MEETINGS : SEE PAGES 2 & 3

Saturdays May 5th and June 16th 2007

Editorial

The Hand Hotel and Llangollen, site of our conference for the third time, need no new introduction to their charms. The speakers for 2007, both new and familiar, promise to be thought-provoking: in the Chairman's words, covering 'phenomenology, ecology, Gaia ... a new and forward-looking way of considering JCP'. 'Reality' (and its 'teeth-marks', in JCP's own rather alarming phrase) is a simultaneous theme running through the talks. Meanwhile, two interim meetings have been planned, on 'home ground' at Dorchester in May, and in East Anglia at Little Gidding in June (*see pages 2, 3*).

David Goodway's new book, *Anarchist Seeds Beneath the Snow*, places JCP among what A. N. Wilson (*see page 13*) calls the 'awkward squad' of creative and political thinkers who resist 'fitting in'. Charles Lock's long essay on Jerome McGann's view of JCP deals with this in terms of literary conformism and its reverse. In earlier days JCP seems to have been less than successful in selling himself to an English audience (*see page 34*), but in view of the 'sponsorship' of critics that now rules, it is heartening to see (*page 44*) how in his days of fame he was promoted by his American publishers, as if an Elixir – a view with which some of us would agree.

ON OTHER PAGES

Obituary

Eve Batten

(*d. December 2006*)

The President writes:

Eve Batten will be remembered by all her friends in The Powys Society as someone of exceptional kindliness and charm. When she and John Batten first attended a Conference, at Brighton in 1989, they immediately entered with enthusiasm into the Society's affairs. For over ten years Eve was to be a friendly presence at Conferences, a number of which she helped to organise, and at Montacute, where Keeper's Cottage became the scene of generous hospitality and many a happy social gathering. She and John did much towards strengthening the Society's links with Montacute, including the establishment of the Powys exhibition in one of the pavilions at the great house, and visits to scenes with Powys associations in the neighbourhood. For her sake it is good to know that her long and debilitating illness is at an end: her many friends will continue to cherish affectionate memories of her and to send their sympathy to John.

Glen Cavaliero

Saturday 5th May 2007

Powys Day at Dorchester, Dorset County Museum

The Powys Society will be holding a one-day event dedicated to the Powys Brothers at the Dorset County Museum (High West Street, Dorchester DT1 1XA) on **Saturday 5th May 2007**.

Programme:

1100 coffee

The Powys Society Collection, held at the museum, with books, manuscripts, and memorabilia connected to the Powys family, may be viewed by visitors.

12 noon Talk by Richard Burleigh: 'A Peep at Literary Dorset'

Richard Burleigh has lived in Dorset for nearly twenty years, after retiring from the Radio-Carbon Dating Service of the British Museum. He is a book collector and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He is newsletter editor of the William Barnes Society, and interested especially in rural writing of the nineteenth century.

1300 lunch break

1400 Talk by Chris Thomas: 'Marvels, Myths and Wanderings in John Cowper Powys's *Atlantis*'

Powys was a lifelong passionate reader of Homer, and his novel *Atlantis* (1954) is written as a sequel to *The Odyssey*. Chris Thomas will focus on Powys's close association with Homer, and

on Karl Kerényi's claim that Powys 'represents a return of the European spirit to the mythic realities'. Chris Thomas is a policy adviser at the Department for Environmental, Food, and Rural Affairs. He is a graduate in the History of Art and English Literature from the University of Auckland, New Zealand. He is a keen walker and photographer (*see* NL *58, p.30*).

After the talks, there will be a late-afternoon walk to **Maiden Castle** – about 90 minutes (*see* page 17). We will see the remains of the Roman-Celtic temple where archaeologists found the figure of Tarvos Trigaranus, which John Cowper Powys describes in *Maiden Castle*, and is now on display at the Dorset County Museum.

A £10 contribution is requested from attenders, covering the talks and coffee.

Further information is available from John Hodgson, chairman of The Powys Society, email <xhoni@yahoo.com> or from the Secretary (addresses on inside cover of *Newsletter*).

Please return the enclosed leaflet if you are interested.

Saturday 16th June 2007

Discussion day
at Ferrar House, Little Gidding, near Huntingdon

Subject: *Maiden Castle* by John Cowper Powys.
Glen Cavaliero and others will take part.

> There are other places
> Which also are the world's end, some at the sea jaws,
> Or over a dark lake, in a desert or a city—
> But this is the nearest, in place and time,
> Now and in England.
>
> From T. S. Eliot's 'Little Gidding' in *Four Quartets*

Ferrar House is next to Little Gidding Church. Little Gidding is situated just off the A1 in a surprisingly remote area north of Huntingdon (main line station).

Cost for the day £15 each to include coffee lunch and tea. Bed and Breakfast is available at the house at very reasonable rates.

We plan to start with coffee at 11 a.m., talk at our leisure on either side of lunch, go for a walk, and disperse about 17.00 after tea.

For more details contact **Sonia Lewis** either by phone 01353 688316 or by email <soniapotlewis@phonecoop.coop>

Please return the enclosed leaflet if you are interested.

Committee Nominations

Nominations are required for the Honorary Officers of the Society and Members of the Committee as set out below.

All paid-up and honorary members may submit nominations. Each such nomination shall be made by a Proposer and a Seconder in writing, accompanied by the Nominee's agreement in writing.

Nominations are to reach the Hon. Secretary Peter Lazare at 25 Mansfield Road, Taunton, TA1 3NJ **not later than 20 June 2007.**

Honorary Officers

The present Honorary Officers are as follows:

Chairman	John Hodgson
Vice-Chairman	David Gervais
Hon. Treasurer	Michael J. French
Hon. Secretary	Peter Lazare

The one-year term of all these Officers expires at the AGM on Sunday 19th August 2007, and therefore **nominations are sought for all four Officers.**

The present officers have indicated their willingness to serve for a further year, if re-elected.

Members of the Committee

Peter Foss, Kate Kavanagh, Jeff Kwintner, Anna Pawelko and John Powys have two years to run of their three-year term of office.

Timothy Hyman and David Goodway will reach the end of their three year term at the 2007 AGM. **Nominations are therefore sought for two Members of the Committee.**

David Goodway wishes to retire; Tim Hyman is willing either to continue or make way for new candidates. All suggestions and nominations are welcome.

Peter Lazare (Hon. Sec.)

The Powys Society Journal — Complete your set!

The Society has considerable stocks of Vols 1-4 and 7-13 of *The Powys Journal*: the Committee has decided to offer these to members for the price of packing and postage.

‡ For addresses in the UK the cost will be £1.50 per volume.

‡ For airmail despatch to addresses in Europe and surface mail to other countries the cost will be £4.00 ($8.00, euro 6.00) per volume.

‡ For airmail despatch to USA and other countries worldwide the cost will be £7.50 ($15.00) per volume.

Members should send their orders to the Treasurer, Michael French (see inside front cover).

NB *A contents list of the* Journals *is on the Powys Society website (under 'resources').*

AGM 2007

This is to give notice that the **Annual General Meeting of The Powys Society** will take place at 11 a.m. on **Sunday 19th August 2007** at the Hand Hotel, Llangollen. All members are invited to attend, whether or not they are part of the Conference.

Annual Subscriptions 2007

REMINDER to those who pay annually by cheque

The Treasurer would like to remind those members who pay annually by cheque (rather than by Standing Order) that their annual subscription for 2007 were due on 1st January 2007. This *Newsletter* should contain an individual reminder for those members who paid by cheque in 2006 but who have not yet renewed their subscription for 2007.

The subscription remains at £18.50 for UK members and £22.00 (US$40.00 or euro 33.00) for international members. If paying by cheque, please make the cheque payable to "The Powys Society" and forward it to the Treasurer, Michael J. French, Wharfedale House, Castley, Otley, North Yorkshire LS21 2PY **as soon as possible**. Rather than paying annually by cheque, UK members may prefer to change to paying their subscription by Standing Order: the Treasurer can provide the appropriate form or it can be downloaded from the Society's website:

<www.powys-society.org>

International members may wish to be reminded of the details of the Society's bank account to enable them to make direct inter-bank transfers:

IBAN of the Society's account
SWIFTBIC of the Society's bank
The Society's NAME
The Society's ADDRESS

The Society's BANK
SORT CODE of Society's bank
Society's ACCOUNT NUMBER at Bank

If any member has any questions or difficulty about their annual subscription, do not hesitate to contact the Society's Treasurer, Michael French, at Wharfedale House, Castley, Otley, North Yorkshire LS21 2PY (Telephone 01423 734 874).

The Powys Journal : A New Editor

Larry Mitchell has edited *The Powys Journal* since 2001, and the forthcoming issue (vol. XVII) will be his last. Richard Maxwell has agreed to succeed him, with Charles Lock as Reviews Editor.

Richard Maxwell is a senior lecturer in Comparative Literature at Yale University, and has been a familiar presence at our conferences and in the pages of the *Journal*. He formerly edited *Powys Notes*, the journal of the Powys Society of North America. It is a particular pleasure to continue the American connection of the *Journal*, and we look forward to thanking Larry for his fine work, and welcoming Richard to the editorship in due course.

JH

The Powys Society Conference
at the Hand Hotel, Llangollen
Friday 17th August – Sunday 19th August, 2007
'Real Reality'

> ... *real reality* exists at its most intense and most exultant *just before it loses itself* in the wood, or the stone, or the music, or the metal, or the paint, or the masonry, or the plough-land, or the embroidery, or the whitewashed doorstep, or finally in fictional persons, male or female, who gather up into themselves the whole divine comedy of the human race. (John Cowper Powys, *Dostoievsky*, 40)

John Cowper Powys's great novels return to the fore at our conference in Llangollen in August. Powys wanted his writing to be imprinted with 'the teeth-marks of reality' (*Autobiography*, 83). 'Reality' in his work is sometimes obstinately material, sometimes mysterious and elusive. Harald Fawkner talks this year about 'realness' in *A Glastonbury Romance*, and Florence-Catherine Marie-Laverrou promises to examine, in relation to *Weymouth Sands*, what Powys called 'the subtle interpenetrations psychic, chemic, vital that pass backwards and forwards between human beings and their environment'. Our speakers all promise new ways of interpreting Powys's novels seventy years after they were written. Our view of reality, and particularly of the natural world, is more troubled now than at that time – yet John Cowper Powys seems in some ways to have anticipated our modern concerns. How he would have been enthralled by James Lovelock's Gaia hypothesis.

The society is also keen to show how the Powyses speak to contemporary writers, and two poets, Roy Fisher and Penelope Shuttle, will be reading to the Conference. Both are readers of the Powyses, and it will be interesting to discover the possibly indirect ways in which Powyses have influenced their work.

This year also sees the publication of Peter Foss's long-awaited bibliography of

Llewelyn Powys, and Peter's talk will be born out of his tireless commitment to Llewelyn's work.

We hope to be able to visit Corwen, where among many other books John Cowper wrote *Owen Glendower* and *Porius*, and to discuss his poem 'The Ridge', which is both a statement of his philosophy in old age and a description of a late autumn walk up the hill behind his house at Cae Coed.

JH

See NL *49 p.23 for the Corwen books, and* NL *50 p.23 for the text of 'The Ridge'.*

Draft programme

Friday 17th August

Arrival — Reception — Dinner

Peter Foss: 'This Reckless Enterprise – The Bibliography of Llewelyn Powys'.

Saturday 18th August

Breakfast

Harald Fawkner: 'The Indifference of Nature – Realness in *A Glastonbury Romance*'

Arjen Mulder: 'Becoming John Cowper Powys'

Lunch

Afternoon: a guided visit to Corwen.

Charles Lock: 'John Cowper Powys and the Poetry of Roy Fisher'

Dinner

Poetry reading by **Roy Fisher** and **Penelope Shuttle**

Sunday 19th August

Breakfast

Florence-Catherine Marie-Laverrou: '"Encroaching fields" in *Weymouth Sands*'

11.00 **AGM**

followed by discussion of John Cowper Powys's "The Ridge"

Lunch

3.00 Departure

More details on the enclosed booking form.

Conference 2007 : About the Speakers

Harald Fawkner holds the Chair of English Literature at Stockholm University. He has published books on John Fowles and Shakespeare, as well as *The Ecstatic World of John Cowper Powys* (1986). In 2004, he contributed 'Amorous Life – Literature, Earth and the Absence of the Interval' to the symposium of *Analecta Husserliana* entitled *Passions of the Earth in Human Existence, Creativity, and Literature*. In 2006, he spoke at the conference on 'Phenomenology and Modernism' at the Maison Française d'Oxford. He is a keen cultivator of peonies, and his present talk is based on 'an entirely new angle on nature in John Cowper Powys'.

Roy Fisher's first collection *City* (1961) explored the *genius loci* of his native Birmingham, and he was made honorary poet by the City of Birmingham in 2003. He taught for a time at the Department of American Studies University of Keele, but since 1982 has been a freelance writer and jazz pianist. His book of poetry *Furnace*, (1986) was dedicated to John Cowper Powys, 'who would seem at first glance' (commented the *London Review of Books*) 'an unlikely model for the poet'. His collection of poems 1955–2005, *The Long and the Short of It* was published by Bloodaxe in 2006. He last spoke to The Powys Society conference in 1987. It has been said of Roy Fisher, reading his own poems, that 'his softly-spoken, ruminative tones suggest a mind speaking to itself, exploring an internal geography with tenacity and precision. The abiding impression is of a poet faithful to his own vision, determined to come at the world "edge on".'

Peter Foss, former Honorary Secretary of The Powys Society and editor of *The Powys Journal*, has written extensively on Llewelyn Powys. His anthology of Llewelyn's essays, *Wessex Memories*, was published by The Powys Society in 2003. His Bibliography of Llewelyn has been published by The British Library – *see page 12*.

Charles Lock, Professor of English Literature at the University of Copenhagen, is a long-standing member of The Powys Society and frequent speaker at its conferences. He is also well known for his writing on Thomas Hardy; and in recent years has published essays on *The Cloud of Unknowing*, William Cowper, and the contemporary poets Geoffrey Hill, Les Murray and Derek Walcott. He is currently engaged in research on Ken Saro-Wiwa and other Nigerian writers.

Florence-Catherine Marie-Laverrou is senior lecturer at the University of Pau and les Pays de l'Adour. She defended her thesis on John Cowper Powys in 2003, and her article 'Writing the Sea in Weymouth' appeared in *Powys Journal* XVI. She has studied especially *Rodmoor*, *After My Fashion*, *Wolf Solent*, and *Weymouth Sands*. In a recent article she has compared Dorothy Richardson's style in *Pilgrimage* and the style of Christie's manuscript in *Wolf Solent*. Another article entitled 'John Cowper Powys and Bakhtin *en dialogue*' compares Powys's *Rabelais* and Bakhtin's *Rabelais and His World*.

Arjen Mulder is a Dutch writer and media theorist and has taught at art schools in The Netherlands. He is a member of the editorial board of *De Gids*, the oldest literary magazine in Europe, founded in 1837. He has written a novel and numerous collections of essays. His work in English translation includes *Understanding Media Theory* (2004), *Book for the Electronic Arts* (2000), co-authored with his wife Maaike Post, whom we will also welcome to Llangollen, and, with Joke Brouwer, *Transurbanism* (2001). He has a long-standing interest in John Cowper and Llewelyn Powys.

Penelope Shuttle, a member of The Powys Society for many years, has published six widely-acclaimed collections of poetry and five novels, notably *The Mirror of the Giant* (Marion Boyars, 1980). Her *Selected Poems* (Carcanet, 1998) was a Poetry Book Society recommendation. Her most recent collection, *Redgrove's Wife* (Bloodaxe, 2006, shortlisted for the T. S. Eliot prize) celebrates her relationship with her husband and fellow-poet Peter Redgrove, who died in 2003. With Peter, she wrote the best-selling feminist work dealing with the psychology and creative aspect of menstruation *The Wise Wound*, and its sequel *Alchemy for Women*. 'The Poetry Archive' writes of her poems, 'Whilst her subject matter can be everyday – motherhood, depression, bereavement – she refuses to be bound by anecdote, drawing instead on myth and dream to transform reality: in her work "the ordinary seen as heavenly" becomes the norm.'

Conference Questionnaire

Sincere thanks to the twenty-five members who returned the conference questionnaire sent out with *Newsletter* 59. The questions were designed to allow members to express shades of opinion beyond ticking boxes, so the answers cannot by analysed by strict statistical methods, only by fuzzy-set theory. However, some clear currents of opinion emerged that will help your Committee to plan future conferences.

It was good to know that most members were generally pleased with the conference arrangements. Several members regretted the shortening of the conference in recent years, and one suggested helpfully that more talks and activities could be fitted in without extra cost if the conference started a little earlier on Friday.

Fourteen members were ready to pay up to £200 for the conference, and five up to £180. Two were opposed to any increase. It will help the conference organisers to have a little more leeway in this respect, but the Society remains committed to keeping conferences as cheap and cheerful as possible. However, there was a very strong groundswell of support for en suite rooms, and this means that venues cannot be too austere.

The August timing of the conference was generally found acceptable, though a

significant number of members (ten) find Bank Holiday weekend more difficult, because of crowded roads and more expensive trains.

General satisfaction was expressed at the conference venues, particularly the Hand Hotel at Llangollen (with two dissenting voices). The Quaker Study Centre at Woodbrooke, discussed at the 2006 AGM, was found on investigation to be excessively high-minded – there is no bar. In the questionnaires, there was a clear tide of support for Dorset. Weymouth, which John Cowper Powys called 'the centre of the circumference of my mortal life', would be ideal, but it has so far proved impossible to find a suitable venue there. A Powys connection to any locality was felt to be important. The committee is also looking at Derbyshire, and perhaps this 'Omphalos of England' may prove centrally accessible by public transport, and also attractive to our many Yorkshire members.

John Hodgson

Return to Sherborne: 17th November 2006

Although it was a wet day in Sherborne the town looked cheerful enough decked in its Christmas lights. One charming shop had a nostalgic display of chocolates in its window, and I wondered if this was where JCP had obtained his apricot pâté and raspberry noyou, both of which were mentioned in the reading later.

A few members of The Powys Society joined members of the 'Q' squad of **Old Shirburnians** (boys who had attended in wartime I believe) in the Powell Theatre for two Powysian events. The first was a revival of the dramatised reading, devised by Peter Foss, **'The Unreturning Morning'**, which some of us had enjoyed at the same venue during the 2004 conference.

Parts were read by Chris Wilkinson, Peter Lazare, Peter Foss, Richard Perceval Graves and Pat Roberts in a lively assortment of acting styles. Pat sang the school song beautifully ... *Vivat*! Robin Irving kindly assisted with the lighting etc.

After a very short break **Richard Graves** took the stage again to give his excellent introductory lecture on the Powys Family. He spoke of their bravery in the face of various mental states and adversities, and continued with a look at each brother's philosophy and writing style. The lecture was charismatically delivered, and well received by the largely male audience.

Peter Tait, headmaster of the Prep School, and society member, introduced Richard's lecture, and once again championed the Powys cause by suggesting that a photo of JCP be included amongst those of other Sherborne luminaries.

Anna Pawelko

The opening of the Powys Library in Sherborne Prep. is described in NL *57 (March 2006), page 15.*

Wolf Solent *in Hampstead : 25th November 2006*

John Cowper Powys's great novels were oddly absent from the Chichester Conference last August, which concentrated on his philosophy. Fifteen people gathered in the Edwardian Arts-and-Crafts ambience of the Friends Meeting House at Hampstead to discuss *Wolf Solent*.

John Hodgson read from a letter written by JCP in America to Littleton, describing how he was writing *Wolf* with fond memories of their boyhood walks round Sherborne always in his mind. *Wolf* is many people's favourite JCP novel, often the one they first read, and it is still consistently in print as a *Penguin Classic*. Our recent discussion meeting in Cheltenham, with David Gervais, focused on the 'Yellow Bracken' chapter.

This time, John Hodgson, Rob Timlin and Tim Hyman spoke of their responses to re-reading the novel. John spoke at some length about the novel's deeply natural symbolism, which arises spontaneously from Wolf's inner life rather than being self-consciously imposed by the author (as it is, say, in *Wood and Stone*). These symbols gather meaning in the course of the novel, until by the end the prose reaches a rich rolling boil of accumulated mental associations. The novel is about the growth of a coherent philosophy of life, and about maturation, but without concern about being mature.

Rob Timlin, recalling his talk at Kingston Maurward some years ago, referred to the mystery of Redfern as an invisible presence. In his earlier novels, Powys is too close to his main characters, who all have to die in various ways as a result of the unresolved conflicts in their lives. In *Wolf*, the character of Redfern takes on this role, releasing Wolf to survive. *Wolf* avoids melodrama (as with the 'disfigurement of Gerda' episode, later discarded).

Tim Hyman referred to the theme of disillusionment in JCP novels; in this one proceeding to re-illusion. Tim confessed that *Wolf* is not his favourite novel – he found the treatment of the landscape too close to conservative English pastoral, and missed the dramatic sense of panorama found most of all in *A Glastonbury Romance*, *Weymouth Sands*, and *Porius*. He also questioned the common identification of the character of Wolf with Powys himself. Powys, he said, was nothing like such a seedy failure in life.

It was a pleasure to meet John Cowper's great-niece Antonia Young, who provided interesting family recollections. She also recalled meeting John Hodgson on an Albanian bus, and introduced her friend the photographer Ben Speck, who is producing a book on the 'sworn virgins' of Albanian mountain villages who assume the vocation of honorary males.

KK/JH

A Bibliography of Llewelyn Powys,
by Peter J. Foss

British Library Publishing, hardback, 256 pp with illustrations. ISBN 978 0 7123 4935 2. £40.

The brothers John Cowper Powys, Theodore Francis Powys and Llewelyn Powys were members of a prolific and influential circle of writers and poets of the early twentieth century. In this, the first comprehensive bibliography of the writings of Llewelyn Powys, Peter Foss not only provides a full description of every first edition of Llewelyn Powys's books (32 in all), but also describes all other editions and translations. He also gives a full account of the biographical and critical context surrounding the composition of each book, together with lists of reviews and quotations from contemporary sources.

As well as the books of Llewelyn Powys, the bibliography also provides a comprehensive listing of around 700 of his newspaper and periodical contributions which appeared between 1913 and 1939, and collates and cross-refers this material with other printings in collections and anthologies. There are illustrations of book jackets. This is the first complete bibliography of Llewelyn Powys's writings. It provides much new information and will be of invaluable use to scholars and historians of twentieth-century literature.

Peter Foss was formerly editor of *The Powys Journal* and Honorary Secretary of The Powys Society. He is the author of *A Study of Llewelyn Powys.*

from the autumn catalogue of the British Library

News and Notes

Two meetings

This newsletter is the last one before the two interim meetings: on May 5th in Dorchester (two talks and walks) and June 16th at Little Gidding (discussion, lunch and tea) – so please return the leaflet soon.

Chris Thomas's talk at Dorchester on ***Atlantis*** – that wonder-filled book full of surprises, human and fantastic by turns and simultaneously – should be a rich mine of interest. A rereading is rewarding, as almost always (this reader finds) with JCP's books. The essays on Homer and the Greeks in *Pleasures of Literature* are helpful, as also if obtainable is JCP's chief source after Homer, *The Greek Gods* by Karl Kerenyi. Charles Lock's talk at the 2005 Conference on JCP's Homeric novels is in the last *Journal* (XVI). *Homer and the Aether*, a successor to *Atlantis*, is discussed in *NL* 55 (July 2005).

Maiden Castle, up for discussion at Little Gidding, is the favourite of not a few. Among other aspects Glen Cavaliero will direct us to are the restorations in the Authoritative Version edited by Ian Hughes for the University of Wales (1990).

A. N. Wilson: 'Stimulated by the Awkward Squad'

A. N. Wilson came up trumps again in his 'World of Books Column' (*Daily Telegraph*, Monday February 12th 2007), on David Goodway's book on Anarchism (*reviewed by Tim Hyman on page 25*), placing JCP with other 'friends in the awkward squad ... both stimulating and comforting companions in today's political climate ...'

> A splendid survey of "Left libertarian thought" in this country, taking in William Morris, Blake, J. C. Powys, Aldous Huxley, Herbert Read and many others, has given me hours of delight and interest. It is *Anarchist Seeds Beneath the Snow* by David Goodway (Liverpool University Press). Though it is very learned, it isn't dry. The two long chapters on Powys sent me back often to that ever-fascinating writer ...

New Publications: Hester and Nancy

Welcome at last to the reprints by **Sundial Press** of *The Blackthorn Winter* by Philippa Powys (1930) and *Hester Craddock* by Alyse Gregory (1931) – two very handsome hardback volumes, interestingly similar and interestingly different. The original books came out about the same time, the authors of about the same age (in their 40s). Both are set in Dorset or neighbouring counties, with nature and the seasons closely observed over a year's span. In both the main character is a girl of about 20. Both girls are independent, restless, sensitive, and both are obsessively enthralled by a beautiful young man.

One girl gets what she wants and pays for it, the other does not get it but still pays. One moves confidently in the physical world of country life, the other struggles helplessly with conflicting instincts and crippling selfconsciousness. Both books have ambiguous endings, one girl (probably) wrecking the life of the loved one she sacrifices herself for, the other passively (and you wonder if permanently) rewarding the one she abandoned. Guess which ...

Hester Craddock is reviewed by Geoffrey Winch on page 23. Cicely Hill will review *The Blackthorn Winter* in the next *Newsletter*.

Elizabeth Myers

Tony Glynn reminds that it is 60 years on 24th May since the death of the writer Elizabeth Myers, second wife of Littleton Powys. We will hope to print letters to and from her in the next (July) *Newsletter*.

Joanna Field

Tony Atmore would be interested to find other admirers of this writer in The Powys Society. He discovered her book *A Life of One's Own* in the 1950s and read it at the same time as *A Glastonbury Romance*, also a new discovery. 'I was struck then by how, using very different means and coming from a very different background, Joanna Field was able to reach insights into happiness, delight and sensuality very similar to those of JCP. Re-reading both books has confirmed my impression of fifty years ago ...' She was Marion Milner, a distinguished psychologist; books of hers were republished in the 1970s–80s under her real name.

Father LAP

The appreciation of Littleton Alfred Powys's life in the last Newsletter *('Priest and Poetry-lover', by Michael Hanbury, on page 38) was unfortunately cut short – as was his life in reality. The final sentences (about his 'Ode to the West Wind', written with devout helpers in the nursing home where he died) should have run (quoting a letter from the girl who helped him):*

> ... So with Father's determination to do something, and my determination to help as much as was humanly possible, and by the aid of a power higher than either of us, the Ode was written. Nobody will ever know what the poem cost, no one can imagine the conditions without having seen them, or the veritable dragging of each word from the very depths of his being."

Fr. Powys was buried in the grave of his mother, who had died in February, 1947, in the Perrymead Cemetery, Bath, and the funeral was attended by a great many. With his usual kind thoughtfulness he had directed his executors to arrange for a luncheon after his funeral for all the priests who were present. They numbered no fewer than eighty. R. I. P. [Michael Hanbury OSB]

JCP to Mrs Tranter

LAP is still clearly remembered by Mrs Kathleen Tranter (whose mother was his housekeeper in Dursley – see Susan Rands' talk with Mrs Tranter, in The Powys Review *27/28, 1992), and her son Nicholas. Some extracts from JCP's letters to Mrs Tranter follow below, with her permission. Littleton Alfred had said to her, 'why don't you write to my Dad. He likes getting letters.'*

[August 1950] "I like auctioneers ... don't you?—I struggle hard to imitate them myself ... who am really a tiny bit of a natural platform antic & stage performer ... — Yes!—they have something in them of the Clown—and to my mind clowns (especially such clowns as don't have to paint their faces white but dress and act like clowns–what do you call them?—Watteau painted one of them called "Gilles" wasn't it? Pierrots—yes yes that's it— are the salt of the earth—and when you can get them in private life you are lucky! For they'll never do you a bad turn!"

[Oct 50] "I do hope your dear Mother to whom the Father owes such a lot is better and will be able—O I do hope and pray she will!—to go on as she is looking after the Father so wonderfully. I can't tell you my dear Mrs Tranter what gratitude I feel to your mother ..."

[April 51] (*see the photograph reproduced in* NL *59, page 33*) "I am so grateful for these 3 good-looking priests Father Essex Father Devas and our Father ..."

[Nov 51] (*after news of LAP's sudden translation to Peasedown*) "I can clearly see that the Hierarchy in your ancient church resembles the Headquarter Generals in the European Army with Brother Stalin as the Devil to be opposed and outwitted in

tactics and strategy!—You never know upon what sudden & quick moves they'll decide—let's hope under inspiration from the right quarter—but anyway they'll decide—to make next! ... How nice of you to speak of that picture of the Father's grandfather with such interest & I do like it well that you saw a likeness! I admired very much his maternal grandfather (his mother's father) Mr Alfred Lyon—from whom he must derive his love for the sea."

[July 53] "I cannot tell you all I feel about that photo of my son with your son that you took in your own garden at Yew Tree Cottage. To have this photograph makes a very great deal of difference to me. It is so exactly like him! ... it is a peculiarly weird affliction this appalling thing he is suffering from. It seems like wizardry or witchcraft. There is something frighteningly horrible and un-natural about it. O I do think it is wonderful the way he keeps up his spirit under this dreadful fate. It is, I swear to you, a wonderful thing you have done for me, Mrs Tranter, and I shall always be in your debt for it, taking this perfect picture of my son Littleton, or Father Powys, as I must learn to call him.—Well, I can only say that if ever you feel annoyed with yourself as we all do sometimes you can now say to yourself: "Well! I've given the old eccentric recluse the one particular comfort he needed!"

[Feb 54] "It was very nice indeed of you—very much so—to write to me on my son the Father's death and I shall never forget what you say about him. That photo of him sitting in your garden ... is lodged in my mind and heart as well as on the most special place where I placed it."

(*The photograph referred to, of LAP having tea in the garden, is reproduced in* The Powys Review *27/28.*)

An earlier photograph of Littleton Alfred with Nicholas Tranter, in about 1949, with thanks to Mrs Tranter.

Two Letters

from Mrs Diana Crossman – remembering Nancy Cooper

In answer to Michael Kowalewski's letter concerning the Ham Hill Fayre, I very much wanted to attend but arthritis can be a bad enemy at times like that. Llewelyn's story of Nancy Cooper was the first essay I read and it moved me greatly as I know the area so well.

My father was born in 1884 in the village of Stoke sub Hamdon and would have known of the Powys family. When I came to live in Stoke in 1962 there were people who remembered Betsy Cooper. The village children could be unkind to vagrants. Nancy Cooper's Hole is situated on the Montacute side of Ham Hill.

The East Stoke graveyard is kept in good order. There are many old Ham Hill tombstones, my family (Chant) are included. My grandfather was a stone-mason and lived at the Duke of Cornwall pub in the centre of the village. It is good to know that Nancy Cooper is not forgotten by the Montacute villagers.

Diana Crossman

from Dave W. Richards – Memories of Corwen

Having recently looked at the John Cowper Powys website, it occurred to me that you may be interested in my boyhood memories of JCP.

I first met him in 1935 when I was 3 years old. At that time my grandfather, Wallace Bailey, lived in a large old house, 'Glandwr', on the banks of the River Dee in Corwen, and Mr Powys had moved into No 7 Cae Coed, which was about 400 yds up the hill behind our home. (Cae Coed was a fairly newly built development of 8 semi-detached houses in a 'garden setting' on the site of a long disused quarry. These houses were owned by a Mr Irving who was the father of Andrew Irving who was lost on Mt Everest in 1924.) As you probably know Mr Powys lived there with his lady (Phyllis Playter, whom we knew as Mrs Powys) and Phyllis's mother Mrs Playter lived next door at No 8.

My grandfather and Mr Powys were very good friends and JCP visited us at Glandwr on a regular basis. My grandfather made him 14 rustic walking sticks, which he rotated throughout a fortnight when he walked his dog daily up to the reservoir on the mountain side. However, after the dog died JCP never again went out for a walk and rarely ever went out of the house. In 1945 my grandfather sold Glandwr as he was then 'down sizing'. He then moved into No 6 Cae Coed, next door to JCP, where he remained until 1950. In 1947 I was taken ill and when I returned from hospital in 1948 JCP gave me a chess set which I still have.

Whenever I visited Cae Coed, JCP would rush out and greet me by grabbing my hands in both his hands and virtually bouncing me up and down. He was extremely friendly but being a very large man with big hands (like sides of ham) and a long face with his hair long and wild, he could be a daunting figure to anyone who did not

know him. Having greeted me and passed the time of day he would disappear back into the house.

Corwen, at that time, was a very busy and affluent market town and a lively railway junction. Although JCP may have been 'short of money' he lived in a comfortable and well appointed semi-detached house which was built in the early part of the 1930s in a very pleasant area. The last time I saw JCP was 1962 in Ffestiniog. He was then a very sick man and did not know me. I have never been able to understand how the exuberant and larger than life kindly man that I remembered in Corwen came to exist in such apparent poverty.

Dave W. Richards

Maiden Castle, drawing by Rowland Hilder, from cover of first English edition (1937).

Reviews

The Market Bell, by T. F. Powys

edited with Notes by Ian Robinson assisted by Elaine Mencher
with an Afterword by J. Lawrence Mitchell.

Bishopstone: The Brynmill Press, 2006. 394 pp. £14-00. ISBN 978-0-90783993-2.

This is a welcome revised edition of an important text by Theodore Powys from the early 1920s. Professor Mitchell notes two versions of the novel, and despite his speculation that the second version appears to be the 'finished' manuscript, he also makes it clear that *The Market Bell* remained as a work in progress. It was not published until Ian Robinson and Elaine Mencher produced the Brynmill edition of 1991. This revised edition has some additional matter, but for the most part reproduces the editorial material that supported the previous edition. Professor Mitchell's brief biographical note on T. F. Powys has been cut; it might be argued that this could still be of value, but again, these details are widely available now, and the reader is taken directly to an intriguing and meticulous discussion of the novel. This essay has only received some minor editing from the author, and consists of two sections, a discussion of themes and issues, and a section on 'Manuscript and Dating', which includes an account of Powys's attempt to get *The Market Bell* published through the good offices of Sylvia Townsend Warner and David Garnett. It is a complicated story, but clearly it was felt that the version of the story they saw was not publishable, and the verdict was the same when a later draft was sent to Chatto and Windus in 1927.

Following the Afterword, the section headed 'This Edition' is what appeared in the 1991 edition as 'The Text'. It has a few minor alterations, and an additional paragraph on post-1991 editorial decisions. The 'Notes' section has been substantially revised and split into two sections: 'Notes on the Text' and 'Notes Explanatory and Critical'. The editorial approach is clearly explained, and the primary concern is manifestly to keep intervention to a minimum, while in the additional editorial material accompanying the novel, the nature of the manuscript sources and the consequent task the editors faced are made very clear. In the event Powys's text has received very few amendments since the previous edition. The editors point out that in this new edition they have been able to reproduce something far closer to the original Chatto and Windus look of the page in Powys's published novels ('Monotype Caslon').

A characteristic feature of Powys's style is his use of short, epigrammatic sentences. At times a single sentence (such as, 'Mr. Cobby opened a bottle.') serves as a paragraph (144). In conjunction with longer sentences and paragraphs which develop more complex ideas, this often becomes the technical basis for some of Powys's most powerful and disturbing passages. Reading *The Market Bell* once more, it seemed to me that Powys was still in the process of discovering that style. What we

have here is frequently too epigrammatic, too fragmented, and incapable of the fluidity required to provide something approaching the characteristic voice of his mature work. This took me back to Professor Mitchell's account of the manuscript's reception by Sylvia Townsend Warner and Richard Garnett, and an interesting comment from Powys quoted in the Afterword where he describes it as 'in so many little pieces'. (349) I'm sure Mitchell is correct in assuming that Powys is here referring to the state of the manuscript (there were inserted pages and 'additional chapters'); but it also occurs to me that significant sections of the novel are written in 'many little pieces' that read as though they need a more assured T. F. Powys to knock them into shape. The end of Chapter 42 is a case in point. Here is how the passage in question begins:

> Nancy asked hurriedly if she might go to Mrs. Glen.
>
> She ran to the door but it would not open.
>
> Mr. Glen led Betty to the couch.
>
> She went with him without a murmur, because in the eyes of heaven he was her husband.
>
> At an evening party in a little town as well as in a little village, anything may happen. (295)

This continues for roughly a page length to the end of the chapter. What I think we have here is Powys's voice at the point of conception (although I have no idea of course what this passage looks like in the manuscripts). What he does elsewhere is develop this kind of first noting into a far more subtle (though often no less demanding) form of prose that uses the brief, blunt statement all the more effectively either within the context of a longer paragraph, or as an isolated unit between paragraphs (or indeed, as a much smaller cluster of isolated units on the page).

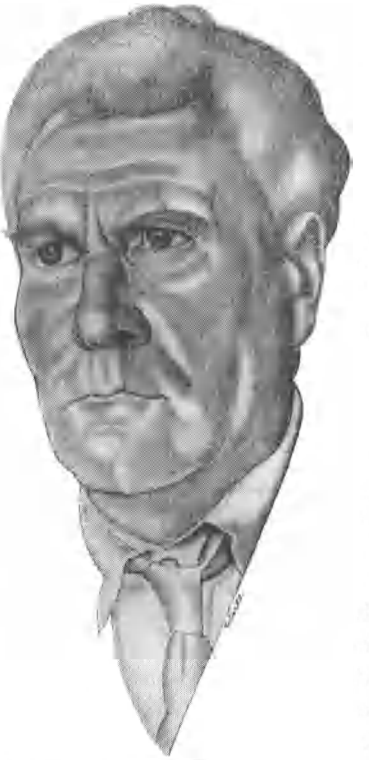
For readers who continue to struggle with Powys's ideas and the way he chose to express them, *The Market Bell* will not help. The battle between good and evil is revealed once more, with – as is generally the case – evil portrayed in a manner that combines disgust with prurient fascination. Powys's credentials as a writer in the tradition of Romantic Period 'Gothic' are still waiting to be fully explored in my view. What might be considered as Edward Glen's Faustian moment in Chapter 2, when he chooses evil ('Mr. Glen Chooses his Road') is the less powerful (but deeply Theodorian) for the fact that in the first Chapter Glen is described as evil through and through from birth. The potential power of this story, I believe, is in Powys's reflections on the wages of sin, rather than the idea of good combating evil. Rather than the message of the Gospels, Powys is working through far more combative (if not combustible) thoughts inspired by the *Revelation*:

> The force of a good man's prayer is terrific. It is a force that begins in silence in the heart of a man, but as it goes upward it increases in power and becomes a terrible sound. Nothing can hold it back, and the very stars tremble as the prayer goes by, to burst through the heavenly gates and so to Him, the First and the Last. (324)

Brynmill Press have once more made available an important novel by T. F. Powys.

It is an insight into the way he developed his remarkable craft. It contains passages of great power, and also of tenderness, but crucially it remains unfinished, and we are therefore able to look beneath the surfaces of Powys's creative working and appreciate all the more how remarkable are the finished works that began to appear in print from around this point in the 1920s.

John Williams



Drawing of T. F. Powys by William Roberts, scanned from the frontispiece to The New Coterie, *number 4, Autumn 1926; this issue included TFP's short story 'The Bride'.*

T. F. Powys: *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*

Vintage Classics, Random House, London, 2006. £7.99 paperback, 239pp.
ISBN 9780099503743

It is good to see *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* in print again. It may be because it was the only T. F. Powys work to be published by Penguin that it has usually received more attention than his other novels. It has often been repeated that *Mr. Weston* is his finest work. Maybe part of the reason is that it is the one to have received the most public exposure – one cannot read what is not available. And the allegory is simpler to understand than in some of Powys's other mature works. It is disappointing that, apart from The Brynmill Press, publishing houses behave as though this author only ever wrote one book. It is particularly frustrating that this is the case with Vintage Classics; they seem to be unaware (see 'ALSO BY' below) that Chatto & Windus alone – like itself an imprint of Random House – published no less than eighteen Powys titles, including eight full-length novels, in the 1930s and 1940s. Heinemann, another imprint of Random House, published, as well as *Mr. Weston* in 1967, *Kindness in a Corner* in 1941. Sticking to the safety of *Mr. Weston* as the best-known title ignores many fine works.

I don't know whether Vintage intends to publish more Powys, but doing so would prevent giving the general public the idea that he was a one-novel writer. His final novel *Unclay*, for example, is no less a masterpiece than *Mr. Weston*, and a warmer one at that.

A little more care could have been taken with this new production. As there is no editorial apparatus the source text is a mystery. It is closer to the 1957 Penguin than the various C&W and 1937 Penguin editions.[1] The quality of print and paper bears no comparison with that of Brynmill's paperback second edition of *The Market Bell* published in 2006.[2] At this point, as Editor of The Brynmill Press T. F. Powys Series, I had better declare my interest.

That the 'ALSO BY T. F. POWYS' page lists only two titles is extremely puzzling. They are *The Soliloquy of a Hermit* and *Unclay,* the former in print and the latter out of print. *The Soliloquy of a Hermit* title is out of date, having been the original title when first published in America by G. Arnold Shaw in 1916, but with the publication of its first English edition by Andrew Melrose in 1918 it became *Soliloquies of a Hermit* and has remained so through subsequent editions.[3] Does Vintage Classics base this 'list' on books which they believe to be in print? If so, what about the five previously unpublished titles *by* Powys, and two *about* Powys, published by The Brynmill Press Limited between 1989 and 2006?

The copyright statement ('T. F. Powys 1927') is out of date, the present copyright holders John Powys and Theodora Gay Scutt are not acknowledged, and T. F. Powys – who died in 1953 – 'has asserted his right under the Copyright Designs and Patents Act, 1988 to be identified as the author of this work'.

A quotation from John Gray on the back cover, including the comment that Powys is 'a religious writer without any vestige of belief', has been wrongly attributed to John Carey.[4]

Though I agree with John Gray about *Unclay* – 'Sadly, and grotesquely, this great novel remains out of print'[4] – I cannot agree that Powys was without belief. Indeed, I cannot see how such a position can be maintained by anyone who reads either the Journal [5] or the whole *œuvre*. His writing about 'the moods of God' in *Soliloquies of a Hermit*, goes some way to furthering our understanding of the apparent contradictions and also illumines his later writings. Louis Wilkinson, a friend of many years, wrote that he always counted Theodore Powys as one of his two most religious friends: 'To Theodore the most important discovery in life is, and always has been, God. From early youth he has been a searcher after God, a meditator upon Him, upon the God that he calls "the Life that is within you".'[6] It has been pointed out to me, as proof that Powys was an unbeliever, that on p.1 of *Soliloquies* he wrote, 'I am without a belief;—a belief is too easy a road to God.' Taking this statement out of context confuses the issue. Powys preceded those words with, 'And I am a good priest. Though not of the Church, I am of the Church. Though not of the faith, I am of the faith. Though not of the fold I am of the fold; I am without a belief;—a belief is too easy a road to God.' This is a rejection of an accepted formal orthodoxy, not a

denial of belief. And he follows it with, 'A priest has his roots in the deep darkness of human desires; his place is beside the Altar, held to the earth by twisted roots; the priest gives to man whom he cannot love, and loves God whom he cannot know.' Now the priest can't love God if he doesn't believe in Him. It seems to me that effortlessly and unquestioningly accepting conventional orthodoxy is but a shallow procedure – or 'too easy a road to God' – compared with Powys's deeply-felt questing. This holds good within the context of Powys's whole *œuvre*. He writes in *Soliloquies*: 'I have tried to hide amongst grassy hills; but the moods of God have hunted me out. ... As I could not hide from God, I tried to hide from myself, and watch the moods as they passed by.' (pp.2–3). 'All priests ought to be trained as unbelievers, for unbelief is the only good soil for the believing mood to grow in:' (p.52).

> It is the spring and the apple-blossom is beautiful because He is there in it. To love Him is the only good thing in this world. It does not matter if He is True; He is beyond all Truth. All things have breath in Him; I feel Him in the earth. When I hammer at the rocks and break away fossils that have been there for millions of years, I am only going a little way into His love. When I look up in the night and see the light that has left a star thousands of years ago, I can only see a little way into His love. His love is a terrible love—terrible and deep, hard for a man to bear; I have lived in it, I know it. (pp.65–67) [7]

By Powys's living his life questioning and suffering his different moods he certainly didn't take the easy way. His Journal alone proves it.

Elaine Mencher

NOTES

1 My thanks go to Stephen Powys Marks for sending me photocopies of the first page of Chatto & Windus 1927 and of Penguin 1937.

2 *The Market Bell* (novel) (Bishopstone: Brynmill Press, 2006).

3 The most recent edition is that of The Powys Society, 1993.

4 My thanks go to John Hodgson for sending me a copy of John Gray's article on T. F. Powys in 'Books – Bookmarks', *The New Statesman*, Monday 3rd December 2001.

5 *Selected Early Works of T. F. Powys*, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Elaine Mencher (Denton: Brynmill Press, 2003), 183–278.

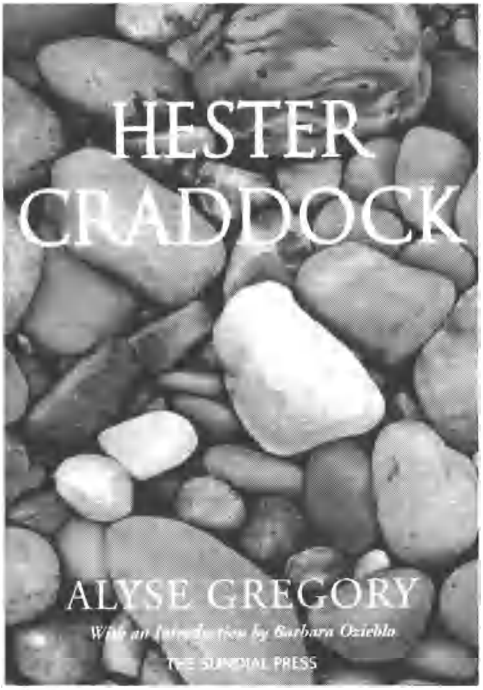
6 Louis Marlow, *Seven Friends* (The Richards Press, London, 1953), 86.

7 *Soliloquies of a Hermit* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1918).

Hester Craddock, by Alyse Gregory
with an introduction by Barbara Ozieblo
Sherborne: The Sundial Press, 2007. 206pp, £19.50. ISBN 9780-9551523-3-7

The energy that drives this story is the desire to love and to be loved. As this desire gathers intensity so the raw nerves of various human weaknesses are exposed manifesting in desperation: a desperation that brings to the forefront the contemplation of extreme options some of which are then carried through.

Hester herself is introduced as an awkward girl with rebellious dark eyes. She and her older sister Nelly live with and are dependent on their brother Wilfred in a downland home to which they resorted five years previously for the sake of his health. Life for Hester in this remote place is tedious and she is more than eager to experience male companionship. Nelly devotes her life to her brother's needs and at the same time concerns herself about Hester's despondency. Hester, however, has a less-caring nature but it is she who discovers Edwin, an ambitious writer, who has moved to the area. Whilst a deformity renders him physically unattractive, his philosophical views on life appear to be worth cultivating. On the other hand his friend, Halgarth, a painter and more transparent character who comes to stay in the local village, is more eye-catching. A series of encounters, accidental or otherwise, see the sisters independently meeting with both Edwin and Halgarth, the four only finding themselves all together for the first time after Wilfred conveniently leaves the scene for a period.



At this point the author sets the scene for a tragedy to unravel by revealing each person's inner thoughts as they assess one another. Thereafter, every time one of the four is in the company of another, aspects of their personalities are peeled away to the extent that readers are required to ask themselves continually: what are the essential attributes that a person finds attractive in another? and which of these attributes actually stimulate love? By the end of the story we have no clear answers. What we have learned, however, is that the continual picking away of layers of personality can be both a wearing and dangerous occupation; the more that is revealed, the depths of jealousy and secretiveness ever

increase; thus demanding ever-increasing degrees of remorse and personal sacrifice when those depths are realised.

The story is set on Dorset's coastal downland with its scattered farms, dwellings and barns, cliff-top walks, beaches and pebbled seashore. Powysians will be in familiar country here having visited many times either in person or through the writings of Llewelyn and T. F. Powys. In her introduction, Barbara Ozieblo reminds us that whilst Alyse Gregory violated her deepest convictions by succumbing to Llewelyn's marriage proposal, it was at their Dorset home she found the time and space to bring out the best in her writing, well away from the stresses of New York. And the quality of her writing is evident in the way she utilises aspects of the landscape. It is in the detailed descriptions of the paths, flora and fauna, and buildings. It is in the way she utilises the effect of changing weather, the differing atmospheres between day and night: all these play their part in order to stir the sensibilities of her characters. Barbara Ozieblo also reminds us of the difficult situation when Gamel Woolsey, Llewelyn's other great love, was admitted to the circle. So it is not difficult to see many of the questions both Hester and Nelly ask themselves, the feelings they experience as they pick through the layers of personality are precisely some of those which must have tormented Alyse Gregory, and those she perceived, perhaps, which could well have haunted Gamel. And no doubt she rehearsed these while walking alone on the cliff paths, perhaps as she lay on the beach when 'only the sea as it approached and receded, approached and receded, spoke gradually some assuagement' (150), before committing them through her pen.

In January this year the cover illustration of *Poetrymonthly.com* was one of stones with a single human figure in the distance. In February a correspondent commented about how right it was that stones should take precedence over the diminutive human: 'after all they will still be here long after we have gone!' This, at first, seemed a fair comment until studying the dust wrapper of *Hester Craddock,* again a picture of some stones: beach pebbles to be precise, though no human figure is seen. One will be reminded again, after reading this book, that human presence can never be a matter simply conceived by one or more of the five common senses. Lack of physical form frequently has the ability to evoke more essential human attributes than good looks or otherwise – attributes that will remain even when the physical body has disappeared. Above all else it was this that Hester realised she needed to come to terms with, but time was running its inevitable course.

Geoffrey Winch

Geoffrey Winch has been a member of the Society for ten years. He discovered the Powyses while staying in Montacute village; his special interest is in the significant differences between the brothers, and their areas of influence and how they functioned within the wider family. He lives in West Sussex.

Anarchist Seeds Beneath the Snow: Left-Libertarian Thought and British Writers from William Morris to Colin Ward

by David Goodway

Liverpool University Press, 2006. 400pp (paperback). £20. ISBN 978 1 84631 026 3

Literature and liberty are fused together in this powerful, potentially life-changing book. All David Goodway's chosen authors stand not just as artists, but as exemplary lives, each opening up some new, persuasive alternative to 'the way we live now'. And planted, not on the margins, but in the very midst of this luminous company of the anarchist saints, we are startled to recognise the tall, ever-shaky but no longer solitary figure of John Cowper Powys: the only writer here to be allotted two entire chapters (that is, almost sixty pages). Some of this Powys material has been published by Goodway before, but now, embedded within this new context, it all reads very differently. When, in Chapter Five, he focuses on JCP's popular-philosophic 'lay-sermons', we have already been inducted into a wider British tradition that includes the utopian gospels of Edward Carpenter and Oscar Wilde; and John Cowper Powys appears as just one link in that great chain.

Chapter Six examines the Spanish vortex of the 1930s (with JCP participating only marginally, through his links with Emma Goldman). Orwell here is the central figure – never precisely anarchist, yet fiercely opposed to the corporate state in any of its manifestations, and wrestling with all the contradictions entailed.

Goodway himself is acerbic, unillusioned; he manages to retain all through this book a sense of unwithered hopeful possibility, without ever succumbing to starry-eyed or sentimental socialism. And then, in Chapter Seven, he embarks on an ambitious revisioning of Powys's fiction – especially of *Porius* – in the light of the libertarian tradition. By 1939, JCP could write to Huw Menai: 'I've long been a convert to Anarchism as the only real liberty, & without question the system of the future'. More than forty years ago, Wilson Knight 'charted' Powys's vision in terms of *The Saturnian Quest* – that is, in the persistent archetype of a lost 'Golden Age', before the divisive institutions of nationality or priesthood or class or money or war. But Goodway gives this quest a sharper, more historical focus. He identifies, for example, the early thirties – the years just *before* the Spanish Civil War – as the moment when 'the Age of Gold as a recoverable society begins to break in insistently as one of the myths central to several of his greatest novels.' In *Mortal Strife*. Powys writes of 'the ancient paradisic anarchy, the lapse from which still lingers in our race's memory.' And when Prince Porius attends his grandfather's burial, he envisions 'an invisible confraternity of free souls … building the foundation … of an imperishable city of justice and security.'

But although a character in *Atlantis* may preach the familiar 'rustic pastoral revolution' of the Golden Age, no one in either this or any previous Powys novel is actually allowed to bring it off. What separates his fictions from those of other writers here, is a vein of humorous mockery even towards his own most cherished ideals.

Hence Powys's self-definition as a 'crotchety parlour-anarchist'. In these novels, the real agents of liberty are not mythic ideas, but those moments of 'ecstasy ... when under the swift piercing stab of an unfamiliar thing caught in a new light ... we are flooded with mysterious happiness.' Such ecstasies are, Goodway insists, 'physical, not mystic experiences, precipitated by commonplace incidents — by, I can confirm, a piece of paper swirling in the gutter or the redness of the paint of a pillar-box.'

David Goodway's switch here to the first-person – to the almost-confessional – would have been unthinkable within his first book, *London Chartism*, published twenty-five years ago by Cambridge University Press, and dedicated to his mentors, Eric Hobsbawm and Raphael Samuel, the two most fertile British Marxist historians of their era. Re-reading it now, I'm struck by its awkwardness. The material is fascinating – examining in close detail how the different London trades responded to the Chartist call, leading up to the 'year of revolutions', 1848. But the actual writing is largely unreconstructed PhD, and its audience must have been mostly confined to a few fellow-academics. In the intervening years, Goodway has moved to a far more user-friendly, even populist approach, inspired perhaps not only by his lifelong involvement with JCP, but by his own excellent editions of the anarchist writings of Alex Comfort and Herbert Read. (Each has an interesting chapter here.) What results is a remarkably warm and readable account.

When I first met Goodway in the Powys society around 1970, I placed him as a rasping-dry puritan; I would now describe him as a *philosophic hedonist*, who identifies sensory pleasure as one of the most legitimate goals of any anarchist's quest. He affirms (on p. 174) 'Powys agrees with ... Herzen and Colin Ward (not to mention the present writer) about the need not to subjugate the living to a dream of an impossible ideal future, but for human liberation to begin with the here-and-now.'

When one puts down this book, one realises one has traversed almost the entire history of British anarchism. It avoids many pitfalls — more urgent than lit crit, more focused than any 'intellectual sight-seeing tour', more committed than academic history. Goodway rescues John Cowper from any too-nostalgic identification with — say — Hardy's Wessex, and locates his art and his lifeway squarely within a shared project. It is most poignant to read of Edward Carpenter in the 1880s: the ex-clergyman, ex-Oxford Fellow, who sets out to live the good life (market-gardening, sandal-making) all cemented by his Whitmanesque partnerships with working men. He became a cult in his lifetime, and one of the acknowledged inspirations for the Labour Party. But he always denied that his motivation for such a lifestyle was 'to reform the world'. 'I have done the thing primarily and simply because of the joy I had in doing it and to please myself ... And this perhaps is a good general rule: namely that people should endeavour ... to express or liberate their *own* real and deep-rooted needs and feelings. Then in doing so they will probably liberate and aid the expression of the lives of thousands of others ...'. At this point, quite rightly, Goodway makes the JCP connection. And I, as I'm re-reading, make further connections forward, even to the surprising anarchist in Aldous Huxley. (One of the

most revelatory chapters in the book.) Wide-ranging, eloquent, wise: *Anarchist Seeds* is unmistakeably the summation of a life's work.

Timothy Hyman

Good Losers

A review-essay by Charles Lock

Jerome McGann, *The Scholar's Art: Literary Studies in a Managed World.* Chicago & London: University of Chicago Press, 2006. pp. xii, 240.

Jerome McGann is a critic to be read with pleasure. The doctrinaire, the ideological, even the theoretical, is treated with suspicion if not hostility. Literature as source of pleasure: to realize that equation is to practise the scholar's art. And writing about literature should aim to enhance that pleasure. Such a position is of course deeply unfashionable: one must these days marvel at a book of literary criticism issued from a major academic press that has nothing to say about race, gender or identity, and that eschews all tonalities of reproach or resentment.

On the evidence here offered, McGann's favourite novels appear to be appropriately old-fashioned and off-beat: *Ivanhoe* and *A Glastonbury Romance.* Among his favourite poets would be Byron, the Oxford edition of whose complete poetical works first made McGann's reputation twenty-five years ago: a reputation not only as an editor but as a polemical exponent of unconventional views on the purpose and nature of the editorial enterprise. His work on Byron led McGann to consider ever more closely, and more radically, the part played by the printed page in our experience of reading poetry. McGann found in late nineteenth-century poets the true precursors to the 'expressive typography' of poets such as Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams and e. e. cummings. For McGann, the exemplary nineteenth-century poets do not include Mallarmé, already long acknowledged as a proto-modernist. Rather, McGann insists on the English contribution, most importantly of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris. Rossetti is cited or alluded to in almost every chapter of *The Scholar's Art.* And one chapter is devoted to a contemporary of theirs even more obscure: Herbert P. Horne, known today, if at all, not as a poet but for the Museum of the Horne Foundation in Florence. One wonders whether the true significance of Mallarmé's sojourn in England is not to be located in his exposure to such fine printing, such decorative ornamentation of the poetical page, such mixing of iconic and phonetic codes, as were to be found among the Pre-Raphaelites and their successors in arts-and-crafts typography and book-making.

A view of the avant-garde that places Rossetti at or near its head may not expect to be taken seriously. The same might be said for McGann's strong and passionate advocacy of John Cowper Powys. These two are related, in the rhetoric of McGann's

argument, by Rossetti's phrase 'the poetry of the inner standing-point', of which McGann avers: 'Its greatest exemplar was also its most famous: Lord Byron.' Swinburne is also commended, along with Tennyson. The inner standing-point is achieved by the reader's awareness of complicity with the movement of the verse, the voice of its speaking, with the very process of its coming into being. Yet 'the inner standing-point' is, in McGann's usage, both polemical and normal. One would assume that poets other than Byron, Rossetti, Swinburne and their kind, had not achieved it, until we are told that 'everyone in a poetical space occupies an inner standing-point'.

The significance of this seems to follow the recognition that we do not *use* language as tool or instrument, but *are constituted by* language. There is no view-point outside of language: and poetry is the form of language (the only one?) in which we cannot pretend that there is. All other forms of language refer and instruct, describe and denote: poetry is. The avoidance of meaning, with all its attendant ideological hang-ups and alibis, its excuses and explanations, is this scholar's art. And the art is to be achieved or mastered by recital: 'If you want to know what a poem means, recite it.' Recital is a poem's means of being.

Reading a novel involves an inner or silent recital. The great novels, for McGann, are those that draw our attention to the act of reading, and thus insert us in their spaces. He is not interested in novels as escape or simple narrative, transparent in their own devices. Of Henry James, McGann writes, in a superb essay on *The Ambassadors*, restoring the supposedly misnumbered chapters: 'We are no longer following the conventions of the traditional novel, where linear narrative and plot sequence are essential.' Yet McGann has brilliantly held up for our display the typographical and linguistic devices by which *Ivanhoe* asks to be read in another way than that by which it was read by millions, and has since become largely unread, virtually unreadable.

The 'traditional novel' is a common device, a straw man, for those who would set up its antithesis. McGann ought more scrupulously to distinguish between 'the text itself' (a term he rightly disdains) and ways of reading. Any text can be read in any way. Throughout these lively and engaging polemics it is seldom clear whether only certain texts are worth reading, or whether, given the right approach, (almost) all texts will be rendered luminous. It seems odd to dismiss 'the traditional novel' – Jane Austen, Dickens, D. H. Lawrence (each of whom merits no more than a single mention) – while advancing the claims of Herbert Horne or, indeed, John Cowper Powys.

A Glastonbury Romance is included among those long books 'written not so much to be read as to explore and expose the scene of reading itself'. They are books in which the reader finds it difficult to get lost or absorbed: Cervantes or Rabelais, Sterne or Melville, play a game in which the reader is seduced yet refused. Of all texts, theirs are the ones that give the reader the least satisfaction in having reached the end. Getting to the end had never been the point. These books pose another order

of reading, in a reflexive mode in which we are aware of ourselves as readers, and therefore, in which we view ourselves as internally linked to the workings of the text. Powys's own way of achieving this is neatly identified by McGann. Where Rabelais uses hyperbole, Cervantes folly, Sterne digression, Melville pedantry, as ways of frustrating 'normal reading', of jolting one out of conventional narrative expectations, Powys uses anticlimax or bathos.

All these great books are enemies of conventional reading: the reader whom they seek to destroy is the one with 'the administrative conscience'. This is a fine phrase, taking up the running polemic of the subtitle: in a managed world all things must have results, and poems need to be measured in terms of ideological or semantic output. But there is no justifying 'on administrative grounds' the motions of the Powysian text: 'The prose turns and turns again, out toward matters that seem to come from any sort of unsponsored source, or back into restless reflections and descriptions, at once sprawling and meticulous.'

This is pleasurable writing, at once sharp and suggestive. 'Unsponsored source' wonderfully links the unmotivated digressions and recursions that abound in Powys with the sponsorship on which the modern academy is now forced to depend. McGann ingeniously links Powys's anti-vivisectionism, with its 'research laboratory' as the big bad place throughout Powys's writings, to the proliferation in our time of 'Humanities Research Centers'. These are places in which the inner standing-point must be renounced for the sake of objectivity, and in which the reader can do as he or she pleases with the text, because the reader feels no sense of complicity and rejects any claim of kinship. The scholar's bond of obligation is no longer to the text but to the sponsor. Powys's texts remain outside the canon because they make themselves unavailable to ideas, whether to 'semantic content' or ideological posturing. Of the weird and remarkable texture of Porius McGann suggests: 'It is as if the prose in its self-unfoldment had fallen into a kind of highly energized trance', which might also describe the sensation of being its reader.

The chapter on Powys is among the most convincing, perhaps because Powys is the only one of McGann's quirky and unsponsored enthusiasms which this reviewer happen to share with a whole heart. Joyce is the significant other in McGann's polemic, and one can enjoy his reasons for preferring *Porius* to *Finnegans Wake*: 'For Powys, the error of Joyce's masterpiece is that it forbids access to anyone but those who have passes to the Research Laboratories.' Yet while we can relish the claims made by McGann for Powys's genius, one wonders how many others will acknowledge the affinities between *A Glastonbury Romance* and contemporaneous publications such as Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans* (1925) and Laura Riding's *The Life of the Dead* (1933). One might even question McGann's promoting of Powys at the expense of the 'realist fiction' of George Eliot and Henry James, who's now fallen on the wrong side of the polemical fence.

Powys reads his readers, and is not forgiving to his critics. This chapter is the tough nut at the centre of McGann's argument, the one in which the polemic becomes

almost agitated. For all the elegance and precision of McGann's account of what happens in Powys's books, he is not entirely convinced by his own explanations: James, we find, is not a precursor, nor is Scott. From this chapter Rossetti is mercifully absent, except by way of allusion: Powys is 'Lost on Both Sides'. Rossetti was keen on loss: to him McGann has by way of restitution dedicated a short monograph entitled 'Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Game that Must be Lost' (2000), and that phrase haunts the pages of this book, not least those on Powys. McGann, we might say, is but the latest in a series of eminent critics and scholars who have declared their admiration. Yet such praise only renders the more bewildering the invisibility of such vast books as *A Glastonbury Romance* and *Porius*. It is as though the condition of such declarations were that the game had already been lost, and that the authority of those who praise will not and cannot be redemptive.

It seems important to Powys's admirers that his novels should be inexplicably invisible. On hundreds of occasions I have had to explain to academic colleagues who this 'Powys' is; never has an occasion been more disheartening than when the name of Powys was recognized, and a reading of more than one novel has been admitted or confessed, with the verdict that further time should not be wasted. So powerful (among Powysians) has become the myth that nobody reads Powys, and its bewildered query 'why not?', that we may have been obscuring or wilfully overlooking the evidence.

Such as this, from *Literary Gent* (Jonathan Cape, 1978), the memoirs of David Higham, a leading literary agent in mid-twentieth-century London:

> John Cowper Powys I met only once: one of my partners dealt with his work. I cherish him for having introduced me to his companion as 'the lady who gives me my enemas'. Alas, I've never found his work readable, though not constipated: too flowing, perhaps. Enemas of promise? (208)

And this from Dromengro: *Man of the Road* (Collins, 1971), the memoirs of Sven Berlin, a sculptor associated with the St Ives school, on a meeting with Augustus John:

> We sat till early evening talking of Dylan Thomas, Vaughan Williams, John Cowper Powys, whom he had just been to Ffestiniog to draw, Robert Graves and of course the Gypsies. (189)

Thus, in about 1960, there is nothing odd, nor demanding of excuse or apology, in a sequence of names that includes JCP among Dylan Thomas, Vaughan Williams and Robert Graves.

In *Memoirs of the Forties* (1965; reprinted by Black Spring in 2004) Julian Maclaren-Ross writes of a visit to Graham Greene, in about 1936, in which the question of libel arises: Greene had been sued for defaming Shirley Temple, and then an entire nation:

> 'Two libel suits, one after the other,' he said. 'There was a case about my Liberian book Journey Without Maps too and Heinemann had to withdraw the whole edition, so that it seems to have been my unlucky year.'

> 'I've never been able to get Journey Without Maps,' I said after expressing my indignation: before this there had been the Glastonbury Romance / John Cowper Powys case and the People in Cages / Helen Ashton case, and as a prospective novelist I was naturally concerned. (2004 ed., 202)

It would be interesting to know of any other comments from practising or aspiring novelists on the suit brought by Gerald Hodgkinson against the author of *A Glastonbury Romance* in 1934.

Finally, in this trawl of mid-century memoirs in pursuit of evidence that JCP was a public figure, spoken of with respect, not treated as an outcast, it is no surprise to learn of the enthusiasm of Henry Miller. The vagaries of literary taste may be exemplified by Miller's admiration for H. E. Bates, as presented in the preface to *Seven by Five*: Stories by H. E. Bates 1926–61 (1963), with a preface (unpaginated) by Henry Miller:

> In a way Mr Bates is the very opposite of what I look for in an author. ... I assume that the reason I have been requested to write this preface to his collected short stories is because the coupling of our two names will seem highly incongruous both to Mr Bates' readers and my own. [*Now the non sequitur, the unsponsored leap, the deed of random sponsorship*:] I know that I have a reputation for being highly critical of, perhaps even unfair to British authors. On the other hand, it should not be overlooked that the one author (still alive) for whom I have an undying admiration is John Cowper Powys, and that I regard his novel, *A Glastonbury Romance*, as the greatest novel in the English language.

Henry Miller receives but a passing mention in McGann's book, and not in the chapter on Powys where he has a strong claim to belong. As for H. E. Bates, who these days knows how to conclude a sentence that begins 'As for H. E. Bates'?

Charles Lock

Charles Lock *is Professor of English Literature at the University of Copenhagen.*
Jerome McGann *is the John Stewart Bryan University Professor, University of Virginia. The book reviewed above is a companion study to* The Point is to Change It: Poetry and Criticism in the Continuing Present *(University of Alabama Press, 2007). Other essays by McGann are 'The Grand Heretics of Modern Fiction: Laura Riding, John Cowper Powys and the Subjective Correlative' (in* Modernism/Modernity, *309–23, on 13.2.2006 – access via Google); and 'Marvels and Wonders: Powys,* Porius, *and the attempt to revive Romance in the age of Modernism' (*T.L.S., *Dec. 1 1995).*

*We may note JCP's encounter with the literary agent, quoted above, as a prime example of propitation/ malice/ subtle one-up-man-ship on JCP's part, enabling the mentally costive Literary Gent ('Alas' forsooth! Alas for whom?) to enjoy his literary pun (*Enemies of Promise *by Cyril Connolly pub. 1938). Phyllis no doubt was an amused spectator.*

H. E. Bates's reputation has, of course, been safely preserved by popular T.V.

Might 'random sponsorship' be a watchword for The Powys Society? **KK**

Likes and Dislikes

From an anthology privately printed for Beryl and George Sims and their friends, by Alan Anderson at the Tragara Press, 1981. G.F. Sims (1923–99) was a book dealer, and author among many and varied titles of More of the Rare Book Game (1988) *which contains an article on Alyse Gregory.*

With thanks to Beryl Sims, and to Shelagh Powys Hancox and Jeff Kwintner for suggesting this.

John Cowper Powys (7 May 1958)

LIKES

Lying on my couch with an electric heater on the floor or in winter one on the floor at my feet and one on the floor at my head. At such times my whole animal nature is happy and peaceful and content.

Cold milk drunk fresh.

Inventing the characters of a story and letting them tell what they feel and what happens all the way through the tale including the end.

I like saving leaves or bits of paper or anything else from going down the street-drains with those rusty iron bars which always make me think of hell.

Laying my head on the pillow.

Looking at the outside of my favourite books from where I lie on my couch.

Being greeted at the window as I lie there on my couch by passing Toddlers.

Being questioned by anybody about anything.

Seeing the first dandelions.

DISLIKES

People talking about their "roots".

Television which I dislike the idea of, so much that I've never seen it and shall die without seeing it.

The words Boring and Boresome and Knowledgeable and the word *curious* when used for *inquisitive*.

When the Sun as I lie on my couch at my window blazes down on my face.

Visiting other people.

A Cold in my head.

Seeing anything knocked over or smashed.

But what I dread *most of all* for myself or for anyone else is *Insomnia* and I don't like Pouring Rain or Heavy Snow or The Game of *Cricket* or *Travelling by Bus or Car* or Letting someone else post my letters.

But most of all *Vivisection*.

Alyse Gregory (4th September 1958)

LIKES

Letting butterflies or moths out of the window.

That moment of suspended silence when the orchestra awaits the conductor's signal.

DISLIKES

Generalizations about women – or men.

The Archbishop of Canterbury. The word 'colourful' — 'disinterested' for 'uninterested'.

A field of golden earth outlined against the sea; watching from my bedroom window the swallows flying in & out of their nests.

Cemeteries in all countries, especially old English Church yards.

Egg heads, sailors, rebels of every nationality, pedants and tramps, coloured people, postmen, historians, gardeners and physical cowards.

American ice cream & Fifth Ave. N.Y., in the autumn.

Strauss waltzes; river banks and pond lilies and children's laughter.

Drifting alone through little side streets in new cities; sitting on park benches; chamber music; walking in the country; seeing lovers happy together.

The smell of ground ivy and bay leaves pressed in palm of hand.

Journals, letters, diaries of the famous and infamous.

French wit and English decorum.

Wireless left on anywhere; Jazz and crooners – but I like marches played by brass bands; BBC poetry readers.

Old age; fanaticism in any form; Proust as 'brought up to date' by P. H. J (3rd programme); dogs tied up – barking or not barking.

Making up my mind; vivisection, bull fights, stag hunting 'for fun'.

Zoos (for compassionate reasoons); housework; loud voices.

The shamelessness of journalists in ferreting out private tragedies.

Losing things; making my bed.

Not being able to free people from traps (unhappy marriages, etc).

Being kept waiting; unexpected encounters with mirrors; limericks.

Sylvia Townsend Warner (4th June 1962)

LIKES	**DISLIKES**
Cats	Irish Stew
Owls	Hygiene
Purcell	Exterminators of wild animals, wild flowers
Eccentrics	People who cut down trees

Other contributors include John Betjeman, Cyril Connolly, Roy Fuller, Mary Gill, Vyvyan Holland, William Plomer, Anthony Powell, Martin Secker, Julian Symons, Helen Thomas, Lawrence Whistler.

'Failure' at Oxford

JCP to Louis Wilkinson, July–August 1913

In Welsh Ambassadors *Louis Wilkinson quotes letters from JCP up to 1911. 1912 was the year when Frances Gregg entered both their lives, and when Louis and Frances were married. The letters to Louis in the summers following give some flavour of the continuing friendship, especially if read with the more revealing simultaneous letters to Frances in* Jack and Frances *(see note 11). At this period JCP's lecturing season in America was usually from September to April, with his annual visits home based in Burpham. Young Littleton was 11 in 1913. This is the first of 'Three Summers' – to be continued in the next newsletter. Thanks again to Chris Wilkinson and his Archive.*

John Cowper Powys to Louis U. Wilkinson Esq. (Pembroke House, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.)

[Burpham, 3/7/13]

I fear Lulu is not as well as could be wished. He seems losing his spirit. He says, "it is not wise for me to have tea in the hay—it is dangerous for me to catch dace" and he talks of a melancholy letter to me which he did not send. No I suppose it is not always as nice having consumption as we drift sometimes into assuming. I am rather depressed about him. For him to adopt such a tone is so unusual that I am at a loss to know what to think.

John Cowper Powys, drawing by Samuel McCoy, 1916, in Princeton University Library.

He says "I have begun to read French—I have been driven to it" All this is in a tone quite different from his usual talk about "death" and so forth. My old fashioned morality is rather put to it at this moment between my desire to see him and the necessity of keeping up the rapport here. What the devil does "common decency" say at such a juncture? I shall really be compelled to upset this venerable pedestal unless this four square Herm doesn't get some kind of intelligent expression into its featureless head.[1] The thing does nothing but nod vapidly as much as to say "my dear John, we know that whatever you do is done from the noblest motives!"

The "Professor of Hebrew at Lampeter" who lives next door has put up an altar in his cellar and "goes in" for Prime and Complines.[2] What do you do with real Christian sweetness when it is very much in the way — Do you prod it or blow on it or see if y[ou] can fizz or put carbolic onto it?

[Burpham, 21/7/13]

I am so immensely relieved my dear that you'll be able to let me have that money without inconvenience. Christ! what an imbroglio if it had meant a rush of Cocked Hats upon Beth Car![3] And for Mrs Powys too—what words would have issued from the roots of the world. No—I couldn't have stood that. It is a great relief.

It is raining. Will the Suffrage now be postponed[4]—I am convinced that the profoundest reasons of every kind are in favour of support given to these amazing women. What after all is our fear of their closing taverns compared with what they are doing—and that my lady, at least, does not see—to destroy "The sanctity of the home"?

There a[re] ten thousand curious undercurrents in the affair (is it perhaps Polyandry against Polygamy?) but the real effect, as always, is bound to be what the occult Faustian "mothers" intend, rather than what either side expect — for like that other historic crowd they do not precisely know what they are doing.[5]

Yes do meet my train at Oxford. There is nothing in the least like St Peters in dear Matthew Arnold's city.[6] I will write (and wire) nearer the time to 26 Divinity R^d^

No I shan't want any money till we meet.

Good luck! Jack.

It is Divinity R^d^ isn't it? 26 is not a very nice number what prophet ever had 26 disciples and what ever happened 26 times?

[Burpham, 28/7/13]

Look here my dear according to your principle of arranging things clearly before hand ought not we to have some idea in your minds as to how the Oxford meeting may be steered so as to make it a success?

Tom[7] & Theodore it seems are both coming. I've got to go to dinner with Mrs Smith of Lewes but she says I can bring two people with me. Bertie was here yesterday & it seemed to us that things might work out like this. I hope to arrive with Theodore & Bernie[8] about lunch time. Tom arrives at 4.14 Bertie[9] at 5.25. We might meet Tom and then all of us have tea at some place near the station and meet Bertie at 5.25. Then I might take Bernie & Theodore to dinner with me—& Tom and Bertie might look after themselves unless you could have [them] at Magdalen but that wouldn't be necessary.

We think we had better get rooms and a small sitting-room in some inexpensive Commercial Hotel. Then let us all resort there after the lecture. The difficulties that present themselves seem to be as follows. Would your mother mind returning to Divinity Place alone? or some of us might escort her back? Then would you & Frances be able to be out late? I fear that she might not be allowed a latch key and you might have to be in by twelve. That would mean if we took her home breaking up our party about 11.30 which would considerably spoil it.

Bertie suggests having a great bowl of punch mixed with consummate considera-

tion by Bernie & Theodore.

Bertie has to leave next day & in the morning he wishes to see certain buildings. So that this would be our only complete meeting and it would be a pity to cut it short.

Couldn't you & Frances, possibly, for one night stay in the Inn with us? I would willingly subscribe five shillings to help you towards this if you could consider it!

Then we should all be together & have our breakfast in the morning together and we could stay up as long as we wanted to. Then we might the next day pick up your mother and go round Oxford under your and Bertie's ciceroning and in the afternoon when Bertie had left all walk to that place where Amy Robsart is buried[10]—There is an admirable Inn there where we would have tea. I let you off the appropriate stanzas from dear Matthew Arnold.

I trust the little Whip of God will not lash out at all this—calling it meticulous trifling.[11] But I think a certain amount of consideration before hand might just make the difference.

There must be some little inexpensive hotel where we could all put up. We could some of us look about for such a thing when I arrive and you could keep your eyes open in the morning. I would willingly pay for your and Frances' room there, if you would consider that idea.

I am going to leave by the one o'clock train on Thursday & meet Mr de Kantzow in London on the way home.[12]

Well? What do you say?

With love from

J.

O one other thing! What about getting all these people into my lecture—they may not of course want to come—if so that makes it easier—but I know Bertie & Bernie are keen on it.[13] I suppose it w^d be safer to carry them in with a rush at the last moment rather than to write to Marriott.[14] He might raise difficulties. What do you think?

[Burpham, 29/7/13]

Reddy![15] Well—of course my personal attitude (common vanity exacts it for the wretch who could think Mrs Powys' Intellect superior to her husband's) is in favour of "shooting all these Indians"—but on the other hand since he is there—& must see you—it would be perhaps absurd to fight shy of him in any kind of way.

The best way if one feels any reluctance with regard to a possible enemy is to seize him by the Prick. This end would doubtless be most easily attained if he were under the same roof. Theodore will be there and Bernie & Tom; & perhaps the Brownes;[16] so that the extraordinary scene I have alluded to would have plenty of witnesses. In this case it would be all the more desirable that you & Frances should be on the spot. What Bertie & Bernie & Theodore's feeling about Reddy's being there I can't say—They may curse—they may not—I can only say that I am quite prepared for it myself. He won't write little notes to you all night will he?

I add this line a little later—I think I must leave the question of Reddy in your hands my dear. Of course his abysmal oriental irony looking on—with Bergsonian asides out of a Buddistic background upon our little pleasure party—might be somewhat disconcerting. Whether Theodore & Bernie would mix that punch bowl & utter their well-known aphorisms with quite their accustomed freedom—I don't know. But on the other hand Frances will no doubt be grateful for the interruption—(Jerusalem kept well under control!) and in any case there are the Brownes & Shaws[17] comparative strangers—so that we shall anyway not be quite free! I should let it go—But in these little subtle matters of congruity and appropriateness you my dear, and not I, are the master!

I believe there is a small hotel near Wadham that might do but we can find a place when we arrive. What a lovely pell mell—I have just had a post card from a poor little devil of an aesthetic lecturer called—(it sounds like a prize-fighter—but it is a mouse [ )]—Slingsby Roberts[18] —who may be difficult to shake off—but we really will have to draw the line somewhere or the Lady Frances Howard[19] will go down the Isis alone.

Remember to write to Montacute not here as I leave before the post on Thursday.

Love from J.

I suppose it wouldn't really do to trot out T.H.L.?[20] No! I am afraid the atmosphere would get too electric. But it would be sport—all the same—eh?

[Burpham, 30/7/13]

Yes — 2.30

Magdalene Bridge.

Excellent!

And if you cannot stay at our Hotel—you'll stay the night.

The Brownes have just been & gone—They won't it appears now be at Oxford—So that will suit Frances' mood as to second encounters. I am very pleased that she feels more kindly towards Theodore Francis.

No Mrs Powys does not want you to wear evening dress.

So now my dear I think we have covered all the ground—The perpendicular hand then to you both till we meet—J.

JCP to LUW (White Hall Hotel, 18–20 Montague Street, British Museum, London. W.C.)

[Montacute, 2/8/13]

All right my dear—as you arrange it—A Feminist—! yes I take, I fancy, after my Father in that.

At any rate, and anyhow, we shall meet—

I think Bernie Theodore & I shall reach Oxford between twelve & one. So we will get our lunch together somewhere & meet you at 2.30 on The Bridge.

Theodore is in splendid spirits & immensely looking forward to the jaunt. I think

it is certain that Mrs Shaw will neither come to the lecture or to the Hotel. And the Brownes won't be there—so that the company will not be after all so very extended.

Good luck to you both till Tuesday, then.

Lulu I am glad to say is better — in better spirits and better health.

Greet your mother & kiss the fetlock of your tall dark companion—

J.

NOTES

(Chris Wilkinson, KK)

1 A herm is a square stone pillar surmounted by a bust or head used as an ornament in classical architecture. The reference could be to his brother, Llewelyn, or (as seems more likely) his wife Margaret (the herm as monument to the Home?)

2 The Reverend Edmund Tyrell Green, Professor of Theology and Hebrew at Lampeter (1896–1924): a very distinguished high churchman and expert on church architecture. Prime and Compline are the first and final church services of the day.

3 Theodore Powys's house, 'Beth-Car'('house of the pasture'), in Chaldon.

4 JCP had written to Frances, Louis's wife, at the end of June: '[Margaret] wants to walk in a Suffrage procession—from Littlehampton to Rustington. I expect it will give you & Louis exquisite pleasure to think of me doing arithmetic: Walking parrots and/ walking in/ processions of mild/ respectable/ anti-militant/ common-sense—/ Vive La Revolution! Thus the magnificent and coloured Drama unrolls itself!'

5 In Goethe's *Faust*, Mephistopheles sends Faust to 'the Mothers' to retrieve apparitions of Paris and Helen, rashly promised to the Emperor: '*Faust:* The Mothers! Mothers! Strange the word I hear. *Mephistopheles*: Strange is it. Goddesses to men unknown, / Whom we are loath to name or own.' The exact meaning and intent of the realm of the Mothers has been a riddle to readers and critics alike. Writing in 1938 in *The Pleasures of Literature* Powys described them as 'one of the profoundest mysteries in imaginative creation'. 'Words ... from the roots of the world' could also refer to the Mothers.

6 Matthew Arnold (1822–88), poet and critic, was appointed to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford in 1857.

7 Tom Jones (?–1929), a great friend of John Cowper Powys, who had introduced both John Cowper and Louis to accommodating girls in Liverpool. He committed suicide after the collapse of his firm in the recession at the end of 1928.

8 Dr Bernard Price O'Neill (1865–1947), long-time friend of both Powys and Wilkinson.

9 JCP's brother A. R. Powys, the architect.

10 Amy Robsart (1532–60), maiden name of the wife of Robert Dudley, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth I of England. When Lady Dudley was found dead at the foot of a staircase in Cumnor Hall, Berkshire, rumour had it that her husband had arranged her murder so that he might be free to wed the queen. After an inquest, which decided her death was accidental, Amy's body was carried into Oxford. Robert ordered an expensive funeral and Amy was buried in the University church of St Mary the Virgin in the High Street. A version of the story appears in Scott's novel *Kenilworth*.

11 Frances Gregg (1885–1941) is often characterised by Powys as a scourge or whip. Despite early fantasies of cruelty towards her, in real life he seems to have delighted in violent arguments with her and with being corrected by what Oliver Wilkinson has described as her 'cauterizing criticism' (*Jack and Frances Part I, The Love Letters of John Cowper Powys to Frances Gregg*, ed. Oliver Wilkinson, published by Cecil Woolf, London 1994).

12 Alfred de Kantzow, the impoverished Polish nobleman, a poet, over seventy, whom John Cowper had met when he lived in Southwick. John Cowper championed de Kantzow and was the driving force behind the publication of his two volumes of verse, *Ultima Verba* and *Noctis Susurri*, Sighs of the Night.

13 John Cowper wrote in *Autobiography* (342):

> It amuses me now to recall the fact that many years after this failure at Cambridge [*a public lecture on 'The Religion of the Future', a 'more seemly' version of the talk that offended 'Reddy' – see note 15*] I gave my final lecture at Oxford under similar conditions. Here again I collected my friends together for one of those dramatic 'symposia' for which I had such a passion ... it was upon Rabelais I lectured ... But my lecture was as much of a failure as my public one at Cambridge had been. It was not outspoken enough for my friends, and it was too outspoken for the authorities!

OW's note to a letter to Frances (25th July 1913) says that according to Frances, 'Jack's Oxford lecture was bad at first, then finer than usual. The whole visit seems to have turned out happily.' (*Jack and Frances* Vol I, 197).

14 Sir John Arthur Ransome Marriott, (1859–1945) was the secretary of the Oxford University Extension Delegacy (which employed JCP) from 1895 to 1920. He lectured in Modern History at New College in Oxford.

15 Ramalinga Reddi, a university friend of Louis and Llewelyn. Several anecdotes are recorded at Reddi's expense, suggesting he was prim and lacked a sense of humour. At a talk given by JCP in Louis's Cambridge rooms in 1905, on eroticism and religion, he passed Louis notes saying 'Can't you stop him?' 'I am pained and grieved'. (See *Welsh Ambassadors*, 60–63.) Later he was secretary to the Geikwar of Baroda and held important Indian academic and political appointments, including Vice Chancellor of Andhra University. He was knighted by King George VI. JCP's antipathy towards Reddi was deep-seated and lasted well over 40 years. He wrote to Louis on May 26th 1948:

> Just a pro tem, my dear, to implore you to let me dodge C. R. (Vice Chancellor) Reddy. I dread seeing him, I never cottoned to him as Ralph wd. say & he greatly preferred my wife to me. In plainer language—below the necessary politeness to a friend of yours and Lulu's—I hated the chap as I hate all Hindus (Mister Ghandi not excepted!) You will have to explain to me just why I have this curious hatred for Hindus, but it is very very deep! My own explanation is (as is almost always the case with these curious obscure hatreds) that I have an element in myself that resembles them! On the other hand I am profoundly pro-Jew as you know, & I always boast that the name of our Livius ancestor ought to be Levi ... Yes I love all Jews and hate all Hindus.

16 Maurice Browne (1881–1955), a Cambridge friend of Louis's, and his wife, the American actress Ellen van Volkenberg (1895–?), who had founded the Little Theatre in Chicago, where JCP was often based during his lecturing years.

17 Arnold Shaw (1884–1937) and his first wife Elizabeth (Lizzie). Shaw was Lecture Manager in America for both Louis and John Cowper. (See *The Ideal Ringmaster* by Paul Roberts, The Powys Society, 1996).

18 J. Slingsby Roberts, lecturer and poet. All I have so far found out about him is that (a) a portrait of him painted in 1890 is held in the Brighton & Hove Museums collection, (b) an essay of his on the Italian poet, Giosuè Carducci, appeared in the *Quarterly Review* in April 1908 and (c) he owned an Angora Tom, named Soloman, with emerald eyes. (C.W.)

19 Lady Frances Howard (1591–1632), who managed, with the help of King James I, to divorce her husband the Earl of Essex on the grounds of impotence, in order to remarry with Viscount Rochester who became the Earl of Somerset. Satirical verses of the time depicted her as a wandering ship, on account of her reputed sexual adventures: '... When shee lett no occasion slip/ To get a mast unto her ship/ A mast she had both straight and long/ But when itt prov'd not fully strong/ To Somersett she quicklye hide/ To try what fortune would betide ...'

20 Thomas Henry Lyon (1869–1953), architect, was John Cowper Powys's brother-in-law and a pious Anglo-Catholic. He appears as 'Reggie Tryers' in Louis's novel, *The Buffoon*.

On Public Speaking : JCP to Harold A. Van Kirk
(with accompanying letter to Phyllis, 9 November 1974)

[no date or address]

Dear Van Kirk

In reply to your question what my advice would be to a young aspirant to mastery in public speaking, I would, I think, say this to him:

First of all overcome all timidity, shyness, nervousness, in the face of your audience. Beget within you such a sense of power and self-confidence that you feel absolutely at ease, completely unashamed of the obvious faults and weaknesses which you must have, and more at ease than you would be with your friends.

A born speaker, like a born actor, is never entirely himself, never entirely knows himself, what he feels, thinks, can draw upon, until he is on the platform or in the pulpit. Then he becomes a medium for the simplest and humblest, a medium for the proudest and most sophisticated, a medium for a universal self, of which he is the swaying, wailing, exulting, denouncing, appealing, triumphant and ironic reed.

Don't look at the audience before you. Don't try and be a commonplace orator, aiming at making people laugh and cry. That is easy. That is cheap. That is unworthy of a born speaker. Look over their heads. Think to yourself that you're appealing to the Human Race; try to think aloud in the presence of the Human Race. Wrestle with the secret of the universe as a medium for the Universal Man. Every born speaker is a Medium and must cultivate the feeling of being so. Never speak on anything but what, to you, is an inexhaustable Topic.

Above all exploit your own nerves. Exploit all your weaknesses, your maliciousnesses, your hatreds, your disgusts, your loathings, as well as your adorations. Get rid of all shame, of all dignity. Be a clown of the cosmos! Never mind about logic and reason. A born speaker is an artist; and art like love and hate and religion and like Nature herself has nothing to do with logic.

Finally I would tell him that a born speaker must of necessity exploit both God and the Devil.

John Cowper Powys

Old Chalfont Road
41NE[?] Lexington
Pennsylvania

My dear Phyllis Playter ... !

On a delightful summer evening in 1939, I said to John Cowper Powys: "Could you briefly send a word to all those speakers who will come after you ... point out to them the magic of the spoken word"? And the next morning he put into my hand—as I was leaving—a letter which I have held all these years ... held, because I didn't see how to deliver it. But at long last the answer came.

Since the letter was addressed to young speakers it obviously should go to the

national magazine for those who teach Speech, and to their students. So I sent it to the Quarterly Journal of Speech in Minnesota where it was reprinted, along with a 500 word essay of mine on JCP. They were so generous as to print it holographically. And so I rest easier, since his message has been delivered to his successors ...

I heard him in Chicago in 1916, and in debate with Bertrand Russell in 1926. A triumph on both occasions. He was a "weaver of magic and spells". There's been nobody like him. I have collected most of his books—nearly a shelf full. And I believe that today we are coming to see the value of feeling and emotion as never before. Logic isn't enough.

A friend I have made in Llangollen has managed to find your address. We're not positive just how accurate it is, but anyhow I shall launch this note hopefully. ...

There's much more that I should like to say, but I'll defer it until I know that this has arrived safely. I shall always remember the golden days ... perfect days ... that we spent in Corwen and your generous reception of two strangers. With every good wish for you I am

Sincerely

Harold A. Van Kirk

9/74

(With thanks to Morine Krissdóttir for providing this)

Linocut by Alan Richards from The Cry of Gull, *by Alyse Gregory (1973).*

JCP's American homes: Phudd Bottom in upstate NY, and Patchin Place in New York, photographed in May 2006.

Patchin and Phudd
JCP's New York Homes, 2006

On a visit to New York last May, **Patchin Place** looked largely unchanged behind its iron gateway, which bore a sign reading DOWNTOWN REALTY – MEDICAL OFFICES – APARTMENTS (it is now an enclave of psychiatrists – see *NL* 51). There is a plaque to e.e.cummings on No 4 where there should also be one to the Powyses. Upstate, **Phudd Bottom**, tastefully enlarged, looks in excellent condition in the care of its new owners. The neighbouring farms have virtually all given way to refurbished second homes, but the landcape – the hills and woods, the old graveyards, hayfields, quiet roads, the rocky stream and the Grotto – still have their special charm. The place is probably more wooded and more peaceful than it was 75 years ago.

KK

JCP's American Publishers
The Cutting of *Wolf Solent*: One More Version

We know that the Powyses generate myths, and also that stories tend to get taller in the telling. Both circumstances combine, I suspect, in the following anecdote recounted in Peter Schwed's *Turning the Pages: An Insider's Story of Simon & Schuster 1924–1984* (New York: Macmillan, 1984,147–8), a book published to commemorate the publishing firm's sixtieth anniversary:

> ... Max Schuster fell in love with novelist John Cowper Powys's work and, as a result, gave him a contract for one of the very first books [*Simon & Schuster*] ever acquired in England. When that book, *Wolf Solent*, finally arrived here in manuscript form in the hold of an ancient liner, it was found to be tightly packed into a huge and completely filled trunk. Had an attempt been made to print and publish the novel in its original form, it would have had to be issued in ten volumes. Never a man to be discouraged, Schuster set about cutting the manuscript himself.
>
> Finally he acknowledged that his brilliant young editor, Kip Fadiman, could probably do it better and much faster. Approximately 80 percent of the book was eventually hacked away and the balance issued in two volumes. There is no entry in *The Guinness Book of Records* for the most massive job of cutting a book, but surely *Wolf Solent* would have a good claim.

Schwed was, according to the dust-jacket, 'longtime chairman' of the editorial board of the company. This version will hardly replace JCP's own, in *Letters to Llewelyn* (vol II, 82), stating that he was requested to cut 300 pages, or Ben Jones's scholarly account in *Powys Review* 2. Moreover, the ocean-liner story is spoilt by the fact that JCP was living in the United States at the time. Still, it makes a good story!

W. J. Keith

Because—It—Means—ME

From the Churchill College [*Cambridge*] *Press-Cuttings Book, given to the college, at the instigation of George Steiner, by James D. Watson Sr, an enthusiastic Powysian who collected reviews and bits and pieces in a scrapbook. Unattributed, but must be from U.S. press, 1935.* (JH)

The Art of Happiness *was published on April 18th 1935 by Simon and Schuster in U.S., and by John Lane, The Bodley Head, London, in September.*

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON and SCHUSTER
Publishers • 386 Fourth Avenue • New York

[photo of JCP
with hand to chin]

"...an invocation to hard-won happiness"
JOHN COWPER POWYS, *author of*
THE ART OF HAPPINESS

‡‡‡ *The Inner Sanctum* presents a volume designed for the pocket with a message designed for the heart—*The Art of Happiness*, by JOHN COWPER POWYS. (Price $2.00)

‡‡‡ In a letter written to your correspondents last December, the author of *Wolf Solent, A Philosophy of Solitude* and *In Defense of Sensuality* wrote:

> *"I am trying, in* THE ART OF HAPPINESS, *to go deeper than I have ever gone before into the nervous and sensational springs of our life. I am trying to dig down to those elementary feelings of pleasure and pain that underlie all our life's activity as well as all our life's passivity; and I am trying to express my discoveries with living words.*
>
> *"I am writing of the subtle 'art', for instance, by which a woman can be happy living with a man, and a man can be happy living with a woman, when the first thrill of 'being in love' is over and gone. I am writing of all the 'little things' connected with food, fire, warmth, cold, rain, sun and air, tea, coffee, cigarettes, newspapers, mechanical work, walks, reveries, love-making, the after-thoughts from books, the casual glimpses of Nature, that in the most ordinary day of the most unassuming life can be given by the use of the* IMAGINATIVE WILL *a certain twist or a particular emphasis* THAT MAY MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

‡‡‡ *The Art of Happiness* is an invocation, a credo and a declaration of spiritual ways and means. It will be read, *The Inner Sanctum* believes, not only by those devoted followers of JOHN COWPER POWYS who haven't missed a book of his since *Wolf Solent*—but also by many new thousands to whom it carries a direct and not-to-be-forgotten message.

—ESSANDESS.

BECAUSE IT MEANS

me

The text of this advertisement with the Young Woman reads (see back cover):

THERE's a young woman who runs a bookstore in the east forties. She read a copy of *The Art of Happiness* by JOHN COWPER POWYS before it was published, liked it better than any book she had read in two years. It meant *Me* to her. Since publication date she has sold it to 72 people, saying in effect:

> "I think this book will make you enjoy life more than you have. Its price is $2.00. But I don't want you to keep it if after reading it you don't agree with me. In fact I want you to return it to me so that I may refund you not $2.00, but *$2.50.*"

Of the 72 copies she has sold, *just one has come back.*

A man who runs a bookstore down town tells us that *The Art of Happiness* is the most popular book he has in the store. Not only do *all* of the people who come back tell him how much this book has meant to them, but many others buy earlier books of JOHN COWPER POWYS—*In Defense of Sensuality, A Philosophy of Solitude, Wolf Solent,* and *The Meaning of Culture.*

The publishers believe *The Art of Happiness* is so popular because:

1. People are so deeply immersed in their own everyday life—in the thousands of duties and drudgeries and bits of routine that they have taken for granted—that they want a book which makes them stop short and wonder what it is that makes them happy or unhappy.
2. There is no other book we know about which analyses the very stuff of which happiness is made. Mr. Powys does not speak in generalities and Pollyanna-isms, but discusses the way people live in the actual world of food, fire, cigarettes, love-making and reading newspapers.
3. *The Art of Happiness* is not only extremely personal. It is provocative and stimulating as well, the sort of book you want to read aloud to your dearest friend.

All of which, boiled down, goes back to what the young woman in the store in the east forties said: **"Because It Means *Me.*"**

Pix and Pixels

An apology, an explanation, and some guidance

I have to confess that I did not understand how to use the excellent tool which I have to manipulate the images which have been sent to me for the *Newsletter*; this is called 'Photoshop', and I have version 5 which is entirely suitable for our purpose. It is a matter of good fortune that unsatisfactory pictures have not occurred more often.

Since the last issue I have had extensive correpondence with Ian Comer who handles the printing of the *Newsletter* at the Fosseway Press, with my computer expert, Mark Ellis-Jones, and with our own member Max Peltier who helps to produce Jacqueline's *la lettre powysienne*. I would like to thank them all for their patience and their long and detailed answers to my persistent queries.

The truth is that I have often been able to use images scanned by myself, where I could set the parameters to suit the position in which I wanted to use the image. I did not realise that images received from other people could be manipulated so that they would also be suitable, nor understand why they might be unsatisfactory: sometimes it worked, sometimes not. I do not mean altering the picture (though I can repair a tear) but altering the resolution and other technical aspects of the image.

Now I believe I understand what I am doing: please bear with a little jargon.

Our printers print using a screen or lineage of 150 lines per inch. If you look closely at any photographs in the *Newsletter* you will see that they are composed of masses of tiny dots; this is called half-tone or grey-scale; these pictures are produced from the material supplied by me, processed on a high-powered imagesetter.

There are two sources for these images, photos or other illustrations scanned by me and photos supplied by other people, sometimes over the Internet.

My first preference is to supply the printer with images which I have scanned at 300 dots per inch (i.e., twice his lineage): in fact, the imagesetter can cope with quite a wide range, so that, for example, the book cover on the back of the last *Newsletter* has half the 'pixel per inch' measure which is ideal, which brings me to the next technical term: PIXELS.

'Pixels', short for 'picture elements', is a measure of an image which is not a dimension but simply a way of saying that there are so many tiny separate elements making up an image recorded digitally by scanning or on a digital camera. An image may, for example, be 1024 pixels wide and 1544 pixels high, but this is simply a measure which does not say how big it will print until a further measure is introduced, that is how many pixels there are to an inch (ppi). So this image of 1024 x 1544 pixels could be at 72 ppi or 300 ppi (or any other ppi). At 72 ppi the picture would be 14.2 inches wide x 21.4 high; at 300 ppi it would be 3.4 x 5.1 inches.

Photoshop provides facilities for altering the resolution and also the dimensions at which the image will be printed; these are in fact linked automatically, so that, for example, if I have the image of 1024 x 1544 pixels I can change it from 72 ppi to 300

ppi and at the same time it will change the size from an image 14 by 21 inches to one of 3.4 x 5.1 inches; it will still contain the same information in the same number of pixels.

If the resulting image is still too large, Photoshop also allows me to simultaneously change the resolution of an image and the dimensions at which it will be printed; this then reduces the number of pixels in the image. At the scale at which we want images for the *Newsetter* or the *Journal*, there is no perceptible loss in image quality. So this is where those who take photos for the *Newsletter* can help by using a high resolution, rather than average or low resolution: most digital cameras have the facility for adjusting this, though mobile phone cameras at the moment cannot take images suitable for printing.

The higher the resolution the fewer images you will get on a memory card, but this is a worthwhile trade-off. Higher resolution will also allow me to select when I want to use only some part of the original image which would then appear larger in the illustration, much like making what in the days of dark-rooms used to be called an 'enlargement'.

I have reprinted one of the group photos from *Newsletter* 59, selecting the central part at the same size as before. The upper image is as printed then, the lower image after handling it in Photoshop to reduce the width of the whole image from 21.4 inches at 72ppi to 3.75 inches (as printed in *NL* 59) and adjust resolution to 300 ppi.

Similarly in the second version of the nice picture of the Peltiers by Anna Pawelko: this was a picture of original size 22.2 inches wide and 16.7 inches high at 72ppi. The height is then reduced in Photoshop to 1.9 inches at 300ppi and cropped slightly in my layout programme (you may have noticed that I managed to distort this one, giving our friends long faces!).

All this says nothing about the enormous scope for improving or otherwise interfering with images, such as increasing contrast, repairing damage in old photos, even erasing something (or someone) unwanted. And of course colour introduces a whole new opportunity for fiddling: no more can we say that 'the camera never lies'.

And after all that my preference is for real photographic images: one starts with what is virtually a continuous-tone image which can yield quite remarkable results, as you will see on the cover of *Newsletter* 58, which was scanned from a small old faded sepia snapshot on which you could hardly even see that there were any ripples under Jack's boat.

Stephen Powys Marks

Coming in the next issue.