



President Sir Richard Rodney Bennett

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The Peter Warlock Society

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EDITORIAL

Let me start with an apology or two. First of all, this edition of the Newsletter is reaching you a little later than was intended or is usual. The only date-sensitive information it contains relates to the AGM but it still leaves you plenty of time to respond to our invitation. Secondly, if you have tried to contact me in the last few months you may not have been able to do so and, if you have actually succeeded, my response may have been delayed. I have, in fact, been working (I do sometimes!) a comparatively long way from base camp; my schedule has involved more early mornings and travelling than my body-clock can cope with and has, therefore, not been sympathetic to all the other provinces of my life. Nevertheless, by the time you read this I should be more accessible.

What's new about our masthead? You probably know that our President is now Sir Richard Rodney Bennett. I have, of course, written to him offering the congratulations of the Society and told him that all three Presidents of the FWS during its lifetime (for the information of newer members, Sir William Walton and Sir Peter Pears were the previous incumbents) have got their Ks during their time in office.

This edition centres around two letters, part of a recently discovered hoard written by Robert Nichols to different recipients. To some, Nichols's name is not necessarily one of those contemporary with PW that will leap to the fore when considering him; van Dieren, Delius, Gray, Blunt, Taylor, Moeran, Beecham, Lambert, Hal Collins – even Bartók and Lawrence – will be more obvious associates. But Nichols (his chapter in Gray's biography relates their first meeting) was a significant figure in Warlock's life and RN's close understanding of what made PW tick may yet prove to be one of the most telling insights into a figure who is not easy to categorise despite several attempts.

And, on this last point, if you don't know it can I recommend the relevant pages of Jack Lindsay's autobiography *Fanfrolico and after* (Bodley Head, London, 1962)? Although, in my opinion, Lindsay ends up trying too hard to get into Warlock's psyche (as did Gray) he does provide a particularly honest appraisal of PW's character that is well worth reading.

Brian Collins

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ARTICLES

In the Footsteps of a Composer - some Impressions of Warlock Country

My interest in Peter Warlock and his music was ignited by Rhian Davies's recent article in 'Welsh Music' which first made me aware of the composer's Welsh connections; and during a brief visit to Wales last October, I took time out to spend one glorious day getting lost in some of the most evocative countryside around Warlock's home in Montgomeryshire. The focus of my exploration was one of the least known and least accessible wonders of Wales, Ffrwd Fawr (the Great Cataract) which is near the former lead-mining village of Dylife, located on an unclassified mountain road between Machynlleth and Staylitle.

This was one of Philip's favourite places, and he enthused about it as follows: "At Dylife there is a magnificent waterfall . . . I don't think you would better this in Mid-Wales, and apart from the delights of the moorland, the Devil's Bridge and Dylife Falls are two of the most splendid sites in the British Isles . . ."

At Ffrwd Fawr, the River Twymyn tumbles 130 feet from Craig y Maes into the Pennant Valley, a narrow V-shaped gorge with the impressive crags of Creigiau Pennant towering over its western side. The thickly-wooded eastern side is a little less intimidating. The valley broadens at its northern end where the village of Pennant lies 2 miles from the falls, on the B4518, 4 miles south of Llanbrynmair. To the west is some of the wildest and remotest country in Wales, the summit of Plynlimon is 4 miles to the SW. The Clywedog dam is 4 miles to the south and the town of Llanidloes 10 miles to the SE.

Those who know this place have always regarded it as extraordinary - local legend tells that the Earth split open here at the time of the Crucifixion. More scientifically, it is a young glaciated valley deeply cut by the river. However anyone who really attempts to describe their experience here needs to leave behind the language of everyday discourse and to draw on the inspiration of poetry, nothing less than the language of a Vaughan or a Cyman will do justice to this phenomenon; for here we enter the mystical realm of timeless Celtic history.

The falls can be viewed in part from the lookout on the road just south of Dylife, but to feel the mystery and wonder, you have to stand at the foot of the cataract and to approach this spot is not easy - presumably it is on private land, there is no appointed path, and one must scramble through this rugged gash in the landscape until one stands beside the clear pool

underneath the torrent. Here the forest that inhabits the valley seems most mysterious and the water most magical. Colours change in the play of the water and light, there is an elusive harmony in the air and a sense that can only be described as 'belonging'. One understands why Philip would have loved this place so much. Here he would have sat with the shape of some yet-to-be-defined melody teasing its way through his mind, or he could have cooled off after a strenuous walk on a hot summer's day by plunging into the pool. Here, he would have been alone, but for fox and badger, and the cries of sheep and curlew from the moorland high above: and away from his fellow men, he had, for a moment, left his personal demons behind him.

I too, grew up in Mid-Wales; I too spent countless hours and days traversing this landscape on foot, by bicycle and by motor-cycle. It is impossible to know quite how much these hills have shaped my life and character, forged as it has been in so many different fires. I only know that whenever I return here, I feel profoundly at peace with the World.

My wanderings that day were to end at one of Philip's favourite pubs, the Upper House Inn in Llandyssil. This village is not really on the way to anywhere else, you arrive here only if you want to, and few have any reason to make this diversion from busy thoroughfares. The pub itself is about a hundred years old, the bar probably has not been changed physically all that much since the 1920s - but I have a feeling it is less sociable now than it was in Philip's day - nowadays it is very quiet here. This is a Free House, with a variety of beers and two kinds of scrumpy on sale. It has an excellent bed-and-breakfast which I can whole-heartedly recommend.

Early next morning, by way of Montgomery, Clun and Knighton, I proceeded via Llandrindod Wells to Felinfoel and Cardiff. In Llandrindod Wells are to be found the best Chelsea buns in the world, in Felinfoel the best beer; and in Cardiff - ah! - there is another part of my life-story. Today, I am back with my family in my home in Winnipeg, Canada. As a result of my recent experiences, I understand a little better than I did before something of the essence Philip Heseltine the man, and Peter Warlock the composer. Or is it perhaps the other way around?

Keith Davies Jones

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Two letters from Robert Nichols

[Editor's note: the following are letters from Robert Nichols, poet and a friend of PW's from the Oxford days (see Gray's biography pp. 61-92) to the death. Nichols's perceptive understanding of his friend's situation gives us a new insight into the circumstances surrounding the events of late December 1930. Nichols's handwriting is notoriously difficult to follow; I am therefore extremely grateful to Mr Layton Ring who first drew the attention of the PWS to the correspondence and provided a manuscript copy of this and other letters as well as details of more; to Mrs Anne Charlton, Nichols's literary executor, who has freely granted us permission to print the letters; and to PWS committee member Tim Harrison who has checked Mr Ring's transcription against the original and, consequently, saved me time and travel. The recipients of the letters were Mr and Mrs Henry Head, long-standing friends who lived in Northumberland. The letters have not previously been published and, until comparatively recently, were largely unknown. Nichols often used a squiggle for "and" although, here, the word has been given in full.]

Yew Tree House
Winchelsea
Sussex
27-28th Dec 1930

Dearest Pair,

I've been having a most unpleasant time since I last wrote to you. I forget how much I told you. Anyway I had best get it off my chest.

The morning after learning of Phil's death I hastened up to town to Arthur Bliss. In the afternoon I went to see Cecil Gray - who has written a most excellent history of music - and who used to live with Phil - and found him sitting in a state of sodden grief. For some reason or other I felt irritated by him. I fancy, too, that he regarded me as a self-important busybody. I gathered from him that Phil's mother - Mrs Buckley Jones - had briefed a big counsel with the idea of cross-examining the unfortunate Miss Peach(e) - the girl with whom Phil had been living - at the inquest. The facts are as follows. Phil and a salesman called Bainton - or some such name - came in slightly tipsy about 7 pm and Phil, who was fond of snuff - he didn't smoke - wished Barbara to take some of the very special snuff he carried. She refused and there was a tiff, whereon she took the most sensible course which was to leave him pro tem. It was usually the best thing to do. Later he saw van Dieren and Mrs van Dieren and they had a drink. Toward midnight Phil bade farewell excusing himself at his basement flat saying he had not so much as a bottle of beer in the place (which was true). He was asked to spend the night at van Dieren's place since he seemed so depressed but refused. It appears he then turned in but awoke about four or five o'clock, gave the kitten its milk, put the kitten out, sealed up windows and doors, turned on the gas and lay down. Barbara, coming home - she had been to a dance and then stayed the night at a hotel - found the lower part

of the house in a state of agitation. The neighbour in the next flat was having hysterics and a heart attack and the place stank of gas. The flat was broken into by the police and Phil found dead. The body was taken to St Luke's Hospital and the police cross-examined poor Barbara who stood about stunned and answered any questions - quite truthfully - but as was natural under the circumstances - she had lived with him six years - hardly knowing what she was saying.

Mrs B.J. who had never seen Barbara and had interviewed the inspector, got into a state of wishing to lash out at somebody and picked on Barbara whom she took for some sort of little whore.

Cecil Gray apparently proposed to sit still and let poor little Barbara - who was good to Phil - get it in the neck. He opposed me going to see her. I thought this a bit thick but said nothing. Eventually I went to see Barbara. She was out but her mother was in. They were staying at the Ladies Imperial Club in Dover Street. Mrs Peach(e) seemed of quite good appearance and breeding: a lady. She and a relation were in a state of great - and natural anxiety - so considerable in fact that she had briefed one of the best men at the Bar: Walter Frampton. I took in the situation and volunteered to go and see Mrs B.J. I went back up to the Bliss(es) in Hampstead and then sallied forth to the Great Western Hotel - having first telephoned Mrs B.J. from - if I remember rightly - van Dieren's flat and got a none too promising reception. But when I turned up I was well received and I managed to put in pretty well all I wanted to say (a) that Phil's fame would not be advanced by a row (b) that Fleet Street knew just enough about him as an erratic fellow to be thoroughly dangerous (c) that poor Barbara would get it in the eye (d) that once the word snuff was mentioned Fleet Street and the law would begin imagining cocaine (e) that all this would harm the future of Phil's boy Nigel. I discovered that they didn't know Phil had sometimes taken hashish - and of course I didn't mention that - and that Mrs B.J. had no idea of the scale of the blow-up there might be in the papers. For you see a blow-up had already started - that eternally-to-be-damned hypocritical woman next door had talked at large to reporters about a midnight party, about Phil getting up and playing Passing-by (a song of his). The entire thing a pack of filthy lies - for Phil who was a very tidy and circumspect sort of person in his temperate hours had made away with himself in the quietest and most discreet manner. From there I went to Arnold Bennett and tried to get him to get Beaverbrook to pipe down. Nothing doing. He said put the soft pedal in the inquest, get it as formal as possible and then the papers won't have much to write on. Thus too said Charles Graves (of the Daily Mail) whom I got after on Sunday morning. On Sat morning I went down to see Barbara and got back in time to be driven by Bliss - with van Dieren - to the funeral. This was pretty awful but I stood by and was careful for Mrs B.J. didn't know van Dieren and it was essential that Mrs B.J. should see van D. before the inquest on Monday and for another purpose of which more later. When Phil had been buried Mr B.J. asked me to bring van D to Mrs B.J. - for you understand the family group -

three or four people - had been standing in one bunch and the artist friends of the dead in another. This I did and managed to suggest Cecil Gray as well. This was done and so an atmosphere was established in which work and agreement was possible. It is no exaggeration to say that I was the solitary link between the groups and that if I had not taken the original initiative of going to Mrs B.J. - I told her quite frankly I'd never seen Mrs Peach[e] till that afternoon - I think the inquest would have been a huge blow-up. It was arranged that van D should see Mrs B.J. and talk things over.

I had intended to return to Winchelsea that night but by the time we got back to town it was getting too late. I had then to pack up and move down to my sister's. When I arrived there I was 'all in'. Irene and George were off for the weekend. Anne and Harry were going to the play. Phil was weekending. I rang everybody imaginable but couldn't find a soul. Then it was that I missed more than ever No 4 Montague Sq. It was simply awful. I went out and wandered about in the streets and for a moment thought I was saved for I ran into an old acquaintance of [?]Hut days, a friend of Frankie and Angie, Lionel Holland. L.H. is very sympathetic you know. But he was going out to dinner so I went up interminable Sloane Street which was completely empty and very cold. At last I thought it's just possible M. Browne hasn't gone for the weekend so I sought him at the Globe Theatre. Nothing doing. On to the Little. He was expected later. I sat in a whitewashed brick dug-out amid the murmur in the glaring electric light till I had certain news of him. Then I wandered into the Strand - it then being 9.30 - and by great good luck hit on a new little restaurant where I got a very quick and excellent cooked meal. That brightened me up a bit and I returned to the Little [Theatre] to find Browne - somewhat battered - his mother is dying - and after a while we went off to the flat. He had been travelling all night - been up to N/Castle to see a play - and we were all - his girl Marjorie was there - half dead with fatigue. Maurice was a brick. We had a drink or two and I stayed talking theatre, theatre, theatre with him for an hour. Then I started walking home from near the bottom of Baker Street for by this time I had hardly any money left. At Hyde Park Corner I took a taxi and just [?]escaped to Bloomfield Terrace. Sunday was pretty awful, though a fine day. I lunched with the Peaches and was glad of it for I didn't know where my food was coming from. In the evening I dined with Harry and Anne feeling distinctly like a ghost. I telephoned van D and all seemed alright for the inquest. On Monday I went to the inquest. The Coroner was very discreet but I was scared of all the pressmen. But van D. had fixed it all up and John Ireland gave just the right sort of evidence as to Phil's discouragement over his work. Fortunately Phil had not been found dead for some four hours after death [sic] and by the time Bronte began his postmortem any alcohol had evaporated. Snuff was not mentioned. As we stood about after it was over Mrs B.J. told me that Phil had left all to van D. (I thought she said £80,000 [?]reversion and was startled, but later in the day found it was only £8,000) and Mrs B.J. was

- and is - anxious about the future of Phil's boy, Nigel, now at Shrewsbury. Phil had often talked [to] me about what a shame it was that van D. cannot work undisturbed by financial worries. At the same time I do not want van D to leave this money to his (van D's) son of whose existence I only learned as we were driving - van D. his lawyer and I - away from the funeral. I volunteered to help van D any way I could for I wished to be still an unofficial channel between him and the family. Van D. seemed exhausted by the inquest etc - he'd given evidence - and he said he'd be glad of my assistance in going through the mass music etc at the flat during the afternoon. The flat had got to be boarded up etc. During the afternoon I got to him on the 'phone. He appeared to be 'all in' and wanted me to fix the police about boarding the place up. The police wouldn't take the responsibility. So I had to 'phone van D and get a carpenter. I volunteered to pay van D's taxi[,] since he must come down[,] and give him dinner. A fog came down. I waited hours. At length van D phoned to say his taxi had stopped in the fog and would I meet him at Sloane Sq. tube station. I met him and we got a carpenter and set off for Tite Street, crawling through the raw fog with myself hanging on guiding the taxi. The basement flat was very tidy and very silent and we went through the paper[?]s keeping a special look out for an M.S. score that Delius wanted (his Dance Rhapsody). I felt quite all right till van Dieren said 'Excuse this act of indecency. It is necessary at this hour'. I thought that since he has trouble due to kidneys and part gonorrhoeal infection [these last four words crossed out in pencil] that it was something of that sort and seeing him take out a little flat box turned away. When I looked round there he was standing in the middle of the living room of the basement flat sticking a syringe into his left forearm. The needle was dug in as it seemed to me very deep and the arm was swollen [sic] above the syringe which was full of a clear grayish liquid like dirty sea water. I thought it must be morphine and this 'gave me a turn' as they say. Van D. seemed to think very little of it and said that his doctor required him to take this treatment. I did not like to ask him what the stuff was. We finished up in the flat and I asked him to dinner. We bundled two suitcases of M.S.S. - but the Delius was not among the stuff - into the cab and van D disappeared for a while and went and telephoned somebody. When he came back he said he couldn't dine but would like a drink. I suggested taking charge of the two suitcases (a suitcase and a big oblong case) for the night. He agreed since Bloomfield Terrace was near. We went to Sloane St Tube station buffet. I had a small whiskey and he had two large double whiskies which he drank practically neat. I ventured to ask him to eat something but he seemed pressed for time. The taxi was picking [me] up so I left with the suitcases after he'd borrowed £1 (after all I had asked him to dinner). After depositing the suitcases at Bloomfield Terrace I hurried back. But he had gone. Whether he had any more whiskey or no I didn't know. I spoke to the barmaid saying I was anxious for he had told me he'd had nothing to eat since morning and I said to myself two double whiskies on an empty stomach plus morphine - God

knows what will happen – although van D. had told me he had an iron constitution.

By this time I felt – in the fog and after these doings – that I needed a good dinner. I went back to Irene's but found she had people to dinner. They invited me to join them but, remembering that empty electric lit basement flat where Phil had gassed himself and van D in his fuzzy brown overcoat with the sweat starting out on his Napoleon's forehead, his bare forearm and the full syringe, I couldn't face 'em so I toddled off to the Queen's Restaurant and blew myself a glass of sherry, a fried sole, a mixed grille [*sic*] and a bottle of lager. And I needed 'em for not only was I shaken but I was now in a position of considerable personal embarrassment [*sic*]. I wished – and still wish – van D to get some money to aid him toward leisure to compose but I had no reason to suppose that Phil wished to support van D's son and in the car coming back from the inquest, while van D had shown great ethical susceptibility as regards the whole affair of the will he had also sustained 'responsibilities' and his son and I know from experience how in the matter of money all men – myself included – begin by feeling very genuinely embarrassed [*sic*] and then, on reflection, come to feel the weight of this and that argument – mostly with regard to dependants – for becoming stringent. And in law the money was and is van D's, though it does not become van D's till Mrs B.J. dies. Phil Heselstine's father left a reversion of about £16,000. This his mother now has and employs part of the interest in bringing up Nigel. Phil when alive concocted some sort of arrangement by which his ex-wife ('Puma' – a hell of a bitch) gets £4000 if she does not die within the next three or four years – something of that sort. She is now living with – and possibly married to I cannot say) one Sassoon (whether a relation of S.S. I cannot say). Another £4000 is to go to the boy under this arrangement – or so I gather – when Mrs B.J. dies. This leaves £8000 and that is the sum I am disturbed about, at 3% about it should bring in somewhere about £250 a year. Now should van D. die before Mrs B.J. that makes no difference: van D's will could still leave Nigel without a penny of this £8000. I do not suppose van D. would do such a thing. Still van D. has a wife and a son and as far as I can make out very little income and probably what he does get is as correspondent of a Dutch newspaper (so I've heard) and he can't correspond when he's dead or do any of the other jobs – he told me he had lately been to Holland as English agent for a waste-products process – though I now suspect he also went to obtain further supplies of his drug (I'll tell you why I suspect this later). But since van D. seems usually pressed for money there arises the question as to whether or no an arrangement might be come to with him to secure him some yearly sum from now on, the principle to return to Nigel on his death. Now this arrangement would depend – so far as terms are concerned – on the state of his health as compared with Mrs B.J.'s. Mrs B.J. looks fairly strong. Van D. does not but then he has – so he said to me – an iron constitution. What is the action of a drug in 'large doses'? How long can a man keep it up? Has he really kidney disease? Did the doctor prescribe the drug? If not how does he get it?

What is my ethical position (a) to Phil (paramount) (b) to van D. who trusts me or seems to (c) to Phil's mother (d) to Nigel whom I have not seen? All these problems danced a confounded sarabande in my head as I sat over my mixed grille. Should I let the lot go? I knew if I asked Cecil Gray – a close friend of van Dieren's incidentally – that he would say 'What business of yours is it?' But that was what he'd said over Miss Peach[e]. Moreover van D. had told me that Mrs Cecil Gray was an enemy of his (van D.'s) and as I think she dominates Cecil G. I had no doubt she would learn about the episode in the flat and God knows where it would end. Already van D. had told me that Cecil Gray had said to him after the inquest 'There is more in this Winifred Baker will['] (the invalid will, unsigned, unwitnessed undated and in pencil, leaving all to Miss Winifred Baker, found among his papers). So perhaps Mrs Cecil Gray was already working against van D. Without wishing to attach undue importance to myself and my influence I could not but be aware that I had been useful to Phil's memory and to the family already. Should I persist? I had little fancy for the job. It promised nothing but unpleasantness. Still if no arrangement was come to it seemed to me van D. would never have the use of present money and Phil's intention be frustrated for I could not believe from my conversations with Phil and in face of a will made about 1920 and in the knowledge which Cecil Gray had made mine, that Phil had often threatened his own life even in those days, that Phil wished to leave the money in effect to van D's son whom I had never heard him mention: I bought a cigar and determined to have a talk with George's father who is a judge of character and the world and whose discretion can absolutely be trusted. I toddled back to Bloomfield Terrace and George seemed to favour my view that van D. ought to have the present use of some money and the principle return to Nigel. I knew van D. was going to see Mrs B.J. and I thought she ought not to come to some precipitate arrangement in view of the knowledge I had got in the flat but which I did not feel I ought to disclose to her direct and more especially if van D. was in the room. It seemed to me a matter for her lawyer if I were to disclose it all – and Mrs B.J. had already invited me to go and see her lawyer if I wished to. (I felt too I ought to go as the glimpse I had of him made me think him – erroneously as I afterward found – not very wide awake). I accordingly rang up Mrs B.J. and asked whether van D. was with her. She said no. Then – unable to reveal the flat incident – I enlarged on the inadvisability of coming to an immediate verbal arrangement with van D. in view of what Cecil Gray had said to van D. (and van D. had repeated to me) concerning the unfinished Baker will. For so I wished to gain time. She talked very freely and judge of my horror when she told me Cecil Gray was in the room listening! I had then to get Gray on the phone – with her in the room – and let him understand in veiled terms what had happened in the flat and why I was against Mrs B.J. coming to an immediate verbal arrangement with van D. These were very awkward moments for I didn't want C.G. to know that van D. had told me Mrs C.G. was his enemy. I explained my anxiety for Nigel and Gray

said sarcastically 'You ought to know van Dieren well enough to know that he would do nothing of the sort (i.e. leave Nigel in the lurch) but - perhaps you don't!' which was a nasty one as I don't know van D. very well but on the other hand I know a good deal about him and had already proved myself more practical over the inquest than Cecil Gray. The difficulty was that I felt C.G. could think perhaps - and [?]ring it [?]about - that I was trying to do van D. out of his (distant) legacy. I explained as well as I could but felt C.G. was suspicious (and probably still is - I think he regards me as an interfering and conventional prig). He told me over the phone that van D. took these 'precautions' - that's how I got over the drug-ingestion - every day. At least I rang off feeling very distrusted. So I then rang van D. and told him exactly what had occurred for fear Cecil Gray should try to put me in the wrong with him. He told me he'd seen Gray since I'd last seen him (van D.) and that when he (van D.) had pressed Cecil Gray concerning the Baker will he (Cecil Gray) had gone back on his morning warning and said there was nothing in it. I then pressed van D. concerning the "precaution" explaining that I had been alarmed - more especially, under these circumstances - at the sight of him giving himself such a dose and had said to myself that this must be a factor in getting any money as if he was so ill as to require a dose of that size I felt he might not outlast Mrs B.J. I was sorry to have to be so frank, but my objective was to see Phil's will carried out and he (van D.) enabled to compose free of financial worry. He replied that he took the drug under doctor's orders and had done so for years, that he had an injection every day and that his constitution was equal to it. The injection was very amicable though he showed, as I fancied from his voice, a certain anxiety over the subject of the drug. Well, I was no nearer the solution of my problems once that I had learned (a) there was - as I thought[,] the will not being signed - nothing in the Baker will (b) van D. had not yet seen Mrs B.J. I felt inclined to leave things as they were and Irene and George advised me to 'get out of the whole affair'. I went to bed. I woke early and was immediately oppressed with the problems. I knew that the B.J.'s were off by the nine o'clock to Godalming. I accordingly went to their hotel. I wanted written permission to see their lawyer and the will in case I should continue in the affair. I also wanted to find out how Mrs B.J. had felt toward van D. I breakfasted with them and discovered that Mrs B.J.'s attitude was quite simple - she wanted to guard Nigel, but did not wish to stand out in any way against van D. and in fact realised that she couldn't, but whether she died first or no if van D. made a will that did not help Nigel she could do nothing. She seemed pretty alive to all implications but tired with puzzling at the problems. I spoke to her about the score that Delius had written for and that wasn't in the flat. I pressed the need I felt van D. had of money in the present and she agreed with me that an arrangement might be possible through her lawyer Mr Child. I respectfully suggested she leave it as much as possible to him. I said of course nothing of the flat incident for I felt - when I thought of her keenness over Nigel's future - that this might prejudice her relations with van D. and

that she might in an unguarded moment come out with it - and then I should be in the soup. Later she wrote me a note to her lawyer. While she was doing so I talked to Mr B.J. and suggested an annuity to van D. He didn't seem to favour it. Then he spoke of a small one - not above £125 a year as he didn't want Mrs B.J. to pinch herself [']we are not well off people'. I told him I doubted whether van D. would compound for that - but it was a matter for the lawyer. We then parted.

I returned to Irene's. The house was to be closed at 2pm. I got my things together and took them to Cannon Street all the while wondering what I ought to do. Having deposited them I wandered about - feeling my position very keenly as I don't like telling tales out of school and I didn't know whether I was justified in telling the B.J.'s lawyer (Child) of the flat incident. Near Regent Street I suddenly had a flash of intuition and going to the wall stood there and worked it out. If van D.'s drug-taking was medically justified then it seemed to me I should say nothing. But how could I find out if it was or no[?] And suddenly I remembered how I'd got Kidd to look over van D. and his kidney trouble years before. But was Kidd back from his holiday? I jumped into a taxi. Thank the Lord, Kidd was coming in. I waited. He could give me 10 minutes. Directly I mentioned van D. his brow clouded and he said 'Don't talk to me about that fellow.' I explained that I was in a quandary and had to. He listened to my tale in silence. I said 'What was it - morphine?' 'No, probably cocaine. There isn't much wrong with his kidney. That's an excuse. He doesn't need it. I have no case for van Dieren. He is a poseur. Such a man as he heads a small group of drug-takers. I regard him as a criminal. If I had my way I'd have him in tomorrow. He should be deported as an undesirable alien![]' In a word Frank Kidd blew up with a loud report and was more violent than I have ever known him. 'I wish you'd never sent him to me. Such a man is a pest to society' and so forth. He even attacked him as a musician. I wondered a little at all this - though I feel some of the same horror of drug-addicts as he does since the few times I have come across them in London and New York I have noticed that they do seem to exist in groups and thus bring about the downfall of those who would otherwise not take a drug. It flashed through my mind that that was probably why Mrs Cecil Gray was his enemy - though Cecil G. I am sure does not take them, that C.G. told me himself on my first afternoon of this period 'I drink a good deal' (as I knew he had when with Phil but thought he had given it up). Then Frank Kidd gave me the key to his personal resentment in addition to his natural distaste saying 'That man attempted to forge a prescription I had given him' 'For a drug?' 'Yes, I found him out and stopped the little game. After that I refused to let him into the house.' I asked Frank whether he thought I should disclose all this to the lawyer in strict confidence. He said 'Do what you like. I would if I were in your position. My opinion is the fellow should be deported. He oughtn't to have any money given him![]' I pointed out that deportation would make no difference to the validity

of the will. 'How long will he last?' I asked demonstrating the amount in the syringe (equal to one of my full doses of tuberculin). 'He may last years. In fact quite as often - or more often than not - they do. And then one day they suddenly take too much or walking up the street they drop dead.'

I had to return to Bloomfield Terrace for van D. was to pick up the suitcases left the night before; I rang him. He said he was too tired to come down. I pointed out that the house was to close at ten and that I had to leave town and indeed the house very shortly. He still didn't want to come down. And I could guess why: one syringe of cocaine and two double whiskies on an empty stomach. However I said he must get these things. I thought he might begin on the flat episode if I met him and the time being then 1.30 I got a tiny meal and hurried away leaving instructions for the suitcases to be handed him. In that I think I did right. He would be sure to ask whether I had mentioned the flat incident to anyone and I didn't want to have to lie. Nor did I want him to know I was going to Child. Moreover I knew him due at Child's from noon on. I must get to Child first. So off I went.

Child was not yet back from lunch, so I had a cup of coffee to clear my head to its clearest possible opposite Sergeant's Inn. I left word at the door I didn't want to chance into van D. and I sat down and told Child the lot. I liked him. He appeared very on the spot. It was a long story but I told all - from my first acquaintance with Phil at Oxford up to the time of entering his (Child's) office. He said 'we rather suspected something of the kind'. And he suggested - without a word from me on the subject - an annuity. We parted in friendly fashion and I marched out feeling rid - for then at any rate - of a nightmare.

Now, Henry, do you think I have done right? Should I retire now? I think that would be best. But if van D. or Mrs B.J. call on me to act as an unofficial channel I shall feel a bit awkward if I have to refuse.

All this is very long and sordid but I wanted (a) to get it off my chest and I thought it would interest Henry as a problem and that he might give his view on the chances of van D's prolonged existence and whether [(b)] taking these doses he is likely - with the money which I want him to have while living - to write any music worthwhile (c) I wanted this to go on record. Please keep this letter in case this affair should ever come to law.

Antony [Bernard] is here. Last night he played (superbly) the Allegro from Sonata III, the whole of Sonata VI, (my favourite Andante twice) and the whole of Sonatas XIV and XV of Mozart. I had never heard these last two, both the most resourceful and inexhaustive masterpieces conceivable. Finally he played the Arietta from Beethoven's last Sonata. It was a marvellous evening. He plays Mozart wonderfully with all those tiny waverings of rubato and all those minute changes of touch the which bring out the hidden eloquence in the music. He understands Mozart. It was glorious. And for the first time since Phil died I felt myself again.

I have suggested that he come to see you with a

clavichord. It is a very quiet instrument. He could talk a little and then play a little. I suggested that he arrive for lunch or early in the afternoon and stay latish [sic] so that Henry can rest and yet get through lots of talk and music or what you will.

This morning H.G.Wells tells us in the Observer 'Even an imperfectly written statement which helps things forward is more valuable than a perfect work of art.[]' (as if a perfect work of art in 'helping' us to comprehend life didn't help things forward: as if expression of the human soul isn't helping things forward!) It is rather to a tenth rate in the line than to a first-rate artist. To concentrate on being an artist in the present state of affairs, is a waste of opportunities. There are plenty of people who would be first-rate bridge players but they have mostly better [things] to do. that is how I have come to look at art! Here it seems to me H.G.W. speaks like a first rate fool. Later he gibbers about the Greek ideal of which he seems to know about as much as a [?]Bermondsey washerwoman. He seems to think Aristotle and co bid us to [?]everything at once. Ah! It's queer, but when he begins to talk about anything that I have really gone into at all or thought hard about he always appears to me to talk like the sort of bumptious young man who says 'yes, I know about that a bit more. Take it from me it's all tommy rot - they're trying to put it over on us.' And this is a pity for he has an alert and suggestive mind and personally I owe a great deal to the alert and suggestive mind. But there's a sort of bumptious cocksure cockney element in him which is very irritating. The capacity to create a true work of art cannot be dismissed offhand as on a par with the capacity to play bridge well.

Yours

Robert N.

An afterthought

Nichols tends to be pretty damning about many of the characters who played supporting rôles in the drama that was the end of Warlock's life; Gray, van Dieren, Edith Buckley Jones are all charged, one way or another, with being contributors to the katharsis, before or even after the event. In the letter above it is Bernard van Dieren who is the villain (but, importantly, read what Rhian Davies has to say on the next page).

After Rhian's valuable biographical information, a second letter has it in for PW's wife, "Puma". While Nichols eventually accepts that PW was, indeed, Nigel's father, it is also clear that there is room for doubt. Now, if you've read *Capriol for Mather*, you'll know that Nigel accuses Puma of a "confidence trick" played on his grandparents although, in that case, he doubts not his paternity but the identity of his mother. The plot thickens! Now read on!

Brian Collins

Robert Nichols and Philip Heseltine

A biographical note

Robert Malise Bowyer Nichols was born on 6 September 1893, the eldest son of John Bowyer Buchanan Nichols and his wife Katherine, nee Pusey, of Lawford Hall, Manningtree, Essex. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, from Winchester in 1913, and vividly evokes his Christ Church contemporary, Peter Warlock, in the valuable chapter he contributed to Cecil Gray's biography.¹ Although they lived pacily enough even in pre-Gray days and Nichols was rare in wishing Warlock to be "put down absolutely plain as he was, girls and all . . . his memory must not be betrayed by hypocrisy. He mustn't be made feeble"² he also discerned "extreme gentleness"³ as the core of his being, extolled "his extreme devotion to his friends"⁴ and ran the full gamut of emotions with him to grisliness. . . Their friendship, the most enduring and mutually supportive that Warlock sustained with any of his peers, weathered several disruptive conflicts. Warlock was antipathetic to the First World War whereas Nichols saw active service on the Franco-Belgian front as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. Nichols could not share Warlock's personal regard for D. H. Lawrence or Puma. He stressed how he introduced Warlock to Lawrence's novels not their author, denounced Lawrence's attempts to prolong Warlock's marriage and sent a "fine and sober reply"⁵ to the "idiotic letter"⁶ in which Warlock insisted his wife and child were "the way, and the only way, to the fulfilment of my own being".⁷

Once *Invocation* (1915) had catapulted him to attention as a leading poetic voice of the First World War, and he had consolidated his reputation with *Ardours and Endurances* (1917) and *Aurelia* (1920), Nichols's career was always more overtly successful than Warlock's; typically, this caused no rancour – quite the reverse. He wrote three further books of poetry, a sequence of three *Plays for the Theatre of Tomorrow* (1922-30), two volumes of prose, and made translations of Goethe and Turgenev. He also ventured to New York as member of a British Ministry of Information mission in 1918, to Tokyo as Professor of English Literature at the Imperial University, 1921-4, and to Hollywood, where he was attached to Douglas Fairbanks Sr's studio from 1925.

Literature and music were the two passions Warlock and Nichols held in common from student days. Warlock's principal surviving poetry is cited in letters to Nichols – 'Wonderment'⁸ and the two Zennor 'effervescences'⁹ – and he addressed his most lyrical descriptions of landscape and nature to his friend. Conversely, Nichols's side of the correspondence abounds in musical references: his enthusiasm for Berlioz and his desire to become a music critic and orchestral conductor. Warlock clearly regarded Nichols, as well as Gray, as a sympathetic and moneyed backer for his artistic ambitions of 1916: to secure a performance of Bernard van Dieren's *Symphony*, install the Dutchman as conductor of Thomas Beecham's operatic season, and launch "a big non-commercial music publishing scheme"¹⁰ for

works by Gesualdo and the English virginal composers. Nichols certainly collaborated in securing the premiere of van Dieren's *Diaphony* in 1917 and wrote the libretto for *The tailor* on Warlock and Gray's recommendation. Warlock held the highest opinion of his friend's ability as a poet. He commented regularly on Nichols's work-in-progress but was still "simply staggered"¹¹ when he read the familiar lyrics of *Ardours and Endurances* in print:

Yours is the achievement of several generations and it is no mere friendly flattery (for you know I can be at times quite unkindly critical) when I say that you leave the Lawrences and Hodgsons and Aber-crombies and de la Mares not to mention the hysterically lamented Brooke and my late friend Alan Seeger, a very long way behind.¹²

Although he asserted Nichols' poetry was "self-sufficient without music",¹³ *Ardours and Endurances* paradoxically proved a major spur to his early composition *The water-lily* – "the best thing I have ever done, I think"¹⁴ – and *The full heart*. Other works inspired by Nichols – a second choral piece, intended as a companion to *The full heart* and based on *Canticle* (fourth item of *Danaë: mystery in eight poems*), plus vocal settings of *At Braydon* (the first of *Black songs*), *Change*, *Deem you the roses* and *The blackbird*¹⁵ – have not survived. Warlock also worked on "a little poem . . . about the grey wind – though this is the mere finishing of an old sketch – not very successful".¹⁶ His description suggests a fifth lost song, probably to the text *Alone* (second in Nichols's eight-poem sequence *The aftermath*) which opens, "The grey wind and the grey sea/Boasing under the long grey sky . . ." ¹⁷ Nichols's reaction to these early scores is not recorded,¹⁸ but he commented of *Capriol*, "It gave me the liveliest pleasure I've had for many a long day. I congratulate you on a vivid piece of work".¹⁹ His wife²⁰ sang Warlock's songs and he made a point of buying "most of your stuff though I can't play it . . . for the sheer pleasure of having it about on the piano as a reminder of you".²¹ Nichols always admired the "severity of his devotion to music"²² and how "beautifully uncompromising"²³ he was towards "the artists' trade . . . in my opinion one of the dangerous trades".²⁴ He made practical suggestions when Warlock lacked confidence in himself and his work:

I have been thinking over your situation as artist . . . It seems to me that you have suffered as much as any man I know and that a great deal of this suffering has been entirely undeserved and, what is more, wholly unprofitable: it has not made you any stronger either as a man or as an artist . . . The core of the problem is to become objective . . . try expanding your range . . . I feel you should adventure in your art. It has quite astonished me to find how many selves one has.²⁵

Warlock also offered straight advice when the efficacy and popularity of Nichols's creative writing slumped during the 1920s. Astutely, he identified the reason many a literary commentator has advanced since – that becoming an academic stifled him: "God help you and anyone who, being artist, turns critic as well. You ought to soar away regardless it's the only thing to do."²⁶

Artistic exchanges aside, the Warlock/Nichols correspondence is striking simply as a chronicle of boon companionship. "I miss the sight of you very much;

you are one of the very few who remain steadfast [sic],²⁷ wrote Warlock in 1916. Once Nichols was invalided home from the front, he tried to inveigle him to Cornwall, then Ireland: "You alone have not been repelled . . . oh, for a talk with you! . . . how I wish you would come over for a while!"²⁸ This desire for contact continued when Nichols was in Japan: "I so often think of you and wish you were in England so that we could meet occasionally and have a long talk over a tankard of ale."²⁹ Nichols reciprocated with letters beginning "Dearest Lad"³⁰ or "Dear old thing".³¹ From California in 1925 come: "Lord! how I long to see you!"³² and "Please write and cheer me up. Speak to me of making things."³³ Three years later, he was at his most effusive: "I have you much in mind for I really love you you know. We are true friends and that means we don't think of each other only when present and our troubles are not solely our own."³⁴

When the intensely productive period at Cefn-Bryntalch began to run out of steam, it was indeed in Nichols that Warlock confided the troubling seed of his self-doubt: "I have long lost my belief in myself in any capacity."³⁵ Nichols tried to shore up his friend's confidence and create opportunities, suggesting that *Captain Stratton's fancy* be incorporated in the score for Fairbanks' film *Pirates* (later *The black pirate*)³⁶ to boost sales and inviting him to write incidental music for a *Don Juan* drama he projected.³⁷ "You alone can set it. There is no one else who can do it, who can see it as I see it. Please do try, dear Phil."³⁸ But still, four years later, chimed the recurrent contention: "I am not by nature an artist at all. I have no real desire to create anything whatsoever."³⁹

Nichols, back in Britain and increasingly concerned, replied by return of post:

Your letter has made me sad. All I can say is that I am an artist and one who you hold seems to have a certain flair for recognizing quality in music when I hear it and I think you are an artist and some of your songs beautiful. But be that as it may, whether you are artist or no and whatever you do you will always be my true friend.⁴⁰

Nichols contemplated forwarding the poems he had written most recently in Los Angeles and Sussex⁴¹ but decided against it as Warlock's depression about composition continued to deepen. He opted for more practical gestures instead – a cheque for thirty shillings to buy burgundy and books on New Year's Eve 1928 and an invitation to visit the following weekend. By February 1929 he was offering Warlock either a three-week break with him in the Majorca sun or clearance of his debts up to £30. "Whoever was flush payed [sic] in the past," he insisted, "and it's the same today."⁴² Warlock was bowled over by this "wonderful generosity"⁴³ and "extraordinarily magnanimous offer . . . I thank you a thousand times for your kind heart."⁴⁴ But the weekend he declined because of a double-booking at uncle Evelyn Heseltine's in Essex and the holiday and/or cash were also politely refused because a regular job seemed at last in the offing.

Life actually became more unkind over the next months, of course, and the only services Nichols could next offer his friend were posthumous. Once the crises of conscience in his letter of 27/28th December 1930 were resolved, he went out of his way to support

van Dieren, encouraging his composition and attempting to secure him performances just as Warlock had done when alive. (An article in progress discusses this in greater detail.)

Nichols made Warlock joint dedicatee with Romer Wilson of his satirical poem *Fisbo, or The Looking-Glass Loaned* (1934):

Having in mind
Your friendship for me and your belief in me as a poet,
I take the opportunity afforded by
The publication of a book of poetry
(After many years' silence)
To dedicate this work to you ...
"Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enemyes" ...
Whom misfortune visited all too often,
Yet who were steadfast in friendship
As you were true to art.
May this book
Serve for a small memorial
Until such time as
The worth of your creations
Receives that acclaim which is its due
In the opinion of your friend and fellow artist
Robert Nichols⁴⁵

Manuscript drafts of several poems withheld from Warlock were also inscribed to him: *The bell* ("For P.H.") and *The sower* ("For Phil").⁴⁶ And two years before his own premature death⁴⁷ came the final tribute, *Elegy for Philip Heseltine* ("Wildheart is dead . . ." – see below).

The Warlock/Nichols correspondence forms BL Add MS 57795.

Rhian Davies

Notes

- 1 Robert Nichols, *At Oxford*, in Cecil Gray: *Peter Warlock*, 1934, pp. 61-92
- 2 RN to CG, 13 February 1933
- 3 Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 85
- 4 RN to CG, 27 May 1933
- 5 PW to RN, 14 December 1917
- 6 *Ibid.*
- 7 PW to RN, 14 June 1917
- 8 PW to RN, 12 October 1914
- 9 PW to RN, 16 April 1917, includes "A Delectable Ballad in Which is Sett Forth ye Futillitie of Remorsefull Retrospection" (*A signpost at a fork o' the road . . .*) and *A Rhyme of Hy-Brasil and the Fixed Will* ("You'll never come to Hy-Brasil. . .").
- 10 PW to RN, 10 August [1916]
- 11 PW to RN, 20 July 1917
- 12 *Ibid.* Warlock reiterated to his friend on 14th December 1917, "When we've said Yeats and Lawrence and Nichols, we've mentioned all the poets of three generations of English writers."
- 13 PW to RN, 8 March 1916
- 14 PW to RN, 20 July 1916
- 15 See PW to RN, 20 July 1916 and 14 December 1916
- 16 PW to RN, 8 March 1916
- 17 Robert Nichols: *Ardours and Endurances*, 1917, p. 60
- 18 PW to RN, 28th November 1924, suggests RN may have written previously that he liked *The full Heart*.

- 19 RN to PW, 7 April 1927
- 20 Nichols married Norah, eldest daughter of Frederick and Maud Denny of Horwood House, Winslow, Buckinghamshire, at St Martin-in-the-Fields in 1922.
- 21 RN to PW, 8 May 1928
- 22 RN to CG, 27 May 1933.
- 23 Robert Nichols: "Notes on letter from Philip Heseltine" (BL Add. MS 57796)
- 24 *Ibid.*
- 25 RN to PW, 3 October 1928
- 26 PW to RN, 15 January 1923
- 27 PW to RN, 8 March 1916
- 28 PW to RN, 14 May 1918
- 29 PW to RN, 19 October 1924
- 30 RN to PW, 28 February 1926
- 31 RN to PW, 18 September 1925
- 32 RN to PW, 6 July [1923]
- 33 RN to PW, 21 June 1925
- 34 RN to PW, 2 November 1928
- 35 PW to RN, 19 October 1924
- 36 See articles by Silvester Mazzarella and Paul Hopkins in PWS Newsletter no 59 (Autumn 1996), pp. 7-10, and Paul Hopkins in *op. cit.* no 60 (Spring 1997), p. 12.
- 37 The drama, intended as the fourth of Nichols' *Plays for the Theatre of Tomorrow*, was never completed although five of the songs he hoped to persuade Warlock to set appear in *Such was my Singing*, 1942, pp. 106-10.
- 38 RN to PW, 8 May 1928
- 39 PW to RN, 7 October 1928
- 40 RN to PW, 8 October 1928
- 41 Nichols lived at Yew Tree Cottage, Winchelsea, on returning from America.
- 42 RN to PW, 20 February 1929. This code of conduct stemmed from student days (see Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 74)
- 43 PW to RN, 3 March 1929
- 44 *Ibid.*
- 45 Robert Nichols, *Fisbo*, 1934, [p. vii]
- 46 BL Add. MS 57797.
- 47 Curiously, Nichols died on 17 December 1944, fourteen years to the day after Warlock's own death. He was 51.
- 48 *Such was my Singing*, 1942, p. 102

Yew Tree House
Winchelsea
Sussex
Dec 2-3 1933

Dearest Pets,

Work on *Fisbo* has again had to be put off this week to my considerable annoyance. I got going on Monday – the old hand still seemed to know its cunning but on Tuesday morning arrived a letter from Cecil Gray saying he hadn't heard I'd been "under the knife" as he put it – a lie I'm sure as he is in correspondence

with van Dieren re Philip Heseltine – and had been expecting my contribution to his life of Philip and could I kindly oblige at once etc. But perhaps it didn't matter and he'd go ahead anyway etc. Of course he knew Phil well but he didn't know him at Oxford and I'm certain there are sides of Philip he never got. Philip was a sort of Dostoievskian character who started with the Dostoievskian 'gentleness' much in evidence. That gentleness always existed between us to the last – when I went to see him I used to observe Gray and others looking puzzled at the way he treated me. For me they had contempt (I think) mingled with dislike of my supposed conventionality – in the world I came from – though Gray belongs to that world – and suspicion due to the fact that I somehow managed to be whether they liked it or not a not undeniably at times a [*sic*] genuine poet. I could feel their jealousy – especially Gray's – as I took him away psychically speaking into a past of better and more delicate relations. In addition, Gray, a really excellent writer on music, is an artist manqué. His want of confidence in his own productions – he's written an opera on Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows* [–] increased, I think, Philip's. It remains to be seen whether Gray will print all my stuff for I have done 50 pages in three days. Good sound stuff too – I think with careful psychological excursions into P.H.'s complicated character. But Gray is a nervous fellow and may not print it tho' I have been very discreet. Phil's mother and her Christian homilies in youth plus D. H. Lawrence's harangues were mostly responsible for Phil's marriage, the great and indeed insuperable disaster of his life. "Puma", the girl was a model and distinctly promiscuous. She told Phil a hard luck tale one evening in the Café Royale [*sic*]. Starving, No place to go etc. Phil, Dostoievskian by nature and having lately been reading Dostoievskian took her off to his studio across the river opposite Chelsea. This was a studio with an inner balcony on which he slept. He was sorry for her. She should be treated as a sister. he slept downstairs on a sofa-settee. She used his bed. After a few days she did him down. She had no attraction for me sexually but I can see she would have for some people – a sort of Egyptian wild-cat with long legs and I suppose very passionate. Anyway she couldn't leave Phil alone and I suppose she thought him an easy mark. He had an allowance (small) and 'people'. After a while she announced herself pregnant and said he was the father. Which I am told from those who have seen the boy that he undoubtedly was. But the very same people say it might well have been another for she was a loose sort of animal. (Animal certainly – much admired by D.H.L. who in his letters (see one of 15 Feb 1916) obliges with a lot of bilge about her and 'the blood connection, the dark sensuous relation' etc etc). Then Philip gets in a skate. Short of money. Has to tell his mother. Mother gibbers – she's a damn fool and mean anyway – talks Christianity one moment and outraged Kensingtonese the next. Finally Kensingtonese wins, in which she showed a temporary gleam of sense[.] Out with a baggage etc. This is too much for Dostoievskian Philip – and they call themselves christians [*sic*]! Almost he begins to believe in Christianity. D.H.L. horns in. Is mystical

and confused like the celebrated curate. Has messages straight from Priapus and the First Family Man via the bloodstream from the unconscious flow from aboriginal darkness and other divine channels. Talks his head off being half dotty – poor chap – already as a result of hard-treatment (that Rainbow business was a dirty shame), the war and Prussian Freida [sic] his hard-soft great female egg of a wife. What with echoes of infant-choirings of English village Christianity, voodoo [?]totem poems of Prophet Lawrence and general worry and money anxiety and wonder about the child (quite probably his but possibly not) Philip suddenly ups and marries the animal. And never gets straight again. Finally she hurts him so much that with plenty of grounds he won't divorce her. (Also probably she threatens to drag in names of one or two girls dear to Phil and with whom, likelier than not he had no relations tho' he may have wanted to[.] Anyway first there is a long conflict between hate and passion complicated by interest in his child. In the end she wins the mother over – goes down to Wales and behaves "so nicely" etc. Finally goes and lives with one Sassoon and apparently sticks to him. Incidentally does her best to break friendship between Philip and myself – including innuendos [sic] that our relationship is not normal – because she knows I have her number and had it ever since I clapped eyes on her. In this she fails and is henceforth afraid of me and, if I happen to be in the Café Royale when she is there, beats it double quick.

All this cannot of course be said. But Gray entirely agrees with me about 'Puma' . . . Lawrence of course continues pro-Puma and writes a lot of bilge about her and Philip in a novel. For which Philip threatens threatens him with a libel action. On paper D.H.L. being about completely broke and in a bad way with the public this looks unbelievably cruel. But I don't think it was. Phil knew his D.H.L. and hit him where he knew D.H.L. would feel it. Not that D.H.L. ever cared for money. But it had some how to be brought home to him that he couldn't get away with that sort of thing. Phil was about the only person who ever did succeed in bringing it home to D.H.L. that that sort of thing deserves a kick in the pants. Philip could write and did write some beautiful music of the smaller category. But he wasn't in music a genius of the size D.H.L. was in letters (though D.H.L. is now considerably over-rated particularly in regards style). None theless Phil was more instinctive and had a far better head than D.H.L. I guess the Prophet found Phil an awkward customer when Phil found him out and got out his intellectual tomahawk. Phil was a [?]nailer for cant. He was subtle and knew not only how to hit a heavy blow but where to land it. as a conversationalist – especially in controversy – he had the Prophet by the beard any time I guess. Must have picked him up and thrown him about and towled him with vigour for Philip, roused, was absolutely relentless as gentle natures, wounded and full of theories and with extensive information to destroy the other fellow's[.] frequently did. And with a drink or two on board but still in police-court sense quite sober he could pour out a stream of eloquence, very well phrased, coherent and vigorous, that was

astonishing. the Café Royale Prophet must have felt the seat grow warmish under him. Please observe I attack the Prophet, not the artist or the man who was by and large extremely plucky in his way. But the Prophet was a Public Nuisance and in Phil's case proved a Public Danger. I used to be full of theories as to how other people should live. I still have inclinations that way but I put my theories very tentatively. For I remember D.H.L. He thought he understood everybody. He didn't. Not sufficient imagination. Always seeing other people through himself and his blessed bloodstream. I assure you I am a holiday to him. Tribute to the moral chaos of this age that he should have had (and has) such influence. He had a sort of cockney impudence and certainty that was very irritating. Lectured me on Goethe about whom he knew damn little: Goethe who could have swallowed him without noticing it and who could[.] had he cared to read him, instead of playing bo-peep with his Mexican snake-dancers, could [sic] have turned him into a man and a sage. Hope I meet Bertrand Russell some time. He knew D.H.L. Fancy he would get at the core of the matter. All this I have had to go very carefully round in my memories of Philip. If Gray don't publish 'em in full I shall sooner or later round the thing out and print it on my own. I sent Gray quite a nice little poem in the summer – Moeran, who knew Philip very well, liked it very much indeed – but Gray seems to doubt whether he will print it. You see there's indignation and grief in it. And Gray is very busy living up to his name. Quite right to be cool in the account etc – why throw out a little poem, supposedly on a page by itself at the beginning, communicating what so many of us feel? –

Wildheart is dead. Plumage of heavenly hue,
Bright eye, bold wing; ardour and grief and rage;
Some snatches of sweet song – all, all too few! –
Then the dead feathers dulling in the cage,
Wildheart is dead. The story's nothing new.

The story's nothing new. Wildheart is dead,
And now the all-too-insolently wise
May stroke the chin and sigh and wag the head.
To the devil with them and their pious lies!
God, they mean well. But see the wing half spread.

Wildheart is dead and the vehement wings have rest
Battered so hard against the [?]wood ([?]wind) and wire.
Wildheart is still. he has whistled his brave best,
Wildheart, dear Wildheart, lie now where you should
Gathered, hearts broken, to your poet's breast.

Jack Moeran cried when he read it. He understood Philip had no luck at all, none at all. People 'go for' him but not in my presence, not any more.

If Gray won't print I'll do in full with that poem at the head even if I have to pay for it myself. 'My dear dead, my dear dead – they shan't get away with it while I'm alive!' – I have heard them sneer at Arnold Bennett. You see these dear people mean so much more to me – almost every day I think of one [of] them – Harold [?]Gough, Dick [?]Pousint, Thomas [?]Wilson, Arnold Bennett, Philip Heseltine and now John [?]Jay – then [?]much of the living. They are always there. It is

seventeen years and five months since Harold fell, calling his men in for a [?]writing party, on top of that trench at Hoops but I can see him with his pipe he held so awkwardly and puffed so hard at and his pockets crammed with copies of Wisden's Cricket Annual. These people keep me going and if I ever become a real poet it will partly be due to them.

Well the little offering to [?]J.J.C. goes well. I've had a cordial letter from H.E. Germ. Ambassador. He has sent the stuff to Berlin and wants to see me. But not till I'm primed. Not on your life.

Thine always,

Robert N.

[Editor's note - there then follow a PS and a PPS which includes this exhortation:]

Listen in Tues. night 7.30 London Regional Wireless Singers are to sing setting of Elizabethan songs Moeran dedicated to us because we looked after him when he was ill and downhearted.

Nichols Mss in the British Library

Further notes

As Rhian Davies points out above Add. Ms. 57797 is a collection of, mostly, poems. Some of these must have been written while Nichols and PH were contemporaries at Oxford and several bear dedications to his friend. In addition to those that Rhian mentions there is *Man's anacreonic*, "written Oct 1914 - copied out for Phil Heseltine Aug 2nd 1916", not a dedication as such but a further testimony to the deep friendship between the two men. Indeed, it would appear, so close were they, that Puma's allegations (referred to in Nichols's letter above) that the relationship between Heseltine and Nichols was of a homosexual nature - that is my construction of "not normal" - could well have been believed by anybody who only knew them slightly.

The collection also includes a printed score of *The full heart*, without annotations, alas, for it would have been fascinating to know precisely how Nichols felt about the way his words had been set beyond his general praise for the composer. It is much easier, years afterwards, to evaluate the harmonic language and its fidelity to Nichols's intent than would have been so at the time; a contemporary assessment, especially one by a musically sensitive poet, would have been revelatory. Nichols comes over as an astute and honest critic, not one who was blinded by his fidelity to and support of his friend. His comparison of Warlock and Lawrence, for example, indicates a discriminatory ability that exceeds that of his friend who, let's be honest, allowed passionate enthusiasm to get the better of him at times. PW did, after all, get excited about Leo Ornstein. ("Leo who?" you shout back.)

Even more relevant, perhaps, to the context of this Newsletter and its concentration on Nichols as a chronicler of Warlock's life and death, is the dedication of *The passion* to Henry Head, the joint recipient of the letters printed here. Dated "Dorset

Sq. Oct 12th 1916" it was something of a work in progress for it is also marked "For revision" and "NB not had time to revise it yet".

The poem in the second of these letters ("Wildheart is dead . . ."), presented here in an imperfect form, was reprinted in Ian Copley's book (*The music of Peter Warlock: a critical survey*, Dobson, 1979, p. 19). In Copley's words, "Nichols commemorated the death of his friend in an *Elegy for Philip Heseltine* which first appeared in *The Nation* soon after the Memorial Concert." It may, therefore, already have been familiar to some readers. Of course, it is a post-humous tribute that recognises the artist's struggle and, by implication, some of those peculiar experiences that turned Warlock into the creature he became, warts and all. While it could only have been written by someone who both knew and was sympathetic towards its subject it does not specifically refer to the friendship that inspired it.

But another poem in the collection does, however obliquely. Perhaps it, too, could be open to misinterpretation and that may explain why, to the best of my knowledge, I have not seen it reproduced in any previous discussion of Warlock's life and times, the circles he moved in or the circumstances that affected him. I would prefer to consider it as being about confidence and dependability, symbolised by the entrusting of a child to the care of one's closest friend. The innocent child senses the bond between the two adults and willingly assumes and displays the same emotional tie.

The poem bears no title but is inscribed "Lamorna-Midsummer 1917" and "To Philip Heseltine from Robert Nichols".

'You, Phil, have heard full many a poem
Burst from my throat.
Naked they leaped but now I show 'em
In a print dress, a sober coat

This is Uncle Phil, my child,
Give him a kiss . . .

'Why?' 'Because he is my friend.'
'Your friend? O uncle this and this
I give you: kisses without end.'

I'm going to leave you here child
With uncle Phil[.]
'He will be kind to me won't he?'
'If you're good[.] 'Yes, but he will, will
Because you two were and are and will be
Friends still

(R.N. goes out)

Bend down your head and I'll tell you my secrets
Uncle Phil.'

Brian Collins

AGM 98

Saturday 23rd May 1998

Older lags will remember the heady days of AGMs at Magpie Bottom and will, therefore, be pleased to know that we are to re-haunt David Cox country. [I think it's ten years since we were last in the area for an AGM - Ed.] For initiates it must be explained that David invited us to his home for several meetings after lunches at *The Five Bells* in Eynsford itself.

This year, thanks to the generosity of Mrs Susan Hinks of The Old Vicarage in Shoreham, we are again able to walk in Warlock's footsteps around both villages. We assemble at 11am in *The Five Bells* where we shall be met by Sally Costin, the present owner of the cottage that Warlock occupied; she has promised to do some cleaning so that she can show us around! The other guest celebrity there will be the son of Warlock's cleaner! Brian Hussey has been a member of the PWS since 1994 and can recall some of the stories his mother told him . . .

Warlock and Moeran composed *Maltworms* in *The Five Bells*, of course. They wrote it in an afternoon and, later the same day, heard it played by the brass band in Shoreham. We mirror that by listening to the Guildhall Brass Ensemble play for it in Shoreham Church (more details at the end of this Newsletter).

A direct train from London leaves Blackfriars at 10.13am, reaching Eynsford at 10.59; a day-return ticket to either Eynsford or Shoreham costs £5.80. The station staff at Eynsford, like their predecessors, will be alerted to encourage all Warlockians to dismount there should any, in striving for authenticity, fall asleep *en route*.

Lunch will be available at *The Five Bells* in Eynsford or, if you prefer lunche, at *Ye Olde George Inne* in Shoreham(me). The AGM itself starts at 3pm at The Old Vicarage, a few minutes' walk from the station and next to both church and pub. Tea will be available after the meeting at a cost of £3 and the aforementioned concert starts at 5pm.

Return trains to London (Blackfriars) are at 44 minutes past the hour, arriving at 33 minutes past the next. The last train from Shoreham is at 10.44pm.

We hope to see as many members as possible for what should be a nostalgic return to an attractive area for many of us. Please contact Malcolm Rudland (0171 589 9595 - not the same number as the World Cup Hotline so you should get through) if you intend to come so that we can monitor numbers.

BIRTHDAY 98

Advance notice!

This year's birthday concert will be given by students of Trinity College of Music in Hinde St Methodist Church, London W1 at 6.30pm on Friday, 30th October 1998. More details in the next Newsletter.

PUBLICATIONS

Distribution of the second in the four-volume series devoted to the occasional writings of Philip Heseltine is now under way and if you - as a subscriber - haven't received your copy yet, it should be with you very soon.

It continues to be very disappointing that only about 30 per cent of the membership of the PWS are subscribers. If you are one of the 70 per cent and would like to convert, one of those who "meant to get round to it", copies of the first volume are still available. Volumes 3 and 4 will be published on schedule later this year. All enquiries should be sent to me at 14 Barlby Road, London, W10 6AR. Single volumes are available but, naturally, it is helpful to the project as a whole if members commit themselves to all four volumes.

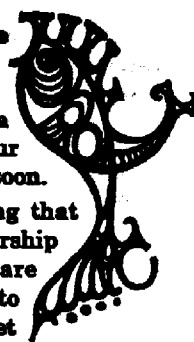
A new publication which has had no advance publicity - the decision to proceed with it was only taken at the last committee meeting - is a collection of six of Warlock's transcriptions for SATB of madrigals by Ravenscroft, Dowland, Jones, Cavendish and Whythorne. The selection has been made by Fred Tomlinson who provides a typically informative introduction and the volume is available from early in April. It is hoped that some items from it will be sung at this year's AGM, to be held in the Eynsford area.

Reading an article in the *British Music Society Journal* recently about the 75th birthday of the Yorkshire composer, Arthur Butterworth, I noticed that his work *Nex vulpinus* takes Warlock's *The fox* as the basis of a "black" scherzo lamenting the death of a fox in a hunt. Butterworth is, apparently, an ardent anti-bloodsports campaigner.

Most of you will have seen the new Thames catalogue circulated at the end of 1997. The Moeran book *Lonely waters* is now available again and there has been a reprint of the *Fenby on Delius* volume that proved popular. There are plans for some ten new books about English musicians and music to be published during 1998; details are in the Spring 1998 catalogue sent to all PWS members. We also publish an extensive range of sheet music by English Composers and would be happy to send catalogues to anyone who asks.

Readers may also like to know that a particularly interesting collection of 1930s recordings of English Music has recently appeared on the Symposium label (SYMCD 1203). As well as treasures like the 1929 *Façade* with Constant Lambert and Edith Sitwell, there is the 1931 version of *The curlew* with John Armstrong as soloist and a *Corpus Christi* from 1936 with the BBC Chorus and Peter Pears as one of the soloists. Other composers featured on this 79 minute disc are Berners, Bliss and Walton.

John Bishop (Thames Publishing)



REVIEWS

Frederick Delius: Music, Art and Literature

ed. Lionel Carley – Ashgate Publishing Ltd £55

This follows Scolar's publication *Peter Warlock the composer* by Brian Collins. Ashgate, the parent company, now publish everything under that name.

My annual retreat to Prinknash Abbey in Gloucestershire usually incorporates a visit to nearby Sheepscombe. Lionel Carley, whose homely litero-culinary repasts have been served up and consumed if not actually wrapped up in these pages in the past. This time champagne with pork and ham sandwiches (no soup!), left over from the local launch of this his latest book, were most welcome on a vegetarian day at Prinknash. [No more food references, thankyou – Ed.] In its 355 pages are 16 indexed references to Peter Warlock and one to the PWS so a brief mention here is justified.

Dr Carley has collated and edited 12 essays by different authors on various, lesser-documented connections Delius had with music, art and literature. It is a stimulating and remarkable read. The one essay of his own is the hilarious and gripping story behind Delius's incidental music for Gunnar Heiberg's play *Folkeraadet*, now known as his *Norwegian suite*; it contains much new and vivid material.

PWS member Stephen Lloyd starts his essay with Beecham's quote on Delius's conducting: "I have never come across such an abysmal depth of ineptitude". But an article by Toru Arayashiki, the curator of the Yamanaishi Prefectural Museum of Art in Koku, Japan, suggests Grez-sur-Loing as the birthplace of Japanese Impressionism and refers to Warlock's Uncle Joe, A J Heseltine, who effected Warlock's first meeting with Delius because he lived at Marlotte near Grez. A plate of his painting of Grez in 1882 is included; Dr Carley discovered the original in Sweden four years ago.

The founder of the American branch of the PWS, Robert Beckhard, contributes to "On hearing the first Delius in America" but references to Warlock himself are largely confined to his English translation of Delius's *Arabesque* and his programme note for *Eventyr* in the Delius Festival of 1929.

Felix Aprahamian gets five references for knowing Florent Schmitt who made vocal scores for four of Delius's operas; Jelka Delius's family and Jelka's artist friend Ida Gerhardt each get a chapter, as does the Norwegian composer Christian Sinding. The book ends by suggesting that Delius found spiritual and artistic inspiration in his contacts with Danish literature, an ideal preparation for Lionel Carley's *Delius Danish Jaunt* in June (DDJJ – see elsewhere in this Newsletter).

Malcolm Rudland

The occasional writings of Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock)

Vol. 1 Musical criticism (1)

Vol. 2 Early music

Ed. Barry Smith – Thames Publishing £14.95 ea

Each of these volumes runs to more than 150 pages and contains music criticism or musicology by one of the most perceptive and entertaining exponents of these arts this century. The value of these fascinating books is inestimable but informs not only the Warlockian in-crowd; they provide, indirectly, a catalogue of what British music-lovers, audiences and practitioners were encountering and performing in the second and third decades of this century. I would love to quote a few examples of Heseltine's style from the first of these two but I wouldn't be able to adequately choose a few representatives of the many; read the book and a scornful – but wonderfully crafted – phrase arrests the eye on most pages. It's not all negative but, when it is, it is deliciously so. The second volume demonstrates more of Warlock the proselytizer, the early music enthusiast, an expert and something of an esoteric figure who, nevertheless, had a mission to convert. The writing here is learned but direct.

The whole of each book, then, is a treasure-house of opinion and discovery; but hasn't all of the stuff been around for years? Haven't scholars and researchers been quoting from it for a long time; in the pages of this organ and elsewhere? Of course they have; I've been responsible for some of that sort of thing myself by and by. Point the first: all of us who have been engaged in that kind of activity have had to comb through references, fill out seemingly endless inter-library loan forms and wait for variable periods of time to elapse before we troll off to one institution or another to pick up sheafs of fragile photocopies; now all of the material is readily and economically contained in these books and the two that will follow. Point the second: all of that material that was formerly the preserve of the academic prepared to go through the tiresome process outlined above is available to anybody, anywhere. Now.

These books have been largely a labour of love on the part of Barry Smith. We owe him a huge debt of gratitude. The volumes themselves are well made and should survive the constant "dipping-in" to which they will be subjected. As we approach the next millenium it is all too easy to think of the future and its promise, and perhaps we should. But the past is fascinating too and shouldn't be jettisoned just because its former novelties are now old-hat. Smith and Thames Publishing have here provided an important pointer to an era in which the music and movements which have shaped the later years of the twentieth century were new and exciting. Moreover this has been achieved through some of the most stimulating verbal accounts of their kind obtainable.

Brian Collins

Peter Warlock Birthday Concert Duke's Hall, Royal Academy of Music

London Royal Schools' Vocal Faculty

Thursday 30th October 1997

I hope that you don't think that I write complimentary reviews as a matter of course. In some ways I'd love to get my teeth into a concert or disc and have a go at emulating the kind of vitriol so expertly employed by PW himself in the new books of his writings discussed on the previous page. This wouldn't be where I'd start for, if I were asked to do the impossible and summarise this concert in a few words it would require a short string of carefully selected superlatives that those who weren't there might easily find precious or pretentious. If I do have a gripe – and in context it's a very small one – I would regret the fact that, given so many superb and technically precise voices, there were no choral items.

But, when all's said and done, this was largely a celebration of Warlock the consummate composer for the solo voice and (here I go again) I wish that I could adequately convey in words alone the commitment and passion that all the evening's musicians possessed and demonstrated.

The proceedings, despite their eventual vocal emphasis, were instrumentally initiated via three of Warlock's string transcriptions of early music – Parsons, Dowland and Purcell on this occasion. Incisive and integrated playing engendered a very credible, vigorous even, interpretation.

And then there was *Lillygay*. Would that every performance I've heard of this cycle, live or recorded, had been so exquisitely given. Every note tinkled into place but Morag Aitchison's was no mechanical rendition; it was impassioned, full of character and dramatic strength. So impressed was I that *Lachrimae antiquae* would have been more appropriate than *Captaine Piper* in the opening set.

I liked Elizabeth Poole's control in her group of three songs (*The cloths of Heaven*, *Ha'nacker Mill* and *The night*) and the mood she evoked nicely set up Stephen Brown's *Curlew*. Despite the intimacy of the piece I'd have preferred it if he could have addressed the audience more. There was a restraint here that an otherwise fine voice couldn't always overcome. That said, the final soliloquy was excellent with a personality and a passion (that word again) it would be hard to better. The instrumental ensemble, conducted by Paul Brough, was almost too accurate in the fantasias as some of the neurotic quality was lost but the idea of placing the two winds on opposite sides of the ensemble worked well.

Diana Moore's *Fair and true* was a glorious performance of a bad song; fortunately she also sang *The frostbound wood* and *My own country* which more than made up for it although I found her reading rather too literal. Daniel Howard's bright baritone served his four songs well too – *The bayley berith*, *As ever I saw* (delicious), *Take O take those lips away* (1918 version) and *The fox*. The pace in the last song was faster than usual but he was always in close

contact with the audience and his treatment of "fangs" was wonderfully accusatory.

Many of the pieces to this point represented Warlock at his most introspective but, as is usual at these events, jollity broke out towards the end. Now, I have to say that, clever and witty as I find Eric Cree's arrangement of those two *Codpieces*, and excellently though they were played by the brass ensemble *Jericho*, I am having serious doubts of an aesthetic nature about them. These are not just so that I can do the joke about the piece of cod that passeth all understanding, rather they stem from the fact that they are fast becoming a cliché. Have they not turned into the man in the pub who only knows one joke but insists on telling it to you whenever you meet? It's time to give them a rest if you ask me. Even *Peter Warlock's fancy* begins to sound refreshing in comparison. After he had sung both Mr Belloc's and Captain Stratton's respective *Fancies* Andrew Foster brought the evening to a close with PW's own, as mentioned, as well as *Fill the cup Philip*. The last-named was a fitting reminder of the previous day's jaunt to Ruddles.

It was an excellent evening all round. Congratulations are due to all performers, including the accompanists, Olivia Travers, Eleanor Hodgkinson and Rebecca Woolcock who ably provided the element that is deceptively essential in all Warlock's songs.

Brian Collins

Warlock: *The curlew; Capriol; Serenade*; songs with string quartet

John Mark Ainsley
Nash Ensemble/Martyn Brabbins

Hyperion CDA66938

There's not a lot I want to say about this CD beyond the fact that it is wonderful, quite one of the best recordings there has been of Warlock's music. The singing is of the highest quality, the interpretations valid and convincingly so, the choice of material excellent. I'm not even going to consider whether we needed another *Curlew* or *Capriol* (they even got the name right) or *Serenade*, the standard reviewing practice on occasions such as this. Let a few moments stand for the rest. The *Puvane* was played at the right speed – its inherent solemnity is too often missed; lovely string phrasing and sense of instrumental and vocal line in *Sleep*; four songs with string quartet accompaniment get their first recordings here; John Mark Ainsley's vocal nuances all the way through the songs and *The curlew; Chopcherry* – what a terrific ending; all those swirling figures in the *Serenade* made much more sense than usual; frighteningly good ensemble playing, especially those really chilling bits in *The curlew*.

To complete the pleasure I listened to it as I languished in the bath. May I respectfully suggest you do the same?

Brian Collins

NEWSBRIEFS

Actually, we're starting with a couple of longer items this time. In the wake of the Warlock and Bartók weekend, you may like to know (writes Malcolm Rudland) that a development from the idea is possible. Last month the renowned Hungarian sculptor, Imre Varga, was invited to England to talk to the Royal Society of British Sculptors, show a video of his work and discuss his life under every Hungarian government since the 1930s. His seven-foot statues of Béla Bartók already enhance public places in Budapest and Paris and the invitation to London came with a proposal for another there to complement the English Heritage blue plaque to the composer. Mr Varga considered several sites proposed by the Kensington and Chelsea Planning Department; after viewing them all he favours a site just in front of the bushes on the south-east corner of the pedestrian precinct outside South Kensington station. It looks towards Onslow Gardens and the blue plaque at 7 Sydney Place. He has quoted a figure of £20 000, supplied and fitted. Bartók must have walked by there many times between 1921-38 on his way to the Underground from his temporary home with the Wilsons so it is an apposite location historically and aesthetically.

On 8th July 1914 Peter Warlock push-biked 53 miles and motor-biked another 56 to attend the Beecham Symphony Orchestra's concert of Delius's music (including *La Calinda* and *Brigg Fair*) in the Duke's Hall of the RAM. FW would later arrange *Brigg Fair* for two pianos. On 28th May 1910 Bartók had met Delius in Zurich and attended a performance of *Brigg Fair* conducted by Volkmar Andreae at the Tonkünstlerfest. This led to its first performance in Budapest on 15th February 1911, conducted by István Kerner. Since (as you all must know by now) Warlock was instrumental in bringing Bartók to his first London engagement in 1921, the following programme could constitute a concert to celebrate the unveiling of a statue:

Warlock	<i>Capriol</i> (full orch)
Delius	<i>La Calinda</i> from <i>Koanga</i>
Warlock	<i>Serenade</i>
Delius	<i>Brigg Fair</i>
Warlock	Songs for bass and orchestra (<i>Captain Stratton's fancy</i> , <i>Away to Twiver</i> , <i>Mr Belloc's fancy</i> - these three to be orchestrated; <i>Maltworms</i> - World première of orch. version in F)
Bartók	<i>Concerto for orchestra</i>

The Council are now considering a planning application for the site in South Kensington; several orchestras - and the Chelsea Festival - are considering the orchestral proposal. We shall keep you informed of developments.

Malcolm also writes of a Delius Danish Pastry. No, it's not a baked nettle soup [see running joke in most recent Newsletters - Ed.] but if we can blend Warlock and Bartók with Delius, hear how our culinary partners can blend Delius and Grainger with Austin and Klenau. Those of you who have shown an interest

in our mad jaunts will be unable to wait to hear that from 18th-20th June this year Dr Lionette Carley has organised an imaginative 3-day extravaganza that puts even our grandest methods to shame. He has found an old Manor House at Palsgaard in Denmark where Delius stayed near which Grainger collected folksongs. He also discovered that the Danish conductor, Bo Holten, is related to one of Grainger's lovers, Karen Holten. The Warlockian connection is through Frederick Austin. He sang the first *Sea Drift* in Britain and his *Danish sketches for orchestra: Palsgaard* is to be performed. It was Austin who wrote that charming card to PW (probably not without provocation) on 28th August 1930:

There are blackguards of so offensive a type that contact or communication with them is distasteful to the point of nausea. You are one of them.

When we find that the first brewer of the Munch/Delius nettle soup also happened to play fourth tuba in the first performance of Warlock's recently discovered arrangement of *Cod-pieces* for tuba quartet we shall celebrate in style! If you wish to join the Carley Circus please ask Malcolm Rudland (0171 589 9596) for details and, yes, the Hon. Sec. is hoping to support the cause.

Details of the 1998 Chelsea Chronotopographical Crawl (6th June) are at the end of this Newsletter. A brochure for the Chelsea Festival, of which the Crawl is a part, is enclosed.

After Warlock and Bartók comes Ock Street. Morlands, the brewery in Ock Street, Abingdon, that makes Old Speckled Hen have taken over Ruddles and we are being invited to tour the premises at 2.30pm on Thursday 11th June following a lunch in a Morland's Ock Street pub, *The White Horse* (at the traffic lights on the corner of Spring Road). A coach will leave Hudson's Place behind Victoria Station at 9.30am returning around 5.30pm. The cost will be a maximum of £25 this time. Please let Malcolm Rudland know if you are interested by 6th June.

The baritone Eamonn Dougan (accompanied by Christopher Hughes) will sing nine of Warlock's songs at St Andrew's Church, Churchdown near Gloucester on Saturday, 9th May at 8pm. He will also perform songs by Quilter and Gurney.

Songs of the British Isles includes music by Warlock. James Church (baritone) and Steve Kings (piano) are at St George's, Brandon Hill, Bristol, 15th May at 7.30pm.

Christ's Hospital, Horsham, are holding a Constant Lambert Festival between 15th-17th May. The Saturday afternoon recital will include two of Warlock's songs.

Nicholas Chisholm (tenor) and the Musicians of All Saints will give Warlock songs with string quartet (plus Stravinsky and Mendelssohn) at Hamsey Church near Lewes, East Sussex on Sunday 21st June at 7.30pm.

Visit the PWS website. Richard Valentine is now our official Webmaster and has done a marvellous job setting this up. Internet access if you can get it is <http://idt.net/~richv39/TPWP.HTM> so log on and sign the visitors' book.

Warlock in Chelsea



Welcome to the Chelsea Chronotopographical Crawl Saturday 6 June 1998 from 11am to 7pm

In conjunction with the 1998 Chelsea Festival, the Peter Warlock Society host this jaunt between the composer's homes at the times of his birth and death, with the Society's Hon. Secretary, Malcolm Rudland

11am at Harrods Food Hall entrance, the site of 27 Hans Road, SW1
Coffee and croissants will be available in the fourth floor Terrace Bar of Harrods from 10am

c.12noon at *The Antelope Tavern*, 22 Eaton Terrace, SW1 (Tel: 0171-730 7781)
Drinks and food at Peter Warlock's 1929 local, the nerve centre of the Peter Warlock Society

c.12.45pm by Chelsea Green, Cale Street, SW3
The Guildhall Brass Ensemble will play the *Cod-pieces* outside *The Chelsea Fishery* and then march along Cale Street, through the Sutton Estate, and into Pond Place with the full company singing *The Cricketers of Hambledon* led by Mark Wildman (bass)

c.1.10pm by 6a Bury Walk, SW3
The Guildhall Brass Ensemble will play *The Old Codger* outside the flat where Warlock made his arrangement of it for *The Savoy Orpheans*

c.1.30pm at *The Wellesley Arms*, 70 Sydney Street, SW3 (Tel: 0171-352 7924)
Drinks, food, and trips to see the view from Warlock's 1915 flat, from the tower of St. Luke's Church

3pm on Dovehouse Green, Kings Road, SW3
adjacent to the Register Office where Warlock was married on 22 Dec 1916
and on the site of the public mortuary where Warlock's body lay on 17 Dec 1930

Double Warlock Concert

with the Guildhall Brass Ensemble conducted by Eric Creeves

The Railway Fanfare (Sir Malcolm Arnold, one of our distinguished vice-presidents)

Suite : *Capriol* (arr. Eric Creeves) : *Basse-Dance*, *Pavane*, *Tordion*, *Bransles*, *Pieds-en-l'air*, *Mattachins*

Captain Stratton's Fancy (arr. Alex Kidston) [with Mark Wildman (bass)]

Love for Love (dedicated to Puma, Warlock's wife) (arr. Helen Vollam) [with Mark Wildman (bass)]

Fill the cup, Philip (arr. Fred Tomlinson) [with the full company]

Peter Warlock's Fancy (arr. Alex Kidston) [with Mark Wildman (bass)]

Mr Belloc's Fancy (arr. Eric Creeves) [with Gordon Honey (baritone)]

Maltworms (arr. Aidan Chamberlain) [with Mark Wildman (bass) and the full company]

The Cricketers of Hambledon (arr. Fred Tomlinson) [with Mark Wildman (bass) and the full company]

Two Cod-pieces (arr. Eric Creeves) : *Beethoven's Binge*, *The Old Codger* (Organ scores available at £4)

The concert will then be repeated, with the baton being auctioned to help fund the Society's publication programme, so that the audience can bid to conduct or sing, or for them to nominate others to perform.

c.5pm at St. Wilfrid's Convent, 29 Tite Street, SW3 (Tel: 0171-351 5339)

by kind permission of the Daughters of the Cross

Opposite the GLC plaque to Peter Warlock, the site of his death, at 30 Tite Street

Tea and sandwiches, followed by an informal concert and sing-a-long-a-warlock from 6pm to 7pm

Tickets £10 available from the Chelsea Festival Box Office 0171-351 1005, or from the Hon Secretary, Malcolm Rudland, 32a Chipperfield House, Cale Street, London SW3 3SA, Tel 0171-589 9595

Marshalls and police protection by courtesy of Chelsea Police

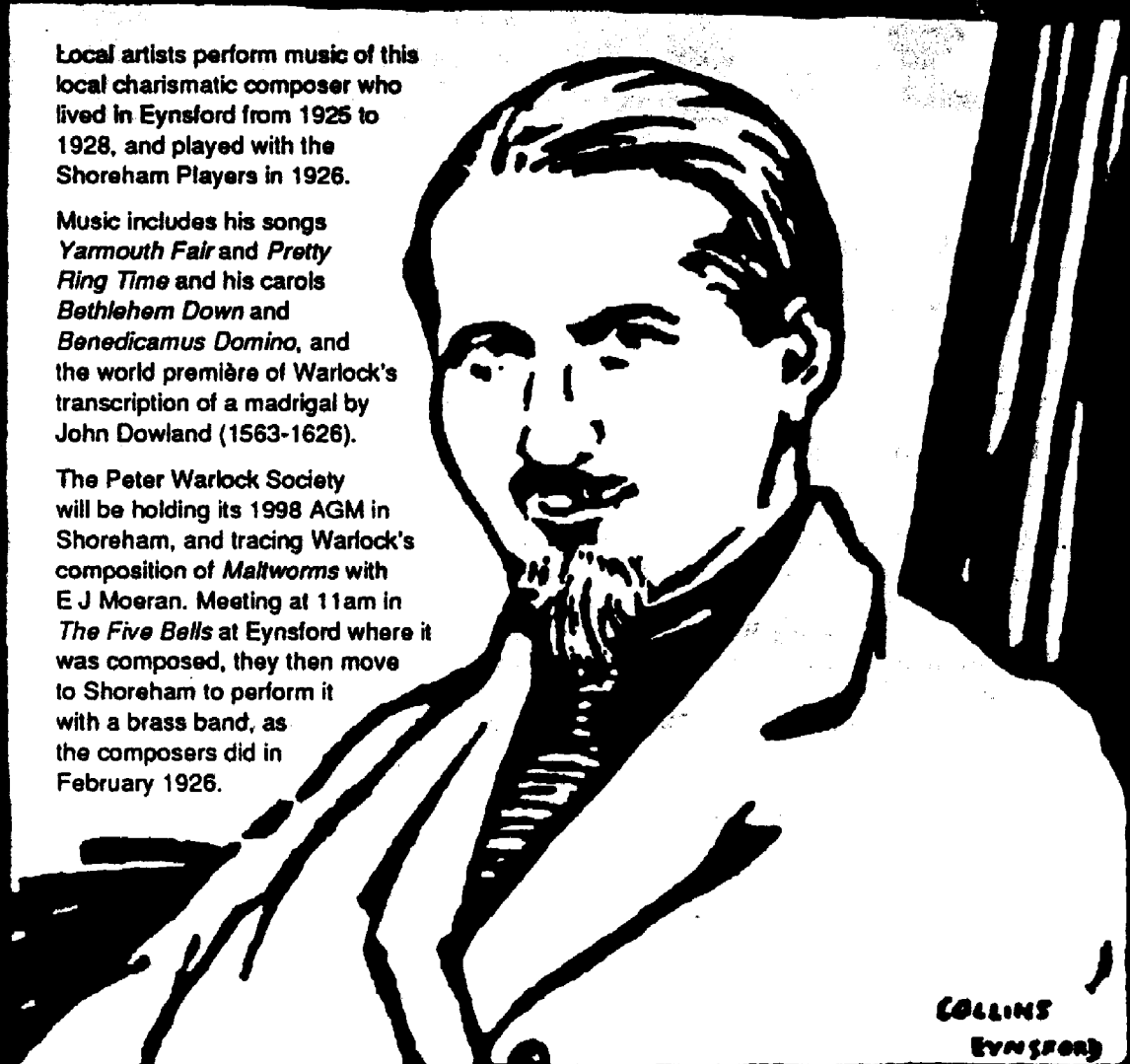
Peter Warlock Society

welcomes all to a Concert of his music

Local artists perform music of this local charismatic composer who lived in Eynsford from 1925 to 1928, and played with the Shoreham Players in 1926.

Music includes his songs *Yarmouth Fair* and *Pretty Ring Time* and his carols *Bethlehem Down* and *Benedicamus Domino*, and the world première of Warlock's transcription of a madrigal by John Dowland (1563-1626).

The Peter Warlock Society will be holding its 1998 AGM in Shoreham, and tracing Warlock's composition of *Maltworms* with E J Moeran. Meeting at 11am in *The Five Bells* at Eynsford where it was composed, they then move to Shoreham to perform it with a brass band, as the composers did in February 1926.



COLLINS
EYNSFORD

Woodcut of Warlock by Hal Collins, Warlock's Maori factotum in Eynsford

Saturday 23 May 1998 at 5pm

The Church of St Peter and St Paul, Shoreham
followed by wine and refreshments in the adjacent Old Vicarage
by kind permission of Mrs Susan Hinks

The Sunday Singers *conducted by Robin Mace*
The Guildhall Brass Ensemble *conducted by Eric Crees*
Sarah Walker *soprano* **Paul Mead** *tenor*
Danny Kingshill *bass* **Janet Sharp** *piano*

Admission by programme : £5 on the door
in aid of funds for future Sunday Singers performances
Further details of the day's events from Malcolm Rudland. Tel 0171 589 9595