

The Espalter, Time Imporuned, Opus 7, Rainbow, Whether a Dove or Seagull, Boxwood, King Duffus, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Lolly Willowses, Mr Fortune's Maggot, The True Heart, Summer Will Show, After The Death of Don Juan, The Corner that Held Them, The Flint Anchor, The Maze, Some World Far From Ours and 'Stay Corydon, Thou Swain', Elinor Barley, A Moral Ending, The Salvation, More Joy in Heaven, The Cat's Cradle Book, A Garland of Straw, The Museum of Cheats, Winter in The Air, A Spirit Rises, Sketches from Nature, A Stranger with a Bag, Swans on an Autumn River, Two Conversation Pieces, The Innocent and The Guilty, Kingdoms of Elfin, Scenes of Childhood, One Thing Leading to Another, Selected Stories, Somerset, Jane Austen, T.H.White: A Biography, Letters, The Diaries of Sylvia Townsend Warner, The Espalter, Time Imporuned, Opus 7, Rainbow, Whether a Dove or Seagull, Boxwood, King Duffus, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Lolly Willowses, Mr Fortune's Maggot, The True Heart, Summer Will Show, After The Death of Don Juan, The Corner that Held Them, The Flint Anchor, The Maze, Some World Far From Ours and 'Stay Corydon, Thou Swain', Elinor Barley, A Moral Ending, The Salvation, More Joy in Heaven, The Cat's Cradle Book, A Garland of Straw, The Museum of Cheats, Winter in The Air, A Spirit Rises, Sketches from Nature, A Stranger with a Bag, Swans on an Autumn River, Two Conversation Pieces, The Innocent and The Guilty, Kingdoms of Elfin, Scenes of Childhood, One Thing Leading to Another, Selected Stories, Somerset, Jane Austen, T.H.White: A Biography, Letters, The Diaries of Sylvia Townsend Warner, The Espalter, Time Imporuned, Opus 7, Rainbow, Whether a Dove or Seagull, Boxwood, King Duffus, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Lolly Willowses, Mr Fortune's Maggot, The True Heart, Summer Will Show, After The Death of Don Juan, The Corner that Held Them, The Flint Anchor, The Maze, Some World Far From Ours and 'Stay Corydon, Thou Swain', Elinor Barley, A Moral Ending, The Salvation, More Joy in Heaven, The Cat's Cradle Book, A Garland of Straw, The Museum of Cheats, Winter in The Air, A Spirit Rises, Sketches from Nature, A Stranger with a Bag, Swans on an Autumn River, Two Conversation Pieces, The Innocent and The Guilty, Kingdoms of Elfin, Scenes of Childhood, One Thing Leading to Another, Selected Stories, Somerset, Jane Austen, T.H.White: A Biography, Letters, The Diaries of Sylvia Townsend Warner, The Espalter, Time Imporuned, Opus 7, Rainbow, Whether a Dove or Seagull, Boxwood, King Duffus, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Lolly Willowses, Mr Fortune's

The Sylvia Townsend Warner Society Newsletter Number Twenty Five

Maggot, The True Heart, Summer Will Show, After The Death of Don Juan, The Corner that Held Them, The Flint Anchor, The Maze, Some World Far From Ours and 'Stay Corydon, Thou Swain', Elinor Barley, A Moral Ending, The Salvation, More Joy in Heaven, The Cat's Cradle Book, A Garland of Straw, The Museum of Cheats, Winter in The Air, A Spirit Rises, Sketches from Nature, A Stranger with a Bag, Swans on an Autumn River, Two Conversation Pieces, The Innocent and The Guilty, Kingdoms of Elfin, Scenes of Childhood, One Thing Leading to Another, Selected Stories, Somerset, Jane Austen, T.H.White: A Biography, Letters, The Diaries of Sylvia Townsend Warner, The Espalter, Time Imporuned, Opus 7, Rainbow, Whether a Dove or Seagull, Boxwood, King Duffus, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Lolly Willowses, Mr Fortune's Maggot, The True Heart, Summer Will Show, After The Death

The Sylvia Townsend Warner Society

Chair: Eileen Johnson
2 Vicarage Lane,
Dorchester, Dorset DT1 1LH
01305 266023

Hon. Secretary: Lynn Mirtal
26 Dorchester Road, Frampton,
Dorset DT2 9ND

Hon. Treasurer and Membership Secretary: Judith Bond
26 Portwey Close, Weymouth,
Dorset DT4 8RF

Newsletter Editor: Judith Sinton
21 Cattistock Road, Maiden Newton,
Dorset DT2 0AG

Events Organiser: Richard Seale
8 Furbers Paddock, Stratton,
Dorset DT2 9TR
01305 269204

Journal Editor: Helen Sutherland,
57 Hickman Street (O/2)
Govanhill, Glasgow
G42 7HR
H.Sutherland@educ.gla.ac.uk

© 2012: copyright is retained by all contributors
Sylvia Townsend Warner © Tanya Stobbs
The Society's own website is online at

<http://www.townsendwarner.com>

NEWSLETTER NUMBER TWENTY FIVE

This, the Summer Newsletter, contains accounts of this year's Sylvia Townsend Warner weekend, which took place over three days at the end of June. It was a well-attended and highly successful occasion, attracting both members and non-members of the Society.

Two of the events were dedicated to the memory of Dr Mary Jacobs, an active and enthusiastic contributor to the Society, who died in May. The Newsletter opens with tributes to her.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: a reminder

If you haven't yet paid for 2012, 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.

MARY JACOBS, 1958-2012

I first met Mary Jacobs at the annual Sylvia Townsend Warner Society meeting in May 2005, where she wowed us all with her lecture on the Marxist subtext of 'The Cats' Cradle Book'. The next day I walked with her around the 'Five Maries' hillocks, the start of a friendship I still treasure, and the first of many conversations about the works of STW and others, including A.S.Byatt – who, I learned much later, had been Mary's tutor at University College, London. Dame Byatt told me later that Mary had been 'one of the best students I ever taught' and a fine poet. 'She already had a wonderful voice, and didn't seem to know how good her poems were.' Mary had by then started her doctoral thesis on Sylvia Townsend Warner at Plymouth University where she had begun to teach (she was clearly a born teacher). When I was asked to be her External Examiner I agreed at once - it was clear from the lecture and from her essay on STW and the politics of the English pastoral that her Ph D thesis would be something special. As STW Society members know, every time we heard Mary speak on STW or read

her scholarship, we learned something new and deeply illuminating.

When in 2009 I learned of Mary's breast cancer, I was distressed but hopeful. Without wishing to repeat what STW described as the 'bloodcurdling' unanimity of well-wishers whose friends 'have had a breast amputated and have never been so happy or thriving as they are now', I did think that Mary's chances of pulling round were a lot better than Valentine's. And she managed the 2010 STW meeting despite being still on chemotherapy, physically fragile but otherwise her usual warmly responsive, illuminating self. In February 2011, when we learned that her cancer was terminal, Professor Mary Joannou, my fellow External Examiner, made the brilliant suggestion to Plymouth University that Mary be awarded a Ph D aegrotat. I was delighted to support this move, for Mary had easily earned her doctorate; her published work on STW, though short, achieves more substantial scholarship, insight and original criticism than quite a few of the doctoral theses I have examined over the years. I visited Mary, now Dr Jacobs, in Exeter that year, was welcomed by her husband Sid and their beautiful children Georgia and Leo, and admired them all for achieving so much happy ordinariness without denying the realities of their situation. In the months of correspondence that remained, I loved and admired Mary's warmth, courage, intelligence, honesty and generosity in sharing her STW scholarship. Her packed out funeral at the Friends Meeting House in Exeter and the tributes of her friends showed how many others loved her too.

Janet Montefiore

MARY JACOBS

Mary joined the Sylvia Townsend Warner Society in 2003 and our members have benefitted enormously from her immense scholarship and intuitive understanding of Warner, which shines through all the articles she so generously contributed to the Society's publications. And her work always had that extra dimension – her love and understanding of Warner as a human being, not just as an academic subject, which came through so clearly and gave us all such pleasure.

Mary was always a warm and gentle presence at our meetings, with her unfailing interest and generosity towards others and their work, and her thoughtful contribution to discussion. For myself, my most exciting and memorable 'Warner experience' was when Mary and I collaborated on an article about MIS's surveillance of Warner during the 1930s. This was great fun, as well as being a stimulating intellectual exercise, and I will always remember Mary's encouragement and way of finding the best in my part of the work – the attributes of an excellent teacher.

The Society will miss her enormously and each individual member whose life she touched will remember her with gratitude, pleasure, and pride in having known her.

Judith Bond

Membership Secretary and Treasurer, The Sylvia Townsend Warner Society

MARY JACOBS: A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

It was May 2003. Members of the Society had gathered in the church at Chaldon Herring for a concert to celebrate Sylvia's life and work. The Chydock Singers were in good voice and the place was filled with music, talk and laughter. During the performance I became aware that someone had slipped in and was sitting quietly at the back – it was Mary. She had stumbled fortuitously upon us while on a visit to Chaldon in the early stages of her doctoral research. The place and the occasion worked their magic; meeting Mary was like greeting an old friend, she joined the Society and soon became one of its most active members, attending May weekends with her husband Sid and becoming a frequent visitor to the STW/VA archive.

Three years later we were to enjoy the first fruits of Mary's research when she gave a paper – 'The Politics of Disclosure and the Fable' – to a small and appreciative group in the library of the Dorset County Museum. The occasion, inspired in part perhaps by the presiding spirits of Barnes, Hardy and Warner too – will live long in the memory of those there. Not only was Mary a distinguished Warner scholar but an eloquent speaker as those attending Ways With Words festivals at Dartington were already aware. According to Sid she was adored by her students at Plymouth University and it was easy to see why, but what struck me too was Mary's engaging modesty. When I asked if I could publish her paper in the Journal she seemed genuinely surprised and delighted at the prospect. I thought then that we should have an annual Warner lecture and now at last we have – the Mary Jacobs Memorial Lecture.

While editing the Journal I became increasingly aware that an important element of Warner's work remained unpublished. The large number of articles, essays and reviews stored away in the archive gave me the idea for a selection of her non fiction but it was a daunting task and one that I had shelved indefinitely until I first heard of Mary's illness. Could I dedicate *With The Hunted* to her? She was thrilled and, despite the debilitating effects of her treatment it became a collaborative venture and, ultimately, a race against time. She lived just long enough to see an advance copy and, though *With The Hunted* is my personal tribute to Mary, it is also her gift to us all.

Looking back on these years I am reminded of Gurdjieff's *Meetings With Remarkable Men*. He doesn't appear to have met too many remarkable women but, as I discovered, one doesn't need to travel in exotic places to do so. In that Dorset church in 2003 I met two remarkable women – Janet Machen and Mary Jacobs – and it was at another concert for Sylvia in Oxford in 2008, that I met them again and for the last time. Talking with Mary on the lawn of St Anne's College I could not help but admire her tireless enthusiasm for Warner's work, to say nothing of her infectious smile and graceful presence. I wish now I'd had the time to know Mary better but, like so many others, I count myself fortunate enough to have known her at all.

Peter Tolhurst

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER WEEKEND June 29-July 1

The weekend began with a day-long conference 'Revisiting Sylvia Townsend Warner' held at Dorset County Museum and organised by Vike Plock and Alex Hamilton from the University of Exeter with the support of the STW Society. Thanks go to Judith Bond, for all her work on our behalf.

Eileen Johnson opened the proceedings, paying tribute to Mary Jacobs on behalf of the Society. She was followed by Morine Krissdóttir, who gave a brief introduction to the Museum's history and that of the STW Archive.

There were thirteen papers in all. The scene was set by Mary Joannou's discussion of political women writers of the 1930s, and by Jan Montefiore's examination of STW scholarship since her death in 1978.

The papers which followed were wide-ranging. Works discussed included *Mr. Fortune's Maggot*, *Scenes of Childhood and After*, *After the Death of Don Juan* and STW's political poetry. Rebecca Hahn perceptively analysed one of Sylvia's short stories, 'The Green Torso', Lynn Mutti gave a timely

paper on STW's music in *The Corner That Held Them* and Ailsa Granne's 'Dialogue between Sylvia Townsend Warner and Valentine Ackland' was also most illuminating. Jennifer Poulos Nesbitt paper was an insight into teaching *Lolly Willowses* to students, and Peter Swaab discussed Warner's highly original use of similes.

The conference was followed by the launch of *With the Hunted: Selected Writings of Sylvia Townsend Warner*, selected by Peter Tolhurst and published by Black Dog Books (see enclosed flyer for further details). And the day was rounded off with a buffet meal, smoothly organised by Richard Searle at Panini's café in Dorchester. The food was delicious, and the buffet arrangement enabled people to move around and chat freely. Conversation flowed; the day had gone well.

Saturday morning saw the well-attended AGM, which was held, like most other events, in the Museum's Victorian Gallery. Members then had the opportunity for a walk in STW's Dorchester, led by Eileen Johnson, a ramble which ended rather neatly in the Kings Arms, where the walkers rejoined some more sedate members for a leisurely lunch.

WORDS AND MUSIC WITH SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

The Society's hugely successful concert of readings and music by and associated with Sylvia Townsend Warner took place on the afternoon of 30 June in the Dorset County Museum: it attracted an audience of more than 50 people. Although sponsored and presented by the Society it was an event thought up, arranged and organised by Lynn Mutti. Following the recent, untimely death of our dear friend and Society member Mary Jacobs, the concert was dedicated to her memory. Her husband Sid, her children Georgia and Leo and her sister were among the audience.

After an opening with readings from Black Dog's latest collection of Warner's writing, *With the Hunted*, by the book's editor Peter Tolhurst, we were treated to the first of several choral and vocal works sung by the local Barn Choir under their conductor and director, Dr. Richard Hall, with mezzo-soprano Julia Simpson. They began with two of Warner's editions published in the popular version of *Tudor Church Music* and the choir sang two more later in the programme. With Richard Hall at the piano, the soloist then sang two splendid songs composed by Warner: her setting of Thomas Hardy's poem *She at his Funeral* and *The Lonely Traveller* to words by her

friend Stephen Tomlin. Both works were composed during the first decades of the 20th century and showed Warner's true promise as a composer. They were very much of the period and complemented perfectly the songs by the established composers Herbert Howells, Gerald Finzi and Vaughan Williams which we heard later.

All the musical settings were interspersed with readings by Society members, Jay Barksdale, Judith Bond, Eileen Johnson and Lynn Mutti, using well-chosen texts to illustrate the range and diversity of Warner's prose style: humorous; serious, quirky and skittish.

Jay Barksdale opened the second half of the concert by reading Warner's poem *Azrael*, a favourite of so many of us including Mary Jacobs. It was followed by the UK premiere of the poem set as a solo song by Jonathan David who had travelled from the USA especially to hear it. Jay's friend Beth sang the world premiere performance in New York and we were honoured that she too was in the audience, making it a truly memorable occasion.

The musical finale featured the Barn Choir in two part-songs by Gerald Finzi: *I Praise the Tender Flower* followed by the moving and uplifting *My spirit sang all day* both from *Seven Unaccompanied Part-songs* by Robert Bridges.

Our thanks must go to Dorset County Museum for allowing the Society to hold the concert in their acoustically perfect Victorian Gallery; to Lynn Mutti whose tireless energy and perseverance made the concert happen; to Richard Hall, the Barn Choir and Julia Simpson for bringing us a wonderful musical experience; and to all the readers of Sylvia Townsend Warner's exceptional writing. Theirs will certainly be a hard act to follow.

Sunday saw the now traditional visit to Chaldon and its churchyard, with poetry readings by Sylvia's grave. Lunch, organised by Richard Searle, was had in the Sailor's Return (now under new management). Our party filled the whole of the back room. Despite the extra day, the time had gone by very quickly, we felt, as we parted until next year.

Richard Searle & Judith Stinton

A LILY WORTHY OF HER HIRE

In her short memoir *Being a Lily*, published in the collection *Scenes from Childhood*¹ STW tells us of the time when she was living "with economic trimness" on £250 per annum. This comprised an allowance from her family of £100 and an annual salary of £150 paid to her by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust for editorial work on *Tudor Church Music*.²

Initially, shortly after her father's death in 1916, Warner was content to work with Dr Richard Terry without remuneration in order to acquaint herself with Tudor music and to learn the old notation. By the middle of the following year, however, it had become clear to her family that Sylvia's labours should be rewarded; her significant contribution to the Tudor church music project and the amount of time she was devoting to it deserved payment. It fell to her late father's brother Robert, Sylvia's uncle Bertie, to take charge of the matter and express his concern. In a letter dated 21 June 1917, from an address in Dean's Yard, Westminster, he wrote to the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust as follows:

"My reason for writing to you is in connection with the Tudor & Elizabethan Church Music publication undertaken by the Carnegie trust.

My niece (Miss Sylvia Warner of Grove Hill Harrow) is devoting a great part of her time under Dr Terry to this work, for which she gets no pay. I understand what she does is not merely transcription of MSS but also adaptation of notation etc, & that her work requires considerable musical knowledge & is of no little value, & it seems to me not unreasonable that she should be paid something for it. It is true she took on the work gratis, & is paid out-of-pocket expenses, but she has been at it about a year now & has given a great deal of her time to it. She hesitates about asking for anything herself, so I have taken it on myself to write to you for her, as her father died last year.

I should be very much obliged if you would consider whether your Trust could pay her for the services which she is rendering to their project – if the labourer is worthy of her hire I am sure the Trust does not want to take her time for nothing.

Yrs sincerely,

R. T Warner"³

In their reply ⁴ the Trust recognized that STW's position had changed: she had "become a valuable help rather than an interested pupil." It was always their intention, they said, to "offer suitable honoraria after the work was finished" but the Trust now acknowledged that deferred payment would be unsuitable in STW's case. The upshot was that Warner was offered, through Dr Terry, a contract paying £150 annually with expenses, to be his assistant, which she formally accepted in writing.⁵

The question of Warner's remuneration arose again, in May 1920, when Percy Buck wrote the following benevolent plea to the Trust's Secretary:

"... Do you think you could anyhow manage a little more for Miss Warner? I would gladly take a reduced share if you could put it into her position.

She knows more of this period than, in my opinion, anyone in Europe, and far more than she knew when the Trustees originally engaged her at the same fee and she has little or nothing else to live on. She is a brilliant person who could earn an easy living in literature or in several other ways, but her devotion to the old music is enabling the project to get, for next to nothing, a scholar who would be irreplaceable. Of course she has no idea I am writing to you."⁶

The Trustees, in light of the fact that Warner had already been paid £150.00 per annum plus out-of-pocket expenses since 1917, were of the opinion that the £750.00 that would be paid to her over the succeeding five years to 1925 was commensurate with the fees paid to researchers in similar fields; she and the other editors were therefore already adequately paid.

Thus it was she lived like a lily; the occasional pair of white, linen sheets notwithstanding.

References:

- 1 Warner, S. T. *Scenes of Childhood*. Chatto & Windus, 1981
- 2 Buck, P. C. et al eds, *Tudor Church Music*. Oxford University Press, 1922 - 1929
- 3 Carnegie United Kingdom Trust Archive Files, Edinburgh, GD281-41-225

4 *Ibid*

5 *Ibid*

6 Carnegie United Kingdom Trust Archive Files, GD281-41-227

THREE POEMS BY URSULA VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS

Ralph Vaughan-Williams and his second wife Ursula were friends of Sylvia Townsend Warner. They visited her at Frome Vauchurch and picnicked in her dining-room only two weeks before the composer's death. The poems are given extra poignancy by the fact that the couple had only a short married life together.

Magnificat

No bird-winged angel, sped with salutation,
came from the air to kneel and call me blessed
in the light of morning. There was no sound of flutes
like the heart crying its joy to silence
when all things should flower and burn and tremble
to bear it company, accepting revelation;
no voice of angels, no wings in the solitude,
but past and future were gathered and sheltered here,
and I, too, spoke the words of acceptance.

Tired

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper
holding you in my arms, glad that you lie
so near at last.
This sheltering midnight is our meeting place,
no passion or despair or hope divide
me from your side.
I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face,
I shall remember shadows growing deeper
as the fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

Valentine

Tipped with gold or sharpened lead,
with silver feathers for a wing,
Love's arrow curves through space to sing
quivering in the heart, and shed

there its wealth of care and grief,
there its joy beyond belief.

Though the dart be lead or gold,
fledged with feathers of a dove
that shows your destiny in love,
like the pilgrim's staff, behold,
between the spearhead and the wing
leaves unfold and roses spring.

From *Fall of Leaf* by Ursula Wood [Vaughan-Williams]
Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 1943.
(With thanks to Jay Barksdale.)

BOOK NEWS

The Way to Do It by Judith Stinton

The first-ever biography of a Punch & Judy man, *The Way to Do It* explores the life of Frank Edmonds, who worked Weymouth beach for fifty years. His story is told with the colourful collaboration of his family and friends. The book describes what it was like to perform on the sands in all weathers, enduring the rain, the winds and the tight-fisted punters - as well as the golden days of glorious sunshine.

Along the coast from Weymouth, other Punch & Judy men entertained on other Dorset beaches. Every show is different, every showman (or woman) makes his own interpretation of the play. *The Way to Do It* discusses performers and the variety of their performances in neighbouring Swanage, Lyme Regis and West Bay.

The book also includes that rare discovery, a transcript of the Edmonds family show, which dates back to Victorian times.

With over eighty illustrations, many of them previously unpublished.

Published by HARLEQUIN PRESS,
Allshire, East Anstey, Tiverton, EX16 9JG

Available from Judith Stinton, 21 Cattistock Road, Maiden Newton,
Dorset DT2 0AG. Phone: 01300 320778.
Email: judithstinton@mypostoffice.co.uk

£9.95 post free inland. (£5 elsewhere.)
Cheques made payable to Harlequin Press.

Alliance of literary Societies offer

The Alliance of Literary Societies has published its 2012 Journal, with articles on the theme of 'Fashion in Literature'. This is available as a free download in pdf format to every member of affiliated societies. A hard copy may be purchased at a cost of £5.00. If you would like the free download please contact Judith Bond on judithbond@hotmail.co.uk Also, the Alliance is preparing its Journal for 2013 and invites contributions of approximately 1000 words on the theme of 'Humour in Literature'. Getting an article in its Journal would be a good way of publicising the Sylvia Townsend Warner Society. Contributions should be sent to Linda Curry at l.j.curry@bham.ac.uk or by post to 59 Bryony Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, B29 4BY by 1 December 2012.

'WE ARE GENTLEMEN': Review by Sylvia Townsend Warner

Spanish Testament, by Arthur Koestler. With an Introduction by the Duchess of Atholl. Gollancz: 20s. 6d. net. Left Book Club December choice, 2s. 6d. *Left Review*, January 1938

The fascist pilot who informed Arthur Koestler of the possibility of his release (and incidentally took this opportunity to blackmail him) kept on assuring him that he was in the hands of gentlemen. *We are caballeros*. No doubt the words were meant to be agreeable; it is well known that the English attach great importance to this matter of being gentlemanly.

The Gents v. Cads basis of the Spanish War has been well emphasized in this country. But as the modesty which always marks a gentleman has imposed something like a censorship, we have had little chance of learning how gentlemen conduct a Civil War.

This makes Arthur Koestler's *Spanish Testament* particularly welcome. From February 9th to May 1th, 1937, he was Franco's prisoner: that is to say, for three months he could study this not unimportant aspect of warfare under the patronage of the nobility, military and gentry. Unfortunately, except for a short spell in the Malaga police station, the conditions for this study were

not wholly representative of Franco at his untrammelled best. Even with the aid of Junkers and Capronis one cannot make a new heaven and a new earth in the twinkling of an eye, and the Spanish prisons still retain a considerable adulteration of the Republican Government. 'The inertia of routine showed itself to be more powerful than the forces of the present.' At Seville there was a library – still unpurged; the warders were humane, the Governor belonged to the old staff, and was humane also. But the forces of the present were not idle, and concentrated, very sensibly, on essentials.

'On Tuesday night seventeen were shot.

On Thursday night eight were shot.

On Friday night nine were shot.

On Saturday night thirteen were shot.

Six days shalt thou labour, saith the Lord, and on the seventh day, the Sabbath, thou shalt do no manner of work.

On Sunday night three were shot.'

While Koestler was still *incommunicado* 'someone threw a piece of paper into my cell. Unfolding it, I read the following lines:

' "Comrade, we know that you are here, and that you are a friend of the Spanish Republic. You have been condemned to death; but they will not shoot you. They are too much afraid of the new King of England. They will kill only us – the poor and the humble.

' "Yesterday again they shot seventeen in the cemetery. In our cell where there were once 100 there are now only 73. Dear comrade foreigner, we three are also condemned to death, and they will shoot us to-night or to-morrow." '

Malaga prison, too, had some regrettable infusions of the past, though the forces of the present were more strongly represented there.

'The cell door opposite was opened, and at last I set eyes on my *vis-à-vis*. At first all I could see in the half-light was the bearded lower part of his face and a tattered shirt, stiff with congealed blood. He was standing in the corner of the cell furthest away from the door, his hand raised defensively in front of this face.

' "*Hombre*," said the warder who was carrying the ladle, "we're only bringing the coffee. There's no beating here in prison." '

But though there was no beating in the Malaga prison, there was shooting on an approximation to the grouse-moor scale.

'The oily voice I had heard in the morning woke me up again. It read out twenty-five to thirty names. I could not count them exactly; the long Spanish names confused me. Those whose names were called out had to answer "present," and if the answer did not come promptly the oily voice burst forth into a flood of abuse. Then it called out:

' " All those from call No. 127.
All those from cell No. 23."

'These were the nameless ones. The oily voice rose up twice more that night; once about midnight – sixty names – once shortly before dawn. The last time it came from a distant wing of the prison, an indistinct faint murmur; I could not keep count.'

But this, you will say, is only shooting, it throws no light on Franco. Every gentleman must shoot something, and actually a woodcock is much harder to shoot than a man. Nevertheless, on Arthur Koestler, a prisoner held *incommunicado*, these battues made a considerable impression, and the most vivid pages of this book are those which describe the period of his imprisonment. Anyone who thinks it likely that he/she may be imprisoned and/or shot, will find them most interesting reading.

But even those who have not this preoccupation should read this excellent book. The chapter on the heroes of the Alcazar, for instance, should be of real interest to gents and cads alike. The chapter on propaganda may displease some of the gentlemen, for while admitting that they can and do like blazes it has the impertinence to point out that their lies, though deer-park, are not completely ring-fence. But every gentleman will enjoy a face to face with the genial Queipo de Llano, and rally in agreement with Koestler's remarks on the deplorable way cads die.

(Once again, with thanks to Jay Barksdale for this find and the following review)

Time and Tide, December 23, 1927

Horrid Females

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER.

Representative Women. Edited by Francis Birrell.
(Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d. each.)

Bianca Capello. Clifford Bax.
Aphra Benn. V. Sackville-West.
Sarah Churchill. Bonamy Dobrée.
Elizabeth Chudleigh. Beatrice Curtis Brown.
Lady Hester Stanhope. Martin Armstrong.
Mrs. Annie Besant. Geoffrey West.

"There is an idea abroad," says Mr. Birrell in his editorial statement, "sedulously fostered by the newspapers, that women after centuries of claustration are at last coming into their own; and that never before in the world's history have they been able to show the smallest portion of their worth. It is the object of the series entitled *Representative Women* to dispel this comfortable generalisation and to prove to the adorable adepts of our nightclubs that there is a standard up to which they should at any rate attempt to live.

By the time the series is completed, a catena of female achievement will have been forged."

It will indeed; and if these six volumes are a fair sample of what is to come, by the time the series is completed such a wave of horror and mistrust will be sweeping the country that it will scarcely be possible for such mild unrepresentative women as myself to stir abroad (unless in trousers) for fear of being mistaken for the genuine article and shot down at sight like mad dogs.

I spent a long wet day alone with these six ladies; and when I had finished with them I cast about for a phrase with which I could express to myself the impression they had left upon me. It came: the outcry of a small boy who

woke out of a nightmare exclaiming that his bedroom had been invaded by "a lioness beating on a tin basin with a tea-spoon." For with one exception all these are lionesses of the most nightmare authenticity, savage carnivora, ruthless and untiring, rampant monsters of egotism; and whether their prey be pleasure and easy living, as was Elizabeth Chudleigh's, or power and the fatigues of office, as was Sarah Churchill's; whether they hunt with impassive slow cunning, as did Bianca Capello, or with incessant gnashing, as did Sarah; whether they stalk solitary through the desert like Lady Hester Stanhope or lash their tails at public meetings like Mrs. Besant, they are united in one common and appalling passion: to get what they want; and in one common and appalling conviction: that they are in the right.

In the lioness this passion and this conviction are animal instincts proper to her kind, and equally proper to the sheep and the mouse. We may with justification avoid her as a danger or destroy her as a nuisance; but we cannot condemn her as being anti-social. In women, claiming to share with men the hard-won amenities of humanity and civilisation, the untrammelled exhibition of this passion and this conviction is merely disgusting. It might be more: it might be terrible; but it is foiled in this by being slightly ludicrous. When all is said and done, these lionesses, for all their whiskers, their ferocity, their determination, do, if regarded with sufficient steadiness and composure, appear to be doing little more than beating upon tin basins with tea-spoons. The very frenzy of their endeavour makes their achievement look rather future, rather undignified, rather pitiable. The culmination of excess is bathos...

*Dans ces efforts sublimes
Qu'avez-vous à gagner?
Huits francs et dix centimes.*

Intelligent people do not expend their lives and all their faculties in getting their own way. They desire to have life and to have it more abundantly, they take an interest in their fellows, or read about astronomy; they even attach sufficient importance to their convictions to think it worth while to subject them to scrutiny and occasional revision. But lionesses are not noted for their intelligence, and when their instinctive cunning is impaired by humanity this deficiency may handicap them even in their career as carnivora. It would be a nice problem to decide if the palm for obtuseness should be given to Elizabeth Chudleigh walking into the bigamy trap after twenty-five years of perfectly satisfactory keeping, or to Sarah Churchill

harrying her "poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley" into revolt, if the modern instance of Mrs. Besant, failing to notice the discrepancy between an omnipotent God of love and the suffering of the innocent until her own child had whooping-cough, did not dumb-found one past all speculation.

"To me Christ was... a living reality, and all my heart rose up against this person... whose individual finger I saw in my baby's agony, my own misery... All the hitherto dormant and unsuspected strength of my nature rose up in rebellion."

It is a relief to turn from these to modest Mrs. Aphra Behn, whose residence in Grub Street seems to have given her some tincture of masculine meekness and placability. Not that Aphra was wholly unrepresentative. She could lash her tail quite handsomely, and the business of Mr. Leigh's night-gown in *The Lucky Chance* shows that she could rise to great heights of self-righteousness and intellectual dishonesty. But Aphra pursued the career of letters, a career which enforces upon its followers the occasional obligation to think, and it may be that as a lioness she was hampered by writer's cramp. The accident makes a tolerable human being of her, a good fellow, unsexed enough to write love-letters that are passionate without being predatory (though I could wish, for the security of my admiration that they were a trifle less like Otway's); indeed, compared to the others she is as comfortable as a rather grubby old cushion.

But, O Mr. Birrell! Do not forge this catena of female achievement too unsparingly. Even as a General Editor remember mercy; alloy it with Mrs. Isabella Beeton.

Protest Against the Jubilee

The Celebration of the Jubilee is in effect a call to the nation to rejoice over the twenty-five years of our history from 1910 to 1935.

It is the opinion of those who sign this paper that the events of this period have been of a character which forbids rejoicing.

The events include a War in which out of the population of Great Britain and Ireland 812, 317 men were killed and 1,849,494 were wounded.

It has been a period of growing unemployment. In 1913 when three per cent. of the total number of trade unionists were unemployed the the problem was thought to be serious. In 1935 when 2,397,000 are unemployed we are bidden to official rejoicings.

Those in Great Britain dependent on Poor Law Relief who already numbered 903,509 in 1915 were 1,493,247 twenty years later.

These are three years among many which might be taken from twenty-five disastrous years.

We consider that rejoicing is out of place, and we protest against the arranged celebrations.

Words & Music of Sylvia Townsend Warner

A celebration of the poet and novelist on the 30th anniversary of her death, featuring first-ever performances of her own compositions, songs by John Ireland and Paul Nordoff setting lyrics by Warner, and a new composition by Simon Whalley.



Mezzo-soprano: **Rebecca Outram**

Piano: **Simon Whalley**

Members of
Keble College Chapel Choir

**Saturday 3 May 2008, 2.30
pm**

**Mary Ogilvie Theatre, St
Anne's College, Oxford.**

Tickets £10.00

from

**info@claireharman.com or
at the door**

Members of the Sylvia Townsend Warner Society can obtain tickets from Judith Bond, 26 Portwey Close, Weymouth, DT4 8RF, or email: stwsociety@tiscali.co.uk