THE DUAL PERSONALITY OF PHILIP HESELTINE.

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MR. CECIL GRAY, in his excellent study, *Peter Warlock*,* holds the view that Philip Heseltine's character only becomes understandable if he is regarded as an example of dual personality. Gray gives very clearly and, in my opinion, conclusively the evidence on which he bases this belief. The only question that is left unanswered is the clinical nature of the duality.

That it was a schizophrenic splitting can, I think, be ruled out altogether. Heseltine showed no schizoid features. I do not think that in his own mind Gray was troubling very much about the different types of "split mind." As far as he went he saw it as something like Stevenson's fable of Jekyll and Hyde, but not so crude and simple, for, as he says, "there was much in Peter Warlock that was admirable, and much in Philip Heseltine that was not so admirable." This type of duality is hysterical dissociation, such as has been described by Hyslop, Morton Prince, Janet and so on. This is the popular picture of double personality, and I think it as such that Gray conceived him.

However, there is a third group in which a dual nature shows itself, and that is cyclothymia. It is the thesis of this short paper that the composer showed well-marked cycloid traits, and in the sequel it is proposed to bring forward evidence that Peter Warlock displayed features of the manic type, Philip Heseltine characteristics of melancholia.

To suggest that possibly our greatest composer of songs since the seventeenth century showed character traits closely allied to those of manic-depressive psychosis may seem to some an outrage. However, it should be remembered that the inheritance of this psychosis shows irregular dominance. The geneticists say that the dominance of a gene is biologically evidence that it is of survival value. If conditions change and new adaptation is required, dominant genes become recessive, and vice versa. It is therefore suggested that since cyclothymia is dominant genetically, it is because the phenotype makes a useful contribution to society. There is little difficulty in finding this biological usefulness in the drive of the hypomanic. It is true that some of us don't like it; it makes us conscious of our own shortcomings when we see someone else rushing about and getting things done. It is some satisfaction then to console ourselves by attaching a scientific label. Of course one can have too much of a good thing, and acute mania or melancholic stupor are the price paid. It is probable that many modifying genes take a part in determining whether a certain individual will be a valuable social asset or a psychotic.

* I quote largely from this book, to which I am indebted for most of my information.

According to the Freudians mania is a kind of saturnalia following a period of depression, grief or mourning. This is certainly true in some cases, but there are many other types. A common one is the man whose normal tempo is hypomanic. He is successful at business, leads an active social existence and a full life generally, then perhaps in the fifties something happens—he retires, his wife dies, he has an illness or accident. There is some change in his routine, he is unable to cope with the new situation and develops a reactive depression. Of course by no means all hypomanics develop severe depressions, nor are all depressives over-active previous to their illness.

But there are two other types of people who, in my opinion, show evidence of the cycloid constitution. There is the gregarious type of man, who is able to be a friend to everyone. He is popular at the club, at a dance, at a party, at the golf-club. He is also often a good leader of men in the forces or the factory, because the men like him. He has an easy manner, he is a good raconteur and can turn on charm like a tap. He can also turn it off again. If he is not the centre of attraction, if things have not been arranged as he wished, or he feels he has been slighted, he can be sulky and moody and most damaging to the well-being of the social group. These black moods are most often experienced only by those living in his own domestic circle. In such a man it is hard to say to what extent these moods are engendered by external experiences or constitutional factors.

Lastly there is a type which, I think, bears some relation to Philip Heseltine. Such a man is diffident and self-depreciatory; he is often depressed, and when he is alone with you will tell you he is a failure and useless at his job. In company he is quite a different man. He has not the easy natural charm of the previous type, but you are surprised to find how many social assets he has. He talks well, is quick witted and has a sense of humour. He may overplay the part and become too exuberant. You realize he is popular and you learn he is a success at his job. You may or may not learn that this veneer or protective covering has been arduously cultivated. Even if you do realise this point, I suggest that there must have been something there to cultivate.

It would not surprise me to be told that the above personality type had no relation to cyclothymia. However, if such a personality is exaggerated to a considerable degree, I think then it will be found to have a close relation to this clinical entity. In my opinion Philip Heseltine was such a person, and I now propose to bring forward the evidence.

The only relevant facts in his early life are that he was an only child, his father died when he was two, and at some period afterwards his mother married again. He was educated at Eton and was precocious intellectually, but Gray regards his psychological development as slow. This is based on the fact that at the age of 16 he expressed conventional views on religion and politics.

The most important experience during his youth was his introduction to Delius at the age of 16. A friendship grew up between the famous composer and the young man. There was a large correspondence, which has fortunately been preserved. It is the letters Heseltine wrote to Delius that provide most of the information on the early manhood of Heseltine.

Gray rightly points out that one is only seeing one side of his personality in such letters, his inner life and his blacker moods. We learn first that he has an intense admiration for the music of Delius, also for the man, whom he regards as a father-imago. He is already devoted to music, but is very despondent about his ability to do anything worth while, and at best hopes to be a music critic.

In one letter he gives a very illuminating and instructive account of himself. It is clear that he has taken himself to task, and is very depressed and dissatisfied with the result. He feels that he had always taken things for granted, had not thought for himself, and that now he is years behind other people and cannot catch up. As he is at present he regards himself as "an absolutely useless specimen—only fit, as I am, for the lethal chamber." However, against this feeling of self-depreciation is passionate hope and expectation. This keeps him going, even if it is only an illusion. Then he complains of his morbid self-consciousness and habit of introspection. He feels he is a spectator, detached from real life. Undoubtedly it is this which he means when he complains that he is being constantly dragged back. Then still more illuminating—"Lately I have tried passionately to plunge into life, and live myself, forgetfully if possible of this horrible aloofness." He thinks he is just beginning to succeed a little and that he is becoming harder and a little stronger. He explains how he had always been alone, clung to the atmosphere of home and hated school life. Now he can no longer endure his home (his mother has married again), and is more lonely there than anywhere else. He goes on to complain that he is morbidly nervous—"even down to a physical nervous stricture"— which handicaps him socially. His final dictum is—and this is the most interesting point of all—that he would sacrifice all social success if he could return to his dreams and from them create realities. But having lost faith in his creative ability, he is determined to live.

In this remarkable psychological document, a despondent, morbidly self-conscious and self-critical young man writes to his father-imago saying he will throw away his dreams to live life to the full. A melancholic decides to turn manic by a conscious decision. More extraordinary still he succeeds in the latter, and in so doing, to some extent realizes his dreams.

Robert Nichols takes up the story during the short period from 1913 to 1914 that Heseltine was at Oxford. In this portrait of a young artist we gain insight into various aspects of his character. He is described as a man of great enthusiasm for life, music and books, his knowledge is wide and many-sided, but he is moody, passing abruptly from dismalness to hilarity, and then to weariness, irritability, and finally dejection and exhaustion. Nichols, an ardent Heseltine protagonist, grudgingly admits that there is some truth in D. H. Lawrence's view that he was not a well-synthesized personality, at least when at Oxford. On the other hand, he thinks that Lawrence totally misjudged Heseltine when he describes him as a "bit backboneless." In Nichols's opinion there was in Heseltine "a fundamental inner gentleness" which Lawrence inaccurately mistakes for backbonelessness.

Many other traits are already present to be enhanced later in his life. These include his bellicosity in argument, his delight in eccentricity and practical

jokes, and lastly his facility for "rigmarole, nonsense verses and limericks, Priapian and other."

Up to the present stage I would say that nothing has been produced to suggest that Heseltine was in any way an abnormal, though he may have been a superior type of undergraduate. I say this with one reservation. He was intelligent, enthusiastic, and subject to moods of exuberance and despondency and self-criticism, but many young men are. I can see nothing to indicate that he would not have become a worthy civil servant or perfectly adequate music critic. His passion for music is not incompatible with this. The one really unusual thing is that Delius should have thought so much of him that he kept all his letters.

The next phase is the early war period. He became a frustrated musical critic, and divided his time between London and Cornwall. It was the period of friendship with Lawrence, and ended with a rupture and Lawrence's parody of Heseltine's character in one of his novels. I think the war had a big psychological effect on him, and there are many references to it in his letters to Delius. He himself was exempt from war service for physical reasons, but his attitude was that of the conscientious objector.

Though much of the time he moved in a small circle with similar opinions, there is evidence in the letters that he felt keenly the hostile attitude of the crowd. He complains to Delius of his isolation, and that unless "one becomes a mere hypocrite, one is cut off, in one's sympathies and mental outlook, from at least nine-tenths of one's fellow beings." And again he feels keenly "the cheap sneers and dismal attempts at wit of the vulgar, blatant and exasperating Jingoes." He admires Delius for his complete detachment from the crowd, a thing Heseltine could never completely achieve. A part of him required social life and admiration. It would seem that he was good in attack, and virulent with his tongue and pen, but, at that time, weak in defence. There is no doubt he was very sensitive to criticism, and was easily hurt. It was only later that he provided himself with a protective covering. He was not the sort of man to keep his views to himself; I have no doubt he gave as good as he got defending his point of view, but what he got hurt severely.

A letter to Delius in 1915 suggests a melancholic episode, which, he states, had been at its worst two months before, and one gathers is now beginning to lift, because he speaks of "fitful and transitory intervals." Also he is able to write to Delius, which he could not do before. He is depressed and pessimistic; he cannot think; he feels in a confused and trancelike state. His head "feels as though it were filled with a smoky vapour." "Words simply will not come out of my mouth." He is no longer able to feel the beauty of nature.

The letter is broken off abruptly and is only completed a week later. It would appear that the previous phase was followed abruptly by one of wild exuberance, during which he rode "a motor bicycle through the village streets at midnight at a speed of about 60 miles an hour, stark naked." Gray holds the view that such melancholy letters were an expression of the "morning after" feeling. Up to a point I would say this was true. Heseltine was coming out of the more acute phase of his melancholia and was probably forcing himself with the aid of alcohol, hence such wild madcap behaviour. The reaction

to this in a fundamental melancholic state could well be a still more intense fit of the blues. The letter to Delius of 22.viii.15 reads to me as if something much more serious was wrong than alcoholic remorse.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the next few years. It was a period of great endeavour, many projects and but little achievement. He produced much poetry, practically all of which he destroyed, also a very little music, and Gray admits that he did not think that he would ever make a composer at that time. Among the many projects, few of which got very far and none succeeded, two may be mentioned—the publication of a new musical journal and a West End production of neglected operatic master works. Up to this point, then, Heseltine had been a failure.

However, a change came in 1918, when a group of songs previously rejected under the name of the failure Philip Heseltine were accepted as the work of Peter Warlock. It was in this year also that he grew a beard for the first time. Of the beard Gray says: "Its adoption is extraordinarily revealing and, indeed, of crucial importance for an understanding of the man; it is, in fact, the first decisive step towards the elaborate mask, which he was ultimately to adopt permanently as a defence against a hostile world." Over the next three years, a period of rich musical production, the beard came off and on several times. By 1921 the transformation was complete; he was never again without his beard, and he had become "the lusty, roystering, swashbuckling, drinking, wenching Peter Warlock of popular legend."

It should be noted that, just as Philip Heseltine presented certain characteristics later incorporated in the Peter Warlock façade, so the character Philip Heseltine was never completely lost in Peter Warlock; he was merely submerged. From time to time to his intimate friends the mask was off, but these intervals became increasingly rare.

It is now proposed to contrast the two personality types, in an attempt to show their relation to mania and melancholia.

Manner and behaviour.—Heseltine, as we have seen, was a sensitive, shy dreamer with a rather weak chin. He did not mix easily, was nervous in company and had only a few intimate friends. He was uniformly unsuccessful with women, was fond of children, had a taste for sweet liquors and for quite a time was a vegetarian.

Warlock shook off his old friends, and became the centre of a vast horde of acquaintances and boon companions. At the Café Royal and at the various inns he frequented he must have been a striking figure, with his goat-like beard, the mischievous twinkle in his eye and his sardonic smile. His wit was nimble, both by word and with the pen. In the mood there was a great outflow of bawdy talk and blasphemy, with rhyme and play on words. He was a great swiller of beer, had a taste for steak tartare, and affected to be a drunkard and a drug-addict, to dislike children and to have a contempt for women. With women he was masterful, polygamous and uniformly successful. He had a penchant for impromptu acrobatic dancing, a macabre *pas seul* in unlikely places, such as Piccadilly Circus, Queen's Hall or a railway station.

It is very difficult to provide evidence of the wild and sustained exuberance that, I believe, was the Peter Warlock of the latter years, especially the Eyns-

ford period. Gray tells us what he was like, and describes incidents. But they are only episodes and lack continuity. Foss gives a good epitome of his character seen from both sides: "He had the delicacy of the hothouse plant and the ebullience of the willow-herb that grows on ruined bomb-sites. Humour in plenty, shyness of an odd kind, a roaring laugh that would give way to a fit of solitude and melancholy—that was Warlock, the man who exquisitely poised the psychologist's requirements of both introvert and extravert." However, to see Warlock in action, it is necessary to turn from biography and criticism to fiction. Aldous Huxley knew Warlock well in the 'twenties, and in *Antic Hay*, at the "Bearded Cossack," he provides a vivid and lifelike picture of the composer as he appeared to his boon companions. This portrait is uncomplicated by any attempt to describe the man behind the mask. Gray tells us that Warlock was delighted with the character, and that he, Gray, was a witness to one of the scenes described.

The "Bearded Cossack" only makes a few brief entrances in the course of the story. Once at a Soho restaurant, at a coffee stall, in a night club and in his own flat, but while he holds the stage a rapid tempo is sustained. His companions include an artist and a literary critic, the main butts for his wit, an ex-schoolmaster, a physiologist and an odd assortment of women. The Cossack is a young man with "a blond fan-shape beard," bright blue eyes, who smiles "equivocally and disquietingly as though his mind were full of some nameless and fantastic malice." His flow of talk is punctuated by peals of cracked and diabolic laughter, while, on stage, he is in a state of continuous activity. He sings, dances, rhymes, puns, and plays on words. He is free with his gestures and gives pantomimic performances. Whatever line the conversation takes by some association he turns it usually to blasphemy or bawdy talk. His verbal wit is directed against the Church, conventional moral values and the conventional aesthetic view-point. Reading these striking passages in Huxley there can be no doubt that a hypomanic is being described. Also it is as near as it is possible to get to a presentation of Heseltine when the Warlock was on him.

It is appropriate to cite here a curious incident described in the foreword by Augustus John: "While in the midst of a brilliant discussion which, though a little over the heads of the audience (Norfolk yokels), was listened to with fascinated attention, Philip suddenly collapsed as if struck down by some mysterious seizure." All attempts to arouse him failed and he was left where he was for the night. The next morning he was quite restored. Augustus John goes on: "I found that this behaviour was characteristic of Philip, whose intellectual activity never languished or slowed down, but at a given moment would just stop dead, blown out, as it were, like a candle." No one can know what was going on in Warlock's head at such times; perhaps nothing; if so it may have been alcoholic stupor. However, I put forward the suggestion that it was manic stupor.

Stream of thought.—Heseltine found creative work difficult. He composed little and slowly, and his style was laboured, hesitant and uneasy. He found difficulty in expression, both in speech and writing. He complained of poverty of thought, mental blankness, and that ideas would not come.

Peter Warlock's compositions were neat, easy and fluent. His productivity was large, considering the short period of his existence, 1921–23, 1924–30. There is evidence of a depressive phase in 1923–24 and again in 1930. There was also marked press of ideas, which expressed itself in verbosity and in writing. He was brilliant at producing limericks, most of which could not be printed, because they were either too pornographic or too libellous, though one did find its way into the *Week-end Book*. He also had a taste for nonsense rhymes and rigmarole. He delighted in play on words, portmanteau words, neologisms and double meanings. Gray quotes as a good example, " The Felis Catus Castiengis of Carrollingian Legend. The association being the Cheshire Cat and castrated cat, Charlemagne and Lewis Carroll."

Another example is to be found in Warlock's anthology of gorgeous drunkards through the ages—" Merry-go-down." Here he provides two short pieces under the signature, " Rab Noolas." One is a limerick, the other a nonsense rhyme, which I attempt to interpret. It reads as follows :

A Drunken Song in the Saurian Mode.

Two Mogs which, in the abstract, pull
A Puffin and a Pentacle,
    Nor synthesize too soon,
Can hocket Crisp and Cosmic Things,
What time th' untutor'd Unko sings
    Her enharmonic Rune.

But Alligators, which, to One
Accustomed to the Bathly Bun,
    Seem to Recant and Sneer,
Connive, and so coagulate
The polyphonic postulate
    At £50 a year.

One stamping Secretary-bird
Might solve the Sempiternal Surd :
    But, on the other hand,
No judge may juggle Stibial Stars
For fubsy Punks in Public Bars
    Where Cranes are Contraband.

Rab Noolas.

(Grisly contingencies, interspersed (however) with pleasing propositions.)

Manifest content.—We are in a Carrollingian world, where Punks and a judge jostle cheek by jowl with a Puffin, Alligators, a Secretary-bird and Cranes. We also meet more fabulous creatures, such as two Mogs and an Unko. In the earlier stanzas we are in the laboratory of the alchemists. That a magical rite is in progress is clear from the repeated references to the terminology of alchemy and astrology. For example, the rune, the pentacle, coagulate, cosmic things, stibial stars. It is learnt that these activities are an attempt to solve the sempiternal surd. In the last stanza, as in a dream, the scene suddenly changes to a Public Bar. Since we are dealing with alchemy, I think that, even at the manifest level, it can be stated that the leading motive is the turning of base metal into gold.

Latent meaning.—The title indicates that the subject matter is music and that it also deals with allegations. Knowing Warlock's views about music critics it is surmised that they are being attacked.

We are in a concert hall. An untaught and unknown singer is chanting a dirge extremely badly. However, two musical hack writers, who are always prepared to put in a "puff" for a consideration, and anyhow are anxious to use their pens, are prepared to cheat you by saying the performance is heavenly. But to the surprise of the poet, who is used to the sugar-coating of most musical critics, there are several hostile critics who sneer at the bad performance. However, even they, for the paltry sum of £50 a year, are induced to fall into line, so consolidating the good notices of this bad singer.

The poet then bemoans the fact that there is not even one virulent and honest critic who could put a stop to the eternally irrational principle of praising bad music as good.* But in a public bar it is consoling to know that no one can deceive you into believing that an amateur is a corpulent professional. This is because in a bar you are not allowed to rise above your sphere by means of outside agents. The only form of elevation is spiritual.

To digress for a moment this interpretation does throw light on a matter that seems to have puzzled Gray. Talking of Heseltine's proneness to quarrels, he says: "For the rest his feuds were mainly with musicians and generally with music critics. I do not think there was a single one of eminence who was not at one time or other the object of his aversion and the recipient of his insults and abuse, generally in writing. To one in particular he was in the habit of sending, from whatever part of the country he was in, at regular intervals, pairs of bellows, the precise significance of which must necessarily remain veiled in obscurity." False alchemists were called puffers, because of the fury and noise with which they used the bellows on their furnace, when transmuting base metals into gold. If the above interpretation is correct the nature of Heseltine's private joke is discovered.

Here is a last example of these far-fetched associations. On the advice of a music critic Yeats rejected Heseltine's setting of "The Curlew." An acrimonious correspondence followed, terminated by the composer in characteristic fashion: the despatch of a picture postcard of the Adjutant Stork. Gray suggests that the implication is "that his antagonist had attained to such a pitch of absurdity that an adequate reply was beyond the expressive range of mere words and could only be suggested by the contemplation of the strangest freaks of Nature." There is still the question of the choice, among so many strange birds, of the Adjutant. I suggest that it is because of this bird's voracious appetite, no carrion, offal or putrescent matter being distasteful to it.

Mood.—In Heseltine the prevailing mood was one of despondency, with phases of acute despair, when he craved for oblivion. It is to be presumed that it was in some such mood that he put an end to his life.

In Warlock the prevailing affect was one of elation and well-being, punctuated by extreme bellicosity and virulent hatred. These latter feelings were

* The Secretary Bird is officially protected because of the readiness with which it kills venomous snakes and other noxious animals by means of its powerful feet.

aroused by the philistines, certain academic musicians, music critics, publishers, and others, whose views were hostile to his own or whom he believed to be insincere or mercenary.

Content of thought.—Possibly the most fundamental sentiment in Heseltine was a love of nature in all its aspects. It is a constantly recurring theme in his letters, and in one of his depressed letters to Delius he writes: "I watched the sun go down behind the hills, flooding the broad valley with a golden light that would in former days have made my whole being vibrate with its beauty —but I wait in vain for that old ecstatic feeling. The colour and intensity of these pictures have become things external to me—they are no longer reflected in me, I can no longer merge myself in the *Stimmung* of Nature around me. I can only gaze wistfully, from afar, at her beauteous pageantry. I can no longer take part in it, and so am debarred from the greatest—perhaps the only —source of joy, solace, and inspiration that life offers me." Delius translated the feelings Heseltine felt for nature into sound. It is a beautiful, if melancholy, dream world, poems of the sea-shore, of mountains, of lazy rivers at night, of summer gardens, of the spring and of the early norning. The true Heseltine music also to some extent reflects this mood, though there is more yearning and more despair. "The Curlew," a setting of a poem by Yeats, is a typical Nirvana song, with its haunting refrain, "The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams." Another is Beddoes' "Sorrows Lullaby," where the longing is for sleep and oblivion, and still better, death. In the three macabre dirges by Webster the mood is the same, release in death. Another important influence is the music and poetry of the sixteenth century and earlier. His erudition was considerable concerning Elizabethan music and poetry. He transcribed and arranged a vast amount of music of the period, and his volume, *The English Ayre*, is generally considered a scholarly performance, as also is the editing of *Giles Earle His Booke*. Besides the music of the sixteenth century, Heseltine also had a great affection for folksongs and carols.

Intermediate between Heseltine and Warlock there is a whole group of Nirvana songs. In all of them the inspiration would seem to be Heseltine, the manner usually that of Warlock. They range from Decker's "Lullaby" and "Rest Sweet Nymph," to such tragic songs as "The Fox" and "Ha'nacker Mill," which are almost pure Heseltine. Intermediate is the nostalgic "My Own Country," also "Mourn No More," "Sleep," and "Night." In the last the motive is sleep and oblivion.

The next group is the carols, of which there are about a dozen. Here, again, the inspiration is Heseltine, if the mode is mainly Warlock. All that carols stand for centres around one subject—adoration of the mother-child relationship. If one cannot find peace in sleep or death, then a man can retreat in fantasy to the infantile stage, when the mother guarded him from a hard, cruel world. A time also, in this case, before the mother betrayed him. Possibly this same motive explains the dichotomy in his love-life. The good woman was sexually taboo because, she was for him the mother. Only a harlot, therefore, was outside the taboo. Gray tells us that his intimate life was "in a kind of rondo form, in which one persistently recurring theme alternated with continually new subjects—AB, AC, AD, and so on." D. H.

Lawrence clearly appreciated this when he wrote of Heseltine in his letters: "His affection for M— is a desire for the light because he is in the dark. If he were in the light he would want the dark. He wants M— for companionship, not for the blood connection, the dark, sensuous relation. With P— he has this second dark relation but not the first. Perhaps he is very split, and would always have the two things separate. For these people I really believe in two wives."

In *Women in Love*, as Gray notes, he puts it more crudely in his parody of Heseltine: "he wants a pure lily, with a baby-face, on the one hand, and on the other he must have the Pussum, just to defile himself with her. She is the harlot, the actual harlot of adultery to him. And he's got a craving to throw himself into the filth of her. Then he gets up and calls on the name of the lily of purity, the baby-faced girl, and so enjoys himself all round. It's the old story, action and reaction, and nothing between."

As is to be expected in a lyrical song writer, a large number of the songs are concerned with the motive of love. They deal with the passion in all its moods from wistful melancholy to the bucolic and racy. There are folk songs, Elizabethan songs, and a few settings of modern poets. They are all Warlock in style, and a large number in mood. If one wishes to escape from a hard world it is pleasing to dream of fair women, especially if one can set the words of the best poet to great music. It is Heseltine again who calls the tune; Warlock is the executant.

Lastly there is a fairly large group of typically Warlockian drinking songs, rather over a dozen of them. Incidentally Warlock was always in quest of the perfect beer, "a kind of ambrosia or nectar of the Gods, but made out of pure hops and nothing else." Many times he thought his quest successful, "only to discover it had a larger percentage of arsenic or sulphuric acid than any other." Alcohol also brings relief from sufferings and sometimes oblivion; unfortunately its action is of short duration. Perhaps the perfect beer would create that Nirvana for which Heseltine's soul craved, the Nirvana which eluded him wherever he sought it.

So far, then, wherever we have looked, all the inspiration is Heseltine's. Even the drinking songs and the poem "in the saurian mode" are found to be inspired by feelings and thoughts typical of Heseltine. The fact is that Warlock had no inner content; he merely used Heseltine's dreams and musings in a way that was acceptable to the public. Such thoughts as he had or affected were merely the obverse of Heseltine's deepest convictions. Warlock scorned softness, gentleness, sentimentality and the "pure" woman. I think Heseltine had a deeply religious nature. Not orthodox it is true, possibly a pantheistic nature worship. Warlock despised serious convictions, and delighted in blasphemy. He also sneered at the music Heseltine liked most, that of Delius.

Clearly Heseltine had found that "The boughs have withered, because I have told them my dreams." Warlock told none of his dreams, for he had none to tell. What he did try to do was to take his revenge on society by ridiculing conventional standards and notions, especially the more smug upholders of such values.

It is only fair to say that some do not agree with Gray's portrait of Peter

Warlock. Epstein, for instance, regards Gray's book as "one-sided and idealistic." He found Heseltine a "restless and discontented character. . . . His mentality was, I thought, warped by a very crude and childish streak, and practical jokes of a childish sort satisfied him." Against this it has to be remembered that in about 1921 Epstein and Warlock, who had been friends, parted after a violent quarrel. Gray does not state the cause of hostilities. Perhaps it was about Delius, whom Epstein describes as argumentative, cranky, bad tempered and with little sense of humour, or perhaps Epstein was the recipient of one of Warlock's little practical jokes.

To the psychiatrist it is a matter of indifference if the pantomine was well or badly done; it certainly annoyed a number and delighted others. To the psychiatrist the interest lies in the fact that a fundamentally melancholic individual could consciously adopt a manic façade, that this façade should become a permanent cloak, finally extinguishing the original personality.

Finally, I would like to quote Bruce Blunt's poem, "The Fox," one of the last poems which Warlock set to music. It might well be his epitaph. Foss, I do not know with how much insight, rightly calls it the Warlock counterpart of Schubert's *Doppellgänger*.

At "The Fox Inn," the tattered ears,
The fox's grin, mock the dead years.

High on the wall above the cask
Laughs at you all the fox's mask.

The horn is still, the huntsmen gone;
After the kill *the* fox lives on.

Death's date is there in faded gold;
His eyes outstare the dead of old.

Beneath this roof his eyes mistrust
The crumbled hoof, the hounds of dust.

You will not call, I shall not stir
When the fangs fall from that brown fur.

Some may think that by now "the fangs have fallen." If so I refer them to Sitwell's autobiography "The Scarlet Tree," p. 279. The conversation between author and composer can be given a Warlockian twist, if it is remembered that mosaic is also ormolu.

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