

The Republic, Some Impersonal, Epics & Romances, Whether a Love or Jealousy, Romantic, Long Tragedy, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Emily, William, Mr. Freeman's essays, The Year Hence, Summer With Snow, After The Death of Tom Jones, The Corner that Held Snow, The First Archer, The State, Some World Has From One and They Complete, These Essays, These Essays, A Moral Teaching, The Substitution, More Joy in Heaven, The Girl's Guide Book, A Garland of Poems, The Museum of Ureana, Women in the Age, A Spirit River, Sketches from Nature, A Stranger with a Bag, Women in an Antiquary Room, Two Conversations Poems, The Innocent and The Quality, Kingdoms of Hope, Secret of Childhood, One Thing Leading to Another, Selected Poems, Immortal, Some Letters, The White, A Biography, Letters, The Museum of Extreme Unpleasant Women, The Republic, Some Impersonal, Epics & Romances, Whether a Love or Jealousy, Romantic, Long Tragedy, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Emily, William, Mr. Freeman's essays, The Year Hence, Summer With Snow, After The Death of Tom Jones, The Corner that Held Snow, The First Archer, The State, Some World Has From One and They Complete, These Essays, These Essays, A Moral Teaching, The Substitution, More Joy in Heaven, The Girl's Guide Book, A Garland of Poems, The Museum of Ureana, Women in the Age, A Spirit River, Sketches from Nature, A Stranger with a Bag, Women in an Antiquary Room, Two Conversations Poems, The Innocent and The Quality, Kingdoms of Hope, Secret of Childhood, One Thing Leading to Another, Selected Poems, Immortal, Some Letters, The White, A Biography, Letters, The Museum of Extreme Unpleasant Women, The Republic, Some Impersonal, Epics & Romances, Whether a Love or Jealousy, Romantic, Long Tragedy, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Emily, William, Mr. Freeman's

## The Sylvia Townsend Warner Society Newsletter Number 100

Angels, The Year Hence, Summer With Snow, After The Death of Tom Jones, The Corner that Held Snow, The First Archer, The State, Some World Has From One and They Complete, These Essays, These Essays, A Moral Teaching, The Substitution, More Joy in Heaven, The Girl's Guide Book, A Garland of Poems, The Museum of Ureana, Women in the Age, A Spirit River, Sketches from Nature, A Stranger with a Bag, Women in an Antiquary Room, Two Conversations Poems, The Innocent and The Quality, Kingdoms of Hope, Secret of Childhood, One Thing Leading to Another, Selected Poems, Immortal, Some Letters, The White, A Biography, Letters, The Museum of Extreme Unpleasant Women, The Republic, Some Impersonal, Epics & Romances, Whether a Love or Jealousy, Romantic, Long Tragedy, Twelve Poems, Collected Poems, Selected Poems, Emily, William, Mr. Freeman's

## NEWSLETTER NUMBER NINE

Welcome to the Summer 2004 edition of the Newsletter - of which we are now having to print more copies, as membership is growing! This edition contains details of the September weekend events, as well as some welcome contributions from members - please keep sending them in.

Special thanks for their contributions go to Eileen Johnson, Ursula Le Guin and David Hyde.

*Judith Stinton*

## SUBSCRIPTIONS: a reminder

If you haven't yet paid for 2004, please send your subscription to Judith Bond, 26 Portwey Close, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 8RF. UK members £10, overseas members \$20. Cheques should be made payable to the Sylvia Townsend Warner Society.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Minutes of the fourth AGM of the Sylvia Townsend Warner Society, held at the Dorset County Museum, Dorchester, on Saturday May 1st, 2004 at 10.30 am.

Present: Stephen Mottram, Eileen Johnson, Judith Bond, Judith Stinton, Peter Tolhurst, Maggie Cawkwell, Janet Montefiore, Janet Machen Pollock, Rosemary Sykes, Graham Pechey, Richard Searle, Jen Wildblood.

1. **Apologies:** Richard Burleigh, Leslie Clargo, Jay Fielding, Win Johnson, Sheila Milton, Annie Rhodes.
2. The **Minutes** of the Third AGM held on May 3 2003 were approved.
3. **Matters arising:** Stephen advised against our becoming a charity, because it would involve much work for few rewards - and even these the Chancellor intends to legislate against. He therefore proposed that we

should go no further; Peter seconded the motion and all agreed.

4. **Secretary's Report:** Eileen reported that this year had been very successful with an increase in membership, a new website, the long May weekend activities and another enjoyable trip to East Anglia, which not even indifferent weather could spoil. She thanked the other members of the Committee for their continued commitment and hard work.

5. **Treasurer's Report:** Judith B pointed out that the balance of £1,864.32 on the 2003-2004 accounts was somewhat higher than it otherwise would have been because £250 of Janet Pollock's generous donation was still unused. We had joined the Alliance of Literary Societies, and our subscription next year would rise because of our increased membership. But things were healthy enough.

6. **Membership Report:** Judith B reported that membership stood at 119, although nine members had still to renew. We have gained 24 members since the website went online, and the advertisement in the *London Review of Books*.

#### 7. **Programme for the year**

We first dealt with arrangements for the remainder of the May weekend. Secondly, with regard to the September weekend, Judith S and Eileen would be meeting shortly to finalise details for inclusion in the July Newsletter.

#### 8. **Election of Officers**

All Officers had been elected last year.

9. The **Constitution** had likewise been confirmed last May.

#### 10. **A.O.B**

a) Peter reminded those who had not already done so that Judith Stinton's *Chaldon Herring* was still available for purchase.

b) Janet Montefiore wondered whether any attempt had been made to find the libretto of *Mr Fortune's Maggot* or to stage it. Judith B was not sure whether there was any copy of either text or music in the Collection, but would find out. It would be of course necessary to approach both STW's and Paul Nordoff's executors before going any further.

A discussion followed about Sylvia's music generally. It would need a knowledgeable musical person to read and give an assessment of its quality. It would probably be rather too difficult for a local performance, e.g. at the Dorchester Festival, but the idea is certainly worth looking into.

c) Janet also suggested D.J.Enright as a possible speaker at future weekends or mini-conferences. He was at Chatto & Windus when the *Letters, Kingdoms of Elfin* and *Scenes of Childhood and After* were published.

There being no further business, the meeting ended at 11.30am.

### **MAYDAY WEEKEND, 2004**

This year, our May weekend meeting was fuller than ever. It began on the Friday evening. The weekend happened to coincide with the Dorchester Arts Festival, whose opening event was a reading by Judith Stinton and Peter Tollhurst from the former's newly-published second edition of *Chaldon Herring: Writers in a Dorset Landscape* in the Victorian Gallery of the Dorset County Museum. There was a good audience of townspeople and our own Society members to hear the readings, and the antiphonal performance was much appreciated by all present. Copies of Judith's book were available for sale and signing afterwards. Drinks and nibbles were provided in the Exhibition Gallery. The evening made a very pleasant introduction to our own weekend.

The AGM was held on Saturday morning in the Museum, after which we scattered for lunch, meeting up again at 2pm for Janet Montefiore's talk, given in the Museum's Library. This proved to be an exhilarating gallop through STW's *The Corner That Held Them* and T.H.White's *The Book of Merlyn*, and a discussion of the authors' respective attitudes to war. After a cup of tea in Dorchester, we made our way to East Chaldon, to meet up with other members for a memorable evening walk round to St Nicholas's Church to lay flowers on the grave of Sylvia and Valentine, and then to go inside the Church. A quick look at Beth Car and to decide finally and accurately where No. 26 West Chaldon had stood, then it was round to the Sailor's Return for a wonderful evening meal in the pub's back room, where we raised our glasses to our patron, Janet Machen Pollock. When we eventually left the pub we emerged into a fairy landscape, with a low mist rising, the blue sky clear and moonlit, and all quiet and mysterious. Very dramatic - Chaldon once again had worked its magic.



In Chaldon Churchyard  
From left: Janet Montefiore, Cynthia Peacock, Graham Pechey, Rosemary Sykes

Sunday morning saw us all assembling at Judith Stinton's house in Maiden Newton for coffee, before setting off for a ramble round the village, along the old railway line to Bridport, past House's bakery and across the watermeadows to Sylvia's house, best seen from this side of the river. The house is having some sort of makeover, looking very bright with its new windows and gleaming white paint. Unfortunately, because workmen were there with a JCB - even though it was Sunday - we could not go into the garden. However, it was possible to walk down to the church at Frome Vauchurch for a brief visit.

We then made our way to the Saxon Arms at Stratton. We had been there before in 2001, and first-timers were impressed by the quality of the food. Most sat outside for their lunch.

The afternoon was divided between Hardy's house, Max Gate, and Moreton. Sylvia had visited the former in February 1935, and her memory of it was read by Eileen (who slipped into her 'National Trust guide at Max Gate' mode, providing Hardyean details about the house). We walked around the garden, then drove off to Moreton, to visit T.E. Lawrence's grave. Stephen spoke to us from his deep knowledge of Lawrence, then some of us walked to the fine church to view the unique windows, engraved by Laurence Whistler.

We all met up at the Old School tearooms nearby, for a very welcome cream tea. Here we finally tied up the threads of the weekend and made

our farewells. It had been a lovely couple of days, satisfying on many fronts. It is good to meet old friends, and to make new ones, and to exchange views and insights on Sylvia Townsend Warner, most fascinating of writers.

*Eileen Johnson*

**DORSET WEEKEND, September 24th to 26th**

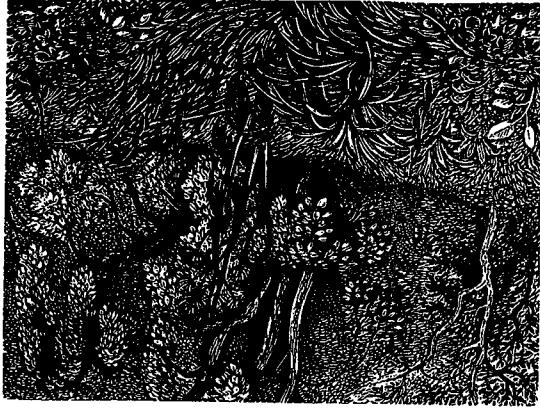
Based in Dorchester. For accommodation, contact Dorchester Tourist Information: 01305 267992.

Friday 24th, 7.30pm. Gather for a meal in Dorchester. (Restaurant to be decided. Contact Eileen Johnson: 01305 266028 nearer the date.)

Saturday 25th, 10.30am. A walk around the garden of the Old Rectory, Litton Cheney, former home of Sylvia Townsend Warner's friend, the engraver **Reynolds Stone**, and a place she (and Iris Murdoch, amongst others) often visited. Aspects of the garden can be seen in many of Stone's engravings and it is regularly opened under the National Gardens Scheme. Reynolds Stone is buried in the churchyard, and the church, too, may be visited. Litton Cheney is off the A35 road, about seven miles west of Dorchester.



Vegetable garden at the Old Rectory. Engraving by Reynolds Stone.  
By kind permission of Humphrey Stone.



Wild Orchard at the Old Rectory. Wood engraving by Reynolds Stone.  
By kind permission of Humphrey Stone.

12.30pm. Lunch at the Ilchester Arms in the centre of Abbotsbury.

2pm. Drive to nearby Ashley Chase, for a walk of about a mile, there and back, to the ruined chapel in the wood there. STW gave an account of her trip there when she was over 80 years old in a letter to Joy Chute, 26.ii.1975. *...we came to a fence & a gate opening directly into a splendid gorse thicket, about eight foot deep, in brilliant blossom & brilliant bristle. After that, was the wood. Full of primroses, and spotted orchis leaves, and a different kind of mud, horizontal mud, so to speak, instead of the perpendicular kind of the field. It is a very old and neglected wood. We went increasingly down hill, sliding most of the way and hearing water running in a gully. In the middle of all this is the arched west wall of an old chapel: if you look in your copy of BOXWOOD you will see its picture. (One of Sylvia's poems in Boxwood, 1957, is a companion piece to Reynolds Stone's engraving of this arch.)* After the walk, there will be a (well-deserved!) chance to have a break, or to explore Abbotsbury Sub-Tropical Gardens or the Swannery. Eileen has details of both of these Abbotsbury attractions.

6.30pm. A chance to go into the small church of Toller Fratrum with its 12th century font of staring faces, a place much loved by STW. Her name, along with Valentine's - and the artist John Piper's - can be seen in the old visitors' book. This church, with its manor house and stables, still standing in a distinctive group, once belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem.

Afterwards, we will have supper in the Three Horseshoes inn at Powerstock, a village under Eggardon hillfort.



Font, and stone fragment (Mary Magdalene washing Christ's feet) at Toller Fratrum Church, Dorset

### Sunday 26th

10.30 Meet in the car park of Lulworth Castle, home of the Weld family, owners of much of the surrounding land - including that in Chaldon. There are wonderful views of the landscapes within which STW lived during her Chaldon years.

Lunch in East Lulworth at the Weld Arms, where so many of the visitors to Chaldon were to stay - and then a closer look at some of those landscapes: a breath of sea air!

Please let Eileen know if you plan to come.

### REYNOLDS STONE, WOOD ENGRAVER

Readers, especially those who are planning to attend the September event, might like to recall Sylvia's own impression of her friend. On 30.xii.1958, she wrote to George Plank:

*...You asked me if I knew Reynolds Stone. Yes, we know him very well, he is a neighbour of ours - as country neighbours go, about ten miles away - and a delightful neighbour, since there is always something going on, two hand-presses, and a great long table heaped with blocks, tools, paintbrushes, books, leaves, specimen papers, an indescribable confusion with Reynolds serenely finding whatever it is he wants, like a bumble-bee over a flower-bed; and outhouses and rooms over the stables with the larger works. The first time we went there, he was working on Duff Cooper's memorial: a slab of black slate, eight foot long, three foot high, heaven knows how thick, and engraved on it the words, THIS*

*PERISHABLE STONE...a lovely example of English hyperbole. I am very fond of him, and of his charming handsome family, which includes a grey cat called Luke and a donkey called Fanny. He is tall and - not fat, not plump - opulently built, a very light noiseless mover and looks like a portrait by Veronese...that gentle, sumptuous, sleepy look. He looks at trees with an astonishing degree of love and trust and penetration; almost as though he were exiled from being a tree himself.*

June 23, 2004, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Reynold Stone's death.

\*\*\*\*\*

**BRIEF ENCOUNTER:**  
**RECOLLECTIONS OF SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER**  
**BY URSULA LE GUIN**

New STW Society member, Ursula K. Le Guin, has kindly sent us the Postscript of 2003 to her essay 'The Wilderness Within' which recalls her meeting with Sylvia.

I want to take this opportunity to pay a little further tribute to Sylvia Townsend Warner, whom I had the great good fortune to meet. When we were in England in 1976, our friend Joy Finzi knew how much I admired Sylvia's work, and thought she might enjoy meeting me. So, after talking me up a bit, I imagine, and giving Sylvia some of my poems, she drove me to the cottage on the river in Dorset where Sylvia had lived for many years, first with her lover Valentine Ackland, then alone. The place is marvelously described in her letters and turns up in several of her stories. It was a sort of a naia of a house that seemed to be only partly above water, with bits of beautiful, muddy, unkempt garden, and the murmur of the river all around it. We had a cup of tea in a sort of sunroom at the front of the house. Antiquities from Valentine's antique shop still stood or lay about here and there, or possibly they were part of the furniture. Sylvia smoked more or less continuously, as she had done for sixty years or so, and it was impressive to see the golden-brown walls of the interior rooms, which had been white; smoke varnish lay so thick on the glass of the pictures that you couldn't make out the pictures. Of course, some of it may have been wood smoke from the fire places, too, in that dank place. Sylvia was old, and tired, and reserved, and kind, and keen as a splinter of diamond. She said she liked one of my poems, "Ars Lunga", which is

about being a storyteller, and since then I have liked that poem better myself. I asked her about one of her stories, which I had read long ago in the *New Yorker* and had forgotten the name of, about a nice English family on a picnic. At the end of the story, a stranger sees them: one of them is wearing a bloodstained Indian shawl, two of them are in eighteenth-century costume, the father is sitting on the ground listening to an enormous music box, while the mother approaches with a bird cage. All this has come to seem perfectly reasonable to us, as it does to the family, because we know why it is so, but the stranger does not, and the reversal of viewpoint is revelatory and ravishingly funny. Sylvia smiled happily at my description and said, "Oh yes I do remember that," but she couldn't remember what it was called either, or where I could find it. No wonder. She had published nine volumes of stories (and this is not in any of them; it is "A View of Exmoor", in the posthumous collection *One Thing Leading to Another*). She also published seven novels, of which *Lolly Willowes* is perhaps still the most amazing, though I love *The True Heart* and *The Corner That Held Them* as well. Her last major work was a stunning biography of T.H. White. Her poetry has been collected at last, her brilliant letters and her heartbreaking journal have been published. I think she is still esteemed at something like her worth in her own country, though she seems largely forgotten here, where most of her stories were first published. I hold it one of the dearest honors of my life that I knew her for an hour.

***Ursula K. Le Guin***

(From *The Wave in the Mind*, published by Shambala, Boston, 2004)

**ANOTHER LIFE - FROM FROME TO WINTERTON**

In his autobiography *More Than Music* (1961) Valentine Ackland's cousin, the musicologist Alec Robertson, provides a useful description of Ackland's childhood holiday home, an important place to her.

...The little fishing village of Winterton-on-Sea, Norfolk, which seemed to have been casually dropped down from the sky on to the dunes, was bounded by a cliff, running along from the south and terminating with a lighthouse and a dwelling-house beside it. My uncle had bought this dwelling, the Hill House, for my Aunt Ruth, who had been advised by her doctor to live part of the year in the fine and invigorating air of the

Norfolk coast.

The house, for protection against the winter gales, had only one storey with a basement, built into the ground and trenched round. The windows of every room upstairs looked out over the large expanse of sky, sea, and dunes. It was a prospect which, at least in the winter, depressed and even frightened some visitors so much that they invented excuses to depart as soon as politeness permitted, and never returned. To my aunt's eldest daughter Joan [Valentine's sister] and myself it was at all times and at all seasons a Paradise. We ran wild with the village children and were made free of their parents' homes; we spent, in the summer, long sunny hours on a shore of silver and gold sand, empty but for the longshore fishermen tending their nets; we darted in and out of the sea, and never ceased to be enchanted by the mountain ranges of the sand-dunes, some of them hollowed out like the cones of volcanoes, thrilling to slide down with the silver sand cascading after.

My uncle had built a hall on to the back of the house that led into a walled garden with a small orchard in its midst and a fernery at one side that contained a fountain, surveyed by a marble cupid, that was our constant joy and delight. Next to the house there was an enormous cobble-stoned stable-yard, with a vinery along one side of it. Beyond that lay the lawn flanked by a wood - the only trees on this exposed hill - and through the wood, parallel with the drive, a zig-zag walk that led in the spring past a carpet of primroses, daffodils, and bluebells.

On hot days, if the door that led from one of the greenhouses into the hall had been left open, the whole house was scented with the sweet smell of the heliotrope bush just the other side of the door: and as one went through the hall into the house, so fragrantly greeted, there at the end of the corridor was the sparkling blue sea framed in the doorway that led on to the terrace.

There were at that time no other houses on the cliff from Hemsby to Winterton, and the land behind it was cultivated. Today bungalows cover every inch of the way and the Hill House has become a large hotel, to which the walled garden, the fernery, the bulb garden, the vinery have all been sacrificed. The fishing community no longer exists: there are other and less arduous ways of making money.

*Alec Robertson*

## SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER NEWS

### CHALDON CONCERT

All those who attended the concert of music by or associated with STW, which was held last May in Chaldon church, will be pleased to hear that the Chydyok Singers (because they 'enjoyed themselves so much' last time - as did the audience) will be giving another concert in the church on Saturday, October 2nd 2004. This will be 'a light-hearted, secular programme on the subject of children and childhood,' provisionally entitled 'The Children's Hour'. Proceeds will again go to Chaldon church.

Enquiries to Marion Machen, 01628 602581.

### THE ELEMENT OF LAVISHNESS

In July 1938, William Maxwell, then twenty-nine years old and the acting poetry editor of *The New Yorker*, wrote to Sylvia Townsend Warner inviting her to send him verse. Miss Warner, forty-four and famous for her novel *Lolly Willowses*, had recently begun writing stories for the magazine: antic, inimitable sketches of English life that Maxwell adored. The poems were sent, and a remarkable friendship was begun. Maxwell and Warner collaborated on more than 100 of her short stories, many of which were written expressly to delight him. They began to share, with increasing affection and openness, the details of their private lives, and to write about anything which moved, perplexed, or amused them - the contents of their attics, the death of Byron's daughter, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the raising of children, the coming of old age: anything and everything, the stuff of life itself.

Their letters, now edited so artfully by Michael Steinman, are on every page distinguished by gratitude and love, both for each other and for the pleasures of this world.

*The Elements of Lavishness, Letters of Sylvia Townsend Warner and William Maxwell, 1938-1978*, edited by Michael Steinman  
1-58243-247-3 386 pages paperback £14.50 Counterpoint Press  
Order from Marston Book Services, Tel: 01235 465521 or email:  
[direct.orders@marston.co.uk](mailto:direct.orders@marston.co.uk)  
[<mailto:direct.orders@marston.co.uk](mailto:direct.orders@marston.co.uk)

(Quote STW/04 to receive free postage and packing)

## LITERARY LECTURES AT THE DORSET COUNTY MUSEUM

This autumn, a third series of literary lectures will be held at the Dorset County Museum. The eight lectures include one on **Theodore Powys** by David Gervais on Tuesday October 5th.

The lectures cost £5 each, with a reduced rate for booking the series, and take place on Tuesdays at 5.30pm. Refreshments will be served beforehand. For further details, phone 01305 262735.

## DRAWING CONCLUSIONS: JOAN HUDLESTON

Newsletter Number Eight contained an anonymous cartoon from *Time and Tide*, with text by STW. We asked if anyone knew of its provenance, and member David Hyde emailed us from Australia. David's mother was Joan Hyde, nee Hudleston, a cousin of Sylvia's. He writes:

'When I first saw the cartoon, I thought it might have been one of my mother's - especially, from memory, the flower vase. However, I have only a few cartoons of hers, and none of them has a flower vase. A scenario I thought of was that Sylvia may have been giving assistance to Joan to help get some of her work published after Joan's father, Frank Hudleston, died in 1927.

'In Sylvia's *Diaries*, edited by Claire Harman, there is a mention of a meeting with Joan, but little else. In the footnotes, Winifred is given as Joan's mother - not true, though she acted as a foster mother - her actual mother was an illegitimate alcoholic lesbian, Evelyn Hudleston, nee Fox. Winifred was one of Frank's sisters along with Nora, Sylvia's mother.

'I am delighted to have the illegitimate, alcoholic lesbian as my grandmother, as she had a most interesting family background. If I had met her, no doubt we could have shared a bottle or two.

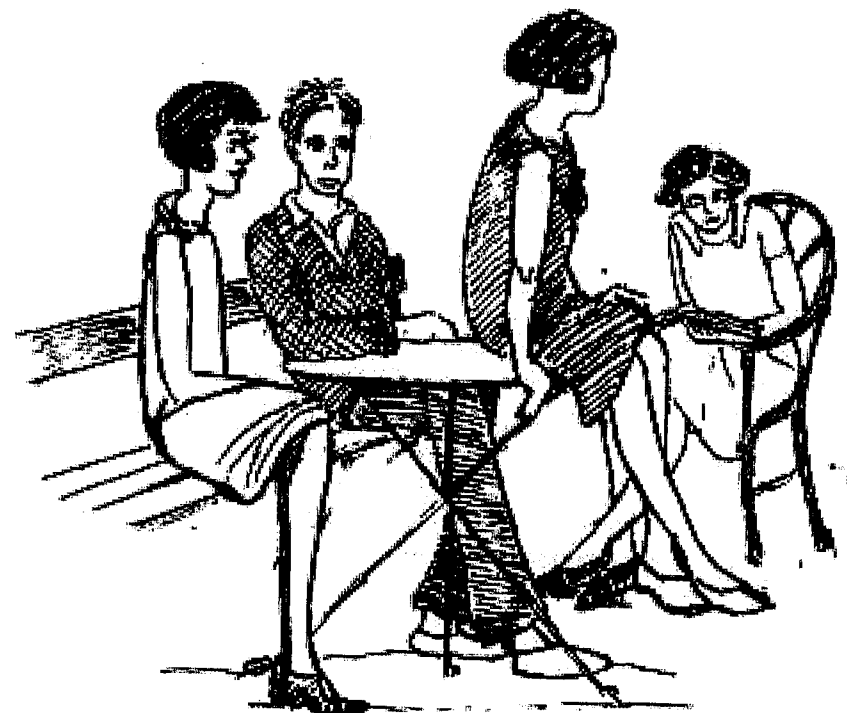
'I made a web site on my father's side of the family, in particular in an effort to collect more art works for a virtual gallery on my cousin, Frank Hyde. To counter-balance the Hyde side of the family, I decided to create a web site on my mother. As she was a relatively ordinary housewife, I was at a bit of a loss, until I thought of the idea of a scrapbook. This

format allows for almost anything, and I have always enjoyed going through scrapbooks and photo albums. Naturally, to exaggerate the memory of my mother, I emphasised her genetic connections with notable relatives such as Sylvia and, to my surprise, my mother's web site is far more popular than that of my artistic Uncle Frank.

'A particularly popular page is <http://www.angelfire.com/art2/frankhyde/joan/pagesj/josiah.html> which is on the classical guitar virtuoso, Josiah Andrew Hudleston, who was Sylvia's great-grandfather. Thus Sylvia may have inherited a few musical genes from him.

'Lastly, on my mother's web site [google - search for joan hudleston - (one d in hudleston)] there is information showing the family relationship of Sylvia to the writer and translator, Ivy Litvinov. Ivy and Sylvia must have known of each other as both wrote short stories for the *New Yorker*. I would be interested to read anything that Sylvia may have written on Ivy Litvinov or is reported to have said about Ivy. Similarly, did Sylvia ever say or write anything about her great-grandfather, Josiah Andrew Hudleston?

*David Hyde*





Overleaf: Cartoon by Joan Hudleston, 'Waiting for the Vicomte', undated.

From left to right: Purefoy Machen (nee Hudleston),  
Hugh Webster, Joan and Monica. Undated.  
(Monica is noted as being 'more interested in books than in men'.)

### A CHALDON FRAGMENT

Whilst working on the new edition of my book *Chaldon Herring: Writers in a Dorset Landscape*, I came across the following fragment amongst the papers in the Sylvia Townsend Warner archive at the Dorset County Museum. It is a rapidly scribbled prose poem by Valentine Ackland.

Dove walking past my  
cottage early winter  
mornings - whistling his  
dog \_\_\_ Childs  
coughing \_\_\_ his  
black dog baying  
the moon on winter  
nights. Men  
lolling leaning  
against my wall  
their voices  
grunting down my  
chimney: their  
high yells of  
laughter, sharp &  
piglike \_\_\_

Valentine and Sylvia's first home together in Chaldon Herring was 'the late Miss Green's', opposite the inn. This was 'a small boxy structure of yellow stucco, a storey and a half high, with a single chimney rearing cockily from near the centre of the roof. There was no thatch, there were no climbing roses, no leaded casements, none of the country endearments associated in the rural mind with rural England.' (Jean Starr Untermeyer, *Private Collection*). Sylvia had bought the house because she said it was the only freehold cottage in the village, but no doubt its plainness pleased her - and Valentine - too. Because it was so low-lying, and so close to the inn, the creaking of its sign was often an accompaniment to their life

Miss Green's in 1934 whilst Sylvia and Valentine were away, found the neighbours at first alarming '...the salt winds and mists that blow over from the sea produce an intensity and succulence of green in leaf and grass, and the footsteps resound on the chalk roads with an ominous echo. Until I was used to it, the clatter of their walking and the raucousness of their singing would often make me apprehensive when, of a Saturday night, late customers of The Sailor's Return went past my door. The clatter made it seem as if they were on the point of entering the house unbid...' The men in the poem who leaned drunkenly against the cottage after a boozy evening would have all been familiar to Sylvia and Valentine.

Other villagers are mentioned by name. Child was one of the East Chaldon farmers, described by Sylvia as boastful, nose-y and slow of speech. 'Mr Child's conversation is slow and relentless, like droppings of strong glue.' Dove was the Chaldon shepherd, to whom both of the women were much attached. He lived in a one-up, one-down cottage beyond the village green and died painfully, in the infirmary, of a face tumour. He was a man as gentle as his name, and after his death the village seemed changed to Sylvia and Valentine.

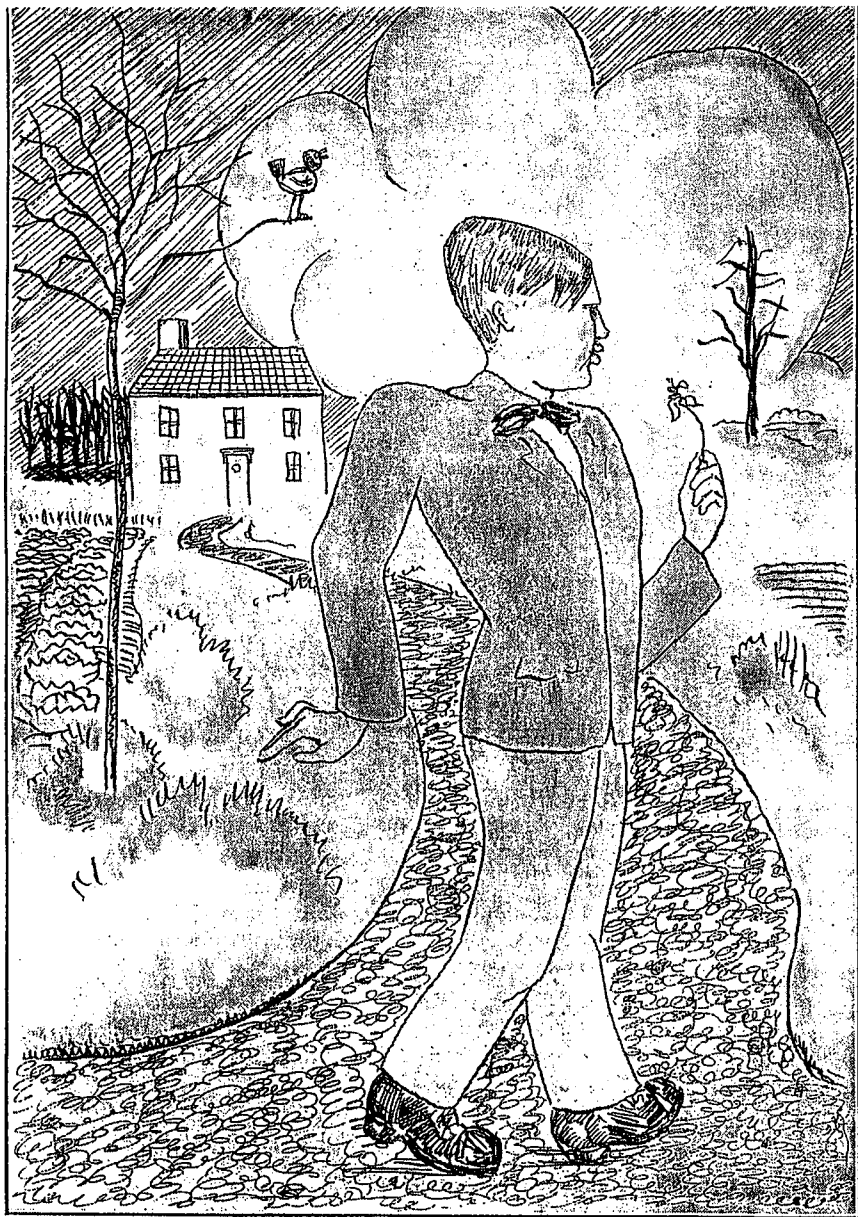
This fragment is dated 24.xi.37: three months after Sylvia and Valentine had moved to the house in Frome Vauchurch. Valentine is recalling a rough, noisy, agricultural village, yet is obviously already missing place and people. Was it Sylvia, rather than Valentine, who chose to make the move?

*Judith Stinton*

### 'MR DAVID GARNETT ADOPTS A NEW MANNER'

Overleaf is another cartoon in the *Time and Tide* series. This one is of Sylvia's friend, the writer David Garnett, in a pose reminiscent of Oscar Wilde with lily. The doll's house at his back is presumably an impression of Garnett's home at Hilton Hall, which the artist must never have seen.

The verses - a parody perhaps of Edith Sitwell - are once again by STW. In this cartoon, though, the artist is credited as Paul Bloomfield. Did he also draw the one in our last issue, or is this in a different style?



*Drawing by Paul Bloomfield.*

### Mr. David Garnett Adopts a New Manner

O octocellular,  
 Grim wolf of Time,  
 In league with the eternal alligator,  
 Lay no lip of rime  
 (Chaste curded icicle, how like a bicycle!)

On my begonia;  
 Hence! patent refrigerator.  
 Lest she with slack  
 Breasts like an unfrequented hat-rack  
 Welter and wilt.

Recall me summer, the sweet eider-down quilt.

S. T. W.