

EDITORIAL

It was, everyone agreed, a happy conference. This was partly because of the excellent facilities offered by the University of Sussex but largely the result of the warm and friendly atmosphere generated by the forty-seven members who attended. Conference regulars were joined by more than a dozen new members or those for whom this was a first conference and an immediate rapport was established.

The structure of the conference, mixing formal lectures with group discussions, readings and an impromptu slide show encouraged active participation by members and no doubt enhanced the atmosphere. Yet more imaginative developments are possible in the future and, whether you managed to join us in Brighton or not, our Secretary, Griffin Beale, will be pleased to receive any suggestions.

The Annual General Meeting attracted thirty-seven delegates and was a remarkably positive and forward-looking affair. Reports from the Secretary and Chairman follow this note, and in addition there were brief reports from the Treasurer and the Newsletter editor, as well as a lively account by Francis Feather of his work in promoting the Powyses in Zimbabwe.

The election of officers followed and these were as before with the exception that following the resignation of Susan Rands as Treasurer, Stephen Powys Marks was elected in her place. The following committee members were also elected: Margaret Eaton, Michael Everest, Peter Foss, Belinda Humfrey, Susan Rands, Paul Roberts and Subi Swift. Members co-opted to the committee were Frank Kibblewhite and Penny Smith and our overseas members, Charles Lock,

Larry Mitchell, Marius Buning, Jacqueline Peltier and Francis Feather were re-elected.

Stephen Allen, a Society member who is an accountant, was elected as official Society Auditor and Charles Lock and Paul Roberts were elected as joint official bibliographers. Michael Everest presented the meeting with a fascinating analysis of our membership, indicating a slight decline since 1983, which followed a period of growth. This clearly emphasised the need for a positive drive to increase membership, a theme also raised by Morine Krissdottir, our Chairman. Michael also outlined the possibilities for establishing local or regional groups and will be delighted to supply details to any member interested in setting up such a group.

Two further highlights of the conference were a very successful book sale conducted by Frank Kittlewhite and Louis de Buin, under the expert guidance of Francis Feather and a magnificent offer from Gerald Pollinger, allowing the Newsletter to publish an extract from John Cowper Powys's unpublished diary for 1929. The diary is enclosed as a special supplement to this Newsletter.

1989 has been a year of positive growth and development for the Society, a year upon which we must build in 1990.

Paul Roberts

Secretary's Report

The following is a summary of the Secretary's Report given at the conference by Griffin Beale.

"The Secretary stated that the year 1988/89 had been a busy and varied year during which the Society had taken positive steps towards a more secure future. It had also been a year of outstanding personal achievement, with important contributions being made by a number of members who, unprompted, had organised their own ways of promoting the Powyses.

Committee meetings had been held in London on 5th November and 4th February and in May at the general meeting Naomi Mitchison gave a talk to the Society about her friendship with Llewelyn Powys.

The Wilson Knight bequest was finally received in October 1988.

During 1989 The Powys Society became affiliated to the Alliance of Literary Societies whose objects include:

- a) Acting as a liaison body between member societies and, when necessary, as a pressure group;
- b) To be a referral body with a centre for enquiries and
- c) To assist where desirable and practicable in preserving buildings, places and objects with literary connections.

Finally, the Secretary reported that the Powys Society had attained charitable status on April 7th 1989 and the Secretary encouraged all members to pay their subscriptions by banker's standing order and to covenant their subscriptions, thereby enabling the Society to reclaim tax paid on each subscription."

Griffin Beale

[Further details of paying subscriptions by standing order and covenanting will shortly be available.]

Chairman's Report

The last two years have seen many changes in the Powys Society: the tangible ones have been a constitution and charitable status.

The larger change cannot be better explained than by the words of the object clause of the new constitution: "The Primary aim of the Society is to promote the public education and public recognition of the writings, thoughts and contributions to the arts of the Powys family."

That does not mean we will become an anonymous group of serious minded salesmen. We can and will still get great enjoyment and fun meeting old friends at these conferences and other events. That is also what the Society is about. What it does mean is that the Society is not a private club devoted to a cult figure. It is an organisation composed of people of all ages, interests, educational qualifications who have joined the Society because they believe in the greatness of the Powyses and believe that their writings have not, for whatever reason, been properly recognised.

The committee needs all your ideas of how to achieve this recognition. My personal belief is that we cannot lock ourselves into one way but experiment with a variety of ways. Obviously helping to promote the publication of the works of the Powyses is one way, but there are so many other possibilities of bringing the Powyses before the attention of the public that we have not explored.

And while it is the Powyses and not the Society that must take first place in any planning, the fact is that the more new members we attract to the Society, the easier will be our task.

In this next year, with the assistance of the committee and any member who wishes to volunteer time, effort or talent, I would like to pursue two goals:

- 1 explore ways of getting and keeping the Powyses and their circle in print.
- 2 increase membership by 25%.

Increasing membership is not an end in itself. But it would, combined with a more efficient method of collecting fees such as banker's orders, help to keep subscription rates down. I know that there are some members who wish to see the rates increased and we may eventually have to do so but I personally would hate to think that someone could not join or remain a member because he or she cannot afford the extra pounds. Let us try other methods this year. Having said that, we are of course always grateful for donations.

Increasing the number of members in the Society would also assist us, if indirectly, to promote the publishing of Powys. One cannot blame publishers for being cautious about authors who have not sold very well in the past. They are more interested if they can be certain of a specific number of sales. The Trollop society is bringing out a new edition of the complete works of Trollop by subscription. They are obviously confident in a large membership. We have 230 members. Publishers cannot afford to take a chance on numbers like that.

This past year has been largely groundwork to achieve these goals. I have been given great encouragement, assistance and advice from the committee and from members like Jeff Kwintner and Gerald Pollinger. The unusually quick acceptance of the Society by the Charity Commissioners as a charity is due solely to the persistence and skill of the secretary, Griffin Beale. I have spent a great deal of time writing, phoning, travelling to meetings. I was in Canada this summer but took time to attend the P.S.N.A. and talk to their members. It is a smaller society and more academically oriented, but there are areas where we are duplicating efforts and we should try to sort that out.

I also began to explore the amazing riches of Powys material in American University libraries. Somehow this information should be made available to our members.

It has been a busy year and will be even busier in 1990.

Morine Krissdottir

1990 Annual Conference

The Powys Society Weekend Conference 1990 will be held at The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, from August 25th-28th.

The theme of the conference will be "Being Missed": The Powyses in Exile. Suggestions about possible speakers or events are welcome. We would particularly like to hear from Llewelyn enthusiasts. Please write to the Secretary, Griffin Beale.

Found

One black stud ear-ring at the Sussex Conference.
Please contact Griffin Beale.

Profiles

The following contribution from Subi Swift, a member of the committee, continues our series of Profiles. We would welcome brief personal profiles from other Society members, so don't be bashful, attack the Olivetti or sharpen the H.B. and let us hear from you.

"I was born in London in 1945 and educated at Putney High School for Girls. My first career was with the Royal Shakespeare Company, for whom I worked for some ten years. My early years with the RSC were spent mainly with "Theatregoround", the Company's touring group, and as PA to John Barton. In my later years, I was a Play Reader and Researcher, amongst other things.

After this time with the RSC, I returned to full-time education and studied for an MA (in Modern English Literature) and then a PhD (on John Cowper Powys), both at the University of Reading. (My first degree was a BA in Modern Arts - English). My second, more recent career has been as a Lecturer in English Literature. I have taught, briefly, at Reading University and now teach nineteenth and twentieth-century literature at St Mary's College, Strawberry Hill. My special interest is the relationship between literature and the visual arts.

I am married and have a daughter of 17 and a son of 15½."

Letters to the Editor

This issue of the Newsletter contains a number of interesting and stimulating letters from members and encourages me to hope that this section will become an increasingly important forum for debate about the Society and all other Powysian matters. I would be particularly pleased to hear members' reactions to the current Newsletter, as well as ideas for its future development. Should the Newsletter reprint Powysian items otherwise difficult to obtain as well as newly written essays and articles, or should it simply provide members with basic information? As Newsletter editor I see my role as providing the kind of publication which members require and which will be of interest to the very broad spectrum of readers encompassed by our Society. Therefore, I need your ideas. Any suggestions for positive approaches to increasing membership will also be gratefully received.

Paul Roberts

from Graham Adamson:

"As a member of the Powys Society and a keen reader of the Powys brothers, I find that I am often overwhelmed by the sheer number of their works, published recently and in the distant past, and consequently wonder if such a thing as a check-list of books written by all of the members of the Powys family (and now in or out of print) is in existence anywhere?

I would be extremely grateful if you could offer any glimmer of hope in my quest!"

[Mr Adamson and other members will be pleased to know that just such a list, indicating details of books both in and out of print is being prepared by Alan Howe and will be available to members. Alan also hopes to provide a list of second-hand book sellers specialising in Powys so, if you know of any, please send details to the Newsletter. PR]

from Donald Ward:

"I found much sympathy with Frank Kibblewhite's recent article on Powyesian criticism. JCP, especially, has always struck me as a writer whose most vital concern is to create characters. Beyond, or involved in his visionary and acute intelligence - is his love of people. I have always detected too, felt an engaging honesty in his innermost portrayals. Frequently, his writing throbs. Such passionate concern for individuals (even allowing for his sometimes labyrinthine explorations) seems to me to make much academic criticism irrelevant. Half of our life is fantasy, anyway, and so wantonly escapes from the rational."

from Jacqueline Peltier

"I would like to join in the present debate about The Powys Review and hope you won't mind this contribution which comes from the other side of the Channel, but after thinking about it a lot, I feel compelled to give you my modest but earnest opinion. I have been a member of the Powys Society since 1983 and have come to every conference up to now. It took me from 1975 (when I happened to "discover" Weymouth Sands) to 1983 to find that the Society existed and I was delighted to see that it consisted in a happy blending of very different people, coming from many

horizons and all devoted to promoting or sharing the works and ideas of those three extraordinary brothers. I remember very well the first conference I attended, in Weymouth precisely, how friendly the people were, especially dear Derrick Stephens, the Secretary at that time (your predecessor!). I had already received my "first" Powys Review at home, and what a joy that was too!

Don't believe I am being sentimental over the whole thing. Living as I do, here, in the country in France, and rather isolated, it was a momentous event for me and led to my wanting to study in Paris with Prof Gresset in order to get to a better understanding of the work of my favourite writer, John Cowper Powys. There is nothing "academic" in this. And I am sorry to say I do not share Frank Kibblewhite's way of seeing the problem at all. It is true that a Society, in order to stay alive, needs to expand and find new members. Our American friends do not seem to have any trouble in that respect. Maybe we should investigate and learn what their methods are? I also belong to the "Societe des Amis de Marcel Proust" and can assure you that it is very prosperous although their Review is far more on the "academic" side and rather austere. Of course I realise that Marcel Proust is well ahead in international recognition, compared to JCP! But perhaps that crucial problem facing the Powys Society of not finding new blood lies mostly in the non-recognition of the English people at large (which may well start at school, through the reluctance or disapproval or distaste of the teachers of English Literature) of one of the very great writers England has had in the 20th Century. I suggest that perhaps this is something worth being analysed, examined and worked upon. Besides, in this age of growing unculture, videos, comic strips and television, who would be bold enough to say it is easy to find a

"general reading public", ready to spend part of their evenings reading ... Powys, Proust or Dostoievsky, instead of watching the latest "soap"? I am, I am afraid, rather pessimistic about "public education", but hope to be proved wrong.

But, to come back to our debate about The Powys Review, I would like to state here my gratitude to Belinda Humfrey for her most generous part in promoting the works of the Powyses for so many years, with such scholarship and devotion. The PR is, I still maintain, indispensable for the public at large, in England and also for a number of people elsewhere who thus widen their understanding and for whom the PR is a link. Nothing can really replace it, although I appreciate the friendly and relaxed tone of the Newsletter. Both are necessary, certainly. The financial side of the "problem" is probably important. But solutions should be found without withdrawing our support to the PR.

And I certainly agree - this is something very important to us all - with James Dawson when he points out the danger for the Society to turn, volens nolens, into two fairly antagonistic groups, thus bringing our friendly and precious Society to its end. I pray all the Gods for it never to happen!"

[One point which emerges clearly from the beginning of Jacqueline's letter is the need to promote the Powys Society as widely as possible and ensure that those who discover the writings of the Powys family know at once that such a Society exists.

Whilst the Powys Society and the Powys Society of North America may well have much to learn from one another and are certainly mutually supportive, comparisons between the two Societies are difficult because of their very different natures. The PSNA,

for example, has a fairly static membership of about 50 and is an almost entirely academic group. This is not to suggest that one group serves the cause of promoting the Powyses more effectively than the other; simply to point out the differences between our Societies.

I think the evidence of the recent conference, in which a large and very diverse group shared their enthusiasm so productively, should allay any fears of our Society splintering into "two fairly antagonistic groups".

Perhaps other members would like to join the debate.
PR]

from ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

The Search for John

"As someone who would awake in terror at the heavy grind of German bombers over Corfe Castle, learnt nature study early, loved music and cycled regularly everywhere, including Mappowder and Bullbarrow, I grew up into a Dorset teenager. Seaman, Baker, Clerk and now Teacher at Pontefract I have been writing secretly for years. Self educated I am not inhibited but rather excited by a new name to come to terms with.

I discovered JCP in my own wayward fashion and was enthralled by his learning as with his characters living in Glastonbury, Weymouth or Dorchester. Remember Maiden Castle and Egdon Heath are found in music too! Here was a countryside burdened by myth and timelessness; people forever seeking salvation within it, and burdened by sombre influences. So a recent walk from Daggers Gate to see his brother

Llewelyn's memorial stone, to find Chydyok, to see a restored shelter where Llewelyn slept and wrote, then to visit Theodore's grave at Mappowder, was but to extend an adventure already begun.

But where was John in these realities of place?

That reference to the Cave metaphor in Plato's Republic in Owen Glendower leads me to reflect that John is at once the most distant and universal of English writers, for he draws together the Classical with the Hebraic, the Celtic with the Buddhist, into compositions as chromatic and orchestrated as any opera from the decades around his birth, and as reverberating as any Nothe on a stormy night. Surely we have in the chapter 'Difanoll' that cavern of shadows casting its power upon the novels ending, for the Welsh Prince is preparing to journey downwards back into the firelight with its awaiting manacles instead of upwards into any radiance from an absolute Sun. Difanoll seems as much a place as Mathrafal or Montacute - a place of spiritual homecoming. With John's ashes scattered over the Fleet with its Swannery, was he acknowledging the call of Annwn?"

Our First Honorary Member

At the committee meeting held on September 15th 1989, it was unanimously agreed that the Society should invite Mr C Benson Roberts to become our first honorary member in recognition of his services to the Powys family and their admirers. Members will be interested to read the following correspondence between our secretary, Griffin Beale, and Mr Roberts:

"Dear Mr Roberts,

I am writing to you on behalf of the committee of the Powys Society.

At a committee meeting held at our annual week-end conference at the University of Sussex earlier this month the committee discussed the question of Honorary Membership. By clause 3.5 of the Society's new constitution the committee has the right to accord Honorary Membership to any person who in the committee's opinion is so deserving.

I am aware that you were a founder member of the Powys Society and the Chairman of the Society during its early years. I also remember reading somewhere that you were responsible for arranging John Cowper's first lecture in Wales, and, of course, you were responsible for the interesting correspondence from JCP published by Village Press in 1975.

It is therefore with great pleasure that I must inform you that the committee has unanimously decided that you should become the first Honorary Member of the Powys Society under the terms of the Society's constitution. I hope very much that you will agree to accept this small recognition of your contribution towards the world of the Powyses and the Powys Society over many years.

With my very best wishes and those of the committee.

Yours sincerely

Griffin Beale
General Secretary"

"Dear Mr Beale,

It was with surprise and great delight that I received your letter of 24 September informing me as to the decision of the committee at the annual conference. It is a great honour to be thought worthy of being made the first Honorary Member of the Powys Society.

You are quite right in recalling that I was responsible for JCP's first lecture in Wales. It was in the Autumn of 1938 that a youth called at my grocery shop in Bridgend and, without preamble, asked me if I would consider organising a lecture in Bridgend by the novelist John Cowper Powys. It seems that he had heard me give a talk on Bernard Shaw to the sixth form of a local school one or two years before. The young man was Gerard Casey, now retired from farming in Kenya and still a valued friend. JCP's lecture took place on 5 December 1938 and his subject was "The First Four Books of the Mabinogion". A further lecture was given in the town on 1 April 1940. "What a good lunatic day for it", said John. His subject on this occasion was "The Tragedies of Shakespeare". When, after the first lecture, I suggested that he must be exhausted he replied, "Not a bit; it's the audience that were exhausted, I drew my energy out of them". Never have I listened to such eloquent oratory delivered with such force.

My wife and I formed a close friendship with JCP and it was with great generosity that, in 1942, he dedicated "Mortal Strife" to "Ben and Janie Roberts of Penybont ar Ogwr."

In 1967 a history teacher in Salford, Miss Barbara Spencer, advertised in "TLS" and The New Statesman for any person interested in John Cowper Powys to get in touch with her: I and several others did. The

outcome was the formation of the Powys Society that initially met as a small group in Hampstead. In March 1969 a Committee was formed and I was proud to be elected the first Chairman. I retired as Chairman in October 1972 after the memorable centenary celebration of John Cowper's birth held at Churchill College, Cambridge.

As you see, the Powys family, and in particular JCP have formed part of the very fabric of my life. It is a source of pride and some contentment that more than fifty years after first meeting JCP I should now be honoured by the Society in this way.

With renewed thanks and may the spirit of the Powyses continue to inspire the Society for many years to come.

Yours sincerely

C Benson Roberts"

Announcement

A Walk Around Sherborne (Ramsguard)

On SUNDAY 17th DECEMBER 1989 there will be an impromptu walk around Sherborne, paying particular attention to the movements of Wolf Solent and the origins of Mr Geard's famous pageant.

The walk (reasonably flat, approx 3 miles) will begin at 1.00 pm sharp from outside the ticket office of Sherborne Railway Station. Sensible winter clothes and footwear please. Fine weather NOT guaranteed.

Early lunch available from various hostelryes throughout the town. Afternoon tea a problem so suggest a thermos flask.

Participation FREE, but pocket money (£1.00 minimum) will be needed.

Members and non-members welcome.

Walks currently under preparation:

- 1 Improved Sherborne walk to take place during next spring when the town is especially pretty.
- 2 Blacksod to King's Barton walk with lunch either in The Three Peewits or The Farmers Rest (to be decided). PROVISIONALLY Spring Bank Holiday weekend.

More details in next Newsletter.

Books For Sale

Tim Parsons of Wolvert Hollow, Teddars Leas Road, Etchinghill, Folkestone, Kent. CT18 8DA has a copy of The Letters of Elizabeth Myers (1951) edited by Littleton C Powys for sale. Apart from a few chips to the dustwrapper the book is in very good condition. Enclosed in the book is an interesting letter from Littleton Powys to Mrs Cecil Chesterton, sister-in-law of G K Chesterton. The book is also inscribed by LCP and is offered to members at £35, post free in the UK.

John Wignall of "Woodlands", Longmoss Lane, New Longton, Lancashire. PR4 4XN offers the following Powys books to members:

Llewelyn Powys:

Love and Death in repaired dw	1st ed	£18
Skin for Skin	1st ltd ed	£25
Swiss Essays	1st ed in chipped dw	£12
Thirteen Worthies	1st Eng ed	£24
The Pathetic Fallacy	1st ed	£15
The Verdict of Bridlegoose	1st ltd ed dw	£34
The Life of Llewelyn Powys by Malcolm Elwin	1st ed dw	£24
Llewelyn Powys by Kenneth Hopkins	1st ed dw	£14

John Cowper Powys:

Autobiography 1967	ed dw	£12
A Glastonbury Romance	1st ed dw exceptionally clean	£55
Powys to Knight (letters)	1st ed	£8

Littleton Charles Powys:

Still The Joy Of It	1st ed	£15
The Powys Family (pamphlet)		£8
The Letters of Elizabeth Myers (ed)	1st ed dw	£14

Er L A Powys:

Ode To The West Wind	Paper covers	1st ed	£10
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G Wilson Knight:

The Saturnian Quest	1st ed dw	£10
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The current catalogue of Riderless Horse Books,

2 Station Hill Cottages, Brampton, Beccles, Suffolk.
NR34 8EE contains 58 items of Powys interest,
including several Village Press editions.

The Powys Society has recently purchased a large stock of Village Press books for re-sale to members. A full list is to be published in the next issue of the Newsletter, but interested members may contact Griffin Beale, our secretary, for further details.

Forthcoming Publications

Gerald Pollinger has supplied details of the following forthcoming publications of interest to members:



1 Father Adam - now available. See the next
for a review of this exciting publication
by the Brynmill Press.

2 The Market Bell - Brynmill Press - 1990

3 The Two Thieves - Brynmill Press - 1990

4 Fables - Rigby and Lewis - early 1990

J C Powys:

1 Powys To The Trovillions - Cecil Woolf Ltd - 1990

2 Letters To A Japanese Friend - Cecil Woolf Ltd -
1990

- 3 Visions and Vices: Essays on J C Powys by G Wilson Knight - Cecil Woolf Ltd - 1990
- 4 The Complete Porius - Colgate University Press - 1992
- 5 Atlantis - Richard Maxwell - Valpairaiso - Two magazines - 1991
- 6 Confessions of Two Brothers - Granit - France - 1990
- 7 Morwyn - Christian Bourgois - France - 1990
- 8 Wood and Stone - Phebus - France - 1990
- 9 Romer Mowl - Panel Desmoulains - France - 1989
- 10 Singular Figures - Footprint Press - 1989

Recent Titles:

- 1 Nectar in a Sieve (poems) - Rigby and Lewis - 1990

We are also pleased to announce the forthcoming publications of the long-awaited study of John Cowper Powys by Professor Ernst Verbeek, "De Goden Verzoeken. Over John Cowper Powys, zijn persoon en zijn werk". ("Tempting The Gods. On JCP, his person and his work.")

The book of 320 pages, is to be published in Dutch by Van Gorcum and Comp bv, Industrieweg 38, 9403 AB Assen, Postbox 43, 9400 A A Assen, The Netherlands. There are also plans for a possible French translation.

The Toucan Press of Rue Des Monts, Delancey Park, St Sampson, Guernsey, Via Britain have recently published "Some Poets of The Romantic Revival and After", the syllabus for a lecture series given by JCP in Salisbury in 1906. Copies of this ten page photocopied pamphlet are available from the publisher at £1 plus postage.

Reviews

In this issue of the Newsletter we are pleased to welcome Alan Howe as a reviewer. We look forward to many future contributions from Alan.

Sylvia Townsend Warner: A Biography by Claire Harman
(Chatto & Windus £16.95)

This biography is not only a book for the steadily growing circle of admirers of Sylvia Townsend Warner's writing. It is, simply, a substantial and fascinating literary biography written with the utmost adroit discernment, and as such can be enjoyed by the reader who has never encountered Sylvia Townsend Warner's work. This is perhaps one of the most important aspects of the book; it is not written for a cult audience, but has a completeness and accessibility which will commend it to the general reader - who will no doubt be spurred on to read more of this relatively little known author.

However, for those who are long standing admirers of STW's writing, this book has much to offer. Most importantly, we are given a balanced and judicious view of the life of this fine and original writer, whose character emerges from these pages as a mixture of fastidious intellect and clear-eyed but humane practicality. In addition to this, Claire Harman has also presented us with an equally fascinating

portrait of the introspective, self tormenting, but ultimately courageous Valentine Ackland.

Claire Harman obviously has a deep admiration for her subject, and her enthusiasm gives a warmth to this biography which would be missing from a more detached appraisal. Nonetheless, there is no sense of special pleading, which might have marred the biography of a comparatively neglected writer: Sylvia Townsend Warner is presented to us in such a way that her good qualities are allowed to speak for themselves.

Singular Figures: Six Lectures by John Cowper Powys:
edited by Paul Roberts (Footprint Press £10)

In order to realise just how significant this book is, one has only to reflect on the number of articles and books which have been written about John Cowper Powys in which the author laments - quite rightly - that several decades of Powys lectures disappeared on the vanishing air of the lecture hall.

Until the appearance of Singular Figures our only record of what Powys actually said on the lecture platform was the booklet of his debate with Bertrand Russell on modern marriage. The publication of this book is the first time that any Powys lecture has appeared in print.

The book begins with an informative introduction by the editor, Paul Roberts, who not only discusses the texts printed in Singular Figures, but also presents us with a valuable survey of John Cowper's life as a lecturer.

The lectures date from around 1910, and thus give us a view of Powys at a comparatively early stage in his career. Nonetheless, we should not view these

lectures simply as a piece of early Powysiana presented as a literary curiosity; the John Cowper Powys who composed them is recognisable as the author who went on to write Autobiography, Wolf Solent and A Philosophy of Solitude. At the time these lectures were being delivered, Powys still had about 20 years of American lecturing and over 50 years of authorship ahead of him, and yet many of the themes and concerns that were to characterise his most important work are already in evidence. His interest in the philosophical and religious standpoint of the authors who drew his attention, his desire to communicate in a non-academic, even popular, fashion, his sympathy with the poor and "ill-constituted", to use JCP's own phrase, and the rolling oratorical style which was to become a hallmark of his prose are all to be found in these lectures.

As a unique landmark in Powys studies, and for offering us a series of texts every bit as exciting, original, and challenging as those in Suspended Judgements and The Pleasures of Literature, Singular Figures deserves a secure place in the Powys canon; and Paul Roberts has earned the gratitude of all admirers of John Cowper Powys for bringing these lectures to light, and presenting them in this thoroughly admirable volume.

Alan Howe

Subscriptions

The time for paying your subscriptions for 1990 is coming round. Now that the Society is a registered charity, you can help us both financially and in our administration if you take the following simple steps:

pay your subscription by standing order, and sign a covenant in favour of the Society.

It is many years since the Society last invited **standing orders**, but we are sure that if we can get a good proportion of members subscribing in this way, the boring but essential jobs of producing annual reminders and checking paid subscriptions can be much reduced. So **please** use the standing order form which you will find enclosed with this newsletter. You can then happily forget the annual payment, and need not worry that you might not get the publications.

Covenanting is new for the Society: this was not available for the Society before because we were not a registered charity. With our new status, however, if you sign a **deed of covenant**, the Society can reclaim the standard rate of tax which you have paid on your subscription. This means that, with the present standard rate of 25%, for every three members who sign a covenant, we receive the equivalent of a fourth subscription. The more who do this the better for the Society, of course, but if enough members sign covenants we can delay the time when we have to raise the subscription: so it is in your own interest also to help the Society with a covenant. The deed of covenant enclosed is designed to allow for future increases in the subscription; however, you are only committed to paying for so long as you are a member of the Society.

Please, therefore, help the Society by signing the **deed of covenant** and the **standing order**, and return them together to Griffin Beale.

Stephen Powys Marks, Treasurer

PS If you do not pay tax, you should not sign a covenant.

[Owing to delays with the intricacies of the Inland Revenue it has not been possible to enclose covenanting forms with this issue of the Newsletter. A standing order form will, we hope, be enclosed. Further details will be sent to members as soon as possible. PR]

GREETINGS CARDS

There has not been time to produce another greetings card for this year, but we will try our best for next. We still have some of the two already published: these are two designs by **Gertrude Mary Powys**, one a wood-engraving of **St Catherine's Church Montacute**, the other a pen sketch of **Montacute Vicarage**. Both are on folded cards, half the size of the newsletter page, blank inside, with envelope, weighing less than 10 grams. They are packed in tens, and cost £2 for 10 including p&p.

Please order with cheque, payable to Stephen Marks, from Hamilton's, Kilmersdon, near Bath, Somerset. You will get your cards almost by return.

STOP PRESS NEWS:

Joan Stevens of 2 Prospect Road, London NW2 2JT (Tel: 01-794-5013) has just issued The Powys : Catalogue 2, containing 244 items by the Powys family and their associates, including several rare periodical publications and a series of five letters from Llewelyn Powys.

JOHN COWPER POWYS



Singular Figures

Six Lectures

Edited by Paul Roberts



22 Worcester Road, Colchester, Essex, CO1 2RH

August

1929

from the unpublished diary of

John Cowper Powys



AUGUST 1929

In June 1929 John Cowper Powys left his companion Phyllis Playter, the T.T. (Tiny Thin) of these pages, at their home in New York and set sail on a journey to England, where he was to visit his family and collect material for A Glastonbury Romance. Almost as soon as his ship left port he began to record his travels for the benefit of Phyllis and thus was begun a diary lasting thirty years.

The diary for 1929 provides many vivid portraits of the family and a unique and enlightening account of the time spent with his wife Margaret and their son Littleton Alfred, then an Anglican priest. The section printed here concerns a journey which John Cowper made via Stonehenge to Northwold in the company of his beloved brother Littleton Charles and then, following a brief stay in London, to Folkestone, the home of Margaret and Littleton Alfred, and ends with his return to America.

We are deeply indebted to Mr Francis Powys and Mr Gerald Pollinger for their generosity in allowing us to publish this extract from such an important work. Whilst what follows is not a scholarly or definitive text, having been prepared from a typescript, we believe that it will be of enormous interest to members and will stimulate further the desire to see a more complete edition of the Diaries, following the pioneering work of Mr Frederick Davies and the Greymitre Press.

Paul Roberts

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Thursday, August 1, 1929

Walked with Lulu & Alyse to meet Littleton in his car. He had had difficulties with the gates. Felt funny at leaving Lulu & Alyse after a happy lunch all together. It seemed very strange setting off in the car with them left behind at the gate of the White Nore. Past Dorchester got a glimpse of Rothesay House. Past Poundbury & Charminster (the site of Duccame) past Nether Carne here we go out to see the river where L has hired fishing rights. Saw Anagallis Veronica and Purple Loosestrife reeds & rushes and dark deep water. Stopped at a gate to look at the Cerne Giant with erect cod-piece. Littleton had shown it to Aunt Etta and it had made her blush - being old fashioned. But the Giant looked like a monstrous Quetyocoatl or Baal. I think it is Punic. Past the place L & I had walked as boys when I beat him because I tumbled down. Mabel had got tea. She has no maid. She most generously is going to give me a bottle of whisky for our trip.

The garden here is beautiful. A wonderful Rock-Garden in the Quarry and a pond full of little yellow water-lilies. There is a whole border of Salperglosses and some poppies from Marian's garden. There is a lovely rose called Ophelia. The view of the slopes is beautiful; also the Abbey with Toller Down as its back. Had raspberry juice and cream for supper. Saw the row of chimneys that I used to associate with wishing I were dead or feeling unworthy to live.

Went to the Cricket Field thro' gates of Ham Hill stone dedicated to John Carey. For the 1st time went into the upper room of the Pavilion.

Friday, August 2, 1929

Woke up in spare room with windows open to the slopes and wood-pigeons murmuring and heavy honeysuckle scents and long shadows and spacious morning sunshine had drunk a little too much of Mabel's whisky so could not drink the strong tea that old Littleton brought up & woke me with. He is now studying maps of our route. The chief difficulty seems to lie between Windsor and where little Emily lives near Reading. Felt unworthy to have the little T. & to see such a morning on the trees & grass. Resolved to work hard and steadily at my book on Glastonbury to repay the gods for all the happiness I have - which is entirely owing to my having by chance found the T. luck - luck - luck - luck - luck - luck! - Found the T. does that mean the Tao O casual eavesdroppers upon this Diary. Does it mean that? I am the happiest of human beings who have ever lived; and all by pure chance & by meeting with the T.. Started via the Bristol Road to nearly the Corton Downs wth end with Cadbury Camp w^{ch} is the same as Camelot. Saw a signpost for Milborne Port. Came thro' Wincanton in Somerset. Overtook Huntsmen in dark crimson with white. They politely got their hounds out of the way to let us pass. Past two lovely young girls with very thin legs driving cattle. L.C.F. greeted them very gently. Past the village of Mere. Saw Shaftesbury in the distance. Came within a few miles of Stalbridge.

Here was I, going direct from my father's birthplace, to my mother's or near to it. Came to Salisbury Plain and had lunch in the hedge & found two strange flowers. Toothwort & Helleborine.

Reached Stonehenge. I prayed to the actual stones of Stonehenge. I said - "O Stonehenge help me to write such a book on Glastonbury as has never been writ of any place." I drank rain water out of a hollow in the stone of sacrifice - I knelt on the edge of the altar-stone. I invoked Merlin and my Three Great Spirits of the Earth. I carried water in the palm of my hand for the handle of my stick.

Saw litte Emily. Had tea at St Albans. Saw Windsor Castle. Stayed the night at the White Hart in Newmarket - 13 miles from Ely Cathedral.

Saturday, August 3, 1929

Came out of Newmarket by the Norwich Road crowded with Bank Holiday cars, lorries, bicycles, motor cycles, some little tiny babies told us to turn and take a different road for Northwold. Reached Beaudon Heath, crossed the heath & came to Northwold entering by the drive through the field. The large Cedar is still there but the Lime has been cut down. Walked to the little River and the boat house. The pond is dried up - the lily-pond in the rose-garden is filled up with earth. Tapped the ground with my forehead where the arbour stood to propitiate the ghosts of some worms that one Sunday in dark secret intense passion when all were in church I cut to pieces with a knife. Three times I tapped the ground - & what old Littleton thought I cannot tell; he was smelling the Phloxes as I did too presently for it

is of this place I always think when I smell Phloxes. No boat is in the boathouse it is full of mud. Visited the vast kitchen garden surrounded by high walls. Had lunch in the Dining Room & then walked to Foulden's Bridge where Littleton had caught his first fish with the help of Aunt Dora. Crossed the Bridge where I thought of the T.T. & walked through loosestrife willow herb meadow sweet (very tall) to the Corner Hole - where we saw dace and roach - no perch no pike - went to Foulden village to the gamekeeper's cottage. (we need not have done this; all the people fishing without leave) After tea we went by a long Drove to Dye's Hole. here was a dark silent youth fishing alone. Long grassy Drovers over this fen-like land. Poplars willows alders dark woods in the distance over rough fields full of tall weeds it is wild far off country - far more remote than Wessex. It is wild and flat and rank with tall weeds. The roads are straight and highwaymen-like. & tall reeds & rushes everywhere and vast unfragmented parks that are more like great lonely Moors. Littleton is troubled a little by the state of the two Rivers which are more sluggish than of old but we have seen plenty of roach and dace and a shoal of gudgeon. Vaguely now I recall seeing a Red Hornless Cow near the little River.

Sunday, August 4, 1929

Went to Morning Service at ten - no sermon - the 19th Psalm - tried to work and adjust the engines of my mind to find some sort of a secondary place in my secret mythology for the God of my parents

grand-parents but found it rather difficult but in a certain way easier and less of a committal than that crucified God of my son who seems quite out of it in this cult of "patres conscripti". Talked to one old Clerk who has been here 59 years and went then into the cottage of Mr Manning, aged 81, my grandfather's gardener who asked us to tea this afternoon. It is raining. What a shame for the August holiday-makers God ought to be ashamed to

send rain just now. But the Wessex ponds and cattle want it enough! Maybe He do mind more o' they, than of the endless lovers who must want this weekend to be fine! It is finer now. We walked before lunch by the Little River and talked to a little wild shy Pony in the field the other side of the bridge and looked at the shoal of Gudgeon w' are in the same place. After lunch we walked to Foulden Bridge and along the river to Dye's Hold and Alder Dyke. Here we found Mr Bateman's boat moored. Here we saw a large Perch which Littleton wants to catch tomorrow for me to eat. I gave it a warning. We shall see. We then visited Mr Bateman the farmer. He gave us the key of the Boat - & its use without a penny to pay. Then to tea with Mr Manning the gardener (aged 81). A lovely cottage - a bookshelf with Lorna Doone in it & Littleton translated at sight a Greek quotation w' Blackmore (He is the author of the last poem in the Oxford Book of Verse) had put in the title page. It was in Doric Greek (very hard) Then went to Harrod's Mill Pool dark and deep with enormous fish swimming in it great dace and chub & trout - a mystic sight - the pool of Cybele. Met some Welsh collier-boys who are learning to farm to emigrate to Australia. I have

seen two marsh-marigolds in the meadows; strange to see at this season -

Monday, August 5, 1929

Looked at the church roof and the cedar tree when I woke up and meditated on what the word humility means and repentance especially in regard to all my sins of omission in regard to the T.T...what you O casual reader may think it (three letter word illegible - typist) like, means the Tao! Old Littleton always visits me after I have drunk the excellent tea brought me by Mrs Royal. He sits on my bed and says "this is a heavenly Asylum" and that it was here he first listened to wood-pigeons. Today he has nobly sacrificed his (word illegible - looks like lounging - typist) to start fishing at once so that I can have a morning to write all my important letters. Well, we set out down the Drove to Dye's Hole. Littleton soon caught a good-sized Dace and a fair-sized Roach and later another Roach. He also caught three little ones which he threw back. We came upon a crowd of very tiny little girls paddling but Littleton sternly commanded them to come out because of the danger of the deep water. This they did & it fell to my lot to guard them while they put on their stockings which some refused to do - Aye! but they had thin little legs! We sent them off to the little river where later we found them again, still in the water but in safer depth. We made friends with a little boy called Edward Wilkins who carried the landing net for Littleton. The reeds are high. The willow herb in full flower as high as our heads & reflected in the water. After tea tho' I secretly felt tired we walked along the road from which in clear weather

you can see Ely Cathedral. Here we met an ex-London Policeman who lives in Northwold carrying some dead pigeons. He walked back with us & showed us his Ferrets. I note the fact that although I shirked that cliff called "Scratchy" with Lulu it was easier to risk a pricking under my ribs so as not to shirk a walk. Endurance is easier to me it appears than initiative.

Tuesday, August 6, 1929

I did feel a faint pricking when I woke up - but it will pass off. But standing watching fishing must have a tiny bit wearied me. But I could not shirk that walk toward Oxboro' Ferry where once with grandfather, Father, & Uncle Cowper we all went fishing. I recall that Uncle Cowper refused, he alone, to "put on worms". This morning I ate the fish that Littleton caught (word unrecognisable) but they had a lot of bones. But the two cats at the window finished them. Mrs Royal does not like cats: so the two cats left by the clergyman are a little bit on our conscience. I thought a great deal of the Tao (the T.T.) while I waited for Mrs Royal to bring the cup of tea at 7.30 am & so I listened to the wind in the great trees - no other sound audible. I am in Grandfather & Grandmother's room - Littleton in Aunt Dora's. How the wind does sound in the poplars and the big cedar-tree! Wrote letters all the morning. Walked to Foulden Bridge and back - met the grey man who has an "adopted" daughter who says she is "a princess". Had raspberries for lunch. Saw little Phyllis, who is the only child round here, solemnly swinging herself in the swing that hangs to the Cedar. She has a light foot and flowing hair. She appeared

suddenly by the little river. Went fishing all the afternoon. I feel a silly sentimental hypocrite in refusing to land the fish; tho' I carry the landing net & reluct not at eating them. It teases (?) me to walk over trodden-down rushes, & to see so many broken stalks of willow-herbs.

Littleton is now trying to find Sotterly on the map. We cannot find it. I keep wishing I had swung Phyllis in that swing. The reeds bow in gusty wind. Huge black clouds roll over the horizon. The willows bend & the poplars bow down.

Wednesday, August 7, 1929

Still feel a very slight pricking... but it will pass. It was that attempt to reach Oxboro' when we met the ex-policeman. This morning L.C.P. drove me to Ely. ELY CATHEDRAL is the most beautiful - I here swear - of all in England. You don't have to pay sixpence as in Wells to get into the choir or to reach the altar - the whole enormous place is open as a street including a vast richly decorated Lady Chapel that is used as a Parish Church for a whole parish. The choir was built by a certain Bishop Hugh, a native of Northwold. One great tower fell down in 1296 & was replaced by a queer octagonal "Lantern" with glass windows. I secretly snatched several superstitious "bowings & scrapings" when old L was studying the general impression. We lunched at the Bull. L would not let me smoke a cigarette lest it should offend some ladies. L is really very like our Father. Saw a noble Windmill and crossed the river Ouse which flows thro' Cowper's Olney. Admired several old brick Jacobean manors.

Crossed the real Fens to the "Isle of Ely" - saw a red sail on the river. Meditated on the Fens and on flat water meadows how they look and thought of Sedgemoor. Ely means the Isle of Eelo. The incident of Marion Fulton and the word "S - d"! Followed L. fishing in the evening but came to certain "strong" conclusions very much against sport. Yes. I here have come to the conclusion that all sport is wicked and wrong.

Thursday, August 8 1929

It may be right to kill to live. I actually heard the Dace cry out as well as the sound of its neck breaking. It is certainly wrong to kill for pleasure. I cannot rid my memory very easily, though I can do so, of the sound of the breaking of the neck of the fish; w^h is L's way with them. Personally I w^h sooner drown in thin air - w^h is their death. It struck me as discordant (to put it gently) to hear this sound in the soughing of the reeds and the splash of the swallows. L gets the most intense pleasure out of it. He does throw back the little ones - but there it is! - it is wrong; & I am ashamed of supporting it by sharing these thin morsels with the voracious cats. There has been the funeral in this village today of Mrs Royal's aunt. Mrs Royal thinks she will sleep tonight now it is all over. But L. is quite free from my vice. What is it in these Sportsmen? It is a mystery - a mystery - a dark evil mystery. Is it vicious or what is it? Spent the whole of this day in the boat. L sacrificed his fishing for the most heavenly drift down the river I've ever had - nearly to Oxboro' Ferry. Loosestrife Willow herb water buttercups, yellow water-lilies. Clear water and green weeds -

perfect - had lunch in the boat. Saw the sun setting afterwards from the bath-room here. Did grandfather plant the Catalpa outside this window? The green meadows - the Jacobean roofs - the grey smoke - the willow-trees. Thought a lot of the T.T. and as I worshipped the sun I invoked Saint Etheldreda of the Fens who founded Ely.

Friday, August 2, 1909

Met Aunt Etta at Brandon & took her back to Northwold. She went to see old Miss Ellit who is mad. We went to the Dillington (?) bridges & saw a trout as well as large roach. I behaved badly with old Littleton while Aunt Etta was talking to the madwoman. I defended Uncle Cecil to whom reference arose and told old Littleton that I advocated Free Love and was a champion of it. This was of course untrue; but his peculiar tone in speaking of Uncle Cecil annoyed me. Poor "Rackety Rector of Rickinghall". But it was malicious to burst out for it is not "complacency" as Lulu says that is Littleton's fault. I don't quite know what it is but he is so grave & anxious and serious & concerned - not complacent at all! He then drove me with Aunt Etta to Yaxham where I saw Aunt Dora's grave also those of my grandfather & grandmother and Uncle Cowper, Hamilton's father. The Church is Danish and has a round arch & a round tower. I remembered the drive where I had heard of the death of Uncle Littleton. I remembered a certain pond. I liked William Blyth Uncle Cecil's son who is the rector. Drove to Norwich. Julia waited upon us at dinner in Aunt Etta's house. After dinner we walked across (in the Close) to visit Katie Donne who is going with her daughter Mary to East Chaldon. I liked Cousin

Katie very much. (and Mary too). Katie Donne is a cousin of Mrs Siddons whose name was Kemble. Aunt Etta gives me all the whiskey I want - w' I am glad of for I still have that pricking. The drawing room here is perfect. Have just said goodnight to old Littleton in the great four posted bed with a canopy over it.

Saturday, August 10, 1929

Last night as we came thro' the Close from Cousin Katie Donne I noted an amusing touch of treachery towards - in my dear Aunt Etta in "the incident of the Spare-Room" - Above us at this second as we finish breakfast is Cowper's picture & on the side-board his tea-caddy & in the spare-room his washing-basin. Julia brought me my morning tea in Aunt Dora's presentation silver tea-pot given her by the Lady Mayoress of Norwich & the Labor Leader of Norwich the famous Sheriff, Miss Clarkson. I am now fiercely pleading that the Cowper MSS especially his Odyssey should be given or sold to Olney Museum. Aunt Etta says this Socialist Sheriff of Norwich is the best woman she knows.

Went with L to the Cattle Market. The Bulls were most content - the pigs had a sublime calm & were half asleep - but the cows were wretched and the heifers and little bulls. The human race as embodied in the Norfolk farmers seemed awful to me. Saw the tomb of Sir Thomas Browne. L. translated the latin. Saw the tombs of my great, great, and great, great, great grandfathers - John Pattesons both Lord Mayors of Norwich. Went into Norwich Cathedral. L. I noted, bowed his head (for the first time) in 'the little' chapel devoted to Westcott ex-headmaster of Sherborn.

Huge Norman pillars & a fan-tracery Roof. Went by bus - missed L.C.P. very much - to Nampton (Naughton?) Rectory Suffolk from Ipswich the Pond. The Milky Way & Shooting Stars. Betty ill in bed. Robin, Lucy and Gee. F. furiously attacked my book - dull empty unreal. She spoke eloquently of Egypt the Bridge of St Louis Rey and the Plumed Serpent. I found 30 sorts of wild flowers along their lane. Oliver bathed and swam in that frightening pond. O I did like him so - Aunt Betty too - They are lovely children. I went to the pond with a bucket.

Sunday, August 11, 1929

O what a good thing I have found the T.T.

By bus to Ipswich. I did not say a proper farewell to Frances in the mad rush of getting away so early. I had breakfast alone while Mrs Gregg talked to me. Oliver carried my bag to the bus. Just caught a train to Liverpool Street - past Colchester and "Stratford-attee-Bow". Found Mr Scarboro' in. He was sweet to me. He is such a nice youth. He has made it possible for Frances to finish her novel & send it to a publisher. He is very tidy. He is devoted to Frances. He showed me some books with pictures of Egyptian things. He defended Lawrence's Lady Chatterley on very strange grounds. Bertie likes this book too & says it is a masterpiece. I do not like it. Though it is a daring experiment. I went to St John's Wood to visit Miriam (ie Dorothy Richardson). Through the church of Marylebone. Saw the wall of Lord's Cricket-ground. Miriam's house is exactly like Patchin Place. Mr Odell is a male abject. He is very nice. He would be dead

long ago but for her. She put her hand on my shoulder when I came in. She was very nice. She spoke of the immortal part of us that cannot die. She said what is most real, what does not change is the real self. She said she could remember when she was one being wrapped in her nurse's shawl. I had tea there and then supper at a cafe.

She took off the top of the sugar-sprinkler for me with her strong wrists. I was fain to cry aloud "Well done Miriam!" and I did so. She did not mind at all. "Michael's" son had such glowing eyes and cheeks. She was very nice to him - but he seemed rather overpowering to Mr Odell! She said women represent what does not change.

Monday, August 12, 1929

Had breakfast with Scarboro'. We were alone. He slept on a couch. I had their bedroom. He then met 3 trains on the chance that Frances might come after all. His devotion to her is touching. He did look after me so well. He cooked Finnan Haddock for me very nicely. Went to Theodore's favourite bookseller in Red Lion Street and signed a lot of my books. He is publishing a book of Lawrences w^h is very rough & crude & violent and angry and plebein and obscene. It is the miner's son revolting. He has married his "Lady Chatterley" who is a German lady - a Von something. He corresponds with Violet and gets them an honest penny by selling Theodore's books (signed). I gave him some roses for his wife. I liked him very much. It was the smallest shop I have ever been in. Then I went to the British Museum & in excuse of reading the inscription w^h said Demeter of the school of Scopas found in the

Temenos of the Imperial Deities along with Hermes, Persephone & Pluto Epimachos(?) I was able to kneel on both knees and pray to her - the earth - mother - she is the most beautiful work of art in the whole world - but she is a real goddess. & was actually this very piece of marble worshipped in old days. Two silly travellers a Canadian Jew from Toronto bothered me. But they went away. I sat long & long before this figure. I prayed for the T.T. and also for a certain power of motionless contemplation. I refused to see anything else. With an effort I refused to (word blotted over) Chaldean Room. Drank beer and then caught the train for Folkestone. My son met me but had to go to take the sacrament to an old person.

Tuesday, August 13, 1929

Woke up in the same room I had before with "the Soul's Awakening" over the Mantlepiece and the view outside a national school & a Catholic chapel and R. Waters Furniture No 2 and Bond's Tea-shop and another cafe and Lennard's Boot-shop and a Coal office and a view of the top of the Downs over a slate roof. Observed the boys who clean windows like quiet city clerks. Last evening I went for a walk under a hedge with M. & L. and saw a Night-jar. Like a sparrow-hawk, like a cuckoo, like a swift. I never remember Night-jars. Have I ever before seen one? They are also called Goat-Suckers. Sent off a telegram to Lulu "you shall have a long life and get your wish; love to Alyse from her faithful John and to Gamel from Mister Powys". Wrote to Frances telling her that out of all of her attack on my book I w^d promise to remember to try & make ordinary people exciting

and not pile up too many exciting people - this was the best of her onslaughts and it tallies with many words of the T.I. How can it not then be in some way justified? This malleability hid a certain old swinging (?) up of maliciousness responding to her maliciousness. Went on the Downs with L. & M. L. in his "lay" attire but aye! he does look tired compared with how he looked at Lee Farm. Their maid has scarlet-fever & is in Hospital & the house-work tires them both. Lay in a row all three under a hedge of "wayfarer's tree" and "traveller's joy". Ceasar's Camp rose in front of us out of a field of barley, "looking like spun gold" L said. I thought of Demeter and tried to practise that Contemplation I had prayed to her for in the British Museum. It is funny how restless my mind is and how it seems to require Walking to get its machinery oiled & harmonious. But this rest from walking has cured the Pricking. L. is inconceivably unselfish in little things. he waits on his mother like a maid & is constantly on the look-out to fill up my cup and give me cigarettes. I had to have their chicken-soup so as not to make a fuss! In the evening L. read from Lucas life of Lamb and the talk of Coleridge and Hazlitt brought back many old literary ambitions. I made up my mind to make the Art of Happiness a really original book worthy of my memories of my old ideals of literature.

Wednesday, August 14, 1929

I can see the Downs out of this window. The maid brings me tea. My son certainly looks rather pale & tired but it may be the effort of beginning his work again after his holiday - or more likely his struggle to help his mother dealing with their

meals in the absence of "Louie" who has scarlet fever in the hospital. She is better but can't return for three weeks. They've got a charwoman for two days a week but all the rest they must do themselves as they have to go on with Louie's wages. Went to the Wellington Mews at the back of Bouverie Hotel and watched M. harnessing Punch and getting him into the governess-cart. Made friends with "the Clark family" for the Mews is a sort of superior slum as well as a stable and a garage.

The old woman had 33 grand-children and eleven sons in the War, a wonderful old woman - her granddaughter Eileen aged 4 has made great friends with M. who she calls Madame. M. drove me to the Esplanade & then down a closed street where the most touchy Colonel Newcomes etc live in trim gardens and where cars are not allowed. Had lunch with L at this Criterion Cafe. The excellent maid here ran out in her apron to get us beer. M. contented herself with drinking Bovril at home as she felt exhausted with house-work. Went with L. to the Municipal Cricket-field with his boys and longed to try my hand with the bat or ball but did not dare. However I could help with the scoring. I noted the independence of the boys and how they liked playing cricket just as their superiors do. In the evening L had to go on a long drive and I read to M. out of the life of Lamb about Carlyle's abuse of him & Mary Lamb's death.

Thursday, August 15, 1929

Thought of my book on the Art of Happiness and felt inspired to make it a very exciting book. Thought of the T.T. and of offering up all the experiences of this English visit like accumulated

inscense. Read the Daily Herald the daily Labor paper & noted its superiority to the Daily Mail. This is worse than any American paper! Meditated on the people I see out of this window how thin and weak they seem and yet how vividly & sensitively alive. But they are all queer worlds to themselves. The nice aggressive man in this Hotel and the nervous quiet young men. No one speaks except this boisterous person. I fear I was chilly to him; but he acts too swingingly & noisily. He whistles & I do not at all like people to whistle especially at breakfast. Had a picnic lunch with M & L in the farmyard of a farm just out of town reached by a bus. Had no milk for the tea and danger of fire prevented an easy cigarette and L was a little tired & relapsed into reading his Breviary. M drew an ash tree in her sketch-book and I tried to practise that contemplation without walking, that I had prayed the Chthonian (?) Demeter to give me. Went to Church with L. The churchyard is lovely as ever, filled now with French Willow herb and evening primroses: saluted the grave of Richard Dangerfield. L grouped his little "pilgrims" of his child's Guild round him & made me join. A quaint sort of religious "baby-talk". I forced myself into it but found it very hard. In the end when they moved up to finish it at some altar I confess I bolted. I wish now I hadn't! But I can see L's difficulty is in the feminine mischief of young Enid aged 14 who treats him like a doll & pulls him about and won't learn to say "Father". M. took me for a drive with Punch near the sea towards Sandgate and Shorncliffe. In the evening went to St Michaels with L for the Assumption. He looked beautiful in his vestments of the honours of the Virgin (? last six words) it was a heathen

cult and an amazing attire. I worshipped Demeter.
(Note: order of these last three lines not
absolutely clear - I think this is the order in
which he wrote it - typist).

Friday, August 16, 1929

Woke up to the sound of the blacksmith's forge
next door. Looked a lot out of the window at the
Catholic church opposite and the Downs over the
roofs.

M. took me for a walk through Bouverie Square to
her Bank and then to a seat on "Remembrance Row"
planted with Rosemary for the sake of departures
of soldiers in the war. All the embarkations from
Shorncliffe Camp took place here. Bill Kingshott
embarked here - also Charlie Foster. No one is
allowed to pick the Rosemary which grows as a
hedge. Saw a boat coming in from Boulogne. Had
lunch with M. here at this Cafe here waited on by
the maid who does my room. Then visited her old
Landlord of their flat in the hospital aged 86.
Bought him a buttonhole; a rose & two carnations.
He was asleep in a ward - but woke up. He will be
out & about soon. He does all the housework for
his wife a woman of fifty whom he completely
spoils. M. is shocked to hear him being scolded
sometimes & even intervenes. Read Henry Adam's
book on Chartres Mary as the conqueror of the
Trinity. 13th Century Religion as defined by
Henry Adams. His devotion to it. L away all day,
taking his boys to the zoo in London. M. read me
her little Play for the great St Eanswythe Pageant
next June to which the Archbishop is coming. On
Oct 19 she is to read a paper on our old poet

Mr De Kantzow. A thunder storm has come up. M. read to me out of Alice through the Looking Glass while the lightning flashed. I feel differently about this book than when I read it in father's study when I was six or seven. Read St Francis "Cantate del sole" and noted that arrchaic infantilion (?) such as L has!

Saturday, August 17, 1929

Woke up early on purpose. Went to Mass in the Ladychapel of the Parish church at a side altar which was of stone & really was the tomb of two 16th century kneeling knights curly headed and rather self-satisfied like the Two Domes (?). Took the elements from my son with two black veiled Anglican Nuns but what I thought of as the Graal was lifted & I tasted the wafer & wine in my mouth was Demeter, my mother, & the T.T. But I associated these with the childish beauty of my son & with a marked ancestral look about his eye-sockets & forehead & nose that made me think of my father & of his father - a regular Welsh prince look going back to the service of the great Cifuric (?) Demeter the goddess Ceridwen whose Cauldron gave immortality like the Eleusinian Mysteries of that Temenos (?) of the "Infernal Deities" including Persephone - not 'infernal' in the Xtian (?) sense but sub-terrestrial and Chthonian! His vestments made me think of old Byzantine pictures and of some of Veronese's of the Doges. In the morning light & candles the foliated leaves of a grey pillar-capital looked lovely & very mediaeval.

Afterwards he went back and read an image-blessing later invocation over a cross he bought for me at

Woolworth's when he went to the zoo. It was the wrong invocation - but all the better! it really ought to have been for a crucifix but he could not find that one and so he read the one for Images - all the better! Said goodbye to sister Rose who is rather a trial to him, because of very aged meticulousness. Saint Rose of Lima is his patron saint all the same; w^h accounts for his amazing power of blushing crimson whenever he is agitated by any feeling. Gave a bigger tip than I ought to have to this excellent maid. Went to the Rectory & saw L's Rector. Treated L. to lunch at my Cafe-hotel. We drank beer. Treated M & L to tea & then read the life of C. Lamb in their flat. Ran hurriedly off after their supper to catch my train. The incident of the toilet-handle. Had Read Beaumont & Fletcher before tea while they both rested for they soon both tired. I read it in the Folio - 'The Mad Lover' a very fine play - the subject rather like Cyrano de Bergerac. Felt love for L as my train drew out & commanded his happiness. He came down to the door, then I ran off.

Sunday, August 18, 1929

Last night when I got out at Charing X I saw Bertie coming down the platform with a woman's figure by his side. I thought - can that be Faith? It was Alyse. I knew at once that something was very wrong & she soon told me hurriedly and nervously that Gamel had to have an operation at once because of her heart being weak and her lungs "being bad and having night sweats. Lulu is here too". she said. We tried in vain to get into a Public House at closing time (11 o'clock) and only were able because of the crowds

in Villiers street to get into a wine-shop where Bertie & I drank sherry. I slept at Faith's. The others are all at Bertie's house where they have it all to themselves. After breakfast went round and found Lulu very nervous. Saw Gamel in bed. Since she has been in bed she has been much better. If only she had taken more care & rested more and walked less this operation, so alarming, would not have been needed. I think we are all to blame over it. I feel I ought to have made more of what Doctor Thomas said in New York. Bernie came in the afternoon and he talked to Gamel who likes him, very much & he agrees with her and her woman-doctor that the operation is best. Bertie took us leaving Gamel in bed alone to the gardens of Chiswick House where mad people used to be. Had an exciting discussion at tea about Lucy's life with Hounsel; Lulu rather nervously attacking me, Bertie rather strongly defending me for being responsible.

Lulu is very agitated - more upset than I have ever seen him in my life by anything. As he walked his hand twitched and the (word unreadable - typist) of his face is changed. Lulu's agitation had been to attack me about Hounsel & Lucy. I kissed Gamel au revoir. She is not nervous. She only is calm and resolute. She spoke of a picture of Blake's.

Monday, August 19, 1929

Last night I forgot to say I treated Bertie & Faith to dinner in a cafe in (Faith is a great friend of Havelock Ellis) Shepherd's Bush. Between them they drank a whole bottle of Sauterne. Their talk to each other when excited

was very quaint and pretty. Faith said as we walked back that she had never been happy before she met Bertie & that she had had a very unhappy childhood. I forgot too to say that yesterday morning I did more extreme magic on behalf of Gamel than I have ever done. She was so calm when I talked alone with her. She sent her love. It was a queer moment when Faith & Bertie & I met Lulu & Bernie the latter returning for a book unknown to Lulu who was deep in anxious concern & saw not that Bernie was coming back behind him & could not understand our waving.

Dearest Phyllis - It was so nice all of us being together in London - only I wish I wish you were here - much love. Gamel -

(Note from typist - the above in different handwriting separated by Powys's inked in lines - obviously by Gamel.)

After I kissed Lulu & Gamel au revoir Alyse & Faith came with me to London to choose a tray. Their help was wonderful - Finally I chose one for twelve guineas. Then they said that P. w^d wish me to try for a heavy coat and we went to a place but the only nice fur-lined ones were £40 and £50 - 150, 160, 170 dollars. So I gave it up as out of the question. Said au revoir to Bertie in his office. Faith came with me to the train at Waterloo - no sign of the man of man (?) of Waterloo steps. Faith said is that your Diary? So I put it in her hands. She read what Gamel had

written and said it was nice. I kind of wished she had not read it. But she never thought. But it is better not - even when people tell you to or give you the chance to. It is better not. Both the temperatures of Lulu & Gamel were better. Alyse went back to get their lunch & then to take Gamel to

It will be full moon, I think tonight. On Saturday I saw the Moon on the river at Westminster.

The agitation of Lulu in his chair and of Alyse on steps of Faith's house. Her wor(?)

Tuesday, August 30, 1939

Lucy & Mary met me last night sat up late talking to Lucy & Hounsel thought Hounsel steadily nicer.. all right if you steer him a bit: he is very proud of them both. Before supper walked with Lucy & Mary on the Little Down. Mary found a grasshopper. What a lovely place for a little girl. The river and grasses smelt lovely at night & were very calm at dawn. Walked this morning along the road through the meadows to the bridge over the main river Test; here there is a Mill and a great rushing mill-wheel far bigger than Hounsel's on the smaller stream which is only a tributary of the river.

Walked by the banks & saw Yellow Loosestrife and blue skull-cap & when I went a little stroll by myself & turned & looked I saw Lucy & Mary's frocks reflected among the reeds in the river - also an apple-tree. When I returned to them Mary showed me a strange phenomenon that she called a

Water-Convolverus. It was a tiny water-whirlpool a little very rapid whirlpool with a long wavering stalk, as it were, going down into the depths - a very queer thing to see & very lovely in the green-black deep water. Then a strange event happened. I struck the turning Mill-Wheel with the handle of my stick holding it by the end. I said "Give my stick your power, Oh great-splashing Wheel of Fate". But lo! my stick was whirled out of my hand - & carried round the wheel. Lucy burst into tears - oh the bad omen! Oh the bad omen! I frantically rushed down the stream thro' the reeds prepared to wade to get it if I could only see it. No sight of it! Mary said it has got stuck down below the wheel. Sadly I turned & steeled my heart & tried to comfort Lucy who was very agitated. Suddenly Mary saw some children about a thousand yards away - far down the stream. She said "perhaps they will find it." She & I ran back but I felt hardly any hope. But a long way down there was a narrow wooden bridge over the fast river. As we came near the children ran to meet us: and lo & behold! one of them - a little boy beautiful as an angel - had leant down and caught it as it swept past - for another one, a little baby, had seen it floating down. I gave the boy who had saved it a kiss and a pound. It seemed like a miracle. It was fate I had lost it and it was chance I found it again. Chance, the greatest of gods was on my side. So the bad omen was changed to the best by what seemed a miracle. I shall never forget how I felt when I saw it again in that child's hand. His name was Freddie Honeyburn. (bun?)

(Note: this story has run well into next day's entry. I think the break comes here and following 4 sentences are written crosswise on Tuesday, 20th - typist.)

This Tuesday is full moon. Is that a good thing for Gamel's getting through all right? Met Phyllis and Peter. Suddenly I felt that I was glad to leave England for to be in the Room where is my home.

Wednesday, August 21, 1929

Caught the train for Southampton and when there bought a stick for Mr Glass and a stick for Mr Schuster. Also some books for Peter & Marian. Also a silver-plated slop-basin to go with the old tray. Met Dora at the Dolphin - had a pleasant tea in the hotel - walked under Canute's palace and King John's Palace & the old massive 14th century city walls. Sat under the wall and talked of the Catholic his life & his death. "No one wants me now" Dora said. She has a teasing fantastical thought that he might not have been really dead; for they did not have a doctor at all! The Mayor gave the certificate. Sailed with Dora on Wednesday morning. Gave her some heather for the Catholic's grave. She made friends with the Library Steward who had got, in a little tiny leather bag, a bone of St Therese. He showed us the certificate from the Vatican. I begged to hold it and shut my eyes while I prayed that Gamel would get on all right. Secretly, however, unknown to Dora, I had gone out of the hotel before we sailed into an English church which I found empty. Here I prayed to the Demeter of

-51-

Scopas that the T.T. and I should safely meet and not soon perish.

Thursday, August 22, 1929

Goodbye to Dora at Cherbourg. I went down the plank with her on to the tender & then hurried

back. Saw the lights of Cherbourg and the cliffs of France.

This night just before going to sleep the Purser came in with a telegram or it must have been the Marconi fellow with a wireless for he seemed to know its contents for he said "good news to sleep over" & then added as if to show he hadn't read it - "at least let's hope so". It said "Operation successful - love - Lulu". How quietly do we take the moments when the gods answer our prayers!

"Laud (word illegible - which? with? - typist) the gods & let," etc etc etc - There are three other persons in my cabin but seem very harmless & unannoying in every way. At my table is a sort of chauffeur-courier-valet-secretary to a lady - called Mr Tidcombe - a born humourist & sentimentalist - very nice & soothing to my mind. A Dane there is too who has never been to America before. This is a delight to Mr Tidcombe and to me; as it is a good topic of conversation to tell this Dane what he may expect. Our waiter is perfect. I have brought some roots of Pinks but they say no roots are allowed. All are contraband. so my ship-cabin-steward will take them back & plant them in Wiltshire. What tales they will tell, these pinks in a Wiltshire garden! The sea was calm today, but great and formidable and "wasteful" with deep under-waves going all directions & little waves above them. I saw a

tiny little fishing boat with only one mast - 500 - 600 - miles out. I followed it till it vanished over horizon I thought of the men on board - what were they like? did they drink & smoke together? - what did they speak of? Do they fish when it is dark? Thought of this mass of grey waters and wondered if it had really & truly any godlike consciousness. Read about Stonehenge - also about Glaston and about the Graal. Made up my mind to write freely, exactly as I please; exactly as I please. That pricking is really better. It is the sea. Saw the sun go down till it was like an island, a fiery island - a hill of fire, like Glastonbury Tor - then it became a straight golden barge or raft before it sank. Made up my mind that my books on Glastonbury should be really mythological and yet modern.

This is later Thursday night and I have just been looking at the Moon about a yard above the horizon - I missed its rising - but it is almost as red or at least as yellow as the sun when it sank. It looks like the same orb re-risen only with a fragment lost from some battle under the sea where it was bitten off by the World-Snake. I have found out how to dance a peculiar dance with a certain stamping of my feet that gives me a very curious feeling of being a real magician and of the earth being porous and of floating in immense space while I hold the T.T. (The Tao - the Tao! O eavesdroppers who lack ears to hear!) not really stamping but the motion of stamping. How pale the moon makes the stars! But I have looked at Vega in Lyra and at Cygnus. How ink-black how pitch-black the mass of waters looks with this great yellow, yet shapeless and snake-bitten moon! I thought how I was at once a coward & so forbidden

to enjoy the Graal or "the Head of Bran" or the Mwys of Maelwas or the Cauldron of Caridwen and a sensualist and so forbidden to enjoy the Holy Graal and **yet I enjoy both** & neither the attacks of Frances such as I went thro' on that night of falling stars nor the "mischief" of High Chaldon (and this last I can think of without a trace of malice being roused) can interfere with my mythology - now I've got the T.T. the Tao! the Tao! the Tao!

Friday, August 23, 1929

Read Rhys' Arthurian Legend all day and meditated on "Mythology" - thinking not only of Glastonbury but of Stonehenge .. and not only of Stonehenge but of heathen nature-worship in reality - the sea - the sun - the moon -

(four lines of greek follow)

walked up and down after dinner with the Dane who turns out to be a Psychologist come to a Congress of Psychology at Yale. Talked of the "soul" & of modern experimental psychology. Saw the Moon rising not quite above the horizon - because of a bank of cloud. Just a slight dyspepsia still - but the pricking much better - owing to salt paths. The pricking due to standing so long watching old Littleton fish! Had Salmon at dinner. Think who eat so sacred a fish! Saw the Moon; but not quite rising out of the horizon. Drank two glasses of whisky. Hence erratic notes.

All day long have thought of the T.T. the connection with all my English memories.

Saturday, August 24, 1929

The sea calm is a sea of glass and sometimes a dark blue and sometimes grey. I go on reading Rhys' book on the Arthurian legend and by degrees it becomes clearer to me what the Graal was - the Mwys of Gwydion Garan-hir; the Cauldron of "the Head of Hades". It also becomes clearer about "Avallach" and Gwyn ap Nud. The strange personality of Bran the Blessed. "The Corpse-God" Who is the Fisher? Who is "Goon of the Waste Land"? I keep thinking of my Glastonbury book. I begin to get an idea of what I would like it to be. The difference been (?) contemplating to worship and enjoy and contemplating to discover & understand. I still feel a bit troubled by dyspepsia following upon the "pricking" caused at first by that attempt to reach Oxboro' Ferry with old Littleton when we met the ex-policeman carrying five dead wood-pigeons. This Danish Psychologist is a queer one. He abused everything psychic. Thinks the Frenchman Pichet's (?) interest in it very unfortunate. He thinks modern scientific psychology is more humble and cautious. He maintains that everything ought to be proved and not be what people like or wish or want to think. Only when things can be objectively proved, he says, can there be progress. It is slow now but it may suddenly grow very rapid. Saw the Moon rise, shapeless, very curious, very yellow and heavy, like a moulted projectile. Prayed to it about the T.T. Saw a large rainbow and several solitary birds with brown backs and

white bodies. Tried to practise that contemplation which I associate with the Demeter!

Mr Tidcombe grows more and more excited at the idea of returning to New York. Our waiter is perfect.

Sunday, August 25, 1929

Saw a great many flying fish more than I've ever seen & several little unknown sea-birds. Also those yellow pieces of sea-weed that always appear at a certain point in these voyages when the ship people tell you that it is the Gulf stream. Are they - these bits of yellow sea-weed - carried here from the Sargasso sea where ships used to be entangled? All day I have been reading Rhys' Arthurian Legend until I now have got on the track of the mythological Graal far older than the Holy Graal. I have learnt about the Birds of Rhiannon. and about yr Echwyd and about the Castle of Carbonek and about the Cauldron of the Head of Hades ("Pwytt") (Pwyll?) and about Bron and the Graal and about Jopydaden (?) the father of Olweh - and the Mwys of Gwydus-Garen-hir - and about Avalach the Unknown - and about Gwyn son of Nud and about Gwylad ur Hav (Astura Regis) and about "Bendigeitvarn" and about "Urdawe Ben" who is said (by himself) to be "gorlasser" a dark blue livid colour.

"On the Echwyd evil has fallen
From the dread of a savage knight
Will there ever be another Urien?"

"Rex semi-mortuus" the god of beginning & ending; of death and of the sea. Saw the Bremen on the horizon. Looked in at a Movie called "The King of Kings" with Pilate washing his hands - a ghastly farcical vulgarity - monstrous to think of, on a Christian ship in mid-sea over the very roofs of the Lost Atlantis!

Talked to the Danish Psychologist and was disquieted by the trifling nature of the problems that interest him so much - astonishing! How can he be interested in such silly little things.

Monday, August 20, 1929

Went to Mass in the Library before breakfast - thought of Lulu and the two Littletons & of "the Tao"; of the three former when he lifted the Graal & of the latter when he lifted the little round wafer, like a Moon of Straw - but my worship, I noted it well, was singularly heathen & full of thoughts of the Mwys of Gwydno Garan-hir!

Saw one unique sight that I have never seen before; an enormous stretch of this yellow sea-weed - like the tail of the sea serpent or the poison of the Cauldron of Cerridwen racking on the calm sea which today for the 1st time this voyage has approached that wine-dark purple look; this yellow tinted sea weed stretched in a straight long line cut in half by the ship. In this straight line it must have floated a thousand miles from the Sargasso sea! Saw some porpoises in the evening sea raising splashes of foam that broke the dark-blue livid "gorlasser" mirror of this level plain of waters. The Danish Professor is called Edgar Rubin of the University of

Copenhagen. He has such a funny face - very perspiring and a mouth like a dace or rather a gudgeon. but a deep voice like a sea-buffalo. Read the Arthur book for the ninth time. The pricking dyspepsia much better today: practically gone: it is the salt baths.

Tuesday, August 27, 1929

Last night out of my porthole thro' which I stuck my head for a long while I saw the moon not only yellow but orange, no red!

On deck early this morning before breakfast after a night wonderfully free from pricking - it is the salt - I saw the sea & sky as never before in my life & as never before in my life I prayed to the sky. The sky was very pale whitish-blue but covered with every kind of feathery filmy tenuous, tendril-like clouds that were hardly clouds so delicately veined & like 'frost-marks' on a window they were - But I had never seen the sea as it was. It was like an oily pearl dissolved a moonstone dissolved - not one ordinary ripple only the cut of the ships bow dividing it into long smooth oily waves. It reflected the sky. It was a sea of glass - "de voirre" like the sea round Glastonbury. I have just now seen the spouting of three whales. This miraculous sea is like the sea leading to Echirao - the land of evening - such a sea has the peculiarity of leading anyone to Paradise. Such a sea is one of the great Mother's uncoverings.

I have suddenly realized that the silver tray I have bought is like the dish at Carbouch and the basin I have bought for Olwen is like the Cauldron of Gwydno-Garanhir - which is a microcosm or an original (?) of the Graal itself. Have made friends with a hideous Italian who said that whales eat the spawn of Cod-fish who else would crowd the Atlantic. He also defended Mussolini

and all airships & modern inventions including electric harpoons w^h humanely kill whales!

Wednesday, August 28, 1929

reached port on Tuesday night very late.

Went to see Mr Schuster and also to see Mr Glass - gave them each the stick I had bought for them in Southampton.

The silver charger and the silver slop-basin look very nice on the chest of drawers under the mirror.

Visited the grave of Rachel Phillips also the little Poplar tree on 10th St.

Thursday, August 29, 1929

Arthur & Gladys came to lunch and we discussed Paul Jordan Smith's letter with his offer (from a friend) of a thousand dollars for the MSS of Wolf Solent.

Marian came to tea and we discussed the vexing & disturbing problem of her summons to court over

-59-

the rent. How brave she is and what a dangerous and difficult life hers is!

Friday, August 30, 1929

Had lunch at Childs' - they were all strangers there. Went down to the Battery but the place was air-less and the people looked curiously sad and I was struck by the littered delapidated look of everything.

But I felt very glad to be safe back there all the same and not likely to set off again for a long while - D.V. Posted no less than seven letters to England. All these days of my return are enchanting; & I have not forgotten gratitude to all my gods for it, for such an earthly paradise.

Saturday, August 31, 1929

Corrected proofs all the morning of my book for Mr Norton. Walked round Washington Square. Grass burnt up, airless and dusty - was peculiarly conscious of the dust .. The dust with the hardness of roads & pavements. Nevertheless I proved that I had the power of driving back these things - the people in Washington Sq looked sad too - are the Americans naturally a much sadder race than the English? Is it a Red Indian sadness produced by so devastating a climate? I thought of the liquid greenness of seaweeds at Weymouth and of river-weeds at Northwold.

Had a wonderfully nice dinner at home. It is cool and green and lovely in the Room, partly owing to the Ailanthus-tree and partly owing to the T.T.

The worst of New York is dryness and dust.