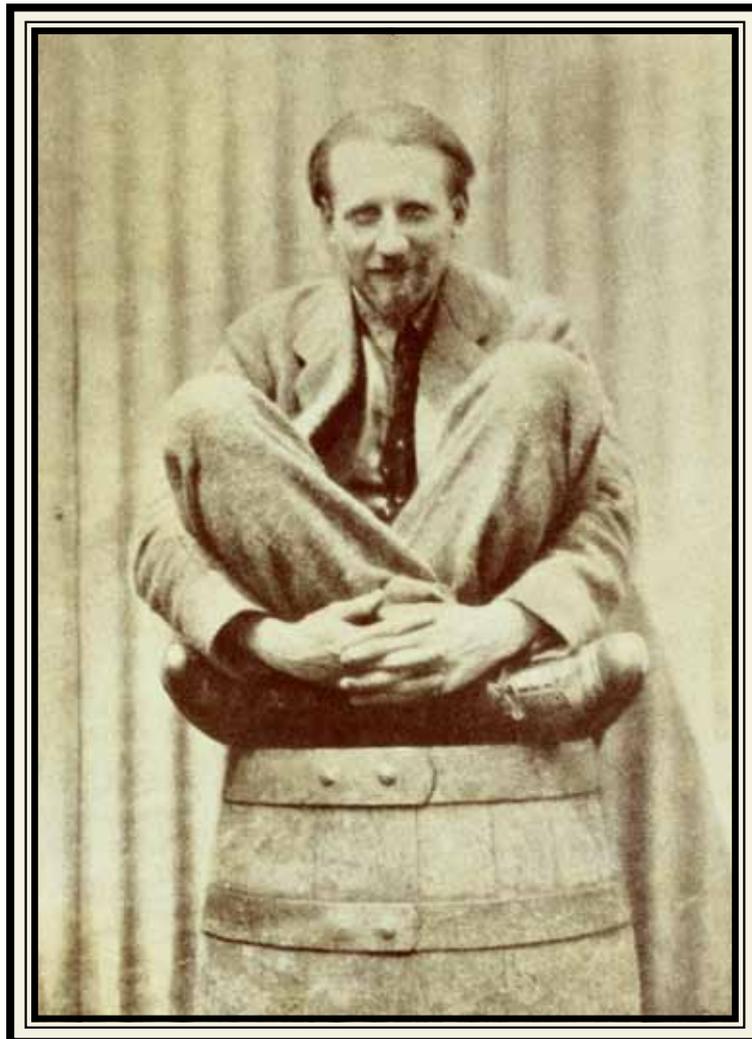


Peter Warlock Society

Newsletter 102

The Journal of the Peter Warlock Society
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Editorial

Welcome to *Newsletter 102* 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 were deeply saddened to hear that our Founder and Chairman Emeritus, Patrick Mills, died just before Christmas. On 20 December, Social Services attempted to telephone Patrick, but he was not answering their calls. Upon investigation, Patrick was found dead in his chair. For more information see Hugh Cobbe's letter and Malcolm Rudland's PS on p8.

There are a number of warm and affectionate tributes to Patrick in this edition and Patrick's humorous account of how the Society came about is reprinted on p10. John Mitchell assesses Patrick 'the composer' on p14.

I first met Patrick in 1974, but it is only over the last nine years as Editor and five years as Chairman that I got to know him. After the publication of each Newsletter, Patrick used to telephone me in jubilation to congratulate me. It has thus been a great privilege to have been able to contribute to Patrick's delight and to the Society he founded. It was also a great honour to succeed him as Chair when he stepped

down from the role in 2013. A poignant memory for me will always be that I bought Patrick a whiskey and ginger after the September Committee meeting last year. It was most probably the last drink he had in the *Antelope*. We will, of course, be looking to organise an event to remember Patrick in due course.

Elsewhere in this edition John Mitchell investigates Warlock and Poldowski. Barry Smith answers finally the question as to whether any of Warlock's music was ever used in film soundtracks. There are two archive articles from 1933 and 1934 and Philip Burnett describes a 'treasure' in the archive of University College, Oxford.

Reviews include the 123rd Birthday Concert at Chetham's in Manchester and the attendant 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' jaunt, the Samling Showcase at the Wigmore and there is also a curious West Country event.

Remember, I am happy to receive material for the *Newsletter* at any time, but to guarantee consideration for inclusion in the Autumn edition, **31 June 2018** is the deadline. My full contact details are on the front cover.

Michael Graves
pwsnewsletter@yahoo.com

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Patrick Mills 23 January 1939 – 19 December 2017

PWS President **Barry Smith** pays tribute to Patrick Mills



Patrick and Eileen Mills with the 'fox's mask' outside *The Antelope*, 18 October 2003
(Photo: Brian Collins)

To use one of our Secretary's terms Patrick Mills was one of the most important 'Gurus' in the history of the Warlock Society. Reading through many editions of the Newsletters his name occurs over and over, particularly in the early years. Indeed, I think it would be right to say that without his continuing energy and enthusiasm, the actual founding of our Society would never have seen the light of day – nor would have it have grown to the important position which it now holds in the music world. That Warlock is now better known and revered a composer is the result of Pat's work and ceaseless enthusiasm.

He must have been so happy in his final years to look back and to have seen so many of his early dreams and hopes come to such successful fruition. If that was the case he never pushed himself into the limelight as a proud progenitor of such things. My lasting memories of him will

be seeing him at some of the recent AGM concerts quietly sitting with his designated driver at the back quietly listening to Warlock's music with a contemplative and serene peace.

As a tribute to Pat it would seem most appropriate to quote the Etonian schoolmaster, William Cary's poem 'Heraclitus' set to music in 1917 by Peter Warlock :

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take. ■

“I wish him well, wherever he is now”

Founder member **Stephen Roche** remembers Patrick Mills



Founder member Stephen Roche (left), with Patrick Mills in *The Antelope*, 17 September 2016.
(Photo: Michael Graves)

I came across Patrick a year or two before the Peter Warlock Society was established. Patrick had already been to see Gerald Cockshott about the limericks and had hatched the idea of starting a Peter Warlock Society. As I was interested in music, Patrick asked me if I would go along to the inaugural meeting. There were seven or eight people present at that meeting as far as I can recall.

I had two copies of a record of *The Curlew* that I had bought from the Gramophone Exchange in Wardour Street, which I gave to either Patrick or to John Bishop – I can't remember which.

I recall finding Patrick to be a charming fellow with an engaging sense of humour. He had a soft way of speaking and a twinkle in his eye, which he had right until the end. He was always very interesting to talk to.

Patrick once showed me a bus ticket that had belonged to Peter Warlock. He had won at an event in Tite Street and when he showed me the ticket he had that delightful twinkle in his eye. It made me laugh to see his delight in possessing that humble bus ticket. It was clearly a real treasure for him.

Another memory of mine was an incident that occurred on the jaunt to Grez-sur-Loing. One of our party had forgotten his rail ticket for the return journey. I said that I was sure the ticket collector on the train would believe us that this individual had genuinely forgotten their ticket as we looked to be a respectable lot! Patrick's immediate comment was, "Oh I hope not!"

I have only thanks and gratitude for Patrick's founding of the Society and for all that he has done for the Society since. I wish him well, wherever he is now. ■

Christopher Patrick Michael Mills

David Blundell



David Blundell and Patrick Mills “three sheets in the wind” on the occasion of Patrick and Eileen’s Silver Wedding celebrations

Patrick used the Christian name Christopher when booking restaurants and like occasions. ‘Patrick’ was for everyday use, but Michael I did not know about until reading his Will after he had died. It was the sort of little mystery he threw on.

It seemed to me that he kept his life in organised pockets – I knew very little about the Peter Warlock Society and I don’t think Members of that Society knew of my existence during his life even though we had been friends for 67 years.

Patrick was born in Newport, Isle of Wight, whilst I grew up in Shanklin on said Isle, but at 11 we both joined The Grammar School, Newport, a local School set up in 1610 (now defunct). After our attendance there, what else could it do?

I think he was advised to sign on in the RAF for 22 years instead of for National Service because it was felt it

would secure a protected life style for him. He regularly visited me on Saturday evenings for supper and music and continued to do so after I married in 1965 right up until he and the RAF parted company and he got a job at the British Catalogue of Music. If ever a round peg found a round hole, Patrick did. He lived in a YMCA, until he married Eileen, as almost a protected tenant so to speak as he was available to play for their weekend services. Eileen wouldn’t get married until her Mother had died, which she, the Mother, duly did, and the wedding followed shortly after in the Crypt of the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

I was his best man, my main function being to prevent his Mother making a scene which would have wrecked the whole affair. I forget what I said, but it had the effect of directing her recriminations solely against me, leaving the happy couple to proceed on their merry way along the path of light provided by that persuasion.

As a by the way, I was a Solicitor on the Island and one of my Partners, a convert to Roman Catholicism, was happy arranging divorces for non-R.C.s “because they weren’t properly married anyway”.

My Wife died in 1990 aged 49 and after that I was invited to Pat and Eileen’s Silver Wedding celebrations from which I have a photo of these two middle-aged gents sitting on a garden seat three sheets in the wind. A jolly time.

After Eileen died, Patrick hit on the idea of my going to London at various intervals, latterly on the first Wednesday in every month, to be taken out to expensive lunches. My dining experience is far in excess of my income. Latterly, we had been going to Bonham’s Restaurant in New Bond Street, because it was small and we could each hear what the other was saying. Now there’s an interesting reason for going to a particular restaurant. (The food and service are excellent, too!)

November saw us there when he was obviously very unwell and in the middle of lunch he suddenly started choking, to the point where an ambulance was called and the paramedics in their usual miraculous way restored order and sent him home in a taxi as once the blockage removed itself he seemed OK again.

December saw us there again, both on our best behaviour after the dreadful time in November, when we had a particularly enjoyable time, which turned out well in view of there not being any similar dates for 2018. ■

Life was never dull when Patrick was around!

Robin Crofton remembers Patrick Mills



Patrick Mills on a jaunt 'In the South' 29 September 1990 (see PWS Newsletter No. 46, March 1991)

(Left to right) Fred Tomlinson, Julia Sreeves, Eileen Mills, Carol Crofton, Patrick Mills.

Robin Crofton can just be seen (bottom right) with his three year old son, Ralph.

I first met Patrick in 1966 whilst studying for a Diploma in the History of Music at an extra-mural course run by London University. Patrick was, at that time, cataloguing all newly printed music at the British Library and they considered it desirable that he should have some kind of related qualification. It wasn't long before I learnt of the Peter Warlock Society! In 1969 I was invited to the unveiling of the plaque on the Eynsford cottage and was also asked to join the PWS Committee, which I did. After that I joined the Society!! Patrick told me that he was going through all the songs of Peter Warlock one by one, with a friend of his, nearly every night.

Patrick had a number of other, rather obscure interests. He was intrigued by by-elections, as they were so completely different from general elections. He used to turn up to them with a tape recorder at the count and intended one day to write a book about them, although I don't think this ever came to fruition. Another interest of his was London Transport. Before he was married Patrick lived at the YMCA in South London and entertained himself by travelling all the London bus routes from their start to their end on Saturdays. Then he would have a curry! When he married Eileen, she was happy to join

him during the day, but refused to travel the night buses. After 'doing' every red bus route, Patrick then started on the Green Line bus routes.

Eileen, Patrick's wife to be, was a speech therapist and an amateur actress. She had talked on the radio about her house, where she had lived all her life, and about life in the 1940s and 50s. She met Patrick at one of her plays (he had said "I hate acting.") but then he started writing incidental music for those plays. I did once, see the two of them in a Shakespeare play at an outside theatre somewhere on the Thames. Pat did not look very happy. He and Eileen married in 1975 in the Crypt of Westminster Cathedral. Patrick had become a Roman Catholic and duly secured the venue for their wedding. Eileen had no immediate family and had asked a cousin from Ireland to give her away. The reception was held at Patrick's house in Claverdale Road. I regard it as an honour that I was the only member of the PWS to be invited to subsequent wedding anniversaries.

Pat was born on the Isle of Wight and always went home for the Cowes Regatta, not that he was a sailor, but he often hired a cruiser to spend a week on the River Thames. One very wet week, he and Eileen left the boat to go to the local to 'dry out'. Unfortunately they had forgotten to put the

Life was never dull when Patrick was around! (continued)

cover over the cockpit, and when they returned they found the boat filling with water, so they left the boat and legged it to the nearest station and returned to London as fast as possible! Life was never dull when Patrick was around!

Pat was called up for National Service and joined the RAF. He told me that they didn't know what to do with him, especially his inability to tackle anything of a technical nature, so I understand that he served in the Education Department. On Sunday mornings, wherever he was stationed, he would attend the local church in uniform with *The Observer* under his arm and inevitable a family would invite him to lunch. To one house he went more

than once for he fancied the daughter and he thinks it was reciprocated!

When the British Library told him they were going over to computers, he decided to take early retirement as he knew that he couldn't cope. I remember his desk in the Library, it was piled with paper at least six inches high, 'I know where every thing is,' he said!!!

About five years ago I invited Patrick to visit me in Bedfordshire. He told me which train he would be on and, checking the train on the internet, I discovered that it didn't stop at Luton. I told him this and he retorted, "Don't dare tell me about trains – it does stop at Luton." And it did. ■

Some of the messages received from members of the Society

Dear Michael,

It is a profound jolt to be confronted with the loss of an individual who has meant – and still means – a great deal both in personal and comradely terms. The Peter Warlock Society could not have become what it is without the human friendships and warm cooperation evident among the small circle sustaining it, central to which was the Founder, Patrick Mills. His happy vision has inspired a flourishing community of interest, study and celebration of a unique musician Philip Heseltine, as he was born, which will now function as a memorial to Patrick and his work with the Society as I see it.

That he was ably assisted by you and Malcolm together with the invaluable help of others is in no doubt and I hope the knowledge of the achievements of the Society will be of consolation and also a source of strength at this moment of sorrow.

Tresca Winteringham

Dear Michael

Thank you for letting us all know. What very sad news. (In spite of which, I'd still like to take the opportunity of wishing you and your family a Happy New Year, and look forward to getting together in 2018.)

John Merrick

Dear Michael

Very sorry to hear this news – how sad to die alone ... My acquaintance with Patrick goes back beyond the Warlock Society to his time at the British Library. No doubt against his wishes, he deserves to be commemorated by the PWS, perhaps in a special

issue of the Newsletter including some commemorative articles about the earlier (and subsequent) days of the PWS and Pat's part in its foundation and progress.

Garry Humphreys

Dear Michael,

Thank you for letting me know this very sad news.

I will keep Patrick in my thoughts & prayers.

Kind regards,

Mary Swan

Dear Michael,

I have just heard from John Mitchell about the sad demise of dear Pat Mills – a lovely, kind man – I met him on only a few occasions, but I cherish every one of them. He will be missed.

Frank Bayford

Sad news Michael,

We owe a debt of gratitude to Pat for starting the ball rolling.

I drink I think?

Dan Gillingwater

Dear Michael

Thank you so much for your email. Brian had already let me know the sad news but it is good to have the additional information. I was very fond of both Pat and Eileen and we often used to meet them by chance on the 159 bus when Matthew had his flat in Streatham! A gentleman and a visionary.

Rhian Davies

Some of the messages received from members of the Society (continued)

Dear Michael,

Seems I can't wish you and PWS a happy New Year. I must thank you for this message all the same.

I believe there was a special message that only Patrick Mills was able to communicate to every new person who joined the Society. This was his welcoming nature, inimitable character, style and attitude, not to say depth of knowledge.

He encouraged any newcomer to be curious and also to laugh. There was never anything stuffy about him. Yet, he was a genius.

I'm so grateful to have known him just a little bit – I will never forget him.

Rebecca Brooke

Hello Michael.

Many thanks for the official email re Patrick. Such very sad news. If there is to be a memorial concert for him with songs and readings, I'd be more than happy to offer some Warlock songs. Stay in touch and hope to see you soon.

Giles Davies

Patrick Mills – an Appreciation

Dear Michael,

Although we had known Patrick for several years as the original influence behind the formation of the Society, and of his major contribution to its affairs since we joined twenty-odd years ago, it was an incident a little while later that cemented our friendship. When we were entertained after dinner in Chelsea by John Amis a few years back we were privileged to find ourselves seated opposite him at the head of the table. In an act of typical generosity Patrick came round to our side during a lull in proceedings and said quietly to Kate "I see you're drinking white wine, and wondered whether you'd like to share my bottle?" We kept in touch ever thereafter and as well as exchanging a few words at meetings always looked forward to the arrival of a Christmas card addressed to "The Packers" in his distinctive handwriting. A lovely man who will be so much missed, but fondly remembered.

Kate and Richard Packer

Dear Michael,

I only met Pat a few times but he stood out, not because he was loud in any way, but quite the opposite – he stood out by his quiet composure and warmth, gentleness and modesty. I found him immediately likeable. A man who showed interest in others and was uncomplaining, when obviously in poor health. Despite not having met him often I shall miss him at PWS Annual General Meetings. He was at the heart and the soul of the Warlock Society.

Val Pyle

Hugh Cobbe, who was Head of Music at the British Library at the time Pat retired, wrote this letter to his colleagues:

Greetings! I have just had a phone call from Malcolm Rudland of the Peter Warlock Society to say that, very sadly, Patrick Mills died on 19 December last. Apparently Patrick left Malcolm, Pat's next-of-kin, with a list of people he wanted to be told when the moment came. Most of the names meant nothing to Malcolm, or to me when he read them out, but I said I would pass on the sad news to those whom I did know – and you are one of the recipients of this message. A social worker looked in to make sure Patrick was OK on 19th December following a day visit to Kings College Hospital, but no reply the following day led the police to break into the house, where they found Pat had died in his chair. Apparently the cause of death was bronchial pneumonia. The death certificate has not been issued, owing to the uncertainties, but Patrick had made it clear to his executor that he did not want a funeral. He just wanted his two close school friends at an internment, when he is buried in Kensal Green with Eileen. However the Warlock Society is planning a commemorative event in Oxford on 12 or 13 May, and 13 June in Chelsea: if you would like to go or would like further information please contact Malcolm Rudland (mrudland2@gmail.com)

Patrick retired from the British Library in 1997, having joined the British National Bibliography in 1962, which was subsequently incorporated into the British Library when that institution was set up in 1973.

I know we all have affectionate and admiring memories of Patrick and his eccentricities and Claverdale Road will be a poorer place without him.

With all good wishes

Hugh Cobbe, Newbury

PS to obituaries for Patrick Mills

Further to Hugh Cobbe's affectionate tribute above, as we go to press, Pat's body is still in Greenwich mortuary, and his executor has still not gained access to his house. On the first Wednesday of February, following a tribute-meal at Bonham's Restaurant in New Bond Street (see David Blundell's obituary on p.5), we went to Brixton Police Station to collect the keys to 82 Claverdale Road, but they did not fit. So, we only know that Pat was found dead in his chair on 20 December. In 2002, Rodney Meadows, a fellow-long-time-chairman of a similar society, was also found dead in his chair. By it was found a glass of whisky. So, do we wait to see if Pat left us a glass of gin and Dubonnet? However, whereas Rodney left the Delius Society £70,000, Pat left the Warlock Society ... considerably more.

Malcolm Rudland

How it all began

Peter Warlock's Limericks

In his biography of Peter Warlock Cecil Gray describes Heseltine's virtuosity in limericks lampooning the musical personalities of the day. Although Gray said they could not be published at the moment (1934), they would cause much entertainment years hence. Since 30 years have passed since Heseltine's death, perhaps the correspondence column might be regaled with a few. If anyone knows any of these limericks, surely the time is now ripe?

Gray also notes that in 1917 Heseltine married and a son was born. Does anybody know where he is now? This information would interest the many Warlock enthusiasts of whom I am one.

C. P. MILLS

The Musical Times Vol. 103
No. 1431, May 1962 p330

The Musical Times Vol. 103
No. 1432, June 1962 p407

Warlock Limericks

If Mr C. P. Mills cares to call on me, I shall be delighted to regale him with the Warlock limericks I heard from E. J. Moeran and others. (I can also obtain Mr Nigel Heseltine's address for him if he wants it.) I think he will then agree that, even though '30 years have passed since Heseltine's death', the time is not yet ripe for publication. I must say, though, that the thought of *The Musical Times* being prosecuted for publishing an obscene libel pleases me enormously. What a stir it would make! It might even rival the sensation produced by some of those music supplements.

Shoreham, Sussex

GERALD COCKSHOT

A Warlock Society

I hope to form a Peter Warlock Society to bring together all lovers of his music. This society would, if possible, be responsible for the recording on records of a near complete collection of his songs. Will those interested write to me?

7 Bedford Square, WC1

C. P. MILLS

The Musical Times Vol. 103
No. 1436, October 1962 p693

PETER WARLOCK, 1894-1930

Nearly a quarter of a century after Peter Warlock's death a great deal of his music remains virtually unknown; and it is to remedy this state of affairs that the Peter Warlock Society was founded in October 1963, with Sir William Walton as President and Sir Arthur Bliss as Vice-President. The first major project of the Society is a representative concert of Warlock's work, to be given at 7.30 pm on November 4 in the Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St James's Square. Wilfred Brown will be the soloist; and it is hoped to include in the programme some of the unfamiliar choral pieces—notably the rarely performed Webster settings. Membership of the Peter Warlock Society is open to all who would like more performances and recordings of Warlock's music. Mr C. P. Mills, Hon Secretary and Treasurer, c/o 7 Bedford Square, London WC1 will welcome inquiries. The subscription is one guinea a year.—GERALD COCKSHOT, Chairman.

The Musical Times Vol. 105
No. 1460, October 1964 pp739-740

A Warlock Obsession

In 1988 **Patrick Mills** was asked to write something about the Society's origins for the Newsletter. Here we reprint his humorous account of how it all began.

When I was seven years old, I listened in Children's Hour to a serial which concerned the life and times of Mary, Queen of Scots. At that time of life, every story told to me had had a happy ending, so I was ill prepared for her grisly demise. The music used for this production was selections from *Capriol*, mostly the first two movements. I listened with tears streaming down my face to the last melancholy instalment, which for me had a haunting and deeply ominous quality, relieved only by the brief sunshine of the penultimate movement. Even today, it is possible to feel irritated at hearing *Capriol* described as 'a sweet confection of French dance arrangements'. It seems much more than that to me.

No more Warlock crossed my path until five years later when my loving parents entertained the illusion that my singing voice was worthy enough to be heard publicly in a competitive music festival. The set piece was *The Countryman*, which I thought to be a very fine song – with the little counter-melody given to the piano towards the end of the second verse.

A few years later I discovered, in the local public library, Cecil Gray's book, which, to put it mildly, enthralled me. Yes, I know we've learnt to look down our nose at its lamentable standards of accuracy, but the point of Gray's memoir was its ability to inspire and enthuse. Warlock had not had his due. Something must be done. But what? One could hardly walk down the street with sandwich boards. Instead, I bought a gramophone record of Alexander Young singing *The Curlew* and twelve other songs, the titles of which I had only seen listed at the end of Gray's book. Alexander Young's (and a little later, Gordon Honey's and Wilfred Brown's) interpretations have always remained particular favourites of mine, not least because of their dramatic involvement and commitment. Young's performances of *Away to Twiver*, *The Lover's Maze*, and, on the darker side, *The Fox*, are rarely equaled.

In the Royal Air Force, where I spent the next three years, I seized the opportunity in 1959 of making a pilgrimage to Eynsford, where the occupant of the house in which Warlock had lived appeared to know what she was talking about. She told me of his particularly loud taste in wallpaper, and that when she was a child she had joined in with the village boys in attaching a long piece of cord to J.C.'s door knocker. (Warlock was known as J.C. [Jesus Christ] because of his



Patrick Mills singing *The countryman* on Dovehouse Green, King's Road, Chelsea, 24 June 2000

beard.) The cord was pulled, the knocker rapped, and an enraged Warlock, uttering loud imprecations, would chase them down the village street. There were people around the area who remembered him quite well and so I wrote to the BBC suggesting that a programme might be made on the subject. The BBC remained unpersuaded, and now, of course, it's too late.

In 1961, I left the Air Force and got a job with the British catalogue of Music, eventually becoming its editor. It was also at this time that I learnt of various composer societies such as the Hugo Wolf Society, etc. and I had no doubt that one day a Peter Warlock Society would be established, and resolved to read *The Musical Times* regularly so that I could join it immediately. I also studied all of Warlock's musical output until my fervour made my friends avoid mentioning him, so heavy were the hooves of my hobby horse. During another bout with Cecil Gray's book, my eye rested on a reference to Warlock's limericks, which were Rabelasian lampoons at the expense of various critics and composers

A Warlock Obsession (continued)

of his times. I wrote to *The Musical Times* Letters column suggesting that if the limericks were still extant, it might be possible to publish them. Gerald Cockshott wrote a letter saying that *The Musical Times* might be a little reluctant to publish the limericks since such a course of action would expose them to possible legal consequences. However, if I cared to call at his home, he would be very pleased to read them out to me.

I accepted the invitation with alacrity, and took the train to Henfield the following weekend, where Gerald, clutching a copy of the *Merry-Go-Down* book so that I should recognise him, was waiting on the station platform. It was a short walk to his house, called Sunnyside (“Not Suicide, Mr Mills!”), where he sat me down and declaimed Warlock’s canon of limericks. I was spellbound. He reached the last one:

That scandalous pair Foss and Goss*
Once attempted to put it across
 A young girl on a train;
 But their efforts were in vain –
So Foss tossed off Goss at King’s Cross.

Silence fell!

“Why have you come?” asked Gerald Cockshott. “Have you come all this way to hear this filth?” He was scrutinising me, his spectacles glittering dangerously. I felt entirely unnerved. “No”, I spluttered, lying in my teeth. “Then what is your reason?” he demanded sternly. I later learnt that his inquisitorial style had been honed as a headmaster at a Henfield school. Lost for words, I groped at the nearest respectable lifeline. “I was thinking.” I said earnestly, “of attempting to establish a Peter Warlock Society.”

“An excellent suggestion!” said he; and without more ado he rattled off names and addresses like a machine gun.

And so it was that I found myself writing to the most likely people to be interested. But it seemed that the Most Likely People were not interested as Gerald supposed. Only half-a-dozen had replied, and so --

“Only half-a-dozen? Half-a-dozen?” Gerald exclaimed. “Someone tried to start a Stanford Society and nobody replied at all! Now then, some more names ...” And so I continued to write. A letter of mine on the matter appeared in *The Gramophone*, where I was subsequently mauled

by Trevor Harvey, who said he was decidedly bored with people preoccupied with what he termed minor talents. Why couldn’t such people do something for Elgar? My indignant retort produced further free publicity, which I like to think was Mr Harvey’s idea all along. He must have known that an Elgar Society already existed ...

On a chilly spring Saturday in 1963, a collection of prospective Peter Warlock Society members made their way to Gerald Gover’s house in Arkwright Road, Hampstead, and there the Society was formed, with Gerald Cockshott as the chairman.

The Society, in its inception, owed a very great deal to Gerald Cockshott, and it was his know-how and encouragement which kept the idea alive. Twenty years ago, Nigel Heseltine told me that Walter Legge and he had discussed the possibility of a Peter Warlock Society in 1938, but the war had intervened. That Peter Warlock should be remembered and his music promoted struck me then, as now, as an inescapable moral imperative, and no words of mine can thank sufficiently those members, past and present, that made it possible.

The music of Warlock, as a whole, appears to me to be a longing for his own personal Hy-Brasil, which comprised a world of lost experiences, a nostalgia for a lost youth (and sometimes childhood). Like many others, he searched for real fulfilment in love and in the noisy, albeit cosy, saloon bar. The 16th century for which he pined was not the 16th century of Trevelyan’s history books, but that same Hy-Brasil in fancy dress. The aggressive gaiety of the drinking songs, the eloquent (and sometimes whimsical) ardour of the love songs, and the tenderness of the carols and children’s songs were a musical expression of this search for a particular paradise. In spite of his public image of lusty ‘sociableness’, Warlock was a lonely soul, attempting to overcome the nervous stricture of shyness and over-sensitivity. His music, therefore, is very much more meaningful than a series of superficial miniatures, and that is why his music deserves to be treasured, and his memory honoured.

* Hubert Foss (1899-1953), besides being a writer on music, was music editor for the OUP, one of Warlock’s main publishers. John Goss (1894-1953) was a baritone singer, closely associated with Warlock and dedicatee of some of his songs. ■

Articles

A Peter Warlock Society?

Following Patrick's account of how the PWS was formed in 1963, here is **Clinton Gray-Fisk's** article, published in *The New Age*, 6 July 1933, arguing the case for a Peter Warlock Society.

I presume most readers of *The New Age* are aware of the *raison d'être* and rationale of gramophone societies, but for the benefit of those who are not I will summarise them briefly.

The principle of the gramophone society is to induce those sufficiently interested to pay a small annual subscription in advance in order to guarantee production costs, in return for which the subscribers would receive regularly a volume of records containing authoritative renderings of the desired composer's works, and of course recorded with the same care and methods as all other records of the best type. Even on this basis a society would not be a paying proposition if the membership were below a definite minimum, and in the case of the first, the Hugo Wolf Society, the company quite rightly stipulated a minimum membership of (I believe) a thousand. The response was so enthusiastic and the Society such a success that the idea was extended, and we now have the Sibelius, Haydn String Quartet, Beethoven Sonata, and Bach "48" Societies.

A Delius Society has also been formed, though no records are as yet available as it is still in the initial stage of collecting members. Naturally the entire artistic control is in the hands of Sir Thomas Beecham, who has done more to further the cause of Delius than anyone else in any country (with, of course, the exception of the late and ever to be lamented Peter Warlock), and members are therefore assured of hearing the real (italicise) as opposed to the 'Prom.' and other spurious Delius.

Those interested in the music of this very distinguished, and, in my opinion, unquestionably the greatest living composer, should communicate without delay with Mr J Michaud, 40, Langham Street, W1.

Clearly, the field is wide, for there are composers of all periods and countries who are shamefully neglected, and in the absence of public performances, the best method of studying them to advantage is via the gramophone.

And with this necessary preamble, I now come to the central point of this article, namely, Peter Warlock.

Shortly after his untimely death in 1930, Mr Kaikhosru Sorabji described him in these columns as '... one of the finest musical minds of our times, a critic and writer further of unparalleled brilliance, insight and subtlety – a song writer of exquisite delicacy, jewel-like craftsmanship, and flawless rightness of instinct, he has been equalled by few

and surpassed by far fewer ...' – a verdict which, I imagine, is echoed by most of the musical world.

I quoted this extract in the May number of the *Musical Mirror*, and suggested very strongly the formation of a Warlock Society in view of the fact that beyond *The Curlew* cycle recorded by the National Gramophone Society, not a single song of Warlock has been issued by any gramophone company.

I further suggested that examples should be given of all his versatile musical activities, including his most admirable arrangements, editions, and transcriptions of early English string and vocal music, such as the Purcell *Fantasias* and Elizabethan Ayres, and his original orchestral works, which latter should comprise a re-recording of the beautiful *Serenade* for strings (written for Delius on his 60th birthday), and both versions of the enchanting *Capriol* suite based on 16th century dance tunes, ie. the string, and the full orchestral, preferably under Beecham. (There is a very fair record by Decca of the string version of *Capriol*, but it falls short of the ideal.)

I concluded by asking, 'If we can honour Hugo Wolf surely we can do as much for our own Warlock?' meaning, of course, that if there are enough people in England to form a Wolf Society there should be enough to form a similar society for Warlock, the latter being at least as interesting as Wolf in the realm of song composition.

In the June number of the *Musical Mirror*, however, the redoubtable Mr Robert Lorenz, always pining for a fight, asserts that I am very foolish to bracket Warlock and Wolf, which, he tells us, 'is about as idiotic as comparing Boughton with Wagner.' To begin with, it was perfectly obvious (to anyone of intelligence) that I was not endeavouring to exalt Warlock at the expense of Wolf, and, secondly, to the extent that composers possess common points of contact to that extent are they comparable.

For example, both Warlock and Wolf were pre-eminent as song writers; both were fastidious in their choice of text; both had a thorough understanding of the possibilities and limitations of the voice; and both made the vocal and instrumental line an indivisible unit, as opposed to what Cyril Scott describes as 'a species of recitative superimposed upon an accompaniment.'

Hence, to compare the composers on this basis is perfectly logical and justifiable; and if, additionally, we take

A Peter Warlock Society? (continued)

into consideration all of Warlock's manifold activities, it will then be seen that his is unquestionably the bigger and more interesting musical mind. Indeed, to the enthusiastic musician or musicologist, nothing could be more interesting and instructive than an analytical comparison of composers' various and varying methods and results in any given medium of expression.

To compare Boughton and Wagner would most emphatically be idiotic, since one works on a vast canvas, while the other is essentially a miniaturist whose most successful work, *The Immortal Hour*, was described by Kaikhosru Sorabji as 'a tissue of abject commonplaces and banality, utterly without distinction of idea, style, or expression,' and whose phenomenal run I myself demonstrated to be the result of manifestly extra-musical factors.

If, therefore, Mr Lorenz considers that Boughton and Wagner are incomparable owing to the devastating distance and difference between them, and that to compare Warlock and Wolf is as 'idiotic,' it follows that he must imagine an equal difference in musical stature separates the latter composers, a notion which makes one wonder precisely how much of Warlock's work he actually knows. Mr Lorenz then states that I have completely misunderstood the 'raison d'être' of the Hugo Wolf Society, which, he explains, was formed owing to the lack of the requisite singers in this country, and asks if I cannot see that Warlock is the composer who should not need a society, he (Warlock) being essentially English, 'and we certainly have the singers who can do him justice.'

I happen to be a member of the Hugo Wolf Society, and I know that its formation was purely and simply due to the fact that Wolf records issued in general catalogue of a gramophone company would not be a commercially practicable proposition.

The Society is for the benefit of the relatively few enthusiasts who naturally want the best singers for the job, and the fact that the artists happen to be German is merely incidental, in the same way that the Delius Society is directed by Beecham, an Englishman, who is the best exponent of Delius.

It is, in fact, entirely a question of expediency, both musical and commercial, and nothing whatever to do with nationality. Of course, we have the best singers for Warlock,

but that does not alter the fact that his appeal is mainly to musicians – a minority – and consequently he needs a society if we are ever going to be given a representative selection of his extensive output. Mr Lorenz suggests that German Elgar enthusiasts might want an Elgar Society conducted by English artists, but here again he misses the point, which obviously is, that there is no need whatever of an Elgar Society inasmuch as authoritative performances of all Elgar's major (and minor) works have been recorded and conducted by the composer himself.

Ideally speaking, in a musically cultivated country there would be no societies, because the public would want the music of interesting composers, but, things being as they are, a society is the only available means whereby we can hear the music we want and when we want it.

I may say that my suggestion of a society for Warlock is unreservedly supported by Mr Bernard van Dieren, Warlock's material and spiritual executor, and by many other musicians, and if we can secure sufficient support there is every reason to hope that it will soon become a *fait accompli*.

If anyone interested will communicate with me via *The New Age* I will be pleased to give full particulars. ■

Gray-Fisk, Clinton (Bowen) [Clinton Gray-Fisk] (b. New York, 7 July 1904; d. London, 28 May 1961).

American critic and writer on music domiciled in England. Member of the Council of the Critics' Circle in 1952.

British representative of the International Godowsky Society under the presidency of Paul Howard.

Chairman of the National Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports (St John's Wood, London NW8).

Published in 1960 an introductory article on Sorabji in the *Musical Times*.

Principal critic of *Musical Opinion* from 1945 to his death. Reviewed *Around Music* for *The New Age*, and *Mi contra fa* for *Musical Opinion*. One of the twenty-three signatories of a letter presented to the composer in 1953 to encourage him to record some of his works. Dedicattee of *Toccatinetta sopra C.G.F.* (1929; 8 pp.), *Sonata V* (Opus archimagicum) (1934-35; 336 pp.), and *Toccata terza* (1937?-38?; 0 p.).

Had an interest in the occult and, like Sorabji, published in *The Occult Review*.

Patrick Mills the Composer

John Mitchell



Left to right: John Mitchell and Patrick Mills, along with PWS members Silvester Mazzarella, Jane Hunt, and Vice President, the late Prof. Ian Parrott (taken in May 2002 outside Cefn Byntalch, Warlock's family home in mid-Wales)

I first met Patrick Mills at one of the earliest AGMs of the Peter Warlock Society that I attended. This was back in the mid-1970s, and I recall he gave me some useful advice on promoting the music of non-established composers. Little did he know then that some thirty years later Modus Music (a composer cooperative venture) would be publishing his own compositions!

Born on the Isle of Wight in 1939, Patrick came to music indirectly via the War. In April 1943 the house where he was living was bombed, and the shock of this caused him to lose the power of speech. His doctor at the time advised listening to the wireless as a form of therapy, and Patrick found himself attracted to the music programmes in particular. This remedial activity, which regained him his speech, became the foundation for his love of, and involvement with, music. At the age of ten he had piano

lessons, but more serious tuition came later on when he studied harmony and counterpoint with Hugh Wood at Morley College. Part of his musical studies also included a diploma in the History of Music (London University) where one of his teachers was Geoffrey Bush.

Patrick's compositions fall mainly into two categories: songs, and incidental music (and this latter category includes much unwritten-down music to accompany a series of Medieval Mystery Plays beginning in 1988). There are around fifty songs, and in the fullness of time it is hoped many more of these will appear under the Modus banner. The first of these to be published was *Sea Song* back in 2004. This is a setting of a poem by W.H. Auden, and to set the scene in the hearty maritime fashion suggested by the text, the accompaniment has the feel of a lively hornpipe about it. In the final section, where the lyric becomes more muted

Patrick Mills the Composer (continued)

2 13

rit. *poco rit.*

Kate; And two by two like cat and mouse The home-less played at

Part of *Sea Song*, illustrating its flavour of a jaunty hornpipe.

and philosophical, the composer employs a subtle shift of key to match the changing mood.

The following year saw his *Two Christmas Carols* in print. Both of these are to old lyrics: *As I sat on a sunny bank* and *Balulalow*. The latter has, of course, been set very memorably by Warlock (amongst others), and Patrick's two carols here have a definite Warlockian flavour to them. Both are strong on melodic content and may be sung either by unison voices (where there is an optional lower line in *Balulalow*), or as solo songs if preferred.

Next followed *The King of China's Daughter* in 2007 and this short song is to words by Edith Sitwell. As is well known, William Walton responded brilliantly to her verbal cues in *Façade*, and Patrick does similarly here with some striking 'open fifths' by way of hinting at an oriental backdrop for the song. One of his characteristics is revealed here: for the vocal line he often goes for something which has a folk-like simplicity about it (which one suspects would be a joy to any singer!), which is nicely illustrated in this instance.

As mentioned, Patrick's other main composing area was that of providing incidental music, and this began in 1960 when, via his father, he was asked to provide music for the Miles Malleon adaptation of Molière's play *The Imaginary Invalid* for a local production on the Isle of Wight. Later, during the 1970s and 80s, his composing talents were taken advantage of by the Lambeth Players in Central London, when Patrick provided scores for many of their productions, including Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Twelfth Night*; *The Winter's Tale*; and *Romeo and Juliet*. The scoring for these was often for four woodwind instruments, and rather than issue the original music as

such, Patrick requested that it was adapted into a format for solo piano for publication purposes. The result to date has been a short series of attractive miniatures (from the last three plays mentioned) that are of fairly easy to moderate difficulty to play.

Patrick was always very modest about his activity as a composer, the latter of which I strongly suspect many members reading this may have been unaware. There was, however, rather a surprise in store for both Patrick and the PWS membership present when, during the short concert following the Society's AGM at Broadstairs in May 2014, his song *Roadways* was sung by student member Laura Hobbs. Many were touched and impressed by the song, and afterwards Patrick told me that this performance was one of the most moving musical experiences of his life, and one that meant so much to him.

Perhaps I should add here that the story is not over yet: not too long before he died, I asked Patrick what music of his he would like to see published next, and he went on to explain that, quite a while back, a pile of his manuscripts had fallen behind a heavy, cumbersome piece of furniture in his home, which he had been unable to retrieve. He requested that, in the fullness of time when this music was re-accessed, I would go through it and consider whether there was anything further that could be suitably published.

To end on a personal note, I greatly enjoyed and valued my friendship with Patrick, particularly during the last decade or so when I came on to the Society's committee, and through the involvement of publishing his music. He was invariably so interesting to talk to, and I shall much miss his quiet presence at committee meetings. ■

Patrick Mills the Composer (continued)

The closing number from Patrick Mills' *Ten Miniatures from 'The Winter's Tale'*

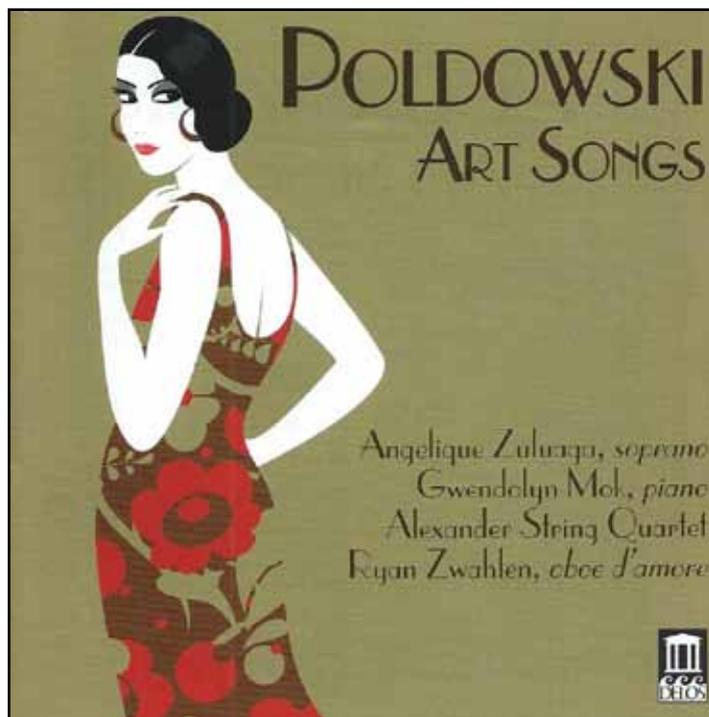
10. Finale

Moderato maestoso (♩ = c.104)

The musical score for '10. Finale' is presented in piano and bass staves. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Moderato maestoso' and a quarter note equal to approximately 104 beats per minute. The piece is in 4/4 time. The first system (measures 1-4) starts with a dynamic of *f* (p*iu* *f* 2nd time). The second system (measures 5-8) continues with *f*. The third system (measures 9-12) is marked *mf*. The fourth system (measures 13-16) returns to *f*. The fifth system (measures 17-20) begins with *p*iu* f* and concludes with a double bar line and a *ff* dynamic. A tempo change to 'allargando' is indicated between measures 16 and 17. The score concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

Warlock and Poldowski

John Mitchell



Fairly recently I have been greatly enjoying a new recording of Poldowski art songs, and what immediately caught my attention in the informative CD booklet was that Poldowski ‘... was friendly with some ... contemporaries, including Roger Quilter, Peter Warlock, and Maud Valerie White.’ With Poldowski not having a particularly high profile at the present time, now seemed a good opportunity to delve a little into the composer’s life and work, attempting to clarify to what extent there had been any particular friendship with Warlock.

I am possibly not alone when, on first coming across Poldowski’s name many moons ago, I assumed the composer was a man, perhaps because there was no first name or initial it did tend to accord more with the male sex. In actual fact Poldowski concealed not just the identity of a woman, but one that was also a Lady. She was born Régine Wieniawski in 1879 in Brussels, and was the daughter of the famous Polish virtuoso violinist, Henryk Wieniawski (1835-1880). After studying piano and composition in Brussels, and during that time impressing both Nellie Melba and Gervase Elwes¹ with her musical gifts, she moved to London in 1896 along with her widowed mother. There followed further music training in the capital from, amongst

others, Percy Pitt (a name familiar to some of us via Warlock’s scurrilous limerick!²), and her career as pianist and composer began to develop, with her first songs being published under the slightly changed name of Irène Wieniawska. It was Melba who introduced her to the baronet Sir Aubrey Dean Paul (1869-1961), who was a music lover and keen amateur singer. He and Poldowski were married in 1901, when she then became Lady Dean Paul. It was shortly afterwards she decided to change her professional name to Poldowski, probably for two reasons: first, she did not wish to be overshadowed by the name of her famous father, and secondly she probably realised it may not have been ‘Quite the Thing’ for the wife of a peer to be too obviously and actively engaged in the music profession. It was not long before a tragedy³ occurred when her first born son died aged 2 in 1904 whilst she was away in Paris studying with André Gédalge. A second son, Brian, was born in 1905, and a third child, Brenda, in 1907 (but more of her later).

It was during these Edwardian years that Poldowski blossomed as a song composer, setting mainly French lyrics, including 22 songs to words by Paul Verlaine. It was seemingly at this time she became aware of the music of Debussy in particular, which became a central influence on her own output. A good description of the latter’s essence is given in a reminiscence by Madeleine Maus (an old friend of Poldowski) of a concert given in Brussels in March 1911, when Poldowski accompanied some of her own songs:

‘With a very individual poetic intuition, she immerses herself in the atmosphere of a poem, rather than exploiting every individual word, and recreates it as infallibly as a scent recreates a forgotten moment. Certain of her songs are sparkling and turbulent, but when you think of Poldowski the mental image that comes to mind is something subtle, nostalgic and misty.’

Later in her life she branched out from writing songs, venturing more into the realm of instrumental music, including a few works for orchestra, and even an operetta. Regrettably, much of her unpublished work has seemingly not survived.

Warlock and Poldowski (continued)



Poldowski – two studio portrait from 1920, reproduced by kind acknowledgment to the National Portrait Gallery.

After her marriage she became a British citizen, and lived here until 1912 when she returned to Brussels, initially to fulfil a concert engagement at the request of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium. In the ensuing years she had a health breakdown, and in 1919 a serious crisis with her husband occurred (resulting in a legal separation two years later). The latter left her in somewhat straightened financial circumstances, and she left Europe in 1919 to try her luck in America. She had some success there, and in January 1921 she was due to accompany Gervase Elwes in a recital of her songs, but unfortunately this had to be cancelled because of Elwes being killed in a tragic railway accident at Boston, Massachusetts.

She returned to England in 1922, settling in Cadogan Street, not too far off from Warlock's regular haunt, *The Antelope*, in Eaton Terrace. Compiling the programmes herself, in 1923 she organised a series of eight midday concerts in London at which some of Warlock's work was performed. Then, as the

1920s progressed, Poldowski was dogged by deteriorating health. After several bouts of pneumonia she had a lung surgically removed in 1927. She died from a heart attack, aged just 52, in London on 28 January 1932.

Exactly when Warlock got to know Poldowski – either the composer herself, or her music – has yet to be firmly established, and perhaps it should be stated at the outset that no correspondence between them is known to survive. My guess is that he may have come across her songs (many of which would have been in circulation then) at that impressionable age when he began to discover the works of Delius and Bax. It is quite possible that Warlock may have met Poldowski for the first time at a concert on 25 February 1913. The latter was one of the series put on by Henry Balfour Gardiner to promote the music of British composers, and included in the programme were three of Poldowski's songs, sung by Gervase Elwes. It is known (via a

Warlock and Poldowski (continued)

L'heure exquise

PAUL VERLAINE

POLDOWSKI

Dolce calmato **senza rit.**

Voice: La lu - ne blan - che

Piano: *pp ben legato*
con ped.

rit. **a tempo**

Luit dans les bois; De cha - que bran - che

Part u - ne voix Sous la ra - mé - e

The opening of Poldowski's *L'heure exquise*, probably one of her best known and well loved songs.

Warlock and Poldowski (continued)

letter to his mother) that Warlock attended the concert, and with Balfour Gardiner being acquainted with Poldowski, it is quite likely he may have introduced them to each other. In his extant correspondence Warlock first referred to her in a long letter⁴ to Delius in 1916. The subject matter almost exclusively concerned opera and other stage works, and at a later point in the letter he lamented that ‘...the idea of a psychological opera has never taken root.’ After dismissing attempts by Rebikof, Holst, and Boughton in this genre, he then went on:

But Lady Dean Paul is engaged on a work of the kind we want, and from what I have seen of her work, I expect it will be a great deal better than anything any other British composer could turn out.⁵

There is a suggestion here that Warlock may have had a perusal of what was then presumably a work-in-progress (or at least had some insider knowledge of it) – otherwise how would he have known that it was ‘of the kind we want’?! Accordingly, it might be reasonable to assume that Warlock and Poldowski would have been on at least acquaintanceship terms at the time. It is known that Poldowski was in England in 1916, as it was here during this year she converted to Roman Catholicism via the actress Mary Anderson⁶.

The next direct reference that Warlock made to Poldowski in his correspondence was not until the end of 1922. During the intervening period since 1916 Warlock had spent some time in Cornwall and Ireland, and Poldowski had been in America for three years. In a letter to Cecil Gray (written from *Cefn-Bryntalch* on 22 December 1922) Warlock noted how his friend John Goss wanted to sing *The Curlew* at one of Poldowski’s chamber concerts on 31 January the following year. It would seem Goss’s aspiration was achieved as Warlock recorded in a letter to Delius (dated 22 January 1923) how:

‘Next week I am going to London for a few days, to do some more transcriptions in the British Museum and look after the rehearsals for the second performance of *The Curlew* which takes place⁷ (with a different and much better singer⁸) on the 31st at one of Lady Dean Paul’s (Poldowski) chamber-music concerts.’

Poldowski must have been quite favourably disposed towards Warlock because in the following month she included the premiere of his *An Old Song* at another of her concerts. Warlock noted in a letter to his mother (dated 21 February 1923) how:

‘My work was very beautifully performed at ‘Poldowski’s’ (Lady Dean Paul’s) concert last week – an almost perfect performance...Lady Dean Paul was not present and when I called at her house in the afternoon I heard she was ill in bed with influenza.’

After that there are no further references to Poldowski in Warlock’s extant letters, and whether any sporadic friendship between the two continued up to Warlock’s death nearly eight years later is open to question. Poldowski was certainly continuing to give concerts and accompany singers around the country for several more years, not only in performances of her own songs but in the work of many other composers as well. It seems unlikely she would not have accompanied some of Warlock’s song output at one time or another.

One person who did venture an opinion about the Warlock/Poldowski friendship was Cecil Gray in his Memoir⁹ of Warlock, where on page 218 he comments that Poldowski knew Warlock ‘fairly well.’ I would like to digress slightly here as the context in which it occurs is remarkable in that it concerns Poldowski’s daughter, Brenda Dean Paul, mentioned earlier. At this point in his book Gray was dealing with what was then a seemingly controversial question of whether Warlock was addicted to drugs:

To those who knew him the mere suggestion is utterly absurd, but unfortunately one cannot ignore the accusation as one would have preferred to do, seeing that a certain young lady who recently attained a considerable notoriety mentions, in her alleged memoirs which appeared in one of the less reputable of Sunday newspapers, the name of Peter Warlock as that of one of the many brilliant men and women who ‘were ruined and destroyed by their helpless slavery to drugs.’ Even so one would infinitely have preferred to ignore such an obviously irresponsible statement made by a self-confessed drug-addict, were it not for the fact that the writer was the daughter of the late Lady Dean Paul, otherwise

Warlock and Poldowski (continued)



Poldowski's daughter – Brenda Dean Paul.

known as Poldowski – a composer of genuine if slender talent, who knew Peter Warlock fairly well. The allegation thereby gains a certain weight and substance which it would not otherwise possess, for it might well seem to be based on personal knowledge.

Gray continued by emphatically dismissing the preposterous allegations, whilst at the same time acknowledging that Warlock was known to have experimented with cannabis on a short term basis – and at a time when possession of the substance was not illegal. What might be added now is a little more about Brenda Dean Paul that sets the matter further in context. As Gray noted, she was by her own admission an addict, the drugs in question being morphine and heroin, and later on cocaine. What seems to have had a big impact on her, and perhaps the main cause of a life of frequent 'bad behaviour', was the separation of her parents that occurred in her teenage years. She aspired to be an actress in silent films, but failed a screen test in Berlin in 1927. On returning to London she became a central figure amongst the 'Bright Young Things', a wing of the Bohemian youth culture of the time, when she partied the night away, often in fancy dress costume¹⁰, with the likes of Evelyn Waugh and Cecil Beaton (the 'tabloid' press naturally had a field day with it all!). She claimed her addiction to morphine came about by its use initially for medicinal purposes, and what seemingly caused a relapse was the death of her mother. Her getting into trouble with the police began in February 1931, when her cheque for a leather coat 'bounced', and during the next twenty years

or so she was often up in court, either for illegal drugs possession or various incidents of fraud and theft (forged prescriptions, and bilking taxi-drivers, for example). She was given a prison sentence on at least three occasions and spent some time in HMP *Holloway*, and also in various nursing and care homes, attempting a cure for her addiction.

Her 'alleged memoirs' were, as Gray rightly observed, serialised in a high circulation Sunday paper, *The News of the World*, and as he also assumed (correctly), they were 'ghosted'. One can well understand his concern over Brenda Dean Paul's allegation about Warlock and drugs: with her aristocratic background, and also during the early 1930s being in and out of the press with some regularity, the general readers at the time could be forgiven if they concluded (apropos drug addiction) that 'it takes one to know one'.

At present I have not been able to access the particular issue of *The News of the World* in which the allegation appeared so as to investigate its fuller context, but a probing into what happened subsequently might suggest that Brenda Dean Paul may not have been entirely culpable. Three months after Gray's Warlock memoir appeared, Brenda Dean Paul's autobiography was published in January 1935. Entitled *My First Life*, the book, described by herself as the 'adventures and escapades of a seemingly "rudderless" girl', is an account of both her early life, where through her family connections she met many celebrities from the arts world, and of her later involvement with, and battle to get off drugs. Towards the end she also reveals how *The News of the World* serialisation came about:

... one day I received over the telephone an offer from a well-known Sunday paper to put my name to a series of articles on my life and experiences, and a certain journalist, whose métier was to 'shadow' writing of this kind, suggested producing it later in the form of a book. The offer was a good one...¹¹

She then went on to describe how the journalist met up with her over several days, and between them the series of articles for *The News of the World* was prepared. She also confessed how, with her health and drug issues, she may not have supervised as much as she ought to have done what eventually appeared in print. Interestingly, *My First Life* has what is perhaps a pointedly crucial subtitle: 'written

Warlock and Poldowski (continued)



FOUR OF THE GUESTS IN GRECIAN ATTIRE: MRS. WILLIE KING, MISS BRENDA DEAN PAUL, MR. WILLIE KING, AND MR. BRIAN DEAN PAUL.

Left: Brenda Dean Paul (second from left) at a Golden Age of Greece 'freak' party in April 1929, featured in *The Sketch*, 17 April 1929 (full page below). Her brother, Brian, is far right. Incidentally, the other lady there (first left) is Viva King, who before her marriage was a onetime girlfriend of both Warlock and Cecil Gray (they temporarily fell out over her!), when she was then Viva Booth.

Below left: Brenda Dean Paul in 1953.



THE GUESTS IN GRECIAN ATTIRE: MRS. WILLIE KING, MISS BRENDA DEAN PAUL, MR. WILLIE KING, AND MR. BRIAN DEAN PAUL.



PERHAPS IN FRENCH MOOD: MR. NELSON BEST AS A TROUBADOUR GREEK BATHOS.



SHARPLESS ACTOR, WEIRD WITH VALERIE TAPLOR AS STAMBO AND MR. JOHN HILL AS SENECA, AND TWO OTHER GUESTS.



AS PALLAS ATHENE: MRS. ANTHONY BECKER.



MIRSLAV, ARBO, AND A GREEK WARRIOR: MR. CZECHOWSKI, MR. WILKIN, AND THE MRS. DAVID FERRARI.

SOCIETY'S GREEK "FREAK PARTY", "THE GREAT URBAN DIONYSIA."

The Wild West party proved so much interest that it is not surprising that the "Intelligentsia" should have followed it up with another "freak" entertainment. This time, guests were asked to return to the Golden Age of Greece, on the invitation of Mrs. David Poldowski-Crown, who had her friends attend a gathering to celebrate "the Great Urban Dionysia in honor of the twenty-fourth birthday of

Bryan Howard, and because the New Athens is sorry that David Tossard is going to America." This revival, of course, in the film, David Tossard's departure for Canada. Each guest was further enjoined to bring wine, and to some dressed as a definite character in Greek mythology; and the invitation also included a tabulated list of the film and authors of the "pieces of Dionysus."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLIVIA WYNDHAM, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

Warlock and Poldowski (continued)

by myself', suggestive of her having disowned or amended some of what had been written in the newspaper. Also very relevant is that there is no mention of Warlock in the book's pages, or, indeed, of the '...many brilliant men and women who "were ruined and destroyed by their helpless slavery to drugs"'. I am therefore inclined to believe that the Warlock 'drug addict allegation' was more likely to have been a gratuitous addition sneaked in to one of the newspaper articles by the 'ghosting' journalist to augment the sensationalist aspect of his copy, quite possibly without Brenda Dean Paul's knowledge.

My First Life, incidentally, gets its title from the conceit that a 'second life' was to follow for her, ie, Brenda Dean Paul intended to lay her regrettable 'first life' aside and forget the past. It proved to be a vain hope, and as noted above, drug-taking dominated her remaining years. She did however fulfil one ambition: that of an actress, when in 1951 she auditioned for, and successfully got, the leading role in Ronald Firbank's play *The Princess Zoubaroff*. She died in 1959, aged 52, the same as her mother, ostensibly from natural causes.

To finish as I began, I would reprise with a mention of the new Poldowski CD which contains 23 of her songs, sung by Angélique Zuluaga (soprano), accompanied by Gwendolyn Mok. Included are twelve of her 22 Verlaine settings, but the album begins with a few of her less

common songs which have lyrics in English. The first two (to poems by Tennyson and Yeats) were penned in 1900 under her first name, Irène Wieniawska, and perhaps unsurprisingly they veer more towards the typical drawing room ballad of the time. It is with the settings of French verse that she comes more into her own as a composer, albeit with her songs being influenced by early Debussy, and to a lesser extent Ravel. Somewhat oddly the CD also includes three songs by other composers: one each from Debussy, Reynaldo Hayn, and Louis Aubert – perhaps a 'compare and contrast' consideration was the intent here? A special mention should be made of the song *Narcisse*, in which Poldowski sets a lyric of her own. It was one of her later compositions, and the accompaniment is for string quartet instead of piano. It has much more of a modern, perhaps even an Expressionist feel to it, with a sense that the composer's style had moved on as the 1920s progressed. One is inclined to wonder – if she had enjoyed better health – what she might have gone on to produce had she lived into the 1940s and beyond? With a slight reservation that the singer could have possibly shown a little more vocal variety, it is a CD worth exploring by anyone interested in off-the-beaten-track art song. ■

Poldowski Art Songs: Delos DE 3538 – available in the UK from Amazon, priced around £9 at the time of writing.

Notes

- 1 Gervase Elwes (1866-1921), distinguished English tenor, associated especially with the works of Elgar, Vaughan Williams, and Quilter.
- 2 which reads:
A young lady once told Frederick Corder
How profoundly his music had bored her.
She said "Percy Pitt
Writes a good deal of ----,
But yours, Sir, is nothing but ordure."
Corder and Pitt are two composers who seem now to have disappeared completely from the English Music scene – perhaps Warlock wasn't totally off the mark with his crudely witty evaluation of them?!
- 3 She already had one episode that had blighted her life in that she had never known her father, who had died suddenly when she was just a few months old.
- 4 written from *Anhalt Studios*, Battersea, on 11 October 1916.
- 5 Warlock then continues with a mention of a 'little mimodrama' called "Twilight" which he himself had sketched out, utilising a text by John Rodker. Interestingly, this is likely to have been around the time Warlock was composing the music for *A Chinese Ballet*, which is suggestive of his attention then being focused on works for the stage.
- 6 Mary Anderson (1859-1940), an American actress who spent the last part of her life at Broadway, Worcestershire. Some believe she may have been the model for the character of Lucia in E.F. Benson's Mapp and Lucia novels.
- 7 The venue was the Hyde Park Hotel in Knightsbridge (now the Mandarin Oriental Hyde Park). Tickets were priced at a guinea, which included luncheon after the concert.
- 8 The first performance had been on 23 November 1922, the singer being Philip Wilson, who, according to Warlock (in a letter to Colin Taylor, dated 7 December 1922) had '...buggered up the voice part completely.'
- 9 *Peter Warlock* (Jonathan Cape, London, 1934)
- 10 or as one commentator perceptibly put it: 'Old, disillusioned and experienced before their time, they beguiled themselves with infantile amusements.'
- 11 Brenda Dean Paul: *My First Life* (John Long Ltd., London, 1935) pages 270/271.

Songs of the Gardens edited by Peter Warlock

Each month a member of the Library and Archives staff at University College writes about one of the 'treasures' in the College's collections. **Philip Burnett** chose Warlock's *Songs of the Gardens*

This month's treasure is an anthology of eighteenth century songs, selected and edited by the composer, music critic, and editor, Philip Heseltine (1894-1930). Peter Warlock was the pen name adopted by Heseltine, one of the more colourful personalities of the Edwardian British music scene.

The gardens referred to in the title are the London Pleasure Gardens (Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marylebone etc) of the eighteenth century. Located on what were then the outskirts of London, they were the theme parks and socialising spots of the day. Visitors would promenade the landscaped gardens and pavilions, delighting in entertainments which ranged from puppet shows to pyrotechnics to 'ingurgitating monsters'.

Music, in a variety of styles, was also on offer. The gardens had in them concert halls and outdoor gazebos in which instrumentalists and singers performed. In 1764 a young W.A. Mozart (1756-91) gave a recital in the impressive rotunda at Ranelagh Gardens as part of his tour of England. Ranelagh was also where Charles Burney, Univ's most famous D.Mus., was appointed organist in 1770.

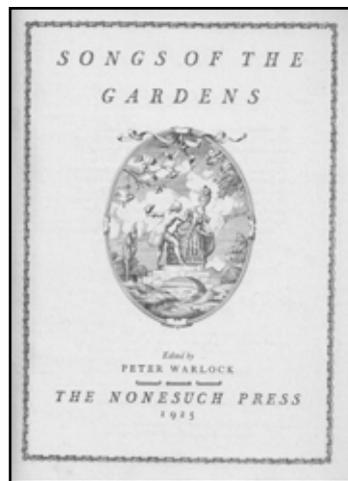
The songs sung in the gardens became a genre in their own right and many of them were published, only to be forgotten as musical tastes and styles changed. Warlock, himself an enthusiast of English vocal music, found these collections of the published songs while working in the British Museum and, at the suggestion of the singer Philip Wilson (1886-1924), set about making an anthology.

Song of the Gardens dates from 1925 during a period of tremendous creativity and scholarship for Warlock. He was living in Eynsford and immersed himself in early music, producing two books, one a study of the composer Gesualdo, and the other titled *The English Ayre*. Also from this time came the much-loved *Capriol*, inspired by the idiom of Elizabethan dance music.

Most of the composers included in *Songs of the Gardens* are relatively obscure. The most significant are the two Arnes, Thomas (the composer of *Rule Britannia*) and his

son Michael. The light-hearted titles of the songs give an idea of the delights and activities of the gardens: *The Air Balloon*, *The Lover's Lesson*, *The Masquerade Song*. The words of *The Pleasures of Spring Garden Vauxhall*, set to music by William Boyce, offered a paean to the Pleasure Gardens:

With this blissful Spot delighted,
Here the Queen of May retreats;
Belles and beaux are all invited
To partake of varied Sweets.



When it came to publishing *Songs of the Gardens*, Warlock tapped into the Edwardian market for fine-press books. It was published in a limited run of 875 (Univ's copy is number 129) by the Nonesuch Press under the supervision of the owner of the press, Sir Francis Meynell (1891-1975). With its beautiful decorative engravings and woodcuts, and a title page designed by Stephen Gooden (1892-1955), this anthology was more of a collector's item than one for the performer. Our copy has a prettily-patterned (if slightly aged) dust jacket,

with a plain vellum binding.

Two further touches added a retro charm to this volume. The first was Warlock's editorial approach. The notation was intentionally sparse, often presented in clefs that had fallen out of use by the early twentieth century. Warlock deliberately did very little editing as his stated aim was to present the songs in a literal form, as he found them in the sources at the British Museum. The second was typographical. The punches used for music and text were designed for an Oxford University Press edition of Tudor Church Music. This gave a noticeably quaint look to the volume.

Univ's copy was given to the Library in 1947 by Oliver Bell (1898-1952), a Univ man (matr. 1919) who went on to a distinguished and prolific career in film and the arts. We are fortunate to have this fine specimen of a keepsake which draws attention to forgotten places of fancy and preserves a small piece of lost sonic history. ■

V.115.34 Peter Warlock (ed.), *Songs of the Gardens* (London: Nonesuch Press, 1925).

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The Tragedy of Philip Heseltine

This article by **Peter Burra** was published in *The Monthly Musical Record* (pp. 225-226) in December 1934

When an artist dies the usual order of events is for his friends first to secure the reputation of his work, and later to care for his memory as a man. It is not at once easy to review the one aspect in terms of the other, though the new sciences are opening up great possibilities in such connexions. In making this memorial¹ of his dead friend Mr. Cecil Gray has added an enthralling document to the evidences of the creative process, and if he omits – what must come sooner or later – a fuller survey of Peter Warlock's music, at least we have here some interesting explanations of its general manner in the light of his life. But Mr. Gray believes that Heseltine was one of those artists 'whose personalities are bigger than their works,' and his conclusion is that, whatever immortality may be in store for the songs, 'Philip Heseltine's greatest achievement was probably the creation of Peter Warlock. To realise such a legend, such a personality, which will assuredly endure, is itself nothing short of genius.' The analysis of that creation is therefore the matter of this book.

Needless to say it is not complete, and we can only trust that Mr. Gray's conclusions are consistent with evidence which he has found it expedient to suppress. So long as life continues to order itself discreetly we must rest content with such a book as this is, and indeed under the circumstances we cannot have too many of them. Far more direct a help to us than the exposition of a system is the relation of the lives of other men. For that relation the value of contemporary evidence is inestimable, and one of the major reasons for desiring the early acknowledgment of an artist in his own life is that much evidence as possible may come to be preserved. Yet here we pause to reflect upon an irony; for does not the whole business of biography appear somewhat futile when we observe that no living man can be sure that he possesses the truth about any other man, and that on simple questions closest friends may receive different impressions?

Mr. Gray draws our attention to two such discrepancies. He himself gathered that Heseltine was profoundly unhappy at Eton, and traces to the 'miseries and humiliations' of public-school life various aspects of his character – briefly, the inferiority-complex, and his ingenious method of getting over it through the invention of Warlock. (It is equally possible that his mind was of an innately tragic tendency, which would have suffered anywhere; and for this reason the complete omission of information regarding his first nine years is disappointing.) Mr. Robert Nichols, who contributes a delightful chapter on Heseltine at Oxford, formed an entirely different impression. Mr. Gray's suggestion that he expressed himself differently in

the violent alterations of mood is acceptable – but then the biographer is up against the fact that if a man cannot be certain of knowing himself, the chance which his friends have of knowing him is very small indeed. And when we come to a simple matter of taste – Nichols says that Heseltine admired Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and Gray says that he did not – we may well despair of obtaining a unanimous verdict on his life and death. So we have Sir Richard Terry neatly saying, 'Music for him was not a career to be made, but a life to be lived'; while Warlock himself, it is clear, went through 'moods,' which were too frequent to be dismissed merely as such, in which he would write that if only he had a job he would never have anything more to do with music in any shape or form.

Mr. Gray is ingenious but very fair in his attempt to reconcile differences. The truth is that with so complex a character an autobiographer himself (unless Herr Freud had had the opportunity of supplying him with the sheets of his own 'case-history') would be in little a better position than the biographer. Mr. Gray does make some good use of psychology, regarding such things as the early death of Heseltine's father, and he even touches on biological matters in mentioning a nervous stricture. The biographer must, however reluctantly, accept biological circumstances as conditioning to a large extent character and behaviour. This might lead to a fatalistic view of life, but true heroism will defeat it. Heseltine's own attempt was heroic, but, tragically, the result was nothing like a hero. Perhaps one motive for his suicide was the growing knowledge that the Peter Warlock he invented, however successful in ways where Heseltine had failed, was simply not so good a man as the first had been.

The story in outline is that Philip Heseltine was a boy of late development, of exceptional gentleness and sensibility, whose will seemed to be met with constant frustration, as a result of which he came to indulge in morbid introspection. To all this the early death of his father (interrupting the normal means of development) and his unhappiness at school may have contributed, though, as we have seen, the latter might as well have been a symptom as a cause, though its improper treatment would have aggravated the disease. The absorbing interest of his youth was the music of Delius, and far the most beautiful part of this book – the most beautiful part, too of his life – is the correspondence which he exchanged with the elder composer. Incidentally Heseltine's letters are extraordinarily polished; one would suspect they had been drafted before fair-copying. One written in 1913 is among the most illuminating confessions of an introspective mind I know;

The Tragedy of Philip Heseltine (continued)

‘... I am, virtually, but three or four years old: my first fifteen years might almost as well never have been lived: and I find this lack of experience and accomplishments of living quite appalling ... I have often felt myself to be a mere spectator of the game of life: this, I know to my sorrow, has led me to a positively morbid self-consciousness and an introspectiveness that almost amounts to insincerity, breeding as it does a kind of detachment from real life. Lately I have tried passionately, to plunge into life, and live myself, forgetfully if possible of this horrible aloofness ... I was formerly lonely, and shunned the healthy animalism of private and public schools, holding aloof, clinging to the atmosphere of home. ... I can no longer endure that ... Though I loathe athleticism, a mild proficiency in the elements of certain of these games is of great use to one, in helping one to opportunities of intercourse with others ... I am absolutely ravenous for life: what I do, matters not so very much, so long as I live.’

The book is worth possessing for the sake of this letter alone. Nearly three years later he is still craving to find a way into real life, when he writes: ‘I am going away, to the uttermost parts of the earth, to live.’ (He is referring to the abortive plan for joining up with Lawrence.) It was not till more than two years later that he decided that in order to enter into life he must abandon his existence as Heseltine altogether; and he grew the beard which was the simple means of this extraordinary change. He writes:

‘The fungus is cultivated for a purely talismanic purpose: as such it works, and this is more important to me than mere appearance. ... Quite seriously, it does have a certain psychological effect on me; and seeing that now for nearly ten years all my best strength and energy has been used up negatively in keeping out the tide of the world which wants to swamp me and prevent me from doing the only kind of work I can do with any success ... it is necessary for me to make use of any little magical energy-saving devices that suggest themselves – and this is one of them.’

Thus Peter Warlock was gradually evolved, the complete contradiction in habits and beliefs of what Heseltine had been. Warlock’s hatred of children whom Heseltine had loved is perhaps the most acute indication of how desperate the remedy was.

This acquisition by practice of another personality sounds like a play by Pirandillo; but where, we may ask, did the idea of Warlock come from? Was he a mere fiction, the reverse aspect of an obverse Heseltine; or was he some aspect of life, observed among his friends, which Heseltine had admired?

In looking for an answer we find the book’s disadvantage of having Mr. Gray for its narrator. For it is the story of Hamlet told by Horatio; or, as he puts it, of Pécuchet told by Bouvard. But what is very remarkable (and we believe it has escaped Mr. Gray’s notice) is that this invention of Warlock, this living of a life not of his own, was undertaken in flagrant disregard of advice given to him by Delius, who was, after all his best friend. ‘Try to be yourself and live up to your own nature,’ he wrote to him in early days; ‘whatever one’s nature one ought to develop to its utmost limits, and not be constantly trying to become someone else. This leads to continual dissatisfaction and failure.’

His art, Delius implies, should have been sufficient to complete himself in. But he was a Goethe, who failed to save himself from the death of Werther by the creation of Faust. Instead he made a monster of himself, and even if by those means he achieved for himself the illusion of ‘living,’ it is equally clear that he had failed to accept life in its most simple terms. The problem for an artist would indeed seem to be most insoluble; and if as the by-product of his agony he can cast away from himself works of beauty, that is the most that he, or we, can ask for. Lawrence (about whom Mr. Gray has some extraordinarily interesting things to say) once wrote of Van Gogh: ‘If he could only have set the angel of himself clear in relation to the animal of himself ... he need not have cut his ear off and gone mad.’ And if Heseltine could have done it he need not have invented Warlock to kill himself with. But how? Only, as Lawrence goes on, ‘if he could have known a great humanity ... where ... some men would end in artistic utterance and some wouldn’t. But each one would create the work of art, the living man, achieve that piece of supreme art, a man’s life.’ As it is, his suicide seems to be more than a condemnation of our civilization in this moment of time. More terribly, it condemns the whole folly of looking for a humanity which might be named great at all. ■

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

Peter Burra (1909-1937). Author and writer on art, music and literature, notably on E.M. Forster. Whilst at Oxford he edited a quarterly undergraduate periodical, *Farrago* (1930-31), which had a strong emphasis on music. He was a close friend of the tenor, Peter Pears with whom he was at school and also of the composer, Benjamin Britten. He died in a plane accident in 1937.

Articles

Robert Nichols, Peter Warlock and ‘The Black Pirate’

Dr Barry Smith finally settles the question as to whether Warlock ever had any of his music played or sung in a film during his lifetime.



(Above) Douglas Fairbanks Sr as the Black Pirate, Duke of Orinaldo with Billie Dove as Princess Isobel (also inset) overlooked by the huge display on the Royal Theater, Kansas City in 1926.

The other day I was looking through some of the Society’s early *Newsletters* (No. 59, Autumn 1996) where a short paragraph on the bottom of p.10 caught my eye: *A note on Warlock and film music*. It was penned by Paul Hopkins who wrote as follows:

Douglas Fairbanks Sr’s film *Pirates* became *The Black Pirate* (United Artists, 1926), the first film shot throughout in a primitive colour process – ten months were spent on the technical preparation for this. In big cinemas at least, a silent film of this importance was not left to the whims of a vamping organist. The studio would send out the prints together with at least a skeleton score indicating what well known excerpts from classical or popular music should be used at which points and for how long, together with fuller versions of new or unfamiliar pieces from which the cinema orchestras could then develop parts. In the highly organised state of the industry by 1926 such scores would be distributed to leading British and European cinemas also, especially for a film over whose technical details so much trouble had been taken. Evidently no Warlockian has yet checked to see if such a score exists for *The Black Pirate*, if *Captain Stratton’s Fancy* was actually used and if point

for research might be MOMI, the Museum of the Moving Image on London’s South Bank, which might know whether there is any catalogue of these silent film score of skeletons and, if so, where this catalogue can be found.

Here is the relevant information, beginning with a section from Nichols letter to Philip, 22 July, 1925:

Here I am in Douglas Fairbanks’ studio helping him with his new story which concerns Pirates. It is really rather fun. I want to know would you let us incorporate the tune of *Captain Stratton’s Fancy* in the score for the picture? I think I could see to it that full acknowledgement were made. Douglas is a ‘square shooter’ & considering what vast numbers flock to his pictures (we calculate that at least 4 million see a picture by Doug) I think you might get some really big sales on your song. If we incorporate it we could come perhaps to some arrangement with your publisher on both sides of the Atlantic by which some sort of legend could be put on the outside of your song saying it was the tune used in our picture. . .

Philip replied promptly from Eynsford on August 13, 1925:

My dear Bob.

I’d be delighted for you to make any use you like of my

Robert Nichols, Peter Warlock and 'The Black Pirate' (continued)

Captain Stratton's Fancy. I could probably help you with other tunes if you'd give me more details of synopsis and period. Enclosed is a pretty 18th century tune that seems appropriate to your description of the heroine – but I fear it's not vulgar enough for cinema use. It's out of my last book, an anthology of the songs sung at the London pleasure gardens – Vauxhall, Ranelagh etc – in the latter half of the 18th century. I'd send you a copy if I had one – but it is very sumptuously produced in a strictly limited edition and I only got two copies altogether.

Paul Hopkins followed up his researching which he related in PWS Newsletter No. 60, Spring, 1997, page 12 (*Warlock and film music*). During the previous year he seems not to have had any offers of further help and must have decided to consult some of the sources he had mentioned in his original letter and share his discoveries.

Further to my suggestion in Newsletter 59 about whether or not *Captain Stratton's Fancy* was used in Douglas Fairbank's *The Black Pirate* (1926), Gillian B. Anderson's *Music for silent films, 1894-1929: a guide* (Library of Congress, Washington, 1988) lists (p 11 no. 89) a full score of the film, op. 76 of organist and composer Mortimer Wilson (1876-1932). The Ms orchestral parts in the New York Museum of Modern Art's collection have been published on microfilm (Library of Congress Musical Microfilm 3236, Reel 3 no. 9). London's Museum of the Moving Image may possess a copy of this microfilm or know where it may be consulted. [. . . or can a USA member help? . . Ed.)

However a search through the score may end in disappointment. Most 'composed' scores for Hollywood films were mainly compilations from folk or popular songs and/or classical music. C.J. Breil's for *The Birth of a Nation* climaxed with *The ride of the Valkyries*, for example. Mortimer Wilson was an exception; his score for Fairbanks's *The Thief of Baghdad* (1924) which Anderson calls 'the finest American score of the silent era' (p 126) had been carefully worked out and original, avoiding clichéd orientalisms and 'dramatic' accompaniments. He was pressurised into using some existing music at the first performance but, his hand strengthened by the score's success, slipped back all his original work afterwards (pp xxxix-xli). For *The Black Pirate*, his third score for Fairbanks, he would have been in a stronger position and not obliged to use *Captain Stratton's Fancy* without good artistic reason; his justified sense of his own scores as serious, original works probably militated

against it. It was, therefore, probably the only Hollywood picture of the time where Warlock's music would have run into that particular obstacle.

During the many years since those letters were written it would seem that there the available information would end. So I thought I'd take an afternoon off and see if I could find any further information of the subject. In the end it took up a whole evening as well!

When I do some research via the incredible sources available to modern-day scholars I am always amazed just how much of value is stored there for scholars of the present and future. Can one just even begin to imagine what things will be like fifty years hence?

I easily found a digitally fully restored copy of the film which, needless to say, I watched into the late hours (see: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FehpPOGChNE>). It's a fascinating example of early silent cinema – very 1920ish, over-exaggerated acting (some might say 'hammed up') with the regular title cards which give a written indication of both plot and key dialogue. One must also keep in mind that most of the scenes were shot in the enormous studios of that era and the outdoor effects created without modern-day CGI. The film evidently took some \$1.3m to make. One just wonders what that figure would be now in 2018?

A two-year-long restoration of *The Black Pirate* was begun in 1970 by the British National Film Archive at the request of Douglas Fairbanks Jnr. (1909-2000). While watching the film I listened very carefully and there is certainly no sign of either *Captain Stratton's Fancy* or any unnamed song from London's Pleasure Gardens. After all it would somehow have had to be integrated into a score of a very different style which lasts just over one and a half hours. On the refurbished version Wilson's clever score is played impeccably with plenty of style and panache.

The name of Robert Nichols does appear as a 'consultant' in the opening credits and the musical score is attributed to Mortimer Wilson, an American composer of classical music who also wrote scores for several musical and dramatic films in the 1920s. There is no information as to whether the music on the soundtrack is the original on the restored film. No doubt with the original MS score and parts preserved on microfilm (Library of Congress Musical Microfilm 3236, Reel 3 no. 9) and the wealthy Fairbanks, Jnr's support, no stone would have been left unturned, the parts copied and played by a first-class ensemble. ■

Reviews

Carey Blyton, John Mitchell and Peter Warlock at HarFest

The Hullavington Music and Arts Festival Classical Evening, 14 October 2017,
St Mary Magdalene Church, Hullavington, Wiltshire.

Peter Wood



The Garden Wind Trio (l. to r.)
Michael Graves, Ann Sneyd, Helen Price

HarFest is the music and arts festival held in the village of Hullavington, Wiltshire, appropriately, as the name suggests, at harvest time. PWS Chairman Michael Graves organises musical events for the festival including a Classical Evening. Needless to say, Warlock and Warlock related music always feature in the programme! Not only that, but members of the audience enjoy (they actually do!) a five minute talk on some aspect of Warlock's music and his world. PWS Treasurer John Mitchell and Michael frequently discuss their respective musical activities when talking on the phone and John was interested to hear about the concept behind HarFest.

Significantly, the Classical Evening is performed by musicians from the village and immediate locality rather than by professional or semi-professional musicians. The philosophy of the festival is simply to celebrate local talent, of which there is a great deal, and the standard of music performance across the board is very high. But there is

another aspect to this approach, and that is to encourage people to actively start playing music and/or to engage with less familiar music they may not have come across before. A number of villagers have dusted down instruments that haven't been played for many years. Others have started to learn. Since the first HarFest in 2006, the village has seen a thriving recorder consort and acappella choir emerge, as well as several smaller instrumental and vocal ensembles – all as a result of HarFest.

One such ensemble is The Garden Wind Trio, now in its eighth year. Michael Graves is on oboe, taking it up after a 35 year gap, Ann Sneyd on clarinet after a 40 year gap and Helen Price on bassoon after a 20 year gap. Typically, when John heard about the trio he was moved to compose a piece especially for them and on completion dedicated the piece, *Rococo Cocoa*, to Michael. The première took place at the 2015 HarFest with John in attendance as Michael's guest. Having travelled all the way from Canterbury, John had been invited to perform some of his own piano music and *Winter Snow* was the choice. He also played some Warlock – three of the movements from *Capriol*. The audience reaction to *Rococo Cocoa* was that of spirited applause. It is a quirky piece with humorous and inventive harmonic progression. This is what John says of the piece and its rather intriguing title:

Having always had a love of, and fascination with 18th century music, I decided at the outset I wanted to write the piece in the fairly strict form of Minuet and Trio. With it being something of a spoof period piece, I felt strongly that the word 'Rococo', so much associated with the musical style gallant of the mid-1700s, needed to be part of its title. With the work I had composed having (in part) something of a gentle wistfulness about it, I came up with what I thought was an evocative, original title: *Rococo Triste*. Just to be on the safe side I thought it prudent to check it out via a Google search when, much to my chagrin, I discovered that 'Rococo Triste' already existed, appearing to be the name of a Spanish rock group! Methinks: I can't have that, and relating the sorry tale to Frank Bayford, without a moment's hesitation he came back with the rejoinder "Why don't you call it *Rococo Cocoa*!?" Problem thus solved! I could hardly resist such an obviously tripping-off-the-tongue, rhyming title, conjuring up an image of a peruked Georgian toff on his way home

Carey Blyton, John Mitchell and Peter Warlock at HarFest (continued)

Michael Graves and Margaret Miller in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Hullavington, where they performed Carey Blyton's *Minuet for Octet* and two of Warlock's *Cod-pieces* at the 2017 HarFest.

in a Sedan chair from a concert in the fashionable Ranelagh Gardens, sipping a mug of his favourite bedtime beverage (a pleasing, if not very accurate conceit, perhaps!).

John's contribution as a whole to the concert was very much appreciated. Several members of the audience said how much they had enjoyed his introduction to the music as well as the performances themselves. As stated, Michael ensures that Warlock always features in the HarFest Classical Evening and the regular audience know that they will not get away without having the customary five minute talk on some aspect of Warlock and his music. This year his address was about Warlock's love of Elizabethan and Tudor music and he drew attention to Warlock's sophisticated ear in recognising the value of the strange sounding music from that era, particularly the use of false relations, which was not understood by so many in the early 20th century. Michael followed his address with a performance of Warlock's piano arrangement of John Dowland's delightful *My Lady Hunsden's Puffe*.

As stated, other music having a Warlockian connection is always included in the programme and this year's HarFest was no exception. By sheer coincidence, The Garden

Wind Trio had decided to play some Beethoven *Sonatinas* that had been arranged for oboe, clarinet and bassoon by the late Carey Blyton. Carey was a keen aficionado of Peter Warlock, but also a good friend of John, who studied composition under him. One thing leads to another and as Michael and his 'primo' Margaret Miller were going to perform the two piano duets (arranged by Fred Tomlinson) from Warlock's *Cod-pieces* (*Beethoven's Binge* and *The Old Codger*), they also decided to play Carey's piano duet arrangement of his *Minuet for Octet*, which Carey had dedicated to John Mitchell. QED! It is a delightful piece and, despite its apparent simplicity, it is anything but. There is real depth in the composition and Michael and Margaret enjoyed playing

the piece enormously, growing to like it and appreciate it the more they played it. The audience obviously enjoyed the piece given the applause and the warmth of comments received after the concert.

Previous HarFest Classical Evenings have included Warlock's *Cradle Song*, *The Frostbound Wood*, *Sleep* and *My Own Country* and an arrangement of *Capriol* for recorders. With regard to 'Warlock related music', several pieces by Purcell have been performed, including *Music for a while*. PWS member Eric Wetherell's *Sonatina* for recorder and piano appeared in one concert. It is curious how many of these pieces get onto the programme by sheer chance.

John was unable to get to Hullavington on this occasion due to an approaching house move. However, he was delighted to hear all about the concert and is all set to visit the West Country for the next HarFest when he, Michael and Margaret plan to play more piano duets of Carey's, and who knows what else. Warlock will, of course, be on the programme, but what aspect of Warlock's world will be the subject of the next mini-lecture? Villagers often make reference to Warlock and sometimes ask Michael what will be next. He just says "Watch this space!" ■

Reviews

Peter Warlock's 123rd Birthday Pre-concert Event, 1 November 2017

The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' – A tour from Bury to Rawtenstall and back to Manchester

Bryn Philpott spills the beans

They say you can't have too much of a good thing. This was in the back of my mind when our Chairman, Michael Graves, first proposed the itinerary for a pre-concert jaunt on the day of the 2017 Peter Warlock Birthday Concert, to be held at Chetham's School of Music in Manchester. The concert was dedicated to the memory of Fred Tomlinson, a 'local lad' from Rawtenstall, just oop t'road, and former Chairman and Chairman Emeritus of the Society.

At the age of eight Fred had joined his two brothers to study at the Manchester Cathedral Choir School. It was there that he first sang *Balulalow*, sparking a life-long interest in Warlock's music. Fred and his brothers made a daily return train journey from Rawtenstall to Manchester via Bury. We were going to follow that route. So it was that I found myself back in Michael's birth place for a 'second bite of the Bury' so to speak. On a cool autumnal morning a very small contingent of the society (just Michael and I) met at Bury Interchange and were delighted to be joined by Dominic Daula, a former piano student of a student of our President Barry Smith from South Africa. Dominic is currently studying at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester and had travelled to Bury by the Metro tram-train after an early morning run through of the *Goldberg Variations*. As a 'once removed' student of Barry's, Dominic refers to Barry as his 'grandteacher', and Barry in turn refers to Dominic as his 'grandpupil'!

After a brief introduction to the town, centred on the Kay Memorial and given by our host, we made our way to Bolton Street railway station, on the preserved East Lancashire Railway, to get a feel for the journey that Fred and his brothers would have made. It was a little disappointing to a couple of 'steam buffs' to note that the railway only operates at weekends in the autumn season. It would have really added to the tour to have been able to make the journey to Rawtenstall hauled by steam. Not to be put off, we took to the road in Michael's Caravelle and soon found ourselves in the town of Ramsbottom, where we inspected some original railway installations along the heritage line including Ramsbottom's signal box located next to a level crossing. This signal box is of LMS (London Midland Scottish railway) design from around 1938 and contains the original REC/LMS 'Pre-1943' standard tappet frame of 40 levers and a wheel to operate the level crossing. (PH would definitely have loved all this!) The train spotters in us were thus satisfied, so we continued the tour around the town.



(Top) Dominic Daula, Barry Smith's 'grandpupil' from South Africa, currently studying for an MA at the RNCM in Manchester and clearly enjoying his glass of hot Blood Tonic
(Photo: Michael Graves)

(Above) Ramsbottom Signal box on the preserved East Lancashire Railway. (Photo: Bryn Philpott)

The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' (continued)



Dominic Daula and Bryn Philpott outside *Mr Fitzpatrick's Temperance Bar* in Rawtenstall with an original Blood Tonic barrel
 Below: The interior of *Mr Fitzpatrick's* with jars containing delights such as coltsfoot rock and liquorice sticks.

(Photos: Michael Graves & Bryn Philpott)

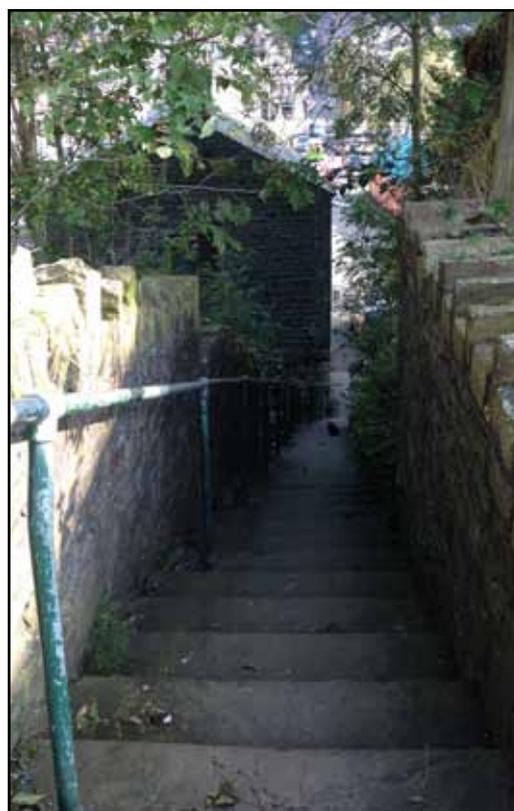
The old market town of Ramsbottom was transformed during the Industrial Revolution and the remains of its heritage can be seen around town in the form of old mills and factories. This was the home of the brothers Grant who were wealthy textile entrepreneurs and are reputed to be the inspiration for Charles Dickens' characters the Cheeryble brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Though they had a reputation for philanthropy, it seems they paid their employees in tokens redeemable only at the Grant owned public houses, after deducting three pence per person that had to be spent on beer. Their legacy is still visible in *Peel Tower* on Holcombe Hill, a memorial to Sir Robert Peel, which dominates the skyline above the town. This was promoted by William Grant and opened in 1852. We also passed by their former home which is now the *Grant Arms Hotel*.



We continued north to Rawtenstall, the birthplace of Fred Tomlinson, parked at the current terminus of the East Lancashire Railway and walked through the town. It

was perhaps with a sense of mischief that for our first rest stop Michael took us to *Mr Fitzpatrick's Temperance Bar*, an establishment that has been 'Proudly making cordial and soft drinks for the people of Rossendale and the Lancashire regions since 1899.' Their long history dates from 1836 when a Julia Fitzpatrick started mixing elixirs, tonics and pick-me-ups in her kitchen in Dublin. In 1899 the family moved to the north of England and set up a chain of successful

The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' (continued)



Top: Two of Fred Tomlinson's former homes in Rawtenstall: No 1 Beech Street (*left*) and No 6 Derby Terrace.
Above: The row of houses behind Beech Street and the steps from Beech Street leading down to the main road.
(*Photos: Michael Graves*)

The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' (continued)

bars across the region and this one claims to be the last original temperance bar in the country. The supreme irony of a visit by the PWS to such a place will not be lost on the membership. It has been one of Michael's aims for the society to concentrate less on the beer drinking aspects of Peter Warlock's life in favour of the music but was this a step too far I ask? *[Ed: I think PW would have found our little jaunt to this emporium hugely amusing!]* This tiny bar offered us warmth and a welcome rest from our journey and had the appearance of an old fashioned sweet shop. A wide range of cordials, sarsaparillas, ginseng teas, dandelion and burdock, ginger beer and even a hot temperance toddy were available on the menu. I opted for a hot blood tonic to pep me up and fortunately I wasn't asked to sign the pledge!

Much refreshed we continued on and Michael gave me a master class on the Lancastrian dialect (or should I say corrected my mispronunciation) as we walked through the

town reading the direction signs. We eventually reached Fred's family house at No 1 Beech Street, where we were struck by the modest proportions of the end of terrace house for a family of six, but one could sense that there would have been a strong community feel to the area in the 1920s. During the war the family moved house within Rawtenstall to No 6 Derby Terrace, a place we visited next. This stone clad terraced house overlooked the church yard and seemed to reflect improvements in the fortunes of the family. For detailed accounts of Fred's life see PWS *Newsletter No 99* – Autumn 2016.

Michael next decided to take us on a small detour on our return journey to Bury, over the moors to the south west of Rawtenstall, where the bleak landscape was quite captivating. Our destination was the village of Edgeworth famed for Holden's ice cream parlour, an establishment that has been here since 1929. The parlour is famed for its



The road across the moors to Edgeworth, south west of Rawtenstall

(Photo: Michael Graves)

Reviews

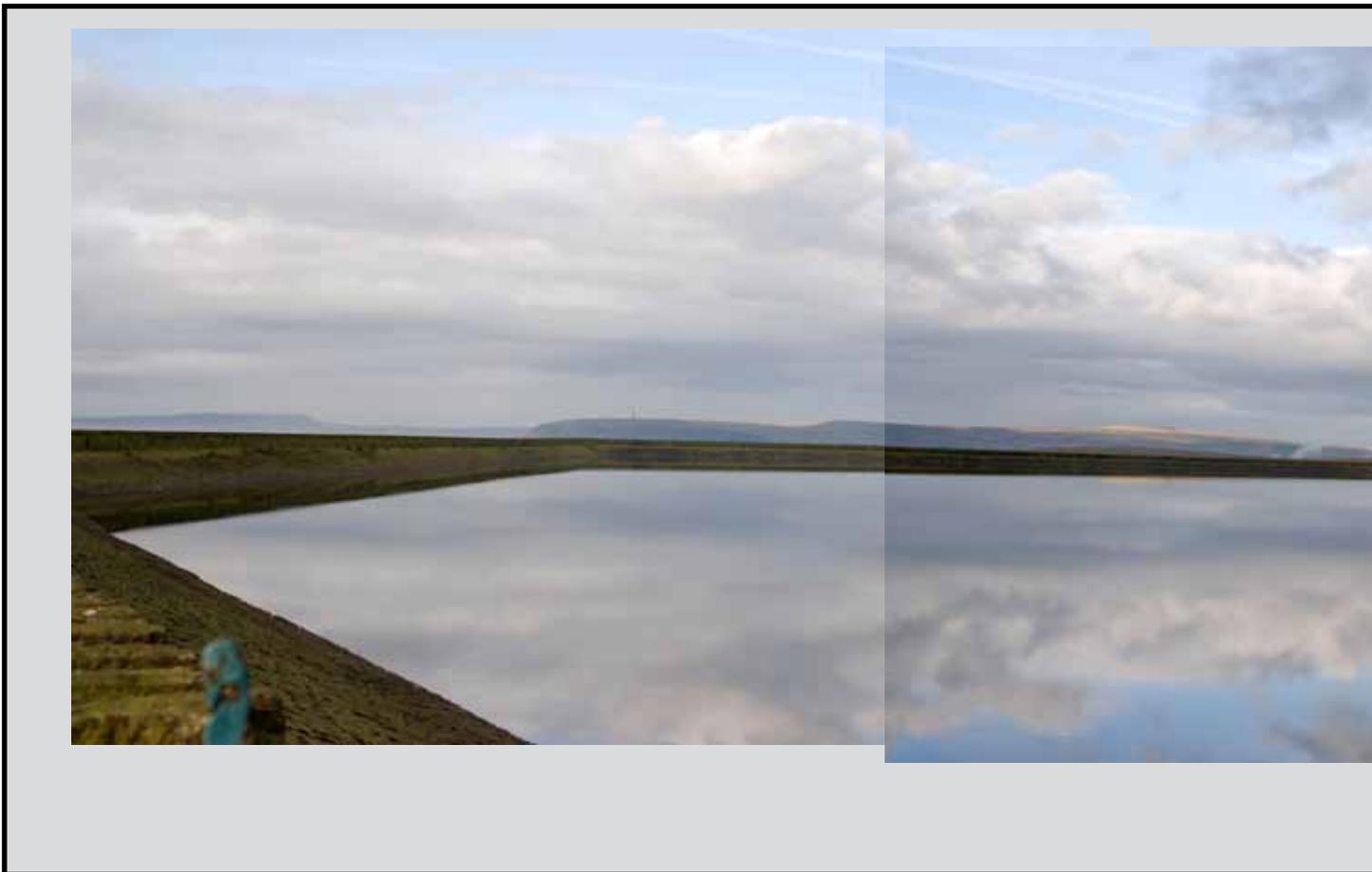
The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' (continued)



(Photo: Bryn Philpott)

vanilla ice cream, still made with milk from the same local farm just up the road. Lancastrians come from all over to visit this shop and we could not pass without trying a cone and it was indeed delicious (almost as good as Cadwalader's in Criccieth). [Ed: Well he would say that wouldn't he?]

One of the drivers behind the success of the industrial revolution within this area is the plentiful supply of clean soft water necessary for powering the machinery and processing the cloth in the mills. These industrial towns are surrounded by moors where Victorian Engineers built large dams to capture and harness the power of the water (see composite photo below). We then drove back to Bury in time for a late lunch at the former *Art Picture House* in Haymarket Street (opposite). This has, since 2015, been part of the J.D. Wetherspoon pub chain and is a magnificent and ornate former cinema that was reconstructed in the early 1920s, by Albert Winstanley in a grand theatrical style.



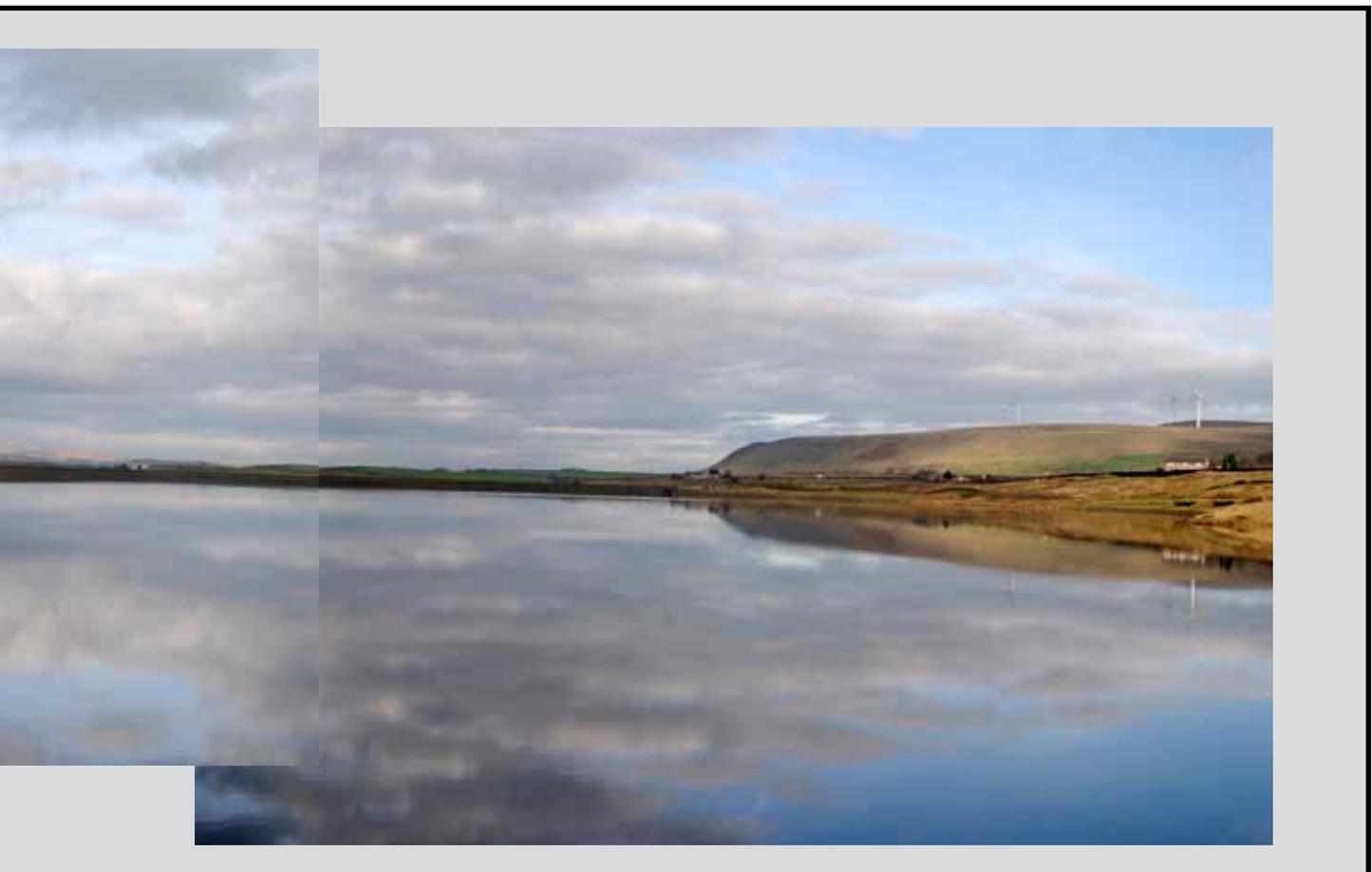
A typical Victorian dam and reservoir on Ashworth Moor near Edenfield, south east of Rawtenstall

(Photos: Michael Graves)

The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' (continued)



(Photo: Bryn Philpott)



The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' (continued)



The *Art Picture House* in Bury, with internal structure intact, is now a Wetherspoons pub. As it was reconstructed in the early 1920s Warlock would feel very much at home here and no doubt thoroughly approve of its current use! (Photo: Michael Graves)

As it was PW's limericks that led to the forming of the PWS, perhaps there's time for another PW limerick?

*Young girls who frequent picture palaces
Don't hold with this psycho-analysis
And although Dr Freud
Is distinctly annoyed
They still stick to their long standing fallacies*

Once lunch and liquid refreshment (non temperance this time) were finished, we had just sufficient time to revisit the extensive Bury Market. A visit to this world famous market is thoroughly recommended. During the tour we purchased some rather nice cheeses; the famous Chadwick's black pudding would have to await my next visit.

With time marching on we caught the Metro back to Manchester Victoria station, where we found Brian Collins enjoying a pint of Holden's ale at *The Crown and Anchor* nearby. We joined him for a beer and then pushed off to Chetham's, but unfortunately in all the excitement and anticipation of the events to come, Dominic managed to leave his cheese behind.

Never mind, our next visit made up for it. We were given a tour of the famous Chetham's Library. Another PWS member, Donald Bunce, who had earlier arrived from York, met us at reception and we were then joined by our host for the library tour, Simon Chaplin, the Events and Operations Manager at Chetham's.

The library was founded in 1653 by Humphrey Chetham (1580-1653) a successful gentleman merchant whose fortune was made in the cloth trade. By the 1620s he began to purchase land and property in the Manchester area. In addition to the library, he also endowed a hospital school for poor boys (which is now the Chetham's School of Music). The school was set up for the education of the sons

The 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' (continued)

The famous Chetham's Library
(Photos: Brian Collins)

of honest, industrious and painful parents' and for the use of scholars. The library has been in continuous use since 1653, and is still open to readers and visitors free of charge.

We were taken around the various rooms within the library and these were all very impressive. We saw a set of bibles still chained to the shelves at the insistence of Chetham to prevent them going astray. There was a palpable sense of history as we walked along the aisles viewing the dark timber shelves packed with books. This is the oldest library in the English speaking world and they hold well over 100,000 printed books (60,000 published before 1851). Much of the collection has now been digitised for reference but the originals remain on the shelves, including some very rare books such as a first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The library's reading room was the first meeting place of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, when Marx lived in Manchester in 1845 and their research here ultimately led to *The Communist Manifesto*. The table they studied at is still there as well as all the books they referred to.

The library is a hidden gem and it was a real privilege to

be given a tour and we thanked Simon for his time. After the tour we were led to the equally impressive Baronial Hall ready for the Birthday Concert (commemorating Peter Warlock's 123rd Birthday) given by the students of Chetham's School of Music. (Brian Collins review follows.)

After the concert we thanked our host, Stephen Threlfall, and all the performers, said our farewells, and I just had enough time to walk to Manchester Piccadilly for my train home to London. Thanks once again must go to Michael for organising this very enjoyable 'Fred Tomlinson Trail' and indeed to Dominic who proved to be great company throughout the day.

It were a 'reet good do' as I am told they say in Bury! ■

[Ed: Several people had hoped to join us on this jaunt, but were unfortunately unable to. For them and for any others interested, I shall be offering a second 'Fred Tomlinson Trail', either later this year or in the spring of 2019. This time we will travel to Rawtenstall by steam train on the preserved East Lancashire Railway, the trip that Fred made daily when he attended the Manchester Cathedral Choir School in the 1930s.]

Reviews

Peter Warlock's 123rd Birthday Concert

The Baronial Hall, Chetham's School of Music, Manchester – 1 November 2017

Dr Brian Collins



The grand piano in the Baronial Hall, Chetham's School of Music.

(Photo: Michael Graves)

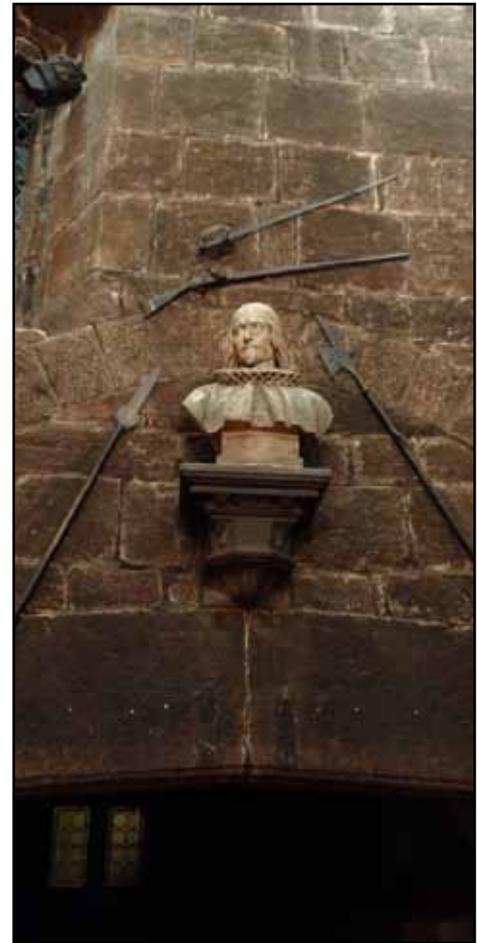
Has there ever been a PW Birthday Concert in such venerable surroundings? This all took place, indeed, in a true “baronial hall” with its beamed roof and stone walls, the perfect venue for – among other things – Warlock’s transcriptions of antique music.

The programme, devised by the school’s Director of Music, Stephen Threlfall, contained a variety of important components covering all aspects of Warlock’s output – solo and choral song and instrumental pieces for piano and for strings. Michael Graves announced at the outset that the evening was a memorial to Fred Tomlinson who, of course, was a local boy. To confirm this, the first item was Fred’s *Birthday Piece*, a celebration of Philip Heseltine’s many pseudonyms, performed by a vocal quartet (Helen Southernwood, Dominika Mak, Dafydd Williams and Chris Hughes, directed by Tammias Slater).

The Nim Quartet (Joel Colyer, Adastra Fletcher-Hall, Harry Nim and Anna Sanderson) then gave us three of Warlock’s transcriptions of Italian dances. These are something of a rarity in performance and their back-of-the-hall rendition gave them an additional, dramatic twist. More ancient music followed: Warlock made John Dowland’s *Come away, sweet love* and *In darkness let me dwell* accessible to contemporary audiences and performers; Tammias Slater arranged them further for solo voice and chorale accompaniment, a positive example of trans-generational enterprise!

Maia Payne and Katie Laing (piano duet) gave us a robust *Basse-danse* but I felt the *Pavane* needed a slower tempo. Alas, they are not alone and I’ve heard many professional performers do likewise. The *Pavane* was originally a love-song to a beautiful woman “who holds

Peter Warlock's 123rd Birthday Concert (continued)



The Baronial Hall is part of the original 17th century complex of buildings.

(Photos: Brian Collins)

my life captive in your eyes". It therefore must contrast strongly with the preceding number (and the one that succeeds it, although we'd have to wait for that) and its lack of pace is its virtue for, after all, a pavan "... is too grave and solemn to dance alone in a room with a young girl," as Capriol says in *Orchésographie*.

We had waited for the first solo song of the recital. The genre for which Warlock is best known was first represented by *The first mercy*, sensitively sung by Polly Green, accompanied by Simon Passmore; I liked her sympathetic approach to the words, particularly her treatment of "hushed". After that Carmen Alvarez and Ning Geng played two more movements from *Capriol*. The *Tordion* demonstrated a nice interplay between the internal lines and the *Bransles* began at a sensible pace to allow for the changes to come.

Fair and true is not, in my opinion, one of Warlock's better songs but Helen Southernwood, accompanied by Dominika Mak, made a decent fist of it with a positive attack to the second and third verses. *Sleep*, which followed, put the compositional failings of the other song into perspective by its superior effects and devices. It is a minefield for any singer but was handled well and "sliding" had just the right edge. The last two movements of *Capriol* present another contrasted pair. *Pieds-en-l'air* needs to be savoured, though. Its Delian harmonies benefit from an easier pace that thereby point up the more astringent shapes, effectively delivered by Alicja Kojder and Mischa Carr, of the *Mattachins* that follows.

Perhaps this is a suitable moment to reiterate my frequent gripe about the title of this last work. It may well be a suite but its title is *Capriol*, the name of the pupil in Arbeau's

Peter Warlock's 123rd Birthday Concert (continued)



Tammas Slater, Musical Director of the Chetham's Chorale, conducting.
(Photo: Michael Graves)

book who learns each of the dances in turn, so it becomes a kind of tone-poem about his progress. The front cover of the published work presents the fact clearly. There's no such problem with the *Cod-pieces*, though. A saxophone quartet (Emily Masser, Thomas Priesley, Matt Stringer and Alfie Ward) played the *Dance* and *Oriental*. It was refreshing to have these lesser-known portions rather than the other, more usually encountered, fishy offerings.

George Herbert, with Simon Passmore again, gave us a splendid *Passing by* (perhaps my favourite PW song, I confess); the verbal text was treated so well and made sense of "range her country", another pit into which many singers – who dutifully follow the polite punctuation – drop. Similarly, the throwaway nature of *Chopcherry* was properly dealt with.

Clarinetist Robbie Jansen alongside the industrious Simon Passmore performed *A Warlock suite*, five songs in an instrumental form. Were these David Cox's arrangements? There was no mention of it in the printed programme. While I felt that the slow movement (*Pastoral* aka *Rest sweet nymphs*) required a more languorous approach, the diversity was otherwise well observed.

Two more of Tammas Slater's arrangements of arrangements ensued. The first of these, *My thread is spun*, took me right back in that it was one of the first of Warlock's transcriptions that ever I heard. Its companion piece was *Phyllis was a fair maid*. The set was rounded off by *The spring of the year* and its luscious parallel dissonances. It was a special delight because the piece is often overlooked in programmes, preference being given to more familiar titles.

Peter Warlock's 123rd Birthday Concert (continued)



Members of the Chetham's String Ensemble
(Photo: Michael Graves)

And, so, to the final item, a group from *Capriol* (*Bransles*, *Pieds-en-l'air* and *Mattachins*) but this time in the string-orchestra format. A splendid attack to the first of these movements – there was no conductor – set the standard for the rest. And the fiddles stood up – very historically correct! The second movement was at just the right pace this time and, indeed, it was an excellent reading overall.

The most prominent performers have been named above but, of course, there were many others who participated in the larger ensembles, instrumental and vocal. They were:

Chetham's Chorale

Laura Mitchell, Emily Douglas, Daniel Poole, Alexia Bergman, Oliver Chatham, Stephanie Addison, Ruby Barber, Madison Ash, Lara Turner, Scarlett Jones, India

Lord, Lucy Peek, Florence Kaiser, Alistair Niven, Joe Hayes, Neil Dixon, Paynor Tsate.

Chetham's String Ensemble

Violinists: Kiana Chan, Clementine Germaine, Teodoras Kasteckas, Quintjin van Heek, Charlie Howells, Sharon Liang, Eleanor Cragg, James Chen.

Violists: Sha-Phan Dyer, Aidan Hutson-Hill,

Cellists: Adam Cubitt, Silke Dale-Brosig, Sophie Taylor Davies, Oliver Walker, Faith Carter.

Our thanks go to all the performers and to Stephen Threlfall, Director of Music at Chetham's, who organised the recital.

As Michael had declared at the very start, the concert was dedicated to the memory of Fred Tomlinson. He would have loved it! ■

Reviews

Warlock at the Wigmore Hall – 9 November 2017

Bryn Philpott enjoyed this year's Samling Showcase concert which included *Cricketers of Hambledon* and *Autumn Twilight*



Samling Artists (left to right) James Baillieu (piano), Ian Tindale (piano), Nick Pritchard (tenor), Rowan Pierce (soprano), Lauren Fagan (soprano), Bianca Andrews (mezzo-soprano), Milan Siljanov (bass-baritone) alongside actor Alex Hassell

The Samling foundation have been in existence now for 21 years working to assist talented young singers and accompanists at the beginning of their careers by bringing them together with international artists to learn, create new work and perform. The organisation is rightly proud to have achieved such high standards without ever having received statutory grants, regular funding or having any endowment.

This year's Samling Showcase concert at the Wigmore Hall was subtitled *Seasons in the Mind of men* taken from words within Keats poem *The Human Seasons*. It brought together three singers from 2016 along with three former Samling artists who have forged successful careers for this annual event. The tenor Nick Pritchard stepped in at short notice to replace Nicky Spence, due to illness.

The first half of the concert concentrated on Romantic European composers and the seasons were presented in the normal year order commencing in spring through to winter. Schubert appropriately framed the year commencing with *An den Frühling*, *Frühlingsglaube* and *Am Bach im Frühling* and concluding with one of Schubert's finest late songs *Der Winterabend* where Nick Prichard gave a deeply moving performance. Songs by other composers such as Brahms, Wolf and Richard Strauss were also performed, including *September* from his four last songs. There were also several delightful duets such as *Mai glöckchen* und *die Blütenlied*

by Mendelssohn and *Liebesgarten* by Schumann.

The songs were interspersed throughout the concert with selected poetry readings, commencing of course with the Keats. The actor Alex Hassell, seemingly from all parts of the hall, delivered the poems at times with animation and others quite intimately, but always with clear diction.

After the interval, they performed songs by a panoply of English composers, but this time the year commenced in the summer, which is where we had the first offering of Peter Warlock with a robust performance of *Cricketers of Hambledon*, given by

the Swiss Bass-Baritone and 2005 Samling artist, Milan Siljanov accompanied by Ian Tindale at the Piano. The irony of this would not have been missed by Warlock as the song perhaps would have been better placed in the winter section.

The song commemorated a cricket match held on 1st January 1929 between the *Hampshire Eskimos* and J.C.Squires *Invalides* at Broadh'penny Down at Hambledon. The game was held as an amusing protest against the general encroachment of the football season into summer (apparently little has changed over the years). The play was interrupted by the local hunt. Warlock originally composed the song in December 1928 expressly for the Hambledon brass band and choir and was first performed at the event.

Written to words by his friend Bruce Blunt, this marvellous drinking song is very effective, particularly when sung as well as it was here. I have to admit this was my first hearing of this song live by a professional singer in a concert hall (I have more often experienced this whilst singing the song with fellow Warlockians at various AGM events to Malcolm Rudland's accompaniment). I wonder whether Warlock would have truly appreciated it being performed at the Wigmore Hall as he claimed in a letter to Bruce Blunt 'I feel rather ashamed of my part of the business, still a tenner is a tenner'.

Warlock at the Wigmore Hall (continued)

Words by Bruce Blunt THE CRICKETERS OF HAMBLEDON Music by Peter Warlock

VOICES
in unison

make a song of Hambleton and
sing it at 'The George' of
balls that flew from Belsham's bat like sparks from Fenner's forge
The centuries of Ashbourne and a thousand-guineas bat
And Sueter keeping wicket to the thunderbolts of Brett.

THE CRICKETERS OF HAMBLEDON

I'll make a song of Hambleton, and sing it at "The George",
Of balls that flew from Belsham's bat like sparks from Fenner's forge,
The centuries of Ashbourne and a thousand-guineas bat,
And Sueter keeping wicket to the thunderbolts of Brett.

CHORUS: - Then up with every glass and we'll sing a toast in chorus:
"The cricketers of Hambleton who played the game before us,
The stalwarts of the obse time who rolled a lonely course,
And made the king of games for men, with Hambleton the crown."

Although they sang the nights away, their afternoons were spent
In beating men of Hertfordshire and flogging men of Kent,
And when the flower of England fell to Taylor and his peers,
The fame of Hambletonians went ringing down the years.

CHORUS: - Then up with every glass, etc.

The sun has left Broad Halfpenny, and the moon rises overhead;
So pass the bottle round again for drinking to the dead -
To Small and his companions all who gathered, rose or wine,
To take their fill of Nizren's best, where Nizren kept the inn.

CHORUS: - Then up with every glass, etc.

BRUCE BLUNT

Part of the score and the words of *The Cricketers of Hambleton* in Warlock's hand.

Warlock at the Wigmore Hall (continued)

However, Milan Siljanov's powerful bass-baritone voice had to my ears more than a hint of that of the well loved recording by Norman Bailey and Geoffrey Parsons (recorded in 1977) and his performance was very enjoyable and really captured the spirit of the song.

Continuing the recital, old favourites such as *Silent Noon* (Vaughan Williams), *Bredon Hill* (Butterworth), *It was a lover and his lass* (Quilter) were performed alongside lesser known songs such as *Winter* (Argento), *Love's Lament* (Head), *Ah, Love but a day* (Amy Beach).

The Autumn season combined works by Quilter and Britten alongside the second Warlock offering which was of course *Autumn Twilight*. This was performed by the Mezzo-soprano (and 2016 Samling artist) Bianca Andrew, and accompanied by James Baillieu. Their sensitive performance really captured the meditative quality of the autumn season in this rather elusive song.

We then returned to Spring where we heard songs by Ireland, Quilter and Gurney and these were followed to end our programme with some lighter songs, such as a duet



Anthony Wysard's sketch of the brass band playing *The Cricketers of Hambledon*

by Lionel Monckton of *Charming Weather* an amusing song of lovers whose love-making seem constantly interrupted by the crowd (sung by Laura Fagan and Milan Siljanov).

Then with an air of nostalgia we concluded with two famous songs: Jerome Kern's *All things you are* (sung by Bianca Andrew) was followed by an opportunity for all the artists to perform together in Ivor Novello's perennial favourite *We'll gather lilacs*; Nick Pritchard

and Rowen Pierce were the lovers with the others singing *Tutti*, along with a four hand arrangement of the piano accompaniment.

Yet again the Samling foundation organised a superb event to showcase its work in developing emerging musical talent. The inclusion of Warlock songs for the second year in a row is to be congratulated. Events such as these along with the PWS promoted annual birthday concerts go some way to ensuring exposure to Warlock songs to young artists in the hope that they continue to perform them later in their careers. It is interesting to note that pianist James Baillieu took part in the Warlockathon event back in 2005, surely proving the point. ■

Miscellaneous

Our Hon. Treasurer, John Mitchell, has a new address:

John Mitchell has recently moved house and his new contact details are:

22 Ethelburga Drive, Lyminge,
Folkestone Kent CT18 8JJ
Tel: 01303 864341
Email: johnrgmitchell@gmail.com

More on the photographs of Winifred Baker

The short article on Winifred Baker in the last edition of the Newsletter (Autumn 2017 No 101 p18) contained two photographs of her. It wasn't clear from the writing on the

photographs as to who the photographers might have been. Nick Barlow, Director of the Clifton Singers in Bristol, kindly contacted me to say that the first photograph was taken by Madame Pestel, who had a studio in Eastbourne. She worked there from c.1900-1930, and there is plenty of information about her business at:

http://www.photohistory-sussex.co.uk/madame_pestel.htm

The other photo is a different story! The word is 'Photomaton', which is one of the earliest automated photobooths, probably arriving in the UK c. 1928.

There is some information at:

<https://www.photobooths.co.uk/blog/history-photobooths/>

Forthcoming Events

Compiled by Bryn Philpott

Saturday 7 April 2018 at 11:30 am

Ludlow English Song Weekend
St Lawrences Church, Ludlow.
Robin Tritschler – tenor, Adam Walker – flute,
Nicholas Daniel – cor anglais, Gildas Quartet

Warlock: *The Curlew*
Includes music by Bax, Hammond and Benjamin.

Tickets £22 – £25. Tel: 01584 878141
www.ludlowenglishsongweekend.com

Saturday 21 April 2018 at 1:00pm

Social Lunch at the *Antelope*, Eaton Terrace, SW1 8EZ
following the Committee Meeting

Sunday 23 April 2018 at 8:00 pm

City Hall Concert Hall, Hong Kong.
Benjamin Appl (baritone) and James Baillieu (piano)
Includes Warlock's: *The Bachelor, My own country*

Concert repeated 6 May 2018 – Coppet (Switzerland), 14
July 2018 Nieheim (Germany) and 25 July 2018 Pickering.
Further details at www.benjaminappl.com

Sunday 25 April 2018 at 7:15 pm

National Liberal Club, Whitehall SW1A 2HE
Mark Bebbington and Irene Loh – Piano
Includes Warlock's arrangement of *On hearing the first
cuckoo in spring* and Delius's *Piano Concerto*
Tickets £10. www.eventbrite.co.uk

Weekend of 12 May 2018

2018 Annual General Meeting – Christ Church, Oxford
See back cover for details

Saturday 26 May 2018 at 2:15 pm

English Music Festival – All Saints Church, Sutton Courtney
John Potter – tenor, Jacob Heringman – lute

Warlock: *The Frostbound Wood, Balulalow* and *The Night*
Includes works by Moeran, Dowland, Byrd, Tallis and more.

Tickets £20 www.englishmusicfestival.org

Monday 28 May 2018 at 7:00 pm

English Music Festival – Dorchester Abbey
Camerata Wales; Owain Arwell Hughes (conductor)
Warlock *Serenade for String Orchestra*
Includes works by Dyson, Delius, Howells, Arwell-Hughes,
Ireland, Finzi and Vaughan-Williams.
Tickets £26 www.englishmusicfestival.org

Wednesday 13 June 2018 at 6:00 pm

Founders' Hall, Radnor Walk, Kings Road, Chelsea. SW3 4BN
Launch of Music Sales soprano volume of Warlock songs
followed by a reception
Admission free.

Sunday 17 June 2018 at 6:00 pm

Hamsey Festival, Old Hamsey Church, Lewes, BN8 5TB
A Quartet from Musicians of All Saints
Soloist Lucinda Houghton
Warlock: Songs with String Quartet.
Also includes music by Haydn, Holst and Beethoven .
Tickets £12. www.mas-lewes.co.uk

Thursday 11 October 2018

Wigmore Hall, 36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP.
Benjamin Appl (baritone)
Warlock: *Heracleitus*
www.wigmore-hall.org.uk

Wednesday 25 October 2018 at 7:30 pm

Trinity Laban Conservatoire of Music and Dance, Kings
Charles Court, Old Naval College, Greenwich, SE10 9JF
124th Peter Warlock Birthday Concert

Thursday 24 January 2019 at 7pm

Guards' Chapel, Bird Cage Walk, London SW1E 6HQ
Warlock is featured with The Countess of Wessex's String
Orchestra conducted by Major David Hammond (it is
hoped to include the world première of Warlock's full
orchestral version of 'Maltworms')
Admission free

*If you know of any concerts or events that include Warlock,
or have a Warlock related interest, then please email details
to pwsnewsletter@yahoo.com, or phone 01666 837334.*

Finally – our thanks to Music Sales

The Peter Warlock Society once again wishes to express its
gratitude to Music Sales (www.musicroom.com) for the
printing of this Newsletter free of charge to us.

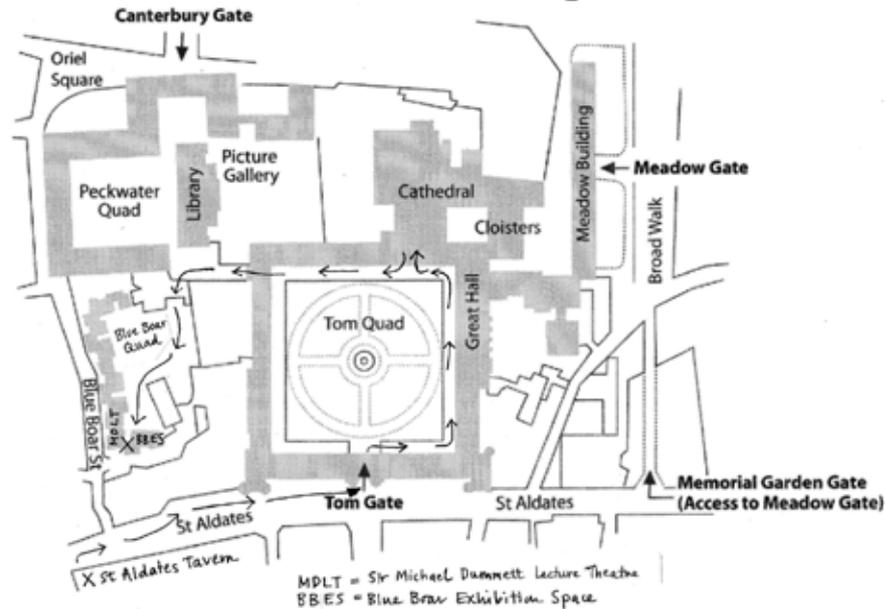
As Warlock's main publisher, we appreciate the generous
support they have given to the Society. Their music and also
those of other publishers can easily be bought on-line at
www.musicroom.com.

The Music Sales Group



Warlock in Oxford

www.peterwarlock.org



Our Society AGMs are following Warlock from Eton 1908-11 to Oxford 1913-14 to Ireland 1917-18

The easiest way to Oxford from London is the 'Oxford Tube' coach (www.oxfordtube.com).

At Thornhill Park-and-Ride, it joins the Oxford Bus 400, after which they both stop at Tom Gate.

St Aldates Tavern is then 100 paces back on the other side of the road

Nearest car parking is under Westgate Shopping Centre, from Speedwell Street. Tel 01865 2524890

Nearest hotel : Museum Hotel, 107 St. Aldates, OX11BU. <http://museumhotel.uk>. Tel 01865 250075

Saturday 12 May 2018

Lunch from 11am to 1.15pm at St Aldates Tavern, 108 St Aldates OX1 1BU. Tel 01865 241185

To welcome friends of our late founder Pat Mills, we have booked the first-floor Blue Room

Warlock Concert from 1.30 to 2.15pm in the Cathedral OX1 1DP

presented by Christ Church Music Society, devised by Aidan Atkinson, Academical Clerk

Apart from topical Warlock items, the programme will also include

'Dance for Peter' by Petr Matoušek, part of his thesis on Warlock for the Prague Conservatory, with the composer present,

Stanford's *The Blue Bird* (with Warlock's skit on Sir Charles Snarls),

and some settings of words both set by Peter Warlock and Pat Mills, our late founder

AGM at 2.30pm in the Sir Michael Dummett Lecture Theatre, Blue Boar Quad

preceded by yet another inimitable Danny Gillingwater sketch, this year, live - with Felix, on Warlock's 1913 Oxford

Tea from 4pm to 5pm in the adjacent Blue Boar Exhibition Space,
whilst two students arrange a six-at-a-time group to visit Warlock's rooms of 1913

Evensong at 6pm in the Cathedral to include a chant from Warlock

Sunday 13 May 2018

Lunch from 12noon to 2.45pm at Angel & Greyhound, 30 St Clement St, OX4 1AB. Tel 01865 242660
www.angelandgreyhound@youngs.co.uk (please email for Sunday menu)

To again welcome friends of Pat Mills, please email to book a place at Warlock table, and pre-order food

Concert at 3pm in Magdalen College Chapel, OX1 4AU : Warlock, Delius and Pat Mills
devised by Alexander Pott, Assistant Organist, Magdalen College

Evensong at 6pm in Magdalen College Chapel : Moeran in D and Finzi *God is gone up*.

ALL EVENTS ARE FREE