

THE  
POWYS  
NEWSLETTER

FOUR  
1974-5

PORIUS ISSUE

THE  
POWYS  
NEWSLETTER

FOUR  
1974-5

COLGATE  
UNIVERSITY  
PRESS

HAMILTON  
NEW YORK  
13346

Seven of the eleven children of Charles Francis  
and Mary Cowper Johnson Powys published books.  
The POWYS NEWSLETTER reviews Powys scholarship  
in America, and presents unpublished works  
primarily by

John Cowper Powys, 1872-1963  
Theodore Francis Powys, 1875-1953  
Llewelyn Powys, 1884-1939

© Colgate Univ. Press

## CONTENTS

THE MATTER OF PORIUS	4
...including a letter written by John Cowper Powys as he finished the last chapter of <i>Porius</i> . by R.L. Blackmore	
PREFACE / or anything you like / to PORIUS	7
...an unpublished manuscript from the Colgate University Powys Collection. by John Cowper Powys	
THE CHARACTERS OF THE BOOK	14
...from the University of Texas Powys Collection. Like the <i>Preface</i> , this full description of the cast derives from the original, unabridged <i>Porius</i> . by John Cowper Powys	
PORIUS RESTAURATUS	22
...a summary of the missing third of <i>Porius</i> . Joseph Slater, Professor of English at Colgate University, is now editing <i>Essays</i> , <i>First Series</i> and <i>Essays, Second Series</i> for the Harvard edition of the collected works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. by Joseph Slater	
Editor's Notes	45
Works Published by Colgate University Press	Cover

# THE MATTER OF PORIUS

The *Porius* published in 1951 (from which all subsequent editions derive) is a scarred novel, its text cut—indeed slashed almost brutally—by John Cowper Powys after prospective publishers refused to consider a thousand-page book. As he finished the romance begun seven years earlier in his seventieth year, Powys fancied he had written "about seven hundred" printed pages. But he achieved that length only by excising one third of the words.

Here, now, until a publisher is willing to give us *Porius* entire, are the materials that permit us to approach—if not read—the magnificence of the novel as he wrote it. Joseph Slater has studied, with precise care and sensibility, the corrected typescript of the complete *Porius* and provided, in tabular form keyed to the published abridgement, a summary of all the missing parts. The typescript he worked from, extensively altered in the author's hand, is certainly the version Powys hoped to see in print. Professor Slater also notes the importance of studying the autograph manuscript at Texas. I draw attention to one teasing possibility suggested by that text. *Endure*—a word and advice that loom large in Powys's fiction—may well have been the last word of the first draft of *Porius* before two-and-a-half sentences were added, first in pencil and then retraced with the ink that Powys always used. These are the final three sentences of the published novel that once ended at the period mark slightly visible under the heavy circular strokes obliterating the fourteenth word:

I'll just enjoy the mist and the smell of seaweed and try to ~~think~~ think how to tell Morfydd what I've decided about Myrddn Wyllt. There are many gods [;] and I have served a great one. She alone will understand.

Powys, too, prepared glosses for the *complete Porius*, two commentaries heretofore available only to scholars visiting the excellent Powys collections at the Humanities Research Center of The University of Texas at Austin and at the Colgate University Library. With their permission I have transcribed for this *Newsletter* Powys's thirty-page handwritten "Characters of the Novel" at Texas and the twenty-eight pages at Colgate labeled "Preface/or anything you like/to *Porius*." Although there are repetitions, I have edited away nothing except a few misspellings; where JCP mixes "athiest" and "atheist," for example, I have made them uniform lest they seem bad proofreading, but I have not tampered with given names (Averne/Auvergne/Yssyllt) or with variations that may hold meaning ("Christian" and "christian").

And even earlier Powys paused to speak broadly about the novel that will, when we have it all, stand with the *Autobiography* and *A Glastonbury Romance* as his triumvirate of masterworks. (I should add a fourth, both from conviction and in deference to Powys's "obsessed compulsion for 4 & [his] obsessed revulsion from 3":

his *Letters*, those now available and those that will follow.) On February 16, 1949, Powys wrote to an associate of his literary agent Laurence Pollinger. This letter, a typescript in the Colgate collection, serves as the best introduction to a *Newsletter* that sets out to urge publication of a complete *Porius*.

Dear Miss Muller,

Sure! You've asked me just the right question—its almost a case of telepathy! For in a week and less than a week I hope to be able to tell you that I have finished my great Romance. Yes, I am now writing the last final pages of Chapter 33 entitled "Cronos" of my long Romance entitled *PORIUS*.

I shall have then to get the four last chapters typed, sending them away week by week to Mrs. Meech, of the Type Writing Bureau in Dorchester, who has typed for me since 1929 (20 years!).

Then I've got to correct the typescript of the whole book but as I've got Miss Playter to help me with this it won't take as long as you might think!

This Romance is (in our opinion here anyway!) the best piece of work I've ever done. It is about Corwen in A.D. 499, and introduces both King Arthur and Merlin, treated in a different manner, at once more realistically and more sensationally than they've ever been treated.

Its hero whose name is *Porius* still exists on a solitary stone on a lonely plateau in the mountains above Bala Lake along with the following inscription— "Hic Jacet In Hoc Tumulo *Porius* Fuit Christianus" and this except for an imaginary correspondence of one of my characters with a contemporary letter-writer Apollonius Sidonius in Gaul and another letter-writer Cassiodorus in Italy constitutes the only extant Historic Documents of this epoch—and though my Gaulish authority and my Italian authority both very voluble writers could be called historical witnesses my characters letters from them are imaginary. So that, strictly this single Stone with "Hic Jacet *Porius*" on it which can be visited today remains the only contemporary historical document that exists. You see I have selected for my Romance this particular epoch on purpose— 50 years after Saint Patrick (of whom there is an authentic account by himself it is supposed, in Latin) and 50 years before Gildas, who writing from Brittany or "Little Britain" as a sort of Indignant Dark-Ages-Savonarola cursing the British for their sins and himself a very ardent pro-Roman Christian

gives a picture of what went on in the next generation after the one my Porius lived in and a rather prejudiced picture.

For my choice of this particular moment of our history leaves me with an absolutely free hand. I am, I mean in no danger of being criticized by historians with the weight of contemporary documents, in their hands; for there are no contemporary documents at all. This particular epoch in great Britain (for which Sidonius Apollonius and Cassiodorus are much voluble authorities for Gaul and Italy) being totally devoid of contemporary documents is the epoch which we may well and reasonably suppose to be filled by the Arthurian Legend. It is in fact 30 to 40 years of peace in these Isles and as such has (as is usual in times of Peace) no history at all!

Arthur as a Roman official or British King gave these Islands peace during these 40 years, of which (though there is a mass of history for Gaul and Italy) there is none at all of this country.

Hence the "Arthurian Legends" as filling the gap; and as the popular reward of a peace-giving ruler; who undoubtedly was a Romanized Brython.

My story combines the tricks of story-telling and the old romantic melodramatists with the modern form of psychology. In certain scenes it reverts to regular melodrama and could be turned into good thrilling film business! In other scenes it is more "conscious" as you might put it, of being written after Dostoievski and of being contemporary with certain exciting and very modern psychological novelists!

Where it is most original is in the way I've crowded the whole thing into six days and nights. To describe all that a group of some half-a-dozen men and women think and feel and enjoy and suffer and love and fight about day and night, for nearly a week has taken me off and on about seven years. A year for each day of my story! But obviously in times when there is a German invasion (or Saxon) going on and Arthur and Merlin are both at work coping with this invasion and when there are revivals of Druidism and of Mithraism and fierce rows between the orthodox Roman Church and such British Heresies as that of Pelagius not to speak of crude heathen upstartings of yet surviving local deities and devils. But there was needed some artfulness of condensation in getting this mass of chaotic and whirling contradictions including plenty of sex and a little atrocity! into even 2770 pages of my sprawling hand means a minimum of words, as you see from this letter, on a page! But the great advantage you see of crowding this tale of the Dark Ages into a week—from 6 p.m. Thursday the 18th of Oct. 499 A.D. to Wednesday the 24th of Oct. at 6 p.m. also 449 A.D. (just a day short of the week!) is that it saves the reader (as it saved the Author) from the peculiar form of tedium and dullness that tends to accompany all Historical novels whether old-fashioned ones or modern ones. My romance has been exciting to write all the way through and I fancy will be exciting to read. Well I must stop. Please give my best to Mr. Pollinger and I am so glad you wrote just at that time when I am writing the last pages of the book!

Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd) J.C. Powys

John Cowper Powys:

~~"Preface" or anything you like~~

To PORIUS  
Whether we are addicted to reading

or not, I fancy we all, both learned and ignorant, have our favourite historic age and our most detested historic age.

My own favourite of <sup>all</sup> ~~ages~~ is  
no option described as the Dark Ages

### "PREFACE"

or anything you like

to PORIUS

Whether we are addicted to reading history or not, I fancy we all, both learned and ignorant, have our favourite historic age and our most detested historic age. My own favourite of all is the epoch so often described as the Dark Ages.

I like everything about this age. I like its indeterminate frontiers. The Homeric Age we know. The Periclean Age we know. The Middle Ages we know and the Age of the Renaissance. Of all these, ignorant of details as we may be, we could roughly—roughly I say!—indicate a beginning and an end. But when did the Dark Ages begin, and when did they end? It is hard to give even a rough estimate and I myself have heard two of the most learned of modern historians disagree on the date of the Dark Ages to an extent of several hundred years! I have therefore, as a background to the sort of tale I wanted most to tell, elected, at a plunge or a dive, an epoch in the very shifting and evasive heart of this shifting and evasive epoch.

But what is there in this heart of the Dark Ages so curiously fascinating? First its remarkable resemblance to our own epoch. Secondly its rich beautiful mysterious

fusion of so many cults, traditions, races, languages, religions, and above all its blend of all the horrible, delicious, beguiling, fascinating decadences of the dying classical world with all the startling, childlike, magical, shocking, crazy beginnings of nobody-then-quite-knew-what kind of a Christian world.

A novelist is a fool if when trying to write an historical romance he doesn't select as his background an epoch where he can imagine himself living and where he would be happy to live. Such is my precise case with the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Centuries whereas I would hate and loathe to live in the Middle Ages or in the Age of Pericles or in the Age of Queen Ann! Now I very quickly had the wit to discover what *suit*ed me particularly well in the heart of this shifty tumultuous chaos of an age; namely the fact that in one specially privileged portion of it there were surviving, and, as we say, "*extant*," *no historical documents at all*! In the middle of the fifth century there is a work in latin of Saint Patrick and in the middle of the sixth century there is a work in latin of Gildas. But the last two decades, let's say, of the fifth century and the first two decades of the sixth century, that is between Patrick and Gildas, there is for my private enjoyment as a story-teller nothing but a beautiful, a heavenly, *blank*!

And now please observe, wily reader, how long before your humble servant, like a crafty hunting-hound of a tale-hunter began sniffing at these felicitously darker-than-dark years, heart of the Dark Ages, the greatest of all historical romancers, namely the unpredictable anonymous story-telling of humanity itself, had seized upon this space of forty years; this generation *is* a generation of which there remains no history. Need I remind you, reader, that it is just about now that there bodied itself forth, or adumbrated itself amid the hieroglyphic symbols upon those sea-swept, shell-strewn sands of time: nothing less than the whole legend of King Arthur and his Knights, nothing less than the whole legend of the three Merlins, Merlin Ambrosius, Merlin Emrys, and Merlin the Savage or Myrddin Wyllt, nothing less than that portentous and enigmatic legend of Taliessin, Chief of the Bards of the Island of Britain.

Now at this epoch—and for my story I have taken only one single week—there were two very voluminous men-of-letters on the continent, Sidonius Apollonius, Prince-Bishop of Auvergne in Gaul, and Cassiodorus of Brutium in Italy the Roman secretary of Theodoric the Ostrogoth; and though the Western Empire had fallen and the Roman Senate only lived on in a sort of half-life, while very slowly the Bishops of Rome began to take to themselves, by a sort of natural law as Pontifex Maximus, the old authority of the Caesars, the new centre of classical civilization was at Constantinople where Anastasius with his Monophysite leanings wore the purple.

Now even the most unhistoric-minded lover of old books and old stories knows perfectly well that round the figures of Arthur and Merlin and Taliessin, not to speak of such figures as Peredur, or Parsifal, and Galahad, or the High Prince Galahalt, and Vivian, or Nineue, the lady who betrayed Merlin, there rages and has raged for a thousand years the most frantic and furious controversies. Who exactly *were* these Beings, when precisely and where precisely, did these mysterious Personages flourish? Well! In these matters the only thing for a romantic-minded and yet realistic-minded novelist to do is to steer his skiff boldly ahead, following his own instincts, while at the same time he keeps a wary eye upon the more dangerous-looking of the reefs and shoals through which he sails.

But why, it may be asked, in the midst of this darkest epoch of the Dark Ages

have I confined this story within the limits of seven days; that is to say from October the eighteenth of October the twenty-fifth of the last year of the Fifth Century? I will tell you why. Because in my own experience of reading historical romances I have found that the thing which destroys the reality of it more than anything else are those terribly long epochs when the author steps forward in person and gives us large generalized accounts of the passing of the years. Now I personally felt, as I was passing through each of these successive days and nights, that I *was really there*—moi qui vous parle—whether the person whose body and mind I inhabited like an indwelling good or evil spirit was a man, woman, or child; and this sense of being *really there* would have been completely destroyed for me if I had permitted those long tedious cardboard years—about which we already imagine we know all there is to know!—to be trundled past me and my characters in tedious university-library-succession like old catalogues in a book-barrow.

And now for the story itself. It appears to be an historic fact that, several generations before this story begins, a Roman Emperor or a Roman General decided, in order to subdue the most rebellious of the native tribes of this district, who were, as is well known from many sources, the Gwyddyl-Ffychti or Gwyddyl-Ffictiaid, to transfer—and this method for the subjugation of troublesome rebels is not unknown among us today—a formidable tribe of pro-Roman collaborators from further north. The chieftain thus tempted to move with his tribe from a more northern region, by the lure of richer lands and better hunting and fishing, was the Brythonic chieftain, Cunedda, whose sons undoubtedly gave their latinized names in Welsh forms to this particular district; and who seems to have been successful in aiding the Roman Legions quartered at "Deva," now Chester, and at "Uriconium" in what is now Shropshire to cope with these outlaw "Gwyddyl-Ffychti." But before our story begins these Legions had been withdrawn to the continent and the ruling Romanized Brythonic descendants of Cunedda had a hard struggle to retain their authority in what is now North Wales.

But at this point it is important to point out to my reader that the majority of the aboriginals of this part of North Wales were neither Gwyddyliaid (Irish Celts) (or Goidels) nor Ffychtiaid (or Picts). They were *Iberians* and they came original, as the syntax of the Welsh language shows, through Spain from North Africa. The words of the Welsh tongue are Celtic; but its syntax is Berber and non-Aryan. These are the true Welsh aboriginals. These are the people designated in my story as the "Forest-People." It is likely enough—indeed *that* is what I assume here—that when they arrived they found already established here the mysterious race called the Ffychtiaid or Picts whose own previous enemies had been in all probability the first aboriginals of all, namely the Giants, who may very well, although nearly exterminated by these Ffychtiaid, have lingered on in the higher mountain ranges. Now it seems likely enough that when, at least a thousand years perhaps before the Celtic Brythons, the Gwyddyliaid or Irish Celts—"Gwyddyl" being still the Welsh for Irish—followed the Iberians as invaders, their common hostility to these same Iberians drove them into the arms of the Ffychtiaid or Picts, with whom they may very well have freely married, thus introducing into the chaotic confusion of this "Malebolge" of un-hallowed and yet infinitely fascinating Darkness the familiar presence of those ubiquitous bandits on the borders of all pre-historic orders to whom the old chroniclers invariably give the name of "Picts and Scots."

In the oldest Welsh tales Arthur is invariably called "Emperor," not "King," and the historic implication of this seems to be that he represented after the Legions

left Britain some definite official link with the old classical world, if not with the Rome of the uneasy Senate and the ambitious Popes, at any rate with Constantinople; and as to Arthur's fabled Knights may we not associate them with Roman cavalry and their early success with the Saxons' complete ignorance of what Mr. Gladstone in an un-Homeric mood called "the resources of civilization"?

But if between the heartless and mellow decadence of the classical world and the harsh and verjuiced birth of the Christian world there was in this island a fascinating overlapping of racial traditions, when we come to religion the delicious and humorous confusion, a life and death tragedy for many, reaches its climax. Here and there we can well imagine a lost descendant or disciple of the ancient Druids or "Derwyddion" still surviving in the forest-recesses. Here and there in more populated spots near the halting places of the Roman roads and where the Roman ferries and fords crossed the larger rivers there would most certainly have been, lingering on into the Christian system the sworn votaries and heroic covenanters and desperately ascetic warriors of Mithras, that rival of Christ who came so near to snatching the New World from the Son of Mary. And even within the new faith itself there were deadly and terrific differences. Pelagius, for instance, that philosophic originator of the humanistic trend of ideas that later we associate with Erasmus and Rabelais and even with Rousseau, ideas as shocking to Luther and Calvin as they were to Saint Paul and Saint Augustine.

Thus when I looked about for a brief space of months, and finally for as small a drop of time as *seven days* or as what our ancestors—those worshippers of Chthonian or Underground or perhaps more correctly of beyond-the-waters Divinities—preferred to call "wythnos" or *eight nights*, I naturally hit upon a week in the autumn of A.D. 499 when, judging from various allusions in his enigmatic and mysterious poetry, it is possible to imagine Taliessin, our greatest poet previous to Shakespeare, beginning his career as a boy. As to Merlin, Merlin of the three great shape-shiftings, Merlin Ambrosius, which, being interpreted, only means Merlin the Immortal, Merlin Emrys, the Builder of Stonehenge and Myrddin Wyllt or Merlin the Savage, this undying discovery, this imperishable creation of the genius of our Welsh ancestors, I have as much right to introduce here, "like a god from the machine" as the author of Job had to introduce the Voice of Jehovah or Goethe's Faust first to capture and later to exorcise that "queer son of chaos" Mephistopheles!

And now let me come closer to my actual story and its characters. Cunedda is an historic personage, and Mynydd-y-Gaer, or the "Hill of the Camp," with its huge ruins of a pre-historic encircling wall, still overlooks the little town of Corwen. It is the indignantly-impassioned Gildas, from his monastery in Brittany, who half-a-generation later denounces by name Maelgwn or "Malcunus" of the old palace of Deganwy who is the direct historic descendant of Cunedda; of him, save to refer to him as a child with a tutor, I have nothing to say. My descendants of Cunedda, treated as a younger branch of this royal tribe of North Wales, are all pure invention. So is the Henog, or aged teller of tales, the happy notion of whose imaginary official position in South Wales I shamelessly stole, while lacking both the desire and the scholarship to follow him further, from that daring controversialist, Mr. Timothy Lewis of Aberystwyth. It was natural to make my dying hermit Brother John so old that he could as a youth have attended the death-bed of Pelagius whose own death likewise may well have been that of an extremely aged man.

The princely names of my entirely imaginary younger branch of the House of Cunedda are appropriately local; and it is easy to show their relationship to one

another. Edeyrn the son Cunedda married Creiddylad the Giantess and their son was Iddawc called the Apostate because of his break with the Church who married Indeg the eldest of the Four Sisters who in their "Llys" or Palace in the rocky forest at the back of the town of Corwen exercised an illegal, un-official, unlawful *pre-historic authority*, supported by the hidden Druid or "Derwydd," over the Iberians or Forest-People of the district of *Edeyrnion* as this particular district is called even unto this day. The three younger sisters of Indeg who by her marriage with Iddawc became the Lady of the Gaer outlived for years both Iddawc and Indeg and were always spoken of as "the Aunties" or *Modrybedd*, the plural of the Welsh word "Modryb" which means "aunt." Iddawc and Indeg had two sons, Einion and Brochvael and one daughter Alarch the Fair. This daughter married Gwrnach, the fastest runner in all Edeyrnion but the son of a liberated Greek slave from the great Roman Camp at Uriconium and not only had a son called Rhun who in his turn was the fastest runner in the province but after the death of a second babe became—according to the Brythonic custom which forbade royal mothers to suckle their own children—foster-mother to little Porius the only child of Einion the eldest son of the dead Iddawc. Porius's mother was Euronwy the daughter of another Porius who was no less than a Roman Patrician of the first rank who after the departure of the Legion he commanded came with his faithful centurion to live with his daughter now the Lady of Gaer. Brochvael the younger brother of Prince Einion ab Iddawc has lost his Irish wife Kymeinvoll who was nicknamed "Kymeinvoll Gwyddyles" or "Kymeinvoll the Irishwoman" but has as their daughter the girl Morfydd who is the heroine of my tale as young Porius is the hero.

These two first cousins, both grand-children of Iddawc the Apostate and Indeg the elder sister of the three "Modrybedd," are betrothed and it becomes the natural wish, when trouble is in the wind between the Iberian Forest-People and the Romanized Brythons of the Gaer, of the parents of these young people to get them married, as a wise political move, as soon as possible. Although dutifully content to be betrothed to the young heir to the Princedom of Edeyrnion, Morfydd herself is in love with her other cousin, their childish playmate, Rhun, who when the story begins has lost both his parents and is living, as Porius's brother-in-arms, at the Gaer. Morfydd has what five centuries later would be called a "lady's bower" at the top of a little tower in the corner of "Ty Cerrig," Brochvael's House of Stone. Brochvael himself though younger than Porius's father Einion, the ruling Prince, is already an elderly traveller and book-collector and has been a friend of the writer Sidonius, the Bishop of Auvergne in Gaul, has met the precocious young scholar Boethius in Rome and has corresponded with the learned Cassiodorus, the Ostrogothic King's Roman Secretary, in retirement at Brutium. Brochvael's classical tastes in literature were inherited by his son Morvran to so perilous an extent that the local priest, a man of fanatical piety, has already succeeded in having this Morvran murdered by a group of passionately zealous young devotees shocked by the lad's Lucretian blasphemies.

Behind the mouldering trouble between the Gaer and the Forest-Palace or "Llys" of the "Modrybedd" or three maiden "aunties" supported by their hidden Druid or "Derwydd," there are serious national struggles going on. There are now in Britain two invading armies of Saxons from Germany, one led by Colgrim and one by his brother Bardulf; and there are also two insurrectionary movements spreading rapidly all over this Island, one of these a spontaneous banding together of all the common people of Britain under the significant name "Cymry," or comrades, as against both the proud Brythonic Princes and the Emperor Arthur with his Imperial Cavalry of princely young horsemen; and the other, a revolt against Arthur as

Emperor, secretly headed by the son of his own sister, Medrawd ap Lew ap Kynvarch as representing the general dissatisfaction of the aboriginal Iberians or "Forest-People" with both Rome herself and her Romanized Brythonic admirers.

My story begins with the news reaching the Gaer of the arrival at the aged Brother John's hermitage of a large and formidable embassy from the Emperor Arthur including a group of the most fashionable of all the young horsemen at Arthur's court, including Peredur, and Owen the son of Uryen, and Cynan the son of Clydno, and the High Prince Galahault of Surluse. This embassy was led by Merlin himself, the great Shape-Shifter, in his usual travelling disguise as a "Herdsmen from the South" and with him he brings his sister Gwendydd and also the fatal Pictish or Ffychtiad sorceress, properly called Nineue, but in the late mediaeval romances, followed by Tennyson, called Vivian. When my story begins Porius its hero is already thirty. His cousin and foster-brother Rhun ap Gwnach who is a few years older has inherited from his father the son of a Greek slave not only feet as fleet as those of Achilles, but a simple, passionate, puritanical young soldier's cult for the god Mithras who seems to have had not a few worshippers from the Middle East among the Legionaries at Uriconium, before the Legion left for the continent, and he has made for himself in a suitable Cave among the rocks near the sacred river of Edeyrnion, the thrice-holy Dyfrdwy, or "Divine Water," a small but entirely proper and traditional shrine to the god Mithras. Thither accompanied by his devoted hound, who is as loyal to him as he is to Mithras, Rhun has acquired the habit of retreating, there to indulge his secret puritanical worship.

Of "the three Aunties" or "Modrybedd" whose ancient palace in the forest was called "Ogof-y-gawr" or "the Giant's Cave," it was the eldest, Ysyllt, who was in closest league with the hidden Druid or "Derwydd" against the Emperor and against the Brythonic principdom of the Gaer. The second sister, Erddud, was troubled by an incestuous passion which she had always found difficult to control for her younger nephew, that is to say for Brochvael the philosophic traveller and classical scholar, while the youngest of these Iberian Princesses, all of whom had preserved by the magical aid of their hidden Druids and in defiance of the more modern father-to-son tradition of both Brythons and Romans, something at least of the immemorial Matriarchy of their remote Desert-home in Marakesh of the Berbers. Even the youngest of the "Modrybedd," whose name Tonwen meant the white wave, was over seventy. *She* had been enjoying for half-a-century a secret love-affair or platonic friendship—and even these old lovers themselves would have been puzzled to say which of these two things it was—with none other than a refugee-son of the famous Gorthvyvr the Blessed, himself the son of the fatal Vortigern but not the son of any Saxon princess. This son of the Blessed Gorthvyvr under an assumed name had been living for an incredible number of years—for *he* was much older than even the youngest Princess—in a queer hiding-place, half-way down a precipice between the "Llys" or Palace of the "Modrybedd" and the sacred river Dee, which perhaps from the very days when such monsters existed was called Ogof-y-Avanc, or the Avanc's cave.

A christian reader or shall I say a Tennyson reader—as indeed I am myself—might at this point hesitatingly and modestly enquire: "But, my good sir, what about the Holy Grail? And what about Sir Galahad "whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure"?" Well, blest reader, I will answer both these questions, beginning with the latter. Well! as to Sir Galahad, I only had to begin my studies of the old Welsh volumes dedicated to these matters *and to little else*, to

discover that this whole business of the "purity" of Sir Galahad *was* and *is* a made-up job, and not made-up by any good bard or trustworthy chronicler either!

But the "Holy Grail" is a very different matter. Here I entirely agree with the incredibly old and very likely classical tradition associating the condition of chastity with the guardianship of a Divine Mystery. And my agreement has been forced upon me by one bitter aesthetic disillusionment after another. Again and again have I read clever brilliant lively literary *male* exponents of these profound secrets of life upon the earth in the history of our sex-cults and sex-ceremonies. What we need to explain these things, is a Vestal Virgin. For when a man takes a woman and his seed enters her and mixes with her seed the maternal element in her at once begins to spoil the purity of her detached and super-sexual angelic Vision. Thus we need a Virgin to explain these Mysteries or at least a devoted scholar-spinster—Aristophanes seems to suggest as much as this—to deal with the mythical and perhaps actual association of sex in humanity with the mystery of seed and sap and corn and grapes and bread and wine. When it comes to sex in mythology we men seem only able to haul up fathom-deep buckets of pseudo-scientific psychoanalytical deep-sea ooze, or to start off with poetical tags such as: "she is older than the Rocks on which she sits"—or "Diana queen of heaven with crescent horns" or "Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes" et chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte, tacentia late— But our Egerias in their numinous retreats, wherever these may be, neither deal in fashionable psychoanalytics nor in literary similitudes. Nor have they any such necessity; for by the laws of the great creative nature they all share in their being a touch, a taste of the Pomegranites of the ancient Persephoneia and are thus initiated without the necessity of calling upon either Prophets or Poets into the Ritual of the "Feast of the Sowing." It is therefore in pursuance rather of our reserved Miss Weston than of either the disillusioned Malory or the courtly Tennyson that I felt compelled to describe "the Feast of the Autumn Sowing" in the way I have done here.

As far as I have been able to gather from my favourite authorities where *all* is so controversial, there were about twenty to thirty years between Arthur's victory at the Battle of Badon and his death or, as some would say, his vanishing at the Battle of Camlan; so that much could happen to both Porius and Morfydd between the end of my tale and the end of Arthur and Medrawd.

One final word. I couldn't have *enjoyed* writing this book\* and to my mind the obvious *enjoyment* of the author in his invention, interpretations, discoveries, and reproductions plays the most important part of all. This doesn't at all mean that the story should necessarily have a *happy* ending. Sometimes a tragic ending with sweeping destruction and catastrophic overthrow is really the best end for all. Nor does it mean that there mustn't be horrors and appalling grotesqueries. These remain dramatic and exciting and profoundly revealing. They are

[Thus the MS ends in mid-sentence in the middle of  
page 28 of the hand-written "Preface."]

---

\*An emendation seems necessary. In view of the excitement about Porius expressed in his letter to Miss Muller, Powys probably intended to write "I couldn't have more enjoyed writing this book."

John Cowper Powys:

Characters of the Novel

Time of the Novel  
Oct 18<sup>th</sup> to Oct 25<sup>th</sup> A.D. 499

Characters Mentioned in the  
old Chronicles and in Poetry.

King Arthur, the Emperor (in Welsh Amherawdr) of Britain.

Merlin or Myrddin Wyllt, the emperor's adviser.

Nineue or Vivian, the enchantress loved by Merlin or Myrddin Wyllt.

Gwendydd, Myrddin Wyllt's sister.

Cunedda, the Brythonic Prince brought from further North to subdue the Scots and Picts or the Gwyddyl-Ffichti.

Edeyrn, one of Cunedda's sons.

Medrawd or Modred with whom Arthur fought to the death at Camlan, his last battle.

---

Reprinted through the courtesy of the Humanities  
Research Center, The University of Texas at Austin.

## The Characters in the Book.

**Porius.** Only child of the reigning Prince of Edeyrnion and great-great-grandson of the Brythonic Chieftain Cunedda. He belongs to a younger branch of the House of Cunedda, whose elder branch rules over the Province of Gwynedd and has its fortress at Deganwy. Porius's home is in a fortified Hill-Camp called *the Gaer* overlooking the little market-town of Corwen situated on the eastern bank of the river Dee or "Dyfrdwy" which means "Divine Water." Porius has just recently celebrated his 30th birthday.

**Morfydd.** Daughter of Brochvael, brother of the reigning Prince, and betrothed to Porius. Her name is pronounced "Morfyth" — the "th" like that in "the." Her brother Morvran has been murdered by a band of especially fanatical Christians encouraged by the local Priest. Brochvael had been a traveller in Italy and Greece and had collected books in Rome and Constantinople and had taught both his children Latin and Greek with the result of turning Morvran into a violent atheist. There was a tendency to atheism in the family; for the father of Prince Einion and Brochvael, Iddawc ab Edeyrn, had for his rebellious attitude to the church acquired the appellation of "Apostate."

**Prince Einion.** Porius's Father, a capricious despot who has quarrelled with his wife, feels apparently only contempt for the seriousness of this son Porius, and shows himself more sympathetic than was proper in his position to the three old spinster "Aunties" or *Modrybedd*, a word pronounced *Modrybeth*, in their league with the hidden Druid, or "Derwydd," pronounced *Derwyth*.

**Princess Euronwy.** Porius's mother, a cousin of the Emperor Arthur and a niece of Arthur's Father, Uthyr Pendragon. Her father, the old Roman Patrician Porius Manlius who was formerly Commander of the Roman Legion at Uriconium now lives with her and her husband Prince Einion in the Gaer Hill-Fortress.

**Rhun,** the son of Alarch-the-Fair who married, for love, the beautiful athlete, the fastest runner in Edeyrnion, Gwrnach, the son of a freed Greek slave who was a Legionary in Uriconium. Alarch, Rhun's mother was not only Porius's aunt but Porius's Foster-Mother, for after the death of a baby of her own it was her destiny, according to an old Brythonic custom, to suckle the heir to their House. Alarch-the-Fair was dead, however, long before my story begins, and so was Gwrnach, her husband. Their son Rhun, therefore, now a man of a little over thirty, for he was a few years Porius's senior, lived with his foster-brother in the Gaer and was Porius's only intimate friend. He had inherited from his father Gwrnach, the son of a freed Greek slave, not only the muscles and the agility of the fastest-footed warrior in Edeyrnion but also his religion, which, as was the case with so many Legionaries from the Middle East, consisted in an austere and what today we would call a puritanical worship of that dangerous rival of Christ, the god Mithras. As everyone in the Gaer was well aware Rhun ap Gwrnach had converted an ancient Cave near a much-used

Roman Ford, of which he possessed the traditional Ferry-man's rights, into a very appropriate Cavern-Temple to Mithras, where he placed his Image, side by side with an Image of the Homeric Cronos as seemed natural to the grandson of a Greek; for singularly enough this Mithras Cult, so dear to soldiers, was traditionally associated with Images of Saturn or Cronos, in gold and ivory, and sometimes with the Serpent of Eternity twined about them.

**"The Three Aunties"** called **"the Modrybedd"** These are three very aged Princesses, all three over seventy, descended from the aboriginal Iberian queens of "the Forest-People" whose traditional authority was based upon a special kind of Matriarchy. The ancient palace of these three princesses had become a centre of hidden and occult rebellion against both the Brythonic Princes of the Gaer and the Romanized Emperor Arthur. The eldest sister of the remaining three, and this they had never ceased to regret, had married the Brythonic Prince Iddawc the Apostate, father of the reigning Prince and of Brochvael, and grandfather of Porius and Morfydd. The names of the "three Aunties" were Yssyllt, or "Iseult," Erddud, pronounced "Erthud," and Tonwen. Yssyllt the eldest is specially under the influence of the hidden Druid; Erddud, the middle one, is torn by an unnatural passion for her nephew Brochvael; while Tonwen the youngest has had for half-a-century a platonic love-affair with a mysterious old warrior, living *incognito* in the *Cave of the Avanc* between their forest-palace and the River Dee, who is in reality a lost offspring of none other than Gorthyver the Blessed, that pious son of the fatal Vortigern.

**Brother John.** It can be seen how many open and hidden struggles of a social and political nature must have been seething and swirling all the time round this very aged heretical hermit of a pre-historic lake of terrifying legends, called St. Julian's Fount, in the heart of the forest. Brother John was anathema to "Minnawc Gorsant" the priest of Corwen, a town whose very *name* he was changing from "the Ferry" or "the Market" of Mithras, and whose first church he had been building with his own hands for several years. Brother John had played the part again and again of a philosophical peace-maker between the Romanized Brythons and the rebellious Gwyddyl-Ffichti—or Gwyddyl-Ffychi—the "i" and "y" in these names being interchangeable—as well as between "the Gaer," as the Brythonic centre, and "Ogof-y-Gawr," as the Iberian centre, of those two opposed races. But the Priest of the newly-named town of Corwen with that same savagely orthodox band of Brythonic zealots whom he had roused by his eloquence till they murdered the atheistic Morvran was only waiting for a chance to rouse their fury against this old Pelagian who as the recognized hermit of Saint Julian's Fount had been Porius's private teacher from the boy's earliest years. Pelagianism had indeed sunk deeply into Brother John's soul for in his own extreme youth he had been an ardent personal disciple of the very aged heretic and had accepted absolutely his chief doctrine which might perhaps be roughly defined as the humanism of Erasmus combined with a Rousseau-like belief in the *essential goodness* of ordinary men and women.

**Brochvael.** Morfydd's father, whose dwelling was called "Ty Cerrig" or "the House of Stone," was an elderly traveller and book-collector who had been a friend of that voluminous letter-writer, the Bishop of Averne in Gaul, and had even met in Rome the precocious boy Boethius, and had corresponded quite a lot with Cassiodorus the retired Roman Secretary of Theodoric the Ostrogoth. Brochvael's classical tastes in literature had been inherited by his son Morvran to so perilous an extent that the local priest, a man of fanatical piety, had been successful in having this Morvran murdered by a group of young enthusiasts on account of his atheistical blasphemies.

**Myrddin Wyllt.** I fancy even the most unhistoric-minded lover of old books knows perfectly that round the mysterious figure of the semi-historical semi-mythological Merlin the controversy has ceased as to the real identity of this extraordinary personage. Now it might reasonably be enquired how it came about that when I selected for the epoch of time to be taken up by the physical and mental events recorded in the present story, the darkest epoch of the Dark Ages, and placed these confused and chaotic days, whose physical atmosphere it was necessary to make as congruous as possible with their psychic one, in the autumn of that year, I felt impelled to limit the span of time thus visualized to the brief extent of seven days? Well! I will tell you. I did so because in my own experience of reading historical romances nothing so dismally and tediously destroys our interest as when great lumbering weeks and months and years, full of turning-points of history weighing them down and us down with them like so many milestones made of adamant have got to be fumbled and rumbled through somehow while every vivid dramatic personal string ceases to vibrate. History "in the making" is the beating of individual human hearts, the machinations of individual human brains, the creations and destructions, the imaginations and aberrations, of individual human nerves. And when we read, as dear Mr. Green in his "History of England" loved to inform us, that *men thought or men felt* so and so, our individual hearts sink down to the bottom of weariness, knowing as we do by our own "old wives' instinct" if not by any more masculine intelligence, that "men" *qua* "men," in this John-Richard-Green sense, never *have* and never *will* "think and feel" in that sort of cool, deliberate, generalizing fashion! It occurred to me, therefore, that by crowding things into the shortest possible space of time, or, let us say, by selecting a swiftly evaporating segment of time wherein a great many epoch-making events were happening, and just leaving the waves of the centuries before and the waves of the centuries after, to reduce the seven days of my hero and heroine's experiences to their due proportions, and their hopes and fears as to their unknown future to the same proportion as our own hopes and fears, suspended between *our* past and *our* future.

What I have just said about these seven days in the year 499 from the 18th of October to the 25th is curiously relevant to the character of Myrddin Wyllt otherwise "Merlin the Wild" whom I have chosen as *my* Merlin in this tale in preference to Merlin Ambrosius or "Merlin the Immortal" and to Merlin Emrys whom we associate with royal authority and also with the building of Stonehenge; and it is relevant to *my* Merlin, or Myrddin Wyllt, because of my association of this mythic Person with the Hesiodic and Homeric Deity who was the Father of Zeus or Jupiter, namely Cronos or Saturn whose name by an unbroken tradition has come to be connected with what is called the Age of Gold. All the best Welsh scholars seem to be agreed that, as in so many cases in regard to the Greek gods, all these three Merlins, and doubtless there are several others, are in reality the representatives, in different regions and epochs, of one over-all Deity, the supreme Deity in fact of Britain, whom of course it might be more correct to "equate" with the Homeric Zeus, "Father of Gods and men," but whom, for various reasons that seem weighty to me, I prefer to "equate" with Cronos or Saturn, the father of Zeus.

**Taliessin.** He is always spoken of as "Pen Beirdd, Yuys Preydein," or "Head Bard, of the Isle of Britain." It has been one of the most difficult tasks of Welsh scholars for the last couple of centuries first to disentangle his authentic poems from the many unauthentic ones that have been attributed to him, and second to decide upon the particular epoch in which he lived. His poetry is so curiously and weirdly original and so totally different from the other primitive Welsh bards, that it holds a

place entirely of its own in the literary history of our planet. It has certain characteristics however that distinctly remind a reader of the poetry of Walt Whitman. But except for Walt Whitman I can see no resemblance to any other poet in the world. It is this extreme originality of his verse and its possession of such weird, odd, startling characteristics and attitudes and ideas, that makes it easy for a writer who is no poet to imitate, as I have here.

The question of the *date* of Taliessin's life is one of the most difficult of all biographical riddles. But I think the battles of Mryen of Rheged and his son Owen with the Teutonic invaders who in the middle of the sixth century seem to have successfully established themselves in the Midlands but whose defeats by Uryen and his son when they attempted to advance further West are celebrated again and again by Taliessin, justify me in introducing the Bard into these seven days of the last autumn of the Fifth Century. This would have been contrary to what our most cautious authorities hold about this date if I had made him a grown-up man. But by making him a boy and his patron Owen the son of Uryen an extremely young man I give them both time to arrive at mature manhood before the verse of the one and the heroism of the other are ripe for the part they were destined to play.

**Medrawd,** who is Tennyson's Modred, is as much the mediaeval villain of the Arthurian story as King Mark is the mediaeval villain of the Tristram story. It is however only necessary to go back to a few of the early Welsh chronicles to realize not only that the Emperor Arthur of ancient Welsh history is a completely different person from the King Arthur of the French Romances and of Malory, but that the "wicked" Modred falls into a completely different category and turns into something *almost*—I won't say *quite*—like a Cymric nationalist, challenging and defying the authority of this Brythonic prince, Arthur ab Uthyr together with all the Roman influences he represents, on behalf of the more aboriginal races of this Island. My own reading of the secret of Modred is much more personal than either of these, and might even be called *metaphysical*, since I attribute to this strange being many of the psychological characteristics of the Goethean Mephistopheles, making him in fact, like that "queer son of chaos," raise his "infernal fist" against the whole system of creation.

**The Henog.** Sylvannus Bleheris, Henog of Dyfed in South Wales, is an unhistoric personage, whom I have arbitrarily introduced, though not without a hint from that daring contemporary Welsh writer, Mr. Timothy Lewis of Aberystwyth, in order to link the mythological background of my story with the Four Pre-Arthurian Branches of the Mabinogi. These four tales gathered round the figure of Pryderi may well be regarded as by far the most original work of this kind, in spite of their being in prose, given to the world since the poetry of Homer. And what I assume in *my* story is that this immortal prose-epic about Pryderi was the work of Sylvannus Bleheris, Henog of Dyfed.

**Lot-El-Azziz.** This wandering Jewish Doctor, with his Moabitish wife and two young sons, comes by destiny and chance to share the abode of Brother John after the old man's death with the boy-bard Taliessin. Not only does his Hebrew philosophy based on some occult version of the Talmud contrast violently with both orthodox and Pelagian forms of christianity, but it also clashes still more indignantly with Rhun's Mithraism and with the literary and antiquarian attempts of the artful Henog to revive the half-forgotten heathen deities of prehistoric Britain. A monotheistic and rabbinical worshipper of the exclusive Jehovah, a specialist in "the Law and the Prophets," saturated in all the occult secrets of the Talmud and the Cabbala, Lot-El-Azziz soon found that it needed all his personal integrity and his deep mystical Hebrew

piety—these things much more than his remarkable gifts as a physician—to establish him among the Emperor's Horsemen, as well as among the Brythons of the Gaer, and to make it possible for him to champion the One God of Israel against the old Henog's plurality of heathen deities.

**The Druid and his Brother.** The hidden Druid, or Derwydd pronounced "Derwyth," of the Berber-descended, or Iberian, Forest-People, with their Non-Aryan blood, was called Gogfran Derwydd ap Greidawl Derwydd and his brother was called Llew. These two weird Beings lived in an underground chamber beneath the Mound of "the Little One," otherwise "y Bychan," the local pet-name for the most successful of all the Gwyddyl-Ffichti outlaws, who had resisted the Roman Legion at Uriconium. The existing Druid whose name was "Gogfran," or "Cuckoo-Crow," possessed an extremely cynical, detached, and scientific mind and was a master in many recondite arts, both "black" and "white." His brother Llew on the contrary was addicted solely to the pleasures of erotic and alimentary satisfaction; apart from which a curious inertness possessed him, an inertness which would have been his death had he not been protected by a devoted attendant called Morgant whose half-brother Drom eventually became the attendant of Brochvael, the brother of the reigning Prince.

The magic arts—whether "black" or "white"—inherited from earlier generations of Druids, or "Derwyddion," were of so secret and indeed of so forbidding a nature, that even the present chronicler dare only hint at some conceivable connection between the constant prostration of Llew, the Druid's sensual brother, and the final re-incarnation of "the Little One" of the haunted Mound, this arch-enemy of the Roman Legion, in the shape of a living and breathing child, taken, dare we hint, from this inert over-sexed body of Llew where it may have been "inseminated" by Gogfran Derwydd himself. That this sinister conjecture, not altogether out of keeping with the end of the Fifth Century, is not devoid of plausibility is proved by this re-incarnated "y Bychan's" association with Porius's second-sight vision of the Battle of Camlan, that half-historic encounter in the South-West wherein Medrawd was killed and Arthur vanished.

**Sibylla.** Sibylla, born a true and typical Gwyddyl-Ffichti in that "Gwern," or swamp of Alder-trees, which is now one site of the village of that name, must have been an embodiment of that wild attractiveness and reckless charm which it is so easy to imagine the coupling of the Goidelic Celts with the aboriginal Ffychtiaid bringing to birth. The girl became at an early age the mistress of a certain Saxon spy sent to gather information about this district whose name was Gunhorst. This oddly-matched pair had one child, a remarkably clever little girl called Gunta, between whom and Neb-ap-Digon, the disillusioned worldly-minded little boy who was in reality the devoted and loyal page of Myrddin Wyllt although in appearance he was the page of Gwyndydd, Myrddin Wyllt's sister, there soon grew up a passionate and profoundly subtle alliance.

But it was entirely beyond the restless and exploratory nature of Sibylla to remain content even with the Saxon chieftain Colgrim's most intimate henchman. Nor could her very definite affection for her child Gunta keep her out of adventure. She began crossing the path of the reigning Prince, Einion ab Iddawc, the husband of Euronwy, the niece of Uthyr Pendragon. And though she was not an easy character to enthrall there seems no doubt that she was enthralled by Einion ab Iddawc, who was at that epoch the handsomest Prince in Britain. But Einion was as changeable as she was herself, and as soon as Sibylla realized that their affair had become a unilateral one she snatched at an opportunity offered by chance and did her best to seduce Brochvael the Prince's brother. When we leave her at the end of the story she has established herself

with none other than Rhun ap Gwrnach in the ancient "Llys" or "palace" of Ogof-y-Gawr.

**Nesta ferch Aulus.** ("ferch" is] daughter of—as "ap" or "ab," short for "mab," is "son of") was the only child of the old ex-centurion who was the servant of the equally old Porius Manlius, the Roman Patrician, who was our hero's grandfather. Nesta's loyalty and support was given whole-heartedly to Morfydd, especially after Morfydd's marriage to Porius, when she was most in need of such help.

**Gwythyr.** This lad had become betrothed to Nesta-ferch-Aulus about the same time as Porius had become betrothed to Morfydd-ferch-Brochvael and he had also become, by reason of a series of lucky chances that threw them into close intimacy, as much of a devoted adherent of Porius-ab-Einion as his wife was of Morfydd-ferch-Brochvael.

**Teleri.** Like all royal or princely courts the little court of "the Gaer," or of "Mynydd-y-Gaer," "the mountain-camp," contained one or two eccentric characters "who did," so to say, "nothing for their keep." Such a one was the girl Teleri who had never been quite normal in her wits but who had quickly become under the influence of Prince Medrawd, Arthur's nephew and heir and deadliest enemy, worse than unsettled in her mind. Medrawd's abysmal pessimism had an especial appeal for Teleri, who from nightly wanderings about the Gaer had a direct personal knowledge of what went on in those dark and silent corridors, and between chamber and chamber. Thus it came about that through this unhallowed waif, denounced by the church, violated by Medrawd, and protected by nobody but Morfydd and by Blodeuwedd the Owl-Maiden, it became known to the former of these that Euronwy, Porius's mother, had *not* permitted Medrawd to share her bed.

**Neb-ap-Digon.** This little satirical, sardonic, disillusioned sophisticated page of the Emperor's Court has from his infancy dedicated himself to the service of Myrddin Wyllt, to whom he has a unique and absolutely disinterested devotion. At first he is suspicious of our hero, the young Porius, who is the Hercules or Samson of the tribe as well as the heir to its principedom, but by degrees he won over to him, and in the end, after his Master, the Great Magician, and after his girl-friend, the little Gunta, he is ready to serve him to the death.

**Gunta.** This child of the Saxon or "Sais" adventurer, Gunhorst, and of Sibylla, the Gwyddyl-Ffychtic, resembled her mother in her tricks and devices, and, child as she was, in her sex-appeal; while she inherited from her Teutonic father the unshakable "heart of oak" of his Saxon forests. She was quicker than her boy-friend Neb in acquiring faith in Porius but when once she did that young Hercules justice she became as faithful to him as she was to her infant-doll.

**Owen-pen-uchel.** A famous horse-breeder and trainer of hunting-dogs who deserted the service of the child Maelgwn or Malcunus, the historic head of the House of Cunedda whose palace was at Deganwy, and who when he grew up became one of the luckless objects of the monk Gildas's fulminations. It was to this Owen, or Owain, that Rhun owed his devoted hound "Prudwyn" and that the old "Incognito" of the Avanc's Cave who perished with the youngest Princess of the "Modrybedd" owed the dapple-grey mare to whom the Emperor himself in the hour of battle gave the Germanic name "Valkyrie." Destiny decided that it was this man alone who was to accompany young Porius when at the last he leaves Edeyrnion to join the Emperor at

the Battle of Badon in Gwlad-y-Haf or Somerset.

**Afagddu.** This old retainer of the Princes of the Gaer who is revealed as being in reality Ulffyn of Gaer Caradog bears the name of that hideously ugly son of the earth-goddess Ceridwen, who was one of the few survivors of the fatal Battle of Camlan which took place thirty years later than the Battle of Badon, and at which Arthur and Medrawd perished, and unquestionably must have borne some psychic relation to this unearthly creature. It was undoubtedly his non-Aryan Berber blood that impelled him to rally to Medrawd as the champion of the Forest-People and as the legitimate heir, and *therefore* the natural enemy, of Britain's Romanized emperor.

**Drom.** Morgant and Drom when we first encounter them during Brochvael's visit with Sibylla to the Cave below the Mound of "the Little One," are the half-brothers whose fate it is to serve the Druid and the Druid's brother. When however the Druid is killed by the Saxons Morgant remains, not perhaps for the purest motives, but still remains, faithful to the Druid's Brother, who, whether connected with the creation of the infant "Bychan," that real and new "Little One," or by reason of some inherent imbecility in his constitution, is always in a semi-comatose condition. But Drom, who is clearly a homo-sexual person if not an actually androgynous one, and whose figure has the soft curves of a woman's, becomes the servant-friend of Brochvael, who in his classical travels has been influenced by certain classical aberrations.

But Drom's personal beauty is not his only remarkable characteristic; for as a christian he embodies a heresy far more daring than that of the moral Pelagianism of Brother John. In the spirit of some of the most imaginative of modern protestant mystics, he is convinced—though the orthodox regard his claim as blasphemous insanity—that the actual spirit of Christ, or even the actual soul of Christ, inhabits his body; and that therefore his words and deeds when he is most himself are the words and deeds of Jesus.

**Dion Dionides.** This man is an adventurous Greek Merchant, Captain and Owner of his own ship, a ship now anchored in the Thames, near the White Tower of London, who has brought the Jewish Doctor and his Moabitish wife to these shores, but who, the moment he sets eyes on Myrddin Wyllt's sister Gwendydd, decides to supplant Rhun in her ambitious and self-interested affections, and to persuade her to be herself, rather than the Mithraic Rhun, the British representative of the Case for the Annulment of Pelagius's Excommunication at the Court of Constantinople.

**Nineue, the Ffichtiad Sorceress.** This character is in many ways the most interesting in the book. She is Vivian, the well-known wicked sorceress-love of the Tennysonian King Arthur. But she is much more than Vivian. As her name, Nineue-ferch-Avallach, or Nineue the daughter of Avallach, suggests, she may be associated with all those mysterious goddesses who in Wales are connected with deep pre-historic lakes and in Somerset with the mystic island of Avalon or Glastonbury.

But as the fatal mistress and more than sorceress-paramour of Merlin, or as we name him here Myrddin Wyllt, she becomes inevitably connected with that pre-Homeric pre-Hesiodic Greek Mythology, about which Myrddin Wyllt, fancying himself a re-incarnation of "crooked-counselling Cronos" is constantly brooding. What particular pre-Homeric ancient Greek goddess we should presume to associate Nineue I have deliberately held myself back from dogmatically declaring, since the more real the supernatural characters in "Porius" have become to their present chronicler the less he dares—that is, to speak plainly, the less I dare—associate them with any fixed academic place in any fixed academic mythology.

## PORIUS

## RESTAURATUS

by Joseph Slater

To anyone who, like me, considers even the abridgement of *Porius* published by Macdonald in 1951 the best of JCP's novels, no task of Powys scholarship seems more urgent than the restoration to that vast structure of the columns, cloisters, and stained glass which were shattered not by time but by commercial prudence. What we have now is, like the expurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or a one-hour version of *Götterdämmerung*, not what its author meant at all. More than a third of his novel is simply not there; central characters have disappeared; lines of narrative action lead nowhere; nuances, complications, and emphases that must have seemed essential when he wrote — and rewrote — them no longer exist. Even so, even the abridgement is a triumph of fancy and imagination. Its almost wholly invented fragment of antiquity, reaching back beyond Hesiod and forward prophetically to the latest battle of Britain, fantastically inhabited by gods, giants, magicians, and heroes, is more complex and more real than any Powys *present* except perhaps that of Bloody Johnny Geard. It contains the best of his poetry, for which he at last found a voice in the bard Taliessin. Its prose is as good as that of his essays and his letters and, remarkably — though by no means altogether — free of the stylistic banality which makes so many pages of his novels nearly unreadable. Its characters are unpredictable, its doctrines are implicit and dramatized, its action is astounding, its air is misty, and mythic, enchanted and enchanting. *Porius* is, in short, the kind of tale which one insists on hearing in full.

But, alas, the restoration of *Porius* is easier to get into a title than into a book. The abridgement itself is an enormous volume of almost 700 pages; a complete edition would run to a thousand pages and would require much scholarly as well as much publishing effort. The 2811 pages of manuscript at the University of Texas should certainly be collated with the 1589-page corrected typescript at Colgate, and the 620

pages in the collection of Mr. E.E. Bissell. If proof-sheets, especially corrected proof-sheets, exist, they too should be studied, as should, in any case, the textual variations between the Colgate typescript and the abridgement—especially the linking passages and the few expansions which Powys wrote at some point between 1949, when the manuscript was typed and corrected, and 1951. The preparation of an accurate and unabridged *Porius* would not be a task for a scholar's summer holiday!

A more feasible—though clearly a second-best—restoration would be the editing and publishing of a book to be called, say, *Porius, Part II*. In making the final 118 pages of the abridgement—the last five chapters, that is—Powys excised 340 of his 486 typescript pages, including one sequence of 112 pages and three sequences of 45 pages each. If a printed page carried about 400 words and a typewritten one about 250, it would be possible to publish a complete version of the conclusion of the novel in a volume of 335 pages, seventy percent of which would have been previously unprinted. Such a book would require, of course, an introduction summarizing the content of the 255 typescript pages which Powys was obliged to cut out of the first two-thirds of his novel, but that would not be a Herculean piece of scholarship or a major addition to publishing costs. At the time of Powys's death, when university presses were numerous and affluent and every American author was being re-edited and re-published, *Porius, Part II* would have seemed an excessively modest memorial gesture. Now and, I fear, for many lean years to come, it will seem an academic extravagance.

Well! Shall Powys scholars wait patiently, telling themselves that the abridgement is, after all, 700 pages long and that the abridger was Powys himself? Hardly! What will surely be the copy-text for any future edition of *Porius* is not in the mountains of North Wales but in the hills of central New York, not hidden in a croquet-box but available to all scholars in the rare book room of the Colgate University Library. The 1949 corrected typescript was copied from manuscript by the accurate eyes and fingers of Mrs. Meech of the Type Writing Bureau in Dorchester and then copiously—and legibly!—revised by the author in pen and ink on almost every page. As if out of courtesy to Mrs. Meech, the original words or paragraphs are merely struck through, not obliterated, and so JCP's stylistic second thoughts, narrational expansions, and thematic clarifications are extraordinarily easy to examine. Since this typescript was presumably the copy first submitted to publishers, it does not of course contain the linking passages and summaries which replaced the 600 excised pages, nor does it indicate where excisions were made. But it is, apparently, the fullest extant version of *Porius* and the version closest to its author's final intention.

During what is likely to be the long interval before either a complete *Porius* or a *Porius, Part II* appears in print, two things at least can be done: first, for scholars, a tabulating of the relationship between the printed version and the typescript; second, for other readers, a sort of supplement or gloss to that printed abridgement, telling briefly what happens in the missing two-fifths of the novel. I try to combine these jobs in the pages that follow, prefacing each summary with an ugly but efficient formula which says where in the abridgement the cut was made and which pages of the typescript were excised. By "6.26 'Brochvael ap Iddawc . . . Porius's feelings' = TS 9.20—12.1," for example, I mean that the passage beginning "Brochvael ap Iddawc" on page 6, line 26 of the abridgement and running through the words "Porius's feelings" replaces the typescript passage beginning with page 9, line 20 and ending with page 12, line 1. For the most part I have refrained, with difficulty, from explicit critical comment. With even more difficulty, I have said nothing about JCP's stylistic revisions, though I have in a few instances given his first, or manuscript, versions when they seemed to me useful for genealogical or topographical clarification. To

facilitate the placing of these "restored" passages, which vary in length from a few lines to 112 pages, within the structure of the novel—and to remind the reader how complex and shapely that structure is—I have arranged Powy's original chapter titles as a table of contents. I begin with that.

I	The Watch-Tower	1
II	The Cave of Mithras	48
III	THE STRANGER	95
IV	THE TENT	123
V	The Henog	147
VI	THE PROPHET	179
VII	The Milk-Offering	203
VIII	The Prince of Edeyrnion	229
IX	The Emperor's Nephew	249
X	Brochvael	279
XI	Morfydd	326
XII	PORIUS MANLIUS	372
XIII	Sibylla	391
XIV	The Derwydd	425
XV	Myrddin Wyllt	490
XVI	The Youngest Princess	571
XVII	Amherawdr Arthur	597
XVIII	The Doctor	646
XIX	Taliessin Pen Beirdd	713
XX	The House of Stone	781
XXI	The Aborigines	840
22	The Marriage Tent	905
23	The Cewri	939
24	Birth and Death	992
25	BETTER NOTHING THAN THIS!	1041
26	"Off and Away can afford to stay."	1103
27	The Homage of Drom	1165
28	Burial and Sleep	1219
29	The Half-Woman	1276
30	The Home-Rock	1312
31	The Little One	1385
32	Blodeuwedd	1418
33	CRONOS	1498-1589

[The page numbers are identical in all four editions of the abridged *Porius*: the Macdonald (London) firsts of 1951 (the limited issue in three-quarter morocco and the clothbound issue); the Philosophical Library of New York edition of 1952; and the paperback reissue of 1975 by the Village Press, London.]

6.26 "Brochvael ap Iddawc . . . Porius's feelings" = TS 9.20—12.1.

Since Brochvael "lived just below St. Julian's church while the *Modrybedd* lived just above it, [Morfydd] was constantly seeing them. The three princesses had shared their prehistoric dwelling with their niece, the beautiful dead lady who was Einion ap

Iddawc's only sister, and who was at once the mother of Rhun and the foster mother of Porius; but since Rhun's father Gwynach, the son of a Greek freedman, was dead too, Rhun now lived at Mynydd-y-Gaer while the 'Three Aunties' lived alone in their great cavernous house.' (This passage of the TS was altered in JCP's hand to what appears in print between "Brochvael ap Iddawc" and "Gaer.") Porius's unease of spirit derives from his mixed blood, not the Roman and Brythonic strains, which "intermingled like wine and water," but the "aboriginal Berber blood" which came to him through Einion from Indeg, "the elder sister of 'the Three Aunties.'" Those Berbers, who had come to Wales when only the giants possessed it, are now the Forest People, "evasive, imaginative, and unwarlike...communistic and matriarchal." Inheritors of the Druidic magic brought by the survivors of Lost Atlantis, they are subject only to the "occult, secretive, incalculable authority" of the Modrybedd.

8.35 "of this man! . . . as Porius bent" = TS 14.25—19.14.

Porius looks with angry bear's eyes at the growing church, thinks with hatred of Gorsant and the murder of Morvran nine months before, and is sickened that his "Brythonic-Roman township" should now have been baptized with the Christian name of Corwen, or White Circle. Ultimately, he thinks, it will be named by the Forest People and expressive of "a mysterious magic in things, outside man's control." Trying to analyze his own complex personality, the sluggishness and reserve which conceal a restless spirit, he attributes it, like his Herculean body, to the giants from whom he is in part descended. Unlike the Forest People, neither he nor anyone of his house—except possibly Brochvael—believes that the marks in the snow on the night when Morvran's mangled body disappeared were made by the feet of giants.

17.30 "perilous positions . . . one of their heavy hunting-knives" = TS 32.1—33.1.

Morfydd would have wondered, so much did Porius and Rhun resemble each other, whether Euronwy was really the mother of Porius.

27.5 "Greek sailor called Dion Dionides" = TS 46.4 "Greek monk called..."

29.20 "leave it to chance . . . When they reached" = TS 49.24—51.1.

Porius thinks about the mysteries of Mithras "in a mocking and unbelieving mood" but says nothing.

30.2 "said suddenly . . . and then he added" = TS 51.18—54.9.

Rhun and Porius talk about the religion of Alarch and Einion and how Indeg *actually* worshipped the river and the old gods. Porius decides that if he should leave "to plunge into the great world he would make Morfydd marry him at once and take her with him!" This passage looks forward to Rhun's guesswork in the sequence immediately following.

32.28 "that composed it . . . As has already" = TS 58.7—58.24.

The image, still nebulous, represents "the deadly subterranean struggle between Morfydd and his mother."

37.23 "he evoked . . . From now on" = TS 65.24—69.3.

As Rhun uncommittedly recites his chapter from Pelagius, Porius *thinks* about Pelagian heresy and his own schooling in it, realizes he can and will defy orthodoxy, and knows by his ease which is almost indolence that this decision is the most important of his life. Carelessly, he interrupts Rhun and offends him. Porius feels a silent anger at his pendant-puritan brother.

- 41.3 "to create his future . . . What does Rhun..." = TS 73.25–75.2.

Porius wonders whether Pelagianism doesn't cut Christianity off at its roots. He feels exultant and liberated at breaking this bond with his grandfather and remembers sitting on the knees of Porius Manlius when Einion was drunk and Euronwy had left the hall. There is murmuring within in the cave; the dog whines.

- 43.36 "quick silver . . . He fancied..." = TS 79.1–83.22.

As Rhun prepares his sacrament and the torch smokes, Porius finds himself saying to Rhun, "Pelagius is our only real Druid today. He alone liberates us," and expanding his conception of freedom to include not only the will but also the imagination. Irritation against Rhun and against all religions, memories of a boyhood quarrel with his foster-brother lead him to shout what he later thinks brutal and blasphemous, "I was only fooling you, Rhun! Don't disturb your Persian devil!" The echo from the cave repeats, "Pers-ian Dev-il!"

- 46.33 "a lonely night . . . Ah! The place" = TS 88.2–90.1.

Although Porius finds himself religiously untouched by the ritual, he has been moved to a new *patriotism* and a desire to expel the Saxons. After all this was a Cewri cave, and perhaps it was here that his great-grandfather had found the giant-waif. He feels that he has made some sort of covenant with Rhun.

- 51.34 "in future time . . . He could hear" = TS 97.10–97.14.

Porius wonders whether Morfydd could find a passage in her beloved Vergil describing "an experience like this."

- 56.18 "with a javelin . . . But Porius now..." = TS 104.1–105.3.

It was a Gwyddyl-Ffichti javelin. A spider appears, and three antlered deer, and Porius knows for certain who the herdsman is.

- 57.8 "suspicious, jealous, indignant . . . Porius felt he must" = TS 105.26–107.4.

Porius knows that Rhun is angry over the dog's "obsession for Myrddin Wylt and the shift in Myrddin's attention from Rhun to Porius."

- 58.21-29 "aloft in the air . . . The impressions of multiplicity" = TS 108.25–115.3.

"On a later occasion," Porius tells Morfydd how Myrddin disperses the animals and tramples out the fire, how Rhun, placated, offers to return to the Gaer with any messages Porius may have, and how Myrddin then collapses in what seems physical and psychic exhaustion but might also have an element of what Porius thinks of as "play-acting." Holding the unconscious magician in his arms, Porius has a strange, shameful desire to crush him to death. Why? "Was it because he knew it would please Minnawe Gorsant?" But instead he feels "a multiple consciousness" flowing into his own, as if he were "tapping in some unknown way a great reservoir of magnetic ubiquity." Morfydd has listened uninterestingly or mockingly to this narration, reading occasionally from "certain letters from the late Apollonius Sidonius that she was copying for her father."

- 75.8 "Roman magnificence . . . Meanwhile a sign" = TS 138.1–139.10.

Rhun happily and complacently admires the women while Myrddin is being washed by the pages. Once again Porius tries to transmit telepathically to Rhun "the mystic syllables *nama, nama sebesio*."

- 84.18 "'cavoseniargizes' or not! . . . But his attention" = TS 152.23–156.1.

Porius decides that indeed she does; then he slips into a long meditation about this strange gift or habit of his and almost into a cavoseniargizing trance. The Henog sucks a candied greengage plum and begins to talk with historical objectivity and precision about the events at St. Julian's Fount.

86.24 "what Brother John did . . . he must *not* let his head" = TS 158.27–162.2.

Porius, painfully drowsy and now suddenly doubtful that Medrawd had killed Llew tries to listen to the more-art-than-matter narrative of the Henog.

87.12 "to answer it . . . The Henog ceased" = TS 162.26–164.1.

Porius thinks Einion must have inspired Euronwy's letter: Porius Manlius would have had the visitors come to the Gaer. No Arthurian, Porius is pleased at this turn of affairs and pleased also at the suspicion which now crosses his mind that the pavilion is surrounded by the Forest People.

88.3 "a diabolical preciseness . . . each to his kingdom" = TS 165.2–169.26.

Neb reports having seen the forest full of both Forest People and Gwyddyl-Ffichti and overheard their vengeful talk. The Druid has got back the body of his brother, Neb says, and is reviving it in the Cauldron of Rebirth—in all the world, explains the Henog, there are only seven such cauldrons, and one of them is here in Edeyrnion—and the Forest People will hold the "Feast of the Sowing."

99.37 "Cronos is his name" = TS 187.11 "Demogorgon is his name."

103.32 "out of the air! . . . head of a grey horse" = TS 192.26–197.22.

Porius closes the tent-flaps, the Henog interposes himself, and Myrddin stays within. Surrounded by the women of the pavilion, Porius meditates complexly on his revolt against female domination and ironically observes Rhun's attraction to Gwendydd, which seems a betrayal of the celibate Mithraic code. But, in response to what he imagines to be Morfydd's reproach for his dallying, he thinks, "I'll kill Colgrim for the emperor and then I'll carry you off to the City of Constantine where we'll soon show Anastasius how to defy the Pope and canonize Pelagius."

114.22 "Mound of 'y Bychan'? . . . I must bid you farewell" = TS 213.26–226.6.

Myrddin, in a strange, nervous, and—to Porius—repellent manner, says that Porius had called *him* and that only Porius and the animals understand him. Of the Cewri, Myrddin says, he knows nothing. He speaks mockingly of them, and to them he half-mockingly performs the milk-offering, a ritual sprinkling accompanied by an incantation to the "powerless heads of the dead" which Porius recognizes as Homeric. During all of this Porius keeps spiritually detached and becomes even hostile in manner, convinced once again that Myrddin is play-acting. Then Myrddin whispers, icily and stinkingly, into his ear that Nineue, who is "pure-blooded Ffichti," has a deep racial fear of the Cewri and fancies that they are not all dead, those giants to whom the Ffichti, long ages ago, had been slaves. As for himself, Myrddin confides, he is no magician, although he does have powers and does have the future, "*all the futures*," present with him day and night. In response, it seems, to Porius's hostility he lapses into vagueness, and Porius suddenly wonders whether Myrddin too is afraid of the Cewri. (A very rich, complex, and suspenseful sequence, especially in the unexpected reaction of Porius to Myrddin and in Myrddin's seeming foulness and limitation. Note Porius's pride in being "a True Homeric Brython whose ancestors came, not, as they declared at Arthur's Romanized court, from Troy, but from the *other side* in that huge upheaval of nations." pp. 221-222)

- 131.26 "began to discourse . . . while he heard" = TS 251.26–256.3.

What the Henog says is merely, "No one really knows what became of Pendaran Dyfed," without identifying that personage. Seeing Medrawd *seated* while Einion stands, Porius remembers the Modrybedd's argument that Destiny, through the Emperor's childlessness, intends a return to matriarchal succession, "to the Golden Age of Matriarchy." In the shadows he notices a fifth man, a youth strangely familiar, who, says Afagddu, is to be Medrawd's guide back to *Caer Gwynt*. (It is he who becomes the second priest.)

- 135.4 "sign" is a misprint for "sigh" in TS 260.15.

- 142.38 "poisoned arrows! . . . The Henog" = TS 271.26–273.1.

And the Druid's men always would deal so with sacrilegious aliens. Momentarily Porius identifies himself with them, but then he rejects, because of the Cewri and Mithras and his schooling, "these little brothers of the foxes and eagles and deer and salmon, with their Gorsedds of Ghosts and their secret Druids and their devilries from Africa."

- 151.13 "Ante mare . . . in orbe." does not appear on TS 284.

- 158.31 & ff. "Anastasius" = "Cassiodorus" on TS 295.7 & ff.

- 161.27 "age . . . *Caerwynt*" = TS 299.8-10.

"Instead of writing letters to Cassiodorus I ought to have imitated him and served Arthur in *Caer Gwynt*, as he serves the Ostrogoth in *Ravanna*!"

- 204.21 "endure . . . It had been" = TS 360.26–372.1.

Einion, drunk, enters with Brochvael and soldiers. The scene continues from the point of view of Morfydd, who is moved by affection and respect for her ineffectual father and hostility, contempt, and fascination for the handsome Einion. Brochvael reports what he has heard; Sibylla, outside, clamors that she must see Einion, and Morfydd can easily imagine how the liaison began between the Prince and this wild Gwyddyl-Ffichti girl. Then Morfydd begins to listen to Einion, who has been saying that all is over with the Brythons as well with Rome, their Golden Ages past. Only the Forest People have a depth of life and that, as Indeg told them, has its source in Africa twenty thousand years ago. Then, seriously, he says that he would yield command to Brochvael if he could, but he does appoint him his Counsellor and leaves. It is Morfydd who proposes a visit to Porius Manlius, certain that Porius "wouldn't like us to decide anything...until we'd consulted Porius Manlius Patricius." In "impassioned gratitude" Euronwy kisses Morfydd's hand.

- 229.11 "disappearing . . . The first thing" = TS 408.1-3.

"And this went blindly on, indifferent to the fact that philosophers were treading winding paths or that Sidonius Modestus was courting Posterity as an innocent letter writer."

- 231.14 "of the tent entrance . . . heated dialogue" = TS 410.26–419.2.

Gwendydd, jealous and haughty, sends Nineue for Greek wine, and Nineue upon her return insults the visitors. Brochvael, feeling that the House of Cunedda has been insulted, replies with an enigmatic and dangerous riddle. The scene is significant chiefly for the revelation, in Gwendydd's thought, that her brother does indeed not only believe in but admire the "Cewri of the Cader." She vividly remembers the milk-offering as a wholly serious, though to her absurd, action of Myrddin.

238.18 "as I am with you . . . Suddenly he became conscious" = TS 429.1–447.4.

Brochvael and Sibylla pause near the Mound of Bychan where the girl explains that here beneath them there has always been the concealed dwelling-place of the Druid, known to all Forest People. She says that she has "succeeded in keeping her maidenhead intact" despite her relationship with Einion and despite the "gross attempts" of Llew, the brother of the Druid. She has agreed, however, "that on the night in which he could persuade his brother to receive an authoritative ambassador from the ruling House to discuss terms for letting the emperor's mission depart in peace she would yield and let him have his will." Tonight, she says, is the night and Brochvael the ambassador. Partly to cover an offended family pride, Brochvael discourses on superstition—it was he, he says, who introduced Morvran to Lucretius—and on why the Forest People are good Christians. They learned in Africa, long before Christ, "that it is necessary to die in order to live; that to give is better than to take; and that in the long run the weak are mightier than the strong, and the good more powerful than the evil." Sibylla says the Druids fear only Einion (why, Brochvael cannot imagine and Sibylla doesn't say) and Medrawd. Not the emperor. And not Myrddin, who has "never hurt a mouse since he was born" and is "one of God's innocents." She thinks tonight's mission will save all Edeyrnion for Einion. Brochvael broods, as she talks, on how lonely he will be with Morfydd gone.

244.10-19 TS 455.8-16.

The typescript, and presumably the manuscript, comment only on Drom's extraordinary short-leggedness. The printed account of Brochvael's homosexual attraction to the lad was added by JCP when he corrected the typescript.

249.29 "wrong after all! . . . But the Druid" = TS 462.26–465.1.

Reading Brochvael's mind, the Derwydd speaks with approval of the marriage between Morfydd and Porius which has been planned for the Feast of the Sowing. When Brochvael asks skeptically, "*You* don't believe these tales, Gogfran Derwydd, about the Giants being still *up there*, and coming down when they smell death to carry off the dead?" the Derwydd replies, with a facial expression such as Brochvael "had once seen on some exultant African faces in an old temple-court in the Atlas Mountains," that to see "a Cawr of the Cader" has been the hope of his life.

253.13 "your children! . . . As Brochvael" = TS 470.6–472.7.

Brochvael asks the Derwydd what his ultimate purpose is in stirring up the Forest People against the Arthurian mission. Does he want also to overthrow the Brythons so that the Forest People may rule? Then, strangely, he finds himself asking whether Medrawd is in league with the Saxons and he realizes that the Derwydd has put this idea into his head. There is no reply.

276.8 "below his belt . . . They all keep" = TS 505.26–510.24.

Myrddin catechizes Neb, "the only worshipper he has left upon earth after ten-thousand years of the tyranny of the Olympian and four hundred and ninety-nine years of the tyranny of the Three-in-One," and finds that Neb knows him to be, or to have been, Cronos, knows that the Romans "in their pride and insolence" had changed his name to Saturn, knows that he has been entombed on Wyddfa. Somehow, Myrddin thinks, Neb must have been with him in all his incarnations. He calls a slow-worm to wind about his wrist and says he will make the second Golden Age "by putting an end to all tyrants, despots, rulers, kings' priests, and governments. By putting an end to myself—as a god—and leaving men and all the children of the earth alone." And yet he wonders whether his memories are imaginations.

278.14 "he was aiming . . . Peering at the newcomers" = TS 513.26–519.1.

Myrddin scrabbles up "a huge fragment of slate" from a barren patch of the hillside, feels its jagged edges and mutters "the words *adamas karcharos*," and addresses an obscure monologue to the waning moon. Neb, listening (in two paragraphs struck out by JCP) realizes that the moon-woman has had some important part in his master's remote past. Later, as he goes to watch for the sunrise, Neb looks back and sees Myrddin making fierce gestures in the air with the jagged slate. It seems to him that those gestures are in some way connected with the blood-red streaks which herald the sunrise.

281.8 "I am . . . Rocked by the motion" = TS 523.1–523.21.

Like Neb, and at Neb's age, Myrddin had been left "to the care of the rulers of Britain," to whom, and to everyone, his mother said that his father had been an angelic creature of shining light. He is confident that he *will* "force high heaven and all its messiahs and prophets and heroes and emperors and kings and druids and priests and rulers to leave the poor creatures of earth alone and let them enjoy themselves in peace."

287.22 "take liberties . . . When, an hour earlier" = TS 533.4–537.9.

Ferrying Myrddin across the sacred river Dee, Rhun is startled and alarmed by his query whether Brother John was *alive* last night. His thoughts towards his passenger are hostile and Mithraically sectarian—possibly because his Mithraic conscience "was not altogether easy about the softening influences of Gwendydd's tent."

297.9 "her blood with his! . . . whatever else that embrace" = TS 550.25–551.8.

If Rhun "had been a worshipper of the Three-in-One" he might have brushed aside the blood-mixing as insignificant. (The printed text is fuller here, adding the parallelism with the blood-tasting of the night before and the thought-compelling powers of the Derwydd.)

298.31 "or Deva . . . But all this while" = TS 553.1–559.2.

Myrddin, worried about the new strategy of Colgrim, concerning which "warnings" have reached him, but confident that he can keep Arthur in power for one more generation, meditates on the golden colors of this October morning. But why had "his Mother the Earth...who had invented and found within herself that 'vast jagged sickle of the element of adamant' with which he had dismembered the heavenly tyrant," why had *she* treacherously permitted the endless proliferation of bloody tyrants? "What is your purpose," he asks, "in giving your progeny to this new triple despot of thunder and love and lies?"

377.27 "top-knot of hair . . . But at this moment" = TS 662.2–670.1.

Lot-el-Azziz, using his ancient desert-wisdom to unite Mabsant and Gwthyr in talk about the dog Prudwyn, muses while he listens, about Pelagius and wonders "how on earth...this hulking young Samson of a Gaer-Prince" can defend a "wild preacher to lake-spirits and lake-monsters against a legal-minded Pope and before the most theological of all Byzantine emperors." Brother John, who, with the "death crab" in him, cannot last long, had better tell Porius before the departure for Byzantium that "Pelagius was an out-and-out Monophysite." He wonders whether Colgrim has out-maneuvered Arthur.

382.29 "its legs . . . At the same time" = TS 678.1–688.13.

Nesta and Gwthyr, after the "examination" of Zora are overtaken by "two richly

attired young horsemen," Peredur and Galehaut. Galehaut, who seems both cowardly and "idiotic," has snatched up Lelo but lets her go when Gwythr takes hold of his bridle. Peredur, good-natured and simple-minded, just appointed by Myrddin local commander of the Arthurian forces, is astounded to find that Amreu knows, having heard the news at second-hand from the Derwydd before it happened. Clearly, thinks Amreu, this young Arthurian is disgracefully ignorant of the powers of the Druids of Edeyrnion. To Peredur he confesses that he and Lelo seek a new master, having fled Ogof-y-Gawr because of the treachery of the Silentiary and the arrival that morning of Gunhorst. Peredur accepts him and gives instructions for seating arrangements at the evening's banquet.

391.12 "easy to . . . his feelings" = TS 700.26—712.1.

Under questioning by the Henog, Brother John speaks with unprecedented passion about the beneficent old "gods of the south, Pwyll the husband of Rhiannon, and Pryderi her son." If only, thinks Porius (in a pen-and-ink insertion in JCP's hand), "O if only he would carry Pelagius a little further, and be brave enough to challenge and defy their One God and his slave-love universe!" He wonders in wild leaps of the mind whether Pelagianism doesn't naturally move towards what Taliessin is said to practise: worship of "the earth-goddess Caridwen." Does it lead to Pryderism or Mithraism? Is "his own secret mania for the South-West wind" or "his obsession for...Creiddylad...a natural result of the influence of Pelagius?" John faints while speaking of Pryderi and his grave in "the rock Tyriawc above Melenryd" where he will lie "until—until—" John will survive the night, says Lot. Porius goes off to find Rhun and learn what did happen in the cave with Morfydd: was it "some crazy Mithraic marriage, of which I shan't hear a word till she forbids me her bed tomorrow?" Porius's thoughts turn to Einion and he wonders whether his strange, drunken, blaspheming father might have some sympathy with the heresies of this night. He had, to be sure, refused Taliessin a place in his court but he "seemed to understand the lad's productions better than anybody else" and would drunkenly and mockingly recite obscure passages.

412.4 "for so long! . . . Meanwhile, either by" = TS 741.18—742.21.

Myrddin, with Lot and the Henog along the lake, regrets the babbling which has caused Porius's unsympathetic mood. "What a fool I am!" But there is some past and future link between him and Porius, and what it is only the Great Mother knows.

416.19 "should share his . . . With the roots" = TS 749.26=753.26.

Taliessin thinks of his origins and his recent life and especially of the effect he seeks and finds in his poetry: "of rendering all matter sacred and pleasure-giving to the individual soul...by means of a quivering, vibrating, yet infinitely quiescent, moment of real time, a moment of time so satisfying that it surpassed all the pleasures of sex." He drinks herb teas and eats barley-bread and chants the poem he has been improvising and memorizing for the last two weeks.

423.23 "had been changed . . . you to realize" = TS 762.24—776.1.

A later recitation by Taliessin is interrupted by the appearance of the excited horse-trader Owen Pen Uchel with news that Einion has imprisoned or slain Gunhorst. There is much talk about tomorrow's "sex-orgy," an alien and worrying prospect to these foreigners. The point of view shifts to Dion Dionides, "owner as well as captain of the Athenian ship Calypso, now in dock in London," who cunningly queries the Henog, disclosing that he has brought for Brochvael a handsome script of the eleven comedies of Aristophanes and—in the flow of his thought—revealing himself as a

calculating piler-up of drachmas who thinks that Gwendydd would help him to climb at the Byzantine court and has been courting her with exotic dainties.

448.33 "the emperor! . . . It was at" = TS 813.14—816.1.

Brochvael remembers a week ago finding "a semen-smelling fungus" (the adjective is a pen-and-ink addition to the TS), squeezing which gave him the delicious sensation of death. He watches the coming of the sunrise, and the sun itself seems to him "the very *Cauldron of Ceridwen*" which, he has recently heard, is so important in the poetry of Taliessin.

460.24 "impressed him . . . heard Morfydd's voice" = TS 832.26—833.3.

Lot, "a psycho-therapeutic student" of rabbinical lore would have detected that there was nothing in Rhun's mind "but the forcible rape of his childhood's playmate."

466.5 "she moved . . . She began to feel" = TS 845.26—858.3.

Erddud wonders whether Porius may not indeed be the son of a giant and then suddenly feels love and sexual desire for Brochvael. As the sound of the Fisher King's chant begins, the thoughts of all the occupants of the room are successively-simultaneously revealed. Erim and Ysyllt are obsessed with politics and treachery, Brochvael with Einion and Sibylla, Gwrgi with what will happen to him when Colgrim is victorious. Morfydd meditates on the strange strength she has gained by last night's resistance to Rhun, as if it were "the victory of one solitary girl over the spirit of a race-orgy that had lasted for ten thousand years." Now, not only can she face without dread the idea of being possessed by Porius, but it is she herself who announces that the time has come to leave for the Feast. As they walk through the forest all growing things seem to her alive and possessed of individuality. All is mysterious but significant, three-leaf brambles profanely and defiantly putting forth five-leaf clusters," as if they were the Great Mother's own soothsayings," and she remembers some verses of "the boy-bard Taliessin": "The wandering brambles,/When the horses of the sun burst through the forest,/Turn triads into quincunxes or threes into fives."

468.21 "irresponsible flittings . . . lingering no longer" = TS 861.15—865.3.

Still in the ecstasy of her new strength, more and more at peace about her union with Porius, Morfydd resolves that Rhun shall never touch her, though she loves him, that Brochvael shall have Sibylla, that Porius shall not sail to Constantinople for the canonization of Pelagius, and that she will be faithful to the vow she took on the bones of Rhitta Gawr, and bear children "capable of defending Mynydd-y-Gaer."

472.29 "in his senses . . . his back to" = TS 870.25—875.1.

Brochvael arranges the rich garments "of this tall emaciated doll in green that had been his aunt" and touches her face with his mouth, cold "like funguses grown in the dark." He hears a shout from Saint Julian's Fount and knows that the ancient ritual has reached the point where the huge lance is first lifted and plunged, a ritualistic lance "to whose phallic symbolism, lost in African antiquity, three sorts of progressive mysticism, Gnostic, Mithraic, and Christian, had given a redemptive interpretation." Viciously thrusting his own ebony staff again and again into the moss, he imagines that he, like some flaxen-haired follower of Colgrim, is symbolically cleansing the land of its taint of ancient humanity.

474.16 "life-endurance . . . But slowly" = TS 877.6—877.12.

His proddings in the moss, his identification with the Saxon destroyers were,

Brochvael realizes, a death-wish, a desire to be free, like Erddud, of "racial and sexual contentions!"

481.16 "in the balance . . . murdering his son" = TS 887.1—891.3.

Brochvael observes the battle-scene: Taliessin strolling about taking notes, Myrddin dropping to earth. He wonders whether he should intervene and try to unite both parties against the Saxons but decides, calmly and without shame, that there are limitations to his heroism and initiative. Listening to the harangue of the odious priest, he recognizes it "as a masterpiece of crafty argument."

491.1 "THE CEWRI" = TS 905.1 "THE MARRIAGE TENT"

497.30 "take its place . . . This mist was not so thick" = TS 914.18—939.5.

Having sent Fflam and Tegvan away for news, Porius lies in bed on the morning after his wedding, cavoseniargizing about himself, Colgrim ("I don't think this poor sod from Germania has a chance!"), the new outlook which has taken shape in his mind since Thursday when he was planning to sail to Constantinople in order to shake off the power of his mother and Morfydd ("I don't *need*...to shake them off now! I've learnt a trick better than that! As long as you have to shake people off, and things off, and places off, and repulsive thoughts and images off, you're still a slave of them all! The thing to do is to remain *just where you are* and carry them all, as Atlas carried the whole world. *Then*—and then only—you're free from them all!" And the people he thinks of "playing Atlas to" are "mother and Morfydd and old Rhun and Myrddin Wylt, and...a few others, including—"). Now the pain in his arm caused by Morfydd's sleeping head is joined by a stirring in his bowels and his meditation ends. He gets up and dresses and when Morfydd stirs tells her the news he heard last night from Myrddin, that Dion Dionides has asked to marry Gwendydd and take *her* to Constantinople, which means "an end to the rehabilitation of Pelagius" but also possibly the availability of Gwendydd's grand pavilion for them. Fflam and Tegvan return with the news that the Henog is reading to Brother John about Pryderi, that Gorsant is making another ferocious speech, and—finally—that they have seen two Cewri. The yellow mist reappears. Gwythyr and Nesta appear and confirm the pages' story: The Cewri are hidden by the water, eating the corpses of yesterday's battle. Einion enters, mocking, majestic, and commanding. He too has seen the "great filthy carrion-eaters" but he has no interest in them. He is concerned only with organizing military resistance to the Saxons and gives his orders with off-hand and impressive professionalism. "Off with you now," he says. But Porius's mind is possessed by the memory of Myrddin's milk-offering to the Cewri and the look on his face that night which "seemed to make all the tent-hangings of all the imperial armies in the world quiver like the fins of fishes in shoreless oceans and the feathers of birds in fathomless places." (Thus ends Chapter 22, "The Marriage Tent." Chapter 23 of the TS, "The Cewri," begins on p. 939.)

506.19 "the end . . . I must get on" = TS 951.12—951.17.

The sounds which come from Llew's thick lips are like "gobbets of half-digested vomit" or "bubbles of Odyssean wine from the heaving gorge of the Cyclops."

509.20 "Gwydion's sow! . . . His thoughts moved" = TS 955.26—958.1.

Porius's emotions as he moves through the reeds are complex and confused. What have been "the two dominant emotions of his life—his pleasure in completely yielding to the will of Morfydd" and his fantasy-desire to carry off "a daughter of the Cewri"

have been blurred by "an attitude to life and the elements in which human relations played little part." But even now, when he may soon see "this second Creiddylad," he feels also something like guilt at having left his military responsibilities "to his mocking and frivolous father."

510.7 "crazy! . . . toward the Cader" = TS 958.26–963.1.

Still moving through the reeds, Porius hears a man weeping among the oaks. Then he sees smoke, presumably from a "bivouac-fire" made by the Cewri, and realizes that what he most deeply wants is "simply to be left alone to enjoy his own thoughts and sensations...*tungerong-larry-ong*!— and 'enduring to the end.'" Wild cries from the man in the oaks alarm the Cewri, who leave "their fire and their feast" and flee from him as if he were the first of a "silent pack of men and dogs with bows and arrows and hunting-knives."

516.22 "bloodthirsty Sais . . . platform of rock" = TS 972.26–978.1.

Racing, climbing after the "goddess-giant" whose name *must* by Creiddylad, Porius sees as both beautiful and horrible "the rape to which he was being whirled by his own will while the young Cawres lingered for him up there, dodging the savage old Titan, her monstrous begetter." He knows that it is not sexual passion that drives him, "so soon after leaving his bridal-bed," and that the old Cawr could easily kill him and force the Cawres to eat his flesh.

525.28 "Heavy as lead . . . The first object" = TS 992.1–996.2.

The visit to Gwendydd's pavilion to consult Myrddin is not the result of Porius's decision but of his father's instruction, as are the orders he is to take to Rhun. The accidental square of willow-twigs recalls what he has recently heard from Myrddin "about the magical nature of the Pythagorean number *Four* as opposed to the mystical nature of the christian number *Three*." As he enters Brother John's cell, the words in his mind are *Tungerong-larry-ong*.

538.23 "life he would . . . He pulled up" = TS 1008.26–1013.1.

(The printed sentence beginning "But suddenly..." 538.20, is a manuscript addition to the TS: it concludes, "a sensation that to the end of his life he would try to reproduce in any crisis.") This "ecstasy of life-worship" is different from others because it includes horrors and death: Brother John will be "a lean skeleton in a forest grave with a nest of baby moles cuddling under its hollow ribs"; and if you "ask for the giant-girl who could cry out as she was raped: '*cariad-digon!* *cariad-digon!* *Love* is enough!'...you'll find a pair of broken skulls tapping against a scoriac splinter!" Now he can enjoy or worship both the outer world—its colors, rocks, peaks, precipices, the blinking of his eyes, the smell of his urine—and the inner world, "all that the mind whistled to him, all that the conscience clamped down upon within him."

543.14 "self-sufficient . . . But the Henog" = TS 1019.26–1022.3.

Porius, after listening for a while, concludes that the Henog has no concern at all with the reaction of his audience. And as twilight comes and he thinks back on the day, the Gawres's cry, "*cariad-digon!*" seems learned somehow from his own deluded race: "no, no, no! Love is certainly *not* enough! It needs pity and commonsense and a lot more if it's not to breed hate and jealousy and suspicion and loathing and murder!"

547.7 "human progenitor . . . at the same moment" = TS 1027.19–1031.1.

Meditating on the new-born infant, Porius asks himself whether its soul too will change as his has done "in the last twenty-four hours from thinking of itself as the

centre of everything to thinking of itself as akin to the souls of dogs and badgers and horses and weasels and foxes—yes! and of worms and gnats." And bending over the body of the dying John, he asks silently, why instead of teaching him about Plato and Pelagius, Mithras and Christ he had not taught him to arrange his mind and feelings "so as to endure life and enjoy it" and "accept death as its natural conclusion."

548.26 "devils in hell . . . I'd like to sleep" = TS 1033.1–1035.1.

As Neb's tale goes on, Porius feels a strange, fatalistic, amoral indifference, as if it were lawful, natural, and wise "to enjoy the spectacle of the rushing torrent of good and evil and let what *would be be*."

553.18 "in her way . . . Though she had" = TS 1042.2–1045.1.

Gunta's purposefully horrifying tale stirs emotions of revenge in Porius, and of shame because he had been absent. If Brochvael had heard, he would have been reminded of some Homeric scene when Iris brings evil tidings to "the son of crooked-counselling Cronos."

561.29 "untroubled sleep . . . as the immensity" = TS 1057.6–1063.3.

Sleepless, Porius broods on the death-laden day and determines to maintain a moral indifference and acquiescence in a world where all values are relative, where everything is "a fluctuating and wavering image in wind-stirred water." Never again, he tells himself, remorse or indignation or vengeance. Why is it, he wonders, that he feels no loathing or hatred for Medrawd? Blood ties through "the ancient princes of the Forest People"?

569.33 "as he helped Uthyr . . . Why do you hate life?" = TS 1075.1–1078.3.

Medrawd, revealing his hatred of Romans and Brythons but not of Porius, who has "other blood," reveals also what no one else but Myrddin knows, that he, Medrawd, is the grandson of a Ffichtiad princess. The Ffichtiaid, he says, are unlike other men, come not from Troy or Argos but from Annwn, and have always "conspired...*against life*." Nineue is *his* ally and servant and tells him all that Myrddin tells her, even about other conquerors who will come five hundred years after the victory of the Saeson. For, of course, after Arthur's death, and Myrddin's, and with Medrawd's help, the Saeson will win. Porius feels an element of "crazy sympathy" with Medrawd. Medrawd's identification of Afaggdu as "Ulfyn of Gaer Garadawc" to whom Myrddin gave "the shape of Tintagol to fool Gorlois" (570.1-2) does not appear in the corrected typescript, nor, of course, does the final paragraph of 573.

571.1 "to thin air was . . . irretrievable *nothingness*" = TS 1079.14–1080.17.

Porius's effort to suppress laughter brings on a coughing fit that interrupts Medrawd. [Minor as this alteration seems, it serves to illustrate the comic character of some of JCP's last-minute changes.]

573.30 "afraid of nothing . . . As the uncle" = TS 1083.25–1102.1.

Brochvael, full of anger and vengeance and finding Porius indifferent, vents them upon him by abuse and by telling him that Rhun had forced his way into Morfydd's room on the night before the wedding. This event Morfydd had prudently reported to Porius, in general terms and blaming herself, and so Porius hears Brochvael calmly enough. What calms Brochvael is the thought of Drom, for whom he has "vibrated with a new admiration, not unmixed with abnormal attraction" for the last twenty-four hours. They had slept in the same room in Ogof-y-Gaer; it had been, says Brochvael, "like sleeping with a saint and watching an angel put on his clothes." Drom is

convinced that "Jesus Christ has got into his soul and is there instead of himself. This Porius finds disgusting and responds to with unaccustomed mockery. Going to the imperial pavilion, he encounters Llew, drunk, lolling between two wicker crates and learns that the bodies of Tonwen and Cadawg have been taken to the tent of Owen-ab-Uryen and that Owen-pen-Uchel has buried deep the bodies of his horse and Rhun's dog, from whose bones, in two thousand years, corn will spring. Porius finds an elusive significance or satisfaction in what Llew has told him.

574.1 "The Homage of Drom" = TS 1103.1.

"Off and Away can afford to stay" as the title of TS Chapter 26.

583.17 "that she— . . . but his eyes" = TS 1116.26—1120.4.

Porius's suspicion roots itself in her childhood relationship with Medrawd at the "corrupt, degenerate, Romanized court" of Uthyr Pendragon. At the crossways where he and his mother stand he sees "a large, fresh deposit of human excrement" which a rag has not concealed. Had Medrawd perhaps lied, he wonders. Why? His mad life-hatred?

585.37 "till I come . . . lifted up his voice" = TS 1123.26—1139.6.

Feeling that Myrddin is in danger, Porius sends Neb to him; then he sits down with his back to the excrement but aware of it and falls asleep as if "to the rocking of a giant nurse...his father and grandfather wounded to death, his mother seduced, his bride in love with his friend, and he himself the clumsy murderer of the great ghost that lulled him." He awakes to find that Gwythyr and Lot have returned. Lot announces that he will not sail with Dion Dionides and that he would like to be appointed court physician of Mynydd-y-Gaer. Gwythyr, increasingly active and enterprising, tells Porius he and Lot have dug a deep grave for Brother John just outside his cell and buried him there, and Porius decides that this "impious and sacrilegious action" was the very one he would have taken. Suddenly, in the detached but active movement of his mind, Porius realizes that the "nameless young man" his father has chosen as Afagddu's companion is one of Morvran's murderers, whom Euronwy had sent later to the Bishop's school to be made a priest, and that his having forgotten was the result of his adeptness in the art of forgetting the unpleasant or what in this case he would call "the horror." Meditating on this psychic defense, on John's death, on some gray-white moss, he sees existence "as *many worlds*, and...all the innumerable consciousnesses of these worlds as possessed of creative power." Watching Lot dancing solemnly, like David, Porius thinks that Edeyrnion is "a very small portion of Ynys Prydein and...Ynys Prydein itself...but a mouthful compared with the whole planet." Gwythyr suggests that Lot is praying that *Porius* will accept him as court physician. Porius senses wisdom in Gwythyr, senses his own coming authority, and announces his acceptance of Lot.

590.29 "House of Cunedda . . . the scene" = TS 1145.24—1150.5.

Afagddu reports the "rout of Colgrim by the Emperor" and "the outstanding gallantry" of Porius Manlius. Into Porius's "fantastic and morbid mind" comes the thought that the thoughts of all those now standing about the dying prince are like the greedy flies around the pile of excrement, irresistibly attracted to strange subjects. And so it is: Porius, looking at his mother's slightly swollen ankle, links it with "her seduction by Medrawd"; and Brochvael ignobly congratulates himself on being luckier than his brother, on having the prospect of "heavenly years of translating Aristophanes into the purest Brython," and the Platonic—"as his young Roman friend Boethius used to call it"—companionship of Drom.

592.29 "the same woman! . . . the tension" = TS 1152.25–1157.1.

More "thought-clouds" rise from the group around Einion. Porius wonders why imagining the adultery of his mother hurts more than imagining that of his wife. Gwendydd has told Rhun that she is going to marry Dion but has also invited him to go with them to Constantinople. She herself is of humble paternity, but her mother never told her who the father of Myrddin was. "Why do they all," Porius asks himself, "make me feel so savage?" Is it their secret reaction to the dying of Einion? If he had killed the old *Gawr*, might he have kept Creiddylad hidden in a cave? He doubts it, Ah, in his present Cewri mood he hates them all—all except Brochvael, who is erotically touching Drom with his staff.

592.18 "fool of fate . . . (599.27) ever-loving Creator" = TS 1164.1–1218.20.

(On TS 1165 begins Chapter 27, "The Homage of Drom," 55 pages which are summarized, or, rather, rewritten, obviously by JCP, to make the last two pages of the printed chapter which bears the same title.) Euronwy talking with the new priest about Einion's burial place—which of course is to be in the new church; Brochvael and Einion talking about their boyhood; Gunta and Lot and Gwythr and Drom: all of these, bodies, speech, and thoughts, Porius feels "capable of *actually enjoying* and he fancies that his soul possesses a forked dragon's tongue that can ecstatically lick them. He queries Drom about the Cewri word for "struggling to the last," especially to enjoy life, a word, he seems to remember, "not altogether unlike the quacking of ducks." It turns out to be *gwork*. Hearing the word spoken again, Porius is certain that it means "using the soul in us to fight and enjoy the universe at the same time." He can see that Drom disapproves and the reason, he discovers, is that the word implies *defiance*, "a lack of submission to the Will of God." Then Porius remembers another Cewri word, *Ruggerug*, to which he prefixes *Gwork*, and he repeats the combination loudly. The effect of this incantation is to make Drom seize his hand and kiss it, a mysterious action which has a mysterious effect: it arouses a murderous fury in Porius, his "wild-animal fastidiousness...outraged as if by a spiritual rape." To Drom, the kiss had been impulsive and pitying, and he is not sure whether the initiative was his own or that of Jesus Christ. To Porius it seems worse than the kiss of Judas: "It was simply the kiss of life without the possibility of evil or the possibility of death. It was the kiss of that which couldn't mock, of that which couldn't cry, of that which had forever wiped away all laughter and all tears. It was the kiss of rounded identity, of perfect balance, of the reconciliation of all opposites, the kiss of absolute peace, the kiss of unutterable sameness, the kiss of pure divinity, the kiss of *anti-man*." All he can do is to fling it upon the Mound of Loathing, a symbolic refuse pile suggested by the excrement which has been in his eye and his nose for so long and upon which he has decided to cast and forget "his own secretest loathings and manias" and "other people's treacheries, stupidities, idiocies, ferocities."

Now Afagddu appears at the crossways with a report of how Porius Manlius was wounded and how he and Aulus carried him to the Gaer and heard his instructions for his burial and the inscribing of his epitaph. Slowly, half-comprehendingly, in a loud herald's voice, he says, "*Hic jacet in tumulo Porius christianus fuit*," and later, quietly, subtly, he alludes to his own ancient treachery. Einion, after a long speech-echo from his childhood, dies; Euronwy, her hands clasped high above her head bursts into "the ancient Brythonic funeral-wail for a princely warrior"; and all except the aliens kneel ceremonially—Homerically, Brochvael says—about the corpse. Porius, "inwardly rebelling against these ancient ways," is happy when the Saxon child Gunta instinctively embraces Euronwy and Euronwy strokes the child's yellow hair, thus making it possible for him to omit the next actions of the ritual—lifting his

mother high in the air and brandishing his weapon over the bowed heads of his subjects. Nevertheless, all now come to him and kneel to acknowledge his new authority. As they breathe over his head, Porius meditates on the basalt wall of the future, "this black wall of nescience," which he thinks must be man-created, transitory, illusory. The struggle between Christian and pagan forces in Edeyrnion, he suddenly feels, remembering a day long ago when the child Nesta intervened in a quarrel between her father and Gorsant, may be reconciled by the instinctive Italian "feeling for the Mother of God," for the "god-bearer." Both his thoughts and his actions are now princely and political. He issues his first orders: Rhun is to tell Morfydd that the priest must be kept away from Porius Manlius and that if "the Patrician" dies his body is to be taken to Brother John's cell. Rhun, shaking out his sandals in preparation for this mission, is now full of doubt whether he should go with Gwendydd and Dion, whose ship lies now at the White Tower circled by sea-gulls. Painfully, distrustful of Gwendydd, he decides not to, and Porius somehow knows what has passed through his foster-brother's mind. His own decision, meanwhile, has been to serve the emperor.

As Rhun departs, another runner arrives, Owain-pen-Uchel. Beckoned to simultaneously by the young priest and by Porius he goes to Porius, who sees on the face of this man whose name he has still succeeded in forgetting a lightning-flash of Christian hatred. "The Patrician is dead, my lord," says Owain. Porius sets off with him and Gunta to John's cell to see to the burial of the old Roman. As they walk, he wonders whether Myrddin is really endangered by Nineue; a wind from the Cader makes him think of the Cewri and reminds him that the Ffichtiaid sorceress is *still* afraid of them. He resolves to go to the emperor at Badon and become "his man" in defense "of this old isle." As they approach Craig Hen there comes from the mist and the wind "yet another Cewri utterance...the last he was ever destined to learn." Whether blown to him from the Cader or remembered from the lips of Creiddylad, it was a sound, a tune, rather than a word, not to be "represented by any signs or syllables," distilled from "the roots of mountains covered by the sea for aeons of winters, bitter-sweet as the sap of forests nourished by the leaf-mould of centuries of summers." And when it is picked up from his lips and echoed like an incantation by Owain and the Saxon child, Porius feels that his decision to serve the emperor has been deeply approved. (This final passage about the Cewri sound was basically changed as JCP revised the typescript. Originally the sound is a word, "a word for some sort of enjoyment," bisyllabic, which Porius finally remembers as *gorshuk*.)

(TS Chapter 28, "Burial and Sleep," omitted entirely from the printed novel, begins on p. 1219 and ends on p. 1275.) Porius, with Aulus and Owain, has been for an hour in the hollow of the hills which the Patrician had chosen for his burial place. They have carried his body there corded to the back of a powerful horse which has also drawn a cart bearing the grave-stone on which Aulus has had carved the epitaph. Now in the moonlight Aulus is washing the letters clean. Partly to delay the actual burial, when five feet of rubble will be shoveled down on his grandfather's Roman face and the legionary's flask which his head rests upon, Porius takes Gwythyr aside and queries him about the death-banquet held for Einion at the Gaer. Medrawd had been there, concealed, even from Euronwy, says Gwythyr, and there was nearly blood and murder between the faction supporting Euronwy and the priest, who wanted Einion buried in the new church in the new town of Corwen, and that supporting Morfydd and Brochvael, who opposed. It was only Nesta, crying out to the warriors like an inspired prophetess, shaming them for their bloody contention over points of doctrine, who prevented bloodshed. All women know, she cried, that only the Mother of Jesus can "read the heart of her blessed son and understand the will of the heavenly father." And then, as many believed, among them clearly Gwythyr although he had not

actually *seen*, "the Blessed Virgin had answered Nesta's appeal by appearing in person" in the Gaer-hall. Pressed on political matters by the new prince, Gwythyr confesses there are mad stories going about among the Gaer people: that Porius has sold himself to the devil, that he possesses all the secrets of Myrddin and will succeed him as Counsellor to the emperor, that when the Saeson are expelled Myrddin will return to Caer Sidi, that Brother John taught Porius "all the wisdom of the enchanter Pelagius who...was a much more powerful magician than Myrddin Wyllt."

While the three other men gamble with Roman dice by the grave of the now-buried Patrician, Porius looks through them into a series of visions—of his father's empty place at the Gaer-hall, "emptily waiting"; of Gunta and Neb urging him to mount, with them, a roan horse; of Dion Dionides on a black horse and Gwendydd on a white one; and, most vividly, of Myrddin on a grey horse and behind him Nineue "in a warm, soft, tight-fitting garment...made entirely of mole-skins." Then, looking at the dicers and the small silver Caesarean coins shining in what seems their last moonlight, Porius turns to Aulus and asks whether he remembers, as he had in Porius's boyhood, the Roman words that used to be chanted at Uriconium over the ashes of a Roman soldier. For a moment he feels, in his Roman blood, "the 'infinita potestas orbis terrarum,' the limitless empire that was at that moment ebbing hoarsely back, down the steep slimy shingles and long shell-strewn sands of the coasts of time." As the old centurion haltingly recalls the "ancient Roman words, breaking the silence of that phantasmal moonlight, 'Imperator ait...deis dedicatum atque consecratum...pro patria, pro liberis, pro aris atque focus suis...'" Porius feels and knows the imperishable value of the imperial heritage. As they ride back along the shores of Lake Tegid, he knows also that during this night he has decided to leave the Gaer and Edeyrnion "for an indefinite time."

At St. Julian's Well he turns over his horse with his companions and sends them on to the Gaer. What had been Brother John's cell seems to him as he enters it "an enchanted bubble of quiescence...the very citadel and sanctuary of sleep," warmed by a peat and wood fire and lighted by a single torch. Zora and her children sleep on the floor; Myrddin, attended drowsily by the new court physician, sleeps on the bed where John had died; but on the couch where Porius had so often sat there lies "fully awake, the perilous and lovely Nineue," who smiles and makes room for him beside her. Stroking her silky skin, abandoning himself, as she had been abandoned, to "a sub-sexual sensuous ecstasy," which seems little more than caresses and sleepy dalliance, Porius knows that he will never know "what normally is called love." But as he thinks of those who do truly love, Euronwy, Morfydd, and Rhun, the image of Creiddylad and the sound of her cry rise from the water of his memory, and he has to thrust it aside. Still sleepily fondling Nineue, this she-devil who is among the worst of Myrddin's enemies, Porius looks across the room at the ugly face of the Counsellor and wonders why he feels no guilt. What he sees in that face is "some godlike force," and he knows before he drifts into sleep that they all, and "all the birds and beasts and reptiles" are "completely in this mysterious Being's power."

609.26 "daring plan . . . show how little" = TS 1289.26—1293.2.

Sibylla's plan is that Rhun, the grandson of Princess Indeg, should take possession of Ogof-y-Gawr and, with "a Gwyddyles for his wife," make it once more the center of the life of the Forest People. Angry and defiant, Morfydd tells herself that despite the departure of Porius and Euronwy's desertion to Medrawd and her father's infatuation with "that Jesus-pimp of a man-girl," she will be faithful to the vow she made to Rhitta Gawr, *she* will rule, and could rule "a far wider dominion than Edeyrnion." But, caressing Rhun's head, she slips into a sexual fantasy about him and carelessly promises that he may carry out Sibylla's plan.

614.36 "betrothed of Porius . . . He said he knew" = TS 1300.21—1301.4.

Morfydd wonders whether at Einion's death-feast Nesta's Italian piety had transformed the flesh-and-blood Teleri into a vision of the Virgin.

619.24 "Sibylla . . . Clutching Nesta's" = TS 1307.26—1311.1.

But Sibylla's youth does stir something like jealousy in Morfydd and she wonders whether, if she could, she would "put a *tynged* on that girl so that she should never bear a child to Rhun?" No, she wouldn't; but crossing the bridge she broods on the mystery of herself and her relationship with the men who had once been her boy-cousins in the hills and fortresses she now can see through the mist. Ah, the Aunties and her mother were right in their defense of matriarchy and the power of women! What would her mother think, seeing her now "ruling Edeyrnion by cunning and wit"?

628.5. "whole world! . . . A strange relaxation" = TS 1323.26—1327.1.

Christ himself, says the priest, has enjoined Porius, as his regent, to force confession and contrition from everyone in these forests, to...As his words fade into some inner vision, Morfydd finds herself wanting to tell Porius about him and wondering how it can be that she loves two men at once. As to hatred, she knows that she hated even Gorsant less than she does the now sweetly smiling, all-forgiving Drom.

632.21 "against her skin . . . blinking cowering" = TS 1334.2—1344.2.

Brochvael calls to Morfydd and she turns back, not eager at this point to see Drom, that "simple, pious, undesigning catamite" who believes that his body is inhabited by Jesus Christ, but when she is alone with him, briefly, near the door to her father's chamber she feels that "something" has "passed between them" about which she must speak to Porius. But why is she so eager to see Porius, she asks herself as she bends to kiss her father, why, when she doesn't love him as she does Rhun? She can't understand herself. Brochvael's concern, as he looks up from his Aristophanes, is political: when will Porius return, he asks? Does he know that Medrawd is still with Euronwy? Vindictively, hoping to agitate her father, Morfydd tells him that Sibylla has returned and is with Rhun, but she is chiefly surprised to find that she herself feels no agitation. When she tells him she is going directly to Rhun, he approves of Sibylla's plan for Ogof-y-Gaer and is pleased at her own renewed relationship with Rhun. That approval she understands, politically and personally, because for some reason he hates Porius. What she cannot understand, as she takes a short cut through the forest to Craig-y-Gartref, is why she lied about going directly to Rhun and said nothing about the return of Porius.

634.33 "must betray her . . . supposed was Hebrew" = TS 1346.16—1353.4.

Morfydd hears Lot and Taliessin pleading with Porius for the right to live in Brother John's cell—Lot because Zora, a Moabitess, not yet a monotheist, has had "a token from her gods" that the crowded Gaer would be unhealthful for her children, and Taliessin because he wishes to cook for the family of Lot. Morfydd, from her hiding place is delighted to hear Porius decide the case precisely as she would have done, though in the mocking and ironical tone of his father: they shall both live in the Cell.

637.35 "divine figure . . . desirable girlish body" = TS 1356.25—1362.1.

Porius lays Morfydd down on a bed of lichen that has always seemed to her like the sea-bottom, the birthplace of Aphrodite, and there for the second time they perform the act of love. The young priest would have cursed, "with the implacable fury of the

self-denying for the self-satisfying" if he had been told that yesterday Porius's partner had been Nineue and the day before that Creiddylad. Myrddin, "with his pre-human, million-years experience," would have known how their shared childhood, almost incestuous, robbed them of "the sweet strangeness of love" and how "their simple affection" made them "miss all that sub-human, almost saurian sensuality" that Porius had enjoyed with Nineue. But even Myrddin would not have known, what Brochvael was at that moment trying to learn from Aristophanes, the divinely comical nature of sex when it is completely natural and guilt-free.

640.27 "his good humour . . . Just tell me" = TS 1365.1–1370.4.

When Porius asks, seriously, that her first child be theirs, Morfydd teases him with a "goodness No!" Her first must be the son of the god imprisoned in Caer Sidi and her second, perhaps, Pryderi's. But she has more important matters to talk about. She thinks that Sibylla will become the real leader of the Forest People. She wants Porius to put aside his hatred for his mother. If Euronwy *had* gone to bed with Medrawd – and Morfydd can prove that she has not – would that be different from what she supposes is Porius's affair with Nineue? When Porius speaks of Medrawd's treachery to the emperor, she cries "You great humbug! How can you talk like that? You know very well how mixed-up everything is with us these days, in Edeyrnion, in this Island, in the whole world!"

642.38 "that's all . . . When the long" = TS 1373.13–1418.1.

Porius sees through a nearby clump of birch-trees "the gloating and infatuated stare of another man" whom he recognizes as "none other than" the gorgeous dandy Prince Galahalt. Angered by this voyeurism, he plunges into the birch clump, seizes Galahalt first by his long hair and then by his pearl-studded belt, and roughly tosses him up and down in the air like an infant. As this chastisement is ending, the Henog appears, accompanied by Cretinloy of Gaul, Galahalt's chronicler, who has been recording some of the heroic deeds of his master. Rather than part from her husband in this company, Morfydd, before she returns to the funeral of Einion, leads Porius into the forest to a muddy clearing where she wipes his face with a burdock leaf, retwists his leather leg strap and then clasps and kisses his knee. Long after, Porius remembers "how her kiss felt upon the hard bone and callous skin of his knee" and how "the heavy sunshine, as it fell on her bowed head, gave to her hair the coppery glint of an old Caesarean coin" and how his face was wet with her tears as she left his embrace.

TS Chapter 31, "The Little One," wholly omitted from the printed book, begins on p. 1385. Porius goes with Galahalt and the two chroniclers to the deserted and plundered imperial camp. There the Henog covertly tells him that the emperor wishes to rid himself of the cowardly, lecherous, and lying Galahalt by having Porius appoint him custodian of the ruined camp where he can keep busy telling his tales to Cretinloy. Porius, reluctant to have his Fount of Saint Julian so befouled, says only, "I will think it over, Henog," and sends the chronicler to attend and record the ceremony of the banquet which will precede Einion's burial. Before he leaves, the Henog, inspired by a song of Taliessin's which he hears chanted from somewhere in the camp, decides that Galahalt is very likely the reincarnation of the god Gwair who was imprisoned in Caer Sidi and who "still has some special part to play on the Christian mysteries," that he will suggest this to Galahalt and Cretinloy in order to keep them from writing about *his* subject, the life of Pryderi, and that Porius report this plan to Myrddin and the emperor. Bemused, Porius agrees. Then as, alone, he approaches Brother John's Cell, he meets Amreu and Lelo, who have left Ogof-y-Gaer because of a quarrel with Sibylla. When Porius offers them a place at the Gaer, they refuse because they believe that Nesta has placed an Italian *tynged* on Lelo which is the cause of her sterility.

Sympathetic but annoyed with the petty business of his new authority, Porius decides to install them in the now deserted Druid's chamber and to have Amreu come daily to superintend the banquet at the Gaer.

When they enter the dwelling under the Mound of the Little One, they are astounded to find, sitting cross-legged on a chest a red-headed boy of four or five, "clutching a broken terra-cotta image of a wolf-cub," and seeming not surprised at their appearance. In a strange tone, as if repeating a conjuration, and speaking of himself in the third person, "Y Bychan is the one you must beat, not Bleiddyn the Wolf-cub...if you beat Bleiddyn, y Bychan will cry so loud it will bring the Derwydd out of his grave. And if you don't stop beating Bleiddyn the Derwydd will give Bleiddyn the power to bite your heart out!" Inclined at first to laugh, Porius feels a warning that if he should "laugh it would be the most unlucky laugh in the history of Ynis Prydein." Where had the Roman wolf-cub come from? Uriconium? Had not Y Bychan been an enemy of Rome? Was the "magic child" really the "offspring of the outlawed 'Little One' of the Mound?" As these thoughts move through his mind, Porius feels that some enchantment is upon all the occupants of the room. Only the child moves, carrying his wolf-cub to place it on a chess-board beside a lamp and over a black bishop from Drom's chess set. Now the bishop stares "upward in chaste consternation at the rudely chipped male organ, the hairy penis of the Roman cub, just above his head," and the child chants, "Bleiddyn may rest in peace now." As if in a dream Porius listens while the child chants mechanically, "When Bleiddyn is obeyed, there'll be no difference between Brython and Gwyddyl or between Ffychtiad and Coranian. All will be equal. All will be one..."

The child's voice dies away, and Porius feels himself dragged "across a sort of eel-bridge out of normal consciousness altogether." He seems to be hovering in a misty orchard on the bank of some large lake, and he sees "two huge mounds of dead bodies rising up side by side, and on the top of one" stands the emperor and on the other Medrawd, each holding a vast black spear which has pierced the heart of the other, and both are dead, and have been dead for days. Gazing, dazed, he sees that the two figures form "a hieroglyph of the first letter of his own name and of the name of Ynys Prydein as this letter appears in Greek...the representation of a trilithic portal, confronting him now...as if it were a living conjunction of heaven and hell, and a spiritual truce between God and the Devil, in the shape of a new entrance-gate to Annwyn, across the reeds and ripples of Avalon's inland sea. Then the spell is broken, Porius shoulders himself free from "the tangible and intangible confusions...of that weird chamber," and the child becomes a child and rushes to Lelo, who embraces him maternally.

648.11 "her thoughts . . . Something dramatic" = TS 1425.26—1429.7.

Despite the irreverent hooting with which the congregation imitates the owl, the young priest eloquently and ingeniously turns the incident to an allegorical purpose. He reminds his hearers of the myth of Blodeuwedd in their "beautiful bardic blasphemy" who was punished for her infidelity to her lord. "Rightly considered," he says, the tale praises the punishment of those who do not serve Christ "in docile humble obedience." At this point Euronwy ceases to follow the sermon: her mind has been invaded by the images of both her son and her father, because—though she does not know it—Porius was, that moment, vindictively regretting that no one had told Porius Manlius of her imagined adultery with Medrawd.

649.34 "Teleri . . . No adjective" = TS 1431.19—1431.23.

In Brochvael's library there is no copy of *The Bacchae*; if there were, he would "probably have missed the connection."

653.6 "her supporters . . . wild excitement" = TS 1436.25–1438.1.

Rhun and Sibylla and their followers from Ogof-y-Gaer approach. The owl is stirred to wild flappings by the sound of Aulus's trumpet; Morfydd's memory is possessed by images of the lichen and spruce bed of her last meeting with Porius.

659.12 "Fount . . . It was the lilt" = TS 1446.26–1454.4.

As Morfydd is about to lead her "faithful portion of the Gosgordd" back to the Gaer, she meets Lot and Morgant carrying the drunken Llew, who has been insulted and evicted by Galahaut. Llew wants to go to the Avanc's Cave, but Morfydd orders two guardsmen to take him and Morgant to Ogof-y-Gaer and Lot to come with her and examine the body of Teleri. Excitement is now subsiding, but Sibylla arouses it again by ordering her followers "to chant the forest-people's death dirge."

660.2 "altogether hushed . . . the trouble in her nerves" = TS 1454.16–1497.1.

On their way to Teleri's grave, Morfydd and her companions have a long wait for the ferry where they encounter the Henog, that "greatest artist in words since Homer," and there is much semi-comical Rhun argument between him and Lot about matters of religion. Farther on, opposed by Rhun and Sibylla, Morfydd lengthily and eloquently explains her purpose to Rhun: to find out whether Medrawd "has outraged this corpse," and, if he has, to drive him out or put him to death; to prevent the agents of the priest from disinterring and dismembering the body; and ultimately to struggle "for the liberty of all of us from the tyranny of Christ." She almost succeeds in persuading Rhun to join her, but he is held back by Sibylla and the Henog hears him cry, "Mithras, Mithras! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

At the graveside "Morfydd and Nesta, with Gwythyr and a few other faithful ones" are faced by a small group of Christian spearmen placed there to carry out the priest's orders. "My gods," broods the Henog, who is watching and recording this historic action, "have never demanded these final intensities and absolute devotions. They have been magical and magnanimous. They have been faithful to their friends; but they have never divided the world into opposed camps of the good and the evil." But Morfydd, despite the spears which face her, is confident, knowing from something she has seen before the spearmen barred her from the open grave, that the power of Myrddin is upon her: upon the breast of the corpse, ravished indeed and wrapped in Medrawd's cloak, she has seen "the string of snail-shells which she herself had tied round one of the owl-girl's braids!" Thus she is not surprised when, after Gwythyr's cry of "Cymril Cymril!" has failed to move the spearmen, a hooting is heard from the forest and the crowd flees in terror from a "great grey-white owl, still hooting and flapping its wings...beating against the brink of the grave, as if the creature had been a monstrous moth, to whose madness the girl's body was a magnet." That night, as she drifts into sleep, she is gratified to remember how the dwarf, Erb, from Ogof-y-Gaer laid a single owl's feather between two heavy stones on Teleri's now secure grave, muttering that even without his feather no Brython would "dare to come within ten yards of this place."

663.9 "at a play . . . The three horses" = TS 1501.26–1509.3.

Porius, holding Gunta against his chest thinks that this is the night of what her father would have called "Woden's day" and that a full week had come round since he stood above the eastern gate of the Gaer. He recalls another October morning when, as a boy just returned from the Bishop's School, he had listened to theological talk between John and Gorsant in which John recalled verbatim a dispute between Pelagius and Dewi Sant, "how Pelagius had ridiculed the horrible idea of predestination and...the

notion that man's heart is desperately evil."

671.6 "transparent vapour . . . not till he was" = TS 1520.1—1563.2.

Porius lies languidly on dry bracken, Rhun on his mind somehow, recalling old talks with Brother John on the superiority of Time over Space, lethargically watching three black figures—sheep, wolves, men?—crossing the fields below. When finally they reach him, they turn out to be Medrawd and Afagddu, bound together by their captor, who is "none other than Rhun himself." Rhun withdraws; Porius questions the captives, listens to another discourse by Medrawd on death-worship and his seduction of Euronwy and an arrogant confession that he has ravished the already stinking corpse of Teleri; then, with Rhun's knife, he cuts their bonds and frees them. As Medrawd licks the cord-bruise on his wrist, Porius hears, borne on some wind or mist, the voice of Myrddin saying that Medrawd and Afagddu and Porius will meet again, with the emperor, at a place named Camlan or Ramlan. He also hears Medrawd deriding him as too primitive to understand the eternal opposition of Life and Death. Porius replies calmly that he cannot believe in such superficiality: "I've never seen what you call life or what you call death or what you call God or what you call the devil...It's only a tedious alphabetical catalogue of hollow meaningless abstractions...It doesn't seem complicated or multifarious or scattered or mixed-up enough...doesn't strike me as *mysterious* enough!" After Medrawd and Afagddu have left, Porius and Rhun talk intimately, in the fashion of their boyhood, about Rhun's conflict with Sibylla and the encounter with servants of the priest in which Rhun's sword was broken, about emotional differences between men and women, and Porius is invaded by the thought that he may never see Rhun again. "To blot out this possibility," he embraces and kisses his old friend, plunging into the "lethe-pool of a completely un-erotic, un-socratic, brother-in-arms affection."

674.13 "mistake, and that . . . transmuted into" = TS 1565.26—1574.7.

Behind Nineue and her gigantic horse there is a pile of huge stones which seem to be a four-sided grave. Is Myrddin already betrayed, thinks Porius, and entombed? Has he come too late? But Nineue sees him and smilingly, irresistibly, draws him to her side. With one hand on her horse and the other on her wrist, he still waits, as if there were a prudence in his Herculean slowness, and repeats his Cewri incantation, "the voice of every living creature protesting the freedom of its free choice," and calling upon Chance to intervene against Necessity.

675.10 "only then, that . . . Trembling in that" = TS 1575.6—1579.4.

Porius now becomes "fully aware of the element of primordial grandeur in the personality of this Seducer of Giants. But clutching the meteorite and pressing her breast with his knuckles, he begs her again and again to tell him where Myrddin is. Then, slipping into "a singular trance" the details of which he is to remember sharply "for the next thirty years," he knows that Nineue is somehow connected with the Earth—not with the Earth's "teeming maternity" but with her "craft and cunning, with the power of using every kind of mirage, illusion, phantasmagoria and enchantment." He feels that though she rejects his prayer she is also indulgent "with a supernatural planetary indulgence" which he associates with the "mother of Titans...with her who betrayed Uranus to crooked-counselling Cronos, and then again Cronos to the hurler of thunderbolts." She laughs mockingly, the horse neighs, the sunlight darkens, and Porius tears himself from Nineue and the horse and flings himself against the four stones which seem to have been fixed on the mountain top since the last planetary upheaval. "All except one!" Growling, in a voice which might have come from the throat of the old giant, he touches that stone and finds it loose.

EDITOR'S  
NOTES

**This Special Issue:** The *Newsletter*, in 1975, should have paid tribute to the centenary of Theodore Francis Powys and should have listed additions and corrections to the continuing series of articles describing Powys collections. Our limited funds seemed best invested, however, in material about the literary works themselves—specifically *Porius*, which must soon be restored so that it can take its inevitable place with this century's primary novels. The corrections will appear in the next edition.

**Publications:** Also displaced by the matter of *Porius* are full reviews of several excellent books about John Cowper Powys:

- Belinda Humphrey, ed. *Essays on John Cowper Powys*. Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1972.
- Jeremy Hooker. *John Cowper Powys*, in the Writers of Wales series edited by Meic Stephens and R. Brinley Jones. Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1973.
- John A. Brebner. *The Demon Within, A Study of John Cowper Powys's Novels*. London, Macdonald, 1973.
- Glen Cavaliero. *John Cowper Powys: Novelist*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1973.
- Dante Thomas. *A Bibliography of the Writings of John Cowper Powys: 1872-1963*. Mamaroneck, New York: Paul A. Appel, 1975.

The *Newsletter* invites observations about, corrections of, quarrels with, or praise for any of these books; in next year's issue we hope to present a variety of viewpoints rather than one reviewer's opinion. Until April, 1976, the editor's address will be c/o Department of English, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Canada.

**Village Press**, 69 Regent Street, London, continues to bring out paperback reissues and first publications of the works of JCP. Most recent are two short novels written towards the end of the JCP's ninth decade: *Real Wraiths* and *Two & Two*. All Powysians owe large gratitude to Jeffrey Kwintner and his Village Press.

**Powys Seminars at the MLA Conventions:** Following the pattern of the forums held in Chicago, 1973, and New York, 1974, there will be a seminar at the MLA meetings in San Francisco, December 26-30, 1975. This year's chairman: Professor Dorset Graves of Chadron State College, Chadron, Nebraska 69337.

**Distribution:** The *Newsletter* goes at no charge to Powys scholars who are in touch with Colgate University Press. For others the cost is three dollars for number. Distributing a journal in so small a quantity is possible because of the many hours contributed by Lucia Blackmore of Colgate Press, Nancy Sastri of Colgate's English Department, Marian Blanchard and Cyndy Snyder of Colgate's Office of Public Information, Earl Widtman of Brodock Press - and the continuing support of the Colgate University Humanities Faculty Development Fund.

**Subscriptions:** Because *Newsletters* vary in size and time of publication, we cannot take prepaid subscriptions. Rather, we will accept standing orders, with an invoice accompanying each issue as it is mailed.

R.L. Blackmore  
Hamilton, N.Y. 13346  
July, 1975

Colgate University Press has  
published or distributed these  
works by John Cowper Powys:

ALL OR NOTHING (first edition)

ATLANTIS (first edition)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY (introductions by J.B. Priestley and R.L. Blackmore, 1968)

THE BRAZEN HEAD

A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE (preface by the author, 1953)

HOMER AND THE AETHER (first edition)

LETTERS TO LOUIS WILKINSON (first edition)

LUCIFER (signed edition)\*

MAIDEN CASTLE (introduction by Malcolm Elwin, 1966)

PORIUS (signed edition)\*

RODMOOR (introduction by G. Wilson Knight)

SELECTED POEMS (edited by Kenneth Hopkins, 1965)

UP AND OUT\*

VISIONS AND REVISIONS

WEYMOUTH SANDS

WOLF SOLENT (preface by the author, 1960)

these paperbacks produced by Village Press:

DOSTOIEVSKY

THE INMATES

IN DEFENSE OF SENSUALITY

REAL WRAITHS

OBSTINATE CYMRIC

TWO & TWO

A PHILOSOPHY OF SOLITUDE

and: Louis Marlow's *WELSH AMBASSADORS: Powys lives and  
Letters* (a new edition with an introduction by Kenneth  
Hopkins, 1971)

\*out of print