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The Peter Warlock Society

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EDITORIAL

In the years that I have been in the Peter Warlock Society both as a rank and file member and as an officer I have experienced many enjoyable occasions whether they be jaunts to different parts of the country or social lunches. But I don't think that I have ever spent such a pleasant, engaging and worthwhile time as the weekend of this year's AGM in Cornwall. It was all there – good and convivial company, excellent performances, informative talks, wonderful scenery and even good, bracing weather. (The meeting wasn't too bad either.) Fred Tomlinson writes about it in more detail inside but I'd like to use this column to pay my own tribute to all of those who made it such an extraordinary success and, in particular to Jonathan Carne who masterminded it, especially the wonderful concert on the Saturday evening. Some of the content of this issue is given over to the AGM and its associated activities. I know that I keep coming back to this point but it bears repetition. Our AGMs are not just boring old meetings; they are opportunities to meet other Society members, learn more about Warlock himself and hear some of the music. There'll be details of next year's AGM in issue no 60.

This year's Birthday Concert will take place in the Recital Hall of Birmingham Conservatoire on Wednesday 30th October at 7.00pm. Admission is free and a draft programme is given on p. 18. There have been Birthday Concerts before, of course, and Fred Tomlinson enumerated them in Newsletter 52, but the Birmingham concert will complete a cycle of celebrations around the country given by the various colleges of music and which began at the Royal Academy of Music in 1985. Trinity College marked Warlock's 93rd birthday in 1987 and the Guildhall his 94th in 1988. Thereafter the event was hosted by the Royal Northern College of Music (1989), the London College of Music (1990), the Royal Scottish Academy (1991), the Purcell School (1992) and the Welsh College of Music and Drama (1993). The celebrations will return to the RAM in 1997 but, now that there is a joint Faculty of Singing between the RAM and the RCM, directed by Mark Wildman and Dr Neil Mackie, the latter institution – who have thus far declined our invitations – will become involved. Make a note in your diaries for Thursday 30th October 1997 at 7.30pm in the Duke's Hall, Marylebone Road, London NW1.

Warlock/Bartók plans are on p. 20 but both composers figure in a recital given by Alice Wakefield (contralto) and Malcolm Rudland at Adlington Hall, Cheshire, on 1st November. Details: 01625 820201.

Brian Collins

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AGM 1996

Chairman's report

This is my first report as the new boy, so to speak. I don't want to make it a long one but I hope I have made it accurate. It won't necessarily follow chronological order.

I'm writing it in advance of this event of course so I'm hoping to look out on a sea of faces that may have turned out to be a duckpond. But having our AGM in Cornwall is a brave and important gesture. I wrote in an editorial a couple of Newsletters ago that, having set the precedent of following Warlock around the country from Eton in 1994 and Christ Church, Oxford, in 1995, that we were lining up Zennor, Dublin, Budapest and goodness-knows-where else for the future. Malcolm Rudland, with that characteristic lack-of-restraint that we find so endearing, took this as a green light for this weekend's events and, indeed, Zennor and the *Tinner's Arms* await on the morrow. But make no mistake; I am personally delighted that we have come to Cornwall for the Peter Warlock Society is not just the property of the London and Home Counties Mafia. We have members all over Britain, not just in or near the capital; indeed, they are all over the world, on all continents bar one - Antarctica - and, now that we are on the Internet thanks to a member in the United States, even that exception may fall. (We have already gained a member in Alaska thanks to the Internet. All cyberphobes see me for an explanation after the meeting.) But to get back to the matter of our venue for this weekend, I know that it is a long trek for some to come here but it is so important that all our members are supported. We made something of a leap into the dark a few years ago when we shifted (very successfully as it happened) to Garsington for the AGM. That was within spitting-distance of London, and the same could be said about Eton and Christ Church; the time is right now to be more adventurous. Jonathan Carne and others in what is, unofficially at least, the South-West Branch have arranged a splendid programme for us for which we are very grateful. And now I'll say no more on this matter for it really belongs in next year's report.

My assumption of the office of Chairman began twelve months ago in Oxford. The weather was stifling, a foretaste of the long, hot summer, but a remarkably patient crowd gathered at an auction in the Cathedral School to spend over £1000 on Warlockian memorabilia to help Society funds. Fred Tomlinson has related before that, in earlier days, the handful that turned up to the AGM was automatically elected as the committee. For the past few years we have been in the happy position of not only having a good number present for the formal meeting but it being worth our while to set up other diversions too. The auction last year was a case in point but there was also a service in the Cathedral in the evening and, in the same venue, an early afternoon concert given by some of the students. The programme was enterprising and included a

creditable performance of that most remarkable, demanding and uncompromising of Warlock's songs, *Sorrow's lullaby*, a rare treat. In addition to the choral evensong with its scattering of Warlockian items, those of us who were able to climb the steep staircase that led to the suite of rooms that Philip Heseltine inhabited during his time at Christ Church. Here was the very room that Robert Nichols described in his contribution to Cecil Gray's book; the room where the enthusiastic follower of Delius played over some of the older composer's work and called it a "melody of chords", a description that could equally apply to what the younger man would himself write.

But last year's AGM was significant for a reason other than its venue. I have already paid tribute to Fred Tomlinson's tenure as Chairman of the Society in the Newsletter but it is something that I gladly do again now. He said something in his report last year about being considered past his sell-by date. This is nonsense, of course, and he has continued to be active on the Committee as well as in other ways within the Society. One of the tasks I have set myself as Chairman is to encourage Fred to put out Volume 3 of the *Handbook* for the purely selfish reason that I want to read it myself sometime. And if we can get updated versions of Volumes I and II as well that would be very satisfactory. Not only are these fascinating reads in their own right but, for anybody involved in Warlock research they are absolutely essential. Being able to have cross-referenced information such as that in Volume I saves the researcher an incalculable amount of time as well as providing background material not readily found elsewhere. If we add to these books all of Fred's other writings on Warlock such as those that trace the connections with Delius, Blunt and van Dieren, then I'm sure you'll see why his relinquishing the chair marked the end of an era.

Our function as the Peter Warlock Society is to promote the music and the man and, over the last twelve months, this has been achieved in a number of ways. Some of these are, inevitably, more formal than others but most are enjoyable, fun even. I think particularly of the Chelsea Crawl, one of Malcolm Rudland's innovations and a hangover from the Centenary Year. It is now subsumed into the Chelsea Festival so that the Royal Borough, its residents and visitors alike, can be made more aware of and celebrate another of its distinguished former residents. No one can ignore the brass band that has become a part of the event and even a member of the constabulary has been obliged to join in what is euphemistically referred to as "conducting". We have photographic evidence. The Crawl is scheduled for a re-run (or a re-walk anyway) this year too.

But there is no point publicising the man and his deeds if the music is unavailable. Indeed, I believe that the balance of music to biography is a very fine one that can easily be toppled the wrong way. Warlock was, in the first instance, a musician and this is why he must be celebrated so we need to be careful about how we package him as a character and how much exposure we give to his less typical music. But I am delighted to report that, thanks to the endeavours of the Publications Sub-committee,

virtually all of Warlock's music is now in print and what is not – the songs with string quartet accompaniment in the main – very soon will be. Indeed it is true to say that some of these last-named items have never been available in a printed form before so, very shortly, more of Warlock's output than ever before will be accessible to the musical world. Future projects, still very much at the consideration stage, could involve reprints of his musicological writings and some of the large quantity of transcriptions that he made of other composers' work.

And further to the matter of the availability of Warlock's music, may I again draw your attention to the Society's hire-library? This has grown considerably over the past twelve months and a list of available items appeared in Newsletter 58. We do encourage all members to make use of it; hire rates are very reasonable, especially to amateur musicians, and anybody who wishes to borrow stuff should contact Robin Crofton, the Society's treasurer.

1995-96 has been a sad year for the Society in particular respects. We have lost several friends: Geoffrey Parsons died after an illness that would have been dispiriting had not his character been so resilient; Brian Brockless was remembered at a memorial service in March and Tracey Chadwell died at the tragically early age of 37 – only a year older than Warlock. But perhaps the most significant – I would say "annoying" and hope it doesn't sound too disrespectful – has been the death of Nigel Heseltine, the composer's son and one of our Vice-presidents. The Chairman's report is not the place for an obituary; Sir Frank Callaway's has already appeared in the Newsletter and other tributes and reminiscences may follow. But the exhortation *nihil de mortuis nisi bonum* aside, Nigel has left us with a number of provocative and perplexing points of view about Peter Warlock that, first of all, he was reluctant to enlarge upon and, now that he is no longer with us, we must endeavour to resolve by whatever means we can. His book *Capriol for Mother* which many of you will have read is a mixture of material which is clearly correct, factually at any rate if difficult to accept interpretatively, and other information which is, with equal clarity, wrong. The problem lies in discerning which of the observations and statements that remain we can accept and which reject. During a brief visit to Britain last summer, not long before he died, Nigel telephoned me and we had a quarter of an hour's polite conversation. I challenged him, if gently, about how well he really knew his father and he replied quite openly that PW was – and these are Nigel's words – "a complete stranger" to him. There were questions I wanted to ask but it was neither the time nor the occasion. Some issues can be resolved with some confidence, though. Was Nigel really the son of a liaison between Philip and an unknown Swiss girl? Probably not. And was Puma his mother after all despite what he says in his book? At least one person who knew Nigel very well assures me that this was so and that what Nigel has referred to as a "confidence trick" played on Edith Buckley Jones was nothing of the sort. I hope that some of the issues will be pursued further in future

editions of the Newsletter.

For, if I may wear my other hat for a moment, I am ever amazed that so much Warlock-related material is still cropping up in the pages of our Newsletter. I think of Silvester Mazzarella's piece on the projected play by Arthur Bryant that was entirely based on characters in Warlock's songs. And in just what ways – and how many times – did Warlock state his indebtedness to Roger Quilter? These are just a couple of things that have appeared in the past year. I am continually grateful to all contributors and hope that any member who has a point of view, an observation, a discovery to share or, indeed, a question to ask will use the Newsletter as their first port of call.

To finish I pay what is, I suppose, the usual tribute to the Society's officers and committee but it should not be taken as insincere on account of its customary nature. To Malcolm Rudland I offer my condolences on the demise of his fax machine and trust that, upon its repair or replacement, BT's profits will resume their former level. Warlockian events happen often because Malcolm has the determination to get them off the ground even though others may move in later to help with the administration. Please continue Malcolm, but don't be too surprised if we have to apply the metaphorical manacles when your schemes become too extravagant. My thanks go also to Robin Crofton for his careful management of the Society's finances and, indeed, to the whole of the committee without whose efforts, I assure you, the Peter Warlock Society would cease to exist.

That concludes my report.

Brian Collins

Warlock in Cornwall

Saturday-Sunday 4th-5th May 1996

Writing on the way back to London, while my memory is still full of an exhilarating weekend of Warlock, I must first congratulate Malcolm Rudland on the success of this venture, largely due to his imagination and industry.

Doubts were raised about the advisability of having an AGM so far from London, but it has long been felt that our Society is too London-based. We have had successful meetings in Eynsford/Maggie Bottom, Harwich, Garsington, Eton, Oxford and now Cornwall. Experiences in the Centenary Year showed that performers and organisers all over the country are delighted, honoured even, when London- (and further afield-) based members travel to their events. Long may it continue.

The weekend started with a sociable lunch at the *County Arms* in Truro. Some of us had travelled the day before. I'd booked a B&B not half a mile from the pub. It was good to see such a turn-out, not just from London but Aberystwyth, Bristol, etc. It was good food too – and good beer! There were enough cars to ferry all of us to Truro College for the rest of the day.

Our AGM was in the afternoon. Regarding membership there was talk about whether companies or individuals who had sponsored us should be listed as members. It was decided that they should be renamed patrons, with only one vote allowed per company.

Brian Collins was re-elected as Chairman and Newsletter Editor (I hadn't known the post had to be elected – my expression was “lumbered”); Anthony Ingle as Vice-chair; Malcolm Rudland as Secretary; Robin Crofton (*in absentia* due to another AGM) as Treasurer and Tim Harrison as Assistant (Minutes) Secretary (also *in absentia* but Malcolm announced his willingness to take on the task).

Then came a long discussion on the Committee as a whole. We recently went into the question of the non-attendance of some members and this resulted in two vacancies. Three new nominations were made: Silvester Mazzarella, David Heyes and Brian Hammond. The last agreed to stand down and be co-opted, when appropriate “in attendance”. The rest of the Committee was the elected *en bloc*.

After the Chairman's report (see page 2) the Treasurer's report included an item on joint membership. It was agreed that partners could join for a combined fee of £15 but the entitlement would still be to a single Newsletter. It was also asked if there could be beneficial liaison with other societies. Tim Harrison is in the process of listing those with similar interests and his findings will appear in the Newsletter.

Future events were noted. Then there was a discussion on the next AGM. Dublin and Grez-sur-Loing were suggested; Malcolm is to investigate.

After tea we went to the College's theatre for the concert, preceded by a talk from Dr Lionel Carley who had 70-odd slides to show us. Unfortunately the projector was misbehaving; there was some delay but, eventually, Malcolm started with a few Warlock slides to put everyone in the picture. Lionel then enlightened us with the results of his splendid research in France and Sweden. We learned and saw much about Fritz and Jelka Delius, and Arthur Joseph Heseltine (Philip's “Uncle Joe” to whom he wrote in 1908 to ask him to get Delius's autograph). We enjoyed many slides of locations, paintings, etc.

Then to the concert itself, and what a delight that was. Jonathan Carne had devised it, as he did the splendid *At the Fox Inn* in the Centenary Year. He also accompanied his wife, Naomi Johnston (soprano) and Paul Martin-West (tenor and reader); Catherine Savage (soprano) was accompanied by Ann Fleet; Anthony Trodd conducted the Penzance Choral Society.

A bonus was Brian Hammond, billed as “Raconteur” – what Ian Copley used to call “animated programme note”. He introduced each group of items but, for me, his most memorable contribution came when the Bruce Blunt settings were due. Brian had met Blunt and he passed on personal recollections. He also kept in touch with Dorcas Bignall, Blunt's housekeeper, who gave him priceless Warlock manuscripts of *The fox* and *The cricketers of Hambledon*. He brought

them along for all to enjoy. [Editor's note: Brian Hammond has kindly agreed to write a short article based on his reminiscences of Blunt to which Fred refers; it follows this report]

Perhaps it's invidious to single out items – the whole programme was a delight – but I will do. The choir sang *A Cornish carol* in Cornish – a rarity indeed; I liked Naomi's *Heracitus* (quote [by Stephen Banfield – Ed.]: “the best song van Dieren never wrote”) and *The first mercy*, and Catherine's *The lover's maze* (Ann even managed to make sense of the difficult contrapuntal accompaniment). The highlight for me, though, was the Blunt group before and after the interval. Paul sang *The frostbound wood* and *The fox*. Then the choir gave us *Bethlehem Down*. They were all magic – tears were not far away.

Besides accompanying, Jonathan performed four of the *Folk-song preludes* and PW's transcription of the *Serenade* from Hassan in case Dr Carley objected to a programme without any Delius!

The concert finished on a bright note. I had been wondering why, whenever the piano was swivelled to make room for the choir, someone moved a white, three-legged stool underneath. All became clear in *Hey trolly loly lo*. I'd forgotten *At the Fox Inn*, which I caught up with in Cheltenham, but Paul and Naomi do a choreographed dialogue and, later in the song, the milkmaid needs the stool to milk the end of the piano. Warlock would have enjoyed it. Audience participation concluded the evening. All three singers shared *Captain Stratton's fancy*. We in the audience joined in at the end of each verse with “Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan”. There was a lovely atmosphere throughout and everyone concerned is to be congratulated and thanked.

The lovely atmosphere continued after the concert as many folk took up Naomi and Jonathan's invitation to their house for a post-event party. It was a delightful way to bring the day's doings to a conclusion.

On Sunday we met at the *County Arms* again to mount two minibuses for our jaunt to places where Delius, Warlock and D H Lawrence had stayed. What was particularly pleasing was that several of what the local paper referred to as “the Cornish chapter of the Warlock Society” were with us. In fact, Jonathan Carne was driving our minibus and added to our knowledge. He just regretted the lack of a microphone so that he could do the full bit. Information had to be passed back by word of mouth. [Editor's next note: I was in the other vehicle and was grateful for the informative conversation many of us shared with Brian Hammond whose knowledge of local places and events was little short of encyclopaedic.] We were blessed with good weather. We usually are; Felix Aprahamian thinks Malcolm has arranged it with the Powers-That-Be.

Our first stop was in Sennen near Land's End. We refreshed ourselves at the *First and Last Inn* where Lionel Carley read extracts from letters between Fritz and Jelka Delius and Philip Heseltine. (Delius had rented the house nearest the pub in 1919.) Then came the first surprise: Garry Humphries had

sponsored nettle soup for all (see Newsletters 47-49). No one was more surprised – taken aback even – than Lionel. (Incidentally, it was delicious but I don't envy those who had to pick a dustbin-bag full of nettle tips.) Photos were taken of the house where Delius had stayed, then we were off again, north and then east to Zennor. We had a brief pause at Bosigran where Cecil Gray's house was surmised to be.

Before Zennor itself we made a short detour up the hill to see if we could find the cottage where Warlock had lived. We had his description that from it he could see both coastlines but there was no building – or any surviving evidence of one – at that point. We assumed that it must have been demolished in the intervening years.

Lunch was in *The Tinner's Arms* where Warlock had stayed in 1917. It is a very pleasant pub. Some of us stayed out in the sun but most ate downstairs in a reserved room. We outside missed Malcolm's attempt to read the Hy-Brazil poem in one breath (see Gray p. 149) Personally I think the poem, one of Warlock's very few printable ones, is worth lingering over. More auctions took place raising £46 for the Society in addition to the £2 already paid for surplus nettle soup! From the centre of Zennor our minibuses drove along an amazingly narrow road ("footpath only!") to the incredible house of Eric Quayle. Perched on the side of a cove, with spectacular views of the sea, it gets its water and hydro-electric power free from a stream and former mill-pond in his garden. Eric's mania is first edition books while his Japanese wife goes for antiques. Before the cream teas, he talked through some of his treasures. On the terrace afterwards I don't think I've ever seen so many cameras – not just taking the views but photos of others taking photos of them!

After that we just had time to dash back to Truro for the 6.00 pm evensong in the Cathedral. We just made it but I dodged off to watch *The two Ronnies* on the TV to see if my singers were involved. (They were, so my repeat fee will cover my expenses!)

(Sorry about all the exclamation marks; I must have caught the bug from PW who sometimes needed them six at a time!!!!!!)

It was a truly remarkable weekend. We made friends and renewed our acquaintance with old ones. It was well worth doing and once again I must congratulate Malcolm.

Fred Tomlinson

Meetings with Bruce Blunt

(This article is a version of the talk given in Truro on 4th May 1996.)

The story begins in 1947 at the University College of the South-West, Exeter (as it was then called). I had gone up in October to read French and Latin but with a strong interest in music and my head currently full of Beethoven and Britten. One evening a learned-looking scholar said to me, "I gather you're interested

in music. Would you like to accompany some songs by Peter Warlock?" The speaker was Hugh Ottaway, known to his friends (one of whom I was to become until his death in 1979) as "Skipper". He thus bears the responsibility for my addiction to Warlock for, from that time, I was hooked and spent the next five years singing, accompanying and studying the music. I even privately recorded a few Warlock songs at the old EMI studios in Oxford Street (alas, they have now become a haven for the hard of hearing – being both cause and consolation).

In 1951 I began a year as English assistant in a provincial French lycée. Here I endeavoured, among other things, to interest the pupils in particular, and the population in general, in English music, especially Warlock. One of my favourite songs at the home was *Ha'nacker Mill* and the boys listened as politely but uncomprehendingly as they did to my exposition of cricket. While in France I heard from an aunt, to whom the name Bruce Blunt had become familiar that one such wrote a regular column for the *Daily Express*. I sent a letter to Bruce, via his editor, and he wrote an elegant reply regretting at one point that he had used a word twice on the same page. In a second letter he offered me lunch, when I returned for the Easter vacation, at the "York Minster" in Soho. He said I should easily recognise him as he would be "wearing a spotted bow-tie and a vacant expression" – a description which corresponds admirably to the famous Anthony Wysard drawing. We talked about France and Warlock, he recited a few limericks and we had a pleasant lunch.

The following year when I was at Aldershot during my National Service I realised that I was a short distance from Bramdean, where Bruce lived. One Sunday I took a bus and walked from the main road to Bramdean, arriving very wet at "The Fox", only to be told that I had on the way passed Breach Plain Cottage on Bramdean Common. Retracing my steps, and now soaked to the skin, I knocked on the door and enquired if Mr Blunt was at home. Dorcas Bignell, Bruce's housekeeper, invited me in. Bruce recognised me and I was again given lunch, Dorcas insisting that I change into a pair of Bruce's trousers while she dried my own. I was in those days quite slim and, as Bruce was tending to the portly, there was plenty of room. It was on this day that Bruce told me the story of the composition of *The fox* and I have already spoken of this in *A centenary celebration*. Bruce went off for an afternoon nap and I spoke to Dorcas about life in the 1920s. The subject of Aleister Crowley came up and she surprised me by saying that he was "a very nice man". I have since come to the conclusion that we have probably been deceived by the attempts to shock of the bright young things of the 1920s. Ordinary people like Dorcas, who were close to the artistic community, saw things in greater perspective: the antics of the fast set who had too much money, drank to excess and had very little to do. The time came for me to catch my bus back to Aldershot. Bruce and Dorcas took me to the main road in a 1920s vintage baby Austin – at that time the oldest vehicle I had ever seen. That was the last time I saw Bruce, for he died a few years later. I kept

in touch with Dorcas and visited her at Breach Plain Cottage several times. On one occasion, about 1964, she invited me for a meal when I was staying nearby and during the evening she suddenly said, "I've got something for you," and disappeared for a few moments, returning with the precious manuscripts of *The fox* and *The cricketers of Hambledon*, together with an exercise book containing poems by Bruce, and a "Dear Sir, Unless . . ." letter from Rolls Razor, upon the back of which was written, in Bruce's handwriting, a list of his poems which Warlock had set to music. This last manuscript is, I believe, now in the Warlock archives. I still guard the other pieces and, when our daughter was born in 1965, made a setting of one of Bruce's unpublished poems, *Baby, sleep*. My wife, Sheila, and I last saw Dorcas in the summer of 1965 and we have somewhere a photograph of Dorcas and of Sheila holding our baby daughter.

In the "York Minster" I had asked Bruce about Philip's death. He was in no doubt but that Philip had committed suicide. I asked why he had taken his own life. "Oh," said Bruce, "he was depressed because a member of the aristocracy had made his girl-friend pregnant and would not pay for the abortion." I could at the time make nothing of this. It is perhaps necessary to remind a modern readership that both in 1930 and in 1953 to procure or carry out an abortion was to commit a felony. Furthermore, in that time of innocence, at the age of 22, I scarcely knew what an abortion was. Only after reading Barry Smith's 1994 biography did the matter become clear to me. On page 222 Barry writes of Barbara Peache and of her being the mistress of Lord Auckland and goes on:

[Warlock] did, however, feel rather sorely about the fact that when the Baron got her pregnant she had to pay for the abortion herself.

After forty years I had discovered the identity of the nefarious aristocrat who had perhaps been indirectly responsible for Warlock's death.

Moreover, it is evident to me now that the "words" which, at the Inquest, Barbara Peache dismissed as nothing important, were much more significant than perhaps she realised - although we only have her account of the meeting and it does seem strange that she should have passed the whole of the previous evening with a girl-friend at a dance and spent the night at an hotel. It may be that they had had a serious row over the pregnancy . . .

Now that we have touched on the Inquest (details of which I first read in a contemporary *Times* report in the vaults of a London public library about 1950) I should like to take the opportunity of adding a few thoughts of my own to the general debate.

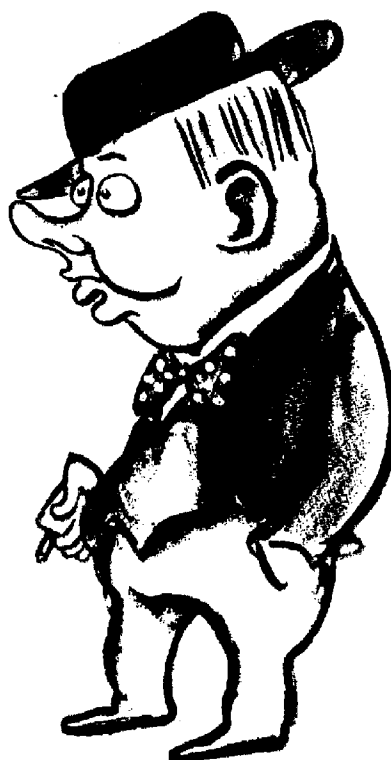
In the first place, it is not perhaps generally recognised that official reports which claim to quote the actual words used by witnesses do not always do so. Anyone who has had to do with inquiries will know this. The evidence of witnesses is often inconsistent, long-winded and irrelevant and so the procedure is to obtain answers to certain questions which are then written in the form of a narrative. Some editing is often also thought necessary by the

person taking the statement, which is then presented for the witness to sign. This point is made not to imply tampering with testimony; the questioning is undertaken with the best of intentions: to clarify and point up the essentials. It does, however, mean that certain vital facts may be omitted in the interest of presenting a tidy solution.

Reading the evidence of the Inquest and the statements which Barry Smith has so vitally brought to our notice, both in his biography and in *A centenary celebration*, I am convinced that much remained concealed. For example, the matter of the draft will is a puzzle. Again, the evidence of Bernard van Dieren seems unsatisfactory, although I cannot subscribe to the implications made in *Capriol for Mother*. What is the significance of "a lot of noise" and "the place downstairs [being] all lit up" at 6.40 in the morning? Unlike Barry Smith and Nigel Heseltine I believe we may eventually find satisfactory solutions to the many unanswered questions. The evidence probably exists somewhere, either in someone's mind or in as yet undiscovered documents. After all, it took nearly a century to find out the truth about Tchaikovsky's death.

Returning finally to my first meeting with Bruce, I had also asked him why he had not written a biography of Warlock. His answer was direct: he said he had been asked to do so but had felt unable to undertake the task. This was said with great sadness and one can only regret that a continuation and completion of the story begun by Gray was not carried out by the man who in the final years was his closest friend.

Brian Hammond



Bruce Blunt by Anthony Wyszard

ARTICLES

Peter Warlock, Arthur Bryant and Alfred Chenhalls

In an earlier article (Newsletter 57, Autumn 1995) I introduced *Passing by*, a hitherto unknown musical play recently found among the papers of the late historian Sir Arthur Bryant in the archives of King's College London. Bryant wrote the 53-page typescript around 17 Warlock songs selected with the help of Alfred Chenhalls (rhymes with "kennels"), a chartered accountant with musical tastes and connections who also acted as a media agent and production executive. Again using the Bryant papers I shall look, in the present article, at the development of the Bryant-Chenhalls partnership; but, since my first article a year ago, the most gratifying development has been the rediscovery – and recruitment to membership of the Peter Warlock Society – of the mysterious figure who looked over my shoulder one day in 1993 as I was reading Warlock letters in the manuscript room at the British Library and told me about the existence of an opera or play based on Warlock's music and where I could find it. Without him neither this nor my earlier article would have been possible so, before I go any further, I must name him and thank him for so generously giving me his discovery. He is Dr Paul Hopkins, Spencer Archivist at the Northamptonshire Record Office, and he found *Passing by* while cataloguing part of the vast mass of papers Bryant left at his death in 1985. Dr Hopkins, a historian with a special interest in late seventeenth century England, has since gone out of his way to draw my attention to one or two more Warlock references in the Bryant papers.

What follows here is, necessarily, to some extent conjectural since Chenhalls had the irritating habit for later generations of often omitting the year when dating his letters (not many of Bryant's letters survive). These partially dated letters can sometimes be allotted with absolute certainty to a particular year because of their content while, sometimes, the dating is probable but not certain and sometimes merely possible. I have thought it best in the interests of brevity and readability not to defend my conjectural datings letter by letter but to put brackets round the year every time I have inserted it myself.

Bryant and Chenhalls first met in 1936. The occasion may have been an attempt by Chenhalls as media agent to persuade Bryant to do some paid research and scriptwriting for the actor Charles Laughton who, following the success of *Mutiny on the Bounty* in the previous year, was planning more historical film epics. Bryant was already well known for books on Charles II and Pepys and, in May 1936, he lunched with Chenhalls. But the very formal tone of the notes they exchanged at this time suggests they scarcely knew each other. Indeed, they may have met for some reason other than Laughton's films because, looking back in November 1937, Chenhalls told another correspondent that it had not been until the summer of 1936 that Laughton "asked me to find someone in

the publishing world who would find him books and ideas, read manuscripts and more particularly introduce authors for two or three ideas he had in mind for new films. I introduced Mr B van Thal of whom Mr Laughton approved." It was van Thal who later recommended Bryant for a projected film about the history of the London Police for which Bryant did, in fact, do paid research. Laughton was at this time a director of a production company called Mayflower Pictures Corporation whose London agents, Motion Picture and Theatrical Industries Ltd, counted among their directors Chenhalls, together with F M and F B Guedalla; they were, presumably, related to Philip Guedalla, like Bryant a historian with an interest among other things in the Napoleonic period. And Laughton's secretary was none other than Chenhalls's sister, Hope.

This may seem an unlikely background for a musical play featuring Warlock songs, even if we remember that as early as 1925, in the days of silent films, Warlock's friend Robert Nichols had written from the Hollywood studios of Douglas Fairbanks Sr to ask permission to use *Captain Stratton's fancy* in the score being prepared to go with a Fairbanks film called *Pirates*. Warlock had told Nichols, "I'd be delighted for you to make any use you like of my 'Captain Stratton's Fancy'. I could probably help you with other tunes if you'd give me more details of synopsis and period", adding that he was himself making plans with a historian called Charles Beard for a film on Gesualdo "as a spectacular picture of late renaissance life" (RN to PW 22nd July 1925; PW to RN 13th August 1925). Now, in October 1936, Chenhalls returned from a business-cum-pleasure trip to the USA to entertain Bryant over dinner with "many amusing stories . . . about Hollywood". Their working partnership probably dates from this dinner. Within less than a month Chenhalls was responding enthusiastically to Bryant's idea – the first we hear of it – for a Warlock musical while, at the same time, confiding in Bryant about his obsessive pursuit of young women (mostly actresses). Chenhalls was quick to see that, with Bryant spending most weekends on his own (apart from a housekeeping couple) at Claydon in Buckinghamshire, Warlock and girls could be neatly combined. On 9th November (1936) he wrote to Bryant, who had obviously been ill:

I am very sorry to hear of the collapse . . . As to this tell me if you can find time for your Peter Warlock idea? If not the collapse is reason enough. But if so, could I accept your invitation for the last weekend this month (or one of the first two next) and bring down songs and material? (instead of Betty, on this occasion, she is filming hard to get off to winter sports). I would then devote Christmas week to it – instead of to Betty or winter sports. Embarras de richesse. I am playing a little piano with a subdued touch and tone, to the vast astonishment of all.

In this and the letters that follow the names of Chenhalls's girlfriends have been changed. Bryant rented his country home, the White House at East Claydon, from the Verney family, local landowners. He had been there more than ten years and knew the Verneys well. His first marriage had broken down (he was to divorce in 1938 and remarry in 1941). Chenhalls was married to a violinist called Gwen

Teagle who may have been older than her husband. He was born about 1900 while she was old enough to have been involved with concerts for troops at the front in the First World War, according to Chenhalls's obituary in the *Times* (4th June 1943). Chenhalls apparently never introduced Bryant to his wife or took her to Claydon, which he reserved for another area of his life.

Bryant soon replied to Chenhalls's letter of 9th November:

(19th November 1936) I am thrilled by your idea, and only hope to be able to have enough time to devote to the project.

Chenhalls instantly wrote back (20th November 1936):

I shall be delighted to come for the weekend, December 12th, and will telephone you that week to fix up a train. The intervening weeks will be spent in the company of Peter Warlock's music.

For Chenhalls it was not enough that Bryant should merely hear him thumping out Warlock on the White House piano, as Bryant reveals (18th December 1936):

Dear Cheny, thankyou so much for the record, I haven't had a chance of playing it yet as I have left the gramophone at Claydon, but I am taking it down with me tonight, and shall probably spend all tomorrow playing it! I am looking forward enormously to getting down to work on this play, though I am afraid I shan't be able to do so until early in the New Year.

But there were so few recordings of Warlock commercially available that Chenhalls decided to have some private ones made (23rd December 1936):

I look forward to seeing you during the first few weeks [of 1937] not only on film matters . . . but as to our play. I am definitely making the records next week and will either bring them with me on the 8th or send them to you at the Albany whichever will suit you best. They will be indexed to the actual songs so that you will have the original words and music before you.

The *Albany* was Bryant's London base and a batch of records followed with a card dated 1.1.36, obviously in error for 1.1.37 (the two men hadn't even met a year earlier):

Here are the only Warlock records published (mine I'm sending you next week). Of these the Curlew set are impossible - but on the back of the last is "Sleep" - which shows one the difference a string quartette makes.

As Bryant had promised, they got to work at Claydon during two weekends early in the New Year, Chenhalls supplying batches of song texts as well as records. Bryant read Cecil Gray's biography of Warlock and looked out for broadcasts of Warlock's music. Then other work claimed the attention of both men until in September 1937, dissatisfied with the records he had made privately, Chenhalls approached another studio with a suggestion for a new set (see his letter to Edward Clark of Memphis Recording Studios, reproduced in full in my earlier article). The singer was to have been Stuart Robinson, but these records must have been another disaster if they were ever made at all. By late October Chenhalls was ready for another session with Bryant:

(23rd October 1937) I am very much looking forward to coming to Claydon next weekend and I will set out on Saturday morning, 30th. As I am bringing with me every piece of music Warlock wrote may I ask you to have your

piano tuned again. (You always do: and then I untune it.) - I am mentioning it only because I shall be subjecting you and it to such a lot.

I have had copied out the words of all his songs which I will bind up and send to you (with a note on my comments on the practicability of the music to each) to Ennismore Gardens early next week.

Bryant now got down seriously to writing the play and seems to have finished his first draft up to the point where it breaks off (see my earlier article concerning its incompleteness) in three months, by February 1938. Bryant's side of the correspondence for this period has not survived but Chenhalls's letters and notes give a picture of how things progressed:

(1st November (1937)) What I really want to thank you for right away is offering to be producer of our play, which I hardly dared hope for, much less suggest. I shall always be sick I didn't see your Greenwich pageant, particularly as everyone else did. It is on what they say that I base my enthusiasm that you can produce it as well as write it that's a lot more than half the battle with the public. I am looking forward to the 13th weekend, but if another ingénue is a bit too much you only have to tell me.

(8th November (1937)) Will you please bring up with you the "book" I made for you with the words of all Warlock's songs. I have now timed all we have chosen (42½ minutes' total) and want to insert time and his directions against each song on the typescript and bring it up with me (and a sweet girl called Kate - Jane Smith will be in Gloucester) on Saturday morning.

The "book" referred to is now among the Bryant papers. It is a typescript containing the words of 99 Warlock songs (if we count each song in *Candlelight* separately). From this Chenhalls made a short-list of 32; 17 can be found in the extant, incomplete text of the play as already stated.

Chenhalls interest in contemporary British composers was not confined to Warlock. On 8th December 1937 he wrote to Bryant from an address in Regent's Park:

I suggest that if either of us has any strength left . . . we might adjourn to see Willie Walton in the London Clinic a minute away. He is undergoing a serious operation tomorrow morning.

The operation was for bilateral hernia and it would keep Walton in bed for several weeks. In 1940 Walton was to dedicate the MS score of his *Duets for children* to Chenhalls after they worked together on a film of Shaw's *Major Barbara* as composer and production executive respectively.

From Chenhalls's next letter (27th December 1937) it looks as if he had had no luck with Memphis Recording Studios but, also, as if private records were something commonly produced on the spot:

I am trying out a new recording company for some of the Warlock, and as the only time they can fix this week is late on Friday I'll come down on Saturday morning if that is all the same to you. Would 10.50 dep Euston . . . suit you or Woodward (who I think will have his last shock of 1937 on seeing me alone)? In case these records too are a flop I'm bringing you some new Handel ones Columbia have made which will make your eyes water. Talking of which I have joined Willie Walton on the wagon, not because I have strangulated hernia (or even gono, py or diarrhoea) but as a joke. The joke, like 1937, and unlike me, is already wearing thin.

Mr and Mrs Woodward were the housekeeper/caretakers at the White House, living there on advantageous terms in return for their work. Bryant's relations with them became strained and they left him twice. Perhaps the constant stream of Chenhalls's girlfriends arriving at short notice was a contributory factor. One wonders how the girls themselves felt about these weekends which must often have consisted of little more than bed and Chenhalls's thumping out Warlock on the piano. It might have reminded Warlock himself of Eynsford in the twenties. Chenhalls (15th January 1938):

I hope you won't mind my suggesting the piano be tuned for next Friday. I whacked a good deal out of it last time and hope to do so again next weekend! Let me know if you are out of trailer needles.

At this point a rare thing happened in that Chenhalls's love life became so entangled that it interfered with his Warlock sessions with Bryant (25th January (1938) from his office in London):

If you don't mind I think I will spend this weekend giving a graceful coup-de-grace to Her instead of parking her on you. I've taken your advice, you see: and if you agree the weekend will be much better spent doing so here, perhaps I can come, along with someone far, far better, next month. I have nearly got you a new and decent second-hand Columbia [gramophone] and some ravishing new Warlock songs which I'll bring down recorded (trying them on the gramophone first) when you invite me.

By now, revision apart, Bryant had written as much as he was ever going to write of the play. Chenhalls read it and reported back (13th February (1938)):

I do want to congratulate you on a perfectly lovely play, which, even in its present form, must persuade you that you can write as well as produce one.

Three days later he sent Bryant still more records and "trailer needles" to play them with.

But, as 1938 progressed, many things happened to divert Bryant's attention from Warlock's music and the "Merrie England" world of *Passing by*. The third volume of his major biography of Pepys had to be finished and prepared for the press; his father was ill and died on 30th August. And by October the Woodwards had left the White House although they returned later. Chenhalls, nothing daunted, wrote on 18th October that he was determined to come at the end of the month as planned "even if I take a hand with the cooking myself". But most of all, perhaps, Bryant will have been distracted by the build-up to war with Germany, although the Munich pact of 30th September 1938 will have come as a temporary relief to this determined appeaser. In any case Chenhalls, not for the first time, had spent a couple of summer months in the USA.

The two men continued to enjoy each other's company and meet when they could during 1939 and 1940; nor was Warlock totally forgotten. At one point they settled up financially and Chenhalls took the opportunity of adding to his bill for a dozen bottles of claret sent to Claydon and another dozen sent to the *Albany*

(10th August 1938 or 39)) . . . a little bill which don't bother about until you are near a cheque-book. The Warlock items are your half-share of his music, records etc. Those records I made I have not included as they are

a washout. I'll make better ones when you tell me you have time to think of it again.

Bryant's share came to £1.14.0.

Chenhalls continued to spend weekends at Claydon, both with and without girls. Letters from others to Bryant suggest that it was not only to Chenhalls that he talked about Warlock in the months just before the outbreak of war. A friend called Alfred Blundell spent a weekend at Claydon in March 1939 and wrote gratefully afterwards (23rd March 1939):

I came across a record today of a Purcell work arranged by Peter Warlock; I liked it and thought it might interest you and it will be waiting for you at Claydon . . . There is one condition attaching to it - namely that you should not trouble to acknowledge it. It will serve to commemorate a very happy weekend which I shall not forget. The peace of Claydon puts one in harmony with the world again - I don't wonder you have absorbed it into your personality.

With Europe on the brink of war in late August Bryant and Chenhalls took a short holiday together in the north of France. Just before Bryant left home for their rendezvous in Rouen, Chenhalls dashed off a hurried note (21st August (1939)):

Please don't forget to bring with you the script of *Passing by*!

Chenhalls's first act on the outbreak of war was to move his office by prior arrangement from Chancery Lane to a squash court on the premises of one of his aristocratic clients at Godalming. In November he was again plying Bryant with records and needles and, having arranged for Bryant's gramophone to be "renovated", he had it left at Euston for Bryant to pick up.

By 1940 Chenhalls, although busy with his usual work as agent, production executive and accountant, was also travelling (e.g. to New York by "clipper" plane) for the Ministry of Information and he recruited Bryant to do some work for this ministry. But there was still time for girls and regular weekends at Claydon:

(7th April 1940) . . . why not invite[,] with Arabella[,] Ann Brooke? I was very struck with her two years ago.

I then suggest we marry each. It is dreadful to think that you may not realise that I am really in love for once.

Bryant duly married Anne [sic] Brooke in January 1941 but the complications of Chenhalls's life continued unabated:

(26th July (1940)) Just to confirm that Emma and I will arrive . . . tomorrow Saturday at 1.35 lunchtime and Susie Sunday at 1.16 lunchtime.

I am staying at the above 'phone number (which by a coincidence is Susie's) till catching the 11.50am Euston with Emma tomorrow.

As I am expecting an urgent cable from America to my flat this weekend, if my wife or office should 'phone tomorrow morning (which is extremely improbable) will you please say I phoned late last night that I had to call on a client on the way up to you and phoned you that I'd be arriving lunchtime Saturday.

The way of the transgressor is hard but the wages of sin is life.

Even the wartime petrol shortage could not hold him back:

(27th September 1940) Here is a 3-gallon coupon to transport me from the station when you next invite me . . .

Would October 19th be any use? You need not invite Susie too, if you have none too much room.

Yet another girl puts in an appearance early in 1941, after Bryant's marriage. Chenhalls approves of Bryant's new wife and writes during an air-raid promising to bring a bottle of peach brandy he has managed to find for her. His flights abroad continue, including one via Lisbon to New York in September 1941. In October 1942 Bryant makes a note in his file index of a "quite well" sung broadcast performance of *Captain Stratton's fancy* and, in December, of a "magnificent" one on the wartime Forces' Programme of *Good ale*. Then, on 1st June 1943, the plane carrying Chenhalls home from Lisbon is lost over the Bay of Biscay, apparently shot down. One theory at the time is that the Germans thought Winston Churchill was on board. Bryant sends a letter of sympathy to Chenhalls's wife, whom he has almost certainly never met. She replies (6th June 1943):

Thank you so much for your letter. I more than appreciated it. Alfred was very fond of you and always spoke so highly of you and everything you did. To me it is the greatest loss. I loved him and shall miss him all my life.

Two years later she writes again:

We shall always miss Alfred, he was so very dear and had such a great heart.

As for Bryant, he went on jotting down notes on Warlock broadcasts until at least 1955. But without Chenhalls he never got around to finishing *Passing by* although he kept what he had done among his papers for the rest of his life. I suppose the whole project must go down as one of the millions of tiny casualties of war.

Silvester Mazzarella

The author gratefully acknowledges the permission granted by the Trustees of the *Liddell Hart Centre for Military Archives* for quoting from Sir Arthur Bryant's papers.

Errata: In the first of these articles, "not even a carbon copy" (p. 10, column 1) should read "not even in a carbon copy" and "he rushes out with his cloak" should read "he rushes out without his cloak".

Postscript

Dr Paul Hopkins has read the final draft of this second article and sent me extensive comments which, I feel, should be reproduced here rather than incorporated in the article and passed off as my own work. He draws attention to the fact that not only *Passing by* was interrupted forever by the effect on Bryant, an appeaser, of the approach in 1938 of war with Germany. Bryant's major biography of Pepys was affected too. Although he turned from *Passing by* to finish and publish his third volume on Pepys later in 1938 and started what was intended to be the fourth and final one, he soon abandoned this and never returned to it after the War, a crucial step in Bryant's downward road from being a serious scholar to a mere "popular" or "patriotic" historian (with, of course, enormous fame and much money). Thus *Passing by*, the Pepys biography and Bryant's career can all be seen as casualties of the War.

Hopkins also believes that an important reason why Bryant was attracted to Warlock's work in the first place was his (Bryant's connection with the Verney family, the long-established landed gentry from whom he rented the White House at East Claydon:

Bryant, writing about traditional English country life, like Warlock writing folksong arrangements and carols, is an outsider; in contrast, the Verneys actually live this life (and, exceptionally, write about it as well). In his early years particularly, Bryant tried to develop these traditions in fresh forms by organising local pageants, promoting crafts colleges and giving WEA lectures. That he could combine all this with an active London social life was made possible, according to his biographer and former secretary Pamela Street, by tearing about on a powerful motorbike in the small hours (another Warlockian parallel).

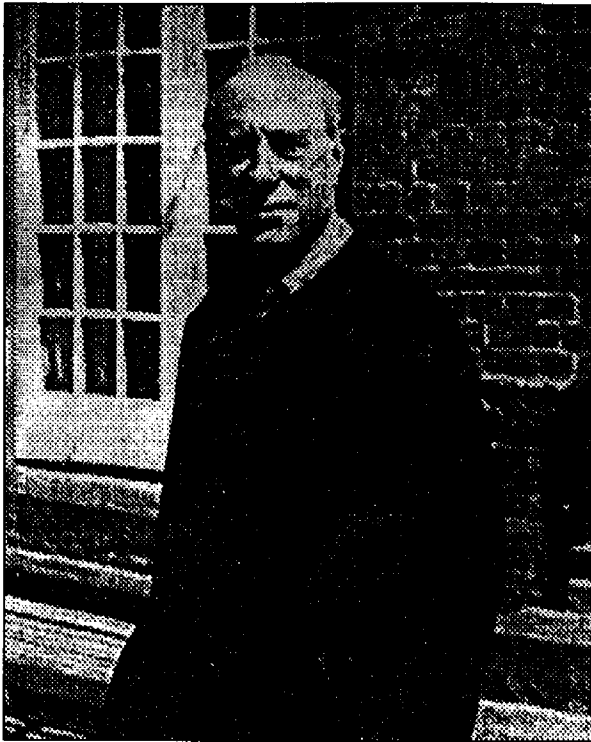
Turning to the writing of *Passing by* we see a dichotomy between the power of young life which the play is intended to celebrate (however inept the execution) and the state of mind of the authors: Bryant, emotionally and sexually, has by now come to belong more in Chenhalls's rackets world, if in a less spectacular and conspicuous fashion. Bryant was to marry for the second time in 1941; a "friend" (A L Rowse) remembered him from the time of this second marriage as "a philanderer, a womaniser . . . He may have had a bit of a complex." (Quoted by Andrew Roberts in *Eminent Churchillians*, 1994, p. 321). Here again we have a parallel with the contrast in tone between Warlock's treatment of love in his songs and his attitude towards women in his life. When he wrote *Passing by* Bryant was in his late thirties, only a few years past the age at which Warlock died, and some aspects of their characters were more alike than the two men's later images and reputations would suggest. Perhaps this is one reason why Bryant was attracted to the songs.

A note on Warlock and film music

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 skeleton scores 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 themselves develop parts. In the highly organised state of the industry by 1926 such scores would certainly 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 more of Warlock's music found its way in. A starting 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 scores or skeletons and, if so, where this catalogue can be found.

Paul Hopkins

Warlock's Away to Twiver and His Honour Lionel Jellinek



Lionel Jellinek at "Rampions", the house of his sister Sittah in Mayfield

In 1926 Peter Warlock dedicated his song, *Away to Twiver*, to his friend, Lionel Jellinek. This setting was of an anonymous poem in *The Famous History of Friar Bacon* printed before 1600. Roger Bacon, Franciscan monk, 1214-1292, was known as Doctor Mirabilis and this poem suggests convivial companionship after a wedding. Warlock had been established for a year at Eynsford in a wild and unruly household (sometimes three to a bed, as noted by Lionel Jellinek), when he embarked on this appropriate treatment.

On the occasion related in the song, there was music as well as drinking and wenching, since:

We met a consort of Fiddle-de-dees,
We set them a cock-horse, and made them to play
The Winning of Bullen and Upsie-frees,
And away to Twiver, away, away!

Opinion in the Peter Warlock Society is divided as to whether "Twiver" should rhyme with "Driver" or with "Quiver", but it is thought that the folk-like tune may have a West Country origin. Perhaps an enthusiastic member will trace these words and the tune?

Of Bohemian (Czech) Jewish stock from Znaim (where his grandfather had been a mayor), his mother, Alice, being an Irish Kennedy,¹ Lionel Jellinek, 30th November 1898-8th October 1979, was a barrister in silk at the time and later a Justice (JP Essex, 1956, and Judge of County Courts, Surrey, 1958-1971). Znaim, on the Austro-Czech border, is now known as Znojmo.

George Jellinek, New York music critic, though no relation, confirms (letter to me of 13 February 1996) that the name is Czech, but many members of the

family moved across borders in the old Austro-Hungarian empire (1867-1918). The word comes from the Slav-Lithuanian for deer.

I am grateful to Mr Robert Peter Jellinek of Gerrards Cross for information about Lionel's father, Robert, who was at school with his father, Maurice, in Vienna. They sat together in alphabetical order, though they also were not in fact related. Robert came to England about 1887 as representative for a Viennese shoe manufacturer. He met Mr Max Bally of the Swiss shoe firm and became his representative in London, running the London Shoe Company Ltd (which traded under the name of Bally after 1960) as a wholesale company importing Swiss shoes, with an office in the City. In 1892 he opened a retail branch in New Bond Street. He was a small man, immaculately groomed.

Educated at Repton and Lincoln College, Oxford, Lionel, his son, a tall man, was first apprenticed in the business and then called to the Bar, Middle Temple, in 1923. The same year, having met her in France, he married Lydia, daughter of Ernst Moller, merchant of Oslo, the Norwegian influence rubbing off later when in 1945 he received the King Haakon VII Frihets Medal. His brothers and sisters had died early of scarlet fever, with the exception of his sister, Sittah, who was born 9 years after him. There was one daughter, Sonja Anne Fox.

In the year of the dedication of the Warlock song, he was for a year Art Critic of the *Sunday Referee*, which must have linked him with the poet Victor Neuburg who, in spite of the satanic domination of Aleister Crowley, had inspired Warlock's *Lilligays* songs before 1922 and also *Milkmaids* (from the *Larkspur* anthology) early in 1923. Neuburg it was who had invited readers of the *Sunday Referee* to submit poems. This resulted in the then unknown Dylan Thomas having a poem published in September 1933, becoming one of the first *Sunday Referee* poets.²

As Jellinek had been an undergraduate at Oxford immediately before the First War, it is possible that a friendship with Warlock could have formed then. It seems, moreover, that he became something of an eccentric. From 1919 he lived in Westheath Avenue, Hampstead. Then, while living in a Queen Anne house in Hampstead Square, he was carving a joint, which he didn't like, so he picked it up, hot as it was, and, striding down the High Street, he slapped it



Lionel Jellinek at his Queen Anne house in Hampstead Square in the 50s. In later life he moved to Shamley Green, Surrey.

down at the butcher's shop. exclaiming "What do you think of this?"

It seemed that Lionel and PW shared an enthusiasm for London pubs. Cecil Gray has reminded us that Warlock had an encyclopaedic knowledge of public houses, while Lionel Jellinek holds the rare distinction of writing a book on the subject.

An obvious attraction for Warlock was that he was a keen musical amateur. Later he was the owner of an Amati violin and in the early 50s he took lessons from Norbert Brainin, who had been leader of the Amadeus String Quartet from 1948. It is no surprise, therefore, to learn that he cultivated chamber music and played the viola when living in Hampstead.

It was not only violins and violas which interested him when he struck up a friendship with old man Hill of Hill & Son, Bond Street, and collected some valuable instruments. He also formed a friendship with E J Moeran, "Do come to Shamley Green to share some roast beef", he invited, and Moeran arrived for lunch. "Well, Jack, what do you think of it?", he asked. Moeran, disoriented as he sometimes was, said, "Lovely fish." Once, in 1943, when he was robbed of some scent bought for his fiancée, Péers Coetmore, he didn't arrive until 2.30 in the morning. Travelling on belt-driven motorbikes with side-cars, they visited Norfolk together, collecting folksongs from the farm workers, country folk and fishermen. One fisherman, after some local singing, said, "You know, they German soldiers were prawns in the hands of their generals."

Another friend of Warlock's appears on the scene. Warlock first met Boris de Chroustchoff (1892-1969) at Oxford in 1914 - Boris's room at Lincoln College being next door to Robert Nichols, the poet. The following year D H Lawrence made the suggestion that Warlock and Boris both go to Garsington. In Barry Smith's biography there are references to this friendship.³ Warlock fell for a Cornish doctor's daughter, Phyl Crocker, but she married de Chroustchoff. (He, it appears from Cecil Gray, shared van Dieren's propensity for being the greatest living authority on edible fungi. He also cured his own tobacco.) This happened when Warlock was trying to escape from Puma, whom he actually married on 22nd December 1916. A letter from Warlock to Boris de Chroustchoff on 14th December 1915 (written in German) expresses his wildly tortured state of mind.⁴

Boris was the original dedicatee of *Mr Belloc's fancy* in 1921. When Warlock simplified the piano accompaniment in 1930, the dedication had been removed since "Warlock had quarrelled irrevocably" by then with Boris.⁵ I have seen a copy of the first edition signed by Warlock: "To Boris with love from the perpetrator 7.4.1922".

Boris de Chroustchoff, from a large estate in the Kharkov region of Ukraine in Imperial Russia, left when he was 10 to go to school in Switzerland and then to Harrow (1906-11) and to Oxford. His marriage to Phyl Crocker took place in 1921 and Igor was born in October that year. When that marriage broke down he married Ida King and their daughter, Natasha, was born in 1945.

According to Michael Davidson,⁶ Phyl Crocker, the eldest of three sisters, was a "Cornish pixie", a supremely lovable creature who ought to have been as immortal as a dryad. Cecil Gray, he said, was "long-faced and morose beneath his great black sombrero" and drank himself to death.

According to Jon Manchip White,⁷ Boris and Ida were happy for many years in a cottage, Milaid Isaf, not far from Crickhowell. "By birth an aristocrat, born into a family of great fortune and estates, [Boris] liked to effect the Tolstoyan high-necked blouse, baggy pants, and broad leather belt." Some not very reliable information on Warlock was said to have come largely through Lionel Jellinek.

Natasha tells me that both these autobiographies are full of inaccuracies.

Boris's son, Igor Chroustchoff (b. 1921), is the "foster brother" of Lionel Jellinek's daughter, Mrs Anne Fox. Igor and Lionel, I am told, were like father and son, while Boris was one of Lionel's early friends, meeting him at Oxford. Thus the link with Warlock is strengthened. Moreover, Boris and Phyl were no more interested in children than were Warlock and Puma, so Igor was packed off to school in Scotland and the Jellineks had him frequently in the holidays.



Lionel Jellinek and Boris de Chroustchoff in the 1920s

Lionel and Boris were at one time co-directors of the Salamander Bookshop in Bloomsbury, dealing in rare books. Once they went to Canterbury and Boris said, "I'll have that," although Lionel didn't think it a good buy. They took it back and found inside the



Music by Sorabji, 1965, dedicated to Boris

lining a tear through which Boris read some Latin. Inside were two papal bulls, which were then sold for a good deal of money. Their stock was of high quality and they had customers in America and Europe – Diaghilev was one – but financially it was not a success, although Jellinek was supposed to have provided the business acumen.

Lionel Jellinek's grand-daughter, Mrs Sarah Smith, recalls that when she was 18, the grandparents took her to Ireland for a week. They hired a car to drive to Kenmare and found Moeran's grave (he died 1st December 1950) in a very overgrown churchyard where a donkey was wandering loose. On asking an old fisherman whether Moeran had jumped into the water or had a heart attack, they were told that it was thought to be a heart attack.

Barry Smith, the biographer, tells me that most of the information on Lionel Jellinek which he used came from Robert Beckhard (who recently confirmed it) and he is quoted for his views at the time of Warlock's death in 1930. Jellinek claimed (talking to Beckhard in 1955) that he'd seen Warlock in the Tite Street flat two or three days before the death. The gas tap was so loose it went around with the touch of a finger and, when Jellinek warned him, the reply was, "It may come in very useful." There was a time, moreover, when he forgot to put a shilling in the gas meter when he'd tried to end his life earlier. Jellinek's opinion at the time was that "it was essential that Philip died, that he had a weak hold on life, that his creative will was stronger than his will to live." It might be added, however, that the loose gas tap supports the argument of some Warlock Society members who thought – before the concept of murder was introduced by Nigel Heseltine⁸ – that the death was an accident rather than suicide. My own reason for supporting the accident idea was based on information from George Thewlis of Oxford, who said that the composer was very busy with creative work in hand, much of it transcriptions at Christchurch library.⁹ Lionel Jellinek was one of the generous subscribers to the Memorial Concert of Works of Peter

Warlock at the Wigmore Hall, 23rd February 1931.

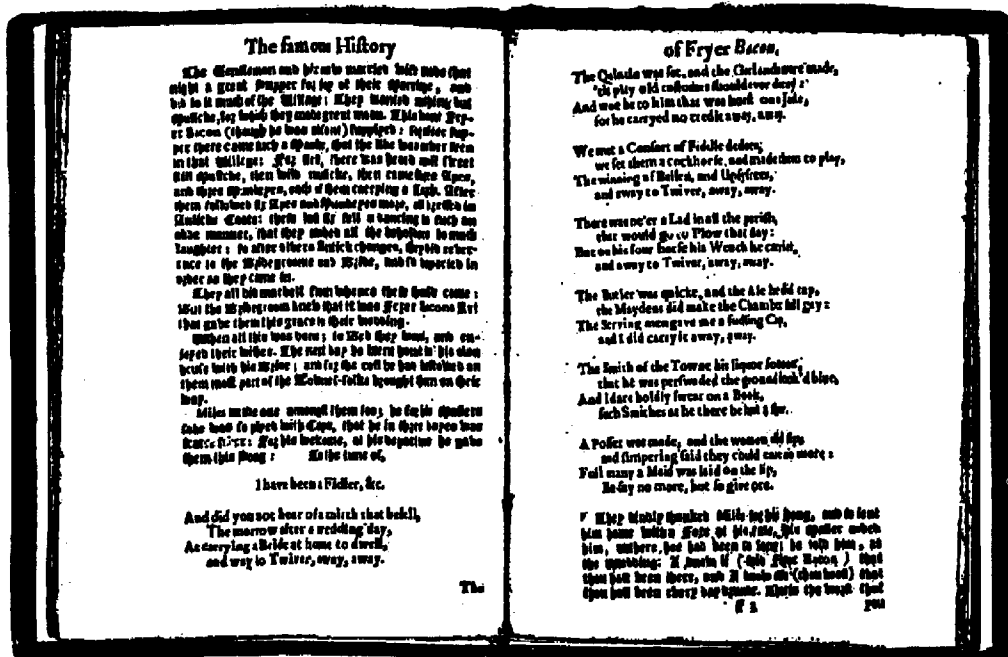
Robert Beckhard has written to me (2 January 1996) that he found Lionel Jellinek a charming man and when he met him in 1955 he "took hasty notes (no tape recorder then!) and only wished I could have spent more time with him".

The three references in Barry Smith's book do not suggest that Jellinek was particularly fond of Warlock then, though his own family had earlier shown a similar extravagant way of life. Indeed, relatives have told me of his "wild oat sowing" period. It seems, therefore, that, when he became a solemn "learned judge", he would have wished to shake off the Warlockian image.

His granddaughter, Mrs Sarah Smith, remembers Lionel Jellinek as a tall man, about 6' 2", with greying hair and a balding head. He had blue eyes and a certain resonance to his voice. With a great sense of humour, he enjoyed life, although in his later years he became more secluded. His great passions then were practising his viola, listening to music and reading. Like his father he was an emotional man, tears falling from his eyes when any beautiful music moved him. Not so inclined to become fiery, as in his youth, he had a balanced and very clear mind. Very kind and always appreciating the other person's situation, Lionel thus became a very successful County Court Judge.

During his period as Judge of County Courts, Surrey, he was in 1963 appointed a vice-president and chairman of the Guildford Symphony Orchestra. At the end of his life, His Honour Lionel Jellinek had been living at Wolfeton Manor, Charminster, Dorchester, but the funeral when he died in 1979 was back in Guildford.

I am much indebted to my old friend, Patrick Mills, founder of the Peter Warlock Society, for some useful elucidation of the obscure words found in the song (especially those quoted at the beginning of this essay); and for photocopying some of the *Famous History* itself. The story starts "How Fryer Bacon did



The original text of *Away to Twiver* in *The famous History of Fryer Bacon*

help a young man to his Sweetheart, which Fryer Bungay would have married to another; and of the mirth that was at the wedding". The song was introduced "To the tune of I have been a Fiddler, &c" (but "Fidler" – with one "d").

The verb "to twive" refers to a ship, securely at anchor, moving up and down on the tide. "Away to twiver" might be an individual genteelism for the sexual act – a delicate sexual metaphor. Both Bullen and Upsyfrees might refer to an early form of the game of quoits, thinks Mills, who supposes also that since "The winning of Bullen" and "Upsyfrees" are titles of pieces played by a "consort of fiddlededees", there may be alternative ideas: the first referring to the winning of the hand of Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII and the second a slang term for a dance called the volta (and in both there could be a *double entendre*). However, the volta was, like the galliard, a three-in-a-bar dance whereas Warlock, I see, introduces in the piano at this point a lively 2/4 tune, "very crisply", to go with the original folk-like 6/8 of the voice. Both tunes look as if they pre-existed. Have they been investigated?

Making allowance for minor variations, many rhythmical, to accommodate some awkwardly intractable words, the singer has the same tune throughout no less than seven times. This means that all seven verses, as in the original printing, were used by Warlock. The melody is mainly dorian on E, but with a major third occurring in some of the verses. (It may be pedantic to say, rather, that it is hypo-dorian with B as the Final.) All verses end not on E but on B, which reminds one of the composer's love of the up-in-the-air ending as in his *An old song* (1917) for small orchestra, though that was based on a Scottish pentatonic tune.¹⁰

An interesting feature of the original *Famous History* is that when the singer had finished and gone home to his "master", he said:

of Fryer Bacon,

The Colada was for, and the Carlandover made,
"Oh play old coladas should ever day!"
And was he to him that was best out of day,
for he carryed no credit away, away.

We met a Consort of Fiddle dedee;
we for them a crackbook, and fiddledem to play,
The winning of Bullen, and Upsyfrees,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

There was ne'er a Lad in all the parish,
that would go to Frow that day;
But on his four knock his Wench he caried,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The Butler was quick, and the Ale he held up,
the Maydens did make the Chamber fill gay;
The Serving men gave me a fuddling Cap,
and I did carryt away, away.

The Smith of the Towne his liquor soot,
that he was persuaded the ground look'd blue,
And I dare holdy swear on a Book,
such Smithes as he there be but a few.

A Poffet was made, and the women did say
and striping said they could care no more;
Full many a Maid was laid on the fly,
No day no more, but to give o're.

My Master thanketh with his best song,
and to last him some little of his, the quarter which
him, another, had had been to have; he with him, at
the quodding: A man if (oh Fryer Bacon) that
then will have there, and it looks on (don't) that
then will have there; but I have the best that
you

Lawyers they are sick,
And Fryers are ill at ease,
But poor men they are drunk
And all is one disease.

Is it possible that this passage led Warlock to choose his lawyer friend as a dedicatee?

The well-known photo of PW sitting cross-legged on a barrel, 1927,¹¹ is by Boris de Chroustchoff. At this time, shortly after the publication of *Away to Twiver* by the Oxford University Press, the composer and Bruce Blunt, his newly-found poet friend, were found "drunk and disorderly" and fined 10/- each for shouting and singing. I wonder if they'd been thinking of the last verse where "The serving man gave me a fuddling cap" and "The smith of the town his liquor so took/That he was persuaded the ground look'd blue". Since the name seems to be quite common in Central Europe, no further links have been established. Tristram Jellinek, actor, who died in London in November 1995, and George Jellinek, who writes for the New York Times, for example, appear not to be related, the latter telling me that he was born in Hungary.

Acknowledgements

My grateful thanks for information and photographs go to Jeanne and her daughter, Hélène McMurtie; also to Mrs Sarah Smith, granddaughter of Lionel Jellinek; and to Igor Chroustchoff and his sister, Natasha, similarly; also to Pat Mills for suggestions about the song *Away to Twiver*.

Notes

1 The family came from Dublin to Essex in the 1840s. Alice was very tall and elegant with beautiful auburn hair.

2 Parrott, Ian, *The crying curlew: Peter Warlock: family and influences. Centenary 1994* (Gomer, 1994), p. 51. See also Peter Warlock Society Newsletter No 9, March 1972.

3 Smith, Barry, *Peter Warlock: The life of Philip Heseltine* (OUP, 1994), pp 78, 82 and 107.

4 Reproduced in Heseltine, Nigel, *Capriol for Mother: a memoir of Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock)* (Thames Publishing, 1992), where the spelling of the name underneath lacks both "h" and "o".

5 Copley, Ian, *The music of Peter Warlock: A critical survey* (Dennis Dobson, 1979), p 86, where the "o" is missing from the surname. Unlike modern transliterations of Russian, the Chroustchoff family used the then fashionable spelling and included an aristocratic "de" as well.

6 Davidson, Michael, *The World, the Flesh and Myself* (Arthur Baker Ltd, 1962).

7 White, Jon Manchip, *The Journeying Boy* (*The Atlantic Monthly Press*, NY, 1991).

8 Heseltine, Nigel, *op. cit.*

9 See ed. Cox and Bishop, *Peter Warlock: a centenary celebration* (Thames, 1994), Chapter by R Beckhard, p. 203.

10 Copley, Ian, *op. cit.*, pp. 224 and 249.

11 See Gray, Cecil, *Peter Warlock: A Memoir of Philip Heseltine* (Cape, 1934), p. 200; and ed. Cox and Bishop, *op. cit.*, p. 128.

Ian Parrott

The Hythe Heseltine

In a professional capacity I was very fortunate to meet recently Charles Ernest Dibdin Heseltine of Hythe, Kent. During a conversation that developed it was not too long before I asked the rather inevitable question: yes, Charles did believe he was related somehow to Warlock although he thought it was a distant relationship. His father certainly thought there was some connection to the extent of having kept some press cuttings about the composer amongst his papers.

In recent times there has been some speculation as to whether Michael Heseltine MP is related to Warlock [see Malcolm Rudland's article in Newsletter 51 - Ed] and, so far, no one has been able to establish a definite link. My hopes were raised accordingly when Charles told me he was the first cousin of Michael! (Charles's father was Michael's father's younger brother).

I was also intrigued by Charles's third Christian name and discovered that "Dibdin" is a family name passed down through all the male descendents. Charles's great-grandfather married an Eve Mary Dibdin who was herself a great-granddaughter of Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), perhaps one of the best known English songwriters of his time. The most famous of his songs is *Tom Bowling* that once a year reaches a mass audience in Sir Henry Wood's

arrangement during the last night of the Proms. Dibdin wrote well over a thousand songs, (that for sheer quantity makes Warlock's 120 seem a bit modest!) and many believe the fervour of his sea songs inspired more men to join navy than all the efforts of the press gangs!

I subsequently visited Charles and his wife Julia at their home near Hythe seafront, and a small suitcase was produced containing various old documents, including a large one that was seemingly a deed of some sort. Pride of place, however, was given to contemporary copies of three of Dibdin's songs, each signed by the composer. The sheets give the words and music and were "Printed & sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse, Leicester House, Leicester Square, London. Price 1 shilling".

For my part I took along the *Thames Centenary celebration* book for Charles to look at and he was immediately drawn to Keith Gould's excellent chapter on Warlock's genealogy. He promised to study this in depth and compare it with his own family tree to see whether there were any cross links.

A day or two later he contacted me with rather chagrined news that he had come to the same conclusion as Keith Gould, *i.e.* if his and Warlock's branches of the Heseltine family were ever connected it must have occurred before the beginning of the eighteenth century. Charles did add that his branch of the family had been traced back to Norman times, so to that extent a common source is quite possible, albeit much earlier on. The name Heseltine (originally Heselyne) is Norman and the Domesday Book quotes a grant of land in Yorkshire to Elenaud(?) de Heselyne. These researches were carried out by Charles's grandfather but, unfortunately, following a second marriage, the results of his discoveries have been lost, or at least Charles does not know whether they still exist and, if so, their present whereabouts.

Much more pertinent to the PWS was the news he gave regarding the old deed referred to earlier. As it bore the Heseltine name, he had bought it from a dealer several years ago not quite knowing to which branch of the family it related. Reading Keith Gould's article he realised he was in possession of the indenture for the sale of The Hermitage, a big house and estate at Harrow Weald, to Edward Heseltine (Warlock's grandfather) in 1871! I have since seen the document which is most impressive. It is about a yard square in size, the lower portion consisting of a watercoloured plan of the estate. Charles now feels that the only appropriate place for the document is in the archive of the Society and to this end he has asked me to arrange its delivery to the Chairman, which I have naturally agreed to do in due course.

There is a sad side to all this and Charles is sorry that he has been unable to prove even a tenuous relationship with Peter Warlock, which he has always supposed to exist. However, he does feel that our chance meeting has been eminently worthwhile, producing an interesting discussion and exchange of information.

John Mitchell

NEWSBRIEFS

PWS member Andrew Plant is currently researching the life and music of Christian Darnton (1905-1981) and would be most grateful to hear from anyone who is able to offer any information about him, particularly personal reminiscences. All material will be received with many thanks and promptly acknowledged. Please contact Andrew Plant, 4 Minster Precincts, Peterborough, PE1 1XS (Tel/fax 01733 66693).

If you've done the Chelsea Crawl then you'll know that we finish up by the blue plaque outside the house in Tite Street where Warlock died. Alan Symons's book, *Behind the blue plaques of London* (Polo Publishing, 1994) "... for compulsive reading and exciting discoveries" tells the unwary reader that:

Peter Warlock, born in London of Dutch parents, came to live here [i.e. Tite Street] soon after WW1. At the commencement of the war, he volunteered for the army but was rejected, because of his homosexual leanings. He turned to composing music and under the influence of Delius and van Dieren, produced "The Curlew" a song cycle (1920-22). He founded the musical magazine "The Sackbut", in the early twenties, but it foundered when Warlock became ill. In 1923, he wrote a biography of Frederick Delius and in 1926 his autobiography was published, "The English Ayre".

My thanks to Rhian Davies for drawing my attention to this concatenation of dazzling insights.

Another extract from a book I've read recently is worth examining, though. My friend John Newsinger told me about the following passage in *My life and crimes* (Jarrolds, London, 1956, p. 160) by the socialist writer Reginald Reynolds (describing his contact with W B Yeats):

One of the first presents I ever gave to Ethel [Reynolds's wife] was the National Gramophone Society's recording of *The Curlew*, set to music by Peter Warlock. The N.G.S. had already ceased to exist, the records were rare and until very recently there was no other recording of this work, so far as I know. All the same, it was strange to find that Yeats had never heard it until Ethel put the record on for him one day, at Oak Cottage. He had, it appeared, quarrelled with Peter Warlock, as Ethel discovered, when she mentioned Warlock's music. I was not there, but Ethel told me afterwards of the old man's rather grudging consent to hear these rare records. He soon asked her to take them off. I wouldn't judge his musical taste solely by his reaction to Warlock's work, though *The Curlew* has an exceptional quality - it is a tonic landscape as wild and desolate, as beautiful and hopeless as Connemara itself. But people who really knew Yeats agreed that he had no ear for music ...

Carole Rosen's book *The Goossens: a musical century* won the *Yorkshire Post's* award as "Best music book of the year". The book is still on sale at full price but, to mark the forthcoming centenary of Leon (12/6/97) Carole has arranged for a limited number of copies to be available at half price from Thames publishing (£10 + £2 p/p). You may recall that, in issue 57 (Autumn 1995, pp. 13-14) David Cox examined the relationship between PW and Eugene Goossens and referred to this book as a study "... in well researched and telling detail [that has] a good many references to Philip Heseltine."

Lindsay Music (23 Hitchin St, Biggleswade, Beds, SG18 8AX Tel 01767; fax 01767 317221) publishes *Sing the classics*, a collection of unison song arrangements by Douglas Coombes aimed at pupils in the primary/middle/lower secondary age groups with background information on all materia. It includes a song called *Tears* based on the *Pavane* in *Capriol*. £10.95 buys the book and a cassette.

Bridget Duckenfield's illustration of Cefn Bryntalch was mentioned in Issue 56. Should you wish to purchase these as Christmas cards, they are available flat (for over-printing) at £4.80 a dozen (including envelopes) from Bridget at 94 Station Avenue, West Ewell, Epsom, Surrey, KT19 9UG (Tel/fax 0181 393 5854).

I have now had the opportunity to read the article by Rhian Davies, *A strayed ghost: Peter Warlock in Wales*. This fascinating and thoroughly researched piece which traces Warlock's Welsh genealogy and other connections is eminently recommendable and appears in *Cerddoriaeth Cymru/Welsh Music* vol. ix no 8 (Winter/Gaeaf 1995-6). It contains material which is available from no other source and should be scrutinised by all Warlock scholars.

PWS Vice-president Ian Parrott, Gregynog Professor of Music at Aberystwyth for 33 years until his retirement in 1983, celebrated his 80th birthday this year. To celebrate the event a CD of his music is to be produced by Y Tabernacl (The Museum of Modern Art in Wales) at Machynlleth. The recording includes works performed at Professor Parrott's Birthday Concert in March and the performers are Alison Wells (soprano), Keith Swallow (piano) and John Turner (recorder). Works include the *Songs of renewal* and other songs including *I heard a linnnet courting* as well as piano works (the rhapsody *Westerham* and the *Theme and six variants*) and pieces for recorder (including the recent *Awel Dyfi*). Pieces written as tributes by other composers, David Cox and Anthony Gilbert, also feature. The recording will be financed partly by subscription; all subscribers (minimum £10) will be listed on the CD sleeve, will receive a free copy of the CD and may purchase up to 3 extra copies at a special price of £10 each. Any excess will be donated to the Guild for the Promotion of Welsh Music. In the unlikely event of a shortfall, all funds will be returned less postage and other small costs. To subscribe, please contact John Turner, 40 Parsonage Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, SK4 4JR (phone/fax 0161 432 4682).

Warlock's *Capriol* is no 255 in the *Classic FM Hall of Fame*. Masterworks deemed to be more significant include Elgar's *Introduction and allegro* (no 11 - Warlock would have approved) and Holst's *Jupiter* (no 52 - Warlock would certainly not have approved). *Capriol* did, however come out ahead of Strauss's *Alpine* symphony (no 264 - one up on the old tune-trundler).

And at the Henley Royal Regatta this year, *Capriol* was played by the Band of the Grenadier Guards in the same company as such delights as music from *Jurassic park* and the *Eton boating song*. There's no mention in the programme as to the arranger.

But Eric Crees's arrangements of *Capriol* and two of the *Cod-pieces* are now available in print from Alaw Music Publications, 4 Tyfica Road, Pontypridd, Mid Glamorgan, CF37 2DA (tel/fax 01443 402178). They are also in the Society's hire library and are scored for 4tp, 4tb, Hn & Ta.

On Saturday, 11th May this year (writes Malcolm Rudland) *The Times* printed an arts-page article by Richard Morrison referring to the forthcoming City of London Festival performance of Delius's *Mass of life* at St Paul's Cathedral on 3rd July. Apart from saying he had nothing against Delius's music

"... if you want to experience the aural equivalent of a bath in strawberry milkshake, followed by a rub-down in treacle"

Mr Morrison went on to say *A mass of life* had nothing to do with Christianity: "Quite the contrary. It is a triumphant setting of words drawn from Friedrich Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*", and he quotes *Chambers biographical dictionary* as summarising Nietzsche's themes as "the vehement repudiation of Christian and liberal ethics". He also quoted the Festival brochure as boasting that *A mass of life* "pours scorn on the central concepts of Christianity". For allowing it, Mr Morrison suggested:

The Cathedral's Dean and Chapter must be spineless or inept - or gripped by some manic, suicidal obsession with being fair to all viewpoints... The dear old C of E is not long destined for this world. RIP.

All this was known to have set many telephone wires alight with musical and clerical establishment figures consulting oracles and advisers. In the end it was left to PWS committee member Felix Arahamian to quote to the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's from PW's book on Delius (Bodley Head, 1923). On p. 106 PW wrote of *A mass of life*:

This colossal work, without a doubt the greatest musical achievement since Wagner, a Mass worthy to rank beside the great Mass of Sebastian Bach... is, in the fullest sense of the word, a deeply religious work, and one can imagine a more spiritually enlightened generation performing it as a solemn ritual in some gigantic open-air theatre, year after year at the coming-in of summer.

With this, John Scott, the director of music at St Paul's, was able to write, "I was very grateful to Felix for his intervention in the whole business, on the strength of which the Dean and Chapter were entirely happy that the performance should go ahead." QED!

Malcolm Rudland's 1971 vintage morris traveller broke down recently - no surprise there - but the AA supplied him with a Fiat Brava (as his Relay-Plus replacement) with the plate number P 778 PWS! It was registered in Bristol; the next 221 new cars bought there also get a PWS plate. The DVLA have kept P1 PWS for sale at £999 and other PWS numbers at £399. Contact 0181 200 6565 if you're interested.

LETTERS

Readers of Edmund Crispin's Professor Fen detective stories will know that musical allusions of one kind

or another are not too uncommon in these novels. Reading one of these recently I noted a rather disparaging reference to *Passing by*. This occurs in *Buried for pleasure* (Gollancz, 1948) where a psychiatrist, Dr Boysenberry, is playing a favourite record of the song *Trees*:

Dr Boysenberry: That particular recording of it is outstandingly excellent. Also there is *Passing by* on the other side.

Prof Fen: Unlike the Good Samaritan

Dr Boysenberry: That's not so satisfactory, though: one of those modernistic things with funny chords...

When I came across this, after an initial wry smile to myself I began to wonder whether Crispin had Warlock's setting in mind. The only other setting that is well known (and, indeed, perhaps better known among the public at large) is that by Edward C Purcell, which is earlier and simpler but much less sophisticated than Warlock's.

One strongly suspects that Crispin had to have *Passing by* on the reverse of the record so that he could get in that witty reference to the Good Samaritan and, in that respect, he may not have had any particular setting in mind. However, Edmund Crispin was a pseudonym used by Bruce Montgomery (1921-1978) who was a composer as well as an author. Apart from film scores he composed many art-songs and would doubtless have been well informed when it came to *Passing by*. To our ears Warlock's setting by no stretch of the imagination could ever be considered "modernistic with funny chords" but, in the context of the story, to the conservative Dr Boysenberry anything more advanced than the Purcell setting may have been quite beyond the pale. Could Crispin have intended a subtle irony for those familiar with Warlock's songs?

John Mitchell

John Mitchell kindly sent me a copy of his letter and I wonder if the following would be a useful postscript?

In *A Peter Warlock handbook* vol. I the discography lists two recordings of *Passing by*, one by Parry Jones and the other by Roy Henderson, the latter being included on John Bishop's compilation in 1994.

I do not know when these were issued but, if either had been recorded before 1948 when the novel was published, perhaps one of them might have been known to Crispin. If *Trees* happened to be on the other side of one of these 78s then the mention goes beyond coincidence. Does anyone have more information about these recordings?

Dr Boysenberry's description of it as "one of those modernistic things with funny chords" strongly brings to my mind a concert I attended nearly forty years ago while still at school. After the concert one of the schoolmasters came up to me and said disdainfully, "No doubt, Bayford, YOU preferred those dreadful modern Quilter things!"

I wonder what he would have made of Turnage?

Frank Bayford

REVIEW

O magnum mysterium

A sequence of twentieth century carols and Sarum chant

Polyphony/Stephen Layton; Hyperion
CDA66925

It must be nearly Christmas, the seasonal compilations are hitting the shelves although, to be fair, one of the local record shops has a permanent Christmas section. Nevertheless, the concept of this CD is intriguing. In addition to the seven plainchant tracks that are interspersed throughout it there are 22 carols by British composers from this century. Warlock is represented in six: *As dew in Aprylle*, *Bethlehem Down*, *I saw a fair maiden*, *Benedicamus Domino*, *A Cornish Christmas carol (Kan Nadelik)* and *Lullaby my Jesus*, a very successful arrangement by Andrew Carter of *Pieds-en-Pair* from *Capriol*. The singing is clear and beautifully measured, perhaps a little too much so at times; I would have liked a bit more earthiness now and again and the rits and ralls were excessive for my taste. However, the lush textures that result are very appropriate to passages in *Bethlehem Down* and *I saw a fair maiden* and I got the tingles at the *First Nowell* semichorus passage in the Cornish carol. And I don't think I've heard these carols sung with such confident note-precision. Perhaps, if such a thing is possible, they are too well sung; there's not much of the "rude heartiness" in *Kan Nadelik* or any of the others.

There are other Warlock connections on the disc: William Walton and Richard Rodney Bennett have both been President of the PWS and one of the present incumbent's settings here, *Sweet was the song*, sets a

text that comes from William Ballett's lute book that Warlock "discovered" during his Irish sojourn.

Brian Collins

PUBLICATIONS

John Bishop writes:

Looking through *English pastoral partsongs*, edited by Paul Spicer and recently published by OUP, I came across a very scrumptious SATB setting of *O mistress mine* by Herbert Murrill (1909-52) dedicated "to the memory of Peter Warlock". It is apparently one of two settings of poems from *Twelfth night* and bears a 1943 copyright date.

Murrill, a director of music for the BBC for two years (1950-52), wrote some attractive songs which I collected in a volume included in my *Heritage of English song* series. He was a minor composer but stylish, as the *O mistress mine* setting shows. For any of our members who run choirs, I can recommend the *English pastoral partsongs* volume - a nice mixture of known and unknown. The last item is Warlock's *The spring of the year*.

Brian Collins writes:

John Bishop has recently sent me a copy of a new publication from Thames, Warlock's transcription for four hands (two pianos) of Delius's *Brigg Fair* (THA978604, £9.95). As with all of Warlock's Delius transcriptions, though, it bears his real rather than his adopted name. This is the first time the arrangement has appeared in print, indeed, the only place it could be found until now was the British Library. As with all of Thames Publishing's issues, the notation is easy to read and, its Warlockian associations apart, makes a valuable addition to the two-piano repertoire.

**Peter Warlock Birthday Concert, Concert Hall,
Birmingham Conservatoire, Wednesday 30th
October 1996 at 7.00pm**

Rest Sweet Nymphs (Pilkington)
It was a lover and his lass (Morley)
There is a ladye sweet and kind (Ford)
Charlotte Jones, Chris Hirst (lute)

Rest sweet nymphs (Warlock)
Pretty ring time (Warlock)
As ever I saw (Warlock)
Andrea Smith

A sad song
Allison Oakes, Ross Cameron (piano)

The shrouding of the Duchess of Malfi (Warlock)
All the Flowers of the spring (Warlock)
Chamber Choir/David Saint

Sleep
Allison Oakes

Bright is the ring of words (Vaughan Williams)
The fields are full (Armstrong Gibbs)
The roadside fire (Vaughan Williams)
Nicholas Perfect, Pat Bennett (piano)

To the memory of a great singer (Warlock)
Late summer (Warlock)
Romance (Warlock)
Fiona Hammacott, Jonathan Laird (piano)

The curlew
*Julian Pike (tenor), Clare Louise Appleby (flute)
Natasha Stallard (cor anglais)*
The Antara String Quartet (Kelly McCusker, Caroline Bodimead, Helen Warren & Catherine Harper)

Yarmouth Fair (Warlock)
The cricketers of Hambledon
Nicholas Perfect, Chamber Choir/David Saint

Please note: there will be no interval and the concert is expected to finish by 9.00pm. The last fast train to Euston leaves New Street Station at 9.15pm (There are later, slower ones.)

Birmingham Conservatoire is situated next to the Town Hall at the west end of New Street, about 10 minutes' walk from the rail station. It is in Paradise Circus, a large traffic island, in a modern four-storey building on top of Fletcher's Walk, a shopping mall built of dark bricks. There are several car parks in the vicinity.

PHOTOGRAPHS



Dr Lionel Carley of the Delius Society (left, who gave a stimulating pre-concert talk during the Cornwall weekend), Jonathan Carne (centre) who organised the events and Felix Aprahamian who has feet in both the Warlock and Delius camps.

Dr Peter Heseltine, the composer's grandson and a Vice-president of the Society, photographed in Cornwall during one of the events associated with the AGM.



Patrick Mills (left), founder of the Peter Warlock Society, presents a facsimile of the Anthony Wysard drawing of PW and Bruce Blunt leaving the *Astolope Towers* to the current landlord, Chris Faulkner, during this year's Chelsea Crawl.



A Warlock World Première

The De La Ware Pavilion, Bexhill on Sea
Sunday 27th October 1996 at 3pm

The Tin Pan Alley Orchestra conducted by Nick Barnard

Twenty-seven West End musicians and singers performing Ketèlby, Coates, Novello
and the World Première of Peter Warlock's *Bulgy Gogo's Contingencies*

1. Dance (pretty-pretty, with subdued lights, and a bevy of punks, capering)
2. The Old Codger (based on, or the extended square root of, a recently discovered symphony in D minor by Julius Caesar)
3. Dance of the Princess (from A Chinese Ballet, Music by Huanebango Z Palimpsest; Scenario by Adrian P Allinson)
4. Valse: Rêves d'Isolde (Motifs of "love's peace" from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*)
5. Beethoven's Binge (Der Beethoven-Bummel) or "The Bard Unbuttoned"
rescored for chamber orchestra by Fred Tomlinson

Tickets £10 (£5 concessions) from 01424-787949



Peter Warlock Béla Bartók

Warlock and Bartók

under the patronage of the Hungarian Ambassador to Britain

Queen Elizabeth Hall, Monday 24th March 1997 at 7.45pm
Oxford Orchestra da Camera conducted by Malcolm Rudland

Peter Warlock *Suite: Capriol*
Béla Bartók *Divertimento*
Peter Warlock *Serenade (to Frederick Delius on his 60th birthday)*
Béla Bartók *Music for strings, percussion and celeste*

Purcell Room, Sunday 23rd March 1997 at 7.30pm

Gemini directed by Ian Mitchell

Peter Warlock *The curlew*
Béla Bartók *Piano music*
Peter Warlock *Songs*
Béla Bartók *Contrasts*

Tickets for 23rd & 24th March both from 0171-960 4242 after 23rd February 1997

*Sponsorship is still needed for the Warlock and Bartók concerts
so if anyone could feel able to contribute to either or both
or introduce us to any trusts or firms known to sponsor Anglo-Hungarian culture
please contact Malcolm Rudland on 0171-598 9595*