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The Peter Warlock Society

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EDITORIAL

What a wonderful Great Warley Weekend of Warlock we had. It would never have happened without John Bishop's imagination and organisation. We had discussed for some time in committee the possibility of Essex and, in particular, Uncle Evelyn's house *Goldings* as a venue for our AGM but John transformed what could so easily have been a mundane and functional event into a celebration of Warlock, his local connections, and related aspects of English song.

Who was Winifred Baker? For some time she has been an intangible figure although, clearly, an important one for, as many of you know, she would have been PW's sole beneficiary in a will left incomplete and, therefore, invalid at the time of his death. Suddenly, however, there has been a burst of activity. It was back in June that Barry Smith faxed me an article – included within – that raised eyebrows when I read it out at a PWS committee meeting. For he has found out that she was not the nurse we had been led to believe but a ballet dancer. And there is more . . . Coincidentally, Silvester Mazzarella has tracked down some addresses of the Baker family in the Eastbourne area; and Jonathan Carne, in his study of *The frostbound wood*, relates aspects of the poem and, thereby, PW's setting of it to her. My own small contribution to the process has been to e-mail some members of the extensive Baker family who have websites in the hope that they might be able to contribute to the discussion. So far there have been no replies.

You may have noticed a small change to the masthead on this Newsletter. I can now be accessed via the Internet and so I have added my e-mail address. The Warlockian reference was not my original intention but, as all sensible variants on my name had already been grabbed, I thought it best to choose something that was unlikely to have been picked by somebody else. I have also changed my and Malcolm Rudland's telephone numbers to take account of the new exchange codes that come into effect next year. You can use these now although, for a limited time, the old numbers will continue to work.

Brian Collins

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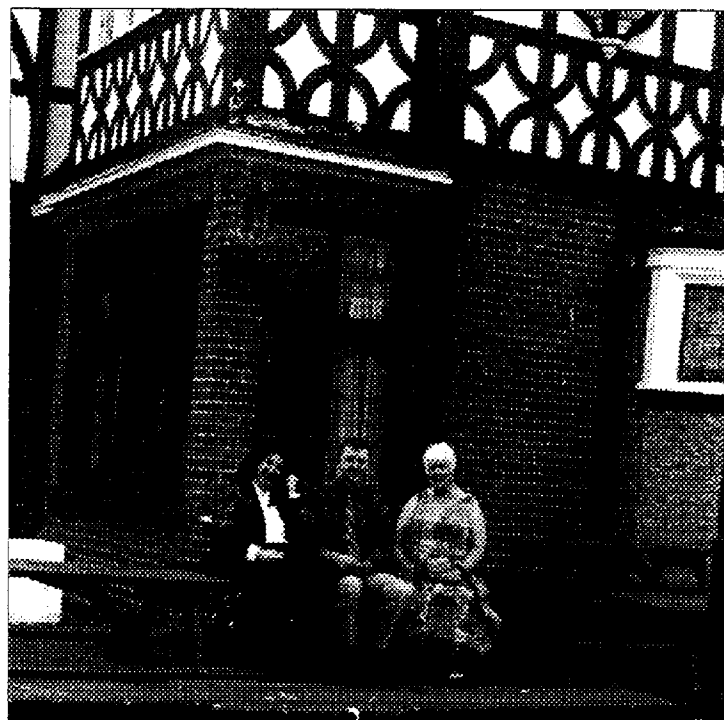
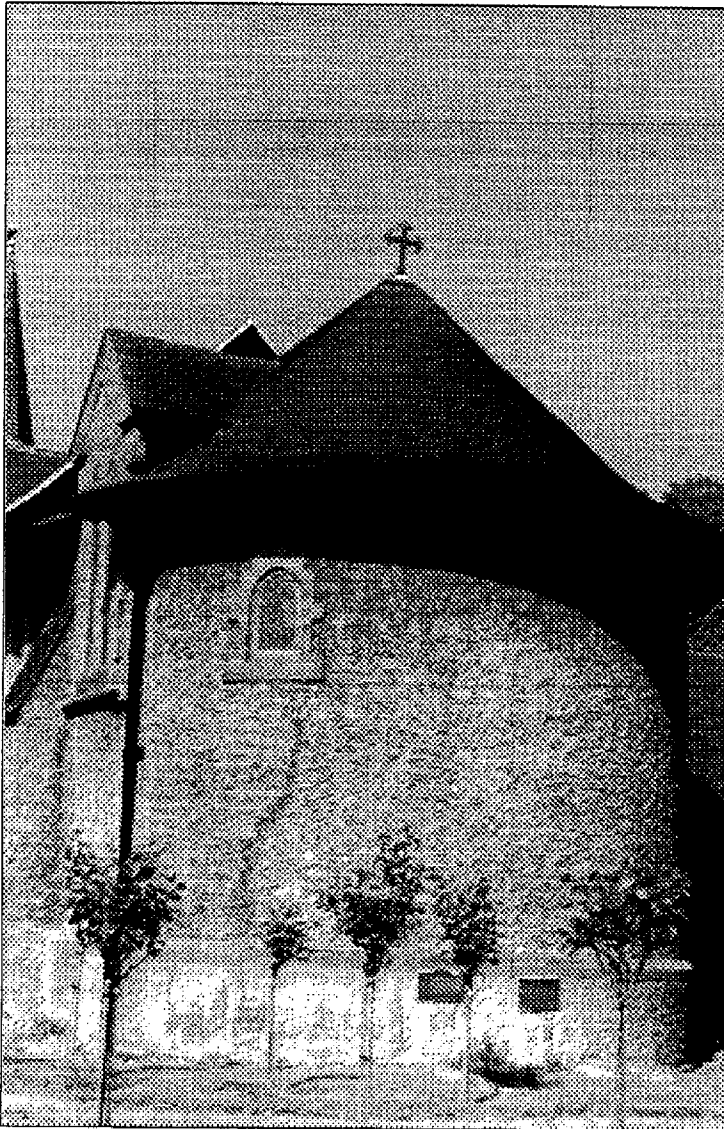
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The "Heseltine" Church of St Mary the Virgin, Great Warley, Essex. See reports of the AGM on the following pages.



Rhian Davies (left), Webmaster Richard Valentine and PWS member Kathleen Bentley outside *The New World Hotel*, Great Warley, formerly *Goldings*, the Heseltine family residence.

1 – Chairman's report

In particular respects this is not going to be a conventional report. One of those things reiterates what you already know and becomes a self-congratulatory exercise. By rejecting this prototype I don't want you to think that there is nothing from the past 12 months to be pleased about or proud of, far from it, but you can read of such matters in the Newsletters. If you are a very new member you may have some grounds for feeling deprived but, if this is the case, I'm sure that between us, we can find some means of getting you up-to-date with recent developments.

In the past I and my predecessors have stressed the importance of carefully cataloguing events since, as a registered charity, we had to do so in order to satisfy the Commissioners. When I dutifully sent a copy of my Report from last year to Robin to pass on to the Charities Commission I was delighted – relieved even – to be told that there was no longer a need to do so. This makes sense to me; we are Registered Charity No 257041 and from this I conclude that there may well be at least 257040 other organisations, the annual reports of which some poor soul might have been expected to read. In the past I have geared my comments to the uninformed peruser and endeavoured to wrap up the information in "didn't-we-do-well" phraseology, thereby justifying our existence. It seems that I don't have to do that any more.

So my report this year doesn't look back, rather it seeks to cast an eye to the future. But don't think that I have gone soft; I don't want you to fall into the trap of believing that, like the gullible masses, I have concluded that the millennium ends at the stroke of midnight on 31st December. To begin with I was taught how to count and to recognise that the number of years in a millennium is 1000 – no more, no less; secondly I am not so foolish as to think that a mere change of digits is going to be the harbinger of a new and better world. So what I offer you is not a reflection on the past but a view of the future, what Tom Lehrer described, in fact, as "pre-nostalgia".

We are a small Society. We don't have a trust-fund to bolster our finances, we don't have wealthy patrons, we have no reliable, steady income other than that generated by members' subscriptions. Last year we agreed to raise the amount each of us pays in order to give us a more secure basis. I think that I would be failing in my responsibility to you if I didn't try to justify that increase.

You will shortly be listening to the Treasurer's report on the year's financial adventures and what Robin will be concentrating on, quite rightly, are the figures. I want to go beyond those even though I have a horrible feeling that I shall find myself in waters that, if not exactly uncharted, will not be easily navigable. We have to decide, as a Society, where we go from now. We have all of Warlock's original music in print but we also have to maintain that situation. When an edition is sold out we have to find the

wherewithal to reprint it; the sums involved are not necessarily large but they have to be found. Of course, we look outside the Society whenever we can but, a case in point, we have so far not succeeded in finding a new sponsor for the reprint of the *Sociable Songs*. The search goes on but, if it proves fruitless, we shall have to put up the money ourselves.

But we can't satisfy ourselves with simply re-issuing what has already existed, important though that may be. For this reason the Society now has a new sub-committee or – to put it a slightly better way – a re-aligned sub-committee. The previous Publications sub-committee was largely spearheaded by the late David Cox but, to the best of my knowledge, has not met since his death over two years ago. In its place is what we are calling the "Projects sub-committee" which will evaluate not only publications but other ventures too. It consists of Rhian Davies, John Bishop and myself although we can co-opt others as appropriate.

We currently have two new ventures in mind both, as it happens, involving publications. We intend to issue Warlock's collection of limericks or, to put it another way, as many of his limericks that we can track down for, while a definitive collection may exist, it has not yet been located and material has consequently been pieced together from a diversity of sources. I'm not going into the justifications for doing this; that is more than adequately dealt with in the prefaces that have been prepared and our most recent committee meeting turned into one of the most animated and fiercely argued that I have witnessed before deciding to go ahead with publication. The text has already been typed up and we hope to go ahead with the final stages of production in the not too distant future.

An altogether different project is a proposed *Pictorial Biography*. Perhaps I should say a re-proposed *Pictorial Biography* for I recall such a work being mooted when I first joined the Society about 25 years ago. However, for reasons which I shall elaborate upon shortly, there would seem to be no better time than the present to go ahead with it. It will be an ambitious venture. Picture books are much more expensive to produce than those that consist substantially of text. We have already successfully applied for help with funding and may be able to secure more but a financial commitment will still have to be made by the Society itself, either from our existing funds or elsewhere – and I'm not ruling out a request to the membership for help in this.

To help with this I want to undertake some streamlining of our expenditure. I'd like, as I intimated at last year's meeting, to cut down on the costs of accounting and printing of the Newsletter. I put an appeal for a tame accountant in the last issue of the Newsletter but, so far, I have had no response. And I am not at all dissatisfied with the firm who currently print our Newsletters; they have been very helpful in the past and offer an efficient service. They are only a few minutes away from me and can usually turn the job around in a couple of days or less once they have my artwork. It actually takes longer to pack up and send out the Newsletter than it does to print it but, if anybody feels that they could find somewhere more economical and would be prepared to undertake the

distribution please let me know. It is a responsibility that I would gladly donate to someone else.

Nor am I happy – and this may be more controversial – with the cost of running the Society on a day-to-day basis. At present I am far from sure how this can be remedied but I intend to investigate ways of reducing costs and getting as much of our money into practical endeavours as possible. I have already instigated discussion of this in committee.

How many of you have visited the Peter Warlock Website? Using the Internet is not as difficult as you might imagine. You don't even need a computer of your own as more and more public libraries offer such facilities either for a small sum or, in some cases, for nothing. The Internet is an extraordinary medium. A couple of weeks ago I used it to make contact with an old friend whom I have not seen for nearly thirty years and with whom I stopped corresponding in 1978. And I had an e-mail from someone just the other day who remembers performing some Warlock songs with me as long ago as 1977, who developed a lasting interest in PW and has been a PWS member for several years. These things do happen and will happen more in the future. I paid tribute to our Webmaster, Richard Valentine, last year and I happily do so again now, the more so because he is here with us today, all the way from New York State.

I said that my report this year would concentrate on the future and be less concerned with what had happened during the preceding twelve months. I make one exception to that. The film that Rhian Davies has worked on one way and another for years has finally been transmitted. There have been some disappointments along the way but I think that it is a remarkable achievement because it takes our knowledge of Warlock into new territory, physically as well as metaphorically. An extraordinary amount of new material has come to light as a result of Rhian's research and amongst this are photographs that must go into the *Pictorial Biography* I mentioned a few moments ago. Those of you able to receive programmes from Welsh transmitters will probably already have seen it. Some of us were able to see a version of it earlier in the year but those staying this evening will have the chance to evaluate it as a showing is scheduled for later on. It is a very positive gesture that, I am sure, anticipates the year ahead.

Brian Collins

2 – An exciting AGM!

Great Warley seemed to have reserved our own summer for us - the sky was a clear azure, the sun warmly welcoming. The church, hotel and few houses nestled cosily, lit up by an air of Warlockian mischievous excitement - was that there already, or did we bring it with us?

By 10 a.m. Saturday, quite a large crowd of us had gathered, eager to explore any feature of, or association with, Warlock that was not as yet fully known to us, or to renew our acquaintanceship with it if

completely familiar! From all over the country we flocked, an unusual gathering – a range of ages, professions, nationalities, interests, eccentricities drawn together here by this one consuming passion . . .

First on the agenda was a tour of the "Heseltine" church. Most of us had already made our way inside and were exploring the artistic and architectural delights it has to offer. We were starting to wonder where our tour-guide was when the church warden, slightly miffed at being pre-empted, turned up and announced that he'd been waiting for us at the lychgate. So we trooped back like naughty school-children to the official tour start. The lychgate, beautifully carved and remaining intact despite two attempts at vandalism, is noted for the text inscribed by the sculptor Eric Gill. A short wander round the pretty, landscaped gardens, which Evelyn, Warlock's uncle, called his 'Garden of Rest', ensued; notable features included florally decorated drainpipes, a sundial, now happily restored fully, again after vandalism, and a gold-leafed dove on the bell-tower top. Then there was to be a more detailed examination of the church's unconventional but quite beautiful interior. Briefly, the plaque above the door records that "This church was built in the year A.D. 1902 to the glory of God and in memory of my brother Arnold Heseltine. Born 18 January 1852. Died 13 March 1897." Financed by Warlock's uncle, designed mostly by Reynolds-Stephens, with Harrison Townsend the architect, it is quite a surprise – and not an unpleasant one, either – to walk from a seemingly typical picturesque country church exterior to an inner dominated by Art Nouveau.

It is worth mentioning a few of the myriad fascinating points of St Mary the Virgin that struck me the most: although contemporaneous with the rest of the interior, the slightly out-of-place and unsigned oil painting of Pilgrim and angel in the Nave; the sanctuary, including a rather eye-catching reredos, focusing on the figure of Christ in silver, standing on the serpent, hand raised in blessing with the words "My Peace I give unto you"; the memorial chapel, named the "Gateway to Life", with a beautiful marble reredos portraying the entombed Christ, watched over by two angels, in memory of those "Gallant British Fighting Men who made the Supreme Sacrifice"; the organ, built by Norman and Beard of Norwich, and which reflects the style of the rest of the church. The instrument has been constructed from a number of metals (ten different metals and alloys are used throughout the church), and amongst the embellishing details are an angel in the canopy centre, flowers, and heart-shapes – motifs which are prominent throughout the decoration of St Mary (another one of which is of grapes and vines). There is a window and plaque dedicated to Evelyn, and one also in memory of his only son – Warlock's cousin – whose three hobbies of music, gardening and books are therein portrayed.

It was back then to the Church Hall for tea and biscuits, followed by Trevor Hold's inspiring talk about Roger Quilter's influence on Peter Warlock. Trevor dispelled several myths and opened our eyes further to Warlock's admiration of Quilter, to what

Quilter taught Warlock – the art of song-writing, and about Jacobean songs – and the similarities and differences between the music and poem choices of both. We went our separate ways then for lunch (a warning to unsuspecting New World Hotel bar visitors – beware the sheer volume of chips you may be innocently ordering!), and met up again for the AGM. This was the most informal and hilarious music society AGM I have had the privilege to attend! However, some serious work did get done amongst the jokes, quips, teasings, witticisms, and excuses . . .

The ensuing talk on Delius and Warlock, slightly more academic but no less delightful than the morning's talk, showed Society chairman Brian Collins on top form. The workshop which followed was, for me, the highlight of a thoroughly enjoyable and instructive day, wherein Michael Pilkington taught us all something about songsinging. Points were made about singing with more feeling (Danny Gillingwater was acting the rôle of pupil, though he sang, as ever, with gusto and increasing confidence); better annunciation; the addition of pauses and commas in the music; and keeping the voice *legato* during the *staccato*, bouncing accompaniment to *The lover's maze*. Having improved *Passing by* and *Fair and true*, we ended spectacularly with *Mr Belloc*, which certainly seemed to need no tuition to be fantastically rousing. It was indeed a delight to hear in informal circumstances where we could all, pantomime-style, participate, Danny's versatile voice performing such a colourful repertoire.

With a glass of sherry or three we raised a toast to Barry Smith, sadly unable to attend, to mark the conclusion of the *Complete Journalism of Philip Heseltine* after which it was time to get back to the church for the Warlock *Gallimaufry*. After a brief introduction by John Bishop, explaining whence "Gallimaufry" (basically, I think he just wanted to show off!) the concert commenced with a lovely selection of short organ pieces, especially written for the occasion by Society members. They varied greatly in manner, but were linked by their common factor of a Warlock tune or tunes as the basis, and Malcolm Rudland played them most competently; very enjoyable, all. Thence to four Elizabethan love-songs (edited by Warlock, so as not to lose the all-pervasive connection for the weekend), performed (again, commendably) by Simon Herbert and John Bishop, after which we had an enlightening rendition of Warlock's letters as pertaining to Great Warley. These had been formulated into a programme by Philip Stone, and were read persuasively by Philip and Danny Gillingwater – informative, well-compiled and excellently acted. And to round off a lively concert we all joined in with *What cheer? Good cheer!* one of the spirited carols by Warlock, composed for his uncle Evelyn.

We all trudged back to the hotel for a rather "friendly" buffet supper (but what with good food, good wine and good company, who cared that we were a little squashed?). Then was to be the film about Warlock that we'd all been waiting for. Scripted by Rhian Davies, this is a well-rounded, well-acted production,

looking with considerable insight into Warlock's quirky character and interests, and set to a background of his music. To complete a delightful and engaging day, we had extracts from a video of Malcolm conducting *The curlew* recently in Hungary.

For the sturdy band of volunteers, a fresh start the next day involved choir practice before Matins in the Church – a decent, traditional 1662 service (thank heavens – all too rare these days!). We Warlock choristers certainly enjoyed coming to grips with Whythorne's anthem *Grace after meat* (ed. Warlock), and other Society members played an active part in the service in various ways.

Tea or coffee back in the church hall next before our last talk of the weekend – Lewis Foreman on Jack Moeran. This included some charming, if idiosyncratic, recordings of items performed by folksingers from earlier this century, which enlivened an already enthralling and inspiring talk.

We packed up and made our own ways *via* lunch to All Saints Church, East Horndon, for the final item on our agenda, and by no means the least. To conclude, some fine examples of the work of the man we had been so avidly celebrating through the weekend were heard alongside songs by other worthy composers. We started with the earliest, Parry, and went on to Warlock (his ever-rewarding *Lillygay* cycle) through Gurney and Moeran, ending with scrumptious songs by Roger Quilter. Soprano Sarah Leonard sang admirably, doing justice, with Joan Taylor at the piano, to some of the most exquisite music written in our country towards the end of the last century and at the start of this, a wonderful ending to an absorbing and entertaining weekend.

So, with a few glasses of sherry and some Pringles inside us, we slipped off to the more real, less hand-some, world of traffic jams and London rain, made more buoyant by reverberations of Warlock echoing yet through our minds . . .

Emma Marshall

3 – Warlock and English song

The organiser of the Great Warley weekend reports:

Self-congratulation doesn't exactly come easily to me (there are those who say I'm even harder on myself than on others!) but it would be perverse not to acknowledge that I was generally pleased with the *Warlock and English Song* weekend. I've been running concerts, festivals and other events for some 45 years, and this one, more than most, achieved almost all that I'd hoped for. No, it wasn't perfect (sorry about the cramped conditions at the buffet supper and one or two other less than ideal features of *The New World Hotel*), but show me an event with as many components as this that doesn't slip up somewhere. We kept to the schedule and the tea-urn only let us down once!

In drawing up the programme there were at least eight objectives:

- To explore Warlock's Great Warley connections
- To place Warlock alongside other important song-composers of his period
- To explore some of his lesser-known songs
- To acknowledge his pioneer work in the field of early music
- To see, via the new Welsh TV film about the Celtic part of his life, some of the places with which he was associated
- To introduce a creative element by commissioning some Warlock-related organ pieces
- To have some live music-making
- To have the opportunity to purchase Warlock books, scores and CDs

I think it could be said that in all eight departments something rewarding was achieved. And that satisfaction extended to the social side, which was relaxed and marked by welcome reunions and newly-coined friendships. It was particularly pleasing to have among us Richard Valentine, our ever active webmaster, over from the USA on a lightning visit.

This is not the place to summarise what our speakers said but Trevor Hold, Lewis Foreman and Brian Collins (talking about Roger Quilter, E J Moeran and Delius respectively) all produced well-reasoned, amply-illustrated talks which didn't over-run and were free from the stifling hand of academe. Love of subject triumphed in each case. I added my penny-worth about the "local" Essex composer, Armstrong Gibbs, two new volumes of whose songs have just been published in an edition to which our own Michael Pilkington has made a substantial contribution.

The workshop on lesser-known Warlock songs could have gone on for another half-hour. The said Pilkington was quick to spot ways in which his "pupil" Danny Gillingwater, could sharpen his performance, and did so, sometimes hilariously. The rendition of that unfairly disregarded song *Fair and true* was one of those where singer and pianist (Anthony Ingle) got it together to produce moments of magic.

The choral concert originally planned as the highlight on Saturday night fell through and so *A Peter Warlock Gallimaufry* was assembled rather hastily. As is sometimes the case, necessity proved the mother of invention. It was surely remarkable that six of our members (Ian Parrott, Anthony Ingle, Trevor Hold, Betty Roe, John Mitchell and Frank Bayford) were able to produce specially written, Warlock-related organ pieces – one of them quite substantial. Full marks to organist Malcolm Rudland for taking on this assignment at short notice in the midst of his busy life. It is my earnest hope that a publication will eventually come out of these pieces and others now being coaxed from the membership.

Earlier on Saturday we had raised a glass to Barry Smith to mark publication of the fourth and final volume in the series of Heseltine's collected journalism (see elsewhere in this issue).

As the focal point of the *Gallimaufry*, the distinguished actor Philip Stone (yes, you've seen him often on cinema and TV screens) combined with Danny Gillingwater to make an informative documentary presentation of Heseltine's connection with

Great Warley. His journey from youthful enthusiasm to cynical disdain was both touching and disturbing. To finish the evening we all sang *What cheer? Good cheer!* – one of the "silly carols" PH wrote for Uncle Evelyn, effectively the "Squire" of Great Warley, who didn't however oblige with the hoped-for cash distribution.

Warlock's pioneering interest in early music was marked at two points: some of his transcriptions for keyboard and solo voice of Elizabethan lute-songs were sung on the Saturday night by an agreeable baritone, Simon Herbert, and then on the Sunday morning ten of us, rehearsed and conducted by Michael Pilkington, joined the minuscule local choir to sing a traditional 1662 Matins. We, the Warlock Singers, provided the anthem – the 16th century Whythorne's *Grace after meat* in the edition edited by PW which proved just enough of a challenge for the impromptu group.

The experience kept our minds well focused, and afterwards, having grappled more or less successfully with the less-than-familiar pointing of the canticles, we had the satisfaction of feeling that we had come through. For his voluntary the local organist (who whispered to me, "I wish we could have you lot every week!") obliged with *Pieds-en-l'air* from *Capriol*, and then the ever-opportunist Malcolm Rudland gave us a Warlock peal on the church's carillon.

Saturday's late-night showing of Rhian Davies's recently premiered TV film was a bonus and made a strong impression, not least because so much had been achieved with the negligible budget. Frank Bayford said it was, perhaps, the finest TV film he had seen on a musical subject – a view others endorsed.

The Sunday recital of English song in the intriguing church at nearby East Horndon (where the pearly-toned piano was once owned by the pianist Solomon) was in the safe throat of Sarah Leonard, currently making a six-CD survey of English 20th-century song. Central to her programme was Warlock's *Lillygay*, which she is to include in the shortly forthcoming third CD of the series. Her performance of this, plus a selection of Parry, Gurney, Quilter, Ireland and Moeran, gave much pleasure, with her keen attention to line and character, aided by a strong yet sensitive pianist, Joan Taylor: a most refreshing hour and an ideal end to the weekend.

And so it was time for a glass of wine and farewells. Two hours later I was home, with adrenalin beginning to fade and exhaustion taking over. But there was certainly a satisfying feeling, as Shakespeare put it, both "in the heart and in the head".

John Bishop

ARTICLES

The enigma of Winifred Baker

My acute awareness of the problems confronting anyone having the temerity to attempt to write about Philip Heseltine led me to quote from Carole Angier's biography of Jean Rhys at the beginning of my biography of PW that was published in 1994. "A book is never finished, especially if it is about real rather than fictional people. There are always mistakes, reassessments, unanswered questions . . . a book is the product of a particular person at a particular time and cannot aim at completeness." In the past five years, as more information about Heseltine surfaces, I have realised just how true this statement is.

My attention was drawn to the following in Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy's biography of the author Gerald Brenan (1894-1987), *Gerald Brenan: The Interior Castle*:

Practically the only girl he [Brenan] didn't want to marry was the one who was his most constant companion. Winifred Baker - Freda (or Squinks) - was a beautiful, educated, ex-ballet dancer, who taught music . . . Freda came for weekends in June and July 1925 . . . After that Gerald and Freda slept together regularly once a month . . . He was still seeing her in 1927. Then she fell in love with the composer Philip Heseltine, who was supposed to be impotent. However, he gave Freda a child and she vanished from Gerald's life.

Now, those who know the Warlock story will remember what an important part Winifred Baker played in his life, not only as a friend to whom he poured out his anguish in a number of beautifully worded letters (quoted by both Cecil Gray and me), but also because of the fact that Philip named her as the sole beneficiary in the draft will found in his flat after his death. In my biography I described her as "a rather shadowy figure" and, relying on information given to Robert Beckhard by Bruce Blunt, painted a rather dreary and - it would seem - inaccurate picture of her (see p.271). On reading Gerald Brenan's biographical book *Personal Record* (1974), I found the following which throws some rather amazing light on Winifred Baker and her relationship with Philip Heseltine:

I had been seeing a good deal that past year of a girl called Winifred. She was around twenty-six years old and was a ballet dancer by profession, though she had by now ceased to appear on the stage. Instead she worked at a dancing school, though not I think very regularly because her mother gave her a sufficient allowance to keep her. She was a slim, dark girl with almond-shaped eyes and finely-pencilled eyebrows which gave her a rather Ancient Egyptian look and some people found her beautiful. I did not quite do that, for her very small mouth with its sad, pinched expression detracted from her appearance. She suffered from a deep and congenital depression which even alcohol did little to relieve . . . [she] went through a long period of hopeless misery and dejection during which for months on end she never got out of bed before the evening.

When I first got to know Freda, as she was usually called, she was on her way to recovery. But we had both been through or were still going through the same trough of the love disease and on the strength of that we became friends. Unlike most dancers I have known she was

intelligent and whenever she was not practising on her cello would sit in her room reading French and English literature. So we saw a good deal of one another and I was glad to have a girl to whom I could pour out all my thoughts and feelings as well as discuss books. Besides she was nearly always free because she went out little and had few friends. Thus it happened that once or twice a week I would go round to her rooms. There we would talk or listen to records . . . She had never had a lover before and I do not think that she got more than a vague pleasure from me but we were company for one another during the long nights. I found too a sensuous pleasure from lying pressed against her naked body, for she had the finest skin I have ever known as well as a good figure . . . yet because I was not in the least enamoured of her, I sometimes had reactions afterwards, as I think she did too. Indeed, we were never more than friends, drawn together by the loneliness that is the other side of the coin of love.

About a couple of years after this Freda got to know a very neurotic composer who had an addiction to virgins. She fell in love with him and they had an affair, after which I saw no more of her because he was jealous of me and made her promise to avoid my company. Although he was said to be impotent, he made her pregnant and she went down to her mother's house in the country to have her child. Then he committed suicide and I have heard nothing of her since . . .

So here is one great mystery made slightly less obscure but which, at the same time, presents us with an even greater one, namely what happened to the child? Needless to say I have begun my detective work and hope that in due course I can report the outcome. Who knows? There may be even more Heseltine descendants than we realised.

Barry Smith

Winifred Baker

It seems we are closing in on Winifred "Freda" Baker, the important but mysterious friend who was in Warlock's thoughts at the very end of his life. A few days ago I was told that Warlock's biographer, Barry Smith, has discovered that she was not a nurse as previously thought but a dancer, and that she may well have borne Warlock a child. A few days before learning this I had gone to Eastbourne to see what I could find out about her there, and I report the results in this article.

One of the few definite facts we have about her is her address on the unsigned will Warlock pencilled just before he died: "The Croft, Willingdon, Sussex". Today Willingdon, some two miles inland from the Channel coast, is part of Eastbourne. My idea was to look for "The Croft" (street name unknown) in local directories of the 1930 period at Eastbourne Public Library. Incidentally, I should warn other researchers that this library, conveniently near the railway station, is closed all day on Wednesdays. In 1930 Eastbourne had two directories, one part of the well-known *Kelly's* series, the other the *Eastbourne, Hailsham and District Blue Book*, both updated most years until the second world war, after which only *Kelly's* survived, continuing to appear every three years or so till 1973.

I started with *Kelly's*. In 1930 it had a special section for Willingdon which was very short, since appar-

ently not many people lived there. No "Croft" was listed. I also checked the "Trade" section (a sort of thirties *Yellow Pages* without phone numbers) for the whole of Eastbourne. Again a blank: there were plenty of Bakers, but none connected with any "Croft". This was discouraging; without an initial breakthrough of some kind I was going to get nowhere. Not hoping for much I began browsing among the other directories. In the *Blue Book* for 1930-1 I found a section headed "Upper Willingdon" and there was what I was looking for: "Baker, Harry (The Croft), Park Lane". The same entry was in the 1931-2 *Blue Book* and, again, in 1932-3.

The next step was to ask the librarian at the Reference Room desk where Park Lane, Upper Willingdon, was. She quickly found Park Lane on one of her maps – some two miles from the centre of Eastbourne, just short of the point where the two main roads leading north (King's Drive and Willingdon Road) combine. Park Lane linked the two. But nobody calls it Upper Willingdon now, she said, it's just part of Eastbourne, there's only Lower Willingdon a bit further north. I went back to the 1930 *Kelly's* and looked under Eastbourne rather than Willingdon and there it was again: "Baker, Harry, The Croft, Park Lane". I was tempted to rush out there and then to look for the house.

But perhaps more information could be extracted from the directories first, such as how long Harry Baker lived at *The Croft* and what the house's exact position in Park Lane had been – and, perhaps, some clue to Harry Baker's occupation. It was useful that in the twenties and thirties the directories had been published every year. Now I had the full address I could look up the Eastbourne street directory section, which listed all the houses in each street in order, and this told me that if, about 1930, you had entered Park Lane from Willingdon Road you would have found eight houses on your left and some three on your right. All had names rather than numbers and *The Croft* was the second on the left. The lack of numbers suggested these were probably the spacious residences of well-off people. 1930 was the first appearance of Harry Baker as resident of *The Croft*, prior to that a Mrs E Jenkins had lived there. So allowing for a few months' time lag before publication of the directory, we could assume that he and whatever family he may have had probably moved in in 1929. A further search showed that Harry Baker was last listed (by *Kelly's*) in 1938, then one M E Baker made a single appearance (1939) after which (1940) neither *The Croft* nor any Baker appears at all, suggesting the house may have been empty. M E Baker was clearly male since all women were listed as "Mrs" or "Miss". The *Blue Book* differed from *Kelly's* in listing Harry rather than M E Baker for 1939, but as this was its last-ever edition its editors may have economised on research knowing they were about to close down.

What conclusions can we draw? Harry Baker may have been Winifred's father; he must have been well-off though we have no clue to his occupation; and he may have died in 1937, with his family staying on one more year before selling the house. The new titular head of the family, M E Baker, may have been

Winifred's brother. Since I believed Winifred to have been a nurse (not having yet heard of Barry Smith's discovery) it did seem to me a bit unlikely that she should still be living with her parents at probably 30 or more years of age (Warlock had known her since at least 1919). However, if she was not a nurse but a dancer who had become what we now call a single parent, her living in her father's house becomes more plausible, especially if it was a big one.

I was now nearly ready to go off and look for *The Croft* but, first, I wanted to see whether the directories could give me any clue as to where Harry Baker might have lived before he moved there – quite possibly not in Eastbourne at all, but at least it might be worth checking his name in earlier directories. *Kelly's* for 1929 listed three Harry Bakers as Eastbourne householders. One of these was still at the same address in 1930 so could be eliminated. A second was listed only in 1929, so I couldn't find out any more about him. But the third, who in 1929 lived at *Sedgemoor*, Mill Road, appeared to have been at that address for some time. I now discovered that, in 1924-5, *Kelly's* had taken over an established Eastbourne directory called *Gowland's*, making changes to it and publishing it as *Kelly's* for the first time in 1926.

One of the changes they made was to abolish *Gowland's* division of residents into two categories, the "Court Directory" (a select few hundred) and the "Trades and General Directory" (later simply "General") for everybody else. Around 1900 the Court Directory had been published as the very first item in the book with the General Directory much further on, and when *Gowland's* had later moved the Court Directory to a less prominent place just in front of the General Directory, it was still marked as a thing apart by being printed on special pink pages. Harry Baker of *Sedgemoor* had been listed among the select gentry of the Court Directory with "Esq." after his name, which accorded well with the obvious prosperity of Harry Baker of *The Croft*.

Further research in the *Blue Book* showed that in 1896-7 (the earliest edition available on the open shelves, and I didn't have time to check further back) *Sedgemoor* didn't exist at all, but in 1897-8 it did, and the householder was already "Harry Baker Esq." and, what's more, another new house had simultaneously appeared next door, called *Framley* and occupied by a "Mrs Baker" who, like Harry, was listed in the Court section. Mrs Baker was followed from 1910 to 1917 as *Framley* householder by "Baker, Sydney" (classified as "Esq." in the Court pages). After this there was a gap of three years before the *Blue Book* came out again (in 1920) by which time *Framley* was occupied by a Mr Russell. In 1929, the last year Harry Baker was listed at *Sedgemoor*, a "Lt Col. Wm Jn Keen, C.I.E., C.B.E." was living at *Framley*, which also suggests an upper-middle class world.

It seems likely that the names *Sedgemoor* and *Framley* held some significance for the Baker family (places where earlier generations of Bakers had lived?) since the Bakers seem to have been the houses' first residents, in which case they very probably chose their names. The old names still

existed in 1929 but by now all the houses in Mill Road had been numbered, from 1 to 50, with *Sedgemoor* no 2 and *Framley* no 4. They were the first two houses on the right side of Mill Road if you walked up St Anne's Road from central Eastbourne. Mill Road ended as Park Lane did in Willingdon Road, but Park Lane was about a mile further from the centre of town. Of course it's quite possible that Harry Baker of *The Croft* and Harry Baker of *Sedgemoor* are not connected at all, but I have a feeling they could well be the same person. If they are one and the same, we have discovered Winifred Baker's childhood home. It should be possible to prove this one way or the other in 2001, when the Census for 1901 becomes available to the public. This will list not merely householders, but also the names of everyone else (including domestic servants if any) living at each address. What a pity the thirties Census entry for *The Croft* will be secret till 2031 – unless the system changes!

Again, what conclusions can we draw? My hypothesis is that the Harry Baker Esq who lived at *Sedgemoor* from about 1897 to 1929 was Winifred's father, and that she may have been born there around the turn of the century. Mrs Baker of *Framley* 1897-1909 was quite likely Harry's widowed mother (thus Winifred's grandmother), and Sydney Baker Esq. of the same address 1910-17 possibly a brother of Harry's who may have died in the first World War. Mill Road was clearly a very desirable residential area in 1897, but by 1929 it had become built up as Eastbourne expanded so Harry, not wanting to leave a part of the world he and his family had long known and loved, merely moved a mile up Willingdon Road to Park Lane, which was perhaps in as residentially desirable in 1929 as Mill Road had been in 1897.

There being no directories in our own more secretive age, all that remained for me was to set out on foot from the public library with a photocopied street map to see whether any trace of the Baker houses still remained, and whether I could learn anything from their appearance. I started in Upperton Road (which leads into Willingdon Road), then turned right down The Avenue and left up St Anne's Road so as to reach Mill Road from the *Sedgemoor* end. It is always quite a surprise when what looks flat on the map turns out to be a steep climb; such was the case with St Anne's Road, today an area of colleges and students, new buildings and large old residential houses in leafy settings. Reaching Mill Road I immediately saw *Sedgemoor* and *Framley* on my right, their names very clearly marked on their gates. This was a surprise, as the directories of the later sixties and early seventies had seemed to imply that the old names and even the houses themselves, nos 2 and 4, had gone and been replaced by a new structure called "Hounslow Children's Home, London Borough". Far from it; the old houses had been done up and looked in excellent shape, and were joined together by a discreet modern extension, thus perpetuating the old Baker family link. Their heavy, late-Victorian style lends support to the idea that they may have been built by or for the Bakers about 1896. They are big houses covered with typically fussy decorative features in red tile and white-painted wood, a cut

above the similarly decorated, semi-detached houses that were becoming popular at the time. Behind them the ground falls steeply away. A residential road (Ashburnham Road) now runs past the side of *Sedgemoor* and down the hill. This road doesn't yet exist in the directories for the first years the Bakers lived in the area, so they must have started with a splendid uninterrupted view from their back gardens down to the coast and Channel beyond. The whole thing suggests a well-off family, and it would be interesting to know where their money came from – clearly not trade, or at least not local trade or they would not have qualified for the "Court" list in the directories. I walked on up Mill Road, much of which has been redeveloped in modern times, passing on the left a much older building (perhaps 17th century or earlier) that must once have been surrounded by fields. This is Ocklynge Manor, and it carries a blue plaque which states that the children's artist Mabel Lucie Attwell (1879-1964, famous for drawing toddlers with bulbous arms and legs), once lived there (dates of residence not given). Perhaps Winifred Baker knew her. The quality of housing in Mill Road deteriorates rapidly at its upper end where it leads into Willingdon Road at a point where there is a pub dated 1888 and, on the other side of Willingdon Road, a church and large cemetery. Continuing up Willingdon Road I was dismayed to find another stiff climb, though when I got to the top the view was spectacular, or at least must have been before ribbon development along the main road and extensive new housing partly obstructed it. On the right the ground falls away allowing an extensive vista over the town and out into the Channel (like the view from behind 'Sedgemoor' but from a higher point), while not far off on the left and no less spectacular are beautiful steep dark green hills that mark the eastern extremity of the South Downs. After this the road dips a little before reaching Park Lane on the right. I had copied down from the directories the names of the eight houses that in 1930 stood on the left (as you entered Park Lane from Willingdon Road): *Malaya*, *The Croft*, *Park House*, and so on. The general pattern was clear enough even if the various directories had been a bit inconsistent, sometimes listing a house that happened to be temporarily unoccupied with a blank where the resident's name should have been, and sometimes omitting the house altogether, so that some names disappeared only to reappear again a year or two later.

Newer stockbroker-belt type houses have now been built between the eight old ones on the left, and a couple of modern closes lead to humbler houses behind. I knew from the 1973 directory that while some of the old names might have survived, all the houses were now numbered. In 1930 *The Croft* must have had a fine vista of fields and woodland facing its front windows since none of the old houses had been built across the road from it. Now it was apparently hidden behind a thick screen of dark conifers while across the road in front of it was a large area of asphalt tennis courts, beyond them in the distance the low modern buildings of what my map told me was a County secondary school. But the area is still richly wooded. The first old house on the left as you

enter Park Lane from Willingdon Road (once and possibly still *Malaya*) stands in splendid isolation on a spur of high ground. The second is the one buried behind conifers, it is separated from the third by a modern close.

It was not until I saw that this third house still carried its old name *Park House* that I was certain the second, almost invisible, house must be *The Croft* of 1930, though the name seems to have disappeared. The side of the house runs back a very long way beside the modern close, with extensive outbuildings behind it including a coach-house. I ventured into the drive, the only way to get a proper view of the front of the house. This confirmed that *The Croft* was both massive in appearance and colossal (not quite the same thing) a combination of heavy late-Victorian and mock Tudor, the sort of ostentatious building that might have appealed to Soames Forsyte. I rang the front-door bell. It seemed as if this huge place was still a single home, though modern housing has been built over part of what may once have been a very large garden behind. No one answered the bell and no lights could be seen in any of the house's many large windows. Perhaps the occupants were away. In any case, they may never have heard of the Bakers who lived there in the thirties.

That remains to be seen. But in the meantime I do think that between us all we are making some progress towards beginning to solve the enigma of "Freda" Baker and her place in Warlock's life.

Silvester Mazzarella

The frostbound wood

1 – Towards an interpretation

"At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
covered with boughes and shrubs from heaven's light."¹

The frostbound wood was composed in November 1929 and was printed in the *Radio Times* on December 20th, almost a year before Peter Warlock's death. It belongs to that last, precious handful of compositions which include *The first mercy*, *Bethlehem Down* (in two versions), and, of course, *The fox*. Curiously, these acknowledged masterpieces were written at a time in the composer's life when the creative spark had become frustratingly intermittent; a time when the market for newly published songs was receding, and shadows of despair lengthened and grew closer. Curiously still, the words of these songs were created especially for Warlock to set to music by his close friend of later years, Bruce Blunt. This is quite unusual in art-song and suggests the sort of partnership found in opera. In Blunt, Warlock found his ideal "librettist": the only writer, towards the end, who could stir his imagination to "pure utterance". Equally, in Warlock, Blunt found the only composer for whom he was inspired to write.²

Outwardly, the relationship provided good humoured companionship of a beery, convivial kind during

Warlock's post-Eynsford days and helped to create, as van Dieren put it, "an escape from the elemental loneliness that every poet knows and dreads."³ Clearly, an empathy existed between them. Whether or not Warlock ever bared his soul openly to the younger man is unknown; however, he was not averse to revealing his position in a brief, bluff sort of way. In September 1928, he begins a letter with typical candour, "As for me, I am at rock bottom – unable either to write anything or to sell the trash and drivel I have been able to knock up during the past few months."⁴ Blunt's equally matter-of-fact remarks made to Brian Hammond, long after the composer's death, stating the reason for Warlock's suicide, reveal, if nothing else, intimate knowledge of Warlock's private life.⁵

Blunt himself was a subtle and many-sided individual. In addition to being a 'bon viveur', an expert in wine, horse-racing and fluent in French, he was described by Anthony Wysard as being "quiet of voice, meticulous in phrase" and "well versed in literature and painting." In his 1944 radio reminiscence, Blunt went to great length to dismiss what he described as the Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde myth – the notion that the sinister Peter Warlock had eventually destroyed the gentle Philip Heseltine.⁶ To choose the very night of the composer's death to make such a strong denial of the sinister recalls Hamlet's Player Queen who "doth protest too much, methinks." Be that as it may, it becomes apparent that Blunt has created a counter-myth of his own by claiming that Warlock "was the genius of wherever he might be" and "a part of the English scene, a timeless being who had always stood and always would stand upon some Kentish hill-top or among the alleys of that land he loved the best – the stretch of country between Ross-on-Wye and the Black Mountains." These are vivid words with which to describe a friend, yet show his imaginative ability to enter into the soul of Peter Warlock. This "timeless being", were it to speak, might echo the cry of Goethe's Faust to the mighty Earth Spirit:

Not in vain

You turned your visage towards me in the fire,
Bestowing Nature's splendour to be mine.⁷

All of the Blunt poems which Warlock set are mythical in nature. Even *The cricketers of Hambleton* (which is usually dismissed as a light-hearted piece of nonsense) is, in fact, a paean *i.e.* a hymn to Apollo. Here, mortals offer praise to cricket's version of Mount Olympus and its gods. The strength of this "artfully artless" song lies in its evocation of English manliness. We who raise our glasses and join in the chorus rise to the stature of those we celebrate and, in doing so, lose our sense of smallness and become partners in the grand design. Myth has the power to reveal glimpses of those cosmic forces which underpin and inform our existence, and does so through stories and images of a supernatural kind. This power proved a potent stimulus to a composer whose *credo* was "All art is simply the making known of the unknown."⁸

That art reflects life is a well-worn truism. Such is the mystical nature of art that it makes us aware, in

sublime moments, that the future may throw its shadow backwards; this can give the odd impression that life reflects art. There are many examples of artists who have revealed their destiny prematurely: Van Gogh's *Wheatfield with crows* is one, with its path leading nowhere, and so is Ivor Gurney's *Ballad of the three spectres*⁹ which chillingly predicts his "hour of agony". Blunt's "mediaeval" carol *The frostbound wood* resonates profoundly on three levels: one is universal and draws on traditional mythical symbols; this then relates to the "Faustian" myth surrounding the Peter Warlock legend, which in turn mysteriously foreshadows events that were to occur in his life.

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frostbound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

She who once was Heaven's chosen
Moved in loneliness to me,
With a slow grace and weary beauty
Pitiful to see.

The first and most obvious strand to this counterpoint is the direct allusion to the mediaeval Cult of the Virgin. In the middle ages the downfall of Man was blamed on Eve; but salvation was possible through the second Eve – the mother of Jesus. It was believed that a sinner might win the mercy of the Father through the intercession of the Virgin Mary. The encounter at a moment of trial with a helpful female figure (usually supernatural) is common to folk tale and myth. Joseph Campbell says,

This is the guiding power that runs through the work of Dante in the figures of Beatrice and the Virgin, and appears in Goethe's *Faust* successively as Gretchen, Helen of Troy, and the Virgin.¹⁰

Blunt's opening lines evoke the meeting between Beatrice and Dante in *Purgatorio*; Beatrice appears as "A lady, olive-crowned o'er veil of white."¹¹

The veil of Beatrice is said to symbolise the cover which is placed over the Host during the Eucharist. Similarly, the white hood of the Virgin signifies holiness, purity and humility. Beatrice shows slightly more reproach in her countenance:

As to a child a mother looks stern-faced,
So to me seemed she: pity austere in thought
Hath in its savour a so bitter taste.¹²

Cecil Gray, who developed the "split personality" myth (which was first suggested by Lawrence),¹³ draws our attention to the "romantic dichotomy in his attitude to women" which Philip Heseltine, as opposed to Peter Warlock, exhibited:

... they had either to be angels of the Gretchen type, drawing him upwards into the light, or incarnate demons dragging him down into the darkness.¹⁴

Gretchen, the legend goes, falls in love with Faust (ardent Philip), but is fearful that Christ is not within him. Furthermore, she is concerned by his companion – Mephistopheles (cynical Peter) who fills her with horror.¹⁵

Just as Dante's Beatrice had a real (though brief) existence as well as a mythical one, the "Beatrice" in Peter Warlock's life, in so far as she could be emulated by any one of his Gretchen-type angels is most aptly

embodied by Winifred Baker. His letter to her of June 7th 1930, reads like a testament of despair. There are many phrases which identify Winifred with the Mary of *The frostbound wood*:

You came to me with the most lovely and precious gifts as can be offered only to those who know the light – and stood patiently, offering them again and again, while I betrayed you, reviled, mocked, and ill-used you with a barbarity that must surely have been implanted in me by the fiends of Hell.

He describes her as "the guardian angel of my soul" and "my one Reality" and reveals that

I knew love only when I first saw you eleven years ago – all else that I have called love in my life has been a hideous mockery, a soul-destroying obscenity.

Perhaps, most significantly of all, she symbolizes his poetic muse:

All that is good in my work that I have ever done is you and you alone.¹⁶

The carol continues:

Bethlehem could hear sweet singing,
"Peace on earth, a Saviour's come."
Here the trees were dark, the heavens
Without stars, and dumb.

Past she went with no word spoken,
Past the grave of Him I slew,
Myself the sower of the woodland
And my heart the yew.

In *Purgatorio* Dante, who has been frozen by Beatrice's reproaches, hears angels singing and the "sweet chord of their compassion" brings a catharsis:

The ice that round my heart had hardened, woke
Warm into breath and water, and from my breast
In anguish, through mouth and through eyes outbroke.¹⁷

After Beatrice tells the angels about Dante's life and disloyalty, he confesses his sins and is filled with penitence. In stark contrast to Dante, who is able to continue his upward journey towards *Paradiso*, no redemption is possible to the dweller of *The frostbound wood* for, within the dark, frozen landscape of his soul, he has slain and buried the Christ Child. The yew tree is a symbol of death and sorrow.

In mediaeval times the world experienced a kind of "mini" Ice Age when the climate was cold enough for the Thames to freeze over. Cold was to be feared and winter was a form of divine punishment; images of Hell were as likely to depict ice as they were fire. Winter represented decay which could be redeemed by spring; the physical decay of the body with age – a steadily worsening "winter" – suggested the desertion of God. Brian Stone points out that

Man's erring soul, watching in horror the decay of its fleshly home, was haunted by memories of sinful joy in its pride of life, taunted by only too poignant visions of never-to-be-had heavenly blisses.¹⁸

The frostbound wood can be seen in strictly mediaeval terms, depicting the terror of aging and death.¹⁹

Warlock himself, at 35 years of age, was outgrowing his (at times) riotous youth and was dogged by self-doubt and depression. In the letter to Winifred Baker (quoted earlier) there is a sense of foreboding – of time running out. He sounds very much like Blunt's "sower of the woodland" when he reflects that "I have found in myself so many seeds of the soul's death . . ."

In Marlowe's *Faust* Mephistophilis, an angel who has fallen from God's grace, explains why he is damned wherever he happens to be:

Think'st thou that I that saw the face of God
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?²⁰

This is the nub of the poetic irony that lies at the heart of *The frostbound wood* which is expressed so beautifully in the third verse with its balance (midway in the poem) between light and dark. Furthermore, it is perfectly encapsulated in a most striking phrase to Winifred Baker:

"The supreme blasphemy, the sin against the Holy Spirit, is to know the Light and, knowing it, to plunge into the darkness; and I know by bitter experience that it is not without reason that this sin was called the soul's destruction."

The line which contains "the grave of Him I slew" reveals Blunt, perhaps unconsciously, reinforcing the legend that he, on the surface at least, was keen to dispel; perhaps the general point should be made, once and for all, that confusion (or argument) need not arise providing some distinction is made between the mask and its wearer. *The frostbound wood* embodies the doppelgänger element in the Warlock legend – as Blunt put it, "the extraordinary myth that he was really two persons in one, and that the sinister Peter Warlock eventually destroyed the gentle Philip Heseltine." The doppelgänger is a powerful symbol which influences Romantic art from Goethe to Wilde. Its presence is one of foreboding and in some cases, such as we find in *The picture of Dorian Gray*, destruction. PW's close friend, Cecil Gray, maintained that by the end "he had killed his old, his real self, irrevocably."²¹ These words directly echo those of Warlock to Winifred Baker:

"I do not pretend to understand the source of the appalling perversity in my nature that has caused me now for years, with deliberate and callous cruelty, to torment and persecute that only precious part of myself, which is you, until I know not now whether the semblance of its death is death its very self and no semblance at all."

Mary that was the Child's mother
Met me in the frostbound wood:
Her face was lovely and care-laden
Under a white hood.

The poem ends as it began, adding to the sense of timelessness. Warlock had begun his letter to Winifred as follows:

On that miraculous day, now more than two months past, when I was with you in those lovely places, I was so oppressed by the beauty of it all – and you were the key to it and all the downs and rivers and birds were you . . .

In other words she is the springtime in which he is unable to participate: spring redeems and winter punishes. In a subsequent letter, dated June 30th, the gloom persists. Warlock confides that if he ever feels "bearably human again" he will contact her; his phrase, in the light of things, is uncanny:

I will write to you and we will meet in Ashdown Forest or where you will.²²

Was Ashdown Forest a special (or secret) meeting place? And, if so, did Bruce Blunt know of its

significance? These are matters of pure conjecture.

In volume 4 of Warlock's songs²³ a strange document is printed at the end of *Rutterkin*. It is a small square of paper onto which is stuck a photograph of a rather dejected Peter Warlock lying in bed. Above this is printed the last three bars of that song in the composer's own handwriting. The clear intention was to identify himself (ironically) with the outsider in the song. To one side of the photograph lies a thumbprint, and beneath it is written a Greek palindrome which, translated, states "Wash my soul not only my face" which is sometimes to be found inscribed on fonts. This document, which dates from 13th May, 1930, was found amongst the composer's belongings. It would be intriguing to know if the photographer was the same person who appears to have left an imprint in the pillow next to him. The original which, as it happens, hangs on my wall, is a form of icon. And like *The frostbound wood* itself, it is a window into the soul of Peter Warlock.

Jonathan Came

Addendum

Since writing the above I have noticed that there are some more interesting links between Winifred, Beatrice and *The frostbound wood*. In that respect what follows is an adjunct to the word "conjecture" in the penultimate paragraph.

A mediaeval prayer to the Virgin begins "Hail Mary full of wyne/The Holy Ghost is thee within". "Wynne" means "grace". The name Winifred has English and Welsh origins: in Old English it combines "wynn" (joy) and "frid" – pronounced "frith" – (peace). In Ireland and Scotland it has been used as an Anglicised form of "Una". Una, it might be remembered, was the female companion and guide to the Red Cross Knight in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. The Welsh word "(g)wyn" means "white, holy, blessed"; there is a similarity here with Beatrice which comes from the Latin "beatus" (blessed). It is quite possible that both Blunt and Warlock were aware of these etymological connections and saw significance in them.

Notes

- 1 Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Queene* Book II, *canto* vii.
- 2 In *Warlock and Blunt* Fred Tomlinson reflects that "Elizabeth Poston, asked Blunt for words to set. No poems were forthcoming."
- 3 *Musical Times*, vol. 72, February 1931.
- 4 Quoted in *Warlock and Blunt*, Fred Tomlinson.
- 5 *Peter Warlock Society Newsletter* No. 59 – Autumn 1996 .
- 6 Interestingly, Cecil Gray, who believed in the triumph of the *alter ego* over the "real self", rejects the crude "Jekyll and Hyde" duality p.233 of his *Memoir*.
- 7 Goethe's *Faust: Forest and Cavern*.
- 8 Letter to Cecil Gray , June 15th 1918.
- 9 Ivor Gurney: from *Severn and Somme* 1917.
- 10 *The hero with a thousand faces*, chapter 3.
- 11 Dante's *Divine Comedy: Purgatorio, canto xxx*.

12 *Ibid.*

13 In a letter to Lady Ottoline (February 15th 1916), Lawrence refers to people like Heseltine "who can't have full satisfaction in one person because they themselves are too split."

14 Gray's *Memoir* p. 230.

15 This is depicted in Goethe's *Faust*, Part 1: *Martha's Garden*. With regard to Mephistopheles, Joseph Campbell asserts "he is the lurer of the innocent soul into realms of trial".

16 Letter quoted on pages 283/4 of Gray's *Memoir*.

17 *Purgatorio*, canto xxx.

18 *Poems of Sin and Death* from *Medieval English Verse*, Penguin.

19 Not in the sense of us growing away from God – which is Wordsworthian, but the sense of God growing away from us, perhaps.

20 Act 1, Scene 3.

21 Gray, page 299.

22 Gray, page 285.

23 Thames Publishing.

Two lost Warlock songs

On 27th May 1979 I visited Myfanwy Thomas, the younger daughter of the poet Edward Thomas (1878-1917), at her home in Eastbury, Berkshire. Thomas and his wife, Helen, had three children, Merfyn (1900-65), Bronwen (1902-75) and Myfanwy (b. 1910); those familiar with his poetry will know that towards the end of his life – he was killed during the Battle of Arras in April 1917 – he wrote a series of *Household Poems*, one for Helen and one each for his children.

During our long and wide-ranging conversation – centred, naturally enough, on her father and his poetry, but also including the novelist Henry Williamson (1895-1977), whose secretary she was for a time – we somehow came round to the subject of Peter Warlock. She told me that Bronwen lived with Kate and Hubert Foss at Eynsford in the early 1920s, acting as nanny to the Fosses' children. Myfanwy, who was living with her mother at nearby Otford, would occasionally visit Eynsford at the weekend, to stay in the Foss's crowded cottage, where she met many of Hubert's musical friends, including Peter Warlock, Bernard van Dieren and E J Moeran.

It was during this time that Warlock made a setting of Bronwen's poem, "If I should ever by chance grow rich": this would have been in c1923-4. The manuscript appears to have gone missing during a house move and has unfortunately never resurfaced. This would appear to be the one and only time Warlock set Edward Thomas's poetry to music; how sad, therefore, that it is "lost, presumed missing", for it would have been another contemporary collaboration to add to the Thomas settings by Ivor Gurney,

Edmund Rubbra and Edward Bairstow. Myfanwy also recollected an attractive setting by Warlock of Blake's *Infant Joy* ("I have no name: I am but two days old"). Neither this nor the Thomas setting are listed by Tomlinson (1974), Copley (1979) or Banfield (1985). She also remembered attending a performance of *The mass of life* at the 1929 Delius Festival with Bronwen and sitting close to the box occupied by the Deliuses and Warlock.

Information about the Fosses at Eynsford can be found in Myfanwy's delightful memoir, *One of these fine days* (Carcenet Press, 1982 – still in print) although she does not mention the Warlock songs.

Trevor Hold

Warlock archives

Much material pertaining to Peter Warlock is to be found in large collections such as that in the British Library. But, particularly as we get to grips with compiling a pictorial biography of PW, there is a niggling thought that some unknown piece of Warlockiana is out there.

To this end we should like to put together as thorough a list of letters, manuscripts of compositions, original photographs, artefacts or whatever as we can make. We don't want to get our hands on it (although access to it on a strictly controlled basis for academic or other purposes may be useful), we just want to know where it is! If you have any original material please let us know either by filling out the form below or writing in with the details required. Please send information to the Society Chairman, Dr Brian Collins, Flat 10, Persia Court, 2a Oliver Grove, London SE25 6EJ.

Name _____

Address _____

Details of article(s) _____

I would be prepared to allow access to this material for study purposes (please tick) Yes No

REVIEWS

A letter from Pécs

First of all, greetings to my old PWS Committee friends – Fred, Robin, John *et al.* – from the capital of Southern TransDanubia. Before anyone wrinkles their brow I should briefly explain that I have been here for the last two years teaching at the university – at the Faculty of Business and Economics. I have now been asked to stay on a permanent basis and I shall probably do so, at least with the university as my main job (in current Hungarian style!)

Pécs is a pleasant enough city – 162,000 at the last count – and has a long history and a long musical tradition also. The University has a large Music department and there is a good College of Music too. Some high quality musical activity or other takes place most evenings of the week. There is an opera company, three or four serious amateur choirs and, above all, perhaps, the local Symphony Orchestra flourishes. The Artistic Director and Chief Conductor, for a number of years, has been Howard Williams, well known to many of you, of course, as a conductor of the English National Opera, and he is a very popular and respected figure here as well.

A year or so ago, over our customary convivial lunch, Howard proposed to ask our revered Hon. Sec., Malcolm Rudland, to do a Handel Organ Concerto with his orchestra at an Easter concert in the Pécs Basilica here on the semiportable chamber instrument that the Pécs orchestra had especially built for it in Budapest a few years ago. Handel became Haydn, but MR's visit developed a little beyond that single engagement, hence this note. However, it should be mentioned in connection with this particular instrument that our respected Hon. Sec. had the fight of his life to attempt to drive the instrument to any level of quality audibility. Perhaps the kindest act for most of us would be to convert the wretched thing to firewood. It was an enormous contrast with the mighty Pécs-built machine, permanently in the Basilika, which Malcolm played later.

The Haydn concerto was the second of MR's three concerts in Pécs; the third was a solo recital on the "real" Basilika Organ as opposed to the Symphony Orchestra's own Baroque chamber instrument used for the Haydn. PWS members will be pleased to hear that MR performed the *Fantasia in Memoriam Peter Warlock* by the Hungarian Organist and Composer István Koloss – a piece new to me as to the rest of the audience but which impressed us all, including the Basilika Organist who introduced the concert and who now has a copy for his repertoire.

The first concert however, was, if I may say so, more adventurous, in that it was a combined Bartók/Warlock affair held in an extremely pleasant concert room in the centre of the old town known as the Artists' House. The capacity is no more than a hundred even with a solo performer and less, of course, if an ensemble or choir are involved. Even though publicity was little and late the house was

close to full (quite typical of Hungary!) The programme started with an arrangement of nine Hungarian folksongs from one of the Bartók collections for violin and piano – a fine performance by the Pécs Symphony Orchestra's leader, Zoltán Erdelyi, and MR. We were then treated to *Capriol* in the piano duet version – the Hon. Sec. on *secundo*, with Howard Williams playing all the tunes! A stirring performance was well received by a surprised audience – a performance with repercussions, of which more later. The audience continued to be stirred and impressed by *The curlew* which followed. This was given by players from the Pécs Symphony Orchestra, MR conducting; the tenor soloist and singing in Hungarian was no less than Howard Williams! HW, in fact, has a far more than adequate tenor voice; he took great delight in surprising even his many fans here with yet another example of his versatility. The whole ensemble worked beautifully and absolutely nothing could be said to detract from the performance. One notable feature of the occasion was that the Hungarian translation of the Yeats by Vera Rózsa was receiving its World Première, a fact much appreciated by the audience! A four-minute clip of this performance appeared on the local Pécs TV the following evening!

The final item was Bartók's first string quartet performed by four players from the Pécs Symphony Orchestra who have started their own chamber ensemble. It will, by now, consist of two married couples since the earlier second violin was about to leave to have a baby. This is by no means an easy piece to perform but the quartet had clearly worked long and hard, something which became more and more apparent as they progressed: a perfectly adequate *Lento* was followed by a splendid *Allegretto-Introduzione* and this by what I can only describe as a very fine *Allegro vivace* indeed! Shades of PW's witches' sabbath from *The curlew* could be identified, as MR forcefully pointed out! Altogether it was a splendid evening and all for the equivalent of 80p! You benighted folk in the UK can eat your hearts out at the richness, variety, quality and availability of cultural life here, and then repeat the exercise when you hear the ticket prices!

A little earlier I mentioned "repercussions", did I not? Well, the first was an approach to MR by a student at the university about to graduate, who had sung in the Poulenc *Stabat mater* alongside the Haydn concerto, and who was committed to a piano duet performance with her professor of piano at an end of year charity concert. Yes, you have guessed, it was to be *Capriol*! The concert, held in mid-May, was a splendid exhibition by the University's Music department and included a new piece for nine flutes amongst other things! The *Capriol* rendering was both good and enthusiastic and the performers enjoyed every bar as much as the audience. However, I have since heard that what I fondly believed to be the second *Capriol* performance of the period was in fact the third! MR, in his usual enthusiastic fashion, had thrown the idea to János Sebestyén and István Lantos who made it into a organ duet for three hands in Szeged Cathedral in April. Perhaps it should be mentioned that István

Lantos used two hands, but János, recovering from a stroke, then used only one.

The next was an approach to Howard Williams, by a music teacher here in Pécs, who is now doing a master's degree at the university. Her thesis is due to be handed in next spring and she has decided on a Warlock/Bartók topic. My copy of *Copley*, various other items and the PWS Library copies of the choral works are with her and the noises from that direction are enthusiastic.

For the near future, there is a possibility of a Christmas concert this year by one of the several very good local choirs and which will include several PW items; the SOMM label CD issued by our good friend Siva Oke has impressed them considerably.

All in all, Malcolm's visit was a great success in a variety of ways and I hope that we can build on this immediately. I gather that he already has a booking in Hungary for September 2000 and with a little luck we shall have some PW matters to deal with in this part of the country at the same time!-

Cliff Chadwick

Voices from a locked room

[This film was recently shown on a cable TV network in the USA. See also Newsletter no 57 pp. 15-16 - Ed.]

When I was asked to write a review of this film I was torn; I am a big fan of the leading actor, Jeremy Northam, and it was hearing about the project that first put the name of Warlock into my head and, eventually, led to my joining the Peter Warlock Society.

However, the truth cannot be ignored; the film is a travesty. No-one has said it better than a reviewer named John Teegarden who saw it at the Vancouver Film Festival in 1995 and described it as a "believe-it-or-not true story of . . . Peter Warlock" but that the director, Malcolm Clarke, admitted the film was "only financed as a way to promote CD sales" and that, in Teegarden's view, it was "especially unfortunate that [Clarke] was forced to contrive a romance for the picture".

I am dying to know what these CD sales could have been. The music in the film is by an American composer named Eliot Goldenthal and I have never found any recordings anywhere. In the film we get only a little of Warlock's music: an arrangement (by Goldenthal) of *Sleep* for strings only and *Rest sweet nymphs* arranged for a boys' choir with a soprano(!) soloist (Sylvia McNair). Particularly amusing is *Diabolique*, an orchestral piece Goldenthal wrote for the movie which is presented as a Warlockian masterpiece.

The plot, based on a novel that nobody can find, presents us with Cecil Gray's split-personality theory taken to the utmost extreme. Philip Heseltine is a sweet-natured music critic with only one flaw: he has a violent hatred of the music of a composer called Peter Warlock. A nightclub singer becomes romantically involved with Heseltine and discovers his dark secret: he periodically transforms into . . . yes, you've

guessed it! Nude shots in a bath-house where, evidently, these transformations take place (at least they're not in a phone-booth) and a couple of fairly steamy sex-scenes were cut from the version broadcast on US TV a few months ago. (I know this from someone who has the uncut version but who will not allow anyone to see it for reasons of copyright.)

I have suggested to Rhian Davies that, should *Voices* ever be revealed to the PWS, a parlor-game be played with points awarded for spotting the true details (e.g. PH loves cats) and even more points for the gaffes (such as his mother being called "Mrs Heseltine").

The movie was shot in London and Canada in 1994 and has never found a distributor. I very much doubt that it will ever be released in theaters. What could happen, now that UPN (a US TV network) has got it, is that it will one day be shown on UK television.

Betsy Fowler

Peter Warlock – Dewin Cerdd (Music Wizard)

Produced by Alan Torjussen Productions Ltd. and Teliesyn for S4C (1998); Directed by Alan Torjussen.

Produced by Eiry Palfrey and Rhian Davies (Associate Producer).

Duration: 50'28". English subtitles.

If this recent film is typical of the current standard of Welsh television I am strongly tempted to pay an extended visit to Wales. It is described as a Welsh language drama documentary and I have found myself likening its sheer inventiveness to those earlier days of television when quality was the first consideration in making a programme. Near the opening of the film there is, for instance, a telling sequence using Warlock's *Mattachins* from *Capriol*. We respond at once to the exuberance of a youthful Philip Heseltine. Played by Ceris Jones PH, bottle in hand, is seen with a friend in a twenties sports car and subsequent scenes show him generally making merry. The deft juxtaposition of this material with contemporary photographs reveals clearly the impetuous playfulness inherent in his personality. Such techniques are not altogether new but it is still refreshing to see them done so well. In November, 1962, television audiences were presented with a totally unexpected image of Edward Elgar. He was seen as a boy vigorously riding his father's pony on the Malvern Hills. Pictures of the elderly military-looking gentleman we all expected came much later in the programme. Ken Russell working in tandem with the late Huw Wheldon had produced an influential mini-masterpiece (the one hundredth edition of the BBC's *Monitor* programme). There are many reasons why such films merit close scrutiny and, as I shall explain, all apply equally to this new tribute to Philip Heseltine.

Peter Warlock – Dewin Cerdd is aptly titled. Indeed it must be said that there is wizardry in the skilful assemblage of such a wide range of material (much of it provided by the Peter Warlock Society). Alan

Torjussen and his team are to be warmly congratulated. Over a period of fifty minutes we follow the life of Philip Heseltine from his birth in the Savoy Hotel to his death in the Tite Street flat, London. The real strength of the film lies in the way it has brought to the screen what could be described as his Celtic experiences and occult interests. These passages in the film are remarkably vivid in their detail and the atmosphere of Wales, Cornwall, and Ireland is persuasively evoked. The use of spoken Welsh throughout the film is a true bonus and should be retained wherever the programme is transmitted in the future. The English subtitles are clear and the gentle presentation and narration of Sian James help to remind us that from an early age Philip Heseltine was no stranger to the language of Wales.

The camera is allowed to speak. The outdoor scenes showing the Cornish coast and moorland, the Welsh countryside with its hills and waterfalls, are very beautiful. Nothing can replace natural light and even the streets of London have their own characteristic appeal in the warmth of the sunlight. Each shot is considered and totally professional. Carefully chosen stills are shown in abundance and are never rushed. These include old photographs (several of Minnie Channing – “Puma”), published music (editions that are now mostly out of print), books, articles, newspaper cuttings, documents (including the death certificate), and, from time to time, Warlock’s actual manuscripts. All are lovingly presented and used at exactly the right time and place. The script, always relevant, never dominates and only where spoken Cornish and Irish are translated into Welsh and English simultaneously do the subtitles intrude.

Thus the film proceeds, showing chronologically places known to be associated with the composer. Some, notably the Cornish moorland and the island of Achill Beg off the coast of Ireland, were completely new to me. All the London houses associated with Peter Warlock are of course of great interest and Tite Street in particular will always hold a special fascination for most of Warlock’s followers. I found it quite eerie to visit *The Fox* at Bramdean. The stuffed fox is viewed from several angles and Warlock’s manuscript is screened as we hear Benjamin Luxon’s recorded performance of the song. There are glimpses of Blunt’s handwritten poem and I confess to feelings of profound sadness and despair as the full meaning of the poem touched me anew.

The quality of the sound is as good as everything else. The music used throughout the film is that of Warlock and each item is listed separately at the end of the programme. There are songs in plenty and I thought that *Robin Goodfellow* and *Jillian of Berry* were particularly effective (John Mark Ainsley and Roger Vignoles). *Capriol*, *An old song*, *The curlew*, to name only some of the titles, are sure to attract many new admirers to Warlock. When we consider that quite famous musicians are heard on the soundtrack (the Nash Ensemble, Benjamin Luxon, John McCabe, etc.) it is not entirely surprising that the end result is distinctive and memorable. A curlew with young is shown in its natural habitat as *The curlew* nears its close. It is an unforgettable image.

The extent of PH’s interest in the Welsh, Cornish, and Irish languages and his obvious obsession with magic and the occult will no doubt be new to some of us. Knowing of this darker side of his nature disturbs even now. Although we live in an age that supposedly understands duality in personality, with its increasingly severe mood swings, Philip Heseltine’s descent into despair at such an early age still has the power to upset us. Perhaps the final scene showing PH lying down, presumably with the gas full on, might have been even more effective had Ceris Jones not faced the camera. At the close of the film the ‘scrolling’ of the titles should be slowed down a little. All those who contributed to such a splendid film fully deserve their names to be read without haste. Not to be missed.

Ronald Reah

The occasional writings of Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock)

Vol. 4 –Thames Publishing (ISBN 0 905211 05

It was always inevitable that this collection, the last in a series that presents in a readily accessible form all of PW’s smaller-scale writings, would be the least cohesive. It contains an extraordinarily wide variety of stuff, all the bits, in fact, that don’t fit neatly into the categories that regulate previous volumes. I don’t mean this as a criticism; in fact, it is the opposite for, if the set as a whole demonstrates Heseltine/Warlock’s diversity, breadth, wide-ranging interests, this one does so more extremely and in microcosm.

It would be wrong to assume that all of PH’s contributions to journals were about music. The opening item in this anthology is the first of his offerings ever to be published and its subject is *The Van Railway*, a somewhat dry description, complete with photographic illustrations and sketch-map, of a small, industrial branch-line in mid-Wales. The rather detached, juvenile prose sets the tone for many of the pieces in the book, programme notes, encyclopaedia entries and the like, where the emphasis is necessarily on factual accuracy rather than the observation and opinion that has been a feature of earlier volumes. How curious, then, is the quotation from a letter to Colin Taylor that prefaces the texts in which such journalistic (they are hardly literary) activities are described as “... far more fun than than writing music one doesn’t believe in ...”

The programme notes that he wrote for the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra shortly before his death demonstrate an interesting glimpse into the repertoire. Most of the concerts consist of music by contemporary composers or those from the comparatively recent past; there is little input from the classical era or before. The range is wide, nevertheless whereas the entries written for *Eaglefield-Hull’s Dictionary of modern music and musicians* is restricted to people who were his friends or associates in one way or another (Delius, van Dieren, Sorabji, Vaughan Williams and Philip Wilson).

Only in the three lectures/papers does something like the familiar Warlockian style come through as before. So in *The modern spirit in music* we get

How glib and journalistic that phrase sounds! It is just one of those vague clichés . . . at the head of newspaper articles by writers who, having very little to say, select a theme about which they assume that their readers know already all there is to know. This assumption is based on a certainty that . . . they know as little about it as the journalist himself.

Now that this short series is complete I once again recognise the enormous service that has been for us by Barry Smith in assembling it all. It has been no small task and we should all of us be aware of its importance in adding further pieces to the jigsaw puzzle. The Warlock-Delius letters (see Newsbriefs) will add more but, in this context, it is a pity that, so far, no publisher has expressed a positive interest in the work Barry has done on the remaining correspondence.

Brian Collins

Pat Covernton: Guardian angels

Holly Burke (flute); Heidi Krutzen (harp); Catherin McLellan (voice); Pat Covernton (piano/keyboards)
LVR 1005

This Canadian CD, which may not be universally available, is listed here as something of a curiosity. Its contents are decidedly unWarlockian but its originator shares an ancestor. Patrick (Pat) Covernton is the great-great-grandson of Dr. Charles James Covernton who was Philip Heseltine's grandfather on his mother's side (Edith's nickname, it will be recalled, was "Covie") and the recording has been passed on to us by the family.

Brian Collins

NEWSBRIEFS

A little late in the day, John Bishop learned that "Jackdaws", the enterprising music-course centre in Somerset, was to run "A weekend with Peter Warlock" between 1st-3rd October. Benjamin Luxon was in charge of the proceedings. Maureen Lehane, who runs "Jackdaws", confessed to John that she was unaware of the Peter Warlock Society. He's made sure she knows for the next time! (I have since discovered that Benjamin Luxon got through 28 of Warlock's songs over the weekend!)

John Bishop also tells me that he is looking forward to hearing Richard Rodney Bennett's new 20-minute work for strings, *Reflections on a sixteenth century tune*. This was commissioned by the European Teachers' Association for Strings and has already had some performances. The work, based on a French popular song, *A l'ombre d'un buissonnet*, is in the form of a theme, five variations and a coda. The third variation, the emotional core of the piece, is a tribute to Warlock whose carol *Balulalow* is quoted.

Polyphony, conducted by Stephen Layton, is one of the very best of London's small choirs. Their concert at St John's, Smith Square on 19th December includes three Warlock items as well as a substantial group of Poulenc.

The long-delayed book of Warlock-Delius letters, edited and introduced by Dr Barry Smith, is expected from Oxford University Press in November. The bad news is that the volume, a review of which should be in the next issue of the Newsletter, will cost over £50.

Following a phone call to Malcolm Rudland, a string *Capriol* has been converted into the much less frequently heard version for full orchestra. In a concert in the Great Hall of Hertford College, Oxford (26th November, 8.00pm), Aiden Little will conduct the Howells *Elegy* and *Capriol* - which requires only one more tuba than the 5th Symphony of Vaughan Williams. This is also on the programme, conducted by Lee Dunleavy.

This year's Birthday Concert is **not the only event with a Warlockian content** to be staged in the Music Hall of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. On Monday 8th November, Eamonn Dougan (baritone) accompanied by Susanna Stranders (piano) gives a recital of English song including the Peterisms. As is also the case on 2nd November, the concert starts at 7.00pm and admission is free.

A PETER WARLOCK SOCIETY SOCIAL LUNCH

Join the PWS committee for a pre-Christmas lunch at the usual place, *The Antelope Tavern*, Eaton Terrace, on Saturday 18th December at 1.00pm. *The Antelope* has strong Warlockian connections and is easily found: take a tube to Sloane Square; on leaving the station turn right past the theatre and then right again; after a couple of hundred yards turn left into Eaton Terrace and the pub immediately comes into view.

There is a wide menu of meals and snacks and the usual range of alcoholic and soft drinks. Please let Malcolm Rudland (address and phone number on the front page) know beforehand if you wish to attend so that numbers can be passed on to the management.

May 30th, 1927.

Gherkin House,
Belchalwell,
DORSET.

B. Burrows Esq.,
LEICESTER.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Peter Warlock requests me to thank you for your letter of the 24th inst. in which his little work "The Curlew" is so happily compared to the spheroidal body produced by female birds etc., especially domestic fowl -- or, to be more explicit, the breakfast egg of his Reverence the curate of tradition (and, possibly, of Eltham).

For the rest, he begs to refer you to the monumental monograph entitled:

"*Melopœia, or the multitonal method of melismatic modulation in mensurable music, made for the mystical transmogrification of mylodons, morphinomaniacs, marcescent mugwumps, mulatto mortgagees, monophysite Morgue-keepers, morganatic mannequins, mealy-mouthed Muggletonians, mimsy muffin-men, et hoc genus omne, into MOST MAJESTERIAL MUSDOX.*"

By Dr. Strabismus (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht.

In which the passage you quote is analysed with the most pedantic precision and positively pestilential prolixity.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. Whyte Westcott

Secretary.

This letter was sent to the Leicester composer Benjamin Burrows by Peter Warlock and is a prime example of his wit and, it must be said, his invective. "A. Whyte Westcott" was yet another of PW's many imaginative pseudonyms.

The typeface alone would not guarantee the authenticity of the sender although it is familiar enough to anyone who has spent time going through PW's letters and other writings. Some of his scatological verse is typed on the same machine, for example.

The real give-away is the handwriting of the signature which, despite the attempt at obfuscation, is unmistakeably Warlock's.

I am grateful first of all to Brian Daubney for drawing my attention to the existence of this letter by sending me a photocopy of it and, secondly, to Mr Colin Scott-Sutherland who has kindly donated the original to the Society's archives.

Incidentally, Mr Scott-Sutherland is of the impression that the quotation of the closing bars of Warlock's first *Folk-song prelude* in the front of Jocelyn Brooke's *The scapegoat* (Newsletter 63 p. 9) is to provide an appropriate atmosphere for the novel. Are there any other theories?

BC

Homage to a split man

There are almost a thousand legends about him.
Some twisted out of all shape, preserved by toper, very odd
And handed down as gospel by the playboys of that period
Who somehow missed his mental strife and evident dual shim-sham.

Perhaps even the early facts are strange enough though true.
Blank birth in one of the four hotels; loathing both Eton and, still more,
Oxford: loving Cologne and music like a child upon sea shore
That simply would rather throw up modern ships of war than animals from the zoo

To several novelists he looked wholly hideous; rain washed him clean
He pub-crawled on the damages! His railing against chemical beer
Often upset police courts next morning as much as the Cafe Royal leer
And in-dense-air swig; against inward edge, a mere saint; then a singer without a bean.

Accordingly his legend grew and grew: his women rhyming and drinking.
His curious friends in the Pais studio; his fierce swilling in the country,
Unless you say it was his Elizabethan self, outside this dreary blasphemy,
Worshipping exquisite blue-black devils and perverse with heroin and morphine.

Of sly song; but generous as a duke; a fiend in the ninth circle.
No, he never smoked; yet barred to burrs; always a man for sitting among
Dark evasions; tie askew; oh so changed! Jenny Lind is pinned
On those greeting walls; here a quick one; here a rhyme; still longing for the throne

And the high dance; and the songs, published; and the paper he ran
Are part of the ghost searching half-starved through an artist's ploughshare
And now his drunken rows in Chelsea over don enemies do reveal quite a split man.
Double remove from toughs with knuckle-dusters in a four ale bar.

Without a model in flux, he stuffed his shade; distorted, misunderstood, but news,
Actually suffered few d.t's; preferred red cats to barmaids swift with lunches, was
Sought after, praised perfection in many ways; only late and¹ found every child pretty gross.
Guess. What was it? money? or sense of failure? did he turn on the gas?

Keidrych Rhys

From "Poetry London", Volume 1, No 1 February 1939
Literary Editor: James Tambimuttu; General Editor: Anthony Dickins

Note

1 "and" ?

["Poetry London" was a significant if sporadic magazine of its time although it folded in 1951. Until now I have been able to find out little concerning Keidrych Rhys beyond the fact that the name was the pseudonym (is there no end to them?) of William Ronald Rhys Jones who used it for his editorial and poetic pursuits. I could find no reference to him in the standard biographies and it was as a result of a last-ditch investigation on the Internet that I discovered the scant information above.

As a result of these details I have not been able to seek permission to reprint the poem here but I acknowledge sources as quoted and would be happy to include further information in a future Newsletter if it can be provided. Similarly, I have worked from a typescript copy that may not be accurate in terms of punctuation etc. Rhys edited Wales (a literary journal) between Summer 1937 and March 1939. Between August 1939 and Winter 1939/40 the editor of the same periodical was . . . Nigel Heseltine. He invited contributions to be sent to Cefn-Bryntalch. - Ed.]

BIRTHDAY CONCERT 1999

SOCIABLE SONGS AND CODPIECES

ARRANGEMENTS OF

PETER WARLOCK'S LIGHTER MUSIC

BY

ERIC CREES

THE GUILDHALL BRASS ENSEMBLE

PETER GRANT and DOUGLAS BOWEN (Baritones)

THE GUILDHALL CHORUS

conducted by

ERIC CREES

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION IS OBLIGATORY!!!

Programme:

Jillian of Berry; Maltworms; Dance (pretty, pretty, for a bevy of punks capering); Captain Stratton's fancy;
One more river; Orientale (for a Tahiti-Timbuctoo scene); Mr Belloc's fancy; The countryman; Fill the cup. Philip

10 MINUTE INTERVAL

Capriol; The toper's song; The old codger; Piggiesie; Good ale; The lady's birthday; Peter Warlock's fancy;
The cricketers of Hambledon; Beethoven's binge

To be given in the Music Hall of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, Silk Street, Barbican, London

on

Tuesday 2nd November 1999 at 7.00pm

The bar and snack bar will be open **before** the concert for drinks and light refreshments.

A stall selling PW items, books etc., will be outside the Hall entrance before the concert and during the interval.

The audience is invited to repair afterwards to the St Paul's Tavern (corner of Chiswell Street and Milton Street) where Bernie and Michele Leech have allocated us a special area by the food bar. Six guest real-ales will be available.

