what is probably the best known steam locomotive in the world – *Flying Scotsman*. The £4.2m restoration project was undertaken by specialist engineers at Riley and Son Ltd., Bury, who started work on the engine in 2006. How could Warlock ever resist the attraction of such a railway oasis given the state of the current British rail network?

The medieval origins of Bury would also have fascinated Warlock. Mostly obscured by the results of the Industrial Revolution, there are still many clues that point to Bury's preindustrial importance. Recent research regarding the *Two Tubs Inn* suggests its origin is late medieval, having some 16th century box framing and a Tudor doorway. Brick cladding now covers a 17th century timber frame. There is a good selection of well kept ales in the *Tubs* and Warlock would definitely have enjoyed sampling them within this fine rambling Elizabethan hostelry.

As for the black pudding, well – Warlock reputedly enjoyed steak tartare, so the distinctive Bury black pudding would surely have appealed! Tony Chadwick, whose family make and sell the traditional black pudding, reportedly said, “Some smart-arse scientist has just realised what we’ve known for God knows how many years. Black pudding has been declared a superfood! Low in carbohydrates, high in protein, filled with essential nutrients. Lancastrian Viagra, I call it.” Oh dear! What would ‘our composer’ have made of that?!! ■



A Wordless Bethlehem Down

6pm Saturday 28 November, Winchmore Hill Methodist Church, Enfield.

Frank Bayford



Conductor Philip Gibson (left) and members of the Winchmore String Orchestra

Concertgoers here in Enfield are fortunate in having two local orchestras (the Enfield Chamber Orchestra and the Winchmore String Orchestra); both give several concerts each year and invariably include pieces that are not the usual 'run of the mill'.

The Winchmore String Orchestra's concert on 28 November 2015 at Winchmore Hill Methodist Church, under its conductor Philip Gibson, included Alec Rowley's *Christmas Suite*, Gareth Walters's *Divertimento* and Victor Herbert's *Serenade for String Orchestra*; in addition there was something by Peter Warlock. *Bethlehem Down* is well-known in its original choral setting, but on this occasion

it breathed with new meaning in an effective and moving arrangement by Philip Lane.

Although it will always be thought of as a 'Christmas' piece (as it was in this Christmas Concert), the absence of Bruce Blunt's seasonal words allowed it to become a viable and beautiful purely orchestral item. I hope this version will be considered by other string groups when they are looking for 'something by Warlock but not necessarily *Capriol*' to include in future programmes, whatever the time of year. Although it is not 'pure' Warlock, Philip Lane has made this *Bethlehem Down* sound very much as though it is. I loved it – and so did the players and the appreciative audience. ■



Reviews

Musica per la notte di natale, 6pm Saturday 19 December, Canterbury's Methodist Church.

The East Kent Festival Chamber Orchestra, dir. Anthony Halstead, with David Rees-Williams (piano)

John Mitchell



David Rees-Williams, who has been delighting audiences with his piano arrangement of *Bethlehem Down* for well over a decade.

For the third time in 2015 the East Kent-based Festival Chamber Orchestra managed to include something by Peter Warlock in one of its programmes. Given on the Saturday before Christmas in Canterbury's Methodist Church, the concert was timed to commence earlier than usual at 6pm. The idea here was that it might attract part of its audience from local shoppers, offering them a chance of ending their often fraught experiences on the high street with something a bit more pleasant and relaxing. This may well have been a successful tactic as the church was very nearly full to capacity.

Entitled *Musica per la notte di natale*¹, the programme contained a few festive favourites, such as Corelli's *Christmas Concerto* and the Pastoral Symphony from *The Messiah*, along with some non-seasonal pieces, including the first movement of Karl Jenkins's *Palladio*², Vivaldi's Flute Concerto (*La Tempesta di Mare*) and Ennio Morricone's *Gabriel's Oboe*. As in the previous concerts the orchestra was very ably directed by Anthony Halstead, with regular soloists Ian Crowther (oboe) and Rosemary Rathbone (flute), both in fine form, adding to the excellence of the musical content.

The Warlock item in the programme was provided by the guest soloist, the pianist David Rees-Williams, who contributed three of his arrangements of Christmas carols,

one of these being *Bethlehem Down*. Before describing how this was presented, a few words of background information about David might be useful to record. Graduating from the Royal College of Music in 1981, he went on to form, with a bass guitarist and drummer, the David Rees-Williams Trio in 1988. Still together as a trio after 28 years, they specialise in programmes that present classical pieces garbed in a very tasteful cloak of jazz. Many readers will perhaps recall a few decades ago the popularity of the Jacques Loussier Trio, with its jazzed-up treatments of JS Bach, and online sources have suggested the two trios can be favourably compared as regards their intent and originality.

The three Christmas arrangements that were heard at the concert, *Bethlehem Down*, *Gabriel's Message* and *O come, O come, Emmanuel*, are all included on the Trio's most recent CD release: *Ex-Mass*³. This can be strongly recommended, it having had outstanding reviews from a number of quarters, including *The Gramophone*. Amongst its other popular tracks are *Stille Nacht*, *Rocking* and the *Zither Carol*.

David Rees-Williams was without the other members of his trio during the concert performance, and accordingly his arrangements had been specially adapted to suit the forces on hand. In the case of *Bethlehem Down* the arrangement began with Warlock's material being presented on solo piano in a gently jazzy way, leading on to a section where

Musica per la notte di natale (continued)

the tune was played 'straight', with appropriate wistfulness, by Ian Crowther on oboe. The main body of the orchestra (strings) then joined the soloists for the remainder of this splendid new 'take' on Warlock's classic melody, providing an accompaniment that had something of a South American rhythmic feel to it. This differed somewhat from the Trio's treatment on the CD, but David explained during the interval that every performance was slightly different in the detail, whilst retaining the arrangement's essential character. Whilst speaking to him then, I asked how he came to know of, and select *Bethlehem Down*, and he replied that it probably stemmed from his earlier involvement in music as a chorister at New College, Oxford, where he got to know so much of the choral repertoire, including some of Warlock's compositions. As David comments in the CD booklet notes, Warlock's *Bethlehem Down* has a '...wonderful modal melody (that) lends itself quite naturally to this version...' and he goes on to refer to how his arrangement coaxes out '...the already evident bluesy undertones'. I personally thought that *Bethlehem Down* in this alternative guise was both appealing and successful,

although perhaps some purists may be less enthusiastic about it. At the very least it proves that Warlock's material has that enduring and memorable quality that allows it to be treated in this imaginative new way. ■

Footnotes

- 1 taking its cue from the inscription on Corelli's *Christmas Concerto: 'Fatto per la notte di Natale'* ('Made for the night of Christmas').
- 2 Familiar to many in the audience as part of it was used in the TV commercial *A diamond is forever*.
- 3 apart from the obvious pun, the 'Ex' is meant to imply the removal of the musical material from its more usual context of the church.

Postscript:

The David Rees-Williams CD *Ex-Mass* is available on the Champs Hill Records label [CHRCD047], and it includes *Bethlehem Down*. The Trio had made an earlier recording of the arrangement in 2004, included on the CD *Time Scape*, but this is less readily obtainable now. The recording of *Bethlehem Down* on *Ex-Mass* is more recent, dating from June 2012.

A Celebration of Chelsea Thursday 28 January 2016
St Luke's Church, Chelsea
Malcolm Rudland

I have never before been asked to review a performance of *Sleep* with a soprano brought up in Tite Street (No. 25), accompanied by a pianist whose grandfather knew Peter Warlock (Arnold Bax), in a show featuring the presenter of a show I did on Warlock with Simon Callow (BBC Radio3: *Composers at Home* with Loyd Grossman on 8 October 2006 see Newsletter 81 p.17)

A Celebration of Chelsea was a presentation by the Chelsea Residents Association in St Luke's Church, Chelsea on Thursday 28 January 2016, incorporating artistic themes relating to Chelsea, and devised by Melinda Hughes, the soprano in a vocal quartet with Tamsin Dalley, Jonathan Stoughton, and James Ioelu, accompanied by Jeremy Limb. The audience numbered 250 and for some

this would have been their first introduction to Warlock. The retiring collection was for the St Luke's foodbank.

We started with Mozart, who in 1794 lived with his father in 180 Ebury Street, now called Mozart Terrace, where now in the square opposite is a statue of the boy Mozart. Then followed Purcell, whose *Dido and Aeneas* was written for Josias Priest's Girls School in Chelsea, then two *Songs of Travel* of Vaughan Williams, who lived at 13 Cheyne Walk from 1905-1928, and *If there were dreams to sell* by John Ireland, organist at St Luke's, Chelsea from 1904-1926, and culminating in Peter Warlock. Interspersing the music were readings about Chelsea written by Arthur Ransome, Joan Wyndham, Peirs Paul Read and Nikolaus Pevsner, read by Hugo Taylor, Cherie Lunghi and Loyd Grossman.

Reviews

A Celebration of Chelsea (continued)

Melinda's vocal line in *Sleep* was clear and focussed, as were the contrapuntal textures in Jeremy Limb's piano accompaniment, and Melinda chose the original OUP edition, rather than the subsequent edition that featured alterations to bars 7 & 16, when the OUP editors discovered there were differences between the vocal line in the piano and string quartet version. Both versions are now referred to in Michael Pilkington's edition (Vol IV, page 27, and No 8 in Preface), so all singers can choose which they prefer. When this song was set as a GCSE piece in the 1970s, OUP had both versions in print, and I used to get phone calls from music teachers all over the country asking me which is the correct edition. I had to say both, as we still don't know whether the piano or string quartet came first.

The Warlock Society had a stall on the table at the back of the church, and after the concert, several of the audience took brochures, and surplus to requirement Newsletters. I even got a lead of where to search for some funding for another *Chelsea ChronotopograPHical Crawl*, which would be the seventh since they were started in 1994. ■

*Right: Melinda Hughes singing the original
OUP version of Warlock's Sleep
(Photo: Courtesy of Melinda Hughes)*



Devon Cox: *The Street of Wonderful Possibilities: Whistler, Wilde & Sargent in Tite Street*

Frances Lincoln Limited, London, 2015

Silvester Mazzarella

In the early 1960s I was sharing a basement flat in Christchurch Street, SW3, while trying to eke out a living as a teacher of English as a Foreign Language in central London, entirely unaware of the fascinating artistic history of Tite Street, just round the corner from my temporary home. Now Devon Cox, a young writer from the United States, has exhaustively researched the history of the first century of Tite Street in this fine book, lavishly illustrated with high-quality colour reproductions of many of the paintings and other works that owe their origin directly or indirectly to the Street.

Sadly, little trace now remains of the studios where the American painters James Abbott McNeil Whistler and John Singer Sargent, lived and were joined in Tite Street from time to time by other mainly visual artists from both sides of the Atlantic, including at one time or another Archibald Stuart-Wortley, Carlo Pellegrini, Frank Miles, Charles Furse, George Percy Jacomb-Hood, Walter Sickert, John and Marian Collier, Anna Lea Merritt, Romaine Brooks, Edwin Abbey, Hannah Gluckstein, Glyn Philpot, Max Beerbohm and, eventually, Augustus John. Other Tite Street residents or habitue's with artistic

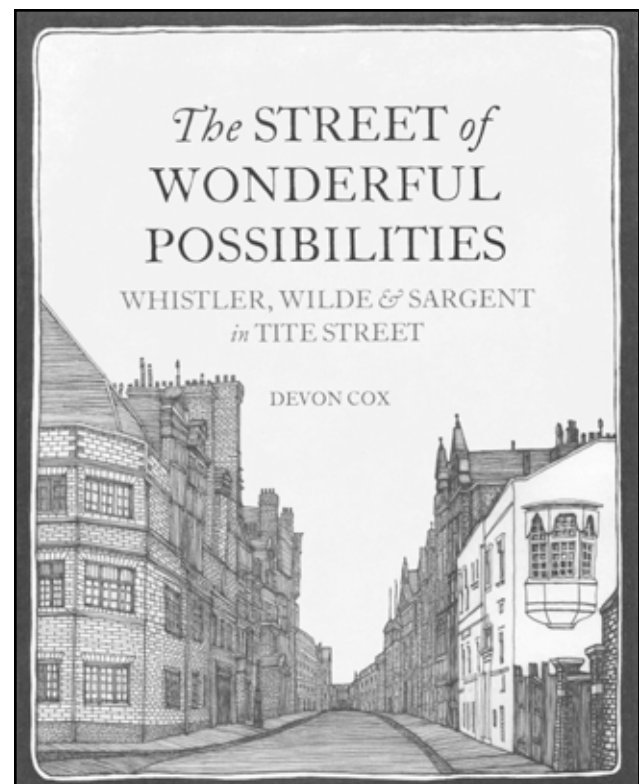
**Devon Cox: *The Street of Wonderful Possibilities: Whistler, Wilde & Sargent in Tite Street*
(continued)**

connections included Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet, who built a theatre at his Tite Street house but was never licensed to stage professional drama productions there. More closely connected with Whistler and responsible for the design of several of the studios that came to fill the southern end of the street nearest the river was the architect E.W.Godwin, for some years lover of the actress Ellen Terry, who was later to be painted by Sargent in full costume as Lady Macbeth when playing that part in the West End. Though I was living so close in the early 1960s, it never occurred to me look at these studios, most of them about to be demolished a few years later, including *The White House*, once home of the highly sociable Whistler, and visited by famous figures of the late Victorian age such as Lily Langtry, then mistress of the heir to the throne. These studios have since been replaced by heavy, nondescript blocks bearing no trace of the artists' residences that preceded them. Without Devon Cox's book, one might be forgiven today for not realising that any visual artists had ever lived in Tite Street at all. The only relevant blue plaques in the street commemorate the writer Oscar Wilde and composer Peter Warlock who lived in the terraced houses now numbered 34 and 30 respectively near the northern end of the street. Cox clearly takes the death of Peter Warlock, despite his brief stay there, as characteristic of the street.

Oscar Wilde twice lived in Tite Street, Most memorably from 1885 to 1895 during his married life, when he and his wife Constance (nee Lloyd) and their two young sons were long known to their friends as an ideal young family; these were also the years when Wilde wrote most of his best work, from *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* to *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Warlock, by contrast, only knew the street in the final months of his life, when he and Barbara Peache moved into the basement of what is now number 30. His relationship with Barbara at the time was not happy and the familiar if controversial details of Warlock's death in December 1930 (so far as they are clearly known) occupy a few pages in Cox's final chapter, which celebrates Warlock as one of the 'Last of the Titans' of the street. Not many years later Augustus John was commissioned to paint what turned out to be a rather uneasy portrait of the Second World War hero Field-Marshal Montgomery.

Augustus John did not feel comfortable in wartime Tite Street, which did not survive the war as an artists' quarter. Long gone were the days when the highly sociable Whistler (died 1903), among others, had preached a doctrine of 'art for art's sake'. Cox reasonably excludes portraits painted in Tite Street as late as the summer of 1994 by the American artist Nelson Shanks of H.R.H. The Princess of Wales and Lady Margaret Thatcher from his main narrative, but he mentions their existence in his Introduction.

Devon Cox's beautifully illustrated *The Street of Wonderful Possibilities* recalls a fascinating world whose whole, including Warlock's brief presence, was for nearly a century greater than the sum of its parts. ■



***The Street of Wonderful Possibilities: Whistler, Wilde & Sargent in Tite Street* by Devon Cox**

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Reviews

Felix Aprahamian – Diaries & Selected Writings on Music, Edited by Lewis and Susan Foreman

The Boydell Press, £45

Malcolm Rudland



Dr Lionel Carley, Malcolm Rudland and Felix Aprahamian in the garden of the noted British bibliophile, Eric Quayle (1921–2001) on Zennor Head during the first Warlock Cornish AGM weekend in 1996.

(The second Warlock Cornish AGM weekend will be in May 2017.)

For those of us who knew Felix Aprahamian (1914 – 2005), Warlock Committee member since 1989, here is a wonderful opportunity to feel and relive his presence again. For those who didn't know him, page 164 of this book has Felix meeting a pupil of Clara Schuman in November 1934, when she enthused him with her musical recollections of the previous century. 'Let's hope my recollections and anecdotes at her age will be as interesting' writes Felix. In this book, there is ample proof that they are.

The scene is set in David Lloyd-Jones's 'Foreword', when he writes of Felix's 'permanent unforced smile and aura of contentment'. In their preface, Lewis and Susan Foreman say there are still many stories of a more personal nature to be told in a full biography, which they have not concerned themselves with in this book, but which they hope will appear later.

One such entry for a future memoir might be a letter that Felix wrote to the Bach Choir on 28 November 1992 saying 'my original will be duly reprinted in my memoirs!' Sadly, it does not appear in this one. The reason for the letter was a programme note by Stanley Webb for a 1992 Bach Choir performance of the Duruflé Requiem at the Royal Festival Hall:

Maurice Duruflé was a perfectionist who composed only very sparingly. As the late Felix Aprahamian pointed out, his music fuses two streams – the modality that derives from his

liturgical background as an organist, and the harmonies that colour the compositions of his seniors: Debussy, Ravel, and Paul Dukas.

After Felix discovered this, a banter of correspondence ensued, culminating in the following letter to the Bach Choir. It is pure Aprahamian, worth quoting in full:

Thank you for your letter of 27 November and enclosures, which I happily add to my archives; for yours, I am pleased to enclose an up-to-date CV as further proof of my confirmed existence! More seriously the words of the late lamented Felix Aprahamian have been quoted verbatim without benefit of quotation marks. I suppose I should be flattered, but a cheque (with VAT) for the proportion of the programme-note fee represented by the Duruflé note would have been far more appropriate than the offer of concert-tickets. (Incidentally, I last paid for

concert-tickets at a Cortot-Maggie Teyte Wigmore Hall recital in the mid-Thirties). I would have been even happier to have provided notes myself on the works of four personal friends, three of whom (Duruflé, Messiaen, Poulenc) visited this house over the past sixty years; while I was often the fourth's guest at St. John's [College] Cambridge, when "Holy" Herbert [Howells] was locum-tenens there. Never mind! The note, with acknowledgements to the Bach Choir, and my original will be duly reprinted in my memoirs!

Yours sincerely, Felix Aprahamian.

Copies to several interested and amused parties.

30 years before that, I was on the music criticism course at the Royal Academy of Music at a time when Arthur Jacobs would invite his colleagues to share their experiences with us. They would take us to concerts that they wrote up afterwards, whilst we wrote dummy reviews within the same deadline, which were then compared and discussed. The week after Felix came, we had William Mann, then chief music critic of *The Times*. When he discovered he was following Felix, he told us he had just returned from Finland (remember this is 1968) where a student researching Sibelius had just asked him 'In what year did Felix Aprahamian die?'

So Felix was a legend in his own lifetime. This wonderfully well-produced 400-page-book handles well, has copious

Felix Aprahamian – Diaries & Selected Writings on Music (continued)

photos, including a commanding dust-jacket with the portrait of Felix by June Mendoza (portraitist to the Queen). It must have been the result of much painstaking research, and could not have been paid for by the word, so comes as a labour of love.

The book falls into three sections, Lewis's 40 page resumé of Felix's life, transcripts from Felix's diaries from 1933 to 1935+, and articles and reminiscences of Felix on everyone he knew, including ten great organists – for Felix collected people. He had that gift of gleaning and presenting concise cameos of all his friends and contemporaries. In the late 1980s, after hearing a Felix presentation to a select posse of Commonwealth journalists at a COI conference chaired by Lionel Carley, one such visiting Australian journalist was overheard to say that Felix's contribution was the most amazing example of sustained name-dropping he had ever heard (see page 23).

Felix's ability to make something out of nothing was legendary. His two-page account of how he nearly got Peter Warlock to sign his book on Delius appears on pages 1 & 2 of our *Newsletter 45*. It tells you nothing you need to know, yet conveys the whole essence of the musical world of the time.

In this book, there are 15 entries on Peter Warlock. One introduces a new concept on Warlock's death, for on 3 June 1933, Felix says he met and played with the cellist, Mary Goodchild, who told Felix that Anna Macnaughten used to act as a personal assistant to Warlock in Tite Street, and that Anna was the first person to meet Barbara Peach after she had discovered Warlock's body on 17 December 1930. Anna had told Mary that there was no mystery about Warlock's death. Warlock had a great, great love for Barbara, only she could not synchronise with him in music. It was all double Dutch to Barbara, but this was not mentioned at the inquest (see p. 79).

On page 24, there is photograph of the Queen's Hall after it was bombed following a Malcolm Sargent performance of Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* that Felix attended on 9 May 1941. Also on page 24, there is a quote saying that Felix had retrieved the poster from the Gerontius concert, mud-stained from the fire-hoses that played on it, but that the authors had failed to find it in Methuen Park. However, a photo of the poster appears on page 29 in the Peter Warlock *Newsletter 76* with our obituary of Felix.

As with reading any memoir of someone you have known, there are always comments one would like to have made to its subject, or questions one would like to asked them. On page 3, I enjoyed learning why Felix liked rose-petal jam, but I wish I had seen the entry in his diary for 3 June 1933 whilst he was still alive, and so been able to ask him to introduce me to Anna Macnaughten, Warlock's PA in Tite Street in 1930, who we know was still alive at the time of Warlock's centenary celebrations in 1994.

Since Sir Thomas Beecham's death, there have been several little books featuring the quotes from and about Sir Thomas. There could quite easily now be similar books on Felix. Bernard Levin once wrote an article with the title *When the music stops*, saying that anyone who didn't know Felix Aprahamian should be tarred and feathered. He was commenting on Felix's answer to the question : 'Will the music of Peter Maxwell-Davies and Harrison Birtwistle last?' And Felix, who would rather have allowed himself to be locked up for ever with Max Reger than tell a musical lie, answered; "Frankly, no".

There is a common story of when John Amis gave Felix a signed copy of his *Amisecellany*. John waited ... , and, as expected, Felix went straight to the index page, where by the 16 entries under Aprahamian, Felix found John had written 'Hello, Felix'.

But my favourite quote was when I was actually in Felix's presence as news broke of Andrew Lloyd Webber's knighthood. 'Well,' said Felix, 'he certainly didn't get that for his music.' ■



Your Hon Sec offers our member Tony Shepping six £20 notes on his Presidential counter of his Kensington Music Shop, for the three copies of this book seen there.

(Photo: Guy Brindle)

In Memoriam

Derek Davies (4 September 1932-8 October 2015) and **Jayne Davies, née Filer** (20 August 1934 – 17 October 2015)
Michael Graves



Derek and Jayne Davies, parents of Rhian Davies, sadly passed away within nine days of each other last October. Both took early retirement from teaching in 1987: Derek was Head of the History Department at Newtown High School in Powys, Mid Wales, and Jayne was Head of Music. 1987 was also the year in which Jayne first joined the Peter Warlock Society.

Rhian's mother's connections with Warlock went back a long way, probably to the time when she began accompanying her father, Archie Filer, at the age of 10. He was a concert and broadcast tenor and had *Passing by* and other contemporary British music in his repertoire. By the time Rhian began performing as a child singer, all the published songs of Warlock were in the family collection and she learned them with her mother around the front room piano. Jayne was a first-rate accompanist, which meant that Rhian was able to perform some of the most difficult songs including *Jillian of Berry* and *Rutterkin* as her singing developed. Jayne was also delighted when she and Rhian brought *Jillian of Berry* to Bryn Terfel's attention! Bryn and Rhian both studied with Rudolf Piernay in London and Bryn loved the song when they shared a platform at the Royal Overseas League. He was determined to learn it and Rhian often wonders whether he still sings it!

Jayne graduated from the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, in a class of four students including William Mathias with whom she maintained a lifelong friendship. Ian Parrott's 33-year tenure as Gregynog Professor of Music

at Aberystwyth, 1950-83, also meant that Rhian studied with him in turn, and all three took a keen interest in Peter Warlock's Welsh connections. Living five miles from Cefn-Bryntalch, Jayne knew several people who had worked at the Hall during the time of the Buckley-Joneses and she assisted with arrangements whenever the Society came on Jaunts to the area. As conductor of Newtown Choral Society and the Hafren Ladies Choir, she also programmed music by Warlock including the *Three Carols* and *Lullaby*. The latter is still available via iTunes as part of Hafren's CD recording on the Sain label, *Adlais y Glyn/The Echoing Green* (SCD 9082, 1990).

A thanksgiving service for Derek and Jayne was held in Newtown Baptist Church on Saturday 31 October 2015 when the running order included Warlock's *Pieds-en-lair* from *Capriol* as the Processional. Ben Luxon's recording of *Sleep* was also included in Jayne's funeral service at Gregynog as both she and Rhian had collaborated with him at different times.

Professor Ian Parrott's Centenary

Ian Parrott (5 March 1916 – 4 September 2012) was Gregynog Professor of Music at Aberystwyth for 33 years (see reference to Ian in the obituary above). We recently celebrated his centenary on Saturday 5 March 2016.



Professor Ian Parrott (b. 5 March 1916)

(Photo: Courtesy of Rhian Davies)

Gesualdo Hex

At the time of going to press, Postscript (www.psbooks.co.uk) is offering *The Gesualdo Hex: music, myth and memory* by Glenn Watkins, (hardback 400 pages, pub. Norton 2010 and originally at £28.00) for £9.99 + £2.00 p&p.

'... Watkins reassesses the evidence for his life of adultery, intrigue and witchcraft, but also presents a fascinating analysis of Gesualdo's surprising influence on avant-garde composers such as Stravinsky, Schoenberg and Boulez during the 20th century.'

Order online at www.psbooks.co.uk or:

by telephone on: +44 (0)1626 897100 9am-5pm

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Warlock in the BBC Music Magazine Quiz again!

Having drawn attention in the last *Newsletter* (page 45) to Warlock having appeared as an answer to a quiz question in a recent *BBC Music Magazine*, it just so happens a similar occurrence took place in the December 2015 issue of the magazine. On this occasion the questions in the quiz focused on the music profession's brushes with the law, and Question 3 reads as follows:

Name the British composers who: a) signed up as a special constable at Hampstead Police Station (1914); b) was arrested for being drunk and disorderly at Cadogan St. (1927); c) received a police visit for having cooked a swan(2005)?

As most readers will probably know, the answer to b) is Peter Warlock, but what the compiler of the quiz was seemingly unaware of was the latest research into the timing of this disgraceful lapse(!) on Warlock's part. For many years it had been assumed that because Warlock had cut out the press report and, for reasons best known to himself, inserted the cutting between pages of his diary for 1927, the event was believed to have happened in that year. However, a simple check on the maths in the report (where it stated Warlock was 35) clearly indicated the year could not have been 1927 (when Warlock would have been 32/33), and in 2009, after much diligent researching in a newspaper archive, Malcolm Rudland established the offending incident occurred in June 1930 and was reported in the

27th June 1930 edition of the *West London Press Chelsea News*. [See the account of Malcolm's research in *Newsletter 85 Autumn 2009 pp14-14.*]

It was heartening to see Warlock's name appearing again so soon in a mainstream classical music publication. I wonder if, in the fullness of time, a hat trick can be eventually achieved with a third Warlock answer in the quiz!?

[And the answers to a) and c)? - Elgar and Maxwell Davies!]

John Mitchell

Warlock in Minnesota

Dear friends:

I am very pleased to tell you that the nationally-known Christmas Festival from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota included 500 voices singing *Tyrley Tyrlow* with full orchestra. It was joyful and thrilling!

Philip Brunelle

Artistic Director and Founder: *Vocalessence*

Shoreham, Eynsford and Warlock in Beckenham

I read the article by Joyce Meade, *Peter Warlock – The Shoreham Connection*, (*PWS Newsletter 97 p.21*) with interest as my wife Veronica and I spent a very warm summer afternoon in Shoreham this year.

We saw Samuel Palmer's very large and elegant home which is just a footpath away from the Darent. Young children were paddling in the river but no sign of any ancients bathing nude.

My son and his wife with our two grandchildren visited recently and Veronica and I had looked at a local attraction called Eagle Heights to see if it would be suitable for an afternoon out. Unless you liked eagles, it was disappointing but its location high on the downs overlooking Eynsford did afford some wonderful views – largely unchanged from the village that PW lived in.

I had a letter from Canon Derek Carpenter who organised the memorial services for W G Grace on 23 October 2015 in St George's Church, Beckenham. He said that Warlock's *Cricketers of Hambledon* went down a treat to some 150 attendees.

Cliff Watkins

Forthcoming Events

Saturday & Sunday 23/24 April

Peter Warlock Society Annual General Meeting

Weekend at Eton College

See page 3 for details

Thursday 26 May to Monday 30 May

English Music Festival 2016

Dorchester-on-Thames

See below for details

Thursday 16 June to Sunday 26 June

Gregynog Festival 2016: Eire

Featuring a day highlighting Warlock's time in Ireland

See page 47 opposite for details

6pm Friday 28 October 2016 SAVE THE DATE

Peter Warlock's 122nd Birthday Concert

Milton Court Concert Hall, Guildhall

See back cover



Warlock at the 2016 English Music Festival Thursday 26 May to Monday 30 May

Three of Warlock's songs nestle within this year's festival. One of them will be the world première of a reconstruction, made by our own John Mitchell, of a 'lost' Warlock song – *An Old Song*. This is a different work to the orchestral piece by Warlock of the same name. There will also be a world première of a work by PWS member Danny Gillingwater.

The first Warlock song, *It was a lover and his lass*, will be part of the *Shakespeare in Song* recital at **2.15pm Saturday 28 May in All Saints Church, Sutton Courtenay**. (Tickets £20).

Then at **7pm Saturday 28 May in Dorchester Abbey**, Danny Gillingwater's *Overture, Ad Fontem* will be premiered. Gillingwater describes the work:

'It's a bit like a life in miniature and takes the form of a set of variations. More like a set of re harmonisations of a 16 bar tune. A challenging tune at that. Some of the sections are snippets of the theme or just rhythmic patterns, others are the full thing. It starts as a single line (just cellos) and grows in strength and confidence throughout the piece until a final grand Maestoso version. In the middle of the work the theme is at its most hidden or most disjointed. Here the music is

exuberant, then tender. As I said, the theme is serious and a bit angular, which has proved to be the most challenging aspect of its composition. How to keep it interesting enough to listen to in all its versions. It ends with a lively coda. A final burst of energy. Which also serves to lighten the mood and let the audience know it's finished.' (Tickets £25)

The recital in **Dorchester Abbey on Monday morning 30 May at 10.45** will have two Warlock songs, *Consider* and the première of John Mitchell's reconstruction of *An Old Song*. John describes the work:

'The rationale for "reconstructing" Warlock's *An Old Song*, a very late work, that was lost and has never turned up since, was that, as happened with his two last surviving works (*The Fairest May* and the solo version of *Bethlehem Down*), there was a very good chance it was simply an adaptation of an earlier work. The latter, in this instance, was the choral *As dew in Aprylle*, and I found it possible that by extracting the soprano line of this piece, and then fashioning a piano accompaniment from the remaining three voice parts, a lost song of Warlock's (described by Bernard van Dieren as a 'little gem') could be given a new lease of life.' (Tickets £20)

**Tickets are available from the EMF Box Office: <https://englishmusicfestival.org.uk/boxoffice.html>
or for those without internet access, please telephone the Information Line 01535 272054 to
request a postal booking form, which can then be returned with a cheque enclosed.**

Forthcoming Events

Thursday 16 June to Sunday 26 June 2016

Gregynog Festival 2016: Eire

**Gregynog Hall, Tregynon,
Powys, SY16 3PW**

This year's Gregynog Festival explores a wealth of cultural connections between Ireland and Wales. From the 6th-century Irish saint who founded the beautiful shrine church at Pennant Melangell to the prison camp at Fron-goch, near Bala, where 1,800 rebels including Michael Collins were held after the Easter Rising, the season combines classical and traditional music with poetry, drama, film, talks and exhibitions. Performances run from 16-26 June 2016 in Aberystwyth, Montgomery and Llandinam as well as the historic Music Room at Gregynog Hall itself.

Thursday, 23 June

A day highlighting Warlock's time in Ireland

Artistic Director Rhian Davies has devised a day programme to highlight Warlock's time in Dublin and Achill Beg, 1917-18, including compositions of the period.

2.30pm Finghin Collins piano recital (£15)

Eire's leading young solo pianist plays Irish repertoire from the 19th to 21st centuries, including Warlock's *Folk-Song Preludes*. 'Exceptionally fluent, exceptionally intelligent, exceptionally sensitive' (*International Record Review*).

5.00pm Rhian Davies talk and film screening (£5)

Talk about Peter Warlock in Ireland followed by a screening of the film *Dewin Cerdd*. Rhian introduces the film which she scripted for S4C in 1997, including the ground-breaking research that solved the mystery of the composer's time in the West of Ireland.

7.30pm Ailish Tynan & Iain Burnside (£15)

The delightful soprano and her distinguished accompanist present an overview of Irish vocal music, including some of the fine early songs which Warlock wrote in Dublin.

'One of the greatest sopranos on the planet ... a woman of light wit and humour, extremely personable and characterful' (*Herald Scotland*)



Gregynog Hall

An Exhibition about Warlock in Ireland will run all week

For tickets & further information:

For tickets and the full Festival programme, including Jordi Savall, Martin Hayes, Academy of Ancient Music and Chamber Choir Ireland, see:

www.gregynogfestival.org or Tel: 01686 207100

Directions to Gregynog Hall:

Gregynog stands in beautiful grounds near Tregynon, Powys, SY16 3PW. The nearest station, Newtown (Powys) on the Cambrian Coast line, is five miles away by taxi.

Accommodation:

Some rooms at the Hall are available to book via the Conference Office on 01686 650224. For other suggestions, please see the dedicated page on the Festival website.

Peter Warlock his Birthday



**The 122nd Peter Warlock
Birthday Concert**

6pm Friday 28 October 2016

Milton Court Concert Hall

**Guildhall School of
Music and Drama**



Milton Court, Guildhall School of Music & Drama, Silk St, London EC2Y 9BH

Save the Date
Details to follow