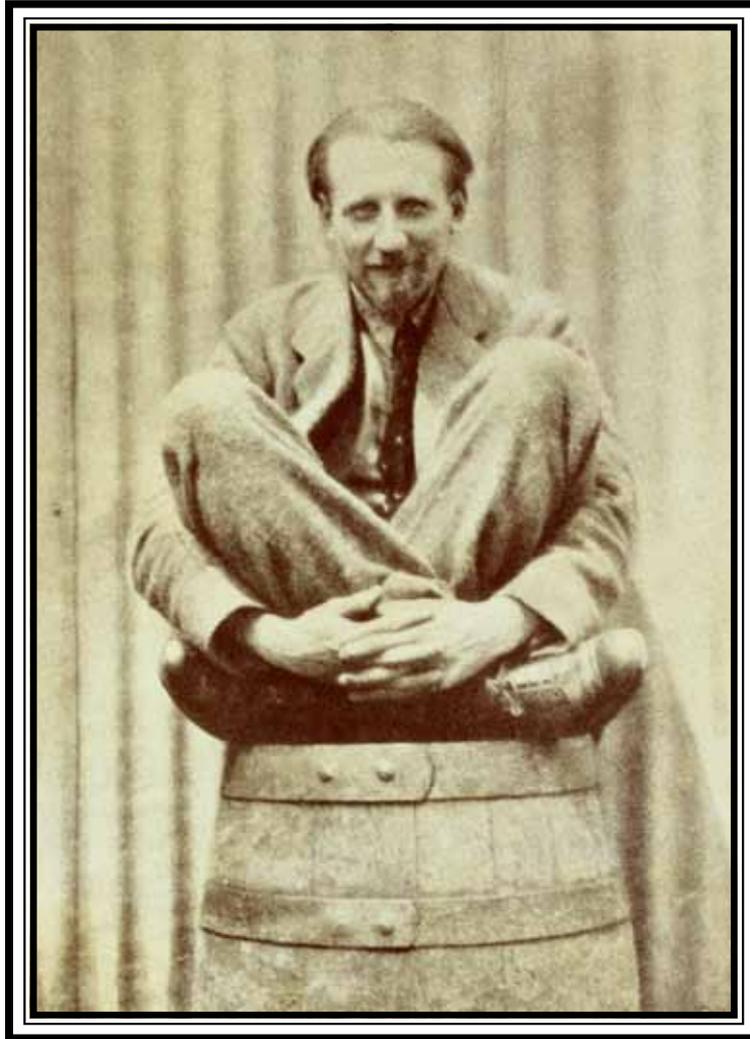


Peter Warlock Society

Newsletter 101

The Journal of the Peter Warlock Society

Autumn Edition 2017



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Editorial

Welcome to *Newsletter 101* and once again we thank Music Sales for their generous support in printing it for us. My thanks also go to those who have contributed to this and past editions of the *Newsletter*. Without you it wouldn't happen!

Inspired by Rebecca Brooke's article about Warlock and Lawrence's circle in the last issue, and also our very successful AGM weekend in Cornwall earlier this year, Bryn Philpott has been researching the likely location of Warlock's wooden cottage on Trewey Down. The result is the main article of this issue, *Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle*.

John Mitchell has been busy again and explores possible connections between Warlock and Dorothy L. Sayers, as well as Warlock and Lullingstone Castle.

Silvester Mazzarella sent in an article and two photographs of Winifred Baker, a woman who clearly meant a great deal to Warlock. This may be the first time that PWS members will have seen photographs of 'W.B.'.

The very successful AGM weekend in Cornwall is well documented with a number of reviews and photographs. We say a very big 'Thank You' to Jonathan Carne for all the

work he did organising the weekend and particularly the splendid concert on the Saturday evening.

Our President, Barry Smith sends us a message and also a review of the Song Makers' Guild concert in Cape Town earlier this year. Malcolm Rudland reviews two concerts and 'saves the day' for one of them.

A review of the Carice Singers EMF concert last May is accompanied by a transcript of the talk that Carice conductor George Parris gave after the concert, entitled *Performing and Programming British Music in a Post-Brexit Britain*. It offers a great deal of food for thought.

Forthcoming Events, compiled by Bryn Philpott, is followed by Brian Hammond's obituary and also, sadly, a notice of the death earlier this year of Roy Kaye.

Remember, I am happy to receive material for the *Newsletter* at any time, but to guarantee consideration for inclusion in the Spring edition, **31 January 2018** is the deadline. My full contact details are on the front cover. I do hope you enjoy this edition of the *Newsletter*!

Michael Graves
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Peter Warlock Society

Notice of the 2018 Annual General Meeting

Saturday 12 May 2018

Christ Church, St. Aldate's, Oxford, OX1 1DP.



The Cathedral (Photo: Ralph Williamson)

Draft plan for the day

12:00 Lunch at *The Old Tom* – tbc

13:10 Warlock-themed concert in the Cathedral

14:30 AGM – venue tbc

18:00 Warlock-themed Evensong in the Cathedral

Full details to follow



Cathedral Choristers and Mercury Fountain in Tom Quad (Photo: KT Bruce)

RSVP & for more details, contact:

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Articles

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle

Inspired by his trip to Zennor in Cornwall for the 2017 AGM, **Bryn Philpott** has been conducting some research to try to locate the site of Warlock's wooden cottage on Trewey Down.



Introduction

The 100th anniversary of Philip Heseltine's short stay in Zennor was marked by the hugely enjoyable Annual General Meeting of the Peter Warlock Society. Our visit, earlier this year, inspired me to do a little research into Heseltine at Zennor with his small circle of friends in 1917. I will also examine possible locations of the cottage that the young Philip Heseltine occupied whilst there, as well as those of D.H. Lawrence and Cecil Gray. Evidence, using Heseltine's own words from the assortment of letters he wrote whilst residing there, will be provided where appropriate.

Before we begin it would be useful, by way of an introduction, to outline the reason for Heseltine's association with Cornwall in the first place. His first visit to the region occurred a year earlier in 1916 and came about as a direct result of his relationship with the author, D.H. Lawrence¹.

The Lawrence connection

It was Robert Nichols who first introduced Heseltine to the published writings of Lawrence, whilst still at Oxford. He was greatly impressed with what he read and with characteristic enthusiasm he was soon singing the praises of this literary genius. It was through mutual acquaintances

that Heseltine managed to arrange to meet Lawrence at a dinner party at the author's house in Hampstead on the 15th November 1915. They clearly got on very well together and a certain affinity developed between the pair. Lawrence wrote '... I like him very much: I think he is one of the men who will count in the future. I must know him more ...'².

As their friendship developed, Lawrence took Heseltine to Garsington and whilst Lady Ottoline Morrell was not particularly impressed, she was well known to be supportive of aspiring artists and he was introduced to members of their circle. No doubt the War and its impact on society was a dominant theme and they shared an antipathy towards the apparent jingoistic tide of enthusiasm displayed by the general populace. Lawrence wanted out and had developed the idea of an 'Escape Colony' abroad, a kind of Utopia he was to call his 'Rananim', far away from Europe and perhaps saw Heseltine and his young associates as potential disciples. The desire to avoid what they saw as the oppressive atmosphere in London (as well as the possibility of being called upon to undertake war service) was strong. But travel restrictions and their lack of funds meant that foreign travel was ultimately unlikely to be a realistic option for them during a time of war.

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)

However, an opportunity arose for Lawrence and his wife Frieda to leave London, when the writer J.D Beresford lent them his cottage whilst he was away. This proved quite timely as Lawrence was facing public outrage over his latest novel *The Rainbow* and felt a pressing need to escape. The cottage was located at Porthcothan, near Padstow, on the north Cornish coast and Heseltine decided to join them soon after; on New Year's Day 1916. He had intended to stay in Cornwall for a while and his small private allowance would have been seen as a welcome contribution to the Lawrence household.



Opposite page: The cromlech on Zennor Hill, photographed in 1967, 50 years ago and 50 years after Warlock's stay in Zennor (Photo: Michael Graves)
Above: Lawrence's house at Porthcovan, near Padstow, circa 1948.

During this period he maintained contact with Frederick Delius and it was whilst here that Delius wrote to Heseltine with encouragement to apply himself to music 'Turn to music dear boy. There is where you will find the only real satisfaction – Work hard at composition– There is real emotion in your song'³. Delius was referring to *He Reproves the Curlew* a solo song with piano accompaniment; he later incorporated this into his *The Curlew* song cycle.

They were joined by Dikran Kouyoumdjian (an Armenian who was later to become a successful author, writing under the name Michael Arlen), and later Philip's wife to be, Puma, who was by then expecting his child. Tensions soon developed within the household and Lawrence was beginning to find the atmosphere somewhat trying. Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell '...Kouyoumdjian came on Monday and brought the atmosphere of London, most disturbing.....It is such a bore, about these young people, that they must be so insistently self-sufficient, always either tacitly or noisily asserting themselves. Heseltine silently and obstinately asserts himself, Kouyoumdjian noisily and offensively'⁴. It seems that Kouyoumdjian was the main focus of the trouble and according to Heseltine, had to be physically ejected from the cottage.

By now Heseltine was also having doubts about Lawrence in part due to the probing into his complicated private affairs concerning Puma and Ottoline Morrell's Swiss governess

Juliette Baillot, who he had met at Garsington. Although he never doubted Lawrence's artistic achievements stating: 'He is a very great artist, but hard and autocratic in his views and outlook....but he is never the less an arresting figure, a great and attractive personality, and his passion for a new, clean, untrammelled life is very splendid'⁵. Details of the relations at Porthcothan are given by Copley⁶ so need not be repeated here and although these doubts increased, Heseltine returned to London later in February 1916, on essentially good terms; his primary aim was to try to obtain a further exemption from military service and also in the ultimately unsuccessful attempt to assist Lawrence in the private publication of *The Rainbow*.

In the event Heseltine did not return to Porthcothan. He soon made the acquaintance of the young musician and composer Cecil Gray and they shared a studio in Battersea; where, as Copley states, they 'enjoyed an uninhibited bohemian existence' in London.

Move to Zennor

Whilst Heseltine was away, circumstances had also changed for the Lawrences. They had to vacate the house at Porthcothan due to the imminent return of the Beresfords. Lawrence had decided on a move further west to Zennor and his letter to Heseltine is certainly cordial '...We leave here Tuesday morning for Zennor: *The Tinner's Arms*, Zennor,

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)



Katherine Mansfield and Jack Middleton Murry,
often referred to as 'the Murrys'.

St Ives, Cornwall. It is most lovely down there: steep, pale, stony hills, wild moor like, and a tremendous far-spreading sea below, all peacock-coloured. I think we can get the house – £1 a week. At any rate we can get cottages for sure. Come back soon, free ... Much love from all of us to you. Live pleasantly with your mother – my respects to her⁷.

Lawrence in the mean time had moved into *Higher Tregerthen*, a cottage less than a mile to the east of Zennor. On 5 March 1916, he wrote to Jack Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield with a description and enclosed layout sketches of his cottage and the adjacent *Tower House*. He hoped that they would come and share rooms in the *Tower House* with Heseltine, who he also hoped could be persuaded to join them.

The Murrys were seen as Lawrence's chief disciples at the time and had collaborated with him in the publication of a magazine, *The Signal* aimed at promoting his work. Heseltine's involvement in *The Rainbow* scheme appears to have somewhat put them out leading them to think that Lawrence had acted rather treacherously. They seem to have seen this as an attempt to usurp their position and although Lawrence tried to reassure them, the idea of them sharing the *Tower House* at *Higher Tregerthen* was out of the question for them. They did move in on their own during April 1916 but had moved away to Mylor, near Falmouth in

south Cornwall by June of 1916 long before Heseltine was to return to Cornwall.

During this period an issue had developed between Heseltine and Lawrence that led to a significant rupture in their relationship. Though it is unclear as to the exact nature of the incident that caused the rift, Gray does give us a hint ' ... Philip was always reticent about the details ... I have no doubt whatever that the latter [Lawrence] had been attempting to interfere gratuitously, and in an unwarranted extent in certain intimate matters concerning Philip's personal relations with other people...'⁸.

Heseltine was quite firm in a letter to Robert Nichols ' ... I am not returning to Lawrence; he has no real sympathy. All he likes in one is the potential convert to his own reactionary creed. I believe firmly that

he is a fine thinker and a consummate artist, but personal relationship with him is almost impossible. At least so it appears at present⁹.

The draw of Cornwall was however to remain strong for Heseltine and he was no doubt attracted to its Celtic associations. It is therefore not surprising that he turned up in Zennor on his own account a little over a year later. This clearly disturbed Lawrence and he wrote to Middleton Murry ' ... Heseltine, however, has turned up at *Tinner's*, to my chagrin – and taken that *Trewey Consolidated* bungalow, by the roadside, on the moors, on the way to Penzance. But I don't like him anymore; it can't come back, the liking'¹⁰.

Not put off by the turn of events with Lawrence, Heseltine wrote to Robert Nichols with renewed enthusiasm and vigour from the *Tinner's Arms* ' ... Not a word, though, about London, not a whiff of the stench that still hangs over the old dead past! Let us cut adrift and start anew!...The world has been reborn at Easter – everything is new and wonderful! ... This is an excellent inn and there's a furnished cottage to let for about a pound a month right out on the open moor, 500 feet up, where one could live for tuppence ha'penny a week. Come – One can work here as nowhere else'¹¹.

By May he had moved to the new cottage high up on the moors. ' ... I am living now in a little wooden house on the

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)

A contemporary view of *The Tinner's Arms* (Courtesy of the *St. Ives Archive*)

highest point of the moor that separates the two seas, north and south – between Zennor and Penzance. All around, on all sides, nothing but open moorland and rock strewn hills, mostly crowned with marvellous Druidic temples ... Without leaving the house I can see the sun rise at five in the morning, and watch it sink into the sea at night ...¹².

Clearly the change of scene was doing him good and his letter turned to observations of his surroundings, where he describes the wildlife he sees from his cottage: ‘... One Cuckoo (I’ve actually seen him several times – a beautiful, blue grey person who bobs up and down just like the one that lives in a clock) is very fond of sitting on my roof or on the fence just outside the house in the very early morning ... And on the edge of the pond nearby an assembly of huge gulls hold colloquy.’

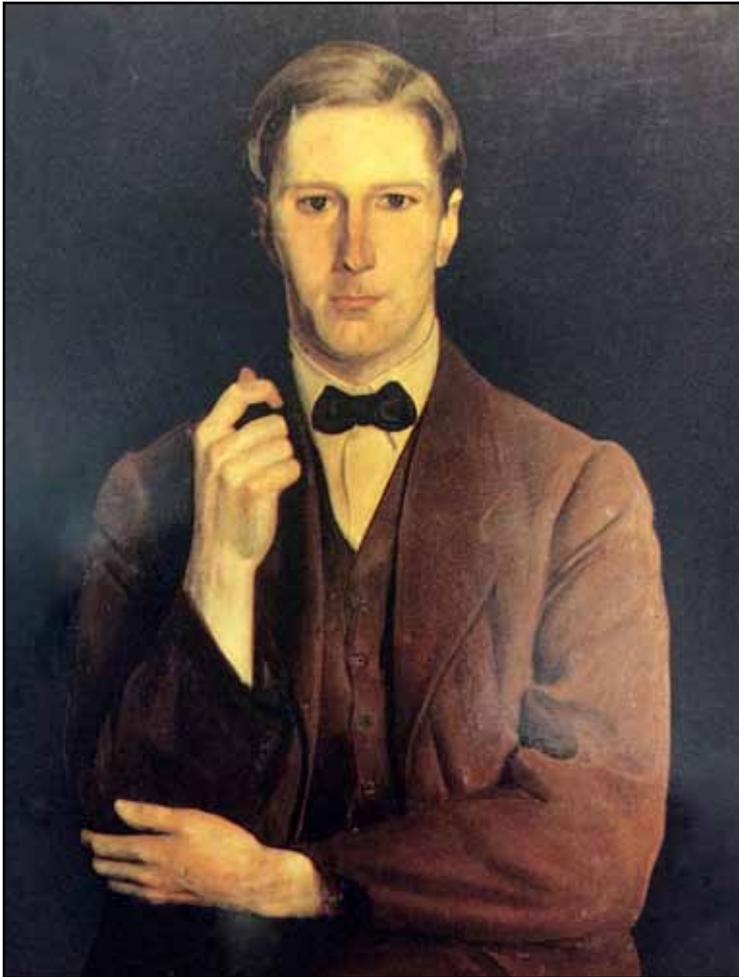
During the summer of 1917 Cecil Gray had followed Heseltine to Cornwall as he explained ‘... Gray, whom I bought down rather hurriedly last week, is quite ecstatic about it – calls it the land of his dreams – and has already taken a big lonely house on the wildest part of the coast

three miles away, on a five year lease ... Gray’s large house with 7 bedrooms etc, commanding a sea view of 70 miles ... only £10 a year¹³. The house was located near Bosigran Castle, Gurnard’s Head and he clearly intended to settle in the area. Gray later wrote ‘... I was entranced by the magical beauty of Cornwall ... I felt I had escaped from the world of men into a paradisaical existence in which War and anything connected with it had no place¹⁴.

Gray was of course introduced to Lawrence by Heseltine and for a while both he and Lawrence became very good friends. As has been said, Heseltine had never wavered in his admiration for Lawrence’s work, and this probably helped them to maintain some form of relations despite their previous differences. Lawrence on his part was by now also feeling a little more kindly towards Philip. Gray explains that ‘... within a very short time we used to meet virtually every day, at either his place or mine ...¹⁵.

It had been both Heseltine and Gray’s intention to settle in Cornwall to undertake some creative work and of course avoid the war. Writing to Delius, Heseltine clearly has the

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)



Portrait of Cecil Gray (by Benjamin Coria)

military situation at the back of his mind ‘...Do come soon. I have not as yet been troubled again by the military but one never knows what may happen from day to day.’ He went on to describe his situation ‘... You must come and stay down here: the country is quite marvellous. My little cottage is on one of the highest points of the moor ... midway between the two seas, north and south, and one can see them both from the cottage ... My cottage stands quite alone, half a mile away from the nearest farm. The effect of living in wide open spaces is quite miraculous; I feel a new being! From Zennor Hill, two miles away, you can see 70 miles of the north coast ...’¹⁶.

Despite the uncertainties with his situation he was to undertake some valuable work here ‘... I am experimenting with Celtic folk songs¹⁷, endeavouring to do what Grieg

did for the Norwegian (in his op. 66 and other later collections), Béla Bartók for the Hungarian, in his children’s pieces, and van Dieren for the Dutch ... My César Frank rag-time which I sent you is to be played next week by the rag-time band at Selfridge’s – violin, piano, two banjos and the most marvellous assortment of “kitchen utensils” you have ever seen!!’¹⁸. He was also able to work on his biography of Delius and composed his setting of *The Water-Lilly* for voice and piano and thought it ‘... the best thing I have ever done, I think.’

Unfortunately this idyllic existence was not to last. The war was entering a critical phase and this eventually raised yet again the possibility of conscription, despite his medical exemption. This time Heseltine took no chances and by August he ignored a summons and fled with Puma to Ireland, never to meet Lawrence again. However he later had cause to threaten proceedings against Lawrence for the unflattering portrayal of him as Julius Halliday in *Women in Love*, written at *Higher Tregerthen*, when attempting to publish the novel in 1921; they eventually settled out of court.

With Heseltine gone, both Lawrence and Gray stayed on at Zennor and their friendship continued to ripen. However in a shocking turn of events the Lawrence’s were forced to leave for

London later that year. On 12 October 1917 Gray received an urgent note from Lawrence ‘... Great trouble in the Land – police raiding the house this morning – searching for god knows what – and we must leave the area of Cornwall by Monday and not enter any prohibited area. Come and see us at once. I have not the faintest idea what it’s all about – curse them all’¹⁹.

The Cornish coast was at the time a protected area due to the war and several vessels in the vicinity had recently been sunk by German U Boats. It seems that the locals believed them to be some form of ring leaders in an espionage ring and had brought this to the notice of the authorities. Though untrue it was perhaps, in the circumstances, understandable considering that Lawrence’s wife, Frieda being not only German, but also a distant cousin of the

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)

Red Baron! (They had actually never met.) Furthermore they had been overheard in the evenings singing German Folk songs and had been accused of signalling to a U-boat. This was simply a case of a careless attention to blackout regulations.

Gray had put this interfering down to the character of the local population and he later wrote ‘... The trouble that the Cornish will take, without any question of material or personal advantage, to injure someone who has never done anything to injure them, is quite impressive in its way – the purest form of disinterested, impersonal malevolence that I have ever encountered’²⁰. There were in fact mixed views on the Lawrences. The fourteen year old local girl, Hilda Jelbert, thought him moody and sarcastic but found Frieda, who was ‘jokey, stout and fair’ much nicer. Alison Symons Grandmother, from the neighbouring *Tremedda Farm* stated that although many people disliked him, she always found him a gentleman. Her mother’s explanation for the blackout incident was that Lawrence was an asthmatic and in order to get enough air into his lungs, he opened his sea facing window and the blackout curtain, thus showing a forbidden light.

Whatever the case, the Lawrences now found themselves ejected from their home without anywhere to go and completely penniless. Gray apparently was able to step in and furnish them with money and a train fare. He also arranged for them to stay a few days in his mother’s flat in Earls Court, to tide them over.

Gray stayed on in Cornwall, intermittently until the summer of 1918, and had an affair with the poet and novelist, Hilda Doolittle. He invited her to stay with him in Cornwall, while her husband Richard Aldington was away on military service in France; their marriage was on the rocks due to an extra marital affair on his part. She wrote of her time in Cornwall in her autobiographical novel *Bid me to live* and it seems she didn’t consider the affair a great success but was not on the whole desperately unhappy. Their affair resulted in a daughter, Perdita, who Gray appears to have taken no responsibility for.

It seems that Gray’s friendship with Lawrence ceased abruptly when they left, after he discovered that Lawrence had also included cruel caricatures of him in several of his novels. He was apparently quite hurt and wondered how a man of genius could go out of his way to depict a friend, from

who he had received nothing but kindness and material aid, as an object of such ridicule and contempt. His daughter pointed to the following entry in his notebook ‘Few people are magnanimous enough to forgive a good turn, it’s much easier to forgive someone who has played one a dirty trick’. Perhaps he was thinking of Lawrence when he wrote those words?²¹.

He later wrote ‘The truth is that Lawrence was always inclined to treat his friends and acquaintances as if they were characters in one of his novels, and sought accordingly to mould their characters and direct their actions as he desired. When he failed in this – and he invariably did fail – he took his revenge by putting the said friends and acquaintances, recognisably, into his books, and there worked his will upon them’²².

Zennor then and now

You would be forgiven for thinking that the Zennor area has changed little in the last one hundred years, as it remains fairly isolated and is characterised by small groups of farms and cottages scattered along a relatively narrow fertile plateau between the cliffs by the sea and the rocky hills and valleys inland where the moors are located, these have scattered rocky Tors alongside ancient settlements. Farmers have eked out a living here for millennia and Alison Symons, who grew up in nearby *Tremedda Farm* gives an excellent account of life at Zennor at the beginning of the 20th century²³.

Heseltine’s interest in Celtic languages may have drawn him to the nearby Hamlet of Boswednack. This was home to a small community of traditional Cornish speakers in the late 19th Century. This included a John Davey (1812-1891) who was a local farmer and schoolmaster and one of the last people with traditional knowledge of the Cornish language. A song was attributed to his memory, the *Cranken Rhyme* and is possibly one of the last survivors of the Cornish Literary tradition. There is a memorial stone erected to his memory in Zennor Church (*see page 10*).

Although long since gone, tin mining was also a significant industry in the area. The ore extracted from the tin mines in the parishes of Morvah and Zennor was described by a John Woodward (1688-1728) as being ‘... more considerable for its richness than its quantity ...’ and that ‘... Zennor tin ore was the richest in Cornwall’. Mining

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)



Above: Cecil Gray's Bosigran Castle the Carn Galver Mine Count House (photo: Bryn Philpott)

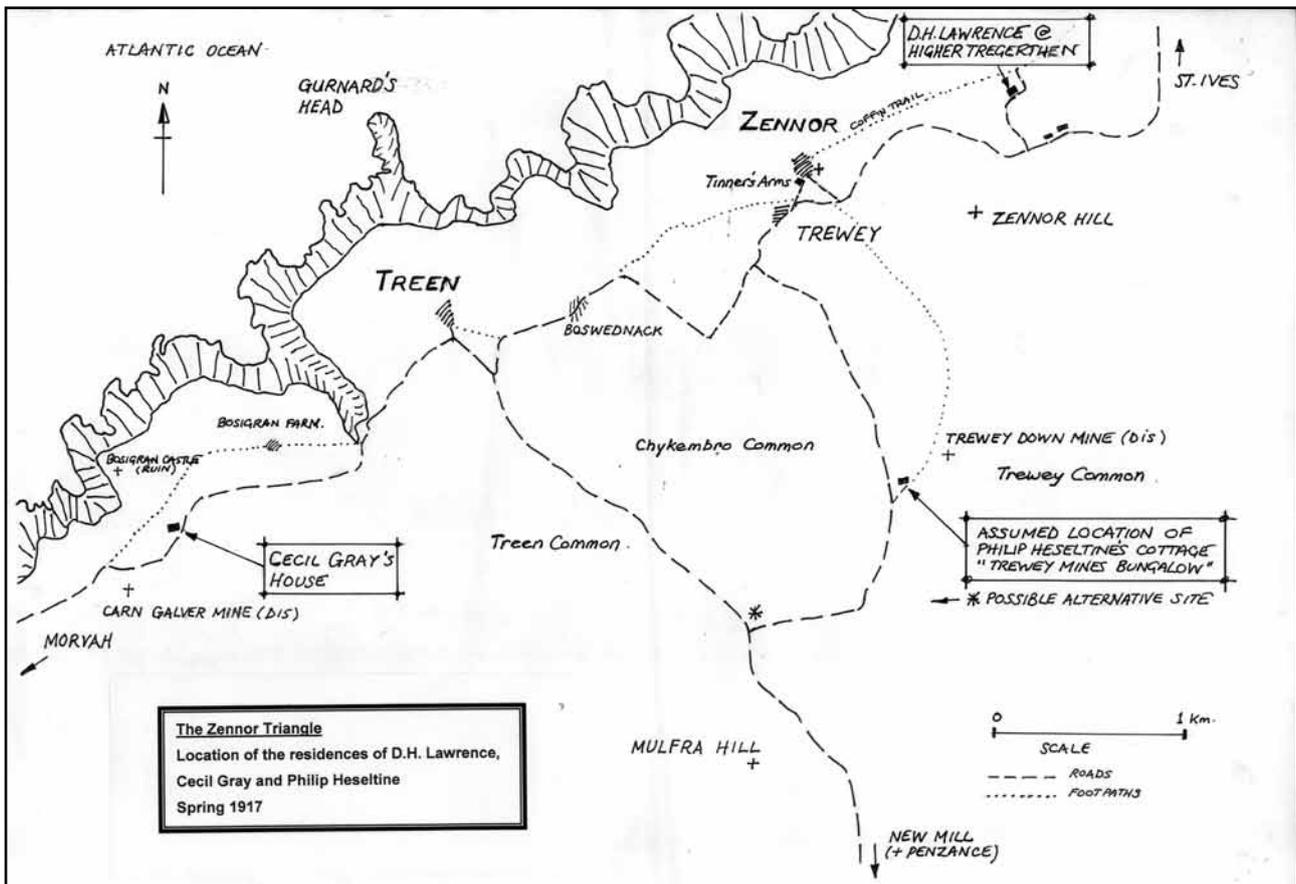


Figure 1: 'The Zennor Triangle'
Locations of the residences of D.H.Lawrence, Cecil Gray and Philip Heseltine

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)



Figure 2: 'Possible' location of Heseltine's Cottage on Trewey Down

1908 (about a decade before Heseltine's stay) and this suggests to me one clear contender for his cottage (Figure 2).

Heseltine himself is very helpful in his letters, but does not always give accurate enough descriptions to pin it down and perhaps occasionally provides a somewhat romanticised view to entice his friends to visit. Let us examine some of the clues within the letters.

The cottage was let for about a pound a month, right up on the moor 500 ft up. This would suggest quite a small cottage. The elevation is difficult to pin down as it could refer to being 'up' from sea level, cliff level or even from the village of Zennor. According to the contours the location at Trewey Down is about 670 ft above sea level or around 400

ft keeping with Heseltine's description. A search of the internet revealed a blog by local journalist and travel writer by the name of Des Hannigan in 1985, who refers to 'Bosigran Count House, now owned by the Climbers Club of Great Britain. The Count House lies just east of Rosemergy hamlet. In Lawrence's time it was occupied by the musician and composer, Cecil Gray.' This does seem to be fairly convincing. The Count House was associated with the then disused Carn Galver Tin Mine and was, according to the National Trust sign, 'where the mine manager lived, kept accounts, and entertained shareholders with lavish dinners.' Its location is near to the ruins of Bosigran Castle and a little to the east of the village of Morvah, a place Gray describes as having 'an atmosphere of horror and desolation'²⁷.

The cottage where Heseltine settled is much less clear as it no longer exists. However we do have a number of clues, the most obvious being the description given by Lawrence i.e. the Trewey Consolidated bungalow, by the roadside, on the moors, on the way to Penzance'. This suggests it is near to and associated with the Trewey Down mine. It should be noted that the 'Trewey Consolidated Ltd' mines had all but ceased operation by then, so mine cottages are likely to have been available and cheap to rent. Also, the most direct route to Penzance from Higher Tregertthen would be over Trewey Hill. I have obtained a copy of the closest contemporary 1:2500 scale map available of the area i.e.

ft above the cliff edge at Zennor and therefore within a reasonable descriptive tolerance.

A little wooden house on the highest point on the moor ... nothing but open moorland and rock strewn hills mostly crowned with druidic temples. It is unlikely to be located on literally the highest point on the moor. A wooden hut, as the second little pig of the fable learnt, might get blown away!! The description is probably designed to portray to his friends a wild and isolated place.

A Cuckoo was very fond of sitting on his roof or on the fence just outside the house in the very early morning. As an aside it is interesting here to note that in the 1880s one Henry Nicholls resided in the Foage valley on the western side of the stream, and had three heads of water-powered stamps for crushing tin stone, which he raised in a mine on Trewey Downs ... These stamps were called 'Cuckoo Stamps' as the cuckoo was usually first heard in that valley.

From his roof, on the edge of the pond nearby he could see an assembly of huge gulls. The statement that a pond exists near to his cottage is a significant clue as the contemporary maps show only a few ponds on the moors. These are likely to be ancient dew pond's constructed to water the cattle. One such pond is located on Trewey Down, near to the mines entrance just off the road and seems to be the most credible location.

... located midway between the two seas north and south, and one can see the both from the cottage. There are

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)



Top: Remains of the pond

Below: Possible site of Warlock's cottage on Trewey Hill (Photos: Bryn Philpott)

not many points on the moors where one can clearly see both seas and certainly not where a cottage could reasonably have been located. It seems to me that this description might be taken with a pinch of salt and would certainly enhance the interest to his friends. From the Trewey Down mine entrance one would perhaps see both seas after a short walk from the cottage.

... little grey stone farms dotted around and the cottage stands quite alone, half a mile from the nearest farm. This statement would seem to ring true even today as there are a number of farms dotted around and the nearest, *Higher Kerrowe*, is around half a mile away.

Zennor Hill is two miles away. This would be true as the crow flies.

Heseltine and his Circle at the Zennor Triangle (continued)

Gray's big lonely house was about three miles away. This would be true if one follows the roadways.

One curious point to note is that Heseltine heads his letters 'Trewey Down, Newmill' or 'Trewey Mines Bungalow, Newmill, Penzance'. It is unclear as to why he uses the suffix Newmill, which is a village several miles to the south, towards Penzance when Zennor is closer. It is a possibility that the main post office for the area was located in Newmill which might of course explain the postal address adopted.

I have on the map shown an alternative location that was put to me as a possibility. There is some evidence to suggest this location has some merit. In his letter to Phyllis Crocker he writes in somewhat mystical terms and refers to 'Time 14/3/17. 5pm. Place: road in Cornwall between the village of New Mill and Gurnard's Head, at a spot almost opposite a solitary cottage. Melancholy and dyspeptic

looking individual finds enormous horseshoe which with due ritual of magic he pockets ...'²⁸. However this site shows little of the other evidence suggested elsewhere, there are no nearby ponds and in 1908 no cottages are shown on the map (though there are a few now). This site is located between Treen and Chykembro²⁹ Commons and not Trewey Down. I am, therefore, inclined to disregard this location. However, when Michael Graves and I visited the location on the rainy day before the AGM a cuckoo crossed our path (perhaps this rather rare sighting was a sign that I am wrong?!).

Clearly we can never be certain as to the exact location of the cottage, but we can even today feel here the flavour of a wild and still largely remote area where our composer sought out and clearly obtained some happy relief from the troubled atmosphere of London life during the Great War, at least for a short while before his 'escape' to Ireland. ■

Notes

- 1 For a more detailed account of this relationship see Rebecca Brooke's PWS Newsletter article Spring 2017 (p6-25)
- 2 Letter 17 November 1917 – Lawrence to Robert Nichols from 1, Byron Villas, Hampstead.
- 3 Letter 22 January 2016 – Frederick Delius to Heseltine from Grez-Sur Loing, France.
- 4 Letter 13 January 2016 – Lawrence to Lady Ottoline Morrell from Porthcothan, Cornwall.
- 5 Letter 6 January 2016 – Heseltine to Frederick Delius from Porthcothan, Cornwall.
- 6 Copley, I.A. – *A Turbulent Friendship, A study of the relationship between DH Lawrence and Philip Heseltine*
- 7 Letter 24 February 2016 – Lawrence to Heseltine from *The Tinner's Arms*, Zennor.
- 8 Gray, Cecil – *Peter Warlock, A memoir of Philip Heseltine* – p119 (Jonathan Cape 1934)
- 9 Letter 8 March 2016 – Heseltine to Robert Nichols from 13 Rossetti Mansions, Chelsea.
- 10 Letter 5 May 2017 – Lawrence to John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield from *Higher Treggerthen*, Zennor.
- 11 Letter 16 April 2017 – Heseltine to Robert Nichols from *The Tinner's Arms*, Zennor.
- 12 Letter 11 May 2017 (?) – Heseltine to Robert Nichols from *Trewey Mines Bungalow*, Newmill.
- 13 Letter 11 May 2017 (?) – Heseltine to Robert Nichols from *Trewey Mines Bungalow*, Newmill.
- 14 Gray, Cecil: *Musical Chairs or Between two stools* (p115) – (Home&Vantal 1948).
- 15 Gray, Cecil: *Musical Chairs* (p126)
- 16 Letter 13 May 2017 – Heseltine to Frederick Delius from *Trewey Downs*, Newmill.
- 17 Likely to be the germination of the *Folk Song Preludes* for Solo Piano.
- 18 Letter 17 July 2017 – Heseltine to Colin Taylor from *Trewey Downs Bungalow*, Newmill.
- 19 Gray, Cecil: *Musical Chairs* (p128)
- 20 Gray, Cecil: *Musical Chairs* (p129)
- 21 Gray, Pauline – *CECIL GRAY his life and Notebooks* (Thames Publishing 1989)
- 22 Gray, Cecil – *Peter Warlock, A Memoir of Philip Heseltine* (p119) (Jonathan Cape 1934)
- 23 Symons, Alison – *Tremedda Days, A view of Zennor, 1900-1944* (Tabb House 1992)
- 24 Williams, Gerald – *Trewey Down Mine* (Journal of the Trevithick Society No 38- 2011)
- 25 Newman, Paul – *The Treggerthen Horror – Aleister Crowley, DH Lawrence & Peter Warlock in Cornwall* (p24) (Abraxas Editions & DGR Books 2005).
- 26 Kinkead-Weeks, Mark – *DH Lawrence – Triumph to Exile*
- 27 Gray, Cecil: *Musical Chairs* (p121)
- 28 Letter before 19 April 2017 – Heseltine to Phyllis Crocker from Zennor.
- 29 Curiously the word 'Chykembro' translates from Cornish to 'House of the Welshman'

Peter Warlock, Dorothy L. Sayers and the Original Twerp

John Mitchell draws attention to some Warlock song lyrics quoted in the work of Dorothy L. Sayers. He then speculates as to whether composer and author may ever have met and, if so, reflects on who may have introduced them.



The young Dorothy L. Sayers
(with acknowledgment to the Bodleian Library, Oxford)

The names of Peter Warlock and Dorothy L. Sayers are ones that are not normally associated with each other. She was, of course, most famed for the series of Lord Peter Wimsey detective novels and short stories that appeared during the 1920s and 30s, but the scope of her writing went well beyond this. Less well known are the books she wrote on religion (she came from traditional Anglican background) and the plays she wrote for Cathedral Festivals and the West End, as well as the series of twelve radio plays (*The Man born to be King*) that were broadcast in the 1940s. Throughout her life she wrote poetry, and at the time of her death in 1957, having already translated parts 1 and 2, she was working on the third and final part of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. She considered this her finest achievement, and her translations are held in high esteem in many quarters.

For many years I have been an admirer of the Lord Peter Wimsey detective novels and it was only on re-reading

Unnatural Death (the third in the series) recently that I was struck by part of the text I had not taken in previously. In Chapter 11 ('Cross-Roads') Lord Peter is expressing his pleasure at nearing the end of a rainy car journey, with the prospect of a warm and welcoming pub ahead. He utters:

'Back and side go bare, go bare, hand and foot go cold, so belly-god send us good ale enough, whether it be new or old.'

These words (with the addition of 'So' and 'both') will be very familiar to Warlockians as the chorus of the joint Warlock/EJ Moeran song, *Maltworms*. Literary quotes from the mouth of Wimsey occur quite often in the novels and the author was clearly well read. It is quite possible, perhaps even likely, that Dorothy Sayers already knew the lyric (attributed to Bishop William Still) through an anthology of verse, but what made me stop and wonder whether she had come across it via the song was the chronology involved: *Unnatural Death* was published in 1927, and *Maltworms* a year earlier in 1926. Perhaps a case of complete coincidence of timing, but I thought it worth investigating further.

The obvious first step was to sound out the Dorothy L. Sayers Society, and the helpful response I got was interesting. The Sayers Society was aware of both Bishop Still's text being used in the novel, and of it being the lyric for *Maltworms*, but unable to say which of the two options, ie, a verse anthology or the song, had sourced the Dorothy Sayers quotation, both being equally likely. Not only was there confirmation that Sayers was incredibly well read, with her father, a clergyman, having an extensive library, but also that she was well known to have a facility for remembering anything if it was set to music. My attention was also drawn to a further instance where another Warlock song lyric was subsequently used by Sayers in one of her short stories. This occurs in *The Image in the Mirror*¹ where, staring at himself in a long mirror on the door of a barbers shop in Holborn, Lord Peter Wimsey muses to himself:

'The animals went in four by four, vive la compagnie!

The camel he got stuck in the door.'

This of course is part of the anonymous lyric used by Warlock in *One more river*. Both lyric and tune had appeared in the 1924 *Week-End Book*, and Warlock made his arrangements for solo voice and unison chorus, and for male voice quartet in 1925. It is anybody's guess

Peter Warlock, Dorothy L. Sayers and the Original Twerp (continued)

whether, when she came to pen the story a few years later, Dorothy Sayers had referred to the *Week-End Book*, or had seen/heard one of Warlock's arrangements. However, it is worth noting here that in the multi-authored *The Floating Admiral* (1931), in the Dorothy Sayers contribution we read at one point the police inspector '...found the tune running in his head:-

'Ol' man River, dat ol' man River.

He must know sumfin', he don' say nuffin' -'

This, of course, comes from the Oscar Hammerstein II/Jerome Kern musical *Showboat* of 1927, which adds weight to the idea that words she had heard recently via the medium of song might well surface in her writings.

Something I had been unaware of was that Dorothy Sayers took a keen interest in music, both as a listener and a performer. She had a good contralto voice and sang with Oxford's Bach Choir, under the direction of Dr. Hugh Allen², at various times. In her youth she had piano lessons and also played the violin to a standard of playing in quartets occasionally. During most of the 1920s she was living in London, and is known to have been a regular concert goer and radio listener. There is a good chance thus she may well have been familiar with Warlock's music, and in particular *Maltworms* and *One more river*.

I had several e-mail exchanges with the Dorothy L. Sayers Society, and fairly early on it was mooted whether Warlock and Sayers may have met each other, and if so how this may have come about. They were near contemporaries – she was just 16 months older, being born in June 1893. The first possibility that came to mind was that EJ Moeran, being a close friend of Warlock's, might have acted as an intermediary for the two meeting together. Moeran had set one of Sayers's poems to music in 1923, and there was an impression at the DLS Society that, accordingly, she and Moeran may have known each other. I have not been able to substantiate this, and it would seem more likely the Moeran setting of her poem came about by chance. The Sayers/Moeran song in question is *The Bean Flower*³ and this was published by Chesters in 1924 as one of *Two Songs*, the other being *Impromptu in March*. The latter was a setting of a poem by Doreen Wallace, a friend of Dorothy Sayers. Both poems appear, just some six pages apart, in the anthology *Oxford Poetry 1919*⁴, which may be suggestive of their coming to Moeran via this source.



Wyndham Lewis's 1932 drawing of Thomas Earp
(with acknowledgment to the National Portrait Gallery)

Another possibility considered was a connection via Dr. Hugh Allen during Warlock's 'Oxford Year' (1913-14). Dorothy Sayers was at Somerville College, Oxford between 1912 and 1915, and came somewhat under the spell of Allen⁵. Whether Warlock, when he was at Christ Church College, had any dealings with Allen I have not been able to establish. Allen is not mentioned in any of Warlock's many letters to Viva Smith at the time, and we know that Warlock did not entertain a high opinion of Allen as a conductor. In an earlier letter⁶ to Colin Taylor he relates how a performance of Delius's *Brigg Fair* was '...positively murdered last night by Dr. H.P. Allen!'

Also suggested as a point of contact was Sayers's cousin, Gerald, who was an undergraduate at Oxford at the same time as Warlock. Moreover, he was at Christ Church College too, and she is known to have visited him there. Whether the cousin was known to Warlock has not been recorded.

Peter Warlock, Dorothy L. Sayers and the Original Twerp (continued)

If Warlock and Dorothy Sayers did indeed have an encounter, I believe it might have come about most likely through Thomas Wade Earp. T. W. Earp (1895-1958), the son of an affluent liberal MP, became friends with Warlock during his Oxford Year and has been immortalised in the Oxford English Dictionary etymology as the origin of the word 'twerp'⁷. He has been described (although I have not been able to discover by whom) as ...the last, most charming and wittiest of the 'decadents'. How well he knew Warlock is difficult to judge, but he was one of the mourners at his funeral.

We also see Warlock, strapped for cash in Dublin, suggesting⁸ to Cecil Gray that he might try and sell some of his unneeded furniture to Earp. Perhaps the most significant contribution Earp made to the course of Warlock's life occurred near the end of 1914: Earp had planned to start a monthly paper devoted to music and poetry early in 1915. Called *The New Hat*, with Warlock as Musical Editor, it was intended to '... cry down, in very plain terms indeed, all fageyish and "old hat" notions, superstitions, conventions, traditions, shams, humbugs, etc.'⁹ Unfortunately it never got off the ground but it planted the seed in Warlock's head that blossomed eventually as *The Sackbut*.

Earp eventually came to prominence as an art critic (at *The Daily Telegraph*) and as a writer on art, with books on Augustus John, French Painting, and Van Gogh to his credit, but in his earlier years he was something of a minor poet¹⁰. It is in this area that the connection between Warlock and Dorothy Sayers (if indeed it existed) may have come about. *Oxford Poetry* is an annual publication that began in 1910 when Basil Blackwell published the first issue, and Earp became one of the literary co-editors for five years between 1915 and 1919. Dorothy Sayers was also one of the co-editors with Earp for the years 1917, 1918 and 1919 and clearly she would have had some sort of friendship with him, even if it were only a working relationship. This was after she had graduated from Oxford, but with their mutual interest in poetry it could well be she knew Earp before

their co-editorial work commenced, ie, in that 'window of opportunity' between October 1913 and Summer 1914 when Warlock was at Oxford. With their common interests in literature and music, could she have been introduced to Warlock by Earp?

Talking of common interests, Dorothy L. Sayers also became a keen motorcycle enthusiast a few years later, but perhaps the most extraordinary thing she shared with Warlock was the day of the year on which she died: 17th December! ■

Notes

- 1 From the short story collection *Hangman's Holiday*, first published in 1933.
- 2 Dorothy Sayers's level of involvement can be judged by her commentary on Allen's rehearsals – see pages 52 and 53 of Cyril Bailey's biography of Allen (*Hugh Percy Allen*, Oxford, 1948).
- 3 One of her favourite songs, apparently!
- 4 Published by Blackwells, Oxford in 1920.
- 5 Some of her letters written at the time indicate she might have had a 'student crush' on him.
- 6 24 May 1912
- 7 Earp's friend JRR Tolkien may have had a hand in this through his etymological input into the OED after the First World War, but there have been other claims that the word 'twerp' originates from American slang.
- 8 in a letter to Gray written in March 1918.
- 9 Letter from Warlock to Delius, 22 December 1914.
- 10 Warlock seemingly liked his verse. In a letter to Robert Nichols (14 May 1918) he states his loathing of several modern poets (including Siegfried Sassoon, Ezra Pound and TS Eliot) but records Earp as '...fine and frank and simple'.

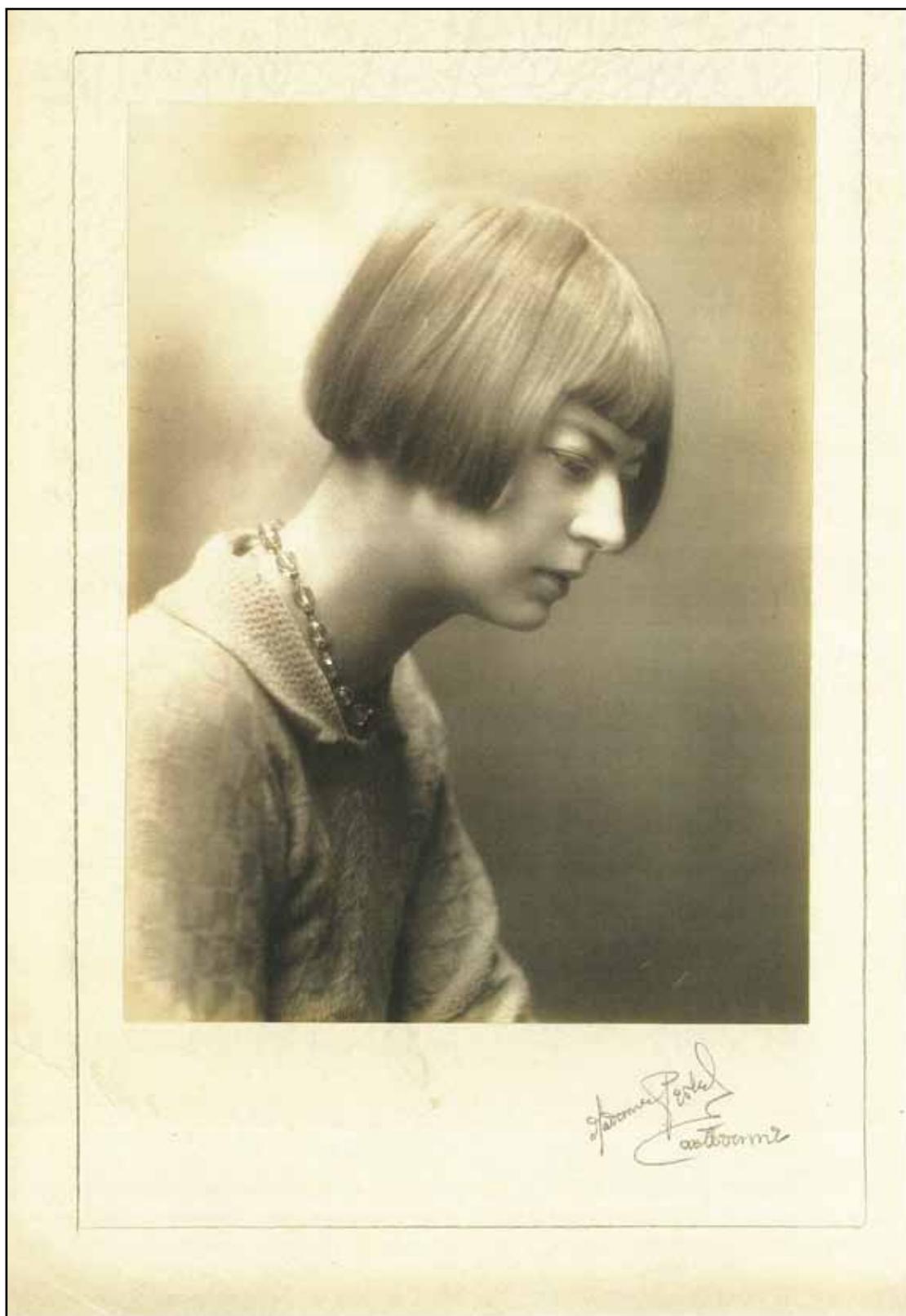
Acknowledgment:

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Articles

Portraits of Winifred Baker

Silvester Mazzarella



Portraits of Winifred Baker (continued)

Eighteen years ago I decided to find out as much as I could about the enigmatic figure of Winifred Baker to whom, according to Cecil Gray¹, Philip Heseltine (or Peter Warlock) wrote a number of letters during the last months of his life. I traced a nephew, of Winifred's, Julian Broad, who had known her well in her later years. Rhian Davies and I went to see him at his home near Chichester in January 2000, and though nothing directly connecting her to Philip survived, Julian showed us several photographs of Winifred, including two portraits taken almost certainly during Philip's lifetime by commercial photographers. I described my own initially frustrating but ultimately successful search for Winifred Baker at length in three numbers of the Peter Warlock Society Newsletter during 1999 and 2000, reporting on my visit with Rhian to Julian Broad in the third and last of these articles², and the portraits of Winifred provided by Julian are now reproduced in the Newsletter for the first time.

The reason for publishing these photographs at this point is that for too long our view of Winifred has depended heavily on a description by the composer's friend Bruce Blunt, author of the words of several of the finest songs Warlock wrote in the last years of his life. Blunt seems to have been mystified by Philip's interest in Winifred. In his biography of Heseltine/Warlock, Barry Smith considers that Warlock, who had known Winifred on and off for many years, must have seen her as

... a kind of idealised woman, though Blunt described her in the most uncomplimentary of terms: '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 used to just sit.' Philip's circle of friends ridiculed her behind her back, calling her 'The British Moth Work'. Evidently, about once or twice a year, Philip would suddenly have fits to see her, would go off with her for a day and would then drop her. Six months later she would come to Eynsford where she would never drink but simply sit absolutely dumb, though not in any kind of militant way. Blunt summed her up as 'having no mental or spiritual attraction. Philip never mentioned or discussed her'. Of her own authenticated letters only a few beautifully worded examples to van Dieren and Edith Buckley Jones, written shortly after Philip's death, survive.³

We cannot be certain that some letters apparently written by Philip to Winifred in the last months of his life (and quoted in Cecil Gray's 1934 book) were ever actually sent to her, but on the night he died, having quarrelled with his regular partner Barbara Peache, he scribbled a will leaving everything to Winifred Baker, though, since it was never witnessed, this will was not valid, and Winifred herself never claimed otherwise.

Fortunately one other published description of Winifred Baker does exist. This was written by the Bloomsbury writer Gerald Brenan, about a period in the mid 1920s when he was in love with the painter Dora Carrington. Clearly Brenan got to know Winifred rather better than Blunt ever did:

I had been seeing a good deal that past year of a girl called Winifred. She was around twenty-six years old . . . a slim, dark girl with almond-shaped eyes and finely-pencilled eyebrows which gave her a rather Ancient Egyptian look and some people found her beautiful. I did not quite do that, for her very small mouth with its sad, pinched expression detracted from her appearance. She suffered from a deep and congenital depression which even alcohol did little to relieve. This had been increased by an unreturned passion [for a named friend of the author who] got frightened, as he always did when girls showed an interest in him, and sheered away. But she was now in love with him and went through a long period of hopeless misery and dejection during which for months on end she never got out of bed before the evening.

When I first got to know Freda, as she was usually called, she was on her way to recovery. But we had both been through or were still going through the same trough of the love disease and on the strength of that we became friends. . . . She was intelligent and whenever she was not practising on her cello would sit in her room reading French and English literature. So we saw a good deal of one another and I was glad to have a girl to whom I could pour out my thoughts and feelings as well as discuss books. Besides she was nearly always free because she went out little and had few friends. Thus it happened that once or twice a week I would either take her out or go round to her rooms. There we would sit and talk or listen to records.. She would cook some eggs, we would make tea or open a bottle of wine and

Portraits of Winifred Baker (continued)

then I would stay on and spend the night with her. She had never had a lover before and I do not think that she got more than a vague pleasure from me, but we were company for one another during the long nights. I found too a sensuous pleasure from lying pressed against her naked body, for she had the finest skin I had ever known as well as a good figure. Sleeping with her, I said to myself, was like plunging through the seas clutching a young dolphin, yet because I was not in the least enamoured of her, I sometimes had reactions afterwards, as I think she did too. Indeed, we were never more than friends, drawn together by the loneliness that is the other side of the coin of love.

About a couple of years after this Freda got to know a very neurotic composer who had an addiction to virgins. She fell in love with him and they had an affair, after which I saw no more of her because he was jealous of me and made her promise to avoid my company. Although he was said to be impotent, he made her pregnant and she went down to her mother's house in the country to have her child. Then he committed suicide and I have heard nothing of her since. She was not a person who wrote letters.⁴

Winifred had been born to well-off parents in Eastbourne on 13 February 1899. 'We were in trade, you know' she would comment later to younger relatives. In her eighties, she was still working in the Oxfam shop in Bexhill, Sussex, where she died in 1985. Brenan claimed she had been a professional dancer, but according to her nephew she was never that, though he produced evidence that in 1923 she graduated from the Viennese composer Jacques-Emile Dalcroze's 'London School of Eurhythmics', a system not of dance but of less strenuous rhythmic movement that attracted Rudolf Steiner among others and was designed to deepen the participants' feeling for music. Winifred's close connection with Eurhythmics up to the early 1920s has been examined in detail by Rhian Davies⁵. Winifred was also a potter and a serious enough amateur cellist to study at Herbert Walenn's 'London School of Violoncello', where

more distinguished pupils would include E.J. Moeran's future wife Peers Coetmore and the young Jacqueline du Pré. With this school, shortly after Philip's death, Winifred took part in mass concerts in which over 50 cellists played together at the Wigmore Hall. Physically, as her nephew Julian Broad insisted, his aunt was in no sense Blunt's 'lump of a woman', but was rather 'thin as a rake', with slender wrists and excellent bones. Nor had her nephew ever heard of her giving birth to a child by Warlock or anyone else. ■

Notes

- 1 Gray, Cecil, *Peter Warlock: A Memoir of Philip Heseltine* (Jonathan Cape, London 1934).
- 2 Peter Warlock Society Newsletter No. 65 Autumn 1999 pp 7-10, No. 66 Spring 2000 pp 2-5 and No. 67 Autumn 200 pp 15-18; in all nearly 11,000 words.
- 3 Smith, Barry, *Peter Warlock: The Life of Philip Heseltine* (Oxford, 1994), p 271, including footnote 62 p 324. Blunt's comments on Winifred Baker are as quoted by Robert Beckhard to Barry Smith. Beckhard later confirmed in a letter to me (29 February 2000) that Blunt's description of Winifred to him was much the same as an earlier description of her Blunt had given to Gerald Cockshot in 1943.
- 4 Brenan, Gerald *Personal Record 1920-1972* (Jonathan Cape, 1974) pp. 117-118
- 5 Davies, Rhian, "Gossamer grace": *Winifred Baker and Dalcroze Eurhythmics* Peter Warlock Society Newsletter No 67, Autumn 2000, pp 21-24

Photographs

Page 16: A professional studio portrait of Winifred Baker. It is difficult to make out the signature, but could possibly be 'Madame Perle Eastbourne'. Any further suggestions from readers would be welcomed.

Page 19: Another professional studio portrait of Winifred Baker. The studio in this case would appear to be called 'Photomalon'.

Portraits of Winifred Baker (continued)



Articles

Warlock and Lullingstone

John Mitchell speculates as to whether our composer ever visited Lullingstone Castle near Eynsford. Along the way, his research has resulted in the discovery of some interesting photographs which provide a tantalising glimpse of Warlock's Eynsford.



In recent times Lullingstone Castle in West Kent attracted national coverage back in March 2000 when the botanist Tom Hart Dyke, the son of the then owner, was captured by armed guerrillas whilst on a plant-hunting expedition in a remote area near the Panama/Colombia border. With a threatened execution likely to have occurred at any time, he was very lucky to have been released unscathed ten months later. However, what is perhaps of more interest and relevance to these pages is that Lullingstone Castle lies within easy walking distance of Warlock's Eynsford cottage. It is located just off the main road that leads out of Eynsford in a southerly direction, with the villages of Shoreham and Otford (both of which Warlock is known to have visited on several occasions) being a little bit further on. He must have walked past the entrance many a time, and one wonders whether his curiosity would have been aroused to call in¹ there, or pushing the thought a bit further, whether he may have had any dealings with the Hart Dyke family, Lullingstone having been its ancestral home since the fifteenth century. The Lady Hart Dyke, during Warlock's time, had achieved some local fame as a percussion player, and was something of a 'presence' in the village – she was the owner of Eynsford Village Hall, where we held the Society's AGM² in May 2006. It has to be said straightaway that there is no evidence in the various Warlock literature that Lullingstone ever featured in his life, and any speculation here ought not to be pushed too far.

Last summer I paid a visit to the Castle³, principally to see Tom Hart Dyke's splendidly impressive award-winning World Garden (the genesis of which occurred during his time in captivity), but also for a guided tour around the house⁴. Just after the tour a cloudburst confined the party inside for a while which gave me a good opportunity to mention Peter Warlock to the Sarah Hart Dyke. She was naturally familiar with the name of 'our' composer, but was intrigued by the notion of whether his and the Hart Dyke's paths may ever have crossed. She didn't know the answer, but promised to make some enquiries.

She was as good as her word, and a few days later I received a phone call from her, but alas it was only to relate she had found nothing to suggest there was any connection between Lullingstone and Warlock's stay in Eynsford. Pleasingly, there was a positive outcome in that she passed on my enquiry to Jan Wilkes of the Farningham & Eynsford Local History Society. The latter also could not confirm the possibility of a Warlock/Lullingstone link, but she was able to send me a couple of interesting local press cuttings from the 1930s. The first of these appeared in the *Kentish Times* on 3 March 1936, and was a short article (reproduced here) headed *Echo of "Peter Warlock" – Mr. Munn has a Visitor*:

"You could have knocked me down with a feather when I opened the door and found him standing there." In these words Mr. S.H. Munn, of the grocery store in Eynsford High

Warlock and Lullingstone (continued)



Previous page, top and above left: Lullingstone Castle's Tudor gatehouse, the house and the medieval church

Above right : Jack Moeran

Street, described to a *Kentish Times* reporter his reunion meeting with Jack Moeran, who called upon him on Sunday, 19 February 1936. The visit of Mr Moeran, a member of the musical profession, was an echo of the days when Philip Heseltine, who wrote music under the name of Peter Warlock, lived at Eynsford. Warlock's home for three-and-a-half years about a decade ago was the cottage, a converted bakehouse, attached to Mr Munn's shop. Jack Moeran was his companion there for a considerable time, and co-partner

in many escapades, of which the village still speaks.

"He was on his way to Wrotham⁵, and said that he simply could not pass through Eynsford without calling in to see one of his very best friends – as he referred to me", said Mr Munn of his visitor. "Then he insisted that I should go across to the *Five Bells* with him, and have a drink for the sake of old times. Also he wanted to see some other friends there. The last time Mr Moeran came to Eynsford was four years ago. He told me he had made a lot of money recently

Warlock and Lullingstone (continued)

from music”, declares Mr Munn, “and that he was off to spend it. From Wrotham he was going to Paris.

“We chatted for about a couple of hours about old times, and he told me again how surprised he was to learn of Peter Warlock’s death.”

E.J. Moeran was, of course, the co-tenant of the Eynsford cottage with Warlock, and I had up till then formed an impression that the Eynsford Years had been something of a negative experience for him, in that he found it very hard to settle to musical composition whilst he was living there⁶. The gist of this Kentish Times article somewhat counterbalances that view by implying that Moeran had some pleasant memories of his time in Eynsford, revisiting the place at least twice (on 19 February 1936, and on another occasion four years earlier). As an aside here, one is intrigued to know from which of his compositions he had ‘made a lot of money’!

Reflecting on this newspaper article lead me to wonder how Warlock may have felt about Eynsford in retrospect after he had left there at the end of September 1928. He had taken on the cottage in January 1925, and Eynsford must have been quite an attractive option for him, having the dual advantages of being relatively near to London (with a nearby station and regular train services to the capital), but also situated in the midst of some glorious Kentish countryside. Writing a month later to Colin Taylor on 16 February he very much echoed that surmise:

I am now living in the country, in a very pleasant cottage in completely rustic surroundings although it’s only 20 miles from the centre of London. It is very peaceful and congenial for work and one can easily get to town if one wants to.

When he left there in 1928 ‘owing to financial stress’⁷ it is difficult to judge to what extent his earlier positive vibes about the place still held sway, but perhaps a letter⁸ he wrote around this time hints otherwise:

I have been gathering up the energy to clear out of Eynsford and have got so far as to clear myself out, **never to return**, though Colly, cats, and Raspberry are remaining until the quite preposterous financial situation has eased a little...[my emphasis]

Again there is nothing in the various Warlock literature that suggests he may have gone back to visit Eynsford in the remaining two years of his life, which perhaps complements his avowal never to return.

The other newspaper cutting I received, again from the *Kentish*

It is that of “Peter Warlock” (Philip Heseltine was his real name, but the Village, like the world, new him by the name under which his music was published), erratic genius of the world of music, who ended a career of promise by suicide some years ago. For three-and-a-half years Eynsford gave him a haven of rest such as a rare and wild spirit could hope to find in this world.

His home was the cottage, a converted bakehouse, adjoining the general store owned by Mr. S. H. Munn. A few words must be said concerning Mr. Munn, who claims to be the proprietor of the place of business longest established in the village.

His father was proprietor of the general store at least 85 years ago. It is his son who possesses the glass case in which reposes the trout caught by Mr. William Baldwin. Outside the store stand the trees which commemorate the successes of the South African War.

Mr. Munn is the essence of good humour and good nature. “You’ve put up with me

longer than anyone else ever has,” Peter Warlock once told him. It says a great deal for Mr. Munn’s good nature that this statement was the truth.

Poor Peter was far from being angelic. He was the type of wild genius which the world of music traditionally, if not actually, breeds. For money he cared not a jot. When he had none he would shut himself up in his cottage, sometimes for days, and he would be heard at the piano at all hours.



Mr. S. H. Munn as a young man. Then one day he would emerge and “come dancing into the shop in way that made you think he’d gone crazy, and toss a cheque on to the counter to pay for arrears in rent”—to quote Mr. Munn.

In many ways he was strangely childish. He claimed to be the only man who had ever been born in the Hotel Cecil, and was tremendously proud of the fact. It was not long after he had descended upon the village bringing with him congenial companions—that his name became a byword there.

The Five Bells across the road was a favourite haunt. “One night,” relates Mr. Munn, “Peter declares he will pay for drinks all round, and tells Harry Brice, the landlord, to get down all his quart mugs off the shelf. A quart per man it was, and those who asked for less got nothing.”

Then there is the story of how at times Warlock and his companions were to be seen carrying a huge Egyptian urn, capable of holding thirty-six pints, filled with beer, from the inn to their abode.

Eynsford can claim to have achieved much by holding Peter for over three years, and, by all accounts, afforded him some of the lighter moments in an existence perpetually overshadowed by the ultimate climax of it.

Warlock and Lullingstone (continued)



The garden of *The Five Bells*, Eynsford 1927. The men in the photograph are believed to be locals, but the ladies are Barbara Peache (left) and Nina Hamnett.

Times appearing on 2 October 1938, is an extract from an article headed 'Escapades of Peter Warlock', and is interesting partly because it contains an image of Mr Munn as a young man. The extract reads as follows:

...it is that of "Peter Warlock" (Philip Heseltine was his real name, but the village, like the world, knew him by the name under which his music was published), erratic genius of the world of music, who ended a career of promise by suicide some years ago. For three-and-a-half years Eynsford gave him a haven of rest such as a rare and wild spirit could hope to find in this world.

His home was the cottage, a converted bakehouse, adjoining the general store owned by Mr. S.H. Munn. A few words must be said concerning Mr. Munn, who claims to be the proprietor of the place of business longest established in the village.

His father was proprietor of the general store at least 85 years ago. It is his son who possesses the glass case in which reposes the trout caught by Mr. William Baldwin. Outside the store stand the trees which commemorate the successes of the South African War.

Mr. Munn is the essence of good humour and good nature. "You've put up with me longer than anyone else ever has," Peter Warlock once told him. It says a great deal for Mr. Munn's nature that this statement was the truth. .

Poor Peter was far from being angelic. He was the type of wild genius which the world of music traditionally, if not actually, breeds. For money he cared not a jot. When he had none he would shut himself up in his cottage, sometimes for days, and he could be heard at the piano at all hours. Then one day he would emerge and "come dancing into the shop in a way that made you think he'd gone crazy, and toss a cheque on the counter to pay for arrears in rent" – to quote Mr. Munn.

In many ways he was strangely childish. He claimed to be the only man who had been born in the Hotel Cecil⁹, and was tremendously proud of the fact. It was not long after he descended upon the village bringing with him congenial companions that his name became a byword there.

The *Five Bells* across the road was a favourite haunt. "One night," relates Mr. Munn, "Peter declares he will pay for drinks all round, and tells Harry Brice, the landlord, to get down all his quart mugs off the shelf. A quart per man it was, and those who asked for less got nothing."

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Eynsford can claim to have achieved much by holding Peter for over three years, and, by all accounts, afforded him some lighter moments in an existence perpetually overshadowed by the ultimate climax of it.

Warlock and Lullingstone (continued)



Daphne, Gilda and Sheila Rivers down on Riverside, Eynsford 1933.

In the above Mr Munn comes over as something of a saint as he clearly cheerfully put up with a great deal more than a landlord might expect during Warlock's extended sojourn in the former grocery bakehouse. Warlock obviously appreciated this generous level of tolerance, maybe partly reflected in his mentioning Mr Munn in his own well known epitaph, which – for those who may not already have come across it – reads:

Here lies Warlock, the composer
Who lived next door to Munn, the grocer;
He died of drink and copulation,
A sad discredit to the nation.

Jan Wilkes also sent another item that was of potential interest: an old photograph (somewhat battered by the passage of time, alas) taken in 1933. It shows three young sisters by the River Darenth adjacent to Eynsford's famous ford, located 'just round the corner' from Warlock's cottage. It was believed to have been taken by E.J. Moeran

during one of his re-visits. However, a subsequent enquiry revealed it was not the composer but another gentleman (unidentified) who had come over from Surrey.

Jan Wilkes kindly provided me with two other photographs. The first is another of Mr S.H. Munn as a young man taken in 1899, and he is situated in the middle of the photograph, holding the football. He was clearly a devotee of the sport, and was indeed skipper of the local team at the time; he was later described as a 'fine forward'.

In the fullness of time Mr. Munn eventually relinquished the running of his grocery store to his son, Joe, who continued to run it as a family business for many years. The second photo shows Joe Munn outside of the shop, probably taken in 1968. The image is very reminiscent of that conjured up by the late Ronnie Barker in his vintage TV comedy series 'Open all hours'!

In October 1968 an article appeared in a local paper in which Joe Munn recorded his memories of Peter Warlock. Born in 1911, Joe was a teenager when Warlock and Moeran

Warlock and Lullingstone (continued)



Left: A more recent photograph of the ford at Eynsford;
 Above: Frank Bayford's drawing of the Eynsford cottage;
 Below: A young Mr S.H. Munn, skipper of the
 Holmesdale football team, taken in 1899



Warlock and Lullingstone (continued)



Joe Munn, son of S. H. Munn, outside the shop adjacent to 'Warlock's cottage', circa 1968

took over the tenancy of the ex-bakehouse in 1925, and he described Warlock as:

'...an unconventional, charming character, who enjoyed wild parties ... he had his dark side, as we used to call it. I think he really must have been very sensitive. When he was working he used to shut himself away for two or three days, and we'd never see him; he used to just work and work, not bothering with food or sleep. After that it was drink and parties. He was a great one for parties, real wild ones, with all his London friends. We had a real artists colony here in those days and I can remember lots of famous people, like Constant Lambert, Augustus John, and many more.

Referring to Warlock's infamous naked motor-bike ride through the village, Joe recalled:

'...that motor-bike was famous all right; it was an old Scott, and my father took it for payment of a debt and gave it to me. My father was his landlord, of course, and in the end became his banker too – he just couldn't begin to understand money, was always in a muddle with it, so that in the end he used to hand what he got for his music over to my father in a lump sum and let him plan it out.'

Joe never minded showing visitors the 200 year old cottage where Warlock lived: 'We have visitors from all over the world, a lot of them Americans, calling here all summer, asking about Warlock, and they are amazed and, as they put it, "real tickled" to find a Munn still here!' He concluded that although he had memories of Warlock's more extrovert moments, he felt 'the artist in Warlock came above the high-jinks in this dual-sided character.'

As a final thought I return to the start of this article, which begs the question as to whether there could be any connection between Warlock and Lullingstone. It would seem there is no evidence that he ever did visit the Castle, despite its close proximity to where he had been living for the best part of four years. Although he himself came from an upper middle class background, he had largely reacted against it and may have preferred to avoid any situations that involved the aristocracy. However, that being said, I have a sneaking suspicion he may have at least wandered off the main road at some point to take a look at this attractive group of historic buildings (which also include an interesting medieval church), along with a large ornamental lake. ■

Warlock and Lullingstone (continued)

Notes

- 1 Unlike the present day, when it is open to the public during the summer months, it was still a private residence in Warlock's day.
- 2 There is a mention of her in PWSN No. 79 (Autumn 2006), page 20.
- 3 And as will be seen from the photograph, 'castle' is questionably a misnomer; 'stately home' might be more appropriate perhaps.
- 4 to which Queen Anne was a regular visitor, and another claim to fame is that on the lawns in front of the house the earliest rules for Lawn Tennis were drawn up in 1873.
- 5 Another West Kent village (pronounced 'Rootam') about six miles from Eynsford. Moeran, along with Warlock, would undoubtedly have been there on 6 October 1927 when Hal Collins' new pub sign that he had painted for *The Bull* was unveiled. There is a suspicion here that Wrotham may have been a regular haunt for the Tippling Trio of Topers!
- 6 Indeed, at one point Moeran was seriously considering giving up music and entering the motor car trade!
- 7 to use his own words in a letter to Bernard van Dieren dated 14 September 1928.
- 8 quoted on page 279 of Cecil Gray's *Memoir of Peter Warlock* (Jonathan Cape, London, 1934). The correspondent is not named, although with Warlock referring to Colly and Raspberry (Hal Collins and Moeran respectively), clearly the recipient would have been expected to know of their identity, and was thus probably one of Warlock's 'inner circle'.
- 9 Methinks some Chinese Whispers may have occurred here - in reality it was, of course, the Savoy Hotel!

Acknowledgments:

I am very grateful to the Sarah Hart Dyke and Jan Wilkes (of the Farningham & Eynsford Local History Society) for their assistance with the content of this article. Also thanked is Sheila Smith (née Rivers) for her permission to reproduce the 1933 photograph.

Lullingstone Castle is open to the public on certain days, and should any readers find themselves in Eynsford to see Warlock's cottage, the Castle is well worth a visit! For more information visit: www.lullingstonecastle.co.uk.

Reviews

A Curlew at the Royal College of Music 17 March 2017

Malcolm Rudland

Never before has *The Curlew* been featured as the final climax in the finale in a week of Chamber Music of morning, afternoon and evening concerts, as the RCM put on in a week last March.

After traditional string quartets, violin sonatas, piano trios and the Schubert octet, the Friday Night Finale featured twice as many performers than in any of the previous concerts; with a charming saxophone quartet in Timothy Blinko's *Cartographies*, a guitar quartet in works by Bellinati, Duarte and David Crittenden, the world premiere of David Evans's *Street Scenes after Kirchner* for a mixed string and wind sextet conducted by student Mark Biggins. Madeleine Mitchell, one of the RCM's violin professors coached and played in Samuel Barber's *Dover*

Beach and Warlock's *The Curlew*, in which Rory Carver's bell-like tenor voice resonated around the Amaryllis Fleming Concert Hall. Most of the magical moments I wait for in this piece were captured, though I would have liked longer harmonics at the end of the first song, where Warlock marks 'Very slow': 44 to the crotchet. However, I wondered with having a conductor for the other piece with six players, why was not Mark Biggins engaged to conduct *The Curlew*? Constant Lambert who worked with and recorded the piece in Warlock's life-time, always suggested the unity of phrasing, pauses and dynamics should be under the control of one person. See my review of *The Curlew* in Newsletter 84, p.33-34. ■

Reviews

The Peter Warlock Society AGM weekend in Cornwall, 13 and 14 May 2017

Introduction

Michael Graves

The Annual General Meeting and events this year were masterminded and organised by our Cornish 'President', Jonathan Carne. It was a very successful weekend in every way and I would like to thank Jonathan sincerely for all the hard work he put into planning and preparing the event.

The reason for holding this year's AGM in Cornwall was due to 2017 being the centenary of Warlock's stay in the Zennor area. The weekend was divided into two with the first part on Saturday being based in Truro. This consisted of a social lunch, the AGM meeting and an evening concert. Part2 on Sunday saw Warlockians heading off to Zennor

for a walk along the 'Coffin Trail' to the house at Higher Tregerthen where D.H. Lawrence had been living at the time of Warlock's stay. Returning to Zennor we were given a short recital in Zennor Church, which was followed by lunch at the *Tinner's Arms*. Finally we headed back to Truro for Evensong at the Cathedral to hear some Warlock being sung by the Cathedral Choir.

We were pleased to be able to welcome our President, Dr. Barry Smith, to this AGM weekend. Barry is of Cornish extraction and he was able on the Monday to move on from Truro to visit the area where his family had lived. ■

Saturday Lunch at the *William IV*, Kenwyn Street, Truro.



Top l. to r: Wendy Walshe, Lionel Carley, Kate and Richard Packer, Brian Collins. *Above:* Barry Smith (*r*) explains to a clearly fascinated Bryn Philpott that his mother always made Cornish pasty pastry with suet.

(Photos: John Mitchell)

The Peter Warlock Society AGM weekend in Cornwall (continued)

The 'Danny Gillingwater Sketch' that wasn't! 2.55pm, 13 May, The Chapel, Truro School
Bryn Philpott



Truro School (Photo: Brian Collins)

It is now traditional at the Peter Warlock Society Annual General meetings to have a rather amusing reading or sketch prepared by Danny Gillingwater. This normally relates to a Warlockian event themed around the AGM location. This year was no exception, however as Danny was unable to provide one, it fell to Malcolm Rudland to do the honours.

On April 19th 1917, a few days over 100 years prior to the AGM, the young Philip Heseltine wrote a somewhat elusive letter from Zennor to Phyllis Crocker, a local girl who he had recently met. Malcolm expressed the opinion that this was a love letter, written to the only woman Heseltine ever truly loved.

Malcolm started by asking the assembled members whether there were any local Cornishmen amongst us, as he wanted to confirm the pronunciation of Hy-Brasil. The majority of us were clearly 'Emmetts'; a term used by locals for outsiders (a bit like the Devonian 'Grockle'). However, our host Jonathan Carne at this point confirmed that he was a genuine local and offered a suggestion as to how the word might have been meant to be said, the Hy possibly being pronounced 'Hee'. That point being cleared up Malcolm launched into a reading of extracts from the letter:

...and now for no apparent reason I must write to you – a letter you will probably never read through!

Now this is the fantastic prologue to the story – I will get through it as quickly as I can – have patience, do! ...

1. Time: 14/3/1917, 5 p.m. Place: road in Cornwall between the village of New Mill and Gurnard's Head, at a spot almost opposite a solitary cottage. Melancholy and dyspeptic-looking individual finds enormous horse-shoe which with due ritual of magic he pockets.

You can't reason out to-morrow any more than you can reason out a dream: nothing can ever possibly be improbable. It is utterly futile to think, think, think, about any to-morrow – we wear ourselves out with thinking and so far from being any the better for it, we are always much, much the worse. Reason and thinking can only apply to yesterday, to the past, to dead things.

I have spent too much precious time already in a coffin, wallowing in death and corruption – in London which is the charnel-house par excellence ...

I am intensely intrigued by the strange fact and occasion of our meeting

Nor is death and resurrection the sole prerogative of Jesus Christ! ... You are the first real living thing I have met for months – since I have been myself real and living: why should we not be good friends?

In the Café Royal, which is the very vortex of the cesspool of corruption,

The Peter Warlock Society AGM weekend in Cornwall (continued)

This is inevitable, whether the institutions like marriage have nothing whatever to do with human relationships of any kind:

I have always looked on the institution of marriage as the supreme blasphemy. What have rude, official, or ecclesiastical, hands to do, meddling with the most subtle and wonderful of human relationships!

You ought not to have left Zennor the very moment Spring was coming. The gorse is bursting into golden flame and violets are peeping out of all the grassy banks.'

Malcolm pointed out the coincidence that almost exactly 100 years later we are experiencing the same delightful spring weather, then continued.....

'All the coast along to Trevoze Head, nearly forty miles off – and the Scillies, the other way, that always look so impossible – one can never believe they exist like ordinary islands and are inhabited by ordinary humans. They are all

like a mysterious gateway leading to a mysterious unknown faeryland of impossible dreams come true – like the Hy-Brasil the old Celts used to see shining far out in the Western sea at sunset! Perhaps it is Hy-Brasil that one sees, although silly Reason says it's the Scillies! I like to believe it – no, not 'like to' but do believe it. And when I suddenly thought of you like a fish out of water in London the other day and then looked up and saw the golden islands gleaming so clear in the evening sun, a real piskie came and whistled the two thoughts together in my ear. And this was his message:- (you must read it in one breath!)

At this point we were grateful to Sylvester Mazzerella, who at short notice had agreed to recite the poem, spending the better part of his train journey to Cornwall in rehearsal. Although not managing to deliver the reading in one breath, he gave us a splendid recital of Heseltine's somewhat baffling verse *Hy-Brasil*. [See the poem on the back cover]

The Annual General Meeting – 3pm, 13 May 2017, The Chapel, Truro School.

The Annual General Meeting took place as planned once the 'Danny Gillingwater' sketch that wasn't was successfully completed.

The agenda did not contain any contentious issues and none were raised. Officers and Committee Members were duly elected. The Chairman's and Treasurer's Reports are reproduced below.

In 'Any Other Business' at the end of the meeting Malcolm Rudland announced that he would be stepping down from two roles. One was to hand over the operating of the Hire Library



L. to r: Michael Graves, Chairman; John Mitchell, Hon. Treasurer; Malcolm Rudland, Hon. Secretary. (Photo: Brian Collins)



Jonathan Carne seconds the statement that Malcolm Rudland is 'certifiably bonkers'.
(Photo: Brian Collins)

to another volunteer. The second was to relinquish the responsibility of preparing the labels needed to send out the Newsletters. In doing so, Malcolm related in some detail the history of how it came about that he had 'been lumbered' with the job in the first place and quoted from that well known edition of *Private Eye* that was published some years ago in which Malcolm is mentioned as 'that certifiably bonkers Malcolm Rudland' – to which Jonathan Carne, leaping to his feet, cried, "I second that!" ■

[Copies of the minutes of the meeting are available upon request from the Hon Secretary, Malcolm Rudland.]

The Peter Warlock Society AGM weekend in Cornwall (continued)

Chairman's Report, 13 May 2017 – Michael Graves

In my report last year, I put forward the case that there is still very definitely a need for the Peter Warlock Society despite our having achieved a great deal of our original remit.

I also reported on the encouraging trickle of new members joining the society each year and that, given all the projects that are underway and recently completed, our future looks bright. But what of the longer-term future, say in ten to twenty years time? In what ways will the Warlock Society need to adapt to a rapidly changing world?

We obviously need to encourage young people to become involved in the society, but youngsters today are free agents. Accessing the internet, they pay for nothing unless they have to, as they can easily download music, films, newspapers, and other media for free. Interestingly, *The Guardian* is currently appealing to its online readers to contribute monies to the paper voluntarily. More people are reading *The Guardian* than ever before, but mostly online with sales of the physical newspaper declining. *The Guardian* simply won't be able to maintain its current standard of journalism unless it receives some monetary assistance from its online readership.

Given this internet culture amongst the young, we must consider very carefully how best to modernise the Society, particularly our own website, and how to attract younger members. A working party on the Committee is currently undertaking an analysis of our website and an investigation of other websites offering similar information and a similar service to ours. Most organisations redesign their websites every few years, often more frequently. Ours hasn't received any significant attention since it was set up in the 1990s. [I should like to take this opportunity to express the society's gratitude for all the work that Richard Valentine has put into designing and maintaining our website and I hope very much that he will be able to assist us further with any updating of the site.] The potential for carrying a huge amount of information on websites is enticing. For example, the society Handbooks and the entire collection of Warlock Society Newsletters could be digitised and held on our website. Indeed, all kinds of material could be made available in the same way. This would provide a great resource for members and scholars alike.

Here, of course, we have a difficulty. If this information becomes freely available, then what would be the point of anybody joining the society in the first place? We, like *The Guardian*, might find that we are providing a free resource whilst at the same time seeing our membership diminish. It is vital, therefore, to develop a strategy for refreshing the website. The working party is due to report its findings to the Committee later this year and if I am re-elected as Chairman today, I will report on progress made at the next AGM.

Attracting young members is not just a question of keeping membership numbers up. We would hope to attract some, who are so interested in the world of Warlock, that they actively work to become authoritatively knowledgeable. We are well served by articles and books about Warlock's music, life and his circle, but there is no substitute for being able to speak to an authority on the subject.

Our core work carries on as ever, the encouraging of performance of Warlock's music, the October birthday concerts at music schools and the undertaking of a variety of other projects reported on previously.

Looking into the longer-term future is not a matter of urgency, but it is important and is now on our agenda. We must look at ourselves critically from the outside, preferably through the eyes of young people. What would young people want from a society? Above all, what would young people want to contribute to the society? How important might the social aspect of the society be? The meeting up at concerts, the social lunches and jaunts and the AGM weekends? We must ask these questions and find answers.

As ever, my thanks go to you for attending the AGM and to all the members of the Society for their continuing support. Thanks are also due to the officers and members of the Committee for the work that they do. In particular I should like to thank Jennifer Bastable and Claire Beach for taking and producing such excellent minutes of all our meetings.

In conclusion I am pleased to say that the future of the Society does look bright and we aim to ensure that it continues to look bright well into the future. The joy and eccentricity of the wonderful world of Warlock is definitely alive and well. Long may it continue! ■

The Treasurer's Report and reviews of the three music events at the AGM continue on page 36.

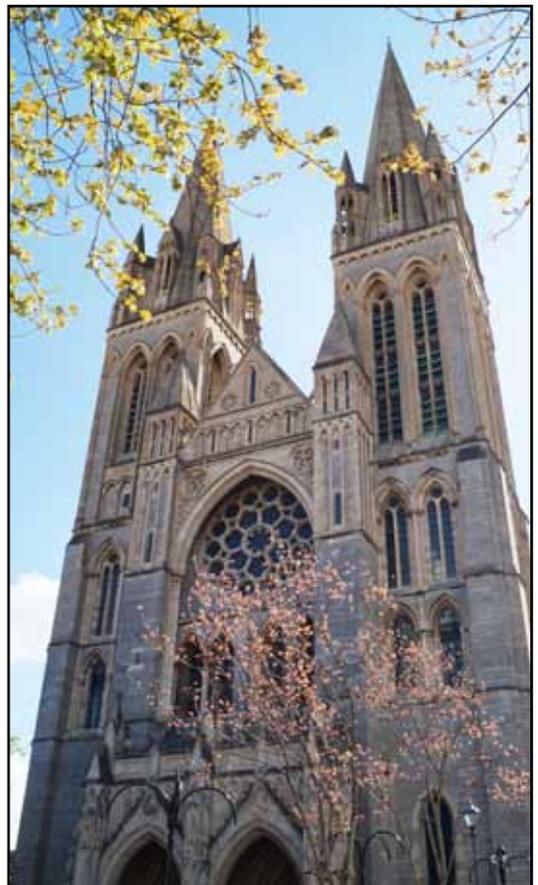
Picture Gallery

In and around Zennor on Sunday 14 May

(Photos: John Mitchell, Brian Collins, Bryn Philpott)

After lunch at the *Tinner's Arms* Warlockians gather for the walk along the 'Coffin Trail' to DH Lawrence's house (opposite page centre). Then back to Zennor for a short recital in Zennor Church before returning to Truro for Evensong at the Cathedral.





The Peter Warlock Society AGM weekend in Cornwall (continued)

The Treasurer's Report 13 May 2017 – John Mitchell

It is pleasing to record a financially satisfactory year for 2016: although expenses were up, income has also been significantly up, resulting in a surplus for the year of £1173. Subscriptions & Donations increased by 13.8%, and Royalties by a surprisingly high 170% (with a suspicion here that we had been underpaid during the previous year). As for several years in a row now, we accrued very little interest on our deposit accounts. As always routine admin expenses remain the major item of expenditure, and during 2016 there were no other large payments made, something

which invariably has an impact on the Society's financial position for the better.

The Society is thus in quite good financial shape, with a total fund of £16,282 at the start of 2017. Of that, the following amounts have been set aside for ongoing projects:

- a reissue of the *Merry-Go-Down* LP in CD format: £1000
- Orchestral Warlock with voices project: £3000
- Pictorial Biography project: £2812

Three AGM Musical Events – Michael Graves

Concert: 7pm, 13 May 2017, The Chapel, Truro School.

The first item on the programme was Delius' *On Craig Ddu*, which was performed confidently and accurately by the St Mary Singers, conducted by Simon Jacobs. John Mitchell's arrangement of Warlock's *An Old Song* for clarinet and piano followed. Emily Garrod is to be congratulated on her fine performance and also on the lovely rich tone of her clarinet.

Paul Martyn-West sang Warlock's three Belloc songs in the first half and *Cradle Song* and Hal Collins' *Forget Not Yet*, a delightful little song, in the second. I thought Paul's performances surpassed any I had previously heard. Naomi Johnston sang the *Lilligay* song cycle and was joined by Louise Mott to sing Jonathan Carne's arrangement of Warlock's *The Bailey Berith the Bell Away*. Margaret Kingsley (the name may be known to some readers) had suggested to Jonathan and Naomi that Louise and Naomi's voices would probably be complementary and she was right. The voices worked extremely well together. Louise Mott also sang three of Warlock's songs, *Lullaby*, *Sweet Content* and *Sleep*.

Naomi later joined Paul Martyn-West for *Hey troy loly lo*, raising a laugh by milking the grand piano(!) and the Cathedral Choral Scholars contributed with lively renderings of *Piggésnie*, *Fill the cup Philip* and *My Lady's Birthday*.

Jonathan had asked me to recite Warlock's *Letter from Zennor to Viva Smith*, written exactly 100 years earlier to the day, Bruce Blunt's *The Drunken Wizard* and the waggish *Wine v. Women*. All seemed to go down well and I must confess to have enjoyed participating.

Most cast members were involved in the penultimate *Cricketers of Hambleton* with harmonised moos and ahs for the last verse. The last item on the programme was the David Hill arrangement of *Bethlehem Down*, which combines the other two versions, sung by the St Mary's Singers.

Finally mention must be made of Jonathan Carne's own huge contribution to the evening. Not only did he devise and organise this perfectly balanced concert, but he also played the piano throughout the whole evening, most of it, as we know, consisting of some very difficult material. Well done Jonathan! Thank you and thanks also to all the other performers. The concert was a triumph.

The Zennor Church 'Mini Concert' – 2.30pm 14 May 2017

After or walk to Lawrence's house, we returned to Zennor Church. Naomi Johnston sang *An Old Song*, which was John Mitchell's arrangement for soprano and piano of a different 'old song' from the one performed the night before, being based on Warlock's *As Dewe in Aprylle*. Then Paul Martyn-West sang *The Frostbound Wood*. Jonathan Carne again accompanied and both songs were especially moving in the intimacy of Zennor Church.

Choral Evensong, Truro Cathedral – 4pm 14 May 2017

The Warlock music that featured in the Choral Evensong included the organ voluntaries, based on themes from *Capriol*. The Psalm was set to a Warlockian chant based on the 'Pavane' from *Capriol*. Christopher Gray, director of the Cathedral Choir, had also agreed to include *Corpus Christi*. The psalm and *Corpus Christi* were both assured performances. The choir's male voices are provided by choral scholars and lay clerks, with girls and boys providing the treble voices on alternate weeks. This Sunday it was the turn of the girls. This evensong drew the AGM weekend in Cornwall to a close. Most returned home, but our president, Barry Smith was on a mission to visit his family roots in Polruan. See Barry's message on the opposite page. ■

The Peter Warlock Society AGM weekend in Cornwall (continued)

A message from PWS President, Barry Smith

Dear Michael,

Thank you and the fellow-Warlockians for all you did to make me feel so welcome at the Cornish AGM this year. It was really a most successful two days and I thought the concert absolutely first-class. A big bravo to everyone involved.

On the Monday David very kindly drove me to Polruan, a small fishing-village, the home of my Smith ancestors. I saw the two houses which they lived in during the late 1860s and also my great-great-great-grandmother, Elizabeth Smith's grave in Lanteglos, a beautiful ancient church a mile or so away. I'll attach a photo (right) of her great-great-great grandson hanging on to her tombstone!

Please pass on my thanks to the Committee and pass on my congratulations to everyone involved. Jonathan and Naomi really pulled out all the stops for us and gave us a wonderful welcome.

Barry Smith



The Full Heart at the English Music Festival

29 May 2017, All Saints' Church, Sutton Courtney

The Carice Singers, conductor George Parris

Michael Graves



The decision to start this recital, entitled *The Full Heart* and featuring choral works by Warlock, Delius, Ireland, Moeran and Bax, with Warlock's *The full heart*, was a courageous one. Unfortunately soprano soloist, Lindsay James, momentarily lost her voice at the beginning of the piece. However, once over that blip, Lindsay and the choir gave a stunning performance. I was sitting next to Martin Lee-Browne, former chairman of the Delius Society. He leaned across to me with obvious admiration (and apparent surprise) to say that he'd never heard the piece before and thought it was superb. I suggested to him that this was a compelling reason to join the PWS!

Delius' *On Craig Ddu*, the work that so significantly inspired Warlock in 1910, followed. Later in the programme, the Delius song *To be sung of a summer night on the water* was a real delight. The tenor soloist was James Beddoe and his performance was beautifully poised with sensitive and precise phrasing.

Unfortunately the acoustic in All Saints' Church is not good. Talking to George Parris and choir members in the interval, it was clear that they were finding the acoustic troublesome. However, this vibrant youthful choir delivered the excellence we have come to expect from them and they provided us with a most enjoyable afternoon. ■

Reviews

Performing and Programming British Music in a Post-Brexit Britain

A talk by **George Parris** (Carice Singers conductor) at the Eleventh English Music Festival
5pm Monday 29 May, Village Hall, Dorchester-on-Thames

What might Warlock have made of the ideas expressed by this thoughtful young man?

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen, and thank you very much for coming along today.

I'm very grateful to have been asked to give a talk at this year's English Music Festival, in conjunction with the concert I gave earlier this afternoon with The Carice Singers, and if you came along to that then I very much hope you enjoyed it. So, *Performing and Programming British Music in Post-Brexit Britain*. I'd like to start off by reading a review of the 2015 English Music Festival:

If the Anglican church is the Tory party at prayer, the English Music Festival is perhaps UKIP in concert. At least, that's how the rituals look at this annual gathering in Dorchester-on-Thames, where the impact of an otherwise serious opening concert is always diluted by ragged singing of *Jerusalem*.¹

These rather less than favourable words come from the pen of *The Telegraph's* music critic, John Allison. Two years earlier, in 2013, the same critic wrote:

... there is no avoiding the fact that the [English Music] [F]estival attracts some of music's 'swivel-eyed loons,' underlined by hearty audience participation in Parry's *Jerusalem* on the first night ...²

It seems that our friend John Allison really takes issue with the singing of Parry's *Jerusalem* at this festival's opening concert, not for the quality of the music or its performance, however 'ragged' it might be, but rather for what it might represent. So, my fellow 'swivel-eyed loons', what exactly does the singing of Parry's setting of *Jerusalem* represent? For Mr Allison I imagine it's probably an expression of right-wing nationalistic fervour. But is this the whole story? Let's take a brief look at the piece's history:

- Parry's setting of Blake's poetry was originally written in 1916 at the request of the then poet laureate Robert Bridges for use in a 'Fight for Right' campaign meeting, an organisation from which Parry was later to distance himself due to misgivings about the organisation's ultra-patriotism.
- In 1918 Parry orchestrated the tune for a women's suffrage demonstration concert at the request of Millicent Fawcett, cofounder of Newnham College at the University of Cambridge.
- In 1945 the piece was used as part of the Labour Party's election campaign, in which Labour claimed an unexpected landslide victory over Winston Churchill's Conservatives, with the future prime

minister Clement Attlee vowing to build a 'New Jerusalem'.

- It has since been sung at both Conservative and Liberal Democrat conferences, not to mention its extreme popularity in both churches and schools.

So we see that what's at play here is not just the artists' original intentions, but also the cultural climate and political associations which have been grafted on to certain works throughout the years. What I'm trying to tease out with this history is an awareness of the often-overlooked relationship between a piece of music and the way in which it is embraced by interested parties. If John Allison sees the singing of *Jerusalem* at the English Music Festival's opening concert as symptomatic of UKIP politics, then I think this is very much a constructed political association, drawing on unspoken national sentiments specific to a certain context, and is certainly not endemic to the piece itself. In other words, no piece of music can ever be free of the political implications of its own performance, no matter how far from Westminster the venue might be. I think this serves as a good model for interrogating the place of British music in our current cultural landscape.

In the face of the complex divisions brought about by the 2016 Referendum, it is now our job to negotiate that incredibly difficult pathway between clinging on to a national culture, the value of which we, as British music lovers, and as programmers and performers, are constantly trying to entrench further into society, while at the same time acknowledging the fact that some items from our past are simply out of touch with today's shifting political climate, and are therefore perhaps un-programmable. I'm thinking particularly of pieces like Elgar's *Crown of India*, with all its echoes of imperial splendour. More of that later. In fact, Elgar's music serves as a very apposite lens through which to explore these issues; he was active at a time when Britain's empire was perhaps at its height, during a period of unabashed nationalism (to which he readily contributed), a period which seems to have a particular connection to today's political climate. And indeed Elgar's music is as popular today as ever: tickets for Barenboim's performance of Elgar's *First Symphony* at this year's Proms sold out within just hours of the Box Office opening.

So, in my speech today I'd like to focus on three key themes, these being: 'Englishness', 'Nostalgia & History',

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and finally 'Race & Identity', and I'll be focusing on the period from 1880 to 1940. But before I launch in, I feel I should add a caveat, namely, that this is not going to be a 'pro-Brexit' speech or an 'anti-Brexit' speech; I'm not looking to point the finger of blame anywhere here. The causes and consequences of last year's referendum are many and various and I'm not wishing to stand in front of you as a 20-something choral conductor claiming to have all, or indeed any of the answers. Neither am I wanting to castigate the organisers of the English Music Festival in the manner of John Allison or Norman Lebrecht. What I'm more interested in doing is unpacking some of the tensions brought about by the Brexit Referendum in so far as they relate to British, but particularly English music, and the way in which it is programmed, performed, and discussed in post-Brexit Britain. Essentially I'm looking to start a conversation.

The topic of 'Englishness' has long caused a great deal of irritation for many because of its very slipperiness as a concept. In the twenty-first century, it is vague and pluralistic, yet this hasn't stopped various clichéd ideas of Englishness from taking precedence in public discourse: pastoral Englishness, industrial Englishness, historical Englishness, imperial or ceremonial Englishness. Recent political developments such as 'Farage-ism' have now forged yet another idea of Englishness, drawing on existing models but incorporating a large dose of Euro-scepticism (though one could obviously debate the extent to which this undercurrent has always been a part of the political spectrum in Britain; perhaps Brexit merely helped to bring these tensions to the fore).

I'm reminded of the (apparently apocryphal) headline from the 1920s: 'Fog in channel – Europe cut off', used later in the century by Nazi propagandists attempting to show the absurdity of a small island imagining itself so important that the continent should be isolated from it. Some would argue that an implicit obsession with the UK's island status, with the perceived advantages of security and exclusion which this brings, lies at the very core of certain forms of Englishness. In this reading, Englishness has always been a culture defined and reinvigorated by its relationship to 'the other', and with the recent rise in a new aggressive Scottish Nationalism, Englishness is now starting to feel threatened even closer to home.

There is no doubt that these shifting conceptions of Englishness, often formed with a sense of uniting in opposition to 'the European other', very much colour our perspective when it comes to appraising the musical tradition of the British Isles. The so-called 'English Musical Renaissance', an idea popularised by a small group of intellectuals (most notably J. A. Fuller Maitland and George Grove), claimed that British composers from the 1880s onwards had begun to separate themselves from foreign musical influences, writing music in a distinctively national idiom. However, many leading figures of what we consider to be the English Musical Renaissance, including the composers Elgar, Parry, and Stanford, and critics such as W.H. Hadow and Ernest Newman, never denied the superiority of the leading continental composers. In fact, Elgar, Delius, and especially younger composers such as Cecil Gray, Constant Lambert, and Peter Warlock all at some point showed disdain towards what they perceived to be the English musical establishment. Thus, the irony of this attempt by a socially elite minority to fashion a neat historiographical narrative of English Music from the late-nineteenth century onwards was that later composers overwhelmingly eschewed the autonomous national style which this narrative envisioned, continuing as ever to look towards continental Europe for inspiration. Their music is a more accurate reflection of the highly cosmopolitan music scene present in cities such as London and Manchester, which, up until 1914, were dominated by foreign conductors and works by non-British composers, with the possible exception of Elgar.

A later narrative of music history has it that while early twentieth-century composers on 'the continent' were focused on modernist trends, British composers were lagging behind, writing music which today we call 'pastoral' or 'neo-romantic'. Or so the story goes. But I think we need to be quite careful about embracing these broad historical narratives of opposition to Europe, not just because they are quite often misleading (many eminent composers before Benjamin Britten were very much in tune with the latest trends from the continent, as well as being innovators themselves, a remarkable example being Britten's own composition teacher Frank Bridge) but also because they serve to flatten out our view of British music, making it into a very one-dimensional repertoire, with neat categories that

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the music is expected to fit into. Vaughan Williams himself famously decried attempts to fit his *Pastoral Symphony* into this pastoral mould, writing 'It's really wartime music...it's not really lambkins frisking at all, as most people take for granted.'³ Let's be honest, the name probably didn't help.

I think that this homogenised pastoralism in the presentation of British music has its roots in late nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century currents of Nationalism. Natural landscapes have long been used as a useful shortcut for evoking Nationalist sentiments, and the late nineteenth century was a period in which composers were quite consciously attempting to forge a national tradition. A key moment in the development of the idea that pastoralism was somehow much more English than urbanity and modern machinery came with the Conservative Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin's 1924 speech 'What England means to me'. Baldwin writes:

To me, England is the country, and the country is England... the sounds of England, the tinkle of hammer on anvil in the country smithy, the corncrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been in England since England was a land.⁴

Now, it would obviously be preposterous to suggest that the consideration of a national music tradition has no connection to political Nationalism of the sort found in Baldwin's speech, but I think that we perhaps overemphasise this element in our presentation and marketing of British music. The Leave campaign didn't use any of Elgar's music in their advertising material, but I think they very easily could have done. Just take a moment to think how that might that have affected a public conception of Elgar's music. In short, I'm worried that a complex musical tradition, for which I'm a passionate advocate, is in danger of coming to be overlooked by a large swathe of the population, namely Remain voters, simply because of a perceived political affinity that has little or nothing to do with composers' original intentions. While this pastoral mode of presentation might help to elevate certain pieces to a quas-sacred realm of dewy Englishness, it's disastrous for those composers who fit outside of these convenient precincts, such as Delius and Bax, or indeed any female composer one might care to name. A quick survey of this year's English Music Festival Programme reveals that, of over 100 works being presented, there is just one

work by a female composer: Madeleine Dring's set of *Seven Shakespeare Songs*. This is to say nothing of composers from black or ethnic minority backgrounds. When we buy into this very narrow old-world, pastoral narrative of British music, we're also buying into outdated social attitudes which don't fit very well with a modern, pluralistic society, not to mention the disservice we're doing to the diversity and complexity of a very varied repertoire.

A great deal has been written over the past year or so about the connections between Brexit and nostalgia. While those from mainstream parties have on the whole denied it, much of the popular rhetoric on Brexit has in some cases overwhelmingly been tied to ideas of protectionism or preservation. One very general narrative is that an older generation is becoming increasingly upset about the transience of things. Hence, voting to leave the European Union is a necessary reactionary step on the way to claiming back the past. Svetlana Boym, author of *The Future of Nostalgia*, repeatedly writes of nostalgia as a 'strategy of survival', and an offshoot of this dreamy fetishising of the past, embodied in popular culture through television series such as *Downton Abbey*, is the increasing boom in empire nostalgia today.⁵ *Dishoom*, a new restaurant chain in London inspired by the Bombay cafes of the Raj, was voted best restaurant in the UK by Yelp reviewers in 2015. And in the cinemas *The Second Best Exotic Marigold Hotel*, a film following the affairs of British retirees holidaying in India, achieved box office takings of 7.1 million pounds only ten days after its release. So it's unsurprising that Brexit rhetoric has been haunted by the Edwardian era and the interwar years, and especially by imperial nostalgia, with many asserting that Brexit has its roots in the British Empire.

Somehow, we just can't seem to shake off this feeling of connectedness to the early twentieth century, whether we regard this epoch as a harbinger of late twentieth-century modernity, its opposite, or both at once. According to historian Gary Day, 'We share more with the Victorians than with any of our predecessors. They sketched the contours of the modern mind. We are filling out the detail.'⁶ It is therefore no coincidence really that the English Music Festival's focus is chiefly on music of the period from around 1880 to 1940. However, this surface connection is potentially problematic, since our ignorance of the deeper issues of the late nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries

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– the suppressed histories of gender, sexuality, race, and empire – shows our historical understanding to be rather selective and short-sighted.

Because of this view, that Brexit is bound up with imperial history, works of British music that engage with today's popular images of Empire – pomp, ceremony, military bravado, naval strength, successful trade, and global influence – can either be seen as supportive or even strangely prophetic of Brexit, or can alienate certain groups of people who perhaps don't feel so influenced or connected to this moment in British history. These people may instead be more sensitive to the uglier side of the British Empire – the exploitation and subjugation of non-British people, the brutality of some of the British regimes, and the widespread feelings of racial superiority that came with having the world's largest empire – and may claim that these ideas of the past have an uneasy closeness to a political Nationalism implicit in the Leave campaign.

Although taking place a few years before the EU referendum, a performance of Elgar's *Coronation Ode* at the BBC Proms in 2012 serves as an excellent case study since it prompted arguments within the press that in many ways anticipate some of the views more recently aired in response to Brexit. For those unfamiliar with the work, it's a twenty-minute cantata with 6 movements, written to mark the coronation of King Edward VII in 1902. A month before Elgar was commissioned to write the piece, British officials had signed the Peace of Vereeniging, following British victory in the Second Boer War. England, and prosperous London especially, was in a golden state of high imperial fervour, and as a result Elgar's new composition, which included the first outing of *Land of Hope and Glory*, absolutely hit the mark. According to Elgar's friend Billy Reed, a violinist in the orchestra for the *Ode's* first London performance, once the piece had ended Elgar was called out onto the stage five times, and Robert Newman had to beg the audience to allow the programme to proceed.⁷

Resurrecting the work in 2012 – that high summer of the London Olympics, Diamond Jubilee, and UEFA European Championships – was surely the best possible time anyone could have picked. Yet the *Ode* was met with nothing but scorn and hostility in the press, *The Telegraph's* Ivan Hewett writing:

...so far the evening was on an upward curve [after the

performance of Delius's *Sea Drift*]. But for me it plummeted back down again with Elgar's *Coronation Ode*, with its tub-thumping patriotic verse and soulful appeals to the *Pax Britannica*. To take it one really has to be in tongue-in-cheek, flag-waving, Last Night mode. Listening to it in stone-cold sobriety, with not a flag in sight, felt distinctly uncomfortable.⁸

The *Independent's* Michael Church was equally unimpressed, calling the *Ode*:

...a display of cod-Beethoven and imperial oompah delivered with four brilliant English soloists, who deserved something better than the tune of *Land of Hope and Glory* which this flatulent farrago sent its audience out on.⁹

Furthermore, one of the benefits of having this performance now available to watch on YouTube is that you can hear the audience's reaction to the pieces, and I would call it lukewarm at best. If the *Ode* couldn't be performed without a complete grilling from the press, and an uninvolved response from the audience in the Great British Summer of 2012, how on earth do we expect it to survive in post-Brexit Britain, when the connections between modern times and the British Empire are being gradually exposed for better or for worse? Can we continue to cherish Elgar as one of Britain's finest composers and at the same time simply write-off the *Coronation Ode*, which was probably one the most successful pieces of Elgar's career? Are we simply to purge the British canon of all those pieces which don't sit well with modern sensibilities? It's precisely this kind of reaction that has caused many a committed Elgarian to retreat back to the leafy seclusion of the Malvern Hills as they sigh, 'what a shame that our great genius lowered himself to such propagandistic, crowd-pleasing patriotism.'

Perhaps today the *Coronation Ode* is destined for life as a museum piece, like a Stradivarius violin in a museum exhibit, never to be played. What use is this form of cultural preservation to us, and what does this say about our relationship with our cultural heritage? As Mark Padmore recently wrote in an article in *The Guardian*, '... we are in danger of losing touch with the greatest strength of classical music – its liveness'.¹⁰ And, to be honest, I think the *Coronation Ode* is actually a wonderful piece. For all its (now) clichéd moments of majesty, there are some really wondrous passages, especially in the more prayerful movement – 'Hark upon the hallowed air'. Does the

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Coronation Ode tell us that Elgar was a passionate believer in Britain's imperial mission? Or does it instead prove that he, like all great composers, was tuned in to the times, with a knack for providing the public with tunes they wanted?

I think that, rather than relegating these pieces to the rubbish heap, we need to be opening them up to scrutiny, exploring and challenging the elements in them that we find distasteful. Wagner, with his arguably anti-Semitic political ideologies, is quite a good reference point here. In *Wagner and Politics*, an essay appearing in the *New York Review of Books* in 2000, the English moral philosopher Bernard Williams writes:

No one can deny that some of Wagner's own attitudes are ethically and politically disturbing, some of them very deeply so. I mean that they are disturbing to us; and by that, I mean that they are rightly found disturbing by people who have seen the crimes and catastrophes of the twentieth century. We do certainly have to understand his attitudes in the context of his time, taking into account the options and ideological contrasts that were available then. We need to understand what his attitudes meant. But, equally, we have to take into account what they have come to mean.¹¹

We should be having similar discussions with pieces like Elgar's *Coronation Ode*. And the decision that we come to might be that such pieces are still unappealing, but we should be engaging with these pieces, examining them with critical distance, rather than simply shrugging them off as 'flatulent farrago' without due consideration.

My final point concerns race and identity, the darker side of Brexit. With records showing that hate crimes in the UK have increased by 16% in the aftermath of the referendum, and with rising cases of violence and verbal abuse, commentators have argued that Brexit has given a platform to racial tensions in the UK, resulting chiefly from scaremongering and xenophobia spouted by politicians. The effects of this have been felt most acutely in poorer areas of the UK, where many people feel that jobs are being snatched up by tidal waves of immigrants. This perceived threat was very much a key concern of UKIP and the Leave campaign in the lead-up to the 2016 referendum, with a clear message that 'taking back control' was the answer to solving migration levels. Just four days ago there appeared an opinion piece in *The Guardian* on the 'dangerous myths'

about British culture being entrenched by Brexit discourse. Afua Hirsch writes:

[A] survey found that more than half of British people feel hostile not just to refugees, but to ethnic minorities – many of them British people themselves – already living here. This can be put down to various perceived economic and social threats – a quarter think immigrants take away jobs, and a third that they remove more from society than they contribute. But more sinister is its generality. More than half of the British people surveyed felt that people from ethnic minorities threatened their 'culture'.¹²

So, once again we come across issues of 'Englishness', or more generally 'Britishness'; it boils down to a question of who can experience and participate in British culture, and who is excluded from it. Now, there's no doubt that British music in Elgar's time was very much a white man's game, with perhaps the exceptional cases of Ethyl Smyth, Samuel Coleridge Taylor, and later Kaikhosru Shapurji Sorabji, but how often do we hear performances of these composers today? Once again, I think we need to examine the way in which we construct our musical histories, more consciously taking into account the social and political factors which inform these. Not to do so is to subscribe to what one might call the "genius fallacy", the view that an artist's successful reputation is solely down to his or her creative prowess. If we fail to take into account the limitations placed on artists due to gender, race, and class in our creative histories, then we're in danger of allowing out-of-date social attitudes to inform our contemporary music making. Now, I'm not suggesting quotas or anything of the sort, but if our creative culture points overwhelmingly to the implicit creative superiority of white men, without any accompanying discourse on why this might be the case, then it's perhaps little wonder that over half of Britons feel that people from ethnic minorities are threatening British culture today. This discussion has taken place earlier and much more successfully in literature and the visual arts, but we're somewhat lagging behind with music.

And yet, at the same time, how are we to approach pieces which so strongly espouse an attitude towards foreign cultures that might perhaps be distasteful to modern sensibilities? There's obviously a lot of crossover here with what I was talking about earlier in relation to imperial nostalgia. A piece which combines both of these issues is Elgar's *Crown of India*, a masque written in 1911

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to represent the imperial durbar of George V in the wake of the spectacular failure of Curzon's 1905 Bengal Partition. As both Carissa Gould¹³ and, more recently, Nalini Ghuman¹⁴ have pointed out, while *The Crown of India* boasted of Britain's beneficent and well-meaning administration to a packed London Coliseum in March 1912, British officials on the sub-continent were busily hanging Indian dissidents in a desperate attempt to avoid a full-scale uprising. The music is therefore painfully of its time, and a recent recording of the *Orchestral Suite*, written to immortalise the memory of this masque, was met with disgust from reviewers who recommended that we forget the work as quickly as possible. But, in some respects, these reviews once again miss a trick, and it boils down to our own modern entrapment of Elgar, our enforcing of who we want him to be. Because even in Elgar's most cherished works, including the symphonies that will be performed to packed audiences in the Royal Albert Hall this summer, there exists the same composer as the *Coronation Ode* and *The Crown of India*, weaving the same subtexts of his time – imbued with imperialism and race – into these works.

So, how do we define Englishness? What role does imperial nostalgia have in shaping our attitudes towards British music today, and how does this relate to the political and social tensions brought about by the 2016 Brexit Referendum? How are we to deal with works which display a cultural outlook so out of step with our modern sensibilities? I hope you don't go away today thinking that I've definitively answered any of these questions, indeed I think I would have failed in my task if you were to do so. Rather, I hope that you now have even more questions than before I started speaking, and I would encourage you, urge you even, as audience members, as practicing musicians, as festival planners, but above all as thinking, feeling participants in our country's cultural life, to challenge your assumptions about British music and its place in our cultural and political landscape. Whether you agree with all, some, or none of the things I've said today, this is a discussion that very much needs to be had, at all levels, and I hope that I've been able to shed some light on the principle tensions at play. It's now up to you to continue this conversation. ■

Notes

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Reviews

The Warlock Society saves a concert

8 June 2017, St John's Smith Square

Malcolm Rudland

It was entirely appropriate that Paul McCreesh's Gabrieli concert at St John's Smith Square on Thursday 8 June should have included Warlock's *As dewe in Aprylle* as part of his 'Rose Magnificat' theme; music with a common thread of dedications to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

But, the previous Friday to the concert, a phone call from Gabrieli's chief executive, told me the publishers, Boosey, only had scores of *As dewe in Aprylle* in Germany, and without enough time to get them to London, could the Warlock Society help?

Two days before the concert, a phone call to Father Christopher at St Alban's, Holborn, home of our hire library, found he would be in church until noon. The Gabrieli office in a chocolate factory in Southwark found someone could get to St Alban's by 10.30am that day. I went to meet them, released 30 of the 90 copies from Box 5, and the concert went ahead as planned.

I found a feast of professional choral singing at St John's, from the 1450 Eton Choirbook, to a world premier, including settings of *Ave maria stella* (James McMillan), *Salve Regina* (Herbert Howells), and *There is no rose* (Jonathan Lane). Throughout, the musical intensity was magnetic, especially in the climax of 'Mother and maiden' in the last page of Warlock's *As dewe in Aprylle*. Paul knows how to pace his singers to sustain electrifying effect as the polyphony unfolds, especially in the extended works (Tallis, White and Wylykynson), and in the final world premiere of Matthew Martin's *Rose Magnificat* where the 'There is no rose' text keeps reappearing, each time incorporated with greater intensity, until strident suspensions and dissonances engulf it a final Alleluia in the Gloria refrain.

The concert was recorded in Romsey Abbey the following week, for release in late spring 2018. Watch out for details on www.gabrieli.com. ■

The Song Makers' Guild 10 September 2017, Nassau Centre, Cape Town

Barry Smith

'The Songmakers' Guild' was an idea started in 1994 by a few Capetonians who felt that regular performance of art songs in Cape Town would help attract regular audiences for vocal recitals in the city. Over the years performers from in and around Cape Town have contributed to the majority of the concerts with visiting guest artists also appearing from time to time. Younger up-and-coming young singers have also been given opportunities to give performances of art songs in their opera-dominated careers.

The fifth concert in the 2017 series was titled *Come To The Fair!*, the final song by Stanhope Martin. It was a varied and well-chosen programme of English 20th Century Songs including works by C.V. Stanford, Frank Bridge, Armstrong Gibbs, Benjamin Britten and Michael Head who died in Cape Town whilst in the city examining for the Associated Board – irreverently referred to by the young Heseltine as the 'Ass-board' in a letter to Colin Taylor on 19 July 1918 some 99 years ago! There was a generous contribution of three Warlock songs: *Yarmouth Fair*, *Mr Belloc's fancy* and *As ever I saw*. Personally I felt that it was a pity that the version of *Sleep* sung at the recital was that of Gurney and not Warlock.

The three singers were Louise Howlett (soprano), John Hardie (baritone), Dónal Slemon (bass) who all gave musical and persuading performances of the twenty songs

included. Throughout the programme the diction of the singers was admirably clear but it was a pity that the texts weren't also printed in the programme. One needs to have the words of Rossetti's *Silent Noon* in front of one to savour and share the rich language of the sonnet and to admire Vaughan Williams' perfect setting. Throughout the piano accompaniments were masterfully executed by Albie van Schalkwyk who threw off the demanding Warlock accompaniments with a nonchalant ease.

At the end of the recital I could not help but notice a strangely unintentional thread of Warlock associations throughout the programme. A number of the composers represented had some kind of link with him: Colin Taylor (a Capetonian by adoption) who taught him at Eton was represented by *Gifts*, a memorable song with a technically demanding accompaniment; the short and passionate *Love's Philosophy* by Roger Quilter, who was a potent influence in the early Warlock years; Herbert Hughes, a composer and music critic who features briefly in the latter part of Warlock's life (his amusing arrangement of *The Stuttering Lovers* was much appreciated by the audience) and finally John Ireland's *Sea Fever*, a stern reminder of the composer's part in the bleak enquiry into Warlock's death in 1930. And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover, And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over. ■

Miscellaneous

Forthcoming Events compiled by **Bryn Philpott**

Sunday 7th December 2017 at 7:30 pm

RSPB annual Christmas concert

St Giles in the fields, 60 St Giles High Street, London, WC2H 8LG
 Warlock *Bethlehem Down*
 Tel: 07958 688422 sales@esterhazysingers.com

Sunday 7th December 2017 at 7:30 pm

Champaigne-Urbana Symphony Orchestra; Stephen Alltop (dir)
 Krannert Centre for performing arts
 500 S Goodman Avenue, Urbana, Illinois, USA.
 Warlock *Capriol*
 Tel: +44 (0)017 351 9139 music@cusymphony.org

Sunday 10th December 2017 at 3:30 pm

Aether Vocal Ensemble, Simon Lane (piano)
 Royal Agricultural University, Cirencester, GL7 6JS
 Warlock *Bethlehem Down*
 Tel: 01285 652531 www.rau.ac.uk

Saturday 16th December 2017 at 8:00 pm

Church of the Holy Cross
 (2455 Gallows Road, Dunn Loring, VA, USA)

Sunday 17th December 2017 at 4:00 pm

Church of the Holy Comforter
 (543 Beulah Road, Vienna, VA, USA)

Beautiful Star: Christmas with Voce

Warlock *Bethlehem Down*
 Website: www.voce.org

Saturday 16th December 2017 at 7:30 pm

Le temps de Noel

Tenebrae: Oliver Coates (cello), Nigel Short (conductor)
 Hall One, Kings Place, 90 York Way, London N1 9AG
 Warlock *Benedicamus Domino*
I saw a fair maiden.

Also includes music by Poulenc, Faure, Debussy, Britten, Skempton, Lloyd, Bax, Todd, Saint-Saens Vaughan Williams.
 Tickets online price £19.50 - £45.50.
 Tel: 020 7520 1490 www.kingsplace.co.uk

Saturday 20th January 2018 at 1:00pm

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

Weekend of 12th May 2018

2018 Annual General Meeting – Christ Church, Oxford (see p3)

Sunday 17th June 2018 at 6:00 pm

Hamsey Festival

Hamsey Church, Lewes, BN8 5TB
 Warlock Songs with String Quartet.
 Tickets £12 (concessions £9 & under 18s free). Tel: 020 7520 1490 mas@lewes.uk.com

[If you know of any concerts, recitals or events that include works by Warlock then please email details to pwsnewsletter@yahoo.com so that they can be included in future listings –Ed.]

Wanted Volunteer to operate the Peter Warlock Society Hire Library

We are looking for a volunteer to take on the responsibility of operating the society's hire library. This is not a difficult task as requests for the loan of music are not particularly frequent.

We are looking to modernise the library – eg. by digitising scores and other material that is free of copyright constraints. This will reduce the physical space required to house the library and also make distribution easier and less costly.

Currently there are 13 boxes, but this number will reduce as more material is digitised. The task of digitising is being shared between members of the committee. The appointee will need to house the boxes during the digitising process. This could be at their home, or at a secure but accessible location nearby. They will liaise with the Committee on how best to make use of this valuable resource. Ideally the librarian would become a member of the committee.

If you are interested and would like more information about the rôle and of the space required to house the existing material, please contact **John Mitchell** for a chat. His details can be found on the front cover of this Newsletter. ■

A letter from the society's founder, Patrick Mills.

Congratulations to Rebecca Brooke on her article in our 100th Newsletter. I only have one point to make, which may savour of pedantry, but the reference to Gilbert Cannan's book, *Round the Corner*, is described as being about the problems of adolescent sex. So far as I can see, the family members of the protagonist, Francis Folyat, a clergyman, are in their twenties, far from being adolescents! The book was published in 1913 and it deserves the praise lavished upon it by his distinguished contemporaries. ■

Obituaries

Brian Douglas Hammond 9 August 1929 – 27 March 2017

David Hammond



Brian Hammond (left) with Malcolm Rudland
in Cornwall, 5 May 1996

Brian Hammond, who has died aged 87, was known as an inspiring teacher who truly motivated his students, many of whom went on to follow a career in music. He taught first at Dr Morgan's School in Bridgwater and then St Austell Grammar and Vith Form College, and he is so often remembered for encouraging everyone, regardless of their ability. He expected commitment as well though, which gave the learning environment a professional feel, and former students talk of how his stimulating teaching led to their own love of music. Brian was well known in Cornwall for bringing a variety of music to his adopted town of St Austell with an energy that brought people together and enabled performances of some challenging repertoire: Britten's *St Nicolas* and Noye's *Fludde* as well Bach's *Mass in B Minor* and the complete *Brandenburg Concertos*. He was also very active as a conductor with the St Austell Operatic Society and St Austell Youth Orchestras, as well as directing the Cornwall Rural Music School. Brian also composed works himself, including songs and pieces for his children's weddings, and *Golden Days*, to be played by members of the family, for his wife Sheila on their Golden Wedding Anniversary celebrations in 2013.

Brian Douglas Hammond was born on 9 August 1929 and grew up in East Ham, London, where he sang in the local church choir, developing his love of music from an early age. During the war, he had several close shaves with V2 flying bombs and spent some time as an evacuee to Wiltshire. He was educated at East Ham Grammar School

and won a scholarship to the University College of the South-West (Exeter University as it is now known), to study French and Latin. After some time spent in France he was drafted into the army on National Service and was soon commissioned in the Royal Army Service Corps, spending several years in Germany and at one time serving as officer commanding a group displaced Yugoslav Royalists! Brian was very proud of his time in the army and spoke highly of his colleagues, particularly Michael Carver who was to become Field Marshall Lord Carver. Whilst in Germany he continued his musical interests, conducting the choir at the garrison church in Münster.

It was this love of music that was ultimately to lead him into teaching and when he resigned his commission he moved to Bridgwater, Somerset, where he took up a post at Dr

Morgan's Grammar School. It was at Bridgwater's Arts Centre that Brian met Sheila Affleck – he was acting and Sheila was playing the piano – and they married in 1963, with daughter Katharine arriving in 1965 and son David in 1968. Family holidays were always something to look forward to with many wonderful holidays in France and further afield, such as a visit to the Soviet Union in the early 1980s when most people went to Torremolinos, followed by many visits to the Scilly Isles, where Brian loved to be surrounded by his family.

Brian also met a lot of people through his many other interests and for several years he was joint secretary with Sheila for the Cornwall Archaeological Society. His gift for languages, which grew from his time in France, continued throughout his life and in his 70s he learnt Cornish, later becoming a Bard of the Gorsedh Kernow. With his daughter-in-law, Kate, he shared a love of Latin and all things Roman, and this included visits to the Classical Association, where he gave several papers including a particularly well-received paper on the Fort at Nanstallon. Brian wholeheartedly supported Sheila in her activities with the St Ewe Horticultural Society and he also developed a keen interest in Family History. Again, this led to many more friendships and his research is captured in his book *Sparrows in the Hall*.¹

Brian's interest in Peter Warlock came in 1947, when, after arriving to study at Exeter, Hugh Ottaway invited him to accompany some Warlock songs. He became 'hooked'

and from then on was a devotee of Warlock's music. Brian met Bruce Blunt several times – Blunt said that he would be easily recognised as he would be 'wearing a spotted bow-tie and a blank expression' – as well as Dorcas Bignell, Blunt's housekeeper, who gave Brian some of Warlock's and Blunt's manuscripts after Blunt's death. (The complete story was recounted by Brian in the Autumn 1996 PWS Newsletter No.59.) He enjoyed very much his role in the Peter Warlock Society as 'President of the Cornish Chapter' for many years until he stepped down in 2008, and contributed a chapter on *Harmony, Tonality and Texture* to a centenary volume of writings about Warlock.²

As Brian and Sheila's son, I was aware of Warlock when I was growing up and participated in several performances of his music when at St Austell VIth Form – Brian was my 'A' level music teacher. But it was in 1994 when Kate (my then girlfriend and now wife) and I attended the centenary celebrations at the Savoy, at the invitation of Brian and Sheila, that I really began to get to know Warlock. Kate and I had both recently returned from Southern Africa, where I had been working as a musician, and it was a fantastic opportunity to really get to know about Warlock. After joining the army as a musician the following year I was pleased to come across a wind band version of *Capriol* and now, as Director of Music of the Countess of Wessex's String Orchestra, it is with great pleasure that we often perform *Capriol*, *Six English Tunes*, and *Six Italian Dances* at Buckingham Palace for Investitures, State Visits, and other royal events. Kate also drew on Brian's knowledge

of Warlock in her PhD thesis to suggest that Catullus a Roman poet might have been more spontaneous in his art, comparing his composing poetry with Warlock's composing the music for *The Fox*.³

Brian died on 27 March 2017 and his funeral was held at the nearby St Paul's Parish Church at Charlestown. Malcolm Rudland, who Brian thought the world of, played the organ at Brian's funeral which included some of his favourite music by Messiaen, Bach, Purcell, Britten, and of course Warlock, with Malcolm's own transcription for organ of 'Mattachins' from *Capriol* as the recessional piece. Sheila died six weeks later and they both now lie peacefully together at Campdowns Cemetery overlooking St Austell Bay. ■

With thanks to Katharine and Andrew Ford

Notes

- 1 B. D. Hammond, *Sparrows in the Hall: Enquiries into the past families of Brian Douglas Hammond and Sheila Isobel Affleck* (Gloucester: The Cloister House Press, 2015).
- 2 B. D. Hammond, 'Harmony, Tonality and Texture in Warlock's Music', in D. Cox and J. Bishop (eds), *Peter Warlock: a centenary celebration: the man – his music – his world* (London: Thames Publishing, 1994).
- 3 K. Hammond, *Lost Voices in the Poetry of Catullus: A Study in Persona and Politics* (PhD thesis, The Open University, 2006), pp. 61-63, <https://www.academia.edu/562160/Lost_Voices_in_the_Poetry_of_Catullus_A_Study_in_Persona_and_Politics> (accessed 12 August 2017).

Roy Kaye 1938 –2017

We were saddened to hear of the death of PWS member Roy Kaye in June 2017. Roy's funeral was held at St Andrew's Church, Kirk Ella, Hull on 20 June 2017. *Bethlehem Down* and *Sleep* were played at the funeral.

Roy leaves his daughter, Barbara Jones, his son, Philip Kaye and beloved sister Maureen Sharp.

Roy was an admirer of Warlock's music from the day he 'discovered' Warlock at the age of 47. At the Editor's request he submitted an article for the occasional series *How I First Came Across the Music of Peter Warlock* for the Newsletter. This can be found on pages 26-28 of Newsletter 88.

Our sympathies go to Roy's family. ■

Our thanks to Music Sales

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

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

The Music Sales Group



Hy-Brasil

“You’ll never come to Hy-Brasil,”
– A Piskie whispers through your hair –
“By bending to another’s will.
For picks and packs you may not bear
Across the sea to Hy-Brasil
And you may sweat and you may swear
And swink and think until you’re ill
And die before you’re e’er aware;
There’s such a place as as Hy-Brasil.
For gold can never pay your fare
[No liner leaves for] Hy-Brasil
So have a care, so have a care....
From Trewey down and Zennor hill
You’d ride a puffin through the air
And circle over Hy-Brasil –
But now from city windows stare –
There’s not a sign of Hy-Brasil –
As if to drive you to despair

The fog sits on your windowsill.
You take a map and seek the rare,
The golden land of Hy-Brasil.
You cannot find it anywhere –
The faery isle eludes you still
But say it simply is’nt there,
And raise a monster you must kill
(An if you dare, an if you dare)
And lay his bones in Hy-Brasil,
Or he will hunt you like a hare,
Or grind you in his grisly mill,
And eat you in his lurid lair.
So never dare to rest until
You let the piskie in your hair
Whisk you away t’wards Hy-Brasil,
By your desire, against your will.”

(So piskie sang to piskie Phyl! !)

See pages 31-32

and finally ...

A Hat Trick Achieved!

John Mitchell has spotted another Warlock reference in the December 2017 edition of the *BBC Music Magazine*

The *BBC Music Magazine* has for many years contained a regular themed-quiz in each issue, and in 2015 Warlock was the answer to two of the questions: one was on the topic of woods in music, the reader being tasked with identifying the composer of *The Frostbound Wood*, and the other, about brushes with the law, concerned a ‘drunk and disorderly’ composer arrested in Cadogan Street. Writing up the latter for Newsletter 98, I concluded by wondering whether the proverbial hat trick would ever be achieved whereby Warlock was the answer to a third question in the magazine’s quiz.

It is pleasing to record – and maybe it reflects here a greater awareness of Warlock amongst the classical music-loving public – that ‘our’ composer was the answer to a *BBC Music Magazine* question yet again. The theme of the quiz in the December 2017 issue was loosely

based on music associations with the Devil, and maybe there was a certain inevitability that Warlock, merely by virtue of his name alone, would feature in some context or

another. The question read as follows: ‘A regular dabbler in the occult, the composer pictured above had various vices, including singing ritual chants to summon up demons. Who was he?’



The picture illustrating the question is the well known studio portrait of Warlock in profile. Purists might take slight issue with the bit about regular dabbling in the occult, which I believe tends to misrepresent Warlock. To what extent he was involved can

best be judged from the two excellent articles that Barry Smith contributed to *Newsletters* 85 and 86 on the subject of Warlock and the Occult. One suspects the questioner in the quiz might be guilty of an ‘exaggeration for convenience’! ■