



President Sir Richard Rodney Bennett

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The Peter Warlock Society

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Chairman & Newsletter Editor

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EDITORIAL

It would be an understatement to say that we have been shattered by the death of John Bishop. The sense of loss extends beyond the PWS to the musical world in general, especially that part of it concerned with British music. This column is not the place for a tribute, however deserved, but reminiscences from a handful of John's many friends in the Society appear within. An extensive obituary, written by Lewis Foreman, appeared in *The Independent* newspaper of 28th September but Garry Humphreys's piece for *The Guardian*, printed on 11th October, was heavily cut. I would have included the missing bits in this issue but pressure on space prevents more than this reference. Inevitably, some of John's schemes remained incomplete at the time of his death but the Committee fully intends, by whatever means it can, to bring to fruition those projects relating to Peter Warlock. It is too early to give more details now but, hopefully, by the next issue of the Newsletter, the situation will be clearer. I can say, though, that a Memorial Concert will take place on Thursday, 4th October next year. More information will follow.

Enclosed with this issue (UK members only) is a slip from our Treasurer, Robin Crofton, which I exhort all who pay Income Tax to return. For the price of a second-class stamp you can request that your annual subscription be considered a gift and the Inland Revenue, with uncharacteristic generosity, will pay what is effectively tax relief to the Society. If all members do this it will result in a very useful boost to our funds and enable us to further promote Peter Warlock's music. And even life-members are not excluded for, should you wish to make a donation, this will attract the same benefit. This replaces the Deed of Covenant scheme, now defunct, which several members joined to the Society's financial advantage.

I'm hoping that, following discussions with the printer, this Newsletter is appearing in a new (but no more expensive) format. Newsletters have become so much larger of late (and I apologise for the squashed-up nature of the adjacent "Contents" column) but it should make the biggest one ever more comfortable to read.

Brian Collins

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MEMORIES OF JOHN



Much of my long and happy friendship with John Bishop has been through the Peter Warlock Society which he served with much devotion and dedication. A typical, far-flung example of this can be seen to this day on the wall at the *Fox Inn*, Bramdean – if the present owners haven't covered it up! But there is so much more than that.

One of my cherished books of poetry, often at my side as a composer, has been his *Music and sweet poetry*, which first came out in 1968, not long after the PWS had been founded. Many of my compositions, including a full range of woodwind-instrument works, were published with his meticulous attention to detail and accuracy during the last 30 years.

When, about ten years ago, I started to discuss writing a book on Cyril Scott, he led me carefully through various pitfalls towards publication. These were helpful suggestions but he never interfered with my approach to the Scott philosophy, although clearly out of sympathy with it.

I remember so many "jaunts" in which he took part and have lasting impressions of friendly chats with him, be they at the funeral of Ian Copley or the birthday of David Cox – two good Warlockian friends. Many of us have amusing memories of the "Seasonal diversions" at Christmastide – cards produced jointly by John and his wife, Betty, a composer in her own right.

John was tireless, especially in the cause of British music – he seemed to be immortal. What an immense amount he has done, modest and retiring though he appeared.

There were no airs and graces, no frills. All correspondence was reduced to a real minimum. Sometimes he didn't even bother to sign a letter; and if anyone had a title he didn't bother with it. He didn't even put on "Mr". But he was the salt of the earth and the musical world should be grateful, being a great deal poorer without him.

Ian Parrott

I'm sure that I speak for us all when I say that John's commitment, dedication and love of his art has touched us all. For me it would have to be the one and only time that he and I ever met but it was in such glorious surroundings and circumstances.

The highlight of the AGM at Great Warley was for me the concert at that most odd-looking of churches on the grassy mound. John had done everything possible to make the weekend the success that it was and the concert given by Sarah Leonard and her accompanist was a delight to the ear. The concert was without question one of the most wonderful moments of my musical life. To be in England and attend my one and only AGM (to date) and be with such friendly and like-minded people who make up our small but unique troop was a time of great joy.

Many of the works sung at the recital were appropriate for the occasion and of course Warlock was duly represented. But the most moving piece was a revelation to me then and still is to this day. I have yet to find a recording of it. Warlock's friend "Jack" Moeran is so underestimated that I find it both confusing and satisfying that I love his music so much. In the wonderful company of many dedicated members of our society, including John Bishop, Sarah also sang Moeran's *The poplars* which moved me to tears, short as the piece is. So fulfilled was I that, after the recital, I introduced myself to Sarah and her accompanist to impress upon them just how much the choice of that piece meant to me.

These past weeks I have been playing the accompaniment at my piano over and over again and humming or singing *falsetto* the melody. I was unable to control myself when my dear 12-year-old daughter sang the melody to my own rendition. I dedicate my recollection of that weekend in Great Warley to the memory of John Bishop. He introduced to me many wonderful people and much wonderful music.

As I went dreaming by the grey poplar trees,
They bent down and whispered words like these:
"In a far country there is a lonely glen,
Hushed with the footfall of shadowy men.
Shadowy, and silent, and grey amongst the trees
That have long forgotten the sound of the breeze.
And one tall poplar grows in that land;
The chain of God's silence, held in his hand."
This I heard as I went dreaming by the grey poplars
In the purple evening.

Words by Seumas O'Sullivan

Music by E J Moeran

Richard Valentine

When I think of John I immediately think I didn't know him. You know when you meet some people there is a communication, a linkage that is clear from the off. Like a loud C major chord. With John it was different. The harmony was always changing, sometimes dissonant, sometimes consonant, even at

times atonal. I didn't know the tune that was playing but with John there was music, and it was always moving forward. I hear its echo still.

Daniel Gillingwater

John Bishop, as a publisher, made my wildest dream come true in producing a set of Peter Warlock songs. My most vivid memory of him is the wonderful weekend he organised at Great Warley in 1999. It should not be forgotten that, as the budget we had allocated had overrun, he most generously paid the difference of £200 himself.

His passing is a sad day for us and the cause of British music.

Patrick Mills

I first met John when I was trying to find a publisher for my *Guide* to John Ireland's songs. This was while he was still with the Pearl Assurance Company. He was encouraging but wanted me to make a selection of the best songs, which I was reluctant to do. When I first attended a meeting of the Warlock Society I was immediately co-opted onto the Committee. I met John after that and, when Duckworth stopped my series of song guides, he kindly took them over. Through my proof-reading work for the Society I found myself working more closely with him and, soon after, he used me and my computer to print out the music for some of his publications.

When he started his series *A century of English song* Garry Humphreys and I joined him as a selection committee. When I proposed one of my own songs he promptly published all five as a volume on its own. He was that sort of man. I remember, on one occasion, I had a meeting over publications at his house and was promptly conscripted to sing at a memorial service with him since he was short of basses. For the *English Song Catalogue* I compiled for him he paid me a monthly retainer for nearly a year while I did the research; I hope and believe he felt it worthwhile.

He used to describe me in his catalogues as "an acknowledged expert on the subject" but, compared with John, I was a beginner. It will be hard to keep publications concerned with English music going without his expertise and enthusiasm but we must all try to do so, for his sake.

Michael Pilkington

The Garsington AGM was the time when David Cox handed over – literally – the PWS Newsletter to me. While strolling through the Manor gardens I was approached in a rather diffident way by a man whose

face I knew from past meetings of the Society but to whom I don't think I'd ever spoken more than a word or two. The face belonged to John Bishop; he went on to tell me that he wrote about publications, his own and other companies', for the Newsletter and I'd be hearing from him in due course. End of conversation.

I duly heard. Material would arrive sometimes typed, sometimes in longhand but usually both for the (?hastily) typed stuff would have a word or two missing that had to be written in afterwards and then there could well be second or third thoughts scribbled – I use the word after deliberation – at the bottom of the page with lines indicating their positions in the main text. I rely on my computer to shape material exactly as I want. No such fiddle-faddles for John; a letter was functional, a means to an end, and as long as that end was achieved, what matter a visually ugly page with a crossing out here, an addition there; why take time writing a neater version when there were far more important matters to pursue?

It was only during the last five years, as Society Chairman, that I began to know John better and work with him more closely. He wasn't a member of the PWS Committee but was always "in attendance" for his knowledge of the British-music world and his practical enthusiasm were invaluable to us. I could sense that he wanted to get things done and, equally, I registered his frustration when what he considered to be minor obstacles got in the way. He could be brusque and unsympathetic on these occasions not, as I came to realise, because of any vindictiveness in his nature but because of that inner drive that demanded results. Like all zealots he was perplexed – and miffed – when others did not share his enthusiasm for any (in his terms) good reason. The poet within him gave way at times too; more than once, when he wrote to members asking for support for one scheme or another, I had to tone down his words. And earlier this year, just as we were bringing the book of limericks to its conclusion, my phone was misbehaving. After a break in the power supply the answering machine didn't work, messages that had been left were lost and communication between us broke down. The apparatus and its inactivity had clearly insulted him personally and a strong letter arrived. Of course, normal service was soon restored.

On 5th July this year Robin Crofton and I had a meeting with John at his house in north London. We were there to discuss PWS finances in the light of the various projects in hand but, inevitably, conversation spilled over into other matters, plans for the future including the shape that next year's AGM could take; John had made some enquiries and the prospect sounded interesting.

The following week I was visiting my mother in the north-east. When I got back, there was a message from Betty on my answering machine asking that I should phone her. When I did so I was staggered to learn that John was seriously ill and had been so for some time. He had given no intimation at our meeting of the surgery he was about to have and most of us were completely unaware of his condition. He

was his usual, bustling self, the familiar, indefatigable organiser. And that he was to the last, writing as he did his own funeral farewell. "Please . . . know I was the better for knowing you." he said. Shouldn't that have been the other way about?

Brian Collins

"May we have the strength to get our PW life-in-pix through!" wrote John at the bottom of last year's Christmas card. Only now do I realize how literally he meant it. The speed and savagery of his illness are still impossible to take in, let alone come to terms with. In May, he was sitting in the *Antelope*, fizzing with ideas for next year's programme: the organ volume; a party for Barry; a joint AGM with the Gurney Society. Now he's gone and I'm writing this. I've worked very closely with John these past three years. After we'd put together the stills for *Dewin Cerdd*, it seemed a natural progression to revive the Peter Warlock "life in pictures". Brian joined us in a Publications Sub-Committee and meetings meant a bottle of red wine or three around the kitchen table at Barlby Road. John rarely sat down. When he wasn't fielding 'phone calls from everybody in British music, he'd be shooting upstairs to retrieve references from previous Thames publications or intercepting paws that marauded too close to current paperwork. John adored cats and freely confessed how his most beloved, the venerable Nicholas, Prince of Chicken Rustlers, shared his pillow at night.

It was a rare conversational giveaway. Indeed, I'm sure only Nicholas knows what John never dreamed of telling the rest of us. So much of the man remained complex and inscrutable and so many at his memorial service were grateful when the vicar said the same. But written words flowed more fluently for him than spoken and I remember a warm letter of thanks for running his bookstall at Gregynog, another after he'd read my book on Morfydd Owen, and a *Hoffnung* to "will me through" my PhD *viva*. John's last communication was addressed jointly to me and Brian and posted a fortnight before the end. It was the bravest, most painful document I've ever received, and the most difficult to answer, but I'm glad he gave me this opportunity to say what a fine friend and mentor he'd been and to promise that I'd find a way to deliver the book.

I'm so much in pictorial mode at the moment that perhaps it's not surprising if my most enduring memories are saved as images: John manning the tea urn at his wonderful Great Warley week-end; John accompanying Betty during last year's uproarious Christmas party in the *Antelope*; and John staggering into Paddington with the entire PWS photo archive in a tapestry Gladstone bag so that I didn't have to lug it across London myself. The vision of a small man in a trademark blue anorak and pork pie hat is still so vivid in my mind that I can't imagine ever crossing the concourse again without seeing him wave that final wave.

Rhian Davies

OBITUARY

Anthony Powell (1905-2000)

The novelist Anthony Powell, who died in March at the age of 94, met Peter Warlock a number of times. In his second volume of memoirs *Messengers of Day* (1978, pp. 33-35), he describes the sort of late twenties London party at which Warlock might have been found:

Most of those present at a 'typical' party would be likely to possess some connexion with the arts, however marginal . . . There would be occasional musicians, architects; photographers [. . .]. The girls, largely drawn from the all-inclusive (one avoids the word all-embracing) vocation of model – both artists' model and one who 'modelled' clothes, the latter then quaintly known as mannequins – usually showed an altogether exceptional standard of looks. [. . .]

The age of most of those present would be well under thirty, a few probably in their forties; then perhaps a steep rise to comparatively ancient figures, long established in High Bohemia. Augustus John parties would probably include the practical joker, Horace Cole, by then a shade time-expired, possibly Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock, the musician), usually involving an altercation; the Marchesa Casati, smiling silently to herself, D'Annunzian eyeballs blazing like searchlights. [. . .]

This demimonde – the designation much more appropriate than usually applied – once penetrated, solved some of the problems of making contacts with girls in a manner less formal than that available at dances. [. . .]

At [this] kind of party girls expected to have passes made at them, and were well able to look after themselves.

This calls to mind Milly Andriadis's party as depicted in *A Buyer's Market*, the second volume of Powell's novel sequence *A Dance to the Music of Time*, and as presented in the first part of Hugh Whitemore's 1997 television adaptation. At parties of this kind Warlock was no doubt able to meet not only models but the sort of middle-class girls with artistic leanings who played such a big part in his life – the likes of Winifred Baker, Barbara Peache, Nina Hamnett and others less well remembered today. Augustus John was quite a close friend of Warlock's, and Eric Fenby once confirmed (in conversation with David Cox) that "Philip got mixed up with models of John. There were all sorts of scenes and love-affairs".

Powell also reports in *Messengers of Day* (pp. 147-150) that their mutual friend Constant Lambert several times took him to see Warlock and the "mistress" he lived with (clearly Barbara Peache) in a "very rundown area" of Pimlico:

Heseltine, in his early thirties, had by taking thought turned himself into a consciously mephistophelian figure, an appearance assisted by a pointed fair beard and light-coloured eyes that were peculiarly compelling. His reputation, one not altogether undeserved, was that of *mauvais sujet*, but I always found him agreeable and highly entertaining; though never without a sense, as with many persons of at times malignant temper, that things might suddenly go badly wrong.

Powell goes on to discuss Warlock's fictional representations as Halliday in D H Lawrence's *Women in*

Love and Coleman in Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay*. Coleman, in Powell's view, "conveys quite a good idea of what Heseltine was like to meet", while Halliday "is chiefly to be identified (before legal pruning of [*Women in Love*]) by Heseltine's habit of speaking of his girls as if they were cats; animals for which – like Lambert – he had a passionate affection". Powell also observed Warlock's drinking closely:

Heseltine was an outstanding instance of that particular kind of alcoholic (comparatively uncommon), who has drunk so much in the past that the smallest amount of drink puts him under. At this period he was not drinking at all heavily, when he wanted to work having no great difficulty in knocking off, at least considerably modifying, what had been at moments a terrific consumption. After one of these Pimlico visits, Heseltine, saying he had not touched a drink for days, accompanied us, with his girl, to a pub in the neighbourhood. Arrived there, he had scarcely got through a quarter of his half-pint of bitter (possibly mild-and-bitter) before he became so drunk he almost fell off his chair. Heseltine always felt very strongly about the quality of the beer offered, for ever inveighing against publicans who did not "keep their beer-engines clean".

Those who have read *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* (the fifth novel of *A Dance to the Music of Time*) or seen the television adaptation may remember the composer "Moreland" (generally agreed to have been modelled on Constant Lambert, a close friend of Powell's) and the music critic "Maclintick", who worships Moreland "with the proper respect of the poor interpretative hack for the true creative artist". Maclintick hates his own wife (and most other women as well) and flushes the MS of the huge book on music theory which is his life-work down the lavatory before gassing himself. In his book *The Lamberts* (1986), Andrew Motion claims that Powell "preserved some elements of Heseltine's personality" in the character of Maclintick. Some elements, perhaps, but Maclintick totally lacks Warlock's creative talent, sexual attractiveness to women and ability to dominate and charm others. Powell's narrator Nicholas Jenkins describes Maclintick as of

calculatedly humdrum appearance [which], although shabby, seemed aimed at concealing Bohemian affiliations. The minute circular lenses of his gold-rimmed spectacles, set across the nose of a pug dog, made one think of caricatures of Thackeray or President Thiers, imposing upon him the air of a bad-tempered doctor.

Judging from photographs, this suggests to me not Warlock but (pug nose apart) another musical acquaintance Powell describes in his memoirs: Cecil Gray. In fact, apart from their depressive negativity and common taste for music and alcohol, Warlock and Maclintick seem to have shared little in life but their manner of leaving it. When Powell states that Warlock killed himself we should remember that this is part of his memoirs. The New Zealand novelist Maurice Shadbolt (quoted by C K Stead in the *London Review of Books* 27th April 2000, p. 41) has suggested that memoirs differ from autobiography in that they claim only to recount events as the author remembers them, making no promise of accuracy. If this is so, Powell is not insisting in *Messengers of Day* that Warlock killed himself rather than dying

accidentally, but merely stating that this was what he assumes to have happened.

Incidentally, Warlock and Powell shared an interest in the occult in general and in such figures as Aleister Crowley in particular, though Powell nowhere mentions this in discussing Warlock. Presumably neither knew about this aspect of the other.

Silvester Mazzarella

NEWSBRIEFS

Our President, Sir Richard Rodney Bennett, has donated an **autograph manuscript** of *The curlew* to the British Library in memory of his teacher, Howard Ferguson. It had been in the careful custodianship of Fred Tomlinson since its exhibition (at the old British Library) during the Centenary Year.

Bill Marsh sent me information about a concert given by the Music Group of Philadelphia. It was held over from Newsletter 66 for lack of space. Bill attended the performance on 12th December 1999 in the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. The program included *Bethlehem Down* which, he writes, "was finely tuned", and PW's *Three carols*. "These were a plus since the advertising for the concert only listed *Balulalow*. The latter was the best of the three; *Tyrley tyrlow* and *The sycamore tree* could have stood a little more refinement in the men's exposed lines, but overall the presentation was pleasing and the audience responded accordingly." Other items were *The blessed Son of God* (Vaughan Williams) *Hymn to the Virgin* (Britten) *The lamb* (Tavener) and two pieces by Kodaly, the *Missa brevis* and *Esti Dal*.

Malcolm Rudland found a distorted Warlock in a 1999 Chester Festival Programme featuring a Warlockian *Beethoven's binge* with Paul Spicer. The PWS did not get to know about this binge and the portrait of Warlock heading his Festival publicity was an unaccredited Stephen Shore and Macnamara photo of 1926, printed the wrong way round! The Festival Director, Andrew Burn, said he simply asked the RCM for a photo of Warlock and that was all he received. Readers should be aware that the Society possesses a photograph archive second to none; it is happy to help those requiring pictures.

Copies of *The Sackbut*, some real, some photocopies, are available on sale from John Naylor, 50 Weston Way, Weston Favell, Northampton NN3 3BN. Tel/Fax 01694 401862.

A Garland for Christmas, is the title of an enterprising Christmas concert in Lancashire to take place at St Peter's Church, Burnley at 7.30pm on Friday 15th December. Brenda Kean will read topical British poems and prose, and Helena Kean, mezzo-soprano, accompanied by Graham Jackson, will sing English songs by Ian Copley, Madeleine Dring, Thomas Dunhill, Ivor Gurney, Michael Head, E J Moeran, Roger Quilter, Alan Rawsthorne, Eric Thiman and, of course, Peter Warlock (*The first mercy*). Contact Helena Kean 01282 458759.

AGM 2000

PWS AGM, Saturday 27th May 2000

The AGM this year did not entail a jaunt to far-flung places with obtuse Warlockian connections, but took place in the committee's "spiritual home", *The Antelope Tavern*, behind Sloane Square. The meeting was well attended and included some lively debate. The chairman's report (which follows) informed us of recent developments on various Warlock projects. The committee was re-elected *en bloc* amid much discussion over whether their numbers should be increased so that influential people could be co-opted from time to time, but no changes were agreed.

The reading and agreement of the minutes of the 1999 AGM could not take place; neither minutes nor minute-taker could be found. The same thing happened at last year's AGM (but there the guilty party owned up!) Third time lucky for the AGM 2000 minutes?

There was a unanimous vote in favour of Barry Smith being made a Vice-President of the PWS in recognition of his extensive Warlock research and writing. There followed a discussion of the venue for the 2001 AGM. It was suggested that the PWS might combine its AGM, and maybe even a weekend of features of interest to both societies, with that of the Ivor Gurney Society, whose AGM is usually held at the same time of year. This possibility will be further investigated, and a date and place decided.

We were reminded of a concert including *The curlew*, and a repeat of the now legendary Chelsea Chronotopographical Crawl, scheduled as part of the Chelsea Festival; the mailing of leaflets for this along with the last newsletter had saved the PWS considerable postage costs. A new magazine-style format was proposed for future Newsletters.

Heated discussion of some items meant that the AGM lasted longer than expected: a far cry from 1975 when entertainment was first added to the proceedings:

After a committee meeting at 4pm will be the AGM itself, at 5pm. This latter, *which usually lasts about 15 minutes*, will be followed by a short informal concert of lesser-known Warlock items, some performed live and some on the gramophone. [my italics] (PWS Newsletter, February 1975, ed. John Bishop)

Post-AGM entertainment 2000-style came in two instalments. Trevor Hold gave a most interesting talk about *The curlew*, setting it in context against other music being written at the same time, some of which PW might have known and been influenced by, and some which he could not possibly have heard. He also pointed out that some of *The curlew's* modal harmonies foreshadow some of Messiaen's modes later in the century. This led to an animated discussion on harmonies after the meeting broke up, which I was disappointed not to be able to stay for. Trevor's talk shed fresh light on aspects of *The curlew* hitherto unexplored, including the mysterious "Echtge".

The afternoon ended with John Bishop playing us a selection of unusual and, in some cases, long-forgotten recordings of Warlock's music. These

included songs sung by Kathleen Ferrier and David Johnston, and finished with Dick Walter's arrangement for 11-piece jazz band of *The full heart* (see Newsletter 64). You might doubt whether this could be effective, but in fact the skilful arrangement means that if you had never heard the original you would think it had been written for these instruments. John's detailed research and depth of knowledge about music and recordings made this a most interesting session, filled in with snippets of background information in his inimitable style. He chose some very interesting and entertaining (if not controversial!) versions of Warlock originals. He wrote to me that he hoped to play us more archive recordings at future meetings. What a tragedy that we do not now have this to look forward to.

Claire Beach

Chairman's Report, Peter Warlock Society, 27th May 2000, *The Antelope Tavern*, Eaton Terrace

The past year has been one of the most important periods in the history of the Peter Warlock Society. There's a bold statement to begin any Chairman's report for I must now spend the rest of my statement justifying it. I can only speak with authority about my own time with the Society, of course, and older lags will, no doubt, be able to point to other times and make similar claims.

But I have specific reasons for saying what I have, not just because of what has happened but because of what will happen as a result and, indeed, what we must make happen. Let me start by reviewing what took place just a year ago. We gathered in Great Warley for a weekend that was as much a symposium as an Annual General Meeting. John Bishop organised what was, to my mind, a splendid get-together in which the formal business, however much it was the *raison d'être* for the weekend, became simply a part of a sequence of events that were by turns edifying, informative, stimulating, provocative and, of course, entertaining. We even attracted some outsiders because John's programme, while Warlock-centred, took a wide view of the composer and his work. The event has generated an important spin-off: the list of half a dozen organ compositions – based on Warlock songs – that were performed as part of the Saturday evening *Gallimaufry* has now grown to ten and will be published in a few months' time as *A paean for Peter Warlock*. It is all part and parcel of the process whereby we publicise the name of our composer by whatever means.

While we are on the subject of recent publications let me also draw attention to the book of limericks and light verse. Copies of this have only recently escaped from a printer somewhere in North London and are finding their way into about a hundred mostly unsuspecting households. I shall relate a small, personal and not entirely irrelevant story at this

stage. Six weeks or so ago John Bishop brought the final proof of the book to my flat to show me. In my editorial preface I had quoted Spike Hughes who stated, somewhat extravagantly, that the limericks were a valid piece of music criticism in their own right. As happens on these occasions our conversation meandered and, at one point, I showed John both of the copies of Cecil Gray's *Contingencies* which I possess, one of which once belonged to the critic and writer Ernest Bradbury, the other of which was a gift from Gray himself to someone else and has CG's own signature on the flyleaf. It was only after John had gone that I realised that Spike Hughes was the son of Herbert, one of Warlock's limerick-victims and no less than the recipient of the signed copy of Gray's book which I now possess. It was as though these unforeseen but inter-related facts had given a kind of belated blessing to the whole venture.

As you will have read in the Newsletter, the next major publishing project will be the long-awaited pictorial biography of Peter Warlock. All members have been invited to purchase one of these on publication. In the initial publicity it was stated that the volume would be ready in the autumn of this year. I am pleased to tell you that it will probably not appear until early next year for the very good reason that remarkable information and material is still coming to light. Most dramatically, the news about Winifred Baker has been one of the past year's great revelations. Just 12 months ago we hardly knew anything about her at all; now we have facts about aspects of her family and her personal life, the Society is in contact with at least one member of her family and photographs of her have come to light. Needless to say some of these pictures will be printed in the forthcoming volume along with those of Warlock's Canadian cousins and, I have to say, newly discovered photographs of PW himself that, until very recently, were completely unknown to us.

So the biography will contain stuff that most members – and outsiders – will never have seen before. There will be some familiar material of course. I don't think that we could avoid using the famous picture of Warlock sitting on a beer barrel. The photo was taken by PW's friend, Boris de Chroustchhoff and copies of it have been floating around for a considerable time but, amazingly, the negative has now turned up in the possession of Boris's daughter who, while offering access to her collection, thought that there could be little of value in it. The same element of surprise could be expressed about the content of a recent letter from Warlock's granddaughter, Elisabeth. She has some letters to PW from, of all people, D H Lawrence, that – as far as we can tell – nobody knew anything about. "Would anybody be interested in them?" she asked.

I hope that all of this is whetting your appetite nicely and that, if you've been teetering on the brink, not sure whether you want to commit yourself to a copy or not, you'll now decide to take the plunge. But, more importantly, it leads to a specific issue. Over the years, as we have agonised over how best to use our modest financial resources, the priority has tended towards publication of Warlock's compositions and,

more recently, writings. This was an obvious and important thing to do. But the production of the new biography highlights another financial commitment to which we must, I believe, devote more attention. The book could have been a re-arrangement of pictures and text, the substance of which was already known to most enthusiasts. It's not going to be like that though; it is actually going to be a piece of quite intensive research and we must realise that this kind of activity will make more and more demands on our finances. The committee has already voted that a sum of money be used to offset the inevitable expenses incurred in travelling to libraries and archives, public or private, but more will be needed and soon. This kind of reallocation of our spending power is also a reflection of how far the Society has progressed and what it has achieved. If the music and journalism were not in place, we may not be considering these sorts of activity but I recognise that we have to be aware that there will be other demands too. We shall still be asked – as we have been in the past – to help towards the costs of producing books or recordings and – as we have done before – we shall contribute where we can. Two years ago we agreed at the AGM to put up the subscription; that has brought in a little more money and I trust that the membership agrees that the rise has been justified by the work the Society has done. But we need to prioritise our activities and I shall be a strong advocate of directing money towards Warlock research of one kind or another.

Some of the fruits of research have already appeared in the Newsletters. The last two have been among the largest ever put out by the PWS and I believe that the most recent was the biggest ever. At 22 sides it represents something in the order of 20 000 words. When I took it over I gave myself the job of turning the Newsletter into the first port-of-call for Warlock investigation and information. Shortly after the appearance of no. 66 I received a very supportive e-mail from Barry Smith who commented on the diversity and depth of the material in it, such that I felt that my aim had been achieved. Some have said that it is no longer a Newsletter and that we ought to give it a new name, perhaps. I'm not too sure about this; I rather like the informality that the word "Newsletter" possesses but I'm open to suggestions. What is much more likely, though, is that the next one will be in a slightly different format, a booklet as opposed to the separate, stapled sheets that have been the norm for some time. I have a sample or two here that the printer knocked up on the basis of last time's art-work. Please have a look at it afterwards if you wish to. And before you ask, yes, I have checked the cost. It should be much the same as at present.

But the Newsletter doesn't simply happen. It is the result of the work of the contributors and, to conclude this report, I should like to pay tribute to two of them to whom I have only alluded – quite deliberately – so far. Silvester Mazzarella and Rhian Davies have dug and delved to the point where, I suspect, whole inches of shoe-leather have been worn away on the streets of a number of South Coast towns and elsewhere. Without their indefatigable efforts the last two

Newsletters would not have been what they were and would not have excited so much interest and enthusiastic comment. And there's more to come, of course. I want this sort of thing to continue and I want the Society to put its money, as far as it can, behind these kinds of venture.

In Newsletter 66 we noted the deaths of six Warlockians. Their passing symbolises the ever diminishing fund of information, personal and factual but always intrinsically ephemeral, on which we can draw in order to find out more about our composer and how his experiences may have affected his compositions. This seems to me to justify what I have been saying about the need to finance research to be carried out either from within our Society or from outside. A powerful impetus has already been achieved as a result of the work done on Winifred Baker and for the forthcoming pictorial biography. Now would appear to be the right time to capitalise on that in all senses.

Brian Collins

PREVIEW

Composer of the week

Radio 3's *Composer of the Week* is one of the longest running and most popular strands to be heard on the network. For the past 14 months, the sole presenter of the program has been Donald Macleod, who interweaves the music with a narrative about the featured composer. Given that 2000 is the 50th anniversary of his death, I felt that it would be the ideal opportunity to give some air-time to the music of Warlock's friend and erstwhile housemate, E J Moeran (who has been featured only twice before, as joint *Composer of the Week* with Warlock himself, and with Edmund Rubbra). Fortunately the idea was taken on board, and the Moeran wheels were set in motion. This was a task which I relished greatly, as it gave me the chance to delve wholeheartedly into Moeran's life and music for the first time, and to uncover a handful of works which are rarely heard nowadays.

Donald Macleod and the production team spent a very enjoyable and productive day on the Norfolk coast where we recorded some of the programmes *in situ*. Moeran grew up in this area, predominantly in the village of Bacton-on-Sea; his father was vicar at the imposing 13th Century parish church there for over fifteen years and now lies buried in the churchyard.

The series takes the form of a chronological survey of Moeran's life and compositions, and will be broadcast from Monday December 11th to Friday December 15th at 9 o'clock every morning.

This first programme concentrates on Moeran's childhood and upbringing, his studies under John Ireland at the Royal College of Music and the treatment he received for the head wound sustained on the western front during the Great War. The music includes some of his earliest compositions: *The lake*

island as performed by Eric Parkin, the *Piano Trio*, *Ludlow town* and his first orchestral work *In the mountain country*.

The second programme centres on Moeran's love of the countryside, its inhabitants and its music. Moeran and Warlock made a number of folksong-collecting expeditions together travelling around East Anglia, encouraging the locals to perform for them and noting down tunes, many of which eventually found their way into the works of both composers. Our journey also provided the perfect location for this programme, which we recorded in the sussurating reed beds of the Norfolk Broads, complete with booming bitterns and chirruping moorhens in the distance! For this edition the BBC Singers, conducted by Stephen Cleobury, have provided us with two previously unrecorded partsongs: *The sailor and young Nancy* and *The jolly carter*, and the BBC Philharmonic, conducted by Rumon Gamba have made a brand new recording of the *Sinfonietta*.

The third programme, to be broadcast on Wednesday 13th December will no doubt be of the most interest to PWS members. This programme focuses on the friendship between Moeran and Warlock and their three-year sojourn in Eynsford. They both shared an interest in the music of Delius, but it was Warlock who first introduced Moeran to Elizabethan composers. We had fully intended to record this programme in the garden of the *Five Bells* in Eynsford but our ambitious journey around Norfolk took rather longer than we had bargained for, so we had to curtail our plans somewhat. However, as a tribute to the aforementioned establishment, we begin with Neilson Taylor's rumbustious recording with male-voice chorus and Jennifer Partridge (piano) of the Warlock/Moeran collaboration *Maltworms*. The programme concludes with another new recording from the BBC Singers of the Elizabethan-inspired *Phyllida and Corydon* and the Ulster Orchestra's recording of *Whythorne's shadow*.

On Thursday December 14th the programme focuses on Moeran's relationship with the cellist Peers Coetmore, who was the inspiration for much of his later output, and indeed his wife from July 1945. Coetmore herself begins the programme by playing the *Prelude for cello and piano* with Eric Parkin, but the second work is another specially recorded performance by their BBC Philharmonic, this time of the Concerto for cello and orchestra; the soloist is Paul Watkins.

The final programme, recorded on the beach at Bacton-on-Sea, is a study of Moeran's final years, spent in Kenmare on the west coast of Ireland. Moeran's alcoholism, which had become progressively worse over the last ten years of his life, was eventually to end his marriage to Coetmore. He composed virtually nothing after this period and died, presumably of a brain haemorrhage, in December 1950. The series concludes with what is probably Moeran's *magnum opus*, the *Symphony in G minor*, which has been recorded for us once again by the Ulster Orchestra conducted by Vernon Handley.

Les Pratt

REVIEWS

The Sixth Warlockian Chelsea Chrono- topograPHical Crawl

1 – A Mancunian Warlockian in Chelsea

I begin with a confession, that before 24th June this year I had not been to London for 13 years! Perhaps the main reason has been Manchester's very active Arts and Music culture always allowing me to indulge in most of my interests there. However, having been an armchair member of the Peter Warlock Society for eight years, their event in the Chelsea Festival on 24th June provoked me to drag this Postman's carcass down to the bright lights.

As a Bax, I am searching my family history to find a relationship with Clifford and Sir Arnold, as music was always there for me from an early age. Twinned with an active Church-life – my father and grandfather were both choirmasters – I was brought up as an RSCM choirboy in the seventies at St Mary's Nantwich, when I was first mesmerised by the spine-tingling carols *Bethlehem Down* and *Balulalow*. It was later, amongst my father's vast record collection that I discovered Ian Partridge singing *The curlew* and I always remember that my brother and I used to dare each other to play it, as we both found it deeply disturbing.

Therefore, to find out more about Peter Warlock and his Society, I found myself waving goodbye to Manchester at 6am on 24th June; as my workmates were racing off to the terraces waving scarves, drinking cheap lager and chanting anthems penned by Manchester's answer to the Beatles, I was to spend my Saturday in quite a different fashion! Could there be anything more eccentric than waving banners, drinking real ale, and chanting Warlock songs in crocodile behind a marching brass band as the pedestrians of Chelsea go about their daily chores? I think not, but this was what the day was to offer me, and more!

With the train well on time, I found myself at our auspicious meeting place – London's most famous store – eating croissants and drinking hot coffee at Harrods, half an hour before I was due to meet our Master of Ceremonies. Robed in a striking maroon velvet jacket and black shirt, totally in keeping with the mood of Heseltine's darker devilish side, Malcolm Rudland welcomed the small but spirited gathering outside the entrance to Harrods Food Hall – the site of Warlock's first family home. Also there was Jonathan King, not the pop-music entrepreneur, but the Conference Manager of Harrods, who spoke to us about Warlock's links with Chelsea and then, with a wry but warm grin, wished us well on our quest!

We soon found ourselves chatting away like old friends as we shuffled along the Chelsea streets. I'll never forget two civilians (i.e. non-Warlock Society members); they were charming sisters from Cornwall who had come along out of curiosity; one of them had a spontaneous laugh like an Amazonian parakeet

which splendidly pre-announced our cortège wherever we went. On one street corner, we were read a letter written by a Florence Peck in 1931. Warlock would visit this lady here at her Theatrical Library in Sloane Street on his way to his first school at 35 Cliveden Place, and she described him as "one of the sweetest little children I have ever known". It seems clear from Florence's full description of the young Warlock that he possessed great magnetism even at this early age. Our next stop was *The Cadogan Hotel*, to hear a poem, read to us by Dr Brian Collins and penned by Sir John Betjeman, about the clumsy arrest of one of England's greatest sons – Oscar Wilde, whose blue plaque rests a few doors from Warlock's in Tite Street.

As we approached *The Antelope Tavern*, the "nerve-centre" of the Peter Warlock Society, we came to the border between Chelsea and Belgravia, and learned a couple of remarkable facts about this other territory. Firstly, no public houses were allowed to be built there within sight of the main roads and secondly, no buildings there were damaged by the *Luftwaffe* in the Second World War, as Goering had instructed his pilots to preserve the area for the headquarters of the Third Reich in Britain! However, a mood from an earlier period of history seemed to pervade as we arrived at the tavern. Little seemed to have changed since the times of the framed facsimile cartoons of Warlock, Blunt and that larger-than-life character, Augustus John, which hang on the saloon bar wall. The atmosphere was musty, but friendly.

We finished quaffing our foaming ale and made our way by hook or by crook to *The Chelsea Fishery* on Chelsea Green. First on the scene were two brightly garbed Chelsea Pensioners, in full scarlet uniform, with a six-foot-high banner scripting "Warlock in Chelsea" in Warlock's own inimitable handwriting with letters over a foot high. We were promised some *Cod-pieces* outside the fish shop, but as we waited for the arrival of the conductor, Eric Crees, and his 10-piece brass ensemble, a flower-seller next door saw us as a target for a torrent of cockney sales pitch. However, it fell on deaf ears and Eric and his men treated us to an array of musical emotions with punchy, cheeky harmonies.

Then was a chance for everyone to open their lungs. By courtesy of the sponsors, Arjo Wiggins Fine Papers, we were all issued with a 64-page souvenir programme from the 1997 Warlockian "events" surrounding the unveiling of the blue plaque to Béla Bartók in Sydney Place. Reading from page 30, we were able to follow the ensemble down Cale Street singing *The cricketers of Hambledon*. Standing in an alley near Warlock's flat at 6a Bury Walk we again heard the *Cod-piece*, *The old codger*, as that was where he wrote an arrangement of it. As it came to its conclusion, one of the Chelsea Pensioners, with a remarkably striking resemblance to TV's John Shuttleworth, started protesting, "This is all a bit too much like hard work for a man of my years!" However, mopping his brow with a splendid spotted handkerchief and chuckling to himself, he managed to raise the banner again and we were off to the rose-garden behind St Luke's Church, Chelsea. There,

before another mobile rendition of *The cricketers of Hambledon*, Malcolm Rudland stentoriously read Humphrey Burton's account of the last crawl through a megaphone, which had appeared in the August 1998 *BBC Music Magazine* as *Megaphone Diplomacy*, where mention was made that his American friend "was convinced that the good burghers of Chelsea regularly pass their sunny Saturday afternoons thus!"

St Luke's Church possesses an enormous tower; at 142 ft it is the highest point in Chelsea and, for those of our group who were brave enough to climb the 175 or so winding stairs, Vincent, the verger, gave us the reward of a breath-taking view of Kensington and Chelsea. This was the same view that Warlock had described to Delius from his flat in 1916, with "the sun setting behind those architectural glories of which we sturdy Britishers are so justly proud, to wit, the Natural History Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the ultra-phallic Imperial Institute". However, Warlock had then gone on to note that "The Royal College of Music though adjacent, was happily invisible!" As we retraced our steps down, the verger recounted a tale from the dawn of the new millennium [*Er - which millennium would that be? - Ed.*] when the vicar and a few select others had consumed more than a few bottles of bubbly on top of the tower and were swaggering precariously, but all miraculously made their way back down all those steps without so much as stubbing a toe!

Following lunch at *The Wellesley Arms* we made our way to Dovehouse Green for more tremendous brass from Eric Crees and his merry men. It was during quieter moments in these proceedings that, in true, impish, Warlockian mood, one of the trombonists blew several raspberries behind his comrades! On a more delicate note, *Love for love* was sung with great sensitivity by the baritone Eamonn Dougan, whilst we gazed over to the spot where, on 27th December 1916, the then Register Office had witnessed the marriage of Warlock and Puma (to whom the song is dedicated). It is now the Workhouse Art Gallery, having originally been the offices for the Chelsea Workhouse next door. Later on, one of my own personal favourites, *Mr Belloc's fancy*, reared its head, sung by Danny Gillingwater who teased and taunted us with his vocal virtuosity. With the concert concluded, the baton was then auctioned to anyone who dare conduct and volunteer some money to the Society for a repeat show. The youngest of these was Micky Watkins who, at seven, with the *Basse-danse* from *Capriol*, invoked such a spirited response from the ensemble that all other contenders' attempts are hardly worthy of note. Judging from the money collected, the constantly changing King's Road audience were always appreciative of our efforts, and it did include such distinguished locals as the sculptor, Eduardo Paolozzi, and the organist to the Chelsea Pensioners at the Royal Hospital Chapel, Ian Curror.

Leaving the Green and the public behind, the Crawl continued around the streets of Chelsea and another topical letter, in which Warlock asks Delius for help to set him up in his orange grove in Florida, was read outside where it was written, Rossetti Gardens Mansions in Flood Street, where the contemporary

Chelsea composer, Howard Goodall, also now lives. Unfortunately, the band was not around to play his theme to the TV series *The Vicar of Dibley!* Of other stops, most worthy of mention is the mystery surrounding one of Warlock's final letters, in which Warlock dedicates his love to "W. B." from Bramerton Street. Dr Brian Collins has obviously studied the letter in great depth and gave his reading near there with such intensity that no one listening could fail to have been moved.

So, after a group photo of the 20 or so survivors of the crawl by the Warlock blue plaque in Tite Street, we went on to high tea and a recital at St Wilfrid's Convent opposite. The nuns spoilt us rotten, and I was revived in good time for the Rudland/Gillingwater production. Those expecting Flanders and Swann would not have been disappointed, as the wit and banter were dished out with comparable aplomb (and with a song about a bum). But enough about the wit, what about the music? All present were treated to a feast of information about the composer and some of his most delectable music. *Carillon, carilla* was sung with a piercing intensity by the ever-young baritone Danny Gillingwater, and the mood of *The frostbound wood* was spine-chilling with Mr Rudland's accompaniment beautifully understated. Cheeks amongst the crowd went pink at the story surrounding Ravenscroft's round from *Pammelia: Whip little David's bum* (edited by Warlock), but perhaps not quite as pink as David's! And so to the ethereal finish, *Bethlehem Down*, in Warlock's less familiar version for solo voice and organ (or piano, as on this occasion). As my head floated away heavenward carried by the beauty of the performance, my feet had to rush me at high speed to the nearest tube to take me to Euston for my train.

I know the memories from this day will stay with me until the next Chronotopographical Crawl - three cheers for everyone involved! I wonder how many Londoners will come to Manchester for this year's birthday concert (see back page)?

Andrew Bax

2 - An Independent view

[Some readers may have caught the Classical page in the Arts Review of The Independent on Tuesday 27 June where, next to WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY CHOIR AT SPITALFIELDS, came PETER WARLOCK AT THE CHELSEA FESTIVAL. However, the half column that Roderic Dunnnett contributed to this was well and truly sub-edited, so, readers may here care to see a specially expanded and unexpurgated version!]

Peter Warlock *aficionados* are serious drinkers. They need to be. *The Antelope Tavern* is the nerve-centre of the Warlock Society, and the composer (1894-1930) frequented more pubs around Chelsea than the dozen-plus Chelsea addresses he clocked up between leaving pre-war Eton and his precipitate, probably

self-inflicted Christmastide demise from coal-gas poisoning (the verdict was left open) at 12a (now 30) Tite St. Here, the Blue Plaque is sited, but many more could be littered elsewhere around the borough. The drink affected his work-patterns, but not just depressively. Many of his best pieces are cheerful occasional or drinking songs written to spruce up some amateur gathering, be it a Hampshire village cricket match, ill-togged amateur dramatics or a boozy rendezvous in North Kent's Darent Valley, where Warlock and E J "Jack" Moeran were the colourful life and soul – between or sometimes while composing – of the half-dozen hostelrys of Samuel Palmer's Shoreham and the *Five Bells* at Eynsford, their adopted hamlet.

Each of his songs – as well as a clutch of melting carols, like *Bethlehem Down* – is a polished gem. But it is in his black, desolate Yeats setting, *The curlew* – not for those of nervous disposition – that he turns to sheer gold the dark underworld of his multifaceted, possibly split, personality (between music criticism and composing he dabbled in the occult with Aleister Crowley: like Rutland Boughton and Cyril Scott, his lifestyle was tabloid stuff, but in a way rarely conducive to promotion).

Warlock never crawled to anyone: his letters of scorpionic vitriol are as pithy as Housman's; but the society, whose heroic efforts on his behalf have done much to keep this intriguing, one-off figure in the public eye, has aptly taken to annual crawling and bibbing in his honour. On this month's Chronotopographical Crawl (Warlock was as addicted to scatology as Elgar), I caught up with them outside *The Chelsea Fishery*, just along from the flat in Bury Walk, SW3 where Warlock arranged his fourth *Cod-piece*, *The old codger*. The fabulous young Guildhall Brass turned out to do the honours, and I doubt if the Wallace Collection could have bettered it. Most importantly, their conductor Eric Cree's 10-part band arrangements, piccolo trumpet and all, have got Warlock buttoned up. Warlock, who had only half a dozen euphoniums and things to jot for, would have been aghast with admiration. These brilliant and sympathetic arrangements are classics in their own right.

Much vociferous marching later, the convivial cortège, led in suitably tongue-in-cheek solemn fashion, Durham Miners' gala-style, by two Scarlet, banner-bearing Chelsea Pensioners, an amiable Scottish bobby (to see off drunken affray) and the maroon 1969 Morris Traveller (such Ken Russell taste: oh, how Warlock would have approved) of the Society's Hon. Secretary, Malcolm Rudland – sprung from the chains of his organ stool and bearing tubas, trombones, and doubtless serpents too – louchely debouched opposite the art-packed Chelsea Town Hall. There, for variously priced bets, Eric Cree's handed over the baton to sundry Warlockians, some bemused passers-by, and – *pièce de resistance* – to the seven-year-old Mickey Watkins. It was breathtaking. Cree's should book him forthwith for sessions with Rozhdestvensky. Or *vice-versa*.

That was the spirit of the day. "It's so nice to do something crazy in London" opined the charming

young French lady at my side, bursting into another torrid refrain of *The cricketers of Hambleton*. We were nutters all; passers-by gawped supportively, or were bowled over by loud-hailer renderings of Warlock's *Piggesnie* and *Captain Stratton's fancy*, *et al.* by the caperingly articulate Danny Gillingwater and the ex-Guildhall and New College baritone Eamonn Dougan – a wonderful voice, warm, sensitive, responsive to text and already apt for the Wigmore Hall. Broguish and roguish, they made a good pair.

The culmination, in Tite St., was the most moving moment of all: a reading – and a very fine, thoughtful, concentrated one, by the Society's Chairman, Brian Collins, of Warlock's letter to his mother dated 15th November, in which Philip/Peter begs not to spend Christmas with her as "some stuff of mine is being sung at Westminster Cathedral and at the Brompton Oratory on Christmas Eve and Boxing Day". Sadly, he missed the performances by nine days. After this homage to the Blue Plaque at Warlock's fatal last basement address, the survivors of the Chelsea Crawl were able to seek asylum and non-alcoholic nourishment opposite, in the enfolding arms of St Wilfrid's Convent, presided over by the *gemütlich* and wonderfully wise Sister Nilda. Here, the Warlock Society's Hon. Sec. (at the late Ralph Downes's 6ft 6in Bösendorfer Grand Piano – the former organist of Brompton Oratory spent his last days there) and the dramatically and vocally versatile Danny Gillingwater together performed a rather well-scripted, cheerful and (for us non-*aficionados*) genuinely instructive overview of Warlock's London life and wider achievement.

What was that? Society members need scant prompting, but the rest of us could follow their lead. It's time – despite himself – that we took this supremely gifted human satyr (his womanising was equally legendary) seriously. The composer of *Capriol* (dashed off several times with masterly aplomb, and marked wistfulness, by the Guildhall Brass: Naxos should grab them quickly) was, as the chairman had underlined, one of the first to rate Bartók here. Frivolities apart, Warlock was ranged – along with van Dieren, Berners, Scott, Lambert, Walton and early Bliss – at the razor edge of English music. The chromatic filigree of *The curlew* insinuates much of his other work like a calling card.

One of the most sympathetic pictures of Warlock appears in David Pownall's play *Music to murder by*, in which the young Philip Heseltine serves as a Hermes figure who interprets the doomed genius of the homicidal Italian composer-baron, Carlo Gesualdo – of whom Heseltine, tellingly, wrote a biography with Cecil Gray. Gesualdo is a front-rank figure consigned to the sidelines. Perhaps Warlock is not far short of the same.

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Roderic Dunnett

Warlock in Germany

I have seven newspaper cuttings about the concert held on the 9th May by the *Deutsch-Englische Gesellschaft* (German-English Society) of Wetzlar. Four of them are announcements of the forthcoming event, sometimes just a few lines, while the other three are accounts of the event itself. I believe one or two of these to have been written by a reporter and the other, most likely, by a music critic. I make this distinction because one of the reports uses expressions which are too difficult to translate by an amateur. What follows is a 99% literal translation of the review in the *Gießener Allgemeine* of 12th May 2000. The review included a photograph of the soloists.

Première of a song cycle dedicated to the two soloists. The *Deutsch-Englische Gesellschaft* (German-English Society) provided a remarkable introduction to English Songs of the 20th Century.

"This was exceptional" exclaimed a lady from the audience at the end of the concert performed in the concert hall of the music school by Franciska Stürz (soprano) and Hans-Günther Kolb (piano). The German-English Society, supported by the initiative of the Warlock Society, offered a rare opportunity to be introduced to English Songs of the 20th Century under the title *On this Island*. Nicholas Marshall, the composer, came to Wetzlar for the first performance in public of his song-cycle *Music in the wood*. The soloists are well known locally; Stürz was born in Munich and has returned to her home town. In the past she had lived in Gießen, matriculated at the Liebig School, and studied singing under Gabriele Glahn-Possinke. In recent years she made guest appearances in Ulm, Nuremberg and Munich, and in the current season also in the *Stadttheater* in Gießen. Kolb studied in Munich and in 1953 qualified as a pianist. His study tours lead him to Italy, England and the USA, and he gave concerts as pianist and conductor in Europe and in the USA as well.

Since 1963 the Warlock Society has been engaged in stimulating interest in English "*Lieder*". Philip Heseltine (1894-1930), who published his 150 compositions of songs under the pseudonym of Peter Warlock, was at pains to interpret older, often anonymous texts as well as those of his contemporaries. He was influenced by Béla Bartók, whose first concert in England he helped to organise. He belongs with Benjamin Britten (1913-76) and Marshall (b. Plymouth 1942) to the modern composers who were represented in today's programme. It is said that the collaboration between Kolb and Stürz developed by accident while the content of the concert less so. Kolb and Marshall are close friends and Kolb is one of three German Members of the Warlock Society; as a musician he also wanted to promote the Society's interests. According to Kolb, Warlock is the father of the 20th century English "*Lieder*", while Marshall went furthest in technical expression. "Still tonal but highly individualistic in the formation of chords and all the 12 semitones are incorporated in his works. Independent of sharp/minor keys of Western music,"

expounded the pianist later. "We have to get accustomed to the sounds," concluded Gabriele Freifrau von Falkenhausen the president of the German-English Society when thanking Marshall for the piece he composed especially for Kolb and Stürz for this concert and adroitly remarked to the singer, "We will get accustomed to the sound of your voice more easily."

[Translator's note: Not unexpectedly, I had some difficulty in producing even this amateurish translation despite the fact that I had been able to obtain some help from Germany. First, the title: the reporter used a tailoring term when referring to the works being "fitted" to the two soloists. I think my choice of words is more appropriate. Secondly, the songs involved are called *Kunstlieder* by this and other reporters. I would say it conveys songs of artistic merit with identifiable composers. We all know what "*Lieder*" (the plural of *Lied*) stands for. I tried to avoid using this term in place of *Kunstlieder* even though it is often used in the German text. I used 'Lieder' just a couple of times. This is where you could decide which English word would be right in the circumstances if *Lieder* is considered to be wrong.]

Robert Domjan

Gillingwater plucks another Curlew

On 16th December 1994 at the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at the University of Birmingham, the ever-youthful Danny Gillingwater not only sang and fixed the players for his first *Curlew*, but drew one flying over a moonlit estuary in his design for the concert's publicity. This later appeared as the cover for the study score of *The curlew* with short-score reduction of the instrumental parts by Fred Tomlinson and Michael Pilkington, published by Thames in 1994. It was used again in the edition with a Hungarian translation by Vera Róza in 1997. The multi-talented artist has also danced a fairy in *A midsummer night's dream*, sung Tony in *West Side story*, fronted three jazz bands (e.g. The Sloane Square Syncopators), sang with the Hot House Orchestra for the Hong Kong changeover, sculpted many busts of children (and busts of women), and painted many portraits (e.g. Sir Geraint Evans, Felix Aprahamian, John Amis, Alun Hoddinott); he now plays piano in his double-act *Red and Ginger*. We just await his turn to taxidermy, when he will doubtless stuff a curlew.

In March 1997, the tenor Nicholas Sears was booked to sing *The curlew* with Gemini at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, part of the Warlock and Bartók celebrations surrounding the unveiling of the Bartók Blue Plaque in South Kensington. Two days before the concert he fell ill and, after many agents had searched for a replacement, Danny was the only tenor who knew it and was free. Nicholas Williams writing in *The Independent* said:

Gillingwater's voice, uniform throughout its range and mellow in colour, was well suited to the work's heavy

atmosphere. In the monotone line of the second song, "The Lover Mourns for the Loss of Love", he held a steady pitch. The third and longest song, with its haunting refrain of "The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams", perfectly caught the tone of loss and despair that is the work's most telling feature.

Of this performance Dr Brian Collins also wrote in Newsletter 61, page 13 :

such an emotionally complex and intensely demanding work cannot be put down and picked up again at will. Perhaps it was the resultant fragility that made the vocal performance so affecting because while the singer must, of course, be totally familiar with the notes, too assured a rendition negates the neurotic tensions inherent both in Yeats's text and Warlock's setting of it. The mood swings between anticipatory gloom ("Your breast will not lie by the breast of your beloved in sleep") *via* tense stasis ("Pale brows, still hands and dim hair") and fantastic frenzy ("I know of the leafy paths the witches take") were powerfully drawn such that I, for one, look forward to another Gillingwater *Curlew*.

With such reviews, Gillingwater watchers waiting anxiously for his next appearance to be a billed West End *Curlew* were going to be disappointed, perhaps wondering if he will always be the bridesmaid, never the bride. But having said that, we have only spotted two live *Curlews* since 1997; one at the second Royal Academy of Music Birthday Concert on 30th October 1997, sung by Stephen Brown; and the other, the first performance in Hungarian, at a concert in Pécs, Hungary on 29th March 1999 sung by Howard Williams, who is perhaps better known as a conductor from English National Opera. At both those events, the billed tenors sang, but the third performance to come to our notice was scheduled for a Coffee Concert at 11am on a Monday morning in the 2000 Chelsea Festival, where it was to be followed by Salmon Tasting at Partridges, the grocers opposite! The student, David Curry had been booked by the Chelsea Festival on the strength of his Countess of Munster Award to study at the Royal Academy of Music. Less than 48 hours before the performance, the Chelsea Festival asked the Warlock Society to find a replacement.

The Royal College of Music claimed that Mr Curry had not told them about his *Curlew*, and when one of their rehearsals clashed with the *Curlew* performance, felt they had a prior claim on him for a joint venture in the London Royal Schools Opera. Now we know that Warlock wrote disparagingly about the Royal College of Music (see page 10) but, when the Head of Mr Curry's RAM Vocal Faculty, Mark Wildman, was approached about the problem, he said, "This is really the matter of a contract between Mr Curry and the Chelsea Festival but, had I been approached, I could have given a more considered response and offered the services of a singer well versed in the Warlock genre rather than those of an operatic tenor, splendid though he may be."

The work in conflict was Stravinsky's *The rake's progress* in which Mr Curry was to sing Tom with critical acclaim. Perhaps this could be thought a strange contrast with *The curlew* until one realises that Alexander Young created the part of Tom in 1951 and then went on to make the first LP recording of *The curlew* in 1954. The instrumental ensemble to

accompany Mr Curry had been booked on the strength of their playing *The curlew* at the RAM 1997 Birthday Concert, about which Brian Collins wrote (Newsletter 62, page 15) that they were "almost too accurate in the fantasias as some of the neurotic quality was lost".

However, by the time the names were released for the Chelsea Festival, there was only one survivor, the leader, and there was no conductor, as at the RAM. Sadly, the instrumental component of this performance lacked any sense of direction, and sounded insecure as if merely note-bashed, and it was later discovered that that event had taken place without all the performers having rehearsed together before the day! However, it did give Danny his second chance to offer a *Curlew* at short notice, and his mellifluous voice resounded well around the wonderful acoustics of Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, Chelsea. As in Brian Collins's review of Danny's QEH stand-in performance (see above), I too have memories of his voice revealing new insights into the piece. His plea for the curlew to "cry no more in the air" dispelled the grief and regret that had permeated the opening fantasia in more ways than one, and when he was freed of the instrumental accompaniment to "wander by the edge of this desolate lake" in the final song, a confidence grew that made me know that his top A on "hurl" was going to be ringingly secure. As the song-cycle ended, he left us with that gaping feeling of haunting despair as he tormented us with "Your breast will not lie by the breast of your beloved in sleep". We can only wait for some promoter to realise that here is voice that needs to have his own billed *Curlew* with proper rehearsals.

Malcolm Rudland

D H Lawrence and Philip Heseltine/Peter Warlock

A presentation to the D H Lawrence Society on 9th February 2000 by Rosemary Howard (Editor of the Newsletter) and Monica Nash (Artist and Folk-singer)

Before starting work on our programme we were interested to note that, whereas Monica had joined the D H Lawrence Society on account of a love of Peter Warlock's music and a wish to know more about Lawrence, I had come to Philip Heseltine through my study of Lawrence's sojourn in Cornwall and his writing of *Women in love* (although I had sung Peter Warlock's songs in my youth). When we got down to the actual presentation of our programme we both found it extremely difficult to form a coherent view of Philip Heseltine's character, owing to the dichotomy that exists between the beauty and purity of his music and his – at times – disreputable behaviour.

I started our presentation by alluding to the prestigious Peter Warlock Society (founded eleven years before ours) and the importance of Peter Warlock's contribution as a musicologist and composer to the development of musical taste in the early decades of the twentieth century – playing discs of *Capriol* and a number of songs.

Monica proceeded with an account of Philip's early life, his family background, his friendship with Delius, and his rise to fame, leading to his meeting with Lawrence in 1915. Then I took up the tale of the friendship that swiftly developed between them, describing Philip's contacts with Garsington and his visit along with Puma to the Lawrences' rented home in Cornwall early in 1916. No-one knows exactly what led to the breach in their friendship, but it is possible that Ottoline offended Philip by showing him letters that Lawrence had written about him, and that he may have been given a plethora of gratuitous advice by Lawrence about his sex-life. Owing to my interest in the recent OUP publication of *The first "Women in love"*, which Lawrence started to write in 1916, it became plain that the merciless caricature of Heseltine as Halliday in Chapter VI was written directly in the shadow of the quarrel. Lawrence was admittedly anxious about the possibly libellous nature of the chapter and, in the event, a charge of libel was threatened by Heseltine in 1921 when the novel was finally published. The case was, however, settled out of court with Heseltine being paid £50 compensation with 10 guineas costs, in return for some superficial changes made by Lawrence in the offending passages. (The original, unexpurgated version of the novel was finally printed by the Cambridge University Press in 1983.)

After my readings from the brilliant *Crème de menthe* chapter, Monica took up the story of the rest of Heseltine's life which culminated in his untimely death in 1930 at the age of 36. Our evening finished on a more cheerful note with the playing of three of Peter Warlock's finest songs.

Rosemary Howard

Sources:

Barry Smith: *Peter Warlock*

I A Copley: *A turbulent friendship*

Information from the PWS concerning recordings of Warlock's music

The first "Women in love" (CUP 1999)

Women in Love (CUP 1983)

Paul Delaney: *D H Lawrence's nightmare*

DHL's Letters vol. II (CUP)

M Kincaid-Weekes: *Triumph to exile* (vol. II of the CUP Biography)

Monica Nash also referred to other caricatures of Philip Heseltine in novels by Aldous Huxley (*Antic Hay*) and Robertson Davies (*The Salterton Trilogy*)

AGM 2001

It was, not surprisingly, John Bishop's idea that next year's AGM be another weekend do. And it was he who mooted the idea of a combined bash with the Ivor Gurney Society. When the committee discussed this in May there was general approval and, by the time I saw John for the last time in July, he had made the appropriate contacts and secured approval from "the other side", as it were. We shall, therefore, fit into the Gurney Society's programme of events for the weekend, taking the necessary time out for our own formal business at an appropriate juncture. Will you please, therefore, mark in your diaries the weekend of **5th-6th May 2001** and investigate travelling arrangements to the Gloucester area. The precise details have not yet been worked out but they will be fully listed in next Spring's Newsletter.

Malcolm Rudland has been threatening for some time to stage an accurate recreation of Warlock's infamous nude-midnight-motor-bike-revels at Crickley Hill, even to the point of ascertaining where he could hire machines (he anticipated mass-hysteria) for the occasion. I had been terrified that this was to be another manifestation of Rudland Enterprises (Unlimited) until I sought assurances to the contrary. I am delighted to say that this has turned out to be yet another of Malcolm's charming reveries and that the inhabitants of the locality, not to mention PWS members generally, can rest easy in their beds.

Brian Collins



Malcolm Rudland

The Guildhall Brass Ensemble perform *The cricketers of Hambledon* during the Chelsea Crawl (St Luke's church in the background). See reports on pp. 9-11.

ARTICLES

Winifred Baker – Part 3

Part 2 of my article (see Newsletter no 66, Spring 2000) took the story of my search for Winifred Baker to an afternoon in November 1999, when I went in fading light to look at the “rest home” just outside Bexhill in Sussex where I believed Winifred had died in 1991. As I hinted, I was on the wrong track. All will become clear in due course, but I had no suspicion of being wrong at the time.

Chichester, January 2000

I felt I now had enough background information on Winifred and her family; what I needed to do next was to try to bring all these facts to life by talking to people who had known her. I looked in recent phone books for the addresses given for Doris Broad's two sons (Winifred's nephews) in their aunt Lucie Victoria's will of 1983 – the Winifred will I had gave no family names or addresses at all. I found a Broad address with the right initials in Buckinghamshire not too far from one of the 1983 addresses. I wrote to the Broad family in general at this address explaining that we were looking for photographs of Winifred for the Warlock picture book to be published later this year, and a week later my letter was answered by a phone call from Julian Broad, the younger nephew. The letter had been passed on to him, he said, and he certainly had photographs of Winifred including a fine studio portrait of her as a young woman obviously taken in the 1920s and a signed portrait of a man who for all he knew might be Peter Warlock. But he really knew nothing about any relationships his aunt may have had with men in the arts world in her youth, she had never talked about anything like that and he knew nothing about Peter Warlock. He would be happy to show me the photographs but, within a week, he would be leaving for a month in Australia. So I hurriedly arranged with Rhian Davies (in her dual capacity as biographer and co-author of the picture book) for us to call on him a few days later at his home in a village near Chichester.

This proved to be a long, low, seventeenth-century house tastefully restored in the not too distant past. Julian Broad welcomed us cordially. He is a recently-retired advertising executive, young for his years and with a young family, among other things a talented and extremely active sculptor and real-tennis enthusiast; the reason he was about to leave for Australia was that the world real-tennis championships were about to be held there. We sat facing him across a low table and he started by producing a family group from about 1901, taken no doubt in the garden of Sedgemoor, his grandparents' house in Mill Road Eastbourne, and showing Harry and Mary Elizabeth Baker with their five eldest children and dog “Boulder” (the sixth child, Harry Ralph, hadn't

yet been born). The wild-haired toddler on somebody's lap is clearly the current youngest, Winifred. Harry Baker sits facing the world confidently from behind a powerful moustache, while his wife's narrow features and sharp bone structure suggest she is not likely to have stood for much nonsense from anyone. Julian explained that though Harry may have been a dominating figure in the Eastbourne business world he was something of a recluse at home, where his wife and four daughters ruled. Photos of various individuals followed – “I'm not going to show you the best till last, got to keep you in suspense!” said Julian. The signed photo he'd thought might be Warlock turned out to be Emile Jacques-Dalcroze, inventor of “Eurhythmics”, a system not of dance but of physical movement designed to deepen one's feeling for music. There were also a number of views of the interior of the Dalcroze centre in Switzerland. Another large photo showed a surrealistic orchestra of fifty-six cellists, one piano and a conductor performing at what was clearly the Wigmore Hall, among them Winifred (Julian pointed her out); on the back was written “London School of Violoncello”. There was also an album of small snapshot prints of holidays and excursions between the Wars, several featuring Winifred with the same woman-friend, and three very possibly taken in Spain during a visit to Gerald Brenan, or so we thought (see Barry Smith's article in the Autumn 1999 Newsletter). But absolutely no men-friends visible in any of these snapshots.

Leaving the album, we looked at a photo featuring a slim and somewhat angular Winifred aged about forty as a bridesmaid and, finally – Julian's *pièce de resistance* – two studio portraits of a very good-looking, if not classically beautiful, young woman with a strong nose and chin and a generous, slightly pursed mouth, long neck, slightly oriental eyes and hair cut in a short bob with a long fringe. We told Julian how Bruce Blunt, when interviewed by Robert Beckhard in the 1950s, had famously described Winifred as “a lump of a woman, big, with a bad shape . . . with an ungainly kind of oriental countenance; her eyes were slit-like, upturned at the outer corners . . . She was completely dumb, and never uttered a word; she just used to sit . . . she had no mental or spiritual attraction. Philip never mentioned or discussed her”. No, she was never a lump of a woman with a bad shape, Julian insisted, she was “always thin as a rake” with “very good bones” – he held out his own slender wrists – “an archetypal Baker like me”. Rhian and Robert Beckhard both since commented that in the newly discovered portraits Winifred has the look of a Warlock girl – not as glamorous as Puma perhaps but definitely a similar type. To me she looks just as attractive as Puma and a good deal more interesting, and she was considerably taller than Barbara Peache, according to Rhian who has recently discovered two previously unknown full-length portraits of the latter. I don't think we need continue to think it odd that Winifred was important to Warlock. When Rhian and I had seen all the photos, Julian generously allowed us to take away as many as we wanted so that a selection could be made for the forthcoming Warlock picture-book.

He also gave us a lot of information, and much of what follows is based on notes Rhian took as we all talked. Harry Baker considered one of the functions of his cinemas should be to "improving" films, even though no one came to see them. He also ran the first motorcycle in Eastbourne (a link with Warlock here). Winifred's elder brother, Edgar, was indeed lost in the First World War and the family later made an unsuccessful attempt to trace his body. As a small child Julian knew his mother's three unmarried sisters as "the aunts" (later "the elderly aunts"), and these ladies would exhaust themselves for a fortnight each summer entertaining the children by the sea. He also has a very early memory of his grandfather Harry (who died when he was four) buying him sixpenny presents at Woolworths in Bexhill. Not of course that this had anything to do with the loss of the family wealth which, Julian said, was dissipated by inflation during the Second World War.

Each sister was closest to the sister nearest to her in age: Doris to Hilda and Lucie Victoria to Winifred. Hilda, based in a Hampstead flat where Winifred had lived in the thirties, worked as a shop interior and window designer and, at one point, tried to introduce Dandie Dinmont dogs to the United States. This came to nothing when one of the pair of dogs she took over with her died. She spent the war years with her sister Doris's family, the Broads, at Cooden near Bexhill, and died in Hampstead about 1980. Lucie Victoria or "Vic" was a civil servant, PA to some high-powered figure, and had a pension to live on when she retired. Only Winifred of the three unmarried sisters had no recognisable career. In earlier days she ran her own car (perhaps this was how she would have been able to meet Warlock "in Ashdown Forest or where you will", as he suggested to her in the summer of 1930 in one of the letters reproduced in Cecil Gray's biography). We asked if there was any truth in Gerald Brenan's statement that she had been a dancer and teacher of dancing. "Never heard of such a thing, ever," said Julian emphatically, "she would never have had the staying power to be a dancer." It occurred to us that her interest in Dalcroze Eurhythmics must have been what made some people think of her as a dancer. We then asked if there was any truth in Blunt's assertion that she had been a nurse. Julian said during the Second World War but not at any other time. Perhaps Blunt had seen her or heard about her at this time, *i.e.* long after Warlock's death. At one period Winifred had a dog called Moses which "was like a child to her" but was eventually run over. She took pottery classes in London and tried setting up as a potter in Budleigh Salterton or some such place in the Exeter area, but this was never a commercially viable project. Julian fetched three attractive, patterned bowls to show us, each about six inches across and signed WB on the bottom telling us that he and his family used them rather than preserving them as curios as he is sure that's what Winifred would have wished.

In old age both Lucie Victoria and Winifred lived in Bexhill, very good friends who saw a lot of one another but – Julian was adamant about this – who could never have tolerated sharing the same home; he

added that both died in the mid-1980s. But, I protested, I had found Winifred's will which gave the same home address as Lucie Victoria's, and surely Winifred had lived till 1991? 'No,' said Julian firmly, "if you don't mind me saying so, that's a load of moonshine"; he was absolutely certain she never lived to be ninety, or with Lucie Victoria; there had to be some mistake. But she did settle in Bexhill in the 1970s and he saw quite a lot of her in her later years. She tried joining the Quakers but "without too much success". Enjoying her mild eccentricity, he liked to greet her affectionately with "How's Madness today?" They would often have amicable arguments and she was "pleasantly green". In her eighties she still worked as a volunteer at the local Oxfam shop. Eventually she had a stroke and finished her days at a former hotel on the seafront called "The Normanhurst", which had been converted into a combined nursing and old people's home. Julian saw her there a few days before she died, "sitting with friends in a stylish red suit . . . she looked very, very handsome and it was a good last memory." After her death he and his brother cleared out her room and the small store of possessions she had been allowed to keep in the basement: very few effects and "nothing to give away". Almost the only mourners at her funeral and cremation were Julian and his brother, and staff from the Oxfam shop. She is buried in the family grave at Langney Cemetery in Eastbourne.

We asked whether what Gerald Brenan had written about her made sense to him. Yes, she was known as "Freda", Julian said, but he had never heard of the nickname "Squinks" (though this of course doesn't prove that Brenan and perhaps others didn't use it). In general Julian was vaguely aware that there had been some writer in Winifred's background and that she had been mentioned in books. We nervously led up to our big question: could she have had a child by Warlock, as Brenan claimed? "Good Lord, how exciting! Cor, bloody old Madness . . . I don't believe it!" (Rhian jotted this down.) Obviously the idea came as a complete surprise to Julian – but could there have been some hush-up operation under the direction of Harry and Mary Elizabeth Baker in the late twenties that younger generations of the family never knew about? Or had there never been any child and the clearly jealous Brenan simply been misinformed? After all, Brenan himself, both in his own autobiography and in the words of his biographer Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy (see Barry Smith's Newsletter article of Autumn 1999, already referred to), is the only evidence we have to the contrary. And Rhian, searching diligently at the Family Records Centre in London under various surnames among births recorded at the time in the Eastbourne area, has found nothing.

Soon it was time to go but, before we left, Julian showed us the large, airy outhouse which was his sculptor's studio, and took us on a tour of the garden where some life-size and life-like African wild animals he was constructing on wire frames (a lion, a giraffe, an elephant and others) peered at us disturbingly round trees and over hedges.

We said goodbye, but that wasn't quite the end of the

day. On the train back to London Rhian asked if she could look through the folder in which I kept the mish-mash of notes I had jotted down on the various research trips I have described in these articles. Suddenly she gave an exclamation. She was looking at the short-list of 31 "possible" Winifred Baker wills I had made from the London Probate Office's catalogue in October and there, near the end of the list, was. "1985. The Normanhurst, de la Warr Parade, Bexhill-on-Sea, d. 7.3.85". My own note, and I had forgotten all about it. But now it came back to me. The problem had been that even seeing an actual will costs £5 a time these days, so after narrowing my short list to the two Winifred Bakers who died in Bexhill within a few years of one another, I had jumped to the conclusion that the one who had died in 1991 must be the right one because she had lived at the same address as Lucie Victoria, who was definitely a sister of the right Winifred. I had so firmly put the other catalogue entirely out of my mind that when Julian mentioned "The Normanhurst" it didn't ring a bell. By an unfortunate coincidence the "wrong" Winifred Baker had lived in the same old people's home as the "right" Winifred's favourite sister. And it was now clear that Lucie Victoria had outlived Winifred, even if only by a few months, so that the fond image I'd had of the aged Winifred inheriting Lucie Victoria's much-loved embroidered footstool was pure fantasy. A few days after our trip to Chichester, Rhian went to the Probate Office for a copy of the right will. From this we learned that Winifred's estate at her death in 1985 had amounted to no more than £2456 gross (£1803 net), and that (no surprise) she had appointed Julian and his brother as trustees and left everything to the various members of her family. She had signed the will on 31st January 1983, more than two years before her death and two days before Lucie Victoria signed hers, the signatures on the two wills being witnessed by local Barclays Bank employees, one witness being common to both wills.

A few days later I telephoned Mr Colman, the proprietor of "Aacacia [*sic*] Lodge" (formerly *Kenilworth*), Lucie Victoria's last home. He told me he hadn't yet had time to go through the papers in his attic but fully intended to do so soon. I said I was still interested but had got hold of the wrong Winifred Baker when I met him in Bexhill in November, and that the right one had lived her last days at "The Normanhurst". "Wait a minute," said Mr Colman, "I remember a Mrs or Miss Baker at the 'Normanhurst' around the mid-eighties, just before my wife and I came here. I've been in this business quite a long time, and I used to work at the 'Normanhurst'. She had a stroke, I think, determined to recover and look after herself, a very independent lady." That sounded right.

London, June 2000

By this time, on a visit to the Family Records Centre in Myddelton Street, I had discovered that for those who have died relatively recently, the catalogue gives

not only date of death but date of birth too. In this way I learned that Winifred was born on St Valentine's Eve (13th February) 1899, thus being just 86 when she died on 7th March 1985. On 27th June Rhian and I met Julian at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, but were not allowed in because, although otherwise formally dressed, I was not wearing a tie – a fate which has apparently befallen many much more distinguished people than myself. So we adjourned to a nearby Fortnum and Mason coffee shop, where Julian added a few more snippets of information about his family. Old Harry Baker had indeed felt hen-pecked by his wife and four daughters. and when things got too much for him he would take refuge muttering, "Own room! Own room!" To our disappointment, Julian confirmed that there had been no interesting letters and certainly none from Warlock, among the few belongings Winifred left when she died. He added that strangely, in view of her interests and personality, she was sometimes uncomfortable about her origins, remarking "We were in trade, you know." Rhian and I told Julian more about Warlock. "Bit of a goer, wasn't he?" said Julian. A pretty fair summary of Warlock's life, I would have thought, and not one he would have objected to.

Earlier Robert Beckhard had suggested it might be worth getting in touch with the Wigmore Hall to see whether any printed programmes survived for the London School of Violoncello concert Winifred had taken part in together with 55 other cellists. I rang the archivist at the Hall, who discovered that the programmes we were after did indeed exist, but stuck into albums in such a way as to make photocopying impossible. These cello concerts had taken place annually through most of the twenties and into the thirties, and the participants' names were listed; Winifred had been involved at least twice, both times after Warlock's death, in March-April 1933 and 1934, but apparently not earlier (we did not check after 1934). Many, if not most, of the concerts were conducted by John Barbirolli, so Julian's photograph can probably be dated to 1933, since the conductor in the picture is clearly not Barbirolli who, according to the printed programme, did conduct in 1934. I had been warned that if we wanted to study the programmes for ourselves we would have to make an appointment, but Rhian suggested that since the coffee-shop was not far from the Wigmore Hall, it could do no harm simply to call in and announce ourselves. She was right: we were welcomed and instructed to make our way up the back stairs to what proved to be a hive of activity crammed into a few small rooms full of loose papers and large tomes that could have passed for clerk's ledgers in an office from Dickens's time. Clearly the archive staff were as cramped as they were hard-worked. We were taken to a side-room where several fat tomes were kept locked in a large cupboard. These contained the printed programmes of Wigmore Hall concerts and recitals pasted firmly in in chronological order

The London School of Violoncello was run by a Mr Herbert Walenn FRAM, and (I later discovered from the Internet) it had counted Barbirolli as one of its

first pupils and Jacqueline Dupre as one of its last. For his annual concerts Mr Walenn would reinforce the School's current pupils with his teaching staff, a few past pupils and his current RAM students. His programmes for 1933 and 1934 contained a high proportion of pieces written specially for the School by a wide range of composers including Thomas Dunhill, Norman O'Neill, and even Pablo Casals who was also the School's patron. The "massed" cellists listed in the programme included some who eventually became well-known performers such as Olga Hegedus and Florence Hooton, but in the present context the most intriguing name on the 1934 list is that of Peers Coetmore, then about 29 and destined more than ten years later to marry E J Moeran (whom she had first met many years before) and to play and record the cello concerto Moeran wrote specially for her. Did Winifred and Peers know each other in 1934? Did they ever discuss the life Warlock and Moeran led together in the cottage at Eynsford several years before?

Nancy White, a lifelong cellist and cello-teacher who spent about six years travelling fortnightly to London to study at the School, won a cello scholarship to the RAM, and now lives in Herne Bay, has told me that the concerts were always on Boat-Race day, and that the *pièce de resistance* was always an arrangement of selections of Bach to be played by massed cellos in unison without piano accompaniment. It was quite a sound, she says. But at least in her first years she was reduced to such a state of nerves by Walenn's requirement that everybody should play the Bach from memory not only at the concert but also at the rehearsals on the two or three Saturdays immediately before it, that her father had to take her to see whatever was playing at the cinema near Madame Tussaud's to calm her down. (The School itself, which closed when Walenn died, was in the same area at 10 Nottingham Place, possibly since renumbered.) Nancy White, like Winifred, played in the concerts of 1933 and 1934, but does not remember her. She points out that, being much younger, she only knew fellow-students of her own age. But she does insist that a high standard of performance was required, so we may assume Winifred, in her early to mid thirties, brought at the very least a certain degree of ability and staying power to her cello playing.

The picture of Winifred that Bruce Blunt painted for Robert Beckhard was wildly inaccurate. So far from being shapeless and inarticulate, she was handsome, intelligent and talented. She could write well, as her few surviving letters show, and we now know she was also an able musician and potter. And her nephew was clearly very fond of her, finding her cheerfully argumentative, a lady with ideas of her own, far from the completely dumb figure without mental or spiritual attraction remembered by Blunt. Why was Blunt so rude about her to the young Beckhard in the 1950s? Long-remembered jealousy, I would imagine. There may have been a homosexual element (perhaps unconscious) in Blunt's feeling for Warlock, with Blunt unable to accept that no matter how close he and Warlock had been as poet and composer, Winifred

as a confidante had been more important to Warlock than Blunt could ever be. Quite possibly Winifred also heartily disliked Blunt and made no effort to be pleasant to him, being herself jealous of his artistic closeness to Warlock. Or did she have a "bad shape" in Blunt's eyes because he only saw her once and on that occasion she was four or five months pregnant? If there ever was a Winifred-Warlock baby, it would indeed have been on the way during the period of Warlock's close relationship with Blunt and could explain his jealousy and malice, but the only evidence we have found for such a pregnancy comes from Gerald Brenan, whose own spiteful reference to Warlock hardly suggests a reliable witness. Brenan was clearly jealous of Warlock who was more successful with Winifred than he was, and his contempt for Warlock is reminiscent of Blunt's contempt for Winifred. Someone may have a better theory to explain Blunt's and Brenan's attitudes; if so, please let us know.

I hope in the next Newsletter to be able to add a little more to our knowledge of another of the most important women in Warlock's life, Barbara Peache.

Silvester Mazzarella

Up Heseltine's Passage

I'm sorry. This might take some time. It all begins with a normal day at *The House of Usher*. Perhaps I should re-phrase that, for not even the briefest moment at the home of Felix Aprahamian in Muswell Hill could ever be called "normal". Felix had been sifting papers all morning and I had been bashing through Bax, Orr (CW), Moeran and Warlock on Bertha Geissmar's recently re-conditioned family boudoir grand piano in the music room.

There was a brief respite for music lovers while I prepared lunch, "Boarding House Grab" as Felix calls it. It was most probably pasta, one of my specialties. I unfortunately have a tendency to cook rather a lot of it. FA muttered through a mouthful of fettuccini, "I'll be eating this sludge for a week."

After something "decadent" for dessert, and coffee all round, we were about to embark on a bloodthirsty game of Scrabble when Felix slid an envelope across the table. "Have a look at that," he said. The beautifully embossed invitation read, "*L'Ambassadeur de Grande-Bretagne et Lady Mallaby en collaboration avec West Merchant Bank Ltd prient Dr Felix Aprahamian etc. . . .*"

"The Garlic Eaters want to pick your brains about some dead organist?" I asked.

"Oh no," he replied, "as an adviser to the Delius Trust I am invited to attend a concert given by Julian Lloyd-Webber for the French arm of the Society. *Les Amis de Delius* have organized a concert in Grez followed by another the next day at our embassy in Paris where some of the privileged few will stay for the night."

"Sounds like a rare old knees-up," I said.

"Absolutely," said FA, "why don't you come?"

So that's how it started. I battled and complained that the only way I would get into any Embassy was over the back wall or smuggled in someone's luggage. FA would have none of it. In the time it takes for him to skin and devour a two-fingered Kit-Kat (which is no time at all) phone calls to France had been made and the deal was done. Felix informed me, "You will go as the representative of the Peter Warlock Society."

Almost two months later to the day there we both were at Waterloo, me with rucksack, Felix with vanity case. "I'm dressed like a pox-doctor's clerk," FA remarked as he was plopped into a motorized trolley and whizzed off to his seat. "See you in Paris," he yelled. Felix, as might be expected, was travelling first class by courtesy of the Delius Trust. I, just as predictably, as the representative of the Warlock Society, was going steerage by courtesy of my ever increasing overdraft.

Dear reader, if you have not travelled Eurostar but dream of doing so, let me tell you it's a real treat. Trains – the only way to travel since the demise of the Zeppelin. England's Green and Pleasant Land; twenty minutes in the tunnel (the closest I'll get to being buried at sea); then another equally pleasant and green experience, only this time French. I had just finished my "ploughman's" sandwich, (suitable for vegans) – two slices of axminster with a vinyl filling – and drained my creosote coffee when I was struck by a vision in blue and white (blue skirt, white blouse). She was moving down the corridor mouthing something, something I couldn't quite make out as I was wired up to the Walkman. We had just reached the moment in the *Song of the high hills* where the tenor solo is having a good old holler. Marvellous stuff. Him done, I turned down the volume. Imagine my surprise when I heard her call my name. A thought suddenly flashed into my mind that £70 for the service I was hoping I was about to get was, without question, one of the Truly Great Bargains Of The Modern Age. ("How much a season ticket?" I wondered.) Removing my earphones I waved sheepishly. "Mr Gillingwater?" she asked. ("Nurse – the screens," I thought) "Yes," I replied. She smiled. I held my breath. "Mr Aprahamian is ready for his luggage."

Stacked like a supermarket shelf and about as mobile I fought my way down the corridor of one carriage after another. "Excuse me, Sorry, *Excusez-moi, Pardonnez-moi, Gesundheit!*" Eventually I found him curled hamsterlike in his seat making notes in the buffet-car menu.

"Bloody good grub!" he said, "d'you know what – I think I'm pissed." He joked. Felix, never one to drink all the wine on the table, continued, "Don't worry, I have two half bottles of *vin rouge* secreted about my person. They're for you."

Arrival in Paris.

Did I mention how having an octogenarian music critic as part of your luggage is a positive asset for any journey? I explained to the attendants that due to advanced decrepitude brought on by rich food,

obscene thoughts and an over exposure to organ recitals, my esteemed companion could not possibly walk even the shortest distances. I had taken the precaution of insisting Felix bring another walking stick for the journey to increase the sympathy factor. He wobbled about whispering, "How'm I doing?"

He was more than convincing and we, both this time, enjoyed the golf-buggy treatment all the way to the Metro. A short underground trip then he was wheel-chaired from Metro to overground station. One and a bit hours after our arrival at the Gare du Nord, Felix and I were happily ensconced in the garden of Michel le Harivel and Gilles Grenet's beautiful converted barn of a home in Rue Wilson at Bouron, a mere stretch of the legs away from Delius's house. The journey was already a distant memory. Felix and I now had bigger fish to fry. I was enjoying the first of many aperitifs and he was having an animated conversation about the lunch menu.

Like many French village homes, the house ran parallel with the road outside and at one end of the building were a set of large wooden double gates, double gates that also have a single door in them like those Steptoe & Son had in Oil Drum Lane. These gates certainly made me feel secure in a foreign land, large and strong enough to repel even the most persistent of Eric Satie fanatics.

Blissful in our surroundings we passed the time in topical chatter. We threw old socks about for the ever-enthusiastic Snoopy (a dog), we lunched, talked some more, welcomed Julian Lloyd-Webber, his wife and the pianist John Lenehen. We dined (Michel is a wonderful chef), Felix as always carefully noting details in his diary.

I cannot recall all that was said. The time passed in a whisky-and-wine-oiled-musical-reminiscence kind of blur. There was, however, one revelation from Felix that sticks in the mind. Julian had been talking about his cello. Of course, with cellists, the subject of transportation always comes up. I remember listening to him talk on this subject with Michael Parkinson on the latter's telly programme some years before and how Julian had to buy the cello a first class ticket and have it in the seat next to him. I was going to ask if Julian ate its meals but, looking at him, it was obvious he didn't. Julian said how proud he was to be playing the cello once owned by Barjansky, the legendary cellist and friend of Delius. Felix chipped in saying that it was more miraculous that Julian was most probably playing the actual instrument that the cello sonata was first played on. Julian looked confused. He was sure it was well documented that Beatrice Harrison gave the first public performance at the Wigmore Hall in 1919. Felix confirmed that Beatrice did give the first public performance; however, Delius had told him, when Felix visited the great man in 1933, that Barjansky performed the sonata privately in his home in Grez – with Eric Fenby at the piano – before the official première. Therefore, assuming Barjansky was playing his own cello, which is most likely, Julian would be playing that very same instrument the next day at his recital in Grez. As you can imagine we were all shocked.

Julian was pale and speechless. To think – lightning would strike a second time, history would repeat itself. The day melted into night and the dinner guests drifted away to the local hotel. It had been a long and eventful day. Not long after, Felix and I bid our hosts goodnight. As I waddled up the stairs to bed I could hear Michel and Gilles loading the dishwasher.

I rose sharp but not unfashionably early next day to find the rest of the house already breakfasting. Once I was done with Michel's frighteningly strong coffee, we dived in the car and made the short journey to the local *Mairie* (Town Hall). There we met up with Dr Lionel Carley, another adviser to the Delius Trust, resplendent in tweeds. Lionel, having deserted his Gloucester retreat, was in France for the whole shebang, the concert later today in Grez plus the Big Do at the Embassy tomorrow. He, like the rest of us, was looking forward to the packed morning Michel had organized.

The *Mairie* had recently undergone a facelift. The whole place had been cleared out before painting and to everyone surprise and delight a treasure trove of works of art had been discovered. Among the paintings and etchings were works by Jelka Delius and Joe Heseltine. Despite the fact that this was a Friday and a working day (even in France), we were warmly waved into one room after another. Meetings continued and phone calls were made while we moved about like a small shoal of herring. There was a great expanse of wall where the main staircase swept up the building. It was covered in pictures. Like rampaging Japanese tourists our cameras clicked and whirred. We must have sounded like a mobile social security office typing pool. Back in the street, some of us hiding the fact that we had just realized the lens cap was still on the camera, we made our way towards the home of Dominique Martin du Gard.

Like in all villages news travels fast and the visit of the Delius Society to Grez was common knowledge. Dominique had kindly invited our small group to have a look round her house and garden, she being the owner of what was once the home of Warlock's uncle, Joe Heseltine.

There they were again, the large double gates. When opened, they revealed the most verdant of wall gardens. I'd say it was about a quarter of an acre. The grass was still long and the plants and shrubs slightly overgrown which gave it a wild look. The sun blinked through the leaves and insects droned lazily. I explored. Joe's studio was a little run down, dusty, stacked with timber and old window shutters. Although Dominique was herself a painter she had not been inclined to tidy the place up. Towards the back of the garden I found the wine cellar. Quite a spooky place this. It was underground. You reached it walking down an incline until your head was lower than the level of the lawn. Down there in the dark, even on this the sunniest of days, was a small wooden door. It creaked and groaned like a *Hammer House of Horror* sound effect. Inside? Thankfully, no *sarcophagi*.

Chatting with Dominique she admitted to knowing little of Uncle Joe. Apparently, he and the missus for a long while didn't get on all that well, so much so

that she banished him to a little shack down one side of the garden. How many men seek refuge in the garden shed? She explained that his nameplate was still by the front door and did we want to see it? Always eager for another bit of nonsense we traipsed out round the front of the house and down a little alley way by the side of the building. Just as she said, there it was. The cameras clicked. Walking back up the alley, I nudged Lionel and gestured towards the street sign high on the wall. It read "*Passage Heseltine*".

"There you are Lionel," I said, "bet you never thought you'd be up Heseltine's Passage?"

Daniel P Gillingwater

The mysterious Barbara

Alas, this is not going to be about Barbara Peache, much as we would like to know more about this elusive lady! [*you shall, soon!* – Ed.] No, this concerns the other Barbara, Barbara C Larent.

I have always been intrigued by PH's various aliases including this one he used in *The Sackbut* in 1920/21 (see *The occasional writings of Philip Heseltine* vol. 1 pp. 133-137). This is his only *nom-de-plume* that is unequivocally female and I had often wondered why he would have chosen this sudden sex-change.

It is only recently that I realised I was asking myself the wrong question: not "Who is Barbara C Larent?" but rather "What is Barbara C Larent?" The answer came from an unexpected source. In Dorothy L Sayers' novel *Strong poison* (1930) Lord Peter Wimsey is referring to a former girlfriend called Barbara. He was so smitten with her that

he even took a special course in logic for her sake . . . for the pleasure of repeating *Barbara celarent darii ferio baralipon*. There was a kind of mysterious remote lilt about the thing that was somehow expressive of passion.

So Barbara C Larent was something to do with logic but what did it all mean? Well, although the five words Wimsey oft repeated look vaguely like Latin, they are, in fact, mnemonics for five of the "moods" of logic. Heseltine's pseudonym appears in the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* as follows:

Barbara: a mnemonic term designating the first mood of the first syllogistic figure in which both premisses and the conclusion are universal affirmatives.

Celarent: a mnemonic term designating the second mood of the first syllogistic figure in which a negative major premiss and a universal affirmative minor give a universal negative conclusion.

One can only assume PH must have had at least a cursory knowledge of the subject and adopted this *nom-de-plume* as a tongue-in-cheek attempt to mystify. In any event we can be fairly certain the dichotomy between the reasoning process of logic and its seemingly obfuscating language would have appealed to him!

John Mitchell

"Gossamer grace": Winifred Baker and Dalcroze Eurhythmics

I don't know whether you're familiar with a painting by Vanessa Bell called *Eurhythmics* [sic]? Two faceless figures are frozen for a moment in time as they strike sinuous poses against a leafy background. It's not that wonderful an artwork – there's something rather scrappy and unfinished about the execution – but something drew me inexorably towards it on the last day of the Courtauld's recent Roger Fry exhibition. After hovering in front of the piece itself, I then hovered before its postcard reproduction in the shop. Finally, having decided to leave without it, I changed my mind halfway down the Strand and found myself walking back to buy it after all.

The reason why began to reveal itself that evening. I'd just reached Streatham when Silvester rang, inviting me to accompany him on a day-trip to Chichester. "I was speaking to Winifred Baker's nephew, Julian Broad, a few moments ago," he said, "and we really ought to go down and see him as soon as possible because he's leaving next week for a month in Australia."

If you work through the Newsletter in sequence, you'll not long since have read Silvester's report of our visit to Julian the following Wednesday, 26th January, including a brief description of the photos he showed us. One of the first we saw was a portrait of a bearded gentleman in a natty striped suit sitting beside an open keyboard. But he wasn't Peter Warlock, as Julian rather hoped he would have been. This man wore glasses, for one thing. His picture was also taken by a firm of photographers in Basel and inscribed "A ma bien chère élève/Elisabeth [sic] Baker/en affectueux souvenir".

So who was he if he wasn't Warlock? The man's signature was almost indecipherable. All three of us took the photo in turn and angled it to the light, better to squint and puzzle over the hieroglyphs. "It could be Dalcroze," I said at last, "E Jaques-Dalcroze. But I didn't know he played the piano. I thought he was the man who invented Eurhythmics."

We moved on to examine Winifred's photo album which covers the period 1918-26 and is full of annotations in her own hand. Here was the same man, sometimes snapped on his own (and captioned "Geneva, 1919"), sometimes surrounded by a troupe of young women including Winifred herself ("Geneva, 1921"). All the girls are wearing Grecian drapes similar to those favoured by late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century innovators in dance and movement like Loïe Fuller, Isadora Duncan and Margaret Morris. Finally, tucked towards the back of the album, we came upon two beautiful sepia shots of architectural interiors which must have been taken by a professional. One focused on a fine staircase with highly-ornamented metal ballustrade sweeping upwards from a colonnaded vestibule. The other showed a *salle de danse* complete with *barre*, blackboard and grand piano. An inscription on the back, again in Winifred's hand, confirmed "Dalcroze, Geneva".

Vanessa Bell's painting had served as an inexplicable

nudge in the right direction. And yet the most I really knew about Eurhythmics at that stage – apart from Dalcroze's name – was the fact that his methodology influenced Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart when it came to choosing a name for their pop supergroup in the early 1980s. (They, like Bell, spell the word without the first "h" which is preferred by the Dalcroze Society.) A visit to the British Library was urgently indicated and, after grazing through successive editions of *Grove* plus a quantity of Dalcroze's own writings, many more pieces in the jigsaw began to come together.

A potted biography to begin. Emile Jaques-Dalcroze was born of Swiss-German parentage in Vienna on 6th July 1865. He attended the Geneva Conservatoire from the age of eight, then studied privately with Léo Délibes in Paris and Anton Bruckner in Vienna. After a short period in Algiers as music director of a small theatre, he concentrated on composition, producing an oratorio, *La Veillée* (1893), three string quartets, two violin concertos and a quantity of orchestral music, some of which was conducted by Henry Wood at the 1918 Proms. His comic opera *Sancho*, one of several major works for the stage, was premièred at the Grand Theatre, Geneva, in 1897, and "welcomed by international critics as an important event".¹ He also wrote many songs which became popular throughout *Suisse romande*. Small wonder, then, that he preferred – and, indeed, had every right – to be pictured at his piano.

Dalcroze was appointed Professor of Harmony at his *alma mater* in 1892 and developed a career as teacher and writer alongside his composition. Troubled by his students' deficiency in rhythm, he devised a training programme as part of his course which he called *Rhythmische Gymnastik* or Eurhythmics. Because Dalcroze believed that the ear could most easily assimilate the pattern of a musical phrase or piece if the body reproduced it, the co-ordination of music and movement was the quintessence of his new discipline:

The object of the method is, in the first instance, to create by the help of rhythm a rapid and regular current of communication between brain and body; and what differentiates my physical exercises from those of present-day methods of muscular development is that each of them is conceived in the form which can most quickly establish in the brain the image of the movement studied.

It is a question of eliminating in every muscular movement, by the help of will, the untimely intervention of muscles useless for the movement in question, and thus developing attention, consciousness and will-power ... the body can become a marvellous instrument of beauty and harmony when it vibrates in tune with artistic imagination and collaborates with creative thought.²

Dalcroze demonstrated his new method at the Solothurn Music Festival of 1905 and organized his first training course for teachers the following year. By 1910 a *Bildungsanstalt* had been built for him in the garden suburb of Hellerau, four miles from the centre of Dresden, by two industrialist brothers, Wolf and Harald Dohrn. Here students came from all over the world to master Eurhythmics and to take part in the spectacular demonstration performances which

Dalcroze devised in collaboration with the stage designer Adolphe Appia. The whole of *Orpheus*, for example, complete with unhappy ending, was given during Hellerau's 1913 Festival, when this "first experiment in the use of rhythmic training in connexion with the lyric stage aroused intense interest."³ Dalcroze also conceived and conducted a *Festspiel, La Fête de Juin*, at the 1914 Geneva Festival. This extended sequence of *tableaux vivants*, performed by a chorus of three to four hundred pupils on a 50-metre-wide stage, depicted the history of Geneva from earliest times to celebrate the centenary of the city's entry into the Swiss Federation in 1814. Production stills⁴ show serried ranks of girls in short Grecian tunics, just like those which Winifred Baker and her contemporaries – presumably as participants in similar extravaganzas – would wear in Geneva some five and seven years later.

Dalcroze was one of many prominent artists who signed a petition against the German bombardment of Reims Cathedral during the First World War. Forbidden to return to Hellerau, he was forced to sever connections with his first school and continue his work in Geneva. A group of supporters raised money to buy property at 44 *rue de la Terrassière* and here Dalcroze opened his new Central Training College, the *Institut Jaques-Dalcroze Genève*, in 1915. Eurhythmics became a fashionable private study for leading artists in many creative disciplines: dancers, writers and musicians. Arthur Honegger, Rudolf Laban and Rudolf Steiner all studied the method. When seeking a rhythmic instructor for Vaclav Nijinsky, Sergei Diaghilev also made a particular request for a Dalcroze student. Additional training schools opened in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Stockholm and, across the north Atlantic, Eurhythmics was taught at Bryn Mawr, Philadelphia, from 1913, and New York City from 1915.

Dalcroze worked as Director at Geneva for 35 years until his death on 1st July 1950. His *Institut* is currently staging a year-long, fiftieth-anniversary celebration, *La Saison Emile 2000*, which will culminate in the painfully-titled (don't say I didn't warn you) *L'Emile et Une Nuits* this December. A private foundation subsidised by the Canton of Geneva, the *Institut* supports a faculty of 78 staff with 40 students following its professional course. Another 2,500 pupils, some as young as four, take classes in Eurhythmics.⁵ Geneva remains the international centre for the method and is the only place that can confer the *Diplôme*, the highest qualification in Eurhythmics, which entitles its recipients to train teachers and to open other schools bearing the Dalcroze name.

Although it has expanded to three times its original size through construction work carried out in 1965 and 1990, the *Institut Jaques-Dalcroze* continues to operate from the same Geneva building which Winifred Baker would have known. Indeed, its website (www.dalcroze.ch/institut) features an image of the central staircase at 44 *rue de la Terrassière* which is absolutely identical to one of those architectural interiors preserved by Winifred until her death in 1985. Her other picture shows the

Institut's main performance space, *La Grande Salle*. This also continues to be arranged in much the same way as it would have been during her visits to Geneva with no separation between the stage (the floor) and the audience (seated on chairs on risers). A system of movable steps at one end allows for different levels to be constructed and used in performance according to Appia's precepts.⁶

So how did Winifred Baker become involved in Eurhythmics? The earliest clues may lie in her Eastbourne upbringing. By a curious chance, Dalcroze's method was first taught systematically in the UK not in London but at Moira House, a private school founded in 1875 by an Eastbourne engineer and musician named Charles Barlow Ingham. Ingham saw Dalcroze direct a class at Geneva in 1910 and immediately appointed Kathleen O'Dowd, the only Dalcroze-trained teacher he could find in England at that time, to his school staff. He also arranged for Elizabeth Muirhead, senior music mistress at Moira House, to study with Dalcroze at Hellerau. Ingham's school ran an experimental class in Eurhythmics from 1910 and mounted a display at the RAM the following year. Eastbourne girls were still the first choice to give demonstrations at the Dalcroze Society of Great Britain and Ireland's open sessions into the 1920s.⁷ And so, although I have not yet been able to establish a direct connection, it is entirely plausible that, coming from an affluent family in Eastbourne and aged 11 when the method was first planted in her home town, Winifred Baker could well have been introduced to Eurhythmics as a schoolgirl, perhaps even as a pupil of Moira House itself.

Charles Ingham arranged for Dalcroze and six children from the Geneva *Institut* to give lecture-demonstrations in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cheltenham and Malvern in November 1912. Edinburgh, Newcastle, Oxford and Brighton were added to the itinerary in 1913 and Dalcroze's Central School for Great Britain and the Colonies opened at 23 Store Street, London, WC1, on 30th September that same year. Percy Ingham, Charles's son, was appointed first Director, with his wife Ethel, *née* Haslam, as Class Supervisor. Ethel Driver was the School's Director of Studies, 1914-63, and Ernest Read its Music Director, 1919-39, while other early staff members included Marie Rambert, Stewart Macpherson and Jessie (Mrs Tobias) Matthay. According to Patricia James, the Dalcroze Society Archivist, Store Street "was at the time considered to be the most important Dalcroze Training School in Europe after the *Institut Jaques-Dalcroze* in Geneva".⁸ There were at least 1000 Eurhythmics pupils in England by November 1913⁹ and 1400 by 1915, 863 of these being taught by London School staff.¹⁰

So what of Winifred's training? Well, she certainly graduated from the London School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics in 1923.¹¹ Before that, information is virtually non-existent because the School's early records were destroyed by War damage, 1941-3.¹² But Winifred's photo album does suggest that she was established at an address in Fitzroy Street, London, by 1918, and studied at the School from at least 1919.

One snap with a girlfriend is captioned "1919/Joan & me - on roof Store St". The inscription on the back of another - showing the same girl seated at a grand piano, also in 1919 - confirms that this friend was Joan Leggatt, a senior contemporary who graduated from Store Street two years ahead of Winifred.¹³

1919, of course, was the year in which Peter Warlock inscribed two songs to Winifred Baker: *Dedication* and *The cloths of heaven* (revised as *The sick heart* in 1925 and published in 1928). The manuscript of *The cloths of heaven* is headed "To W.B. July 1919"¹⁴ and Cecil Gray gave 1919 as the date of the first letter which he cited from Warlock to Winifred.¹⁵ Warlock also reinforced in 1930, "I knew love only when I first saw you eleven years ago".¹⁶ How frustrating, then, to record just how many photos have gone missing from their original mounts above Winifred's "1919" captions. Perhaps 15 or 20 prints have been excised from her album's opening pages in total. One can only speculate as to why and when this was done - and by whom. And what a tantalizing thought (especially from the point of view of the "life in pictures") that some of these may have shown Winifred and Warlock together!

But back to Store Street. As Winifred left no record of her time there, we must rely on her contemporaries to evoke something of the London School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics. Only women seem to have studied there during the 1910s and 20s¹⁷ and this first description is by Elizabeth Ruegg who attended the School for three years from 1926:

How well I remember going in at the door past Wolfe & Hollander's Furniture Store, up the narrow staircase, linoleum covered, past the welcoming Miss Weber and Miss Howard, up to the dressing rooms - in "tricots" and kimonos - and talking and eating sandwiches in what was rather inaptly called "The Reading Room".

All this looked ordinary enough, but to me, going into the two big rooms, one with "steps", one without, it was like opening a door, a magic casement on to my world of movement.¹⁸

Nathalie Tingey graduated in 1922, a year before Winifred:

My time at Store Street was a very happy one, with Mr Ingham, Alice Weber and the four great teachers of that time, Ethel Driver, Annie Beck, Joan Ward-Higgs and Ernest Read, all absolutely in their prime. Above all I remember Ethel with wonder, admiration and great affection. Inspiring teacher, demonstrator and choreographer, to her students Ethel simply was "the Method"! This unique personality lived in a world of her own, detached from the realities of every day life. It simply never occurred to her that anything demanded of us could not be achieved. Failure she never accepted for or from us: her selfless spirit loved and accepted us all, good, bad or indifferent! One of the few "complete Dalcrozians" of my time.¹⁹

As Mistress of Method, Ethel Driver, LRAM, was responsible for working out the School's Eurhythmic programme. Her choice of repertoire:

... varied from Holst's *Earth, fire and water* ballet from *The perfect fool* to Bach Inventions and Fugues, Debussy's

Nuages or gentle little cradle songs played on her virginals.²⁰

Weekly classes with Annie Beck encouraged students to improvise movement to music which could include "a vigorous Minuet from a Mozart Symphony, Gluck's *Orpheus* and Brahms Waltzes".²¹ *Plastique*²² took place off-site at a large hall in nearby Alfred Place. Girls also took gym classes, including basic anatomy, at least twice a week, while a fencing master, M D J van Schnell, was engaged to teach final-year students from 1922.²³

Movement techniques aside, it is important to stress that Winifred Baker's Eurhythmics course provided four years' intensive training towards a higher qualification in music. As well as regular lessons in *Solfège* and improvisation, classes were available in singing and conducting. Students divided into small groups to study keyboard and written harmony with Ernest Read in a ground-floor room at Gower Street. A wide variety of scores was explored through solo- and two-piano lessons and girls were encouraged to experiment with their own creative work. Elizabeth Ruegg again:

At the end of the first year we listened to compositions played by members of the third year - those talented Goddesses, all called by their surnames until we got to know them better!²⁴

There were lectures on psychological as well as musical topics - "The intuitive consciousness"²⁵ was one - and essays were required as coursework. Stewart Macpherson gave ten talks on "Instrumental music since the time of Purcell, Couperin and Scarlatti",²⁶ for example, in 1922. There's no confirmation yet that Winifred took 'cello lessons at Store Street, but visits to galleries and the theatre were certainly introduced during her time to awaken new interests and broaden the girls' general culture.²⁷

As well as working with Dalcroze at Geneva in 1919 and 1921, Winifred may have gone out to Switzerland a third time. London's Class of 1923 was considered to mark a peak for the training course in terms of numbers and quality,²⁸ and "all students and staff went to Geneva for a weekend to attend a performance of Monsieur Jaques's *Fête de la Jeunesse et de la Joie*".²⁹ There would also have been direct contact with Dalcroze in the UK. He first visited his Store Street School in 1915, returning once, sometimes twice, a year until 1937 to teach, inspect and chair the Board of Examiners. Winifred probably took part in the public demonstrations which Dalcroze directed at London's Queen's Hall on 17th and 18th March 1923. Apparently, much of the programme was staged to effect on the front steps where the orchestral players usually sat.³⁰ Dalcroze would also have examined Winifred as one of 10 candidates for his London School's Certificate the previous December.³¹ He always preferred to work through the medium of French, even in the UK, and used a French name, you'll remember, when inscribing his portrait to "*ma bien chère élève Elisabeth Baker*". Does this perhaps indicate a

pseudonym which she adopted for the stage in preference to the rather less arty "Winifred"?

Dalcroze – *le Maître* to his students – is remembered variously as a fine musician, an extraordinary showman and a person of humanity and geniality who had a knack of making Eurhythmics seem fun, especially to children. "He was so vital, so dynamic, so child-like and yet so much a man of genius," enthused Elizabeth Ruegg, "that all who knew him came under his spell."³² Another pupil, Muriel Bradford, wrote of the impact of her Dalcroze training:

Rhythmics and "plastique" has meant a kind of physical joy, a sense of being in possession of one's body, not only due to the ability to move with ease and elasticity, but because one's body has become an instrument whereby one can express musical feeling. There is a perpetual, never-ending fascination about this, seeing there is such an infinite variety of different music to express, including music one may invent oneself.³³

Winifred Baker's student years overlapped a tremendous vogue for Dalcroze's work in the UK. From 1919, the London School organized annual summer schools during the first fortnight in August which attracted upwards of 50 students to Oxford's Sheldonian Theatre. Store Street staff coached students at RADA and in Aberdeen who requested help with productions involving Greek choruses. A cartoon by Sir Bernard Partridge called "International Eurhythmics" appeared in *Punch* for 25th February 1920 and showed David Lloyd George, Georges Clémenceau and Signor Orlando executing an "Allied *Pas de Trois*" at the Peace Conference while American President Wilson attempted an "Associated *Pas Seul*".³⁴ *Punch's* review of the 1921 English translation of Dalcroze's manifesto *Le Rythme, la Musique et l'Education*³⁵ also offered a vivid, rather tongue-in-cheek reaction to the discipline:

Of the cult of Eurhythmics, as everyone knows,
The leading exponent's Emile Jaques-Dalcroze,
And his volume, now published by Chatto & Windus,
Brings Terpsichore down from the summit of Pindus
To instruct our ingenuous youth in the duty
Of living a life of true rhythmical beauty.
To accomplish this aim, with quite average chicks
Is not a mere matter of dodges and tricks,
But means a reform of all musical teaching
On lines which Dalcroze for long has been preaching,
With Rhythm as basis, but truly designed
To train simultaneously body, ear, mind.
The lessons set forth in these luminous pages
Are endorsed by our chief educational sages;
But its permanent claim to a place on our shelves
Resides in the pictures of limber young elves
Cavorting and gambolling, leaping and skipping
With gossamer grace that is utterly ripping.³⁶

So what happened to all these elves after they graduated from Store Street? Many of Winifred Baker's teachers and contemporaries became missionaries for the Dalcroze method as far afield as North America, South Africa and Australasia. This veiled description by Nigel Heseltine suggests that Winifred also taught Eurhythmics:

[Philip] was never to rid himself of baby-faces and preserved one notable specimen (a respectable teacher of an unexciting method of dancing whom he met in Ireland) for the rest of his life. Moeran described how Philip would escape from the company of harlots and beer-swilling friends to pass a week-end in her company walking in the woods, only to be stricken with such boredom after half a day that Moeran would receive an urgent phone call to come to his rescue.³⁷

and Gerald Brenan concurred:

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.³⁸

Whether the dancing school where Winifred taught was her Store Street *alma mater* remains to be seen. But Julian Broad believes that Brenan was mistaken in suggesting that his aunt was a ballerina. Winifred lacked the necessary discipline for formal training and he had "never ever heard of such a thing, ever".³⁹ Eurhythmics, though, would have been "just her sort of thing",⁴⁰ chiming with other alternative interests like pottery, Oxfam and green issues. "Yes, that's right, that'd be it," he said,⁴¹ when I showed him some stills of Dalcrozian *tableaux* during our second meeting last June. Full-length photographs of Winifred – "an archetypal Baker, thin as a rake and with very good bones"⁴² – indicates a toned physique.

Another of Julian's observations was that his aunt "never quite drove things through to success – she was not a finisher".⁴³ Indeed, between her "deep and congenital depression"⁴⁴ which Brenan evokes so graphically, plus a significant amount of foreign travel during the 1920s, Winifred was hardly in a position to hold down a teaching job for long. Her photo album charts a visit to Salzburg as well as Geneva in 1921. By 1924, she was in Ireland with a girlfriend, Kathleen Price. By 1925, she was walking the St Bernard Pass through the Alps from Switzerland into Italy with her younger brother, Harry Ralph Baker. And, by 1926, she was surrounded by cats and cacti in Spain, presumably during her affair with Brenan.

This willowy woman of the world stands in stark contrast to received opinion about Winifred. At last we begin to appreciate how much she was Warlock's equal as well as the muse whom he extolled as "my spirit's companion and my one Reality . . . that only precious part of myself . . . the guardian angel of my soul".⁴⁵ Winifred was musically accomplished and educated (the composer gave her "some new carols of his"⁴⁶ as late as the Friday before his death). She was physically fit (walks in "Ashdown Forest or where you will"⁴⁷ would have been a complete doddle to this veteran of the Alps). And she was well travelled and fluent in French (Warlock, never a man to miss the opportunity to impress in another language, scoured French literature to praise the poetry of Gérard de Nerval and quote from a play by Villiers de l'Isle Adam in his first surviving letter to her).⁴⁸

Winifred's background in Eurhythmics also takes our appreciation of Warlock's artistic circles into new territory. The composer's stellar contacts among contemporary artists, writers and musicians have been well documented but what of the world of movement and dance? I cannot discover any direct reference to Eurhythmics but two namechecks for Margaret Morris⁴⁹ certainly point to an interest in and knowledge of experimental dance as early as 1916-17. The first crops up in a discussion about opera:

As yet we have no adequate symbolic language of action to parallel music.

Hints for its construction may be taken from dance-experimenters, such as Nijinsky and Margaret Morris: but only hints . . .⁵⁰

The second, more significantly, occurs during a commentary on Eugene Goossens' *Jack o'Lantern* which Warlock regarded as one of his friend's "masterworks"⁵¹ to date:

. . . a wild mocking dance of Will O' the Wisp . . . to the younger generation it cannot fail to be sheer joy. I would commend it to Margaret Morris's dancing children.⁵²

Morris's collaborative friendships with Goossens and with Constant Lambert suggest an area that merits further investigation. Both men improvised at the piano in her Chelsea Club. Morris also choreographed Goossens' *Les Marionnettes* and stayed regularly with the composer and his wife Boonie once she began organizing her dance summer schools at Harlech from 1919.

One last thought. Warlock's *Dedication* sets only four of the nine verses in Sir Philip Sidney's original lyric (numbers 1, 2, 5 and 9).⁵³ Considering that the song is inscribed to Winifred Baker, I'm struck that he omitted the fourth stanza, the one which extols the beloved's ability in movement:

Who hath the feet whose step all sweetness planteth?
Who else for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only to you her sceptre Venus granted.⁵⁴

Warlock's just as guilty of the charge of airbrushing as Bruce Blunt with his mischievous misrepresentation of a dumb lump⁵⁵ and Cecil Gray and Jack Lindsay with their coy initials "W. B."⁵⁶ We're still some way from establishing the whole truth about this most pivotal of Warlock's relationships, but we're getting much closer than everyone – including the composer – intended.

Rhian Davies

NOTES

1 According to the website of the *Institut Jaques-Dalcroze Genève*.

2 John W. Harvey, ed., *The Eurhythmics of*

Jaques-Dalcroze, London, 1912, pp. 19-21.

3 John W. Harvey, ed., *The Eurhythmics of Jaques-Dalcroze*, London, revised second edition, 1917, p. 40.

4 *ibid.*, between pp. 28-9.

5 Website of the *Institut Jaques-Dalcroze Genève*.

6 *ibid.*

7 See, for example, *Journal of the Dalcroze Society of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1 (May 1924), p. 3.

8 Patricia James to RD, 14 February 2000.

9 Nathalie Tingey, ed., *A Record of the London School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics and its Graduates at Home and Overseas, 1913-1973*, [London, n.d.], p. 106.

10 *ibid.*, p. 15.

11 *ibid.*, p. 108.

12 *ibid.*, p. [3].

13 *ibid.*, p. 108.

14 BL Add. Ms. 52912. The autograph also includes the following message for Winifred: "Will you forgive me my somewhat grisly condition last Saturday week and accept this in lieu of a more articulate apology? P[hilip]".

15 Cecil Gray, *Peter Warlock: A Memoir of Philip Heseltine*, London, 1934, p. 231.

16 Warlock to Winifred, 7th June 1930, cited in Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 284.

17 Douglas Murray was the first man to gain a Certificate from Store Street in 1936 (Tingey, *op. cit.*, p. 111).

18 *ibid.*, p. 134.

19 *ibid.*, p. 59.

20 *ibid.*, p. 134.

21 *ibid.*, p. 135.

22 Many books on Dalcroze include illustrations of "Plastic Exercises": poses which were arranged symmetrically, almost geometrically, across a group of girls and which were often staged out of doors against a natural landscape for the benefit of the camera.

23 *Le Rythme*, Geneva, November 1922, p. 27.

24 Tingey, *op. cit.*, p. 135.

25 *ibid.*

26 *Le Rythme*, Geneva, November 1922, p. 27.

27 *ibid.*, Geneva, September-November 1919, pp. 15-16.

28 Tingey, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

29 *ibid.*, p. 18. Nathalie Tingey, who took her Diploma at Geneva in 1923, recalled:

. . . in preparing for this Festival, words and music were given us, together with certain basic movement ideas, but the working out of these was left to the students and staff: only those who were part of this experience know just what this entailed. [Dalcroze's] encouragement and faith that all would be well made everything possible . . . his praise was deeply felt and well and truly earned (*ibid.*, pp. 59-60).

30 *ibid.*, pp. 141-2.

- 31 *Le Rythme*, Geneva, November 1922, p. 28. 13 candidates are reported to have gained the Certificate that year in the end (Tingey, *op. cit.*, p. 108).
- 32 *ibid.*, p. 136.
- 33 *ibid.*, p. 132.
- 34 *ibid.*, p. 16.
- 35 Emile Jaques-Dalcroze, *Le Rythme, la Musique et l'Education*, Paris, Lausanne and Neuchâtel, 1920, was translated by Harold F. Rubinstein and published by Chatto & Windus as *Rhythm, Music and Education*, London, 1921.
- 36 Cited in Tingey, *op. cit.*, pp. 16-17.
- 37 Nigel Heseltine, *Capriol for Mother*, London, 1992, pp. 107-8. No evidence has yet emerged to link Winifred with Warlock's Irish period, 1917-18, and this may simply be one of the many imprecisions of *Capriol*.
- 38 Gerald Brenan, *Personal Record 1920-1972*, London, 1974, p. 117.
- 39 Julian Broad in conversation with Silvester Mazzarella and RD, 26th January 2000.
- 40 Julian Broad in conversation with Silvester Mazzarella and RD, 27th June 2000.
- 41 *ibid.*
- 42 Broad in conversation, 26th January 2000.
- 43 Broad in conversation, 27th June 2000.
- 44 Brenan, *op. cit.*, p. 117.
- 45 Warlock to Winifred, 7th June 1930, cited in Gray, *op. cit.*, pp. 283-4.
- 46 H Phyllis Eason to Edith Buckley-Jones, 31st December 1930 (BL Add. Ms. 57964).
- 47 Warlock to Winifred, 30th June 1930, cited in Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 285.
- 48 *ibid.*, p. 232.
- 49 Margaret Morris (1891-1980) studied with Isadora Duncan's brother, Raymond, and was a pioneer of modern dance, health and fitness.
- 50 Philip Heseltine, "Predicaments concerning music", *The New Age*, 10th May 1917, p. 46, reproduced in Barry Smith, ed., *The Occasional Writings of Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock)*, Volume 3, *Musical Criticism (2)*, London, 1998, p. 126.
- 51 Peter Warlock, "Notes on Goossens' Chamber Music", *The Music Student (Chamber Music Supplement No 22a)*, November 1916, pp. 23-4, reproduced in Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 115.
- 52 *ibid.* Margaret Morris formed a troupe of six "Dancing Children" in 1910 and the company staged its first season at Christmas 1912.
- 53 See "Not all of it was set by Warlock" in *The Peter Warlock Society Newsletter*, 43 (October 1989), p. 12.
- 54 *ibid.*
- 55 Bruce Blunt's perplexing testimony, via Robert Beckhard, is cited in Barry Smith, *Peter Warlock: The Life of Philip Heseltine*, Oxford and New York, 1994, p. 271.
- 56 See Gray, *op. cit.*, and Jack Lindsay, *Fanfrolico and After*, London, 1962.

My particular thanks to Patricia James, Dalcroze Society Archivist, and to Chris Jones, National Resource Centre for Dance at the University of Surrey, for their help in preparing this article.

Peter Warlock and John Ireland

This short article is intended more as a stimulus to further discussion and research than as a finished piece of history! It concerns the relationship - if any - between Warlock and Ireland, particularly in the light of the latter's contribution to the inquest into Warlock's death.

Cecil Gray writes (p. 294 of the biography):

Mr John Ireland, the well-known composer, offering to give evidence, said that he had known Heseltine by reputation for many years and personally for the past two or three years. He last saw him alive about a fortnight before his death.

Ireland thought that Warlock was "worried about his work as a composer" and that he had "decidedly not estimated his popularity in a wider circle", but Gray goes on to "dismiss emphatically" (p. 297) any suggestion, however well-intentioned, that Warlock took his life owing to lack of public appreciation. Perhaps, however, we should not forget the letter which E J Moeran wrote (quoted on p.278 of Barry Smith's book, where he writes, "I cannot help feeling that he might still have been with us, had he been given some of the recognition he deserved."

It is, of course, very well documented how well Warlock and Moeran knew each other and what a loyal friendship existed. I have often wondered what motivated Ireland - a reserved, lonely man - to volunteer his observations at the inquest. True, both composers lived in Chelsea - Ireland in Gunter Grove, Warlock in Tite Street; they both wrote solo songs which have scarcely been equalled in the entire history English music for quality (and quantity); they were both intensely sensitive and probably insecure characters underneath; and they were both enthusiastic beer-drinkers! But where is the connection? What correspondence - or other evidence - is there to indicate that they knew each other that well?

Only two and a half months before that tragic day when England's greatest song- and carol-composer met his untimely end, John Ireland's Piano Concerto in E flat was premiered at the Proms with the composer's protégée and inspiration, Helen Perkin, as soloist. (2nd October 1930). Four days later Warlock wrote, interestingly enough, to Moeran who had been a composition pupil of Ireland at the RCM, "The Concerto is very interesting, but by no means great or particularly original." These remarks must be taken in context - he also expressed profound dislike for major works by Bax and Bridge in the same concert series. I have also been puzzled why Ireland does not seem to have liked the works of Bax and Bridge either being, as they were, almost exact contemporaries, having strong affinities with the Sussex countryside, and with a very similar idiom, particularly in the realm of harmony. Warlock's only

other quoted opinion of Ireland's music that I can trace is an article for *The Sackbut* (March 1921) quoted in Ian Copley's book (p. 53) where he singles out Ireland's setting of Brooke's *Spring sorrow* for "very special commendation" and as being "a simple, perfectly rounded melody" – which indeed it is.

For my money there is no more beautiful nor more profoundly moving, deeply felt work in the entire canon of British music than Ireland's *Concerto*. If I could take but one work to the mythical *Desert Island* this would be it. The yearning, aching love-longing of which the middle movement in particular sings so eloquently – yet in such a repressed, despairing way – is unequalled, even in Ireland's output. And he was a master of expressing emotion all the more poignant for being repressed. We learn near the end of Barry Smith's superb book (p. 287) that Warlock was planning to write an article on Ireland's *Concerto*; what a fascinating piece that might have been (one's favourite composer writing a review of one's favourite work)! There remains the lingering doubt that Warlock, despite his own many unhappy love-affairs and his own striving for fulfilment and self-expression, would have been entirely in sympathy with what Ireland went through to produce the *Concerto* and the suppressed intensity of its passion. The only other clues we have to the Warlock-Ireland link are the reference to them in Arthur Hutchings's memoir (p. 55 of *Peter Warlock: a centenary celebration*) and the famous woodcut by Hal Collins reproduced in *Merry-go-down* showing Moeran, Ireland, Rowley and Warlock celebrating the pleasures of the tankard. I also remember reading that Eric Fenby agreed with Ireland's inquest opinion that Warlock was disappointed as a composer and felt that he had come to end of a sort of musical cul-de-sac. Warlock himself once said that he would "never have anything to do with music in any shape or form" (letter to Robert Nichols, October 1928); and Ireland wrote to his friend and biographer John Longmire in 1942, "I am fed up to the teeth with this . . . profession, and do not feel that I should ever write another note." In fact, Ireland was famous for his abhorrence of the act of composition: he literally loathed writing music but felt utterly compelled to do so. This character trait may, I suggest, shed a light on his desire to speak at the inquest. Warlock is entirely absent from Longmire's beautifully written account of Ireland's life and he is scarcely mentioned in the other extant biography by M V Searle. Perhaps the columns of future PWS Newsletters will contain further enlightenment from new sources.

Paul Edwards

[Editor's note: there are other links between Ireland and Warlock. In 1929 Warlock conducted Capriol at the Proms. Needing to be correctly attired for the occasion he borrowed Ireland's tail-coat (see Smith pp. 262-3); The following year, Ireland was a co-signatory to the letter that Warlock organised, criticising Edward Dent for his comments about Elgar in a German periodical. Earlier this year, and independently of this article, I contacted Dr Barry

Smith as to whether any correspondence between Warlock and Ireland survives. I should point out that Barry can access all of the known Warlock correspondence. The answer came in the negative. Ireland could have destroyed any he had but many people kept their letters from PW both for the content and the calligraphy. The relationship between PW and JI is intriguing and merits greater discussion. Please let me have any further comments or insights.]

LETTERS

I was interested to read the article on Warlock's descendents by Eugene E Allar-Jiszt [*Newsletter* 66 p. 9 – *Ed.*]. I knew Nigel Heseltine well and he was also my second cousin. At Nigel's request, a mutual friend of ours, interested in genealogy, did some research on the Heseltine family.

Nigel was born prior to his parents' marriage, thus making him illegitimate. Subsequent to his birth his parents, Philip Heseltine and Minnie Channing, married and later divorced. More importantly for Nigel the law was changed at a later date enabling the offspring of parents who did marry, albeit after their birth, to be come legitimate. Thus Nigel re-registered himself.

To further confuse the unwary, towards the end of his life Nigel felt that his age was preventing him getting lucrative, overseas contracts so he regularly knocked a few years off to accord with the job specification.

Philippa Astor

I have today received from you through the post a package containing a volume of verse and limericks of the most lewd sort written apparently by some person with the unlikely name of Peter Warlock. I must tell you that I find the content of this volume most offensive and **TOTALLY DISGUSTING**. There ought to be a law against such material being printed, and people like you, sir, should be punished severely. What if one's wife were to get hold of such material – what then, eh?

I remain, your ever faithful servant,

Disgusted – Winnipeg

Please excuse my writing to you again, but I now think I understand what has happened. My dear wife recalls having ordered from you some time ago a volume entitled "60 Amusing Animal Rhymes" by Peter Porlock – example:

The Lion has a noble mane and great big teeth and jaws.

I should not like to play with him 'cos he's got big sharp claws.

I should be grateful if you would arrange to exchange *60 Amusing Animal Rhymes* by Porlock for *Cursive Rhymes* by Warlock at your earliest convenience.

**Algemon Thrapwood-Shocklatch
B.C. (retd.)**

Peter Warlock his Birthday

The Royal Northern College of Music present the 106th Birthday Concert
on Tuesday 31 October 2000 at 7.30pm in the Lord Rhodes Room

devised by Caroline Crawshaw, Director of Vocal Studies

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Since then, students from all British colleges of music have contributed to this now annual event
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PROGRAMME

Benedicamus Domino choir conducted by Russell Medley

Balulalow choir with Flora York Skinner soprano

Corpus Christi choir with Zoë Ramsden soprano and Craig Steele baritone

All the flowers of the spring choir conducted by Russell Medley

Youth - As ever I saw - The bayly berith the bell away

Passing by - Yarmouth fair Darren Jeffrey bass-baritone

The Curlew John Christodoulou tenor

with Esther Ingham flute Rebecca Hughes cor anglais

Helena Smart Laura Bell violins Rebecca Jones viola Lucy Payne 'cello

The cricketers of Hambledon - Twelve Oxen - Jillian of Berry

Anthony Cleverton bass-baritone with male-voice chorus

INTERVAL

Four Bruce Blunt settings

The first mercy female choir conducted by Russell Medley

Bethlehem Down Amy Freston soprano

The frostbound wood Sarah Wall mezzo-soprano

The fox Anthony Cleverton bass-baritone

Lullaby female choir conducted by Russell Medley

Three Shakespeare settings

Sweet and twenty - Sign no more, ladies John Christodoulou tenor

Pretty Ring Time Rebecca von Lipinski soprano

Ha'nacker Mill - My own country - Fair and true Rachel Smith mezzo-soprano

Hey, trolly loly lo Rachel Smith mezzo-soprano and John Christodoulou tenor

Sleep - And wilt thou leave me thus? - Robin Goodfellow Rebecca von Lipinski soprano

Beethoven's Binge (from Four Cod-pieces) Russell Medley and Adrian Kelly piano duet

Maltworms Anthony Cleverton baritone with male-voice chorus

Mother's Ruin (from Merry-go-Down) Anthony Cleverton reader

Fill the cup, Philip male-voice chorus

The Old Codger (from Four Cod-pieces) Russell Medley and Adrian Kelly piano duet

Drunken Song in the Saurian Mode (from Merry-go-Down) Anthony Cleverton reader

Captain Stratton's Fancy male-voice chorus

The pianists accompanying the songs are either Russell Medley or Adrian Kelly

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