

Editorial

There is a great fascination in producing *The Powys Society Newsletter*, for not only does it bring me into contact with a great many members of the Society, but also gives me the opportunity of encouraging them occasionally to contribute an article, thereby sharing their knowledge and experience of the Powys world. It seems to me no coincidence that two of the articles in the current *Newsletter* end with expressions of thanks, to A. R. and John Cowper Powys, for there can be few great artists whose effect upon their admirers is so intensely *personal*. There are writers whose genius we can admire, in whose work we can recognize profound insight, and yet who have only the slightest impact upon our daily, non-literary lives. With the Powys family, however, it seems to be quite another matter; for through their works and their varied but compelling personalities, they seem able to affect a profound influence upon their readers. Those who have come as unprejudiced readers to the works of John Cowper, Llewelyn or Theodore Powys speak not only of having discovered writers they admire, but of their lives having been changed. This is not to suggest, of course, that they have become hollow cult figures, with the glamour of whose personalities their admirers feel they may cloak themselves. Their achievements are real enough, their greatness is no passing fad.

In a sense, it is a feeling almost of personal loyalty which drives members of the Society and its officers to undertake so much work, to arrange walks such as those which are planned in Weymouth and Dorchester, to cope with the enormous effort of arranging a conference, to mount exhibitions, to study, search out and edit texts: practical expressions of thanks for all that this most remarkable family has achieved.

Equally, it is with a feeling of personal loss that we learn of the deaths of fellow Powysians and in this issue of the *Newsletter* we pay tribute to two who will be sorely missed: Mrs. Sally Powys and Dr. Gloria Fromm.

As members will discover, a great deal of work is being done within the Society to promote the work of the Powys family, not least in the forthcoming exhibition at the Dorset County Museum and in the establishment of the Powys Centre at the museum, about which I hope a number of exciting announcements may be able to be made at the conference.

In addition, the next issue of *The Powys Journal* is now approaching completion and the Society is also to publish a new edition of T. F. Powys's *Soliloquies of a Hermit* in August. We have, as members know, established a thriving publication programme, but if it is to meet the needs of the membership we must know what it is that members would most like to see published. Our priority is to bring back into print those major works which are within our resources, but we rely on members to let us know what they think ought to be published. Suggestions should be sent to John Batten, our Secretary, whose address will be found inside the front cover of the *Newsletter*.

In the next issue of the *Newsletter*, to be published in July, I hope to publish a checklist of works published by John Cowper Powys during his lifetime which were overlooked in the bibliographies of Derek Langridge and Dante Thomas, including magazine and newspaper articles, poems, introductions and contributions to books by other authors. Should any members of the Society know of items which might be included, I would be most grateful to hear from them. Don't assume that someone else has already discovered that obscure item which you have unearthed, or followed up that intriguing clue which you have discovered; new publications are constantly being discovered, and it may be that you have found something previously unknown.

Paul Roberts

A Powys Catalogue

Steven Ferdinando has recently issued his *Powys Short List Number Eighteen*, in which he offers over one hundred items for sale at prices ranging from £4 to £75. A copy of the list may be obtained from The Old Vicarage, Queen Camel, near Yeovil, Somerset (Tel: 0935 850210).

P. R.

The 1993 Powys Society Conference

August 21st – 24th 1993
Dorset College of Agriculture
Kingston Maurward

This year the conference returns to Dorchester and echoes the theme of the Powys exhibition which will open at the Dorset County Museum on its first day. Both events will celebrate the influence of the Dorset landscape on the writing of the Powys brothers. Where better to enjoy that countryside than the Kingston Maurward Conference Centre, an elegant eighteenth-century house at the edge of a lake and beautiful gardens and grounds on the outskirts of Dorchester?

Every conference takes on its own ethos, in which place plays an important part. There is no doubt that Kingston Maurward provides an ideal setting for a relaxed meeting of old and new friends, with an emphasis on informal discussion and diverse activities. The reception at the museum for the opening of the exhibition emphasises the close link that the Society has developed with Dorchester. Our walk around the town on the second day will be based on J. C. P.'s 1934/35 diaries and led by the former Curator of the museum. The papers and poetry of the formal sessions will further illuminate the role played by Dorset in the thought and writings of the Powyses. A relaxed but stimulating weekend is in prospect.

Needless to say, the annual book sale remains in the programme. It is unfailingly popular, and last year raised a record amount for the Society's funds. Not perhaps quite as popular, but certainly no less important, is the A. G. M. Because there has been an

increase in fixed business in recent years members have not always had sufficient time to make contributions from the floor. An extra hour has therefore been allocated to the meeting.

Wessex members will wish to know that conference sessions may be attended on a casual basis on payment of approximately £2 per programmed item, booked in advance (excluding the A. G. M.). This is based on an equitable proportion of the standing charge paid by members in residence. Meals may also be booked within such an arrangement.

It would be helpful if those members who are interested in attending the conference would fill out the enclosed form. We do not need a definite decision or money until July. However, to save postal costs, we will send further details only to those members who express an interest in attending by returning the form before the end of May.

John Batten

Conference Programme

Writers in a Landscape: The Powys Brothers in Dorset

Saturday August 21st

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| 5.45 | Dinner at Kingston Maurward | |
| 7.00 | Reception and private viewing | |
| | <i>Powys Exhibition at the Dorset County Museum</i> | |
| 8.00 | Richard de Peyer | <i>Literary Centres and Museums</i> |

Sunday August 22nd

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| 9.15 | Janina Nordius | <i>'A Huge Phantasmal Ship': Dreaming Maiden Castle."</i> |
| 11.00 | Lawrence Mitchell | <i>Theodore's Visionary Landscapes</i> |
| 2.00 | Roger Peers | <i>In the Footsteps of J. C. P.: Dorchester, 1934/35. A guided walk around Dorchester and environs</i> |
| 8.00 | Book Sale | |

Monday August 23rd

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|-------|-------------------------------|---|
| 9.15 | Judith Stinton | <i>Chaldon Herring: A Place Apart</i> |
| 11.00 | Glen Cavaliero | <i>John Cowper Powys and the Aether</i> |
| | Free Afternoon | (Committee Meeting) |
| 4.00 | Annual General Meeting | |
| 8.00 | Reading | <i>from the poems of Gerard Casey's Echoes and Mary Casey's The Clear Shadow. Introduced by Glen Cavaliero and read by Neil Curry</i> |

Tuesday August 24th

Breakfast and Departure

A Fifth Powys Exhibition in Sweden

A brief report on the last two John Cowper Powys exhibitions in Sweden:

The first three exhibitions were at the university libraries in Uppsala, Gothenburg and Stockholm, and each lasted between five and seven weeks.

The exhibition at the University library in Umeå was inaugurated on November 10th last year in a strikingly beautiful building: the University is only thirty years old. On the same day a parallel, though much smaller, John Cowper Powys exhibition was also opened at the Umeå town library, a huge library for such a relatively small place, with about one million loans each year.

The fifth and final exhibition began recently on March 15th at the University library at Lund (founded in 1671). Lund is a one thousand year old city, over nine hundred miles away from Umeå in the north of Sweden.

The twenty showcases along each wall in the magnificent Exhibition Hall were certainly an impressive sight. About forty guests heard Professor Ingemar Algulin lecture, as he had on the previous occasions, on "The life and works of John Cowper Powys". It was an excellent presentation and the exhibition will continue until May 15th.

Sadly, for the fifth time *The Times Literary Supplement* turned down my small notice of these events with its usual "We regret etc." This has made me wonder whether there might be one or more on the editorial staff who are hostile towards John Cowper Powys and any mention of his name.

Sven Erik Täckmark

A Rabelais Exhibition

The publication of Catherine Lieutenant's translation of John Cowper Powys's *Rabelais* by La Thalamège was celebrated with an exhibition of collages by Odette Blavier. The exhibition, entitled "The Multiverse of Rabelais", opened at A La Libre Pensée in Paris on Friday December 18th 1992.

The artist Odette Blavier, once a librarian in the radiology unit of the Bavarian University Hospital of Liège, has translated Karl-Lebrecht Immermann's *Münchhausen*, published in Richard Tialans' marvellous *AAREVUE*.

She has also been involved in collage for a number of years, first exhibiting at the first Raymond Queneau International Colloquium at Verviers in Belgium in 1982, after which she produced her *Petite cosmogonie portative*. Odette Blavier is also a composer of "contemporary" music.

Paul Roberts

*The Society's publications are listed inside the back cover.
Every purchase helps the Society in its publishing programme.*

Nature as a Structural Element in the Works of J. C. Powys

The following is a digest of a long essay written by Matilda Jonsson as part of her studies as a B. A. student at Stockholm University.

All too many of John Cowper Powys's critics take the view that his works are badly structured. While studying *A Glastonbury Romance* and *Wolf Solent* I came to thoroughly disagree with much of this criticism. In point of fact, the feature to which I have devoted most of my studies — Powys's description of nature — amounts to a rich core running throughout his works, one that is both clear and consistent. A deeper study of this structure is of course necessary in order to fully appreciate its shape and meaning. Here I can hope to convey only some of what I have found.

The "natural structure" of *A Glastonbury Romance* and *Wolf Solent* can be divided into four dimensions: I suggest that the content of these works presents us with four key elements.

1. Nature as an extension of the soul

This first dimension is used by Powys to display an attitude to life, where in illuminated moments the soul is identifiable with some aspect of — or object in — its natural surroundings. One scene where this becomes evident is to be found in the latter part of *A Glastonbury Romance*:

Sam began to be aware that some subtle barrier between his inmost being and certain particular objects in Nature had begun to give way ... Sam had found out that when a person is liberated from possessiveness, from ambition, from the exigencies of desire, from domestic claims, from every sort of authority over others, he can enjoy sideways and incidentally, as he follows any sort of labour or quest the most exquisite trances of absorption into the mysterious essence of any patch of earthmould, or any fragment of gravel, or any slab of paving-stone, or any tangle of weeds, or any lump of turf that he may come upon as he goes along. (p. 969)

Any reader of Powys's works will, I think, agree that this type of experience frequently occurs in his unique novels. It is also a subject dear to some scholars, Harold Fawcner to name but one. I do not believe, however, that these scenes should be viewed merely as a structural trick or as an outlet for a highly original author. The descriptions of soul-expansion and soul-extension are a message about how life should be lived. Powys was a sensualist and, like any other prophet, a believer that his way of life was the way to deeper happiness and understanding.

2. Nature as a way of exposing dramatical and psychological events

This manner of using nature in the narrative proves to be very efficient in Powys's works. A detailed look at an event in nature often helps to reflect processes in the human world, like for instance the painful separation, in *A Glastonbury Romance*, of Mary Crow from Miss Drew:

Several little brown moths took the opportunity of flying in. ... Some rushed to perish at the candles on the table, while others beat themselves against the lamp till they fell upon the floor. Neither Miss Drew nor her companion had any margin of consciousness left for these little suicides of blind desire. (p. 665)

This pattern seems to serve at least two purposes. It helps to give a human event its "rightful proportions", either by strengthening the drama or, as in this case, by trivializing it. Sometimes, however, Powys allows nature to take an active part in the narrative, thus decentralizing it to include a wider variety of characters, converting the singular universe of conventional belief into a pluralistic multiverse.

3. *Nature as a means of exposing the personalities*

This aspect of Powys's description of nature is, I believe, the most easily detected one. He uses animals and plants consistently in an effort to represent personae in both books. One has only to look at Wolf, a character whose name is that of an animal of prey. The metaphors describing him often include other animals of prey, thus signalling a significant feature of his personality.¹ Any reader of *Wolf Solent* will also remember the rodent-like Bob Weevil and Gerda's beautiful blackbird-song. One of the richest descriptions of Powys's characters in relation to nature, however, is encountered in *A Glastonbury Romance*:

Lovely were they both, as they lay there in that glimmering light, but whereas Angela seemed to draw to herself from out of the storm-cleansed darkness everything that was pallid and phantasmal in the rain-soaked meadows, in the dripping hazel-spinneys, in the cold, moss-covered hill slopes, Persephone seemed ... as if she were an incarnation of all the magic of the brown rain-pools and the smooth-washed beechboughs and the drenched, carved eaves of fragrant woodwork, and the wet reed roofs of the dyke-hovels down there in the marshes of the Brue. (p. 727)

This method of Powys's, in addition, lends a poetic glimmer to the narrative, one that leaves a vivid memory in the reader's mind for some time.

4. *Animated nature; natural divinities; symbols of nature*

This last aspect of the natural structure of Powys's novels is perhaps the most controversial one. Sentences like the following have given his critics fuel for their fires:

In the roaring, raving, towering, cresting, cascading whirl of its huge centrifugal flames the super-human consciousness of that noon-day sun recognised, amid the billions upon billions of other organisms that floated through its non-human awareness, his brief-lived biped enemy — the stalwart priest of Christ. (*A Glastonbury Romance* p. 328)

The sun and the moon, as well as the earth, can be viewed as divinities, an interpretation that compels when one considers Powys's peculiar animistic devotion to nature — to sticks and stones — something every reader of his *Autobiography* will have noticed. It is also a belief Wolf shares with his creator:

It was a worship of all the separate, mysterious, living souls he approached:

“souls” of grass, trees, stones, animals, birds, fish; “souls” of planetary bodies and of the bodies of men and women; the “souls”, even, of all manner of inanimate little things. ... (*Wolf Solent* p. 54)

Animation of nature is not always a successful tool in Powys's works, one could say on a more critical note. It can sometimes have a comical effect, one which does not always seem intentional:

The language of trees is even more remote from human intelligence than the language of beasts or of birds. What to these lovers [John and Mary Crow] for instance, would the singular syllables “wuther-quotle-glug” have signified? (*A Glastonbury Romance* p. 73)

One clear example of how Powys uses “natural” symbols is of course the ichthys-fish in the Grail-vision of Sam (a new use of an old symbol) or indeed the majestic appearance of Stonehenge, both in *A Glastonbury Romance*. Another striking example is, I think, the blackbird-whistling that Gerda masters. It is emblematic of her transcendence between the human world and the less self-conscious world of nature.

This article has been but a brief account of what to me is a very central aspect of the writings of John Cowper Powys, and I regret not having been able to dwell on the subject at more length. Much work has been done, but more is required in this field. One can only hope that studies of the works of this splendid Anglo-Welsh author will attract the attention of more scholars, that he will finally receive his long due recognition and that he will be more widely read, especially in countries like mine, Sweden, where he has been ignored for too long.

Matilda Jonsson

¹ John Hodgson stresses the reptile imagery in Wolf's case in “A Victim of Self-Vivisection: J. C. Powys and Wolf Solent”, in *John Cowper Powys's Wolf Solent: Critical Studies*, Ed. Belinda Humfrey (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1990).

Walking Weymouth Sands

A Powysian Weekend, October 2nd and 3rd 1993

Many readers of J. C. Powys hold *Weymouth Sands* in special affection for reasons associated with memories of idyllic seaside holidays spent amid the tattered grandeur of the Royal resort. In the novel the bay, the sands, the harbour, the church spire, the Jubilee Clock and a host of other landmarks, exercise a pervasive presence from which the whole town derives a personality as palpable as any character in the story. For this reason a Weymouth walk, with readings, is a particularly attractive proposition. The scope of the book requires that it should be explored over two days divided between Weymouth and Portland.

The walk will be led by Gordon Cunliffe, Phyl Warr and Eve Batten, with advice from

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Mrs. Sally Powys

It is sad indeed to have to record the death of Sally Powys, whose lively contribution to the Kingston Maurward conference in 1991 was so much enjoyed. She had been married to T. F. Powys's son Francis for just on sixty years, and had helped him to run the Powys Bookshop at Hastings. After the death of Katie Powys in 1963 she and Francis came to live in the latter's cottage at Buckland Newton, where visitors could be sure of a cordial welcome.

Sally's friendly personality, kindness and lively humour were combined with a deep love of the Dorset countryside and a Powysian knowledge of birds and flowers and butterflies. She possessed an observant and a caring eye, witness her contribution to the broadcast tribute to John Cowper Powys on June 7th 1983, and still more her devoted work in transcribing his diaries. Anyone who has seen the originals will know what a labour of love that was — the labour matching the love. As a result of her work it was possible for a number of people to read and to assess these diaries, in furtherance of the publication that is now taking place. On my last meeting her she exclaimed spontaneously, "I love it here!" It is good to know that no prolonged period of suffering marred that delight; but our sympathy goes out to her husband and family in their loss of such a warm and generous presence.

Glen Cavaliero

Professor Gloria Fromm

Dr. Gloria Fromm died on November 12th 1993. A memorial service was held on February 15th. Powys Society members will particularly remember her vivid presence at the 1989 Sussex conference. A Professor of English at the University of Illinois, Chicago, she specialised in modernist literature. Her husband, Dr. Harold Fromm, said that "her professional work — her teaching and her writing — was a consuming passion of her life". She wrote a biography of Dorothy Richardson, edited two other books, and before she died had virtually completed a fourth, *Windows on Modernism*, which her husband will see through to publication. She also published articles on such writers as Arnold Bennett, Henry James, Virginia Woolf, Rose Macaulay, Rebecca West, John Cowper Powys. Whatever she wrote was characterized by assurance, precision and understatement: qualities indicative of a scholar who has total mastery of the subject.

But it is perhaps as a teacher and a lecturer that she will be best remembered. She had the rare gift of a born teacher: however large the audience or the class, each person in it felt that Gloria was speaking only to him or to her. When I was last with her, only a few weeks before her death, she was too weak to speak, but she was still able to talk. With a lift of the dark eyebrow, a twitch of a slender nostril, she said all that was left to be said.

Gloria died of complications from lung-cancer therapy. In the biting phrase of Geoffrey Hill's poem, she was "by gross error lost". She fought with courage,

challenging death in ironic silence. Gloria Warrior. I think of another poem written six hundred years earlier than Hill's: "To the accuser goes Honour; to death belongs the Victory. Thus the battle is not without reason."

Morine Krissdóttir

In a letter to the editor, Dr. Harold Fromm states that Windows on Modernism: Selected Letters of Dorothy Richardson is to be published by the University of Georgia Press, probably in 1994.

Reviews

Report from the French Front

Comme je l'entends (After My Fashion), Paris, Le Seuil, 1989. Pocket size reprint, 1992, for the "Points Roman" collection. Translation by Robert Pépin. Introduction by Francis Powys. 416 pages. No price mentioned.

Rodmoor, Paris, Le Seuil, 1992. Collection "Le Don des langues". Translation by Patrick Reumaux. 416 pages. 140 FF.

Confessions de deux frères (Confessions of Two Brothers), Paris, Granit, 1992. Collection du Cadrant. Translation by Christiane Poussier. 224 pages. 109 FF.

Good news!

The publication in French of J. C. Powys's complete works is going slowly but steadily on. After Jacqueline Peltier's review of *Wood and Stone* and *The Mountains of The Moon* in the November 1991 Newsletter, it is my great pleasure to report on three new titles.

In fact, one of these is not quite new, as it is the reprint in pocket size of the 1989 Le Seuil edition of *After My Fashion*. In their "Points Roman" collection, it now takes its stand under number R 509 (R for Roman, i.e. Novel), following Kurt Vonnegut's famous *Slaughterhouse Five* (R 508) and only a few steps behind Thomas Hardy himself (R 504, with *Desperate Remedies*), while *Ducdame* and *The Inmates* (R 79 and 215) are currently available, under the respective titles of *Givre et sang* ("Rime and Blood") and *La Fosse aux chiens* ("Dogs' Pit").

Incidentally, while subscribing to Jacqueline's scepticism as to the merits of *Wood and Stone* in the original English for a French title, I cannot help wondering why so many of J. C. P.'s titles should be in our language replaced by totally different ones, at the same time more banal and ostentatious, or weaker in meaning, than their models. When one is lucky enough to have an author with a kind of genius for titles, shouldn't one be happy to translate them literally? Why not *Ducdame*, with a brief note on its Shakespearian origin? Why not *Les Internés*? Mystery and blue frog! Be it as it may, let us not grudge Mr. Robert Pépin his *Comme je l'entends* for *After My Fashion*, even if an *A ma Façon*, using no present tense, might have seemed less limiting.

In the same kind of soft laminated cover, but different in size, the same publishers also offer *Rodmoor*. The more specialized collection directed by Ms. Anne Freyer in which it appears is called "Le Don des langues" (The Gift of Languages), and *Rodmoor* introduces J. C. P. in the company of Georg Büchner (Complete Works), Carlo Emilio Gadda (four titles), Robert Musil (nine), Pushkin (two), R. M. Rilke (seven), Joseph Roth (four), Italo Svevo (two), Dylan Thomas (Complete Works), and a few others.

Both covers are handsome, with the same prevailing turquoise blue and sea green in author's name and illustration (John Lavery's "Springtime" for *After My Fashion*, and a detail from Courbet's "The Wave" for *Rodmoor*).

At the end of both books is given a selective list of J. C. P.'s works published in French so far. It is too bad that no one should have called Le Seuil's attention to a misspelling probably descended all the way from 1989: *Morwyn* has become *Marwyn*.

After My Fashion has an introduction by Francis Powys and a five-line biographical note on the author, remarkable only for one mistake (brother Theodore being called Francis) and a conclusion which deserves to be fully quoted: "greeted as a genius by some, he remains controversial". When this book is next reprinted, editors could also suppress the asterisks in the text or restore the corresponding footnotes which were dropped in the passage to pocket size.

Having received Le Seuil's volumes one good month later than expected (i. e. last night) thanks to a giggling young lady who simply forgot to send them, I could only cast a slanting eye on Mr. Pépin's translation. It would be dishonest to give my opinion on such an amount of work after so brief a perusal. The fact that the famous "mean jumps" mentioned in the introduction should be rendered by "méchants sautillements" (wicked hops) does not allow one to draw conclusions as to the other four hundred pages. The translator, I am sure, was not familiar with this particular detail of J. C. P.'s life and must have torn at his hair, wondering what the deuce the silly things could be.

I thus concentrated on *Rodmoor*. It is Mr. Patrick Reumaux's second translation (after *Wood and Stone*), and if here and there I noticed an "inclination" for "inclinaison", or an "inopportune" for "importune", I do not feel inclined to inopportunately blame Mr. Reumaux for such venial sins against his mother tongue. Having committed some of the same kind myself, I know too well how easy it is to fall into that kind of pit, however carefully one tiptoes among the bushes. The important fact is that Mr. Reumaux's translation throws a sound and unobtrusive bridge across the gap that separates such a foreign (should I say exotic?) author as J. C. P. and his Latin readers. Written in clear and elegant French allowing fluent and easy reading, it escapes the Charybdis and Scylla of excessive respect and excessive freedom, thus avoiding making J. C. P. sound too strange or unduly Frenchified. Indeed, I read *Rodmoor* (in one night) with more pleasure and comfort than some more ambitious translations of the past, and I feel like placing Mr. Reumaux in the company of my favourite translators, namely the late Jean Queval and Ms. Tran Van Khai. It is to be hoped that he continues supporting J. C. P.'s cause in the way he has done so far.

I also hope that Le Seuil will sustain its interest in J. C. P. In spite of the minor flaws

mentioned above, the great French Protestant stronghold remains one of the more serious and respectable publishing houses on this side of the Channel. While maintaining a rather high level of quality, it seems to have kept what most others have forgotten about: principles. It publishes no Nazi author just because there is now a fringe of readers for such books; it does not spend fortunes on snatching *Scarlett* from competitors, and it occasionally chooses to lose money on an important book by a grand old living Gallimard author, flatly rebuked as a "sure financial loss". John Cowper Powys has no cause to blush in the company Le Seuil keeps.

Although Jacqueline has already reviewed *Wood and Stone*, I should like to add that Mr. Reumaux's translation, printed for Phébus on beautiful cream coloured paper, appears in a (to me) very exciting collection, in company with such authors as Frank Norris (*Greed*), Leo Perutz, Miklos Szentkuthy and Faris Chidyaq (among others). I must confess I had never heard about Phébus before. *Wood and Stone* is their first volume to fall into my hands. It certainly will not be the last.

Let me now come to the last-but-not-least of my lucky dip: *Confessions of Two Brothers*, which Mr. François Xavier Jaujard was so kind as to send me when I thought he had quite forgotten about me after all these years.

Physically, the volume is in itself a *very good* surprise. Its unusual squarish size (14x19 cm) makes it a most pleasant book to hold or simply to look at, with a Warren Press blue not-hard-nor-soft cover and a rich laminated ivory dust jacket showing a sepia photograph of John Cowper and Llewelyn Powys together. It is in an edition of 2,500 copies, beautifully printed on *bouffant* ivory paper. Malcolm Elwin's presentation appears — French way — on the back cover.

The publisher is of course Granit, and the following thrilling surprise pops from the dust jacket's flap: press reviews saluting the re-publication of the historic J. C. Powys double number of *Granit* in a revised version. This is, I know, particularly welcome news to those Powys lovers who have been looking forward for so long to such an event. In the last pages, one finds a complete and detailed list of the works published in French, for John and for Llewelyn. Under the title *Confessions de deux frères*, this is the second book to appear in a collection directed by Mr. François Xavier Jaujard himself: the "Collection du Cadran" (The Dial Collection).

The translator is Ms. Christiane Poussier, a newcomer among the Powys "reeds", whose debut was a perilous one as she was the first with two brothers on her hands at the same time. In addition to the usual translating traps, she thus had to cope with the danger of blending the two hyperindividual "little musics" into one Poussierian tone. This, I am glad to say, she victoriously avoided: John is John and Llewelyn is Llewelyn. And as far as I can judge, she has overcome with real success the difficulties pertaining to each style.

One word sums up this book: *perfect*.

Anecdotally, I am unable to find again, as I write this, the short passage in John Cowper's part, which Ms. Poussier did not identify as an unacknowledged quotation from Rabelais. Nor had Ms. Claire Malroux, in her translation of *Morwyn*, recognized

another famous passage. Nor would I have, before my two-year total immersion in the most alluded to and least read of all our writers. British readers will appreciate, I am sure, the irony of the Father of French Prose coming home at last to his great-grand-nephews, “translated from the original Powysian”.

I am also sure that J. C. P.’s works have a lot of other such discoveries in store for us. Like, for instance, those I made some time ago, that the little dog who licks the dead grey mare in *Porius* comes straight from Anatole France’s *The Amethyst Ring*, and that the irresistible couple of insects in *Atlantis* were borrowed from — of all Enlightened Dry Ones! — Voltaire. Yes, indeed. Have a look, dear friends, at *Micromegas*.

In truth, scholars have bread to chew for a century or two, with the works of J. C. Powys — thick slices of it: as coincidences lead to discoveries, it will be their happy privilege to ponder on how and why a great artist borrows, “digests” and magically transforms what suits him in another man’s work. And we, thanks to him, will renew acquaintance with persons we thought we knew, whom we will suddenly look at with round wondering eyes. Personally, I would never have imagined J. C. P. seeking inspiration from Anatole France or Voltaire — of whom it is not too bold to say that they were not among his favourites. Like Bernard Shaw, one could cry: “Why them?” It is then that one discovers something one had never noticed or been told before: *they were good on animals*.

I think that the main reason why John Cowper Powys is being more and more published in our language is because he brings us lots of things that we were missing without knowing it.

Catherine Lieutenant

Intercultural Chemistry

Autobiographie, Munich, Peter Kirchheim. 1992. Translated by Nikolaus Stingl. Announced ever since 1987, the German translation of John Cowper Powys’s *Autobiography* saw the light of day at last in the autumn of 1992, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of publisher Peter Kirchheim in Munich. Kirchheim, an early admirer of *Wolf Solent*, decided to have *Autobiography* translated when Powys descended upon Germany through *Akzente* magazine in the early eighties, and, encouraged by a rather successful reprint of *Wolf Solent* by Zsolnay, he embarked on this large project around 1985. However, the first translator felt somewhat overwhelmed after working on the translation for a number of years and gave up. It took several more years before Nikolaus Stingl had translated the whole book and it goes without saying that the ghostly and the real translation of this monumental book have cost the small publisher a small fortune.

The cover shows Powys around the time of writing his book, with his right hand clutching his walking stick. The translation is altogether very readable, which makes a necessary contrast to the dusty old 1930 translation of *Wolf Solent* that is still the main access to Powys in German-speaking countries (though there is also a German *Meaning of Culture*, translated by Susan and Christian Nurmi-Schomers in 1989 and published as

Kultur als Lebenskunst (Junius Verlag, Hamburg), but, as far as I know, it got only two or three reviews). On the face of it, *Autobiographie* flaunts all the signs of “No Surrender!” both to the culture industry and to journalism. The book dispenses with both introduction and index. Even the blurb is most reticent and simply quotes from Powys’s letters to his sister Marian (July 22nd and 31st, August 14th 1933), in which he comments on his writing of *Autobiography*. This reader at least misses the index (though a German one needn’t be modelled on the English one) since the reader tends to use a book even after reading it, and how, for example, can I quickly find the passage on Powys’s visit to Dresden and Weimar? An introduction would have been helpful for those who want to locate this strange masterpiece both within the framework of English literature (of course, it breaks all frames), and in Powys’s *oeuvre* itself.

But I can see the publisher’s point: the work ought to stand by itself, tell its own story unhampered by academic or journalistic baggage. It ought to exert its powers without any mediation, be immediate, a “real presence” undiluted by commentary. However, in this age of complete mediation, commentary will inevitably be provided by other, possibly less informed, people: the critics. So far three German reviews have come to my attention: a long one by Bavarian Radio, very admiring and understanding; a balanced but nonetheless enthusiastic one in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*; and a very negative one in *Die Zeit*. The author of this last piece, Willi Winkler, lumps Powys together with the author of *Real Presences*, George Steiner (who, in the wake of debate about his book figures now as Pastor, i.e. the Reverend Steiner) since Steiner is seen to be partly responsible for reawakening interest in Powys. Winkler attacks Powys’s repetitiousness, monotony, obsessiveness and sheer boringness while linking him to prophets and cult authors such as Henry Miller. Above all, he makes him out to be a misogynist of the first order, who most of the time indulges in his own whimsies and manias: “Ich! Ich! Ich!” For why else did he leave out all women in his book? All of which is thought to have a particular appeal to the neo-conservatism of the 1990s — as proved by the fact that the book appeared on the “List of Best Books” (*SWF-Bestenliste*) for two months (November and December 1992), which is based on suggestions made by some twenty critics. This may well be one of the reasons why this book needs an introduction which could have warded off some of these interventions, based as they are on a rather spurious knowledge of Powys’s works (Winkler calls *100 Best Books* one of Powys’s “essays”, and in *F.A.Z.* Powys figures as a teacher of German).

The question that currently bogs down most reviewers is: why did Powys omit women? When a T.V. crew came to interview Wolfgang Kehr (who wrote the first German thesis on Powys) and me recently, the producer told me that his women editors had refused to touch the book because of what the reviews were saying about Powys’s misogyny. When he had finally persuaded them actually to read the book, they were very much intrigued by it (the film on Powys they produced, incidentally, was shown on the WDR channel on January 9th 1993 and lasted all of seven minutes). Anyway, all this has its amusing side, if only in showing us once again to what extent cultural contact (between countries and between different ages) is a caricature of chemical or even

alchemical reactions: literary works as much as chemical substances cause the most curious reactions once they are transferred to a different context.

Elmar Schenkel

Thanks to Sven Erik Täckmark, we have also learned that an hour-long interview concerning Autobiography was broadcast on Jazzwelle Plus, a private radio station in Munich on November 11th 1992 and that a review of the translation appeared in Bayerischer Rundfunk.

In the July 1993 issue of the *Newsletter* it is hoped to include reviews of *Fables* by T. F. Powys and *The Clear Shadow* by Mary Casey, both recently issued by Rigby and Lewis. The editor would be pleased to hear from any author or publisher who wishes to offer their work for review in the *Newsletter*.

P. R.

The Powys Family At Montacute

A National Trust Lecture, March 13th 1993

The Great Hall of Montacute House was a nostalgic location for this lecture by Dr. Glen Cavaliero. The audience of 115 was largely unacquainted with the Powys world and a new horizon was opened up for the attentive listeners. The lecture related to all members of the family, their ancestral connections, motivations, writings and details of their lives. It was delivered with the prowess and warmth of a true enthusiast.

When Thomas Hardy was revealed as having signed the Maberlulu Castle visitors' book, describing himself a "Wayfarer", the audience gasped.

We were told the Powyses loved the landscape and regarded Montacute as holy ground. Their judgement was sound, this unique village was my home from 1931 to 1963 and my thoughts return frequently, as did Llewelyn's.

The sunny morning was ideal for John and Eve Batten's well conducted walk for 40 participants to the places in Montacute of significant Powys interest.

We met by "Bertie's" fountain in the Borough, built to his design in 1902. It seems a lifetime ago when I saw water coming from it.

Then to St. Catherine's church with its well tended blooming floral garden where the Reverend Charles Powys was rector for thirty-two years. He married my grandparents there on April 3rd 1893. The wedding was well recorded by Eleanor in her diary in that fateful month when she died so young, aged just thirteen years. The love which linked the family members in such close harmony erupted again with Eve's reading of Philippa's poem "To Gertrude".

In the churchyard we saw the family grave where Charles and Mary Powys are buried, with Gertrude and Eleanor close by. In the corner stands Miss Sparks' gravestone — she kept the village shop of Llewelyn's writings.

We visited Abbey Farm where John read extracts from an article by Will Powys

published in *The Dorset Magazine* in 1976, recalling the celebrations which followed Gaffer's wedding in July 1907.

The stone in Wash Lane came next (see *The Powys Society Newsletter*, April 1991), with a *Wood and Stone* reading, and then on to the Vicarage.

Here we sampled the outlook on which the Powyses thrived. The giant firs leading to Cole's orchard where the ruins of John Scott's (the old Squire's huntsman) house are still visible next to the clump of beech trees through which the ruby red sun shone as the children breakfasted on Christmas mornings. We saw the garden scene of Bushes Home, Maberlulu Castle Jabberwock and tunnelling in the Somerset clay legends. A place of inspiration and imagination.

Down through the orchard, passing those gnarled lichen-hung apple trees whose fruit would have been a sore temptation to eleven children living so close at hand.

All the places visited are very little changed and we can thank Bertie for that. His saving Montacute House for the nation preserved this unspoilt village. To use Lucy's words, "thank you".

John Cornelius

A Powysian Correspondence

I have been asked by your editor to write about how I first came to have an interest in John Cowper Powys, and about our correspondence.

The answer to the latter question is quite simply, Llewelyn. Let me explain ...

Having almost completed two years' national service in the R. A. F. I received a letter from a friend of mine enthusing about a book he had just bought. This was *Letters To A Young Poet*. In time I borrowed from him this book of letters from Llewelyn Powys to Kenneth Hopkins, and so started this interest, one might almost call it a mania, for the Powyses and all their works! So I started a book on Llewelyn *and all his works*! I wrote to John Cowper Powys about his younger brother, and was delighted to receive in answer a massive eight page letter. As those fortunate recipients of letters from John Cowper Powys will know, not only did he write across the page, but he would then write in the margins as well, often adding to the letter on the back of the envelope.

And he always wrote in full on the back of the envelope his name and address. So began our correspondence.

I was interested to read much later in *Letters to Louis Wilkinson*, a letter dated February 13th 1956:

By the way do tell Malcolm & Eve [Elwin] with my love to both in which Phyllis joins — that I've just given everybody's address (yours included) to a man who is writing a Biography of Llewelyn and a book on all his writings. He is a complete stranger to me and I doubt if he knows what has already been written on Lulu by us all!

Later John Cowper sent me a copy of Malcolm Elwin's *The Life of Llewelyn Powys*,

and so my book on Llewelyn became in the end a personal "Book of Days", a selection of quotes from Llewelyn for every day of the year. (The Golden Cockerel Press published a *Book of Days* in 1937; this was compiled by John Wallis.)

Then I moved from Chiswick to Watford and much later I met Glyn Hughes, who was working in a bookshop near the Strand. Our friendship developed and he sent me many of the letters he had received from J. C. P. Some of these were later published by Ore Publications in 1971, edited by Dr. Bernard Jones.

I have edited an enlarged and revised edition of the *Letters from John Cowper Powys to Glyn Hughes*, to be published by Cecil Woolf in 1993.

These "homely letters" contain amongst many other matters, advice from the old John to the young Glyn. As one would expect, the correspondence contains Powys's views on many things. On Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (he was at this time writing *Homer and the Aether*), how Prince Madoc discovered America a thousand years before Columbus: Aleister Crowley and the Marquis de Sade, Gilles de Rai and the Count Masoch, all jostle together in these most interesting letters.

My own interest in John Cowper after all these years?

Well, my favourite novels are *Wolf Solent*, *A Glastonbury Romance* and *Weymouth Sands*. I have just started *Owen Glendower*, but dare I approach *Porius*?

Of course the letters, the letters. How many of them are there? Who can tell? And that *Autobiography*: how many times have I read and re-read it?

My own favourite of all of the philosophical books is John Cowper's last, *In Spite Of*. This was one of his favourites too, for he writes to another correspondent — a Mr. Letchford — "But if you want to get at the heart of my personality you must read the chapter called "In Spite of Madness" in my book called *In Spite Of*..."

This book is subtitled "A Philosophy for Everyman", and I think it contains the summation of John Cowper Powys's philosophy. This book offers the "ordinary man or woman" — if anyone is ordinary, which I doubt — a bedrock of advice for everyday existence, so that in spite of The Experts, and all the rest of them, at the end one can say with confident assurance, "I think this ..."

Thank you J. C. P., sage of Blaenau-Ffestiniog, Welsh aboriginal and friend.

Frank Warren

Walking Weymouth Sands — continued from page 7

Tony Hallett; but ideas, expertise & readings will be welcome from anyone taking part.

Wessex members will probably make the journey each day, but if you live further afield why not consider an autumn break in Weymouth? Bed and Breakfast accommodation can be booked in **Brunswick Terrace** for as little as £14-£16 per night. If there is sufficient response a Powysian activity will be organised for the Saturday evening.

It will be helpful if members interested in taking part will complete the leaflet enclosed with this Newsletter and return it to the Secretary before the end of May. At some later stage a small deposit will be asked of those booking accommodation.

John Batten

Editorial

As members will by now have learned, almost the entire print-run of *Newsletter* No. 18 was lost in transit between Bath and Blackheath, and for that reason we have made this a double issue, reprinting the entire contents of the lost *Newsletter* and using the same cover design. We were pleased to welcome a number of new contributors to the April issue and look forward to publishing their work again in future. The Society is always eager to encourage members, whatever their area of interest, to write for the *Newsletter*, and would be delighted to receive contributions for the November issue by October 1st.

The current issue concentrates largely upon John Cowper Powys and contains a check-list of forty-nine previously unrecorded publications, as well as an interesting profile of Powys in his Patchin Place days, shortly before the publication of *Wolf Solent*. Charles Lock draws our attention in his article *Persecution and Fabrication* to an astonishing attack on Powys in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*, and our Secretary, John Batten, highlights the difficulties and opportunities provided for the Society by the wide-ranging interests of its members in a letter which we hope may draw a considerable response.

It had also been hoped to review the new edition of *Fables* by T. F. Powys and *The Clear Shadow* by Mary Casey in the current issue, but we have so far heard nothing from the publishers. *Fables* was, however, enthusiastically reviewed in the London *Evening Standard* (Thursday, June 10th, page 46) by Ruth Guilding, who also writes, however, that "The Powys Society now boasts an annual conference — half Platonists' symposium, half Tolkienish Ent-Moot — which attracts a mix of train-spotter look-alikes, gurus, and sages of the calibre of Iris Murdoch. Literary élitism is a key ingredient in this unlikely heterodoxy, endorsed by the failure of any modern publisher to reprint the bulk of the Powys *œuvre*." Members who have not attended the previous twenty or so annual conferences of which we *now* boast need not be put off, however. Communing with Ents takes up very little of our time and it is not recorded when the last train passed through Kingston Maurward. As for *élitism*, that plays as big a part in our conferences as it does in the works of the Powys family. So, why not join us and discover for yourself why so many of our members return year after year.

Some time ago we reported that the Redcliffe Press was intending to re-issue a number of Powys titles and members may have been wondering what had become of the project. Sadly, John Sansom has been seriously ill for some months now and this has delayed progress. We wish John a speedy and full recovery and look forward to the time when he is able to continue with Redcliffe's invaluable Powys publications.

Another member, Janet Fouli, who is currently editing the correspondence between John Cowper Powys and Dorothy Richardson, is seeking information about an article on Richardson written by James Norbury and published in 1940 or 1941. James Norbury was a regular contributor to the *Manchester Guardian*, but this particular article (which

is mentioned in the correspondence) may have been published elsewhere. Should any member know of its whereabouts, we would be pleased to pass on the information to Miss Fouli.

Paul Roberts

The Powys Exhibition

Writers in a Landscape: The Powys Brothers in Dorset

Dorset County Museum, Dorchester, August 22nd to October 31st 1993

In February 1937, Gertrude Powys had an exhibition of her paintings in London and John Cowper travelled from Wales to attend a private view at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street.

Friday 5th February ... We went up the steps of Gertrude's exhibition & I was at once struck by the freshness & beauty of a completely new Picture — her very latest! This was a picture of that road known best to me in the whole world between Lodmore & the Sea. Gertrude has painted it as you would see it standing with your back to the old Coast-Guards & looking towards Weymouth — Patches of emerald green grass and yellow moss in the foreground & then the line of the sea-wall with all those wooden breakwaters so familiar to me & the spire of St. John's faintly & Weymouth in mist and the pools of Lodmore & then an indescribable real tang & blow of the spray from the sea blown up over the sea-wall at high-tide with an unbelievable freshness against your face. ...

I have been thinking about this diary entry as we plan our own Powys exhibition more than a half century later. For John Cowper, the success of Gertrude's exhibition dwelt in one picture: he walked into a landscape of his childhood so vividly painted that he could feel the mist, see the yellow moss and the breakwaters, taste the sea spray.

The aim of our exhibition will be to try to create the same sense of the immediacy of the past, the sense of that interpenetration of landscape and art which played so large a role in the Powys psyche.

A painting succeeds or fails on its own merit; how it is exhibited matters little. What *we* are trying to portray — influence of the Dorset landscape on the art of the Powyses — depends much more for its success on the effectiveness of mounting and display. We tried out and discarded a number of possible approaches. The design concept we finally chose can best be described by Frank Kibblewhite's apt phrase "the marriage of scene to text". The Society now has such riches of material available for its use that the designers of the exhibition, Bev Craven and Sarah Linden, will utilize a variety of media. Photographs, original manuscripts and memorabilia lent to us by various benefactors; geological, archaeological and natural history artefacts from the Dorset Museum; quotations from the brothers' works; will be "married" to Frank Kibblewhite's text. To give focus to the exhibition we are concentrating on mid-1930s Dorset, specifically on

Maiden Castle, Dorchester, Chaldon Herring, and the coast near Chydyok.

The exhibition has been planned with both the general public and the Powys devotee in mind. The Society has as one of its main aims “to promote public education”, and an exhibition mounted in a popular county museum during the summer months is one of the most effective methods of achieving that aim. But the organizers trust this exhibition will entice those already familiar with the art and lives of the Powyses to view their work from yet another perspective.

Morine Krissdóttir

The Annual Montacute Lecture

The 1993 Annual Montacute Lecture will be delivered this year at 7 p.m. on October 23rd, in the Baptist Schoolroom. Our lecturer this year will be Angela Pitt, whose subject is “Katie Powys: An Inner Life”.

The Powys Society Annual Montacute Lecture was inaugurated in 1991 by our President, Dr Glen Cavaliero, and it has become the custom for each lecture to take as its subject a single member of the Powys family. The lectures have proved to be extremely popular, both with members of the Society and with non-members interested in Montacute and its environs. A warm welcome is extended to members and their friends and further details may be obtained from the Secretary, John Batten at Keeper’s Cottage, Montacute, Somerset, TA15 6XN (telephone: 0935 824077).

New Publications — see page 44

Persecution and Fabrication

Philip Larkin, John Cowper Powys and Other Fascists

In 1986 I was asked to contribute the entry on Llewelyn Powys to the *Dictionary of Literary Biography*. The entry was to be published in *Volume 98: Modern British Essayists*, which appeared in 1990. The *DLB* aims to be comprehensive rather than evaluative; entries are required to be descriptive rather than partisan. Like all the Powyses, Llewelyn is obviously underrated, and I was determined to include some sort of polemical advocacy. This took the discreet form of the phrase: “One of Powys’s most eminent admirers, the late Philip Larkin ...”; and of listing in the bibliography Larkin’s introduction to the Redcliffe Press reprint (1983) of *Earth Memories*, and his review of Richard Perceval Graves’ *The Brothers Powys* for *The Observer*.

Larkin’s reputation in 1986, one year after his death, seemed unassailable, his critical

recommendations both sound and authoritative. With the publication and extraordinary sales of the *Collected Poems* in 1988, Larkin's canonization seemed to have been endorsed by popular acclamation. I had hoped that Larkin's name might often be invoked in recommending the works of Llewelyn Powys.

W. H. Auden was much criticised twenty years ago when after his death it was disclosed that by his will he had asked recipients of letters to destroy them, and had instructed his executors on no account to allow their publication. Auden also asked his executors to show no encouragement to biographers. At the time it was commonly said that Auden was denying his readers the pleasures of simple curiosity: his greatness as a poet would never be assailed or compromised by anything that we might learn. What has happened to the reputation of Larkin in the past twelve months is, at least, ample testimony to Auden's wisdom.

Last year one of Larkin's literary executors, Anthony Thwaite, published a large volume of *Selected Letters of Philip Larkin*, and this year another literary executor, Andrew Motion, has published *Philip Larkin: A Writer's Life*. The reception of these two volumes is by now a well-known scandal. When even his friend, colleague and biographer, Andrew Motion, can be quoted to the effect that "My liking of Larkin ... has suffered from what I discovered", it is little wonder that those not bound by the duty and honour of executorship should have been less restrained. Motion is quoted in an article in *The Guardian* whose author, Sebastian Faulks, tells us that the *Letters* and the biography have revealed "something far more sinister than the grumpy but lovable Eeyore of popular imagination. Duplicitous, ruthless, racist and self-absorbed to a repellent degree" (*Manchester Guardian Weekly*, 11 April 1993, p. 25).

My attention has now been drawn to the April 1993 issue of *Vanity Fair*, in which Christopher Hitchens very sensibly draws attention to the Larkin case as exemplary of the practices of "Political Correctness". He notes the crucial shift between the regular deprecations of Larkin's character, "Larkin as a human being", and the assertion by one reviewer, Lisa Jardine, Professor of English at London University, that "Larkin's poetry carries a baggage of attitudes which the *Selected Letters* now make explicit." In other words, the poetry is now as bad as the person.

Hitchens, like many critics of "Political Correctness", is not averse, having identified it in others, to practising it himself, on the next page. He points out that "Political Correctness" was anticipated many years ago by a now neglected work, *The Reactionaries*, by John R. Harrison, "a study of the overt sympathy for Fascism expressed by T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, W. B. Yeats, D. H. Lawrence, and Wyndham Lewis" with an introduction by William Empson (London: Gollancz, 1966). In the first chapter, "Introductory: the Anti-Democratic Intelligentsia", Harrison writes of a variety of anti-democratic or élitist positions, and in Part iv he concentrates on anti-democratic ideas of art, from Baudelaire to Oscar Wilde to William James, Ortega y Gasset, Henry James — and John Cowper Powys. There is nothing odd or controversial about placing John Cowper Powys in such company or in such a tradition of thought. I am grateful to Hitchens for informing me of Harrison's book. Furthermore I would endorse Hitchens's

implication that *The Reactionaries*, for all its crudeness and naiveté, has been neglected because we don't like to know about nastiness in great writers, or about sympathy for Nazism and Fascism in English society in the 1930s.

I shall now quote at length what Harrison had to say in 1966 about J. C. Powys, which follows a discussion of Henry James's essay "The Younger Generation":

[Henry James] thought that order must be imposed on these anarchic tendencies, which he believed resulted from the democratic principle in politics, or there would be a continuing decline in literary and artistic standards, a decline he had already detected. Fifteen years later J. C. Powys was voicing the same view rather more stridently. *The Meaning of Culture*, published in 1930, is an extended diatribe against the destruction of cultural standards occasioned by the spread of democracy: "outworn, misused, misapplied for so long, the aristocratic ideal is now quite dead. There is no escape from machinery and modern inventions; no escape from city vulgarity and money power, no escape from the dictatorship of the uncultured." [Cape, p. 298; Norton, p. 256] The only solution for him was to withdraw completely from the world: "An individual man or woman, carrying to a comfortless job through clanging streets the cheapest editions of some immortal book, can mount the stairs of his secret psychic watch-tower and think the whole ant-heap into invisibility." This indicates the problem which faced men like Powys, and also Yeats and the others; baffled by the complexity of the modern world, they could only withdraw, yearn for some idealised past, or adopt an anti-democratic political ideology. Powys and Yeats astonishingly looked forward to Spengler's prophecy of the destruction of modern civilization by powerful warring leaders [Harrison, *The Reactionaries*, pp. 26-27]

This can be considered fair and justifiable quotation from *The Meaning of Culture*, the only true daftness being Harrison's astonishment at Powys's *anticipation* of Spengler: Powys cites Spengler throughout the book. But I can imagine few readers of Harrison's book having been persuaded by the interpretative weight that Powys's "diatribe" is asked to sustain. Far from being anti-democratic, Powys is protecting the individual, from the mass. And Powys's individual man or woman is precisely democratic in ordinariness and passivity: there is no appeal to the exceptional, and Powys has no interest in Lawrence's "aristocratic hero", or in any of the other versions of Nietzsche's *Übermensch*. If that is the worst that Harrison can find, the case for the prosecution is surely weak; it is anyway not Harrison's intention in this chapter to identify culprits, but rather to identify the sort of ideas which could lead to Fascism.

Before returning to Hitchens in *Vanity Fair*, it must be said that this is the only discussion of Powys in Harrison's book, and that his name is not mentioned again in the subsequent two hundred pages. In no sense is Powys of major importance to Harrison, and he is certainly not one of the main villains. Now in *Vanity Fair* we read Hitchens on Harrison and Larkin:

It wasn't at all simple for Harrison to theorize the Catholic [?] anti-Semitism of

Eliot, the mystical folk nationalism of Yeats, the dingbat currency and conspiracy schemes of Pound, the blood-obsession of Lawrence, or the hatred of enlightenment manifested by Lewis. But he located the core quotation in *The Meaning of Culture*, by a now forgotten English author named John Cowper Powys, who in 1930 wrote, "Outworn, misused, misapplied for so long, the aristocratic ideal is now quite dead. There is no escape from machinery and modern inventions; no escape from city vulgarity and money power, no escape from the dictatorships of the uncultured."

Powys found his own solution: "An individual man or woman, carrying to a comfortless job through clanging streets the cheapest editions of some immortal book, can mount the stairs of his secret psychic watch-tower and think the whole ant-heap into invisibility."

A real shock of recognition here — recognition of the crabbed, rancorous old librarian retreating behind his bound volumes to snarl and bark at the lapping tides of democracy and modernity. Larkin's letters breathe a continual admiration for Powys ("Picking up the trails of Powys is a thing I'd dearly love to do") as well as for Lawrence, and especially for Lawrence's emphasis on blood, and on thinking with the blood at that. It is thus quite possible to place the reactionary poet from Hull within the classical tradition of European literary Fascism. (*Vanity Fair*, April 1993, p.88)

One hardly knows where best to begin one's protest, but the index to the *Selected Letters* will do. We find there just three references to Powys, John Cowper. A letter of 6 December, 1946 (when Larkin was 24) to J. B. Sutton:

I have been reading Lawrence's letters recently once more ... I think he makes Llewelyn Powys a very small man. Powys loved the idea of life — but for Lawrence it is life itself, though I wouldn't do L. P. an injustice. He was good, but Lawrence was better.

An editor's note explains: "None the less L. admired the writings of the three Powys brothers, John Cowper, T. F. and Llewelyn." The next reference to John Cowper is in another letter to Sutton, of 13 March:

And it is good of you to feed me on kind praises: I increasingly see you as a Ll. Powys, extravagantly lauding my John Cowper P., & not seeing that in reality you are worth a dozen of such a two-timing neurotic.

The charm of Larkin's self-deprecation is wonderfully countered by the venomously inclusive description that applies to both himself and John Cowper. From a later letter to Sutton, 10 July 1951, we learn that Larkin had read *Welsh Ambassadors*, obviously the source of the comparison.

The third and final entry for John Cowper Powys refers us to a letter of 10 December 1953, to Patsy Strang:

I expect you noticed Theodore Powys had died. I felt greatly distressed.

The editor's note identified Theodore Powys as the younger brother of John Cowper Powys. And that is the sum of references to John Cowper Powys in Larkin's *Selected*

Letters. Two of the three are not Larkin's at all, but the editor's, and one would like to know the evidence for Thwaite's assertion that Larkin "admired" the writings of all three brothers, including John Cowper.

There are a number of passing references to Llewelyn, but only one letter of 26 November 1978 to W. G. Runciman contains substance, a recommendation of *Love and Death*. One allusion to Llewelyn does not figure in the Index as the editor has missed it. In a letter to Sutton, clearly a devoted admirer of Llewelyn, Larkin writes, 21 January 1952: "It's very frosty here, snow underfoot ground to a brown powder. I have a nasty cough wch makes me think of whoreson consumptions & graveyards & Davos Platz." The editor's note on Davos Platz is quite wrong: "Resort in Switzerland which L. associated with D. H. Lawrence, Katharine Mansfield etc." Neither Lawrence nor Mansfield had any connection whatever with Davos, and Larkin and Sutton, we can be sure, associated Davos with Llewelyn Powys rather than with John Addington Symonds, Robert Louis Stevenson or Thomas Mann.

There are three further references to Theodore. To Colin and Patsy Strang, Larkin writes on 26 March 1952, evidently in response to their enthusiasm for Theodore which had prompted a visit to Dorset:

Your tantalising notes excite me to a fever pitch and I only wish I were with you. Picking up the trails of Powys is a thing I'd dearly love to do, particularly in such pleasant spots. Do the villages all remind you of Dodder and Madder? Is there perpetually a group of children torturing something, a young maid kicking her legs under the wold woak tree, a sexton talking to a worm in the quiet of god's acre?

The editor's inability to explain which Powys Larkin is talking about (see Index), though regrettable, hardly excuses Hitchens' breath-taking abuse of the second sentence, let alone his "Larkin's letters breathe a continual admiration of [John Cowper] Powys." Hitchens has not even looked at the index: he thinks there is only one Powys.

The next reference to Theodore is in a letter to Anthony Thwaite of 3 October 1976, describing the summer's "literary visit to Dorset, visiting T. S. E. and T. F. P. among the dead."; the final mention, most delightfully, is from his crotchety last years, to Gavin Ewart, 26 May 1980:

How brave of you to go to USA! I am terrified to go even to London these days. I make T. F. Powys seem like Marco Polo.

Larkin's letters, though disappointingly thin on the subject of Llewelyn, are, of course, just as one had expected, entertaining and even endearing. Larkin may not have known Bunyan as well as Theodore did; both knew enough to keep away from the whole ant-heap known as Vanity Fair.

Meanwhile, thanks to the motiveless malignity of Christopher Hitchens, John Cowper Powys has just become for tens of thousands of readers the exemplary figure of European literary Fascism. Yet he still remains "a now forgotten English author", notorious in neglect, infamous in obscurity. Do fates come crueller than this?

Charles Lock

Reviews

La Lanterne Des Morts

La Lanterne Des Morts, by Patricia Dawson. Ram Press, London. 1980.

ISBN 0 9507117 0 5. £5 + 60p postage and packing.

Available from Patricia Dawson, 99 Corve St., Ludlow, Salop SY8 1EB.

Subtitled, "lines written in Ludlow after visiting Blaenau Ffestiniog", this small, hand-printed booklet is published in an edition of two hundred copies and includes relief etchings by the poet. It is a meditation upon the soul, the essential self, released from the binding context of place and time:

There is a freedom of the soul
Swimming between crania
Or floating from graveyards
On shafts of light ...

Yet it is "a limited freedom". This need to expand beyond, or find release from, our physical grid-reference is exemplified in the figure of Phyllis Playter (although she is not named) who, in a quietly powerful passage is described as an old woman who:

... sits in the mountains
By glinting slate quarries,
Clutching a passport
From her place of birth,
Waiting for cremation
And dreading burial or scattering
In these hills.

Yet, there is forever that limitation of our freedom, the need to be both of a place and free of place; hence the need both to clutch the passport and to dread burial.

La Lanterne Des Morts is in one sense a modest publication, and as such it is quite in keeping with the spirit of the poem which it contains, but however modest it may appear it will prompt a good deal of contemplation in its readers, suggesting much in its few lines.

Paul Roberts

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Notes From A Roving Correspondent

John Cowper Powys

The following article appeared in the Haldeman-Julius Monthly, Volume 8, No. 3, August, 1928, where it formed part of a series of literary sketches. I have been unable to trace the author, Fred Bair, but I am extremely grateful to Professor Gene DeGruson of the Pittsburg State University for supplying the copy from which this is taken. In another article in the same magazine, Bair writes that: "I find that many people think E. Haldeman-Julius deliberately picks out the hardest-boiled articles that come in his vast mail." The style here is certainly "hard-boiled", and it is interesting to speculate on what John Cowper himself would have made of it, especially the references to Miss Playter.

Whilst we are familiar with the "Little Blue Books" series, to which both John Cowper and Llewelyn Powys contributed, the various periodical publications of the Haldeman-Julius Company deserve far more scrutiny from Powys scholars, and perhaps this lively article will prompt just such an examination of its extensive files.

P. R.

Go to the ladies' clubs and ask the ladies for the name of the rarest dragonfly whose wings they were ever given an opportunity to admire; and of course they'll tell you, John Cowper Powys. And of course I was curious to know how much he enjoys this admiration of his wings — how much he enjoys his reputation as the most elegantly-exotic creature known to American lecture addicts. I had never heard him lecture, but time and again I had heard ladies rave about his abilities. E. H.-J. [Emanuel Haldeman-Julius] summed up his attraction for them, one evening while discussing various writers, with emphatic brevity, "That man's got sex appeal!"

What I was curious to know was whether he felt any repulsion at the shows he staged for the philistines — whether he lectured because he had to have money, or whether he really liked to uplift the ladies' souls to those serene heights where they can dwell spiritually with the great and glorious masters. Men who write cold prose as fine as Mr. Powys' usually itch to sneak up behind Demosthenes or Daniel Webster or William Jennings Bryan and pull his shirt-tail out, just as he reaches a rhetorical zenith. What I got from Mr. Powys was a bland pronouncement that he believes he is more interested in his readers than in his audiences. You would have thought the consideration was whether he preferred tea or coffee.

But his brother Llewelyn, in his *Verdict of Bridle-goose*, published about two years ago, is anything but bland when speaking of the prostitution forced upon John Cowper Powys' genius. Once when they were in California together, John good-naturedly gave Llewelyn hell for wakening him at dawn by flapping the pages of a Hearst paper.

'... I am one,' he went on, 'who believes that arrangements should be made for civilized people to spend the day up to five o'clock with the vegetable world alone, and yet, and yet,' he continued ruefully, 'it is my destiny to sleep in the same room with someone capable of reading the *Examiner* at six o'clock in the morning.' As soon as he had finished speaking he put out a long, lean arm (being by now thoroughly awakened) for a box of Richmond cigarettes, giving me meanwhile a look full of love and ironic amusement. But how happy I was with him, have always been with him, with this old salamander, who is so supersensitive to the dim consciousness of nature that on more than one occasion I have quarrelled with him because I could not persuade him to sit in a wayside hedge for fear of crushing the waving grasses which grew there.'

Then comes the declamation:

I know him, who better? I know how caught in an evil trap he has been and how he has been exploited and "nothing said". How he has been compelled by force of circumstances and his own magnanimity to prostitute his talents and to perform like a dancing bear before gatherings made up of people who understood him not at all. Often and often, with tears in my eyes, have I watched him set out to give a lecture to a girls' school, to a women's club, he who by the magic of his tongue could have made the very ancients exclaim. Lydia Gibson, whom I met for the first time at Sara Bard Field's house, used to declare that I suffered from a "brother complex". Little indeed did she understand! Have not I for a quarter of a century followed in the wake of John Cowper? All that I am I owe to him.

Then, after a rather lugubrious metaphor, he declares, "For let them say what they will, it is John alone of all of us who can be likened to the forked lightning, he alone has access to those deep, cool wells where the gods themselves let down their buckets." And, "Of all those who have been cognizant of the hidden drama of my brother's life, none has watched it with more sympathy and understanding than Theodore Dreiser. Many a time have I heard him declare that nothing would please him better than to provide a refuge, a cell, for his friend."

I don't believe Llewelyn Powys has ever contributed anything to the H-J periodicals, but he is well represented in the Little Blue Book list. And I have an idea that in the *Monthly* or *Quarterly* he would be even more in his element than his brother is. For example, witness another passage from *The Verdict of Bridlegoose*, a description of a total eclipse that he and his brother happened to see together in the land of the Golden Gate. Notice that it is written in silken prose like that of his brother's, but that it has an ending like that of the more typical Haldeman-Julius writers:

It was nearly midnight before we returned ... along the overgrown paths of the perfumed, moth-haunted summer-garden. The moon was at its full, and my brother insisted upon sitting down at the foot of a great shadowed tree to contemplate the dead planet that has always had so strange an influence over him. And as the light of it, that enchanted white light, flooded down upon us,

touching the upper side of every leaf, we felt, as we rested there in that darkened place, something of its divine power. Its radiance was falling, we knew, everywhere ... But as we watched, conscious of the weaving, tremulous mystery of the night as the very insects about us deep-buried in the long, damp grass, an unwonted thing happened. Suddenly upon the left side of that great luminous disk there appeared a black speck, insignificant as one tiny eyelash on the cheek of as girl. It enlarged its proportions, invading that silvery surface with a clear hard projection of inky blackness which grew moment by moment greater and greater. Who could describe the ghostly accumulating darkness that fell upon the Sausalito hillside? It was as different from ordinary darkness as the face of a corpse is different from the face of a man asleep. Aha! The equivocal cuckqueam! It was the other side of darkness — darkness showing its backside to us, as God showed his to Moses.

Since *The Verdict of Bridlegoose*, a very fine piece of work, gives the reaction of the Powyses to the American scene, I may as well go on talking about it until you feel familiar with the two Englishmen who came to this land of the free where wealthy ladies gang up to be excruciated by literary men. Llewelyn, you undoubtedly know, has written mainly about his years in Africa as a sheep-raiser and sportsman. But since his lions and leopards and hippopotamuses are somewhat remote from his brother, I give all my space to his autobiography after landing on these shores, where he came to write and incidentally to do quite a little starving and even some lecturing, though I gather that the ladies found his brother the more exquisitely-ravishing of the two.

When Theodore Dreiser wrote the preface sponsoring Llewelyn's *Ebony and Ivory*, Llewelyn gave Dreiser the customary fifty dollars. He gave it in the form of a check he had just received for a lecture at a girls' school. Dreiser, thinking it was Llewelyn's personal check, tore it into a hundreds pieces. ...

It seems to me that Llewelyn's criticism of the American writers with whom he and his brother became acquainted is usually very sound. Not that it isn't obvious that Miss Millay — to whom, as "the Leprechaun among poets", the book in question is dedicated — is a better poet than Miss Lowell whom we should remember for the high lyric quality of her big black cigars. It would be hard to say whether he underrates Mencken more or less than he overrates Padraic Colum. As in his essay on Colum in one of the Little Blue Books, he neglects to tell us that his friend, for all his cherishing of the old Irish atmosphere, is just a sort of second-rate Yeats, and is to Synge what a soap-bubble is to the sea.

But he himself is capable of getting the tang of wild, elemental places, or no one ever has since the world began. When he gets down to describing a moose standing in a stream somewhere in the northern Rockies, and to comparing the beast with the great creatures he had bumped off in the dark continent, he even tells you about the splashing of the antlered gentleman's dung in the fresh, swirling waters. He brings a Hardy-like attitude to his contemplation of nature as manifested in the New World. For instance, who among the myriads of Americans who write about such things has ever written a

passage on living in the woods in the Adirondacks during the winter such as the following: (The stage is set with white moonlight, slumber, the yapping of a stealthy-pawed fox, and plenty of crisp, sparkling snow.)

... I witnessed a very curious scene. I awoke suddenly to find myself watching a skunk dancing an arabesque on a level space in front of the well, a lonely, silent arabesque, for the benefit of our cat, which sat before it with pricked ears. And as I watched this animal in its gambols, rolling over and over, and frolicking sideways, I could not but feel astonishment that God should have conceived the whimsy of giving so quaint an animal so merry a heart.

Even in writing about New York he is mainly interested in using the great town to set off any fugitive fragment of nature that comes to his attention. Once he looked at the city from over on Governor's Island; he saw it "rise up from behind the hindquarters of a disconsolate, saddle-galled mule, which, with a sneering expression upon its smart, long-shaped face, stood in the near background, trying to bite, with aged, elongated teeth, at its own backside." Another of the treasured vignettes that he carried back to own on his inner retina from one of his excursions to the nearby "seaside coves" was "the picture of a fisherman, bent double, against a darkened sky, pulling his net into a black boat." And there were many others, quite a few of which he has managed to get down on paper in phrases of rare beauty.

The attitude toward life of Llewelyn and John Cowper is singularly alike, even for brothers, when it is taken into consideration how singularly individualistic these brothers are. And yet, it would be hard to imagine John Cowper peppering his paragraphs with "by Gods", or using the other sturdy mannerisms of Llewelyn. For instance, this is how he wrote to me:

Thank you so much for your letter now safely in my hands. Would it suit you to come here (top floor front) to tea at five o'clock either on Wednesday or Thursday next — which ever day you like? Just let me know by mail and then I'll ask my friend Miss Playter to pour out tea for us that afternoon for she is a friend of the Haldeman-Juliuses so will be interested to meet you. What you tell me about that projected volume of yours sounds very interesting. Well au revoir till Wednesday or Thursday then.

The "walled garden" — if you remember his essay in the *Quarterly* — to which he was inviting me was in Patchin Place, New York. You may also remember that — since he is an Englishman — you wouldn't speak of his "home" but of his "house". Or perhaps, since he doesn't occupy a whole house, and since he is a poet, and since gardens are necessarily small and grimy in the neighbourhood of Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street, we had better say his "castle".

Llewelyn describes Patchin Place very vividly in the book I have been discussing, as he does also some of its inhabitants. Particularly the "Venus" of an old German woman with breasts as big as pumpkins who for about a hundred years was the janitor of this "historic alley". She used to curse the inmates for mixing their ashes and garbage — until she went to the hospital and magnificently kicked off, with the appreciative

Llewelyn at her bedside. (You would think he was describing the last gurgles of some hippopotamus he had shot on the margin of a wild African lake.)

It seemed to me that Patchin Place has an almost marvelously sequestered atmosphere for a nook that is barely a bow-shot from the elevated. Outside, the houses are unadorned and rather drab. In Mr. Powys's apartment there is an air of artistically arranged rusticity — the conscious expression, no doubt, of a man buried in Manhattan with his memories of the English countryside, a man who, probably more than any other living, is in the tradition of Emily Bronte and Thomas Hardy. Nor is his friend, Miss Playter, a woman from Kansas and of the same general type — albeit a very exclusive type — as Marcet Haldeman-Julius, at all out of place in this environment. I smiled to myself at the incongruity of the flippant statement in my answer to the letter of Mr. Powys' that I have quoted — to the effect that, due to a blot, I couldn't make certain of the surname of his friend, that Mr. Haldeman-Julius had talked about her but under her given name. I don't know whether the Powyses over-looked that or whether they really forgave me on some such grounds as that I was very young. Contrary to popular belief, men with artistic temperaments such as Mr. Powys, are often attracted to women who have a sober dignity compared to which that of the puritans is tawdry and bogus. Miss Playter's finely, though almost demurely, chiseled physiognomy suggests the stamina and all the firm and admirable qualities, though certainly none of the grosser characteristics, of what Willa Cather — and less authentic writers — have taught us to call the American Pioneer Woman.

I was invited to sit down in a wicker-work chair that had a large hole in the middle of the seat — like those you often see in houses where there are litters of youngsters. But this chair was somehow different. There was something venerable about it, and when I later read Llewelyn's chapter on Patchin Place, it surprised me that he didn't mention it. Perhaps Mr. Powys' ancestor, William Cowper, sat in it while writing *The Task* — and, peradventure, one day when over-heavy with inspiration, broke through.

While I was telling Miss Playter about the one American public appearance of Trader Horn that I had just come away from, and how much I admired Mr. Powys' poetry that I had never succeeded in laying hands on until that afternoon, in came a man whom I knew could be no one else but John Cowper Powys, though he greatly differed superficially from the man that I had expected. He was older and much more rugged and weathered than I had thought. It occurred to me instantly that what he had written of the books of Thomas Hardy and of *Wuthering Heights* and the like was much nearer to his basic nature than what he had written of his patent leather hero, Henry James. Not that he lacked the elegance of manner with which he is credited, but that it was the austere simple elegance of the early Romans. I suppose that on the platform he can beat any preacher doing the grandiloquent arm-swinging that renders dizzy a mob of idolotrous women. But in quiet conversation, where he can be himself, the only things that suggest his public speaking are the subtle, subdued gestures of his voice and hands — of which he speaks in that exquisite piece of attitudinizing which constitutes his portion of the *Confessions of Two Brothers*. (In that book he is a trifle more modest than is Nietzsche in

the preface to *The Anti-Christ*, and yet so wholly himself, and so frank in confessing his own self-esteem, that, if it were not for his air of gentility, he would seem to the average humble citizen a man of exceeding vanity.)

He had written somewhere a confirmation of the passage from Shakespeare about not trusting lean men. It hadn't occurred to me that he was making fun of himself — I thought he was justifying himself. I hadn't exactly expected to find him fat, but I was surprised to find him an "old salamander", as his brother calls him. His leanness, however, is not the sacerdotal leanness of John Roach Straton, but the honest leanness of an old English long-bow. The frosty hue of his long curly hair, and something vigorous and ruddy in his aspect, would have suggested that he had just come in from rabbit hunting or a cold boat ride if it hadn't been for the packages he had brought from the grocer's. He handled the groceries with distinguished simplicity — somewhere he wrote that Rabelais and Voltaire talk about the price of sausages in the Elysian Fields.

His tea parties are as informal as those of children, or at least they are on occasion. Hugh Walpole's tea-party manners, wrote Llewelyn, are too smooth. At Mr. Powys' tea parties, some quaintly improvisational furniture is brought into use with the divine nonchalance of the Greek immortals.

So many people comment in letters to me on Dr. Goldberg's statement in the *H-J Weekly* that he interviewed me as much as I interviewed him that I am beginning to feel that it is becoming classic. Well, Mr. Powys interviewed me to an even greater extent than I interviewed him, I am afraid. It surprised me that he seemed so genuinely, almost naively, pleased that I liked his poetry — just as though no one, not even his lady audiences, had ever admired it before. Many of the poems in *Wolf's Bane* and *Samphire* and *Mandragora* are as fine as anything of Hardy's or Swinburne's. Their Latin softness of euphony and rhyme carries a wild, tragic, mournful overtone. I asked him if the title *Mandragora* was suggested by the passage in *Othello*; he told me that it was.

I had first read that passage quoted by H. L. Mencken, and then had read the play that had stalled me when I had tried it academically. Llewelyn Powys has said that he likes the things he hears about Mencken, but that — from meeting him at various parties where Mencken cracked "school-boy jokes" — he has concluded that Mencken lacks appreciation of the finer things in life, which "some of us probably value too highly" — or something like that. It can't be that Llewelyn, who is himself so preoccupied with various tabooed zoological phenomena, and who has such a gusto for Rabelais, and who so stoutly defends Frank Harris' "pornography", makes the conventional mistake about Mencken. And yet there is a coldness which must have some significance.

Even the all-impartial George Jean Nathan, when I mentioned John Cowper Powys — who had contributed to the *Mercury* — said shortly that he had never read his stuff. Perhaps the Powyses are so English — in a certain way — and the *American Mercury* is so American — in a certain way — that — well, you know how affable the greetings are when a gang of Yankee sailors and a gang of lime-juicers happen into the same saloon.

He is loyal enough an Englishman that when I asked him what he thought of the book with which H. G. Wells made such a stir about a year ago, he indignantly declared it was

a vulgar abomination. I had merely glanced through the book, but had read all the reviews of it, some of them containing long quotations. It hadn't seemed to me that those quotations were vulgar — not unless it is vulgar to be too truthful about the English peerage and Royal Family and other such engines of respectability. But it was a two-volume novel and the quotations didn't cover it all. Mr. Powys seemed to agree with Frank Harris — if not with Wells — about the cold-blooded Balfour; but he showed considerable admiration for the Royal Family. I'm not sure whether it was mainly because the Royal Family is the Royal Family, or because "the old king reads Thomas Hardy". (I'm probably too cynical, but I couldn't help wondering whether it might not be that the old king had just followed suit and flashed a copy of *Tess* on his bridge-table when once Hardy had grown so old and venerable that that was the proper thing to do in good society.)

I asked numerous questions about Hardy, whom Mr. Powys, of course, had visited, and about the novel *Wood and Stone*, which he wrote expressly to criticize the philosophy of Nietzsche in terms of the philosophy of Thomas Hardy and the Russians. I ventured that if I were to go to Wessex I would hardly recognize, due to modern innovations, the scenes around which were written *The Return of the Native*. The Egdon Heath of Eustacia Vye would be as much a thing of the past as the Egdon Heath of King Lear. But Mr. Powys objected to this and told me by all means go to England and I would be rewarded by finding Thomas Hardy's domain still there — automobiles and industrialism hadn't changed it. Suppose I had told Mr. Powys that the Rotarians hadn't changed my native state of Colorado since the days of Kit Carson?

I'm malicious enough that I would get a kick out of seeing Mr. Powys start to leave some rural English road, intent upon spending the day with the vegetable world alone, and no sooner step into his beloved heather than stumble over somebody's old tire — which would also get a kick, and that from a long, lean leg that might have belonged to one of the famous gentlemen-at-large who lived in Sherwood Forest quite a long time before Henry Ford had sprinkled even the woods of Michigan with those cursed rings of wornout rubber. (You should read Llewelyn Powys' indictment of shot tires in one of his chapters in California in *The Verdict of Bridle-goose*. He says that when their souls drop down to Davy Jones' Locker, the souls of such quaint and beautiful things as old scythe-handles and broken dolls'-arms recoil across the floor of hell to some far corner — horrified at the ugliness of the loathsome rubber carcasses.)

Mr. Powys said that the novel he is working on will be about England, and that he hopes it will be successful enough that he won't have to lecture any more. Just two days ago he gave what he hoped would be his last lecture. It had been about Ibsen — at Town Hall. I was sorry I hadn't known about it, and he declared that if he had only thought, he would have mailed me a ticket with the invitation to tea. We discussed some of his ideas in his two books of essays and his *Hundred Best Books*. To these volumes I had been indebted for quite a number of years for discoveries that I would not likely have made elsewhere. Emily Bronte, for instance, is too snugly hidden away among the Victorians for an American, who doesn't like the Victorians, to find her — and anyone who likes the

Victorians wouldn't be apt to like her after finding her. So far as I know, the only American critic with independent tastes who ever discovered her was Frank Harris — and he had to go to England to do it. I asked if *Jurgen* wouldn't have been included in the hundred best books, instead of, say, the books of Chesterton and Bourget. He replied that various books would be changed for others if he were doing it over, and that Llewelyn is always teasing him for including O'Sullivan's *A Good Girl*.

From the doleful things that were written about Llewelyn a few years ago, I was somewhat surprised to be assured that he is now in fine health. He also lives in Patchin Place, and I think I could have made contacts with him if I had been expecting to stay in New York. In the last chapter of *The Verdict of Bridlegoose*, he tells with an air of finality of his return to his native land. But the verdicts of God, even the God of Tuberculosis, are like the verdicts of any other bridled goose — and this one was enforced about like the Eighteenth Amendment.

Llewelyn's attack of T. B. back in the days when he was in California had been conquered by virtue of the good counsel of George Sterling. The poet, with fanatical conviction, had taken him to — Abrams. Llewelyn didn't kid himself that Abrams wasn't a quack, but that didn't keep Abrams from being a sort of mad genius. Llewelyn took the treatment, and describes it as though it had a glamor. Abrams wouldn't take a cent, and the T. B. never bothered Llewelyn again for two years. Before calling him a bunk-swallower, take note of his conclusion: "On my soul, I'd as soon see an honest Nic Culpeper at my bedside as half a dozen doctors with their heads stuffed full of academic ewe's wool!"

With John Cowper Powys, as you may know from another of his articles in the *Quarterly*, manners are the ultimate test of superiority. It seemed to me that he scored some of his points in that article by confusing the congenital aristocratic temperament that he believes to be the natural heritage of a gentleman, with what the world calls manners. But it is not my business to discuss that here. Enough to say that in Mr. Powys himself it is almost impossible to distinguish his acquired manners from his native ones. Perhaps you might say that, for a man who has been in America as long as he has, the modulation of his voice is altogether too uncompromisingly English. But you would soon change your mind and begin to admire him as though he were an eagle flying complacently through a storm.

It might be said in crude summary of his writings that he is a conservative — a Tory — where conservatism means relying on the dignity of classic traditions, but a radical where conservatism means smug and cowardly goose-stepping. I didn't bother asking him about his politics, but some one has told me he is a Socialist — though I suppose of the same skeptical sort as was the older Anatole France. Another of his *Quarterly* articles — the one on Longfellow — was probably sounder criticism, though less picturesque, than Mencken's quips about fistfuls of the authentic whiskers of that venerable old fur-bearing codfish. I remember confessing to Marcet Haldeman-Julius that a ballad I had written — anything but a Christian ballad — had been influenced by Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armor*. She promptly advised me never to mention

Longfellow to E. H.-J., and I took her advice. But when six months later I found Mr. Powys' article in the *Quarterly*, my reflections on my editor were a little bit sardonic. Mr. Powys claimed more for the silly old Puritan than I had claimed. I had merely maintained that in the *Skeleton in Armor* — which even Poe had praised — and in some of his translations from the Norse, Longfellow caught the spirit of the old heathen seakings to an extent amazing in such an insipid New England professor. Mr. Powys, overlooking his Norse rejuvenations, went to his more popular poems, such as *Evangeline*, and put them through a threshing-machine. It must be said for Longfellow that if the scant store of fine verses Mr. Powys got from his enormous barnful of chaff were stuck under the noses of the new school of critics over the signature of someone like Arthur Symonds or Ernest Dowson, the critics — unless they were acquainted with those particular lines — would swallow the fraud and smack their lips.

It was amusing for Mr. Powys to ask me whether I thought the books of Henry James would live — for I knew how sure he was they would, and what a Philistine he would think I was if I didn't think they would. And when we were talking about what he had in mind to write for the *Quarterly* in the future, and he was enthusing on the *Quarterly's* general hospitality to his wayward and whimsical essays, he said that he would like to do an article on the books of Miss — somebody, but that he was afraid she wrote too much like Henry James for E. H.-J. to tolerate her. I told him it was news to me that E. H.-J. didn't like Henry James, and that I had come across advertisements in the *Weekly*, under the caption "I Sponsor These Books", in which *Daisy Miller* was praised as one of the greatest portraits of a woman ever written. It was Miss Player's opinion that the editor believed these advertisements — that "Emanuel always had good taste in books." But Mr. Powys was dubious — not about the good taste in general, but just about Henry James. He had gotten the idea somewhere that E. Haldeman-Julius was just as much of a barbarian when it came to Henry James as I was. So all I could do was to vouch that if E. H.-J. loved Mr. Powys enough to print his article on Longfellow, he would surely print his article on a disciple of Henry James.

It's a funny thing that Henry James was an American who went to England and Mr. Powys is an Englishman who came to America. If the Lord God were civilized, and had an artistic temperament, like that of Henry James or John Cowper Powys, He'd escape from His boredom by buying a steamship ticket for Bonfire Beach on the Burning Lake and He wouldn't have the least objection if the Devil wanted to try Heaven for a while. They'd make a gentlemanly swap and continue to admire each other immensely. And yet, I don't quite understand why Mr. Powys so ardently admires Henry James. Perhaps it is that they are each other's complements, as Frank Harris said Oscar Wilde was Walter Pater's. It is much easier to see why a man like Huneker with a weakness for fads would fall for a hollow tome like the *Golden Bowl*. I didn't, as most people do, get stalled by the *Golden Bowl's* obscurity, or turn from it to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, as did Sinclair Lewis' Arrowsmith. I didn't find it particularly more difficult than such great stories as *Lord Jim* and *Heart of Darkness*. And it is the only one of Henry James' two-volume novels I ever succeeded in plowing through to the end. The theme of

the Prince cuckolding his American billionaire father-in-law was not a bad one. But when Mr. Powys praises the slobberingly “leisurely” psychologizing of the bloated old Verver, the chapters and chapters and books and books and volumes about his bovine ruminations on his preposterous “Peak in Darien”, I revolt.

If I had space, I would like to take Mr. Powys’ essay on him and, paragraph by paragraph, show how woefully mistaken Mr. Powys is in asserting that a relish for Henry James is the test of a man’s taste. He very ably defends James’ preoccupation with the leisure classes — though it must be said that James lavished so much sympathy on grocer-like millionaires that his books would ring truer if he had left artists and other really sensitive people out of them altogether, and had regimented American Stores Co. clerks into the interstices between the legs and under the arm-pits of the Big Business Men. One of the arguments Mr. Powys advances to prove the refinement of Henry James is that he was so infinitely sophisticated that nobody ever found out whether he was a Christian or a pagan, an atheist or a Deist, an anarchist or a royalist, a Socialist or a Democrat, a Sun-worshiper or a fire-worshiper or a devil-worshiper. I realize that men who are truly individual are men who can’t be labeled, but they are men who, no matter how skeptical they are, have the courage of their convictions. Mr. Powys’ own belief in ultimately “suspended judgement” doesn’t keep Mr. Powys from declaring his position any more than the ultimate tolerance of Voltaire kept Voltaire from declaring his.

Fred Bair

Letters

I have recently received the following letter from John Batten, our Secretary, which I feel will be of great interest to all of our members. Responses to John's letter will be very welcome and should be sent to the editor no later than October 1st.

Dear Paul,

Certainly the most enjoyable aspect of being Secretary is the opportunity it provides to be in touch with, and occasionally meet, members of the Society. It may be that, to the world at large, the mere fact of membership of a literary society suggests eccentricity bordering on mental instability. Be that as it may, if *The Times* could refer to the Powyses as “A Bunch of Nutters”, I would be honoured by such a description. Having met a good many, I am convinced that there is no useful stereotype of a member. They are sometimes classified as “enthusiasts” or “academics”, labels which are crude, even patronising and certainly meaningless as an index to involvement in, or commitment to, the Society, or the Powyses.

We are fortunate that the Powyses lived into the era of the plate camera and, even better, the box Brownie. There is no shortage of images, formal and informal, without which, for me at least, they would become shadowy and remote. It is perhaps even more fortunate that the Powys environment, their homes and familiar landmarks, has

survived. That is more by accident than public awareness of their significance.

Much Powys writing is evocative of place and until recent years conferences were always held in or near places with a Powys connection. I often think that my being Secretary has come about more as an accident of geography than any perceived capacity to do the job. Where better to live than Montacute if you are Secretary of The Powys Society? Where better to live if Powys is important in your life? It is beyond my powers of self-analysis or self-expression to describe or explain the daily pleasure and enrichment I experience from this Powys environment.

I guess that one doesn't join The Powys Society unless their works or their lives have somehow touched one's own. In some instances that influence reaches the very centre of being and becomes another dimension of existence. In modern jargon, it is a renewable resource and I imagine that we all need to recharge our Powys batteries from time to time.

I think it is not generally known that our own Society had its beginnings in a *cri de cœur* in the *Times Literary Supplement*. A lady named Barbara Spencer placed an advertisement late in 1967 saying that she was desperate to talk about Powys and to meet others of a like mind. The first gathering of devotees took place that December and they, in time, formed the Society.

For some of us, reading and re-reading the books may be enough. Others may need to supplement this with conversation, writing, collecting or imbibing the atmosphere of Powys places. The individual nature of response to Powys is well illustrated by Mr E. E. Bissell. His interest in the family began when he read Llewelyn in the early years of the Second World War. That motivated him to gather together the finest collection of Powys works in private hands. Strange as it may seem, he has never felt the need to visit Montacute, Mappowder, Corwen or indeed any other Powys place. Perhaps this is because he has himself become a Powys institution through his encyclopaedic knowledge of his collection and his generosity in making it available to scholars.

You know that Eve and I take great pleasure in sharing our local knowledge with people who want to get to know Montacute. Not long ago we had a visit from a member who lives in the Midlands. During a delightful afternoon we came to know him a little. It transpired that he had been reading Powys for many years, usually in the early morning before going to his work, because the evenings were shared with his wife and four children. When he is able, as part of the restorative process of which I have spoken, he makes what he describes as one of his "flying visits" to the West Country. On the day we met him he had left home, with his bicycle in the back of the car, at 3.45 a.m. and driven to Dorset, where he visited Chydyock and other places in that area, before travelling to Montacute. When we said goodbye to him at some time after 6 p.m. he was faced with a three or four hour drive home. For us it had been one more enjoyable Powysian afternoon, but we had felt humble in the presence of someone with such unassuming commitment to what the Society exists for.

This letter has turned out to be a somewhat rambling exploration of a long standing problem. We have over three hundred members, seventy of whom live outside the U. K.

On average about sixty attend the annual conference, and it tends to be almost the same sixty year after year. There are walks and the Montacute Lecture, as well as another exhibition in Dorchester this year, but these are mainly of practical interest to Wessex-based members. So, the vast majority of members rely, for what I call Powysian sustenance, on the *Newsletter* and the *Journal*. At a recent meeting of the Alliance of Literary Societies a number of societies displayed their publications. With the utmost respect to them, I have to say that I saw nothing to equal our *Journal*, while our *Newsletter* compared in quality with the principal publication of some societies. Without doubt, both are excellent examples of their kind and represent very good value for money. Even so, the question will always remain, what more might we do to meet the needs of our diverse, dispersed and expanding membership? The answer had best come from them. I wonder whether you will feel it worth inviting their views.

Best wishes,
John

News From Sweden — Continued

On page 4 of Newsletter No 18, Sven Erik Täckmark reported on the fifth, and what he believed to be the last, John Cowper Powys exhibition in Sweden. However, Eric The Red does not give up so easily ...

No! The fifth J. C. P. exhibition was *not* destined to be the last one in Sweden, as there is to be a sixth one at Linköping's University Library, in the south of Sweden at the end of September. The university, founded in 1970, is progressive and interdisciplinary, with about fifteen thousand students. The city is ancient, with a cathedral, St. Lars' Church, dating from the beginning of the Twelfth Century.

And some other news. The Swedish Arts Council has decided to award *Studiekamraten* a so-called "Classic Support" for a new edition of the Swedish translation from 1935 of J. C. P.'s *The Meaning of Culture*. *Studiekamraten*'s special issue on J. C. P. last year was reviewed in the *Journal* (1992) by Cedric Hentschel. It contained — in Swedish — fifteen articles on Brother John by writers from Canada, England, France, Germany and Sweden.

Mr Thomas Nydahl, the energetic editor of *Studiekamraten* and the owner of a publishing firm, is also keen on bringing out Swedish translations of *Weymouth Sands* and *Maiden Castle* in due time.

And last of all: a Swedish friend of mine, whom I shall assist, is considering a project to make J. C. P.'s and his brothers' authorship known throughout the rest of the Nordic countries: Denmark, Finland and Norway. I hope to be able to give a gratifying report some other time on to what extent it is — or has been — possible to materialise this project.

Sven Erik Täckmark

Treasurer's Report for 1992

The accounts for 1992, set out on the next two pages, have been examined and approved by the Society's Auditor, Stephen Allen, and show that, once again, the Society is in a very healthy financial position. Donations brought in nearly £1,250, including a record amount from our annual auction sale; our net income from sales of publications was some £1,360; together, these very important sources of income only just fall short of the subscription income for 1992 of £2,630. Our total income was £5,803, only a little less than last year. The Conference itself just showed a surplus, thanks to a donation.

Our expenditure amounted to £3,780. The principal items were, as before, the cost of providing members' and complimentary copies of volume II of *The Powys Journal* and three newsletters; these accounted for almost £2,600, equal to 98.5% of our 1992 subscription income or 93.3% of all subscriptions received (compared with our target of 90%). Other publications do not show as expenditure, as we show their cost as value of stock in the General Fund; however, the total outlay on publications, including retained stock, amounted to some £4,270, an impressive sum for a small society.

Once again, there was an excess of income over expenditure, with a substantial part, representing unallocated donations, being transferred to the Wilson Knight benefactors' fund. Our worth at the end of 1992 (the General fund plus the Wilson Knight) was about £7,650, compared with £5,635 at the end of 1991; with our stock of books and journals being valued at £2,681, our total cash resource at the end of 1992 was £4,968, nearly £1,000 more than last year. The healthy position of the Society is the result of donations and an active programme of publication. Having already made a profit last year on the publication of the *Powys Checklist*, we have had good income from the three new extra publications, *Powys Review Index*, *Driftwood and other poems*, and *The English House*; the last, thanks to extensive free insertion of leaflets in the journals of two other societies, had already recovered its costs by the end of 1992. In addition, sales of volumes I and II of *The Powys Journal* brought in some £275.

It is essential to bear in mind that this good financial state is the result of our various activities. It must be exploited to further our charitable aims: it would be quite wrong, for example, to suggest that the surplus could be used to keep the subscription below what is needed to service the membership, and in fact there are several heavy expenses expected in 1993 in further publication work and in connection with the Powys Centre.

Stephen Powys Marks

Auditor's Report to the Members of The Powys Society

I have audited the financial statements in accordance with approved Auditing Standards. In my opinion the financial statements give a true and fair view of the charity's affairs at 31st December 1992 and of the surplus for the year then ended and comply with the Companies Act 1985.

J. S. Allen, Chartered Accountant, June 21st 1993.

THE POWYS SOCIETY

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1992

<i>Income</i>		£	£	1991
subscriptions	for 1992 ¹	2,631.04		
	for 1990 (2) & 1991 (11) paid in 1992	<u>149.00</u>	2,780.04	2,830
donations ²	'Books for Sale' (November '91 <i>Newsletter</i>)	281.44		
	conference auction sale (donated books)	715.00		
	other	<u>99.00</u>	1,095.44	873
publication sales	stock publications	1786.35		
(excluding postage)	less cost of publications sold	<u>589.94</u>	1196.41	
	cassettes of 'Frances and Jack'	35.00		
	Montacute gazebo leaflets & pamphlets	<u>132.66</u>		
	<i>net income</i>	<u>1,364.07</u>	1,364.07	1,749
conference	fees received ³	6,796.30		
	expenses	<u>6,704.71</u>		
	<i>surplus</i> (1.37%)	<u>91.59</u>	91.59	189
Francis Feather, reimbursement of expenditure by Society in 1991			48.04	-
<i>Powys Review</i> , 1990 provision not required (1991)			-	65
interest (gross)			<u>424.07</u>	<u>500</u>
			£ 5,803.25	£ 6,206
<i>Expenditure</i>		£	£	1990
<i>The Powys Journal</i> II (1992), ⁴ cost of 294 members'				
	& complimentary copies ⁵	1,321.20		
	cost of distribution	<u>211.37</u>	1,532.57	1,500
<i>The Powys Journal</i> I (1991), cost of supplying 13 copies to late subscribers			32.12	-
<i>The Powys Review</i> , cost of supplying to late subscribers			25.20	-
newsletters (3 in 1992), ⁴ including distribution and stock of envelopes ⁶			1,061.64	733
<i>Powys Checklist</i> , complimentary copies to new members			14.00	21
'The Powys Family at Montacute' pamphlets for Montacute gazebo			359.60	-
display in Montacute gazebo (1991)			-	334
computer equipment for publication work			300.00	617
letterheading & leaflets			47.95	61
subscription to Alliance of Literary Societies			10.00	10
lecture hall			20.00	-
cassettes and hire of tape recorder ('Francis and Jack')			49.38	-
padded envelopes (1000) for <i>The Powys Journal</i> (1991)			-	120
advertisement in <i>The Powys Review</i> (1991)			-	40
books sent to Francis Feather (1991)			-	48
general publication expenditure ⁷			64.49	-
committee travel			91.00	83
officers' expenses			180.50	<u>209</u>
			3,788.45	3,776
unallocated donations transferred to Wilson Knight benefactors' fund ²			1,095.44	1,395
excess of income over expenditure			<u>919.36</u>	<u>1,035</u>
			£ 5,803.25	£ 6,206

THE POWYS SOCIETY

STATEMENT OF FUNDS

I General fund	£	£	1991
funds at January 1st 1992		3,361.32	2,326
excess of income over expenditure		919.36	1,035
funds at December 31st 1992		<u>4,280.68</u>	<u>3,361</u>
represented by:			
stock of <i>The Powys Journal</i> , <i>The Powys Review</i> , and books at cost at January 1st 1992	1,632.46		844
add cost of purchases and publications, including <i>The Powys Journal</i> II surplus to distribution ⁸	1,671.65		1,142
less cost of publications sold	589.94		
<i>The Powys Journal</i> I to late subscribers	19.50		
complimentary <i>Checklist</i> to new members	<u>14.00</u>	(623.44)	(353)
value of stock at December 31st 1992 ⁹	<u>2,680.67</u>	2,680.67	1,632
cash at bank at December 31st 1992 ¹⁰		1,634.10	1,902
advance payment to Royal Agricultural College for 1992 conference (1991)		—	100
sums due to the Society (including invoices not yet paid)		142.69	—
		4,457.46	3,634
less creditors (1991)		—	55
subscriptions received in advance (1992, 16; 1991, 21)		176.78	218
		<u>£ 4,280.68</u>	<u>£ 3,361</u>
II The Wilson Knight benefactors' fund ¹¹		£	1991
fund at January 1st 1992		2,273.05	878
transfer from General fund, unallocated donations ²		1,095.44	1,395
fund at December 31st 1992		<u>£ 3,368.49</u>	<u>£ 2,273</u>
represented by cash in deposit account		<u>£ 3,368.49</u>	<u>£ 2,273</u>

NOTES

- 1 This figure is for 254 subscriptions paid, and includes 21 subscriptions paid in advance in 1991 (£218).
- 2 Total donations: £1095.44 (as listed) unallocated + £150 for Conference expenses = £1,245.44.
- 3 This figure includes £150 donation for the Conference and £50 booksellers' stall fees.
- 4 Total net cost of producing and supplying *The Powys Journal* II (£1,532.97) & 3 newsletters (£1,061.64): £ 2,594.21 = 98.5% of 1992 subscriptions or 93.3% of 1992 subscriptions with arrears.
- 5 Gross cost £1,861.20, less advert income £120 = net cost £1,741.20, less cost of copies taken into stock at run-on cost £420 = £1,321.20 net cost.
- 6 Total cost of £1,142.64, less fees for printing leaflets and insertions £81 = £1,061.64.
- 7 This figure includes ISBN fee (£9.40) and royalties (£7.45).
- 8 Undistributed copies of *The Powys Journal* II, £420; copies of *The Powys Review* for resale, £10.75; *Powys Review Index*, £181.92; *Driftwood and other poems*, £561.87; *The English House*, £425.61; stock of SPM publications, £71.50.
- 9 No value is attached to stock which has not involved cost.
- 10 Current account £131.49 + deposit account £4,871.10 = £5,002.59, less Benefactors' fund £3,368.49 = £1,634.10.
- 11 Interest has been retained in the General fund.

Stephen Powys Marks, Treasurer

Auditor's Report to the Members of The Powys Society — see the foot of page 37.

Forgotten Works A Bibliographical Check-List

The following list is an attempt to provide information about those works by John Cowper Powys which were published during his life-time but overlooked by Dr Derek Langridge and Dr Dante Thomas in their indispensable bibliographies. I cannot claim to have completed their work, for full bibliographical details are not available for all of these works and new discoveries are constantly being made, but I am grateful to Mr E. E. Bissell, Mrs Margaret Eaton and Professor Charles Lock in particular for drawing various items to my attention.

So much has been published by and about John Cowper Powys since 1975, when Dr Dante Thomas published his bibliography, that it is surely time for a more up-to-date work. Perhaps this list will go some way towards stimulating the interest of publishers and prospective bibliographers in this enormous undertaking.

Paul Roberts

1909

1. "In Memoriam: George Tyrrell", [poem] in *The Occult Review*, September 1909, Vol. 10 No. 3, pp. 124-125.

1913

2. "The Genius of Louis U. Wilkinson M. A.", a single-page appreciation of Wilkinson as a lecturer in the syllabus of the *Ninth American Lecture Tour (1913-1914) of Louis U. Wilkinson* published by the University Lecturers Association of New York.

1915

3. "The Little Theatre and Its Founders", a single-page appreciation of the work of Maurice Browne, on page 10 of *The World's Greatest Peace Play*, a souvenir of the Chicago Little Theatre company's tour of America in 1915. This is a shorter version of "Maurice Browne and the Little Theatre", which appeared in *The Little Review*, March 1915, Vol. II, No. 1 (Thomas c7). A differently edited version also appeared as "The Trojan Women" in Browne's autobiography *Too Late To Lament* (Gollancz, London, 1955).

1916

4. "Daffodils" [poem from *Wolf's Bane*], in *The Literary Digest*, May 20th 1916, Vol. 5c (LII), pp. 1473-4.

1919

5. "Strindberg Takes Masculine Side In Novel On Sex War", a single-page review of Strindberg's novel *By The Open Sea* in *The Bulletin*, San Francisco, Book Page, Saturday, August 30th 1919.
6. "The Real Romance": a single-page appreciation of Conrad's novel *The Arrow of Gold*, in *Reedy's Mirror* (Chicago), September 4th 1919 pp. 600-601.
7. "Charles Lamb's Pen Is Needed To Review Wilkinson's 'Buffoon'", a single-page review

of *The Buffoon* by Louis Wilkinson, which had been published in 1916, in *The Bulletin, San Francisco*, Book Page, Saturday, September 6th 1919.

8. "The Art Beyond Art", a single-page appreciation of the artistry of Dostoevsky in *The Bulletin, San Francisco*, Book Page, Saturday, September 13th 1919.
9. *Landmarks of Modern Literature*, a twelve-page pamphlet published by G. Arnold Shaw to advertise Powys's 1919-1920 lecture tour. The leaflet contains "A synopsis of a single lecture or a course of three or six lectures", and includes a brief summary statement and paragraphs on twenty-one authors under the headings "The Born Artists" and "The Passionate Thinkers". Also included is a long extract from a review of Powys's essays which had appeared in *The University Magazine of Canada* (Montreal) in April 1919.

1923

10. *The Book of Robo : Being a collection of verses and prose writings by Roubaix DeL'Abrie Richéy*, privately printed in Los Angeles, 1923. Contains an introduction of two pages by Powys.

1924

11. "American Women Have Killed Genuine Friendship Among Men, Says British Critic", in *The San Francisco Examiner*, Sunday, December 28th 1924. p. K7.

1925

12. *The Le Gallienne Book of American Verse*, published by Boni and Liveright, New York, 1925. Contains "Candle Light" [poem].
13. *The Dial* (New York) Vol. 78 No. 1, January 1925. Reviews of *The Little Girl and Other Stories* by Katharine Mansfield, *In The Midst of Life* by Ambrose Bierce, and *Straws and Prayer-Books* appeared in the "Briefer Mentions" section. pp. 77-79. These reviews were unsigned, but authorship was attributed in the later Index.
14. *The Dial* (New York) Vol. 78 No. 2, February 1925. Reviews of *The New Spoon River* by Edgar Lee Masters and *Speculations* by T.E. Hulme in the "Briefer Mentions" section, pp. 158-160.
15. *The Dial* (New York) Vol. 78 No. 4, April 1925. Review of *The White Monkey* by John Galsworthy in the "Briefer Mentions" section, p. 336.

1927

16. "Baumes' Law" [poem], in *New Masses* (New York) Vol. 3 No.1, May, 1927, p. 27.

1928

17. "Sacco Vanzetti and Epochs" and "The Moon over Megalopolis" [poem], in *The Lantern*, October 1928-June 1929.
18. "The Ballad Element in Poetry", in *The Haldeman-Julius Quarterly* (Girard, Kansas), Vol. 2 No.3, April-May-June 1928, pp. 162-166.
19. "Proust The Platonist", in the Books Section of the *New York Herald Tribune*, May 13th 1928.
20. *The Dial* (New York) Vol. 88 No.2, August 1928. Reviews of *The Best Poems of 1927* edited by L. A. G. Strong, *Charles M. Doughty: A Critical Study* by Barker Farley, and *Europe* by Count Hermann Keyserling in the "Briefer Mentions" section, pp. 173-177.

21. *The Dial* (New York) Vol. 88 No. 5, November 1928. Reviews of *Jack Kelso: A Dramatic Poem* by Edgar Lee Masters, *Rembrandt: A Romance of Divine Love and Art* by Sándor Bródy, *Goethe: The History of the Man* by Emil Ludwig, *A History of Printing: Its Development through Five Hundred Years* by John Clyde Oswald and *The Best Continental Short Stories of 1927* edited by R. Eaton, in the "Briefer Mentions" section, pp. 442-444.
22. *Miching Mallacho*, an appreciation of the work of James Stephens, which appeared in an undated publicity brochure issued by the Macmillan Company of New York in 1928 and entitled "James Stephens". An extract from this same essay also appeared in an earlier version of this leaflet, issued in 1925, and it is said that a longer version still exists in typescript. However, the Macmillan company have been unable to confirm this or to provide any further information.

1930

23. "A New Way", in *Charm: the magazine of New Jersey Home Interest*, February 1930, pp. 13-15 and 67.

1932

24. "Tragic America", a single-page appreciation of Dreiser's book of this title. A photocopy or proof of the article appears among the Powys/Dreiser letters in the Van Pelt Collection of the University of Pennsylvania, and at the top of this are typed the words "Book Critic section, Franciscan Herald, Chicago". Powys's letter to Dreiser which contains the manuscript of this short appreciation is dated December 27th 1931 and implies immediate publication.

1933

25. "Remembrances", an essay on *Weymouth Sands* in *The Modern Thinker*, Vol. 6 No. 1, November 1933, pp. 65-67.
26. "H. R. K.", an obituary of H. R. King, John Cowper Powys's Headmaster at Sherborne, in *The Shirburnian*, Vol. XXXVIII No. IV, November 1935. A long extract from this essay was reprinted in *The Duffers' Jubilee* collection, Sherborne, 1948.

1935

27. "The Bodleian", Christmas issue for 1935, contained a passage from *The Art of Happiness*.

1937

28. "Edgar Lee Masters' Recent Poetry", an essay in *The University Review* (Kansas City, Missouri), Vol. IV No. 2, 1937.

1938

29. "The Real and the Ideal", in *Spain and the World, Supplement*, May 1938.
30. "The Inhumanity of Vivisection", in *The Manchester Evening News*, December 2nd 1938.

1940

31. "Superstition", in the *St. Martin's Review* (London), No. 592, June 1940, pp. 280-283.

1941

32. "Dorset: Homeliest County", in *Country Life*, May 17th 1941, pp. 426-428.
33. *The English Scene*, a collection published by B.T. Batsford Ltd. (London) in May 1941, contains an extract from *Wolf Solent*.

1942

34. *Marcel Proust: Reviews and Estimates* by G. D. Lindner contains the essay "Proust" from *The Enjoyment of Literature*.
35. *The New Statesman and Nation* of November 28th 1942 includes on page 363 the results of the "Week-end Competition" number 669. Second prize went to John Cowper Powys for his poem about Queen Elizabeth I, which begins:
- Who's that? Is it Cecil? Clear the room, my
lord!
- Powys's poem is printed in full.

1946

36. *Cleanliness and Godliness* by Reginald Reynolds, second impression published by George Allen and Unwin, London, 1946. The dust-wrapper includes a long blurb by John Cowper Powys. This may or may not have appeared on the first impression.

1947

37. *We, You and The World: A Bulletin of the Bermans* (New York), January 10th 1947. Contains a letter from John Cowper Powys.
38. "The Birth of Pantagruel", an extract from Powys's *Rabelais*, in *Lilliput* (London), May 1947, pp. 414-415.

1948

39. *We, You and the World: A Bulletin of the Bermans* (New York), February 15th 1948. Contains a letter from John Cowper Powys.
40. Unidentified London Newspaper, Saturday, March 6th 1948, p. 137. An advertisement headed, "The First Opinion of *The Free Society*" by John Middleton Murry, published by Andrew Dakers Ltd, London, includes a long extract from an otherwise unpublished letter by Powys.
41. *We, You and the World: A Bulletin of the Bermans* (New York), March 10th 1948. Contains a letter from John Cowper Powys.

1951

42. *The Bookman* (London), September 1951, contains a long extract from *Porius* in its "Quotable Passages" section on page 21. The name of the author is not included in the publication details at the end of the extract.

1953

43. *Seven Friends*: a promotional leaflet containing a three-page letter from Powys concerning Louis Marlow's [Wilkinson's] book, which was published by the Richards Press. The leaflet was inserted into copies of the first edition of this book and the letter is not reprinted elsewhere.

1954

44. *PBM: Poetry from Wales* (New York), Vol. 6 No. 5, edited by Raymond Garlick. Contains "Yr Wyddfa: The Tomb" [poem].

1958

45. *The Cassell Miscellany*, an anthology published by Cassell (London) and edited by Fred Urquhart. Contains "Montaigne" from *The Pleasures of Literature*, pp. 499-503.

1963

46. "Life and Culture" in *The Intercommunication*, the First and Last Issue, November 1963, published by Sozó-Sha, the Fellowship of Creativity.

Undated

47. "Crime", a single-page leaflet published by the World League Against Vivisection, London, possibly 1940s.
48. "Vivisection and Moral Evolution", a four-page (single sheet folded) leaflet published by the British Union For The Abolition of Vivisection, London, possibly 1940s. B. U. A. V. have no record of this publication.
49. *The Book of American Poetry*, George Harrap and Co. Ltd, London. Contains four poems by Powys.

New Publications

The Society is continuing with its publications programme. In addition to the third volume of *The Powys Journal* (240 pages and rich in content), which will be issued to those attending the Conference (but only if they have paid their subscriptions!) and sent to others after it, there are two other new books. The inserted leaflets give you full details and prices, and should encourage you to get out your cheque-books and write off straightaway to the Publications Manager.

One of these, *Soliloquies of a Hermit*, will be uniform with the *Journal*, and is the result of a lot of thought to produce an attractive and generous layout for contemplative reading. It has an Afterword by John Williams, a member of the Society, whose work includes earlier articles on T. F. Powys.

The other is Littleton Charles Powys's *The Joy of It*, the first of his two volumes of autobiography, written during the leisure after an early retirement and published in 1937. Littleton Powys was the second in the family after J. C. P. and therefore has an early memory of his home, parents, and brothers and sisters. He writes at length about the family, including the early days at Shirley, Dorchester and Montacute, visits to Northwold to his grandfather's house and later a trip of nostalgia with J. C. P., and interesting reflections on his brothers' writings and on two contemporary books, Louis Wilkinson's *Welsh Ambassadors* (1936) and *The Powys Brothers*, a critical study by Richard Heron Ward (1935). *The Joy of It* is being prepared in an economy format as a reference document, since demand is thought to be limited and not to justify the production of a normal book. Its 317 pages have been scanned and the text reset in small type on 80 A4 pages, perfect-bound with a backstrip.

Soliloquies is set in Bembo, one of the most beautiful typefaces based on a sixteenth-century Italian model, while *The Joy of It* appears in Bodoni, an altogether bolder late-eighteenth-century face, which is particularly legible in the small size used for this reprint.

Stephen Powys Marks