

Notes on This Issue

Powys Notes is extremely pleased to acknowledge a grant from Wilfrid Laurier University towards the preparation and publication of the present issue, a double number for 1992. We also take this occasion to thank the members of our indomitable editorial board, and in addition several other individuals: Katie Trumpener, Guylaine Villieu, William Olmsted, Mark Schwehn, and Margaret Maxwell, all of whom have contributed mightily to this (or soon-to-come) issues of the *Notes*.

The PSNA conference for 1992 was held on May 8-9 at the Society of Friends in Greenwich Village (15 Rutherford Place). The gathering began on Friday night with a talk by Terry Miller, author of *Greenwich Village and How It Got That Way*, on "The Golden Years of Village Literature." Miller's fine presentation, illustrated with slides of historical photographs, was followed the next day by a sequence of papers and discussions. There were longer pieces by Constance Harsh, Nicholas Birns, and Peter Christensen, plus further commentary from Peter Powys Grey, Ben Jones, and Michael Ballin. A good deal of this material appears in the present issue of *Powys Notes*; several further items, including Peter Christensen's paper on JCP and William James, will appear in subsequent issues.

News of Peter Powys Grey's death (on the fifth of October, 1992) will have travelled by now to many members of the Society. The newsletter of the British Powys Society (issue of 17 November 1992) contains eulogies by Glen Cavaliero, Charles Lock, and Morine Krissdóttir. During 1993 we will be publishing a transcript of one of Peter's talks for the PSNA and, I hope, a group of photographs, among other tributes. Until that time it will do to reiterate what most readers of this journal must know already—that Peter Grey was an invaluable and irreplaceable member of the Powys Society. For my own part, I will add a special word of thanks, to whatever ediolons of Peter may hover in the vicinity, for his immense efforts in organizing on-the-spot arrangements for our New York conference. I shall particularly remember from that conference his Metternichian suavity in negotiating our arrangements with Quaker House—"How many people are you expecting?" "We anticipate a cozy and intimate gathering"—his almost incommunicable panic on Friday afternoon, as we put up signs to attract eager hordes of Powysians

(swollen in imagination from the proposed intimate gathering), and his informed comments through the conference—particularly in insisting on the importance of Emma Goldman to Powys's life and to the life of Greenwich Village. "She was the first American to be disillusioned with the Soviet Union.... JCP wrote a number of letters for her, got her a number of speaking engagements, and was really her last friend." Finally, this was the last occasion on which most of us heard Peter tell what was certainly his signature story, that of JCP, Dreiser, and the maze, a narrative which might have determined the tone and intent of the memoir he could never write. JCP, observed Peter, "hated small children." There followed an intricate qualification of this perhaps disturbing statement, quite untranscribable, followed by a modulation into the narrative proper: "When I was four or five, he [JCP] used to make mazes with his pen. The point was to get out of the maze, to free oneself. I would follow the maze with a soft pencil. One day I was sitting on the floor, doing one; Dreiser came in, sat above me. I realized that there was a sudden spotlight, Dreiser bearing down on me. 'Jack, dammit, you've given the kid a maze with *no way out*.' They went dashing off ... and I never did find if there *was* a way out of the maze." In one sense this anecdote is too blatantly allegorical for its own good; then again, the significance of that maze—a torture-device, a source of endless entertainment, the inevitable game of a particular sort of storyteller—remains interestingly in suspension. At another moment during his presentation Peter exclaimed: "I digress—but I'm a series of digressions." One pleasure of the maze story, as of other, related anecdotes, was to hear it presented *as* a digression: casual, improvised, stimulatingly irrelevant *despite* its determined, almost lifelong, shaping by the teller.

A postscript: Struck by Peter Grey's comments on Emma Goldman (of whose relations with Powys I wish we had heard more in our conference), I turned to Goldman's autobiography, *Living My Life*, where I found the following remarks, a useful gloss, I trust, to Peter's interesting hint:

My trial [for lecturing on birth control] was set for April 20 [1915]. On the eve of that day a banquet took place at the Brevoort Hotel....An entertaining discussion was provided by John Cowper Powys, the British writer, and Alexander Harvey, an editor of *Current Literature*. Powys expressed himself as appalled by his ignorance of birth-control methods, but he insisted that though he personally was not interested in the matter, yet he belonged to the occasion

because of his constitutional objection to any suppression of free expression.

When at the close I was given the floor to reply to the various points raised, I called the attention of the guests to the fact that the presence of Mr. Powys at a banquet given to an anarchist was by no means his first libertarian gesture. He had given striking proof of his intellectual integrity some years previously in Chicago when he had refused to speak at the Hebrew Institute because that institution had denied its premises to Alexander Berkman....Shortly afterwards Mr. Powys had arrived to deliver a series of lectures at the Hebrew Institute. When informed of the attitude of its directors to Berkman, Mr. Powys had cancelled his engagements. His action was especially commendable because all he knew of Berkman was the misrepresentations he had read in the press.

As this issue of *Powys Notes* goes to press, news also reaches us of the death of Gloria Fromm, a longtime Powysian; reminiscences and tributes are invited.

One of the major lacunae in accounts of John Cowper Powys's career is the neglect of his years as an ambulatory lecturer campaigning incessantly across the face of North America. Some members of the Powys Society will have had the experience of entering a bookstore in Minnesota, say, or South Carolina, and finding a little mine of Powysian books (usually the self-help volumes), often signed by the author. A signature indeed, in more than the literal sense: JCP *lectured here*. It is worth emphasizing that his extraordinary career as a lecturer not only did much to define his relation to America (e.g., see his essay "The American Scene and Character: A Resident Alien to Alien Critics," reprinted in *Powys Notes*, Spring and Summer 1991, "An Englishman Up-State," reprinted in *Philobiblon*, Winter 1966, or, above all, the testimony of the *Autobiography*) but to shape his career as a novelist. We need to begin to look more closely at the formidable variety of places and people to which JCP adapted, to whom he was able to speak, in those years; at the range of voices he developed in the process of incessant travelling and speaking; at the sense of world literature in relation to a constantly changing landscape and social frame which public lecturing helped create in him. JCP himself announces some of these themes in his writings. Could we follow his lead by studying the lecturing career and determining its relation to the rest of his life and to the singular

qualities of his fiction?

Constance Harsh's article in the present issue of *Powys Notes* suggests one unusually fruitful way of approaching the lectures. On hearing this essay presented at the May 1992 conference, Ben Jones remarked to Professor Harsh, "So, you're a New Historicist." We might want to argue about whether the Harsh essay is an example of the New or of the Old Historicism, but in either case the care she takes to evoke the milieu of Lancaster, Pennsylvania during the early years of this century and to spell out the social-institutional framework that created an audience for lecturers—that made the genre of the lecture *possible*—is well worth the attention of Powysians. (In the course of her researches, Harsh also ran across some items from the *New York Times* about Powys lectures which we suspect that our readers will find amusing: the longest concerns Powys's scandalous behavior in St. Mark's Church, a short walk from the site of our 1992 conference.)

Would other readers of this journal consider submitting to *PN* their analyses of Powys's lecture career, particularly where these analyses are based on archival research? To further emphasize the point, we are pleased to announce that a Canadian correspondent has recently donated a rich trove of material from Ontario—newspaper accounts of lectures, lecture schedules, etc., mostly from 1914-15—parts of which will appear in *PN* soon. This investigator, Robin Patterson, writes, "Over the years I have compiled references to many of JCP's lecture and debate dates but have rarely been able to track down more than advertisements or announcements.... Does anyone else have similar lists? Though some of JCP's wanderings can be pinpointed from his published letters, a master-list of this peripatetic lecturer would certainly help in narrowing down which newspaper in which town at which date one needs to look for." Difficult and exhausting work: not, we repeat, of merely technical interest. One wouldn't want to lose the speculative breadth of philosophically-based criticism (as represented in the present issue of *Notes* by Nicholas Birns's thought-provoking piece on Powys in America, the most neatly comprehensive account of this topic I have read, and by Ian Duncan's *Owen Glendower* essay, a formidable and, I think, crucially important commentary upon a somewhat neglected novel), but one might also look forward to the marriage of philosophy and philology—a courtship which was seldom allowed to get anywhere when philology was still the prevailing mode of literary studies and which hasn't fared all that much better under the reign of philosophy. Perhaps, then, with a little luck, we will soon hear from

members in other localities, who have been investigating the North American lecture-tours of JCP and who can help Powysians get this part of their man's life in fuller and richer perspective.

Observations Social and Bibliographic, by the Editor and Others

Constance Harsh writes from New York: Starting this year *Powys Notes* will be listed in both the *MLA Directory of Periodicals* and the *MLA International Bibliography*. Inclusion in these two sources of information should make it easier for those who admire the Powyses to contact the North American society. It should also make articles in this journal more accessible to interested scholars, and should attract their attention to *Powys Notes* as a possible publisher of their work. We hope that a more widespread knowledge of the PSNA will promote the appreciation of the Powys family and the advancement of Powys studies.

Michael Ballin writes from Waterloo: Wilfrid Laurier University Library, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, has recently acquired John Brebner's book and manuscript collection. The materials in the collection relate mainly to John Cowper Powys, but there are also related materials concerning Alice Gregory, Kenneth Hopkins, Elisabeth Myers, Littleton Powys and Louis Wilkinson. There are extensive numbers of first American editions of Powys's major novels, including *Rodmoor*, *Ducdame*, *A Glastonbury Romance*, *Weymouth Sands* (and an edition of *Jobber Skald*), *Maiden Castle*, *Porius*, *Atlantis*, and *The Brazen Head*. Prose writings and essays include such titles as *The Inmates*, *Up and Out*, *All or Nothing*, and *Homer and the Aether*. In addition to this comprehensive collection of primary materials there are numerous letters and manuscripts. Among the more notable are the letters to Henry Miller, 1937-54. There is valuable material which would help in the writing of a history of John Cowper Powys's literary reputation, especially a correspondence between G. Wilson Knight and John Brebner about Powys, generally, and about specific discussions of points of interpretation in *The Brazen Head*. There are also copies of articles reprinted from *The Little Review*, now difficult to obtain. These include essays by Powys on the theater and on Theodore Dreiser and America. Critical articles by V.S. Pritchett, Diane Fernandez, Colin Wilson, and Angus Wilson show the development of literary appreciation of *A Glastonbury Romance* and of the estimate of

Powys's literary stature.

In related news, the British Powys Society has acquired Francis Feather's magnificent Powys Collection—if they can get it out of Zimbabwe—and the Dorset County Museum has become the new Powys Center, a development sure to be of interest to Powys scholars around the world.

In the Fall and Winter 1992 *Powys Notes*, we acknowledged receipt of Sven Erik Täckmark's catalogue on JCP, produced to accompany the Uppsala exhibition of 1990. Täckmark reports further on the exhibition and on Powys in Sweden: So far only six of John Cowper Powys's titles have been translated into Swedish over a span of fifty-six years, compared with France, for example, where many more have been translated. *Modern själskultur* (*The Meaning of Culture*) and *Lyckans väsen* (*The Art of Happiness*) were published in the thirties by *Natur och Kultur*. Prior to that—already in 1932—Thorsten Jonsson, the eminently gifted Swedish essayist and poet (1910-1950) tried in vain to persuade Bonniers, the biggest and most important publishing firm in the country, to bring out *Wolf Solent* in a Swedish translation. Not until 1973 did the Belgian publisher, René Coeckelberghs realize the genius of JCP and give me the job of translating *Wolf Solent* (1975), *Dårarnas dans* (*Ducdame*, 1977), *Havet och Sanden* (*Weymouth Sands*, still unpublished), and the *Autobiography* (1992).

It seems as though the interest in JCP in Sweden has grown somewhat, not unlikely due to the fact that Uppsala University Library (founded in 1477) arranged a three months' exhibit last year of my private JCP collection, scraped together since 1936. The showing attracted a good deal of attention, and the Library also produced a beautifully printed catalogue of forty-eight pages, containing a fairly extensive bibliography and an article each by the JCP experts Ingemar Algulin, Charles Lock, and Cedric Hentschel. The catalogue was sent as an exchange-copy to about three hundred major libraries throughout the world. The exhibition will also be shown at the university libraries in Gothenburg and Stockholm. I sincerely hope that these showings will gradually increase interest in a writer for so long neglected and unknown in Sweden.

Janina Nordius writes from Sweden: In a society like ours, with its prevailing cult of materialistic values, reading John Cowper Powys becomes an act of resistance, a way of proving to oneself that

there is another way of life. This is how Thomas Nydahl, editor of the Swedish cultural journal *Studiekamraten*, introduces his subject in the foreword to a special double issue devoted to Powys (#2-3, 1992). In forty pages, containing extracts from those of John Cowper's books that have been translated into Swedish and a number of essays by contributors from Sweden, England, Canada, Germany and France, this number of *Studiekamraten* aims at giving a broad presentation of the writer and his work to Swedish readers.

Several of the contributions strike a personal note. Cedric Hentschel calls his essay "The Companion of a Life-Time," and recalls how he lectured on Powys in Sweden fifty years ago. Gabriela Melinescu (herself an author and married to Powys's Swedish publisher) tells about the unique impression that Powys's philosophy of everyday happiness and sensuality made on her, as she first read him twenty years ago in Rumania. Also to Sven Erik Täckmark, the first meeting with Powys was something of a revelation. Täckmark read *The Meaning of Culture* when it was translated into Swedish in the late thirties, and the book touched him so deeply that he got in personal contact with its author. As a result, Täckmark corresponded with Powys over a period of twenty years, and was later to translate some of his books into Swedish: *Wolf Solent* and *Ducdame* in the seventies, and the *Autobiography*, which appeared only in spring of 1992. (Altogether, five of Powys's works have been translated into Swedish; apart from those already mentioned, *The Art of Happiness* was published in 1937). Thomas Nydahl emphasizes that the present issue of *Studiekamraten* owes its existence entirely to the enthusiasm and efforts of Täckmark, who besides acting as a co-editor, also has translated most of the contributions not originally written in Swedish and compiled a selected bibliography.

Of the critical essays, several concentrate on *Wolf Solent*, as being one of the novels available in translation to Swedish readers. Thus, Mikael Nydahl compares the philosophy of *Wolf Solent* to Emerson's *Nature*. Göran Borge sees Wolfe as a "modern Hamlet," trying to escape his mother in search of his dead father. Glen Cavaliero takes *Wolf Solent* as a starting-point for a wider analysis of John Cowper Powys as a novelist. Cavaliero draws attention to the importance of solitude in Powys's works, a subject which is also taken up by the Swedish writer Carl-Erik af Geijerstam. Geijerstam writes about his fascination with Powys's "masters of solitude," those lonely walkers who return in novel after novel, obsessed as it were with walking itself. In my own essay on solitude in *Weymouth Sands*, I point to the similarities between Powys's philosophy of solitude and some of

Maurice Blanchot's ideas.

Other aspects of Powys's works are treated by Gunnar Lundin, who writes on Powys's notion of "culture" (as he expressed it in *The Meaning of Culture*), and Morine Krissdottir, who gives an account of Powys's mythology, drawing on her book *John Cowper Powys and the Magical Quest*. Charles Lock writes about Dostoevsky as a source of inspiration to Powys, and suggests Bakhtin's method of reading Dostoevsky as a rewarding way to approach Powys's novels. Ingemar Algulin sees Montaigne's scepticism as a major influence on Powys's philosophy. What makes Powys's scepticism so interesting, writes Algulin, is that instead of being negative and destructive, it is creative and constructive: this kind of scepticism doubts doubt itself!

Instead of looking for affinities with other writers, Harald Fawkner on the contrary stresses Powys's status as a literary and philosophical outsider. Powys stands outside the whole Christian-Platonic culture tradition, writes Fawkner; in the novels, this exile is rendered as altered states of consciousness, ecstatic states where the self, liberated from culturally acquired beliefs in constructs like "God" or "man," is free to direct its energy towards objects that also are free—objects that Fawkner calls "minerals."

John Cowper Powys was a prolific writer, who attempted many genres. A practically unknown side of his writing is his journalism, of which Paul Roberts gives an informed account. Roberts has traced some hundred essays, most of them published in American journals. Swedish readers may be interested to learn that among these are a number of essays on Strindberg.

Finally, the reception of John Cowper's works in other non-English-speaking countries may provide some interesting points of comparison in a publication specifically concerned with introducing the author to Swedish readers. Thus, Jacqueline Peltier gives a survey of the publication of Powys's works and Powys criticism in French; and Elmer Schenkel writes about Powys in German and mentions some of his German-speaking admirers, notably Hermann Hesse, Hermann Broch, Elias Canetti, and Thomas Mann.

The editor adds: *Powys Notes* has five or six copies of the special *Studiekamraten* issue which it will distribute to those who get in their requests quickly. (Readers will have inferred, but we will nonetheless emphasize, that the issue is in Swedish, not in English.)

Robert Blackmore writes from New York: Louis Wilkinson—"Louis Marlow"—first biographer of the Powys brothers (*The Welsh Ambassadors*, 1936; reissued by Colgate University Press), and best friend of all the family, wrote in 1953 of *Seven Friends*: the three Powyses, Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris, Aleister Crowley, and Somerset Maugham. A new edition, published in 1992 in England and available from the two American distributors shown on the enclosed jacket photograph, is notable for significant matter never before published:

—Oliver Wilkinson, son of Louis and his first wife, Frances Gregg, the Philadelphian friend of H.D., so much loved by John Cowper Powys for so many years, has given us a remarkable essay-introduction that adds dramatically to our understanding of the early years of JCP, TF, and Llewelyn. And the edition is rich with pictures of all the players, including Louis's four wives—photographs that we wish were larger, but are grateful to have for the first time.

—Appended are the scripts from BBC Radio's Third Programme (17 February 1964 and 1 January 1965), with the eighty-two year old Louis reminiscing about the Powyses and other friends, such as Joyce, Pound, and "Baron" Corvo.

Edited by Anthony Naylor, the book is available from Mandrake Press: write J. D. Holmes, Bookseller/PO Box 623/Edmonds/WA 98020, or Abbys Book Distribution/RR1, Box 213/Chester Road MA01011-9735.

Patricia Vaughan Dawson writes from Shropshire, describing a sequence of graphic and plastic works made in connection with several novels by JCP: In 1972 I began a series of seven sculptures cast in bronze resin, based on scenes from *The Brazen Head*. I followed these with seven etchings, each one related to a sculpture. Each etching was printed from two plates, each of one colour. I used the same two colors throughout the series. The design of each print was based on a different symbolic shape. These shapes includes the archway, the circle, the cross, and the phallus. My aim was to achieve a formality of design as in alchemical drawings or the cards in a Tarot pack. Each image measures fourteen-and-a-half by eleven inches. The sculptures are small—the largest is ten by twelve by eight inches—and they are

fixed to a rocky landscape cast in fibre glass, which can sit on a table, top area of four by four feet. The title of the first etching and sculpture is "Sunrise," and both show the giant Peleg sitting with Lil Umbra on a fallen megalith watching the sun rise. In the etching the picture is enclosed in an oval or egg shape, an alchemical symbol. The second subject is Sir Mort Abyssum standing beside a pool on his way back from a hunting trip. He contemplates two old pike who swim there. He leans on his spear. The third title is "The Animation of the Head." Roger Bacon and a young friar stand on each side of the Brazen Head. Ghosta, the young Jewish maid, sits astride the neck of the head. (A photographed detail from the sculpture was blown up to form the motif on the cover of *The Brazen Head* when it was published by Picador in 1978.) Number four shows St. Beneventura seated on the curious horse Charon, owned and led by Spardo, the bastard son of the king of Bohemia. The horse is in the act of stumbling on a thorn bush. The etching of the subject is enclosed in a cruciform shape. Number five is titled "The Destruction of the Thorn." Baron Maldung attacks the bush with an axe, while his wife assists by holding it. He is convinced that all animals are good and all plants bad. This scene is enclosed in a circle. The sixth etching and accompanying sculpture show Lilith and Peter, fully clothed, coupling on the Cerne Giant. In the print the two small figures are enclosed by the outline of the Giant's phallus. (In the book, Powys made them follow the local custom practised by couples who wished to ensure the fertility of their union.) The last sculpture shows the same couple jointly holding Peter's loadstone in order to attract magnetic rays and thus destroy the head. The print shows them caught up in the subsequent ball of fire that brings about the act.

The two colours that I have used for the prints are orange and dark blue. They are used in different textures and proportions in each print in order to portray the different moods depicted. Superimposed on each other, orange and blue often create a green, as in the case of the Cerne Giant. In the last etching the colours are totally separated, so that a glowing ball of flame contrasts with a dark blue sky in which it is suspended. The two figures are white hot.

In the case of *Porius*, I made three much larger sculptures in papier mâché, painted in earth colours and varnished. The smaller are one-quarter life size and the larger life size. The etchings are in black and white, and are uneven in shape so as to suggest pieces of rock or slate, two substances found where the book is set. The paper size is

25 x 20 inches. The first depicts the Cave of Mithras, where Rhun, who has lit a lamp on the altar, shows Porius his place of worship. The light in the cave contrasts with the dusk that surrounds it. The second shows Myrddin in the clothes of a rough herdsman of the south cradling a fawn in his arms. He is in a mist in a forest. Etching number three shows the Three Aunties as I imagine they were in their prime. I have thought of them in relation to the Celtic Triple Goddess. Dark trees are behind them. Etching number four, "The Milk Offering," shows Myrddin Wilt in his black courtier's cloak, milking the black cow in a lamplit tent. His sister Gwendydd stands by the cow's head while he sits on a three-legged milking stool. Number five shows the plunge of the Giant Gawr into a deep tarn, clutching the body of his dead daughter Creiddlad. The first of the three sculptures shows the three Aunties mourning round the body of their great nephew Morvan. The body lies in the follow stone of sacrifice. Yseult turns away and cries out against her Druidic gods. Erddud assumes a maternal posture, encircling his head with her arms. Torwen's body is bowed in grief, given over totally to feeling. In the second sculpture Morfydd, who has discovered Rhun in tears in the chapel, has pulled his head on to her shoulder where he grieves with her with her arms round his neck. One of his fists is clenched in anger at his defeat in the battle. His broken spear lies across his lap. The third sculpture shows a naked girl with white skin and golden plaited hair emerging from under Merlin's black cloak. He stands, allowing this birthing event, which has happened because he has caught and transformed an owl into a woman. He has reversed the event in the story, recording in the *Mabinogion*, where Blodeiwidd was turned into an owl as a punishment.

Photographs of my work, inspired by both the novels, are to be found in nos. 4 and 21 of *The Powys Review*. The etchings are all in editions of fifty. None of the work has yet been exhibited.

Patricia Dawson adds that she has done a series of water colors related to A Glastonbury Romance: "If you come upon anyone planning an illustrated *Glastonbury Romance*, you might tell them!"

Further notes, mostly bibliographic

1992's Cirencester (U.K.) conference on Powys ("The Powys Woman: The Realm of The Imaginary") featured papers by Harald Fawcner, Angela Pitt, Morine Krissdóttir, Charles Lock, Frank Kibblewhite, and Peter Powys Grey, plus "a conversation" (which we particularly regret having missed!) between Iris Murdoch and

John Bayley. Morine Krissdóttir tells us that P. J. Kavanagh was also in attendance. She adds that the tentative title for the British society's 1993 conference is "The Powyses at Home and Abroad," which would "cover not only the obvious topics such as the influence of Africa on Lulu's short stories, and why Theodore is so popular in France, but the interaction in the minds of Llewelyn and John of 'home' and 'abroad.'" *The Powys Journal*, volume two, appeared this fall, featuring Angela Pitt's observations on the diaries of Katie Powys (see *Powys Notes*, Fall and Winter 1992); selections from the diaries of JCP for 1932-33, introduced and edited by Morine Krissdóttir (her selections from the diaries will be published by Carcanet Books); further excerpts from Powys's *Edeyrnion*; and a number of other notable items (the issue runs a hefty 232 pages).

The fall 1992 issue of *Philobiblon* features three articles on John Cowper Powys: Wilbur Albrecht's piece on the forthcoming publication of *Porius* (now, we understand, scheduled for fall 1993), some of which will be familiar to readers of *Powys Notes*; Constance Harsh's "John Cowper Powys's Lectures in America," an interesting companion to her piece in the present issue of the *Notes*; and four previously unpublished letters from John to his sister Marian, transcribed by the editor of this issue of *Philobiblon*, S. P. Cerasano, from the original manuscripts—recently acquired by Colgate University Library.

The Powys Society Newsletter from Britain continues to include a rich fund of bibliographical citations which it would be redundant, on the whole, to repeat here. A note from the April 1992 issue deserves special comment, however; here Glen Cavaliero reports that A.N. Wilson, biographer of Tolstoy, Jesus, and Sir Walter Scott, as well as novelist, reviewer, and eminent Young Fogey, has taken up the cause of JCP. *The Spectator* of 11 January 1992 (as yet unseen by the present writer) contains Wilson's article in praise of Powys, apparently, for him, a recent discovery. Wilson also wrote on Powys for the *Evening Standard* after the British Powys Society's August 1992 conference. And we are told that he was largely responsible for the recent paperback reissue of *Wolf Solent* by Penguin Books (alas, unavailable in the United States); it is said that he spoke up for Powys at a Penguin Lunch. We do not want to know exactly what a Penguin Lunch is (the pleasures of imagination are perhaps in this case superior to those of reality), but are always fascinated by such insights into the world of publishing and of what, these days, many of us have taken to calling canon-formation.

In 1987, Overlook Press published a beautiful edition of *A Glastonbury Romance*. Nick Kaufmann from Overlook tells us that *Glastonbury* has "been selling steadily since its publication" at that time. Overlook has more recently republished Naomi Mitchison's *The Corn King and the Spring Queen* (original appearance, 1931), described by the cover blurb as "a vivid and intelligent recreation of Mediterranean life, culture, and mythology some 2000 years in the past." The editor of *Powys Notes* has been lost in these 650 pages for several months now, fascinated with the uses which an Edinburgh feminist and socialist of the 1930s found for the genre of the historical novel. At some point soon, the aforementioned editor hopes to write a piece on Mitchison and JCP, but so convinced is he that this topic has intriguing possibilities, and so little inclined is he to hog the field, he feels it possible to encourage other contributions on Mitchison (preferably to *Powys Notes*!). She is a writer of considerable interest, not much known on this side of the Atlantic, whose work might make books like *Owen Glendower* and *Porius* more comprehensible in relation to their place and time.

Readers may wish to note the publication of *Ezra Pound and Margaret Cravens: A Tragic Friendship 1910-1912*, Omar Pound and Robert Spoo, editors (Duke University Press, Durham and London, 1988). Because of her attachment to H.D., Frances Gregg is an occasional presence: Pound refers to her as "the she-poet" and "the Egg" (p. 86). At one point, evidently, H.D. was persuaded to join Gregg and Louis Wilkinson on a trip to Belgium. Pound intervened. "There is a vague chance that the Egg may be happy. You will spoil everything." (Quoted from H.D.'s *End to Torment* [NY: New Directions, 1979]).

On a related subject, Ben Jones reports that his edition of Frances Gregg's *The Mystic Leeway* "will be published soon." Also to be published soon is Morine Krisdóttir's edition of selections from the diaries of JCP, contracted by Carcanet Press.

Denis Lane sends an advertisement from *Country Quest: The Magazine of Wales and the Border* (June 1990), encouraging the reader to inquire about guided tours of Ffestiniog Hydro Electric Pumped Storage Power Station. It may be that Lane has taken a fancy to power stations, but we suppose it much more likely that he is struck by the presence of this *particular* station almost directly adjacent to Blaenau Ffestiniog (described by R. P. Graves as "a somewhat sinister slate- and granite-quarrying little town"), where John Cowper Powys spent his last years.

And a last note, from our errata drawer: despite our best efforts, we have been spelling Llewelyn (on the title page of *Powys Notes*) with *four* l's rather than with three. We hope in future to avoid this error, to which our attention has been drawn by Sally Connely (also three l's).

Coming in *Powys Notes*:

☞ Gregory Alles on Powys, Derek Walcott, and Homer

☞ Peter Christensen on Powys and William James

☞ Guylaine Villieu and William Olmsted on Powys in France

and many other informative and illuminating essays