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NEWSLETTER NUMBER TWENTYONE

This is now our eleventh year, and with it comes a change in arrangements for meetings. The Committee has decided to have just one - possibly three day - event in May of each year. Next year's will be in Bath, with the AGM held at the Guildhall. (There will be full details in the Spring Newsletter and on the website.)

In the meantime, there's a one-day event on September 18th. Thanks go to Lynn Mutti for arranging this. Further thanks go to Eileen Johnson, Ray Russell, Morine Krissdóttir and – especially – Judith Bond for their contributions to this Newsletter.

Judith Stinton

SUBSCRIPTIONS: a reminder

If you haven't yet paid for 2010, please send your subscription to Judith Bond, 26 Portwey Close, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 8RF. The cost for UK members still remains unchanged at £10, while the rate for overseas members is \$25. Cheques should be made payable to the Sylvia Townsend Warner Society.

CONTACT DETAILS

The Society's official email address is still stwsociety@tiscali.co.uk
If you would like to contact Judith Bond directly could you please note that her email address is now judithbond@hotmail.co.uk

MAY WEEKEND 2010

We assembled on the Friday in the welcoming comfort of No.6, North Square, Dorchester, and, in what turned out to be a promising start to our tenth anniversary weekend, discovered that Jay Barksdale, our American representative, had arranged to pay for the wine! So we duly toasted him, and thanked him in absentia. The meal was a treat, we all agreed, with a very agreeable host.

Saturday dawned rather dry, blowy and chilly (like much of the weekend in fact). After the AGM in the Museum Library, we adjourned to the Schoolroom where Morine Krissdóttir had prepared a computer display of unfamiliar and unpublished photographs from the collection. Even when the Museum computer became rather bolshie on being asked to work with Morine's laptop (and with Judith Bond's) we were suitably enthused by the photos we were able to see, and very much look forward to viewing the rest in due course. Our thanks to Morine and Judith for the thoughtful care which had obviously gone into this project.

From Dorchester to Weymouth – and lunch first of all. Richard had booked tables at Hamilton's on Brunswick Terrace, with the sea lapping close by. We were inside, of course, for the breeze was distinctly cold...it was here that I was first made to realise that the sea horizon is always at eye level, no matter what one's elevation. Never too late...



Mary Jacobs, Janet Montefiore, Graham Pechey, Rosie Sykes on Brunswick Terrace

From here, Judith Stinton led us west along the esplanade, among the Bank Holiday crowds determined to pretend that it was summer already. Judith had prepared this walk to take in places associated with the novelist Rosemary Manning, with readings from her recollections of childhood in Weymouth. Eileen read these as best she could, against a variety of background noises. We worked our way ever westward, from her birthplace

at Gloucester Row on the esplanade, past the lost children's tent, first established by Manning's mother, through to the real old Weymouth, on the far side of the harbour, where we located houses in Trinity Street and Hope Street where Manning had lived. Then we walked out along the pier to the (very windy) end, and up the winding stair at the extremity, where Eileen finished the readings. Then we made our several ways back to Dorchester, and an early and very welcome meal at Prezzo's (Judge Jeffreys, as was). On the Sunday we reconvened at Judith Stinton's cottage in Maiden Newton. Here we celebrated the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Society with coffee and a slice of birthday cake. Then we walked or drove down to the newly-painted bridge over the Frome by Sylvia's house.



The weather was too chill for an entirely leisurely walk across the meadows so, after a quick scrutiny of the exterior of Sylvia's house, we headed off to Toller Fratrum. Here we found the small church open, though we had to negotiate a sizeable flock of soon-to-be-sheared sheep within the churchyard itself. We were soon joined by the churchwarden, Roger Simpson, who brought with him the old visitors' book, signed by both Sylvia and Valentine. He told us about the history of Toller Fratrum, along with a dollop of modern church life! Some of us had been here before during the September 2004 weekend, and it was lovely to see the little hamlet again in all its remoteness – though less than a mile from Maiden Newton as the crow flies. The sheep were still bleating their way clockwise round the

churchyard as we emerged to look at the charming manor house and stables close by.

Our last port of call was the Crown at Uploders, where we shared our room with three families, including seven small children! Talking was not easy, so after the meal we said our farewells in the car park, which was quieter. It had been a lovely weekend, and it was especially good to welcome back Mary Jacobs to our gathering. Thanks go to Richard for arranging the meals; to Judith Stinton for her hospitality and her thorough preparation of the walks and visits, and to Judith and Morine for the glimpses they gave us of the wealth of material in the STW/VA collection. And, finally, to everyone who livened up the weekend with interesting talk!

Eileen Johnson

Saturday September 18th – an STW day

12 noon Meet for an early lunch at Pen Mill Hotel, Sherborne Road. (We have intended to do this on several occasions, and have been hindered by fire, closure, and erratic opening times – success at last!) See below for Judith Bond's account below of the significance of this place.

1.30pm Drive to Lytes Cary Manor, near Charlton Mackrell, Somerton, TA11 7HU, visited by Sylvia in her *Somerset*, published in 1949.

A feminine river, shy, sly and gentle, the Cary imposes its ladylike character on a pastoral landscape of poplar screens dividing peculiarly slender fields, and wears like a family jewel the manor-house of Lytes Cary, with a garden full of clipped yew compartments, and a pair of very handsome gateposts rising from the scrambling margin of a country lane...

Other delights include a chapel, a croquet lawn, plants for sale and a tearoom. Admission to house and garden is £7.70. Lytes Cary is signposted from the A303; at the junction of the A37 take the A372.

(P.S. I think there's still a secondhand bookshop in Somerton.)

Judith Stinton

'Ancient Solitary Reign' at the Pen Mill Hotel

'Ancient solitary reign' was Sylvia's description of the time she spent at the Pen Mill Hotel, Yeovil, in September 1949, when Elizabeth Wade White came to spend the month with Valentine Ackland at the Frome Vauchurch

house. The affair between Elizabeth and Valentine had smouldered for years and flared up again early in 1949. In May Valentine announced that she loved Elizabeth and wanted to live with her. But she also could not bear not to be in 'close, household contact with Sylvia.' (VA's Diary 4 June 1949). This was the dilemma which was to disrupt all their lives for a long time to come. It was decided that Elizabeth would come later in the year for a visit, but Sylvia refused to be part of a *ménage à trois* and announced her intention of going to a hotel, the Pen Mill at Yeovil:

Before the end of July, Elizabeth's return ticket had whittled down the trip to a month, and the month had been postponed to September. I would spend it in Yeovil – a dull town, with no river and no poetry, but with a good train service and within easy reach. I would stay at a hotel which Valentine, posing as my secretary, had inspected. It was small and unpretentious. I would have a room with a view of a hillside and some trees. We agreed that we would not meet or write to each other, except in necessity.

From Narrative 10, 'I'll Stand By You', Pimlico: 1998

'I felt myself hanging between past and future,' she said in her diary on 5 August. The next few weeks were devoted to preparing the house for Elizabeth. Sylvia threw herself into practical arrangements and cleaned out cupboards, arranged books and put away objects that had a special significance for her and Valentine. She even unpicked her initials from pillowcases and towels. A new Vauxhall car was purchased, and Sylvia commented in her diary on 9 August 'it seems all right. So is Mrs Patrick of Pen Mill Hotel, when V rang up as my Secretary.' On 14 August she wrote 'In the afternoon I concocted two nightgowns and a dressing-gown for my trousseau as divorcée.' She prepared the garden and cleaned the rooms. 'Most of this spring-cleaning is self-indulgence. It takes my mind off it.' (STW's Diary, 16 August 1949).

But tension inevitably grew:

In three weeks time she [Elizabeth] will be here. Her foot trailing on the stairs, her glance dawdling over our possessions, her voice & smell filling the house.

Diary, 12 August 1949

Today, Valentine saying to me not to fret at P.M. [Pen Mill], grieve, but not fret or be gnawed, I answered that I could not vouch for the last week: it might be hard, I said, & I might be impelled to go to London. My blood stood still at her answer, that it was no use to look so far ahead.

Diary, 21 August 1949

These ensuing days are bound to have thorns, and I sat in front of the house, in one of the new-painted chairs, counting how many they were; these days that I almost count to come to the last of them, and yet know that they may be the last days I shall live with her.

Diary, 26 August 1949

At last, the day of her exile arrived:

At 6 Valentine brought me to Pen Mill. Now it is 9 and I wonder how I can last out even till tomorrow when I go back to look after the animals and spend the night. My room looks out on the main road, with buses – behind is the station. I have a view of the laundry, some public trees, and a poor, almost real wood. I have a choice of a bent-wood chair, an easy one that is not easy, and the window-sill, which is best. It is really a nice room, plain, and clean, no pictures; and at dinner there was a good deal of that pathetic English food, so well-meaning, and so dreary. There is a nice waitress, foreign I think. All the other guests are men. Valentine rang me, and there has been a Mozart qu[arte]t, and presently there will be the Winterreise. And I feel idiotic with grief, with care, with bewilderment, with exhaustion of spirit. This is where I have travelled since May. Yet my love left me swearing I was her love and that it rested with me to save her if again she is whirled away. I see she dreads it. I feel I have not enough strength left for dread. For one moment in the dining-room, I staggered to life, feeling myself returned to that melancholy, saturnine young animal wandering about for Tudor Church Music – at Wimborne, at Norwich, and in Oxford. And so I think of refugees.

Diary, 31 August 1949

After one evening and night at the Pen Mill, Sylvia returned to Frome Vauchurch to look after the house and pets while Valentine went to meet Elizabeth at the airport. She wrote a letter to Valentine while she was there: *I will do well at Pen Mill, I promise you. It is very comfortable, and the proprietress is kind. She brought me a cup of early morning tea.*

STW to VA, 1 September 1949, from 'I'll Stand By You'

In her diary on 1 September she wrote:

About 4, just as I was getting ready to go [to return to Pen Mill], I had a violent sudden impression of Now they are looking at each other, with passion and desire flashing between them. Strangely enough, it was not in the least painful: too violent, I suppose, too pure. And now I am in my severe little isolation-cell, and – how soon, how tragically soon the feeling of home establishes itself – looking round on it ownerly.

Diary, 2 September 1949

Despite her efforts in her letter of 1 September to be positive, Sylvia felt able to tell Valentine the truth in a letter on 3 September:

Now that it is over, I can tell you that on my first evening here I thought I could not endure it.

I have never known such a vacuity of time. One talks of time going slowly, of time dragging: but this was like no time at all, as though time has ebbed out of the texture of existence. I sat on the window-sill and looked at the laundry, and wondered if I should go mad. I thought I would read your autobiography, but I could not, all I knew was that whenever I turned a page I thought, there's a page less. And what shall I do when I have finished it? I tried to write. I even tried to darn a stocking. I turned on the wireless, and couldn't hear. When you rang up I must have sounded drunk, I think; but really I was stupefied. In the end, about eleven, I knew I must compel myself to something, and I remembered that providential list of Gaster's drugs; and indexed the ointments. I have often been grateful for the alphabet, but never more than that evening; for it gave me enough courage to go to bed.

But I do think this is really a very good place to have come to. The bed is marrowy, I don't mind the room being noisy, for it is a mechanical, not a human noise. The cook makes very good Violet soups, and there is plenty to eat: so much meat I think you ought to come and stay here during the winter, to keep your strength up. I suppose it is because it is a hotel for men. There is, I discover, one woman, but she is in bed with a chill. (No, it doesn't sound in the least like polio. A doctor sees her, and says it is chill, I know all this because I listened to her husband answering kind enquiries, mingled (they were from another man) with commiserations on having to carry up trays.)

And there are quantities of buses, raging out in all directions. And Mrs. Patrick is friendly, but not talkative. I am feeling perfectly well, and I have not had another Soneryl, or needed one.

STW to VA, 3 September 1949 from 'I'll Stand By You'

In spite of all the emotional upset, Sylvia was determined to use her time in exile as best she could.

The first of my ancient solitary reign. [...] I went to my room with a pint of cider and translated a revenant story for La Légende de la Mort.

Diary, 3 September 1949

La Légende de la Mort was a collection by Anatole le Braz of stories about death, assembled from the word-of-mouth tales told by Breton folk. 'I translated the story of the stolen linen. It neatly filled the morning,' she wrote in her diary on 5 September. She wrote letters, listened to the wireless, darned stockings and read voraciously, including Valentine's autobiography when she could bear to. She spent three days with Alyse Gregory in East Chaldon from 9 to 12 September. And in determined fashion, she took buses and trains from Yeovil out to the more interesting parts of Somerset, such as Mudford and Thorney and walked for miles around villages, churches and osier beds. Here she discovered a Mr Rogers who 'makes a very honest basket' (Diary, 5 September 1949). Towards the end of the exile she met Janet Machen in Dorchester, who made an apt observation. "'You'll be glad when it's over,'" said she, and I agreed heartily. "Yes, it's so hard on one's legs." A discerning comment, and such as Arthur-cum-Purefoy might have made.' (Diary, 27 September 1949 25 - 3))

She recorded anecdotes about her expeditions in her diary and in her letters to Valentine, their resolution not to write to each other having been almost immediately abandoned. In fact, during the month, they made contact nearly every day by phone or letter, and also actually met on at least eight occasions. Sylvia even returned to Frome Vauchurch on three occasions to be with Valentine, when Elizabeth was elsewhere, and did some surreptitious gardening and housework which she hoped would not be noticed by Elizabeth.

At the end of her first week Sylvia wrote in her diary:
Last Wednesday at this hour I was driving here with her. This week has had every possible amelioration, novelty, two days at home, that really happy and delighting walk from Thorney - and, above all, her letter left in the typewriter. Yet I have had to drive myself on through it; and there are three more weeks to come, and if I wonder how I can last out, what of my darling?
Diary, 7 September 1949 '5 of my a.s.r.'

Sylvia was very concerned about Valentine's ability to cope with the strain of the situation.
Saw my Love at the carriage window - and then she walked towards me, and my blood froze to see how pale, how drained she looked. Her arm no better, and the pain escaping the moment the pheno-barb Gaster gave her looses its power, her mind harassed and her heart forlorn.
Diary, 23 September 1949 (21 - 7)

There were bleak days for Sylvia too. It was announced that Elizabeth's return flight to the USA was to be one day later than planned: 'The threat of one more day as a D.P. [Displaced Person] was like a thousand.' (Diary, 13 September 1949 '11th of a.s.r.'). Her earlier reference to 'refugees' and now to 'D.P.' give an indication of the fear she must have felt for the future. Sometimes her walks reflected her state of mind:

And in the afternoon I followed a suburban road that turned into a lane, and thus became acquainted with the power-station, the sewage-farm, and the rubbish dump. It rained a little, and the banks of the Yeo had a clothing of nettles and brambles, and willows that spoke of home, and here and there a fringe of purple-flowered rushes, broken by the wind.

Diary, 15 September 1949

For the last week of her 'ancient solitary reign' Sylvia prepared to move to the Hillside Hotel, a little nearer to Yeovil than the Pen Mill. She had begun to feel some affection for the Pen Mill: 'Tomorrow I leave this room with its low wide window sill that I first sat in in such misery and which my love's constancy has made almost endeared.' (Diary, 20 September 1949 '18 a.s.r.'). She was still to return to Pen Mill for meals and to collect her mail. 'No letters at P.M. so I left early for Hillside Hotel - into a room which I think will never be endeared but 'twill serve.' (Diary, 21 September 1949 '19 of a.s.r. 9 more to wait'). She went to the cinema that evening. 'And now I am back, listening to Haydn quartets (vocal) and hoping it will not be so wet tomorrow; for this is a cheerless room to be uneasy in.'

The strain was beginning to tell as the end of her 'ancient solitary reign' drew nearer:

Coming back from dinner at Pen Mill (which I now enter like a returning yearning exile) I wondered how I could endure the evening. I have endured it by means of the wireless and darning stockings, and rosewater; for my face feels as though I had a slight fever though I don't think I have, only fret and trepidation. But I must expect to feel more frightened every day. Now it is late enough in the evening to think of tomorrow.

Diary, 22 September 1949 (20 of a.s.r. 8 to go)

On her last day in Yeovil, Sylvia reflected on her exile:
After my last dinner at Pen Mill I was asked into the bar and given a little vin d'honneur and said, with intention, that kind Mrs Patrick would see me again. And presently I must pack. It is a smoky warm evening, there are many dead leaves on the pavements now, and children pick up conkers. Four Wednesdays ago I was spending my first evening in desolation and fear. What do I remember, beyond the intervals with my love, and the visit

to Chydyok? The Thorney moor, Pill Bridge and the sudden poem, the goods train in the siding at Athelney station, the river Yeovil the river Isle and the river Tone, the window-sill at Pen Mill, and the geraniums – of this house, nothing! – S. Nicholas, the child with the kitten that had a little baby ... and Mme de Sevigné, and Diderot and six translations - no, seven from La Légende.

I have done very little, and writing does not come back to me, alas! – Now I will re-read my Love's autobiography if I dare; but she is not home yet. Tomorrow is S. Michael and A.A., and Friday Oh, and I must always remember the comfortable noise of trains in the middle of the night.

Diary, 28 September 1949

Pen Mill certainly provided her with a refuge and with some comfort, the Hillside Hotel less so. However, as the above diary shows, she still feared for the future, both for her relationship and for her work as a writer. The 'Ancient Solitary Reign' drew to its close:

I was like them that dream when I left Yeovil; and when Mrs King brought me here I still delayed, talking to Thos: and then to Shan, controlling my feeling that I should find Eliz: upstairs. But the poor thing has gone, on this misty autumn-smelling morning.

Diary, 29 September 1949 (27: 1)

The situation between Valentine and Elizabeth was not resolved, and Sylvia walked to the station to meet Valentine on 30 September on her return from seeing Elizabeth off on her flight. In her diary for that day Sylvia recorded her thoughts as she walked: 'Not hope, I said to myself, but more trust than ever before.'

Judith Bond



The Pen Mill Hotel today

NEWS FROM THE ARCHIVE It has been a busy few months at the STW Archive. We have had a researcher from King's College, London,

one from Oxford, one from University of Pennsylvania and one will be coming from New York in August. We have also been sending information to a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Nanterre, Paris. In addition, there was a request for a work composed by STW for a possible performance at a music festival, as well as a number of email queries. Earlier in June we were delighted to welcome Mary Jacobs back to the Room. Since some of the Ph.D. candidates have come from a distance and want to work a number of days consecutively, it has meant more time than usual at the museum for me. My thanks to Eileen Johnson and Judith Stinton for invigilating on occasion and, as always, my thanks to Judith Bond, without whom I could not offer the necessary service to researchers.

Members might be interested in the wide range of research projects now being done on Warner and Ackland. One topic is literary women's friendships between the two World Wars with a chapter on STW and VA; another concerns 'intellectual antifascist women during the Spanish Civil War,' another the 'collaborative relationship' between STW and VA in connection with their poems. One is trying to find out more about Tommy Tomlin which might cast more light on his friendship with STW. A very useful piece of research is being conducted on STW's biography of T.H. White as part of a larger project on 'Biographical Practices in British Women's Writing, 1928-1978.'

As well as busy researchers, the Archive welcomed relatives of the late Jean Larson who visited the Room and who were particularly interested in the large collection of photographs we have. Larson's daughter, Janet Wareham, has bequeathed to the Archive a large cache of letters from Sylvia to Jean and a smaller number from Valentine to Jean. These cover many years and a wide variety of topics and provide a welcome insight into their everyday interests. I came across a letter from William Maxwell (a former literary executor and the editor of *Sylvia Townsend Warner Letters*. Maxwell asked Jean Larson if he might include letters to her from Sylvia. As it turned out they came to late and only one was included but in his thank you letter, Maxwell wrote (April 24, 1981)

I thought I knew the details of Sylvia's life during the last ten years fairly well; what I didn't know was how much of her ability to manage depended on your shopping for her.... You have contributed not only to her serenity and comfort, but to the writing of those extraordinary stories that made in my opinion the last five years of her life most productive... I feel that everyone who loved her owes you a debt of gratitude.

How much Sylvia came to love *her*, especially in the later years, is apparent in a letter to Joy Chute (6 Sept, 1973):

Jean Larson came [to cousin Hilary's yearly *Serenata*] looking elegant as a sylph. This time her dress was right way round. She came to dinner earlier in the year in a stately confection of black taffeta - given to me as a cast-off & later given as a cast-off to Jean; and looked like Congreve's Mourning Bride, with the diving décolletage showing off her pretty white back. She is like the proverb about Spain: nothing is right & nothing goes wrong.

Morine Krissdottir

MORE JOY IN HEAVEN

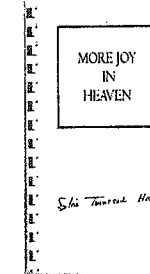
More Joy in Heaven, a short story collection by STW was originally published by The Cresset Press in 1935. The copy held in the STW/VA Archive has been signed by Sylvia with the words 'Sylvia Townsend Warner who wrote them at Frankfort Manor in Norfolk, 1933-34.' There appear to be two versions, the first being bound in green cloth and the second in red cloth, with the green cloth version considered to be superior in terms of print quality. The price at the time of publication was 3s 6d.

It contains nine stories, three of which had previously been published: *The Property of a Lady* in *The New Statesman and Nation* in October 1933, *The Nosegay* in *The Cornhill Magazine* in April 1934 and *The Democrat's Daughter* also in *The Cornhill* in November 1934. The other stories are *More Joy in Heaven*, *Celia*, *Try There*, *A Village Death*, *Blood Royal* and *Sixpence*.

The nine stories were also published in a volume entitled *24 Short Stories* (London, Cresset Press, 1939) with stories by Graham Greene and James Laver. Since then, *The Nosegay* and *The Property of a Lady* have been reprinted in *Selected Stories* (Chatto & Windus, London, 1988) and *A Village Death* in *Dorset Stories* (Black Dog Books, Norwich, 2006).

If anyone has tried to purchase a copy of *More Joy in Heaven* or *24 Short Stories* you will know that they are very hard to come by and also very expensive if you do manage to track one down. I have produced a home-

made edition (on my limited printing equipment) of a booklet containing the nine stories. This is available only to members of the STW Society, at a charge of £4.99 to cover printing costs and £1 for postage. If you would like a copy, please contact me on judithbond@hotmail.co.uk or 26 Portwey Close, Weymouth, DT4 8RF. Please make cheques payable to 'J. M. Bond'.



St Basil, TOLLER FRATRUM

This small church, plain, grey and single-celled, can be found at the end of a muddy track in a graveyard full of sheep. The interior is filled with battered old pews and some primitive electrical wiring. But the church holds two great treasures – a stone fragment above the altar, showing Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ, which is of Norman date - and the font, which is probably even older. This is carved with expressionless, doll-like figures of varying sizes, and with what Nikolaus Pevsner in his Dorset guide called 'a quadruped simply shown turned by ninety degrees so that it all lies on its side'.

The font is a mystery, with a distinctly pagan air about it. Yet (and this is typical of Dorset) the whole effect of the place is deeply religious, as befits a hamlet which once housed the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem (the 'Fratrum' of Toller's name).

Like Sylvia and Valentine, the artist John Piper loved this place, which he photographed several times. He once drove overnight from Henley to show

the church to a friend, returning home the next day. John Betjeman admired it too – and all these names can be seen in the old visitors' book.

Now St Basil's is facing a financial crisis. If any members would like to help, they can become Friends of the church. Membership is £10.00 a year, and other donations are welcome. Cheques, made payable to 'Friends of St Basil, Toller Fratrum', should be sent to the Membership Secretary, Mrs I Mitchell, Chilfrome Cottage, Chilfrome, Dorset DT2 0HA.

Judith Stinton

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER SOCIETY

1. Objectives

The Society is formed to promote a wider readership and better understanding of the *life and works* of Sylvia Townsend Warner.

2. Membership

2.1 Membership of the Society is open to all persons interested in furthering the objectives of the Society, on payment of the annual subscription fee.

2.2 Annual subscriptions are due on 1st January each year.

2.3 A member who fails to pay the annual subscription fee within three months of the due date will be so notified by the Treasurer. If that member fails to pay within a further three months, then his or her membership shall be terminated.

2.4 Every member shall receive a copy of the constitution.

2.5 The Committee reserves the right to refuse membership to any individual if that is its agreed opinion.

2.6 The Committee has the right to accord Honorary membership to any person who in their opinion so deserves. Honorary membership is for life or for such a period determined by the Committee.

3. Administration

3.1 The general conduct of the affairs of the Society is the responsibility of, and determined by, the Committee. All roles of the Committee shall be honorary in nature.

3.2 The Committee shall be composed of *six members*, of which three comprise a quorum. *The Committee has the authority, if the need arises, to increase the membership to 7 full places.*

3.3 *The officers of the Committee are as follows:*

a) *Chairman*

b) *Secretary*

c) *Membership Secretary and Treasurer*

d) *Newsletter Editor*

e) *Journal Editor*

f) *Events Organiser*

3.4 Certain agreed functions may be delegated by the Committee to those members expressing an interest in such matters. They may be brought on to the Committee on a temporary basis to give help and/or advice if the members are in agreement.

3.5 The responsibilities of the Committee are as follows:

a) Controlling the management, policies and financial affairs of the Society.

b) Ensuring that the objectives of the Society are maintained.

c) Publicising the work of the Society in accordance with agreed criteria.

d) Maintaining and increasing the membership of the Society.

e) Arranging and conducting the Annual General Meeting and other agreed functions.

All members to receive adequate advance warning of the dates and venues of such events.

f) Ensuring that an appropriate annual audit of the Society's finances is carried out prior to the AGM, and duly presented by the Treasurer at the AGM.

g) Determining the annual subscription rate.

h) Receiving donations and bequests.

i) Meeting at least twice each year to discuss Society affairs. In all matters relating to the Society, the Committee has absolute authority to act as it sees fit between the AGMs of the Society. All actions taken are to be reported at the next AGM.

3.6 The term of office of any Committee member shall not exceed three years, when new elections must be held. Committee members whose term of office has expired may register for re-election.

3.7 *When an election is due, any member who is interested in standing for an office may notify the Secretary in writing before 1 March of that year. The current Committee members may do the same if they wish to continue on the Committee. If there is more than one nomination for any one office, ballot papers will be sent out with the Spring Newsletter with a return deadline for members to vote and settle the issue.*

3.8 The copyright holder of Sylvia Townsend Warner is entitled to appoint a person to attend Committee meetings as a non-voting, honorary member.

4. The Annual General Meetings

4.1 Notice of the AGM shall be sent to every member, together with the agenda and any necessary voting papers.

4.2 The agenda must as a minimum include:

a) A presentation of reports on membership, finance and the activities of the Committee.

b) The election where required of the Committee members.

c) Allowance for discussions and comments from the floor.

d) The appointment of a person responsible for auditing.

4.3 The Chair of the Society is the chair of the AGM.

4.4 Voting shall be by a show of hands, a simple majority being sufficient for a decision. The casting vote if tied being by the Chair.

4.5 Resolutions for discussion at the AGM must be received in writing at least one

month before the meeting, and must include the proposer and seconder.

4.6 An Extraordinary General Meeting may be convened at SIX weeks' notice, either at the wish of the Committee, or by not less than 25 ordinary members.

5. Publications

5.1 The Journal should contain a balance between all aspects of the life and writings of Sylvia Townsend Warner.

5.2 The Journal shall be published annually in the Autumn.

5.3 The copyright holder will allow the Journal to use material without a copyright fee, so long as permission has been agreed by the copyright holder, and with the understanding that the material is to be used for non-commercial purposes.

5.4 The Newsletter will be published in the Spring and Summer.

6. Amendments to the Constitution

6.1 These shall be made only through the conducting of a mail ballot by the Committee of all the members of the society, with the approval of two-thirds of the members who vote.

6.2 A mail ballot cannot be used to effect the termination of the Society. This can only be carried out by a two-thirds majority vote at the AGM.

Notes

Changes are indicated in italics.

Paragraph 5.3 of the original constitution, 'The editor of the Journal will be appointed for three years, but can be re-appointed for a further period by a majority vote of the Committee', has been deleted as the Journal Editor is now one of the elected members of the Committee, and is not appointed.

Paragraph 3.3 of the old constitution has also been deleted:

'The following duties of the Society shall be allocated and divided between the Committee members:

- a) Chair of the Society.
- b) Secretary of the Society.
- c) Treasurer of the Society.
- d) Responsibility for advertising, promotion of events etc.
- e) Responsibility for the publication of the Society's Journal.
- f) Responsibility for other Society publications'

as a list of the six Committee members has now been inserted.