Editorial

Long-standing members of the Society may remember, or even have kept, their copy of *Newsletter* No1. I have No 2, several foolscap pages stapled at the corner, simply dated 1982, perhaps implying that there was to be just one each year. The cover page carries a drawing of each of the three brothers, its content is typewritten and includes: a letter from the Chairman, a report from the secretary, details of accounts, information about publications and reports of lectures given to the Society which seems to me essentially the kind of thing a Newsletter must cover. Then, so far as I can make out there were no further issues until December 1987 when Morine Krissdóttir and Griffin Beale began to distribute an A5 pamphlet three times a year which was the forerunner of the present *Newsletter*. The content was still almost entirely 'news', but there were departures such as member's profiles which hinted at the way in which it might develop in the future. In March 1985 Paul Roberts took on, as Editor, what had simply been an additional chore for the Secretary and Chairman. He, with Stephen Powys Marks as Publications Manager, quickly transformed the *Newsletter* into a magazine of much broader scope; which is essentially what we have today.

The *Newsletter* Editor is appointed by the Committee. There is an Editorial Committee on whom he or she may lean should need arise, but so long as the primary news and information remit is attended to the editor is free to wander the unfrequented by-ways of Powysiana in search of unconsidered trifles for the diversion of a tolerant readership. Each morning I watch the approach of the postman with a sense of anticipation, always hopeful that among the junk mail

ON OTHER PAGES

and bills there will be a letter or some other unexpected gem-of-a-contribution from a fellow member. I am sincerely grateful to everyone who has contributed.

As I process the content of an issue I pass it to Eve who returns it resplendent with red ink; then, corrections made, the material goes on disk to Stephen Powys Marks who is responsible for layout, and photographs and illustrations. Our partnership in this little enterprise has been entirely enjoyable and I wish to express my gratitude for his hard work and sound advice throughout. After the printing comes the 'stuffing'. For some six years past a small group has assembled at Keeper's Cottage to fold inserts, stick labels and lick stamps, during all of which we have enjoyed what Llewelyn would have called 'good talk' followed by a convivial meal. My thanks to Ann Axenskold, Tony Hallett, Phyl Warr, Les Harrison, Morine Krisdóttir, Chris Gostick, Stephen Powys Marks, and the cook.

I have enjoyed these pleasures for four years (with a brief interruption) but I am now beyond seventy. Judges and vicars are required to cease pontificating at that age and I feel that I should now hand over to someone younger (or at least less stale) than I am, and join the rest of you in just waiting for the *Newsletter* to land on my mat.

John Batten

The Covers

On the front of the *Newsletter* is the front cover of a piece of sheet music, with music by Harry Van Dyke and poem by John Cowper Powys, printed in New York, November 1928. On the back is the first page of the song.

The piece of music was discovered on the Internet by Gerald Redman who has kindly donated it to the Powys Collection. 'November' was first published in Samphire, Thomas Seltzer, 1922.

November

I will come back to you and you to me;
When the poplar trees blow white and the rooks fly home,
And the fishermen draw their nets out of the sea;
I will come back to you and you to me.

When across the flooded weirs the wild-fowl fly,
When the dead leaves fall from each remembered tree,
When over the withered grass the plovers cry,
I will come back to you and you to me.

The Van Dykes were friends of John and Phyllis and his diary entry for Friday 18th December 1931 includes the following:

Then Mr. Krick and Albert brought the VICTRIOLA and carried it into the

'Proper Place' after uncrating it with two hammers and a short iron bar. Then the T.T. played on Mendessohn's Spring Song on a Harp and also the overture to the Opera Raymond by Amboise Thomas the composer of Mignon. Then we made up our minds that we should make it play the beginning of Petroushka which she had bought ready for its arrival for 12 dollars — no I think 8. We decided to keep the bulk of it for Christmas. The T.T. was transported. I watched her pleasure with intense satisfaction. She sat on horse-hair little chair with back to Attic steps entranced. This great work comes from Camden but it also has been played before His Majesty. I like well to hear the magician's flute giving life to Petroushka. This Victriola is a splendid one. I like its beautiful wood & its tone is so gentle & Tender & unmetallic. I am very pleased we have been given it by this Generous Aunt Harriet — Mrs. Harry Van Dyke.

Diary quotation courtesy of Morine Krissdóttir.

Chairman's Report for 2000

I find myself in a rather unusual position in preparing this Annual Report for the past Financial Year, as the period in question actually covers the last months of Paul Robert's time as Chairman and the period until John Williams' resignation in December 2000, but I will do my best to give an account of the main features of the Society's activities.

Overall it is good to be able to report that the Society has continued to prosper, and whilst it is particularly sad to have to record the inevitable loss of some old and valued members, notably Isobel Powys Marks and Martin Pollock both at the very end of 1999, Derek Langridge in June 2000 and Gerard Casey in October 2000, new recruits continue to be attracted, and some 15 new members joined over the course of the year. Membership now stands at a record level of around 340.

It is worth recording that membership fees have now been held at the same level for almost ten years, whilst the size and quality of the three *Newsletters* issued in April, July and November each year under John Batten's diligent editorship have been sustained in both size and content. The year also saw publication of the tenth volume of the annual *Powys Journal*, this year a special millennium edition edited by Paul Roberts, full of much new and original Powys material. I was particularly pleased that during the year the Committee was able to appoint Professor J. Lawrence Mitchell as Honorary Editor of *The Powys Journal*, and that good progress is being maintained towards publication of the 2001 edition.

A major priority for the Committee has continued to be the cataloguing, preservation and microfilming of the rich collection of Powys family material

held in the Powys Society Collection at the Dorset County Museum. This work is now almost complete thanks to great efforts by Morine Krissdóttir. Improved arrangements have also now been agreed with the Dorset County Museum, which should result in much easier access for all those wishing to consult material in the Collection.

John Batten once again organised a very successful visit to East Chaldon on 13 August, with some 35 members and friends of the Society present at *The Sailor's Return* to drink Llewelyn's health on the 116th anniversary of his birth. The group then visited St Nicholas Church, and Janet Pollock laid a wreath of wild flowers on Katie Powys's grave, where the memorial cross had recently been completely renovated by John Sanders. Many then braved the indifferent weather to walk up past Chydyok to lay another wreath on the Memorial Stone.

Later in August another very successful 3-day Conference was held at Kingston Maurward, which included trips to the Dorset County Museum and to Maiden Castle, both led by Roger Peers, together with a number of stimulating discussions and presentations. Although the overall number of participants was lower than in some previous years this was largely made up for by several new members, and by the enthusiasm of those attending.

On a more sombre note I am sad to report that during the course of the year criticism began to emerge about the operation of the Committee, which led to the first contested elections since the adoption of the Society's new Constitution. However, it was pleasing to note that over half the membership took part in this election, which resulted in a very clear majority in support of the existing Committee. Nonetheless, the enthusiastic atmosphere of the Annual Conference was rather spoiled by the long and acrimonious Annual General Meeting which followed.

Much of the remainder of the year was spent in trying to ameliorate these difficulties, and whilst some progress was made, it seems likely that it will be some time before the Society fully recovers. In the meantime, members of the Committee continue to work as hard as possible to further the aims and objectives of the Society, and I am grateful to them all for their support and encouragement, and particularly to the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary for their staunch commitment to sustaining the Society.

Griffin Beale
Acting Chairman May 2001

Honorary Life Membership

It gives me very great pleasure to be able to report that at its last meeting the Committee unanimously resolved that John and Eve Batten become Honorary

Life Members of the Society in recognition of their outstanding contribution to its work and activities over many years. This will be formally reported at the forthcoming Annual General Meeting of the Society, but it seems particularly appropriate that the news be announced in this issue of the *Newsletter*, which will be John Batten's 12th and final edition as Honorary *Newsletter* Editor.

Chris Gostick
Hon. Secretary, 20 June 2001

Additional Nominations for Hon. Officers and Committee — 2001/2002

As a result of the invitation in the April *Newsletter*, a number of additional nominations for Hon. Officers and Committee members for 2001–2002 were received by the closing date of Friday 15 June 2001, and these were all approved by the Committee on Saturday 16 June as meeting the requirements of Rule 3.6 of the Constitution. The following is therefore the full slate of nominations for 2001–2002:

Position	*Nomination*	*Proposer*	*Seconder*
Chairman	Richard Graves	Tim Hyman	David Goodway
Vice-Chairman	David Goodway	Susan Rands	Cicely Hill
Hon. Treasurer	Stephen Powys Marks	Louise de Bruin	Mary Warden
Hon. Secretary	Peter Foss	Anthony Head	Shelagh Hancox
Committee	Tim Hyman	Peter Foss	Jeff Kwintner
	David Gervais	Kate Kavanagh	Peter Foss

Continuing Committee Members Previously Elected

John Powys elected until August 2002 and prepared to continue
Kate Kavanagh, Jeff Kwintner, Sonia Lewis
elected until August 2003 and prepared to continue

With the exception of one remaining Committee vacancy, this represents a full slate of nominations as set out in Rule 4.2 of the Constitution, and therefore no election is required. This new Committee will take over responsibility for the affairs of the Society at the end of the Annual General Meeting to be held at the Dorset County Museum on Saturday 18 August 2001.

Chris Gostick
Hon. Secretary, 17 June 2001

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2000

Income [1]			£	£	*1999*
subscriptions	for 2000 (315) [2]		4,267.67		
	tax refund on covenants, 2000		239.31		
	for 1999 paid in 2000 (3)		33.00		
	adjustment for tax refunds in 1997, 98, 99[3]		70.83	**4,610.81**	*4,653*
donations [4]	Conference book sale (donated books)		55.00		
	other		80.32	**135.32**	*460*
publication sales	stock publications [5]	1,223.38			
(excluding	*less* cost of publications sold	538.15	685.23		
postage)	*Talking Book*	135.93			
	less fees (£42.78), cost (£58.65)	101.43	34.50		
	commission on other publishers' books		64.92		
	net income		784.65	**784.65**	*1,998*
East Anglia meeting, 1999, *surplus*				**–**	*47*
Conference	fees received (£3,961.90) less expenses (£4,853.25)				
	deficit (22.5%; 1999: *surplus*, 7.8%)			**–891.35**	*311*
fees for use of collection				**93.00**	*68*
interest: on bank accounts (paid gross), £254.46; IR on covenants, £26.33				**280.79**	*215*
				£ 5,013.22	*£ 7,752*

Expenditure [1]			£	£	*1999*
The Powys Journal X (2000):[6] (a) charitable element of publication				**642.25**	
(b) cost of members', complim. and copyright copies (330) [7]			1,072.50		
cost of distribution			359.00	**1,431.50**	
				2,073.75	*2,033*
The Powys Journal IX, cost of supplying to late subscribers				**2.28**	*8*
Newsletters (3) (including cost of distribution, £462.46) [7]				**2,104.71**	*2,044*
Powys Checklist, complimentary copies to new members				**5.00**	*5*
The Dorset Year, honoraria to editors and designers				**160.32**	*598*
Weymouth Walk booklet, abandoned (1999: *Talking Book*, Phase I))				**86.00**	*189*
Powys Collection (including purchase of book, £25)				**736.22**	*1,102*
copyright fee (1999: Powys Reference)				**3.42**	*27*
stationery and leaflets (including general leaflet £95.85, letterheading £46.59, ballot paper £48, list of members £107.95)				**409.19**	*198*
officers' expenses (£236.52), committee travel (£296.35), [8] and hire of room (£100.80)				**705.22**	*502*
	1999			**6,286.11**	*6,706*
excess of expenditure over income (1999: v.v.)	*1,046*	**1,272.89**		**1,272.89**	*1,046*
less writing down of stock [9]	*–662*	**–699.02**		**£ 5,013.22**	*£ 7,752*
excess of expenditure (1999: income) *carried to Statement of Funds*	*384*	**1,971.91**			

Auditor's Report to the Members of The Powys Society I have audited the financial statements in accordance with approved Auditing Standards. In my opinion the financial statements give a true and fair view of the charity's affairs at 31st December 2000 and of the deficit for the year then ended and comply with the Companies Act 1985. *J. S. Allen, Chartered Accountant, 29th June 2001*

STATEMENT OF FUNDS

I *General fund* [10]	£	£	*1999*
funds at January 1st 2000		**5,492.46**	*5,108*
excess of expenditure over income (1999: v.v.), incl. writing down of stock		**1,971.91**	*384*
transfers to/from Wilson Knight benefactors' fund		**000.00**	*000*
funds at December 31st 2000		**£ 3,520.55**	*£ 5,492*
represented by:			
stock *The Powys Journal, The Powys Review,*			
and books at cost at January 1st 2000		**3,495.09**	*3,310*
add cost of publications [11]		**767.50**	*2,121*
less cost of publications sold	596.80		
complimentary *Checklist* to new members	5.00		
writing down of stock [9]	699.02	**–1,300.82**	*–1,936*
value of stock at December 31st 2000		**2,961.77**	*3,495*
cash at bank at December 31st 2000 [12]		**1,409.11**	*3,238*
sums due to the Society [13]		**50.00**	*842*
		4,420.88	*7,575*
less subscriptions received in advance for 2001 (39)		**–538.30**	*–424*
creditors (DY honoraria, TB fees, uncleared cheque, etc)		**–362.03**	*–1,659*
		£ 3,520.55	*£ 5,492*

II *The Wilson Knight benefactors' fund (WK)* [10, 14]	£	*1999*
funds at January 1st 2000	**4,896.18**	*4,896*
transfer from General fund	**000.00**	*000*
funds at December 31st 2000	**£ 4,896.18**	*£ 4,896*
represented by cash in deposit account	**£ 4,896.18**	*£ 4,896*

NOTES

1 Cash turnover in 2000: total receipts, £12,063.36; total payments, £14,001.54, of which £767.50, relating to the cost of publications (*see* note 11), is carried forward in the General fund. Other adjustments, relating to cost of publications sold etc., subscriptions paid in advance, and sums owing to or owed by the Society, give excess of *Expenditure* over *Income* for the year of £1,272.89 (1999: excess of *Income* over *Expenditure* £1,046), all as shown in the accounts.

2 This figure comprises 290 (178 by standing order) paid in 2000 (£3,888.50) and 25 paid in advance in 1999 (£379.17).

3 Tax refunds on covenants in 1997–99 received in 2000 (1997, £226.05; 1998, £211.56; 1999, £247.83 = £685.44) exceeded provisional sums shown in accounts for those years by £70.83.

4 In addition, committee travel costs of £232.70 were not claimed; regarded as donations + £135.32 shown = £368.02.

5 This includes 1 special and 37 ordinary copies of *The Dorset Year*; the edition is now sold out.

6 *The Powys Journal* X: gross cost £2267.25. 500 copies stocked. sold and distributed @ £3.25 = £1,625; remainder of cost (£642.25) treated as cost of fulfilling charitable purpose of publishing *The Powys Journal*. 330 copies distributed, 170 taken into stock @ £3.25 = £552.50.

7 Total net cost of producing and distributing for members *The Powys Journal* X (£1,431.50) & 3 *Newletters* (£2,104.71) = £3,536.21; with charitable element (£642.25) = £4,178.46 = 90.6% of 2000 subscriptions including tax refunds (£4,610.81) (1999: 89.9%).

8 Total travel costs: £296.35 claimed + £232.70 not claimed = £529.05.

9 This is arrived at by writing down the value of stock at January 1st 2000 by 20%; new stock in 2000 is not affected.

10 General fund £3,520.55 + WK £4,896.18 = **Society's net worth at December 31st 2000, £8,416.73** (1999: £10,389).

11 Undistributed copies of *The Powys Journal* X, £552.50 (*see* note 6); copies of *The Dorset Year* repurchased, £215.

12 Current account £808.29 + deposit account £5,497.00 = £6,305.29, *less* WK £4,896.18 = £1,409.11 in General fund.

13 Sums due to the Society: Hengrave Hall advance fee, £50.

14 All interest has been retained in the General fund.

Stephen Powys Marks, Treasurer

Hon. Treasurer's Report for 2000

The accounts for 2000 are set out on the previous two pages; they have been approved by the Society's Hon. Auditor, Stephen Allen. Once again I am most grateful to him for his advice and his work. (Comparison figures for 1999 are shown in parentheses after 2000 figures.)

Our paid-up membership was 315, once more a record. 178 subscriptions were paid by standing order; subscriptions paid under covenant enabled us to reclaim £239 tax. The total subscription income, including tax refund, amounted to £4,611 (1999: £4,653); this represents 91.9% of our total income of £5,013. Net income from the sale of publications was £785 (£1,998). Donations (£135) were much lower than last year's figure (£460) because the sale of donated books at the Conference was very poor. This year we made a very substantial loss on the Conference; the was due to two main causes, first that bookings for a venue which have to made a long time in advance cannot control the increase in prices particularly for the hire of meeting rooms, which was substantial, secondly that there was an unusually large number of people attending only the AGM, but making no contribution to the expenses of the Conference.

As in previous years the largest part of our expenditure has gone on our regular publications, *The Powys Journal* and three issues of the *Newsletter*; the net cost of producing these, including distribution but excluding copies of the *Journal* taken into stock, was £4,178 (£4,077). This includes £642 which is regarded as charitable expenditure in furtherance of our objects, and is therefore excluded from the calculation of price. The total represents 90.6% of our subscription income, just over our target of 90%. Our total gross expenditure on publication work, comprising *The Powys Journal* and the *Newsletter*, including also abortive expenditure on the abandoned Weymouth Walk booklet, was £4,458 (£5,537). The general leaflet, essential for publicity, was reprinted at a cost of £96.

We had an excess of expenditure over income of £1,273 (excess of income, £1,046); as in previous years the value of stock pre-dating the year has been written down by £699 (£662); the resulting excess of expenditure together with the writing down, £1,972 (excess of income, £384), has been deducted from our General Fund. Our net worth at the end of the year was £8,417 (£10,388) of which £2,962 (£3,495) was represented by the value of stock. There has therefore been a significant decrease in our net worth of £1,972 (£384 increase), of which £699 is a paper loss due to the writing down of stock; the decrease in our cash resources was £1,438 (£469 increase). This outcome is disappointing, due to a substantial reduction in income from the sales of publications and the loss on the Conference, but the Society is still reasonably healthy.

Stephen Powys Marks

Subscriptions — please see page 66.

The Annual General Meeting of The Powys Society will be held at The Dorset County Museum, Dorchester at 5.00 pm on Saturday, 18 August 2001

AGENDA

1 Minutes of the last AGM (20 August 2000)
published in the November 2000 Newsletter
2 Any matters arising from the Minutes
3 The Hon. Secretary's Report
4 The Hon. Treasurer's Report and Audited Accounts
as published in the July 2001 Newsletter
5 The Chairman's Report
as published in the July 2001 Newsletter
6 To note the election of Honorary Officers and Committee Members for 2001/2002
7 Appointment of Hon. Auditor (Stephen Allen)
8 Date and location of the 2002 Conference
9 Any Other Business

Chris Gostick
Hon. Secretary 18 June 2001

Kenneth Hopkins and John Cowper Powys

The following essay was written some twelve years ago as an introduction to a projected selection from the correspondence between Kenneth Hopkins and John Cowper Powys, an enterprise which unfortunately came to nothing. I offer it now as a tribute to one of the Powys brothers' most devoted champions, who was a loyal supporter of The Powys Society and a personal friend of many of its members. Since it was written a number of important items of Powys correspondence have been published; but I have allowed this piece to appear in its original form, since none of these subsequent collections modify what is written here.

G.C.

To receive a letter from John Cowper Powys was an exhilarating experience. His handwriting unlike that of his brother Llewelyn, was not difficult to read; it was large and handsomely formed and bore unmistakable signs of its nineteenth-century origin. But it was difficult quite literally to follow: one had to track his sentences as they made their sloping way across the page, then back and down, then finally round the side and along the edges. It made for an adventurous story.

(His youngest sister, Lucy, would give one equally full measure, in her more delicate hand.) John Cowper's script would also vary in size from word to word, and be embellished with capitals and underlinings and exclamation marks. One felt that all his energies had gone into the making of the letter. He was never one to dash off a mere careless note, but was in the fullest sense a correspondent.

Since his death in 1963 nine collections of his letters have been published, all of them to particular individuals. First in importance are those to Llewelyn Powys: none of the others are so revelatory or so written from the heart. Of the rest, in addition to the *Letters to Louis Wilkinson*, which appeared in Powys's lifetime, there are those written to Iorwerth C. Peate and to G. Wilson Knight, scholars with whom he shared both literary and imaginative interests; and also those to the American Henry Miller, which have a character rather different from the rest, less domestic in content, but buoyant and self-confident, and full of what Ronald Hall in his Introduction well describes as 'extravagantly transfusive warmth and elan'. In the case of Clifford Tolchard and Glyn Hughes, Powys is writing to those who who made contact with him through his writings, and the letters are essentially responsive rather than personally involved, though both are interesting for their discussion of his literary tastes and preferences. G. Bensen Roberts, organiser of a lecture Powys gave at Bridgend in South Wales, and, later on, the first Chairman of the Powys Society, was the recipient of some of Powys's most personal letters, full of local colour and a sense of Welsh life; they are among the most delightful of all. As for those written to Sven-Erik Täckmark and to Nicholas Ross, one is made aware of Powys's delight in mythologising; both correspondents appealed to his imagination as individuals, Täckmark (later his Swedish translator) becoming 'Erik the Red' and Nicholas Ross becoming 'Bastard Rhisiart'. The latter in particular seems to have encouraged John Cowper to play the zany: this is the most idiosyncratic and verbally extravagant of the various collections.

With this exchange of letters with Kenneth Hopkins one is presented with something new. This is the first time (save for certain letters to Llewelyn Powys) that one sees matters from the other person's point of view, and can judge Powys's letters as responses as much as performances. But this is not the first time Kenneth Hopkins has offered his young letter-writing self for inspection. The American edition of Llewelyn Powys's *Advice to a Young Poet* improves on its English predecessor not only by virtue of R. L. Blackmore's Introduction but also by the inclusion of Hopkin's own letters, including the embarrassingly brash one that provoked such a devastating rejoinder at the very start of the two men's acquaintance. Not many writers would be prepared to expose their youthful callowness in this way.

Kenneth Hopkins was born in 1914 and was thus forty-two years younger than John Cowper Powys. Although he liked to claim in the 1960s that he was 'working class before it became fashionable', it would be more true to say that he was lower middle class or small tradesman class: his father worked as a shoe repairer and his

mother ran a grocer's shop. He left school at fourteen. In *The Corruption of a Poet* (1954), his light-hearted and irreverent autobiography, he gives a cheerfully sardonic account of his Bournemouth boyhood; also of his youthful aspiration to be a poet, and of his desire to become acquainted with one. As it happened, his first significant literary contacts were with two prose writers – the novelist John Trevena, whom he mentions in these letters, and Llewelyn Powys, whom the young Hopkins bicycled all the way to visit in his remote Dorset home in 1935. One would like to hear more about Trevena. A Canadian whose real name was Ernest G. Henham, he retired to Dartmoor in quest of health, and published a number of forceful but now forgotten novels set on or around the moor; *Furze the Cruel* (1907), *Heather* (1908), and *Granite* (1909), the best of them, caused much local scandal at the time of their appearance. Hopkins compares them favourably with those of Eden Phillpotts (whose daughter, Adelaide married Powys's beloved Nicholas Ross); they certainly possess more individuality, and have a raw, almost rank quality that makes them unforgettable.

Kenneth Hopkins was the sort of man one would have expected to have read Trevena. He has some claim to be regarded as the last of the genuine men of letters: certainly from an early age he wished to follow a literary career. There is genuine romance in his decision at the age of twenty-three to throw up his job as an ironmonger's apprentice and set forth on foot to seek his literary fortune. The account of his journey into Wales in quest of John Cowper Powys, to be found in his autobiography, was augmented shortly before his death by the publication of his Journal for 1938–1939. It is a touching, infectiously enthusiastic, yet always matter-of-fact and honest document. Once in London he settled for a while at Charles Lahr's bookshop in Red Lion Square, and proceeded to make the acquaintance of many writers of the time, among them James Hanley, H. E. Bates, L. A. G. Strong, Malachi Whitaker and Clifford Bax – and also Louis Wilkinson from whose debonair worldly wisdom he was to profit greatly. Kenneth's marriage to Betty Coward took place in 1939. It was to be the emotional centre of his life thereafter, a marriage in his own words, 'which lasted almost fifty years without a cloud'.

At the end of the 1960s, with the literary editorship of *Everbody's* and his journalistic undertakings behind him, and after Powys's death, he retired to Norfolk, where he set up his own imprint, the Warren House Press, whereby he fulfilled his ambition of publishing the work of writers he admired – a list which included, quite unashamedly, himself; in this way also, through his selfless expenditure of time and money a number of minor but significant items in the Powys canon once more became available. One should also record his espousal of the literary cause of Gamel Wolsey, the American poet with whom Llewelyn Powys had a passionate love affair and whose *Collected Poems* Kenneth was to publish in 1984. He was always ready to be at the service of other people, even if many of his own dreams of literary fame and fortune went unfulfilled.

Nevertheless his achievement in literary terms was a varied and considerable one; and in 1951 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Much of the work he did was hack work – things like various film stories retold under various pen names ('Anton Burney' for a life of Liberace is my own favourite of these); but he also wrote detective stories and books for children, and was a perceptive compiler of anthologies, Edmund Blunden, Walter de la Mare and H. M. Tomlinson being among some of the subjects chosen, all of them his personal friends; while the last one to appear, *The Bent Pin* (1987), is a charming compilation of poems about fishing. The width of his knowledge of minor English verse is evident in the authoritative and witty *The Poets Laureate* (1954), and in his history, *English Poetry* (1962), both of which are erudite and highly readable accounts of their subjects, designed primarily for the general reader whose cause he was always to champion against the inroads of professional academicism. His own favourite among his books, however, *Portraits in Satire* (1958), can hold its head up in any company, being a thoroughly researched and learned study of Charles Churchill and other eighteenth-century wits. Kenneth Hopkins was a literary scholar in a way the Powyses never were.

It seems right therefore, that he should have followed Louis Wilkinson as their biographer. *The Powys Brothers* (1967), may be superseded by Richard Perceval Graves's more informative *The Brothers Powys* (1983), but it remains an excellent introduction to their work, balanced, sympathetic and perceptive. But it was as a poet that Hopkins first came to know John Cowper and Llewelyn, and it was as a poet that he wished to be remembered. Currently his work is undervalued (except in America, where for a number of years he taught at the Universities of Texas and Southern Illinois); it always has been. For Kenneth Hopkins was never a poet of any particular time or a member of any literary group or movement. He simply wrote as he wanted to write, nurtured more on the great figures of the past than on the work of his own contemporaries – in this resembling John Cowper Powys. But traditional as his poems are in form and metre, they are very much his own. He wedded the graceful and colloquial with ease. He was also a master of parody, witness his versions of Emily Dickinson and Samuel Butler; and he could be mischievous at the expense of certain twentieth-century reputations – a case in point being a classic paper on the Eliot Cult (it was called 'A Dull Head Among Windy Spaces') read to a group of students at Southern Illinois in 1966. Of his own dedicated craftsmanship there can be no doubt, just as there can be none as to his poetic fluency: like another of his idols, Charles Williams, he could turn out a sonnet in so many minutes flat.

As is apparent from these letters, his love poetry is characterised by a tender, witty, formalised eroticism: it is seventeenth-century in its inspiration and being imbued with a delightful sense of play, it brings Herrick and the Cavalier poets immediately to mind. John Cowper did well to admire the poems in *Love and Elizabeth* (1944); and that Kenneth kept in touch until the end can be seen in

Ecstacies and Elegies (1988), an advance copy of which was to be a comfort to him on his deathbed. These final poems, written in the year between his wife's death and his own, are austerely beautiful, unsparing in their utterance of his grief. But this sorrow was far in the future at the time the following letters were exchanged between the benign, prophetic novelist and the devoted, high-spirited, occasionally cocksure young aspirant who so obviously engaged his affection, and in due course his respect.

What makes these letters of Powys different from those he wrote to other people? It is, I think, because in them we see him being challenged by his correspondent and not allowed simply to play out his self-protective role, whether with extravagant confidence, as with Henry Miller, or with self-indulgent ease, as with Nicholas Ross. The young Kenneth Hopkins had a quality which was not far removed from bumptiousness (see the letter of 15th January 1941), a quality which served him less well with the more grave Llewelyn and which would have been disastrous with Theodore Powys. A little over a year after the correspondence begins, Mr Powys has become, at Hopkins's suggestion, 'Uncle' – but this as a result of their meeting and of the role John Cowper had come to play in his young friend's life; and even then it took about six months after that for 'Kenneth' to become 'Nephew'. But an uncle-nephew relationship begets confidentiality, as in the matter of girls, discussed here so delightfully and quite without salaciousness; and one notices an unusual readiness on John Cowper's part to bestow advice. With marriage and with military service the nephew grows up and the uncle becomes 'J.C.P.'; but even in 1945 the latter is still 'Uncle John' and later again the nature of his signing-off as 'Old John Rubbing his hands' might have been addressed to Louis Wilkinson or Nicholas Ross. And then as the years pass contact becomes more formal and by 1954 we once again have 'John C. Powys', but it is a singularly interesting letter comparing *Autobiography* with *The Corruption of a Poet*. And throughout the correspondence on both sides there sounds the note of loyalty and respect.

What we have here is, of course, Kenneth Hopkins's own choice from a far larger body of writing. But he was never one to stress the more favourable aspects of his own character, still less to report other people's praise of him: he was compulsively (to his admirers at times an irritatingly) modest man. His diffidence, which led him always and immediately to undercut anything which might be construed as pretentiousness on his part, may have done him a disservice with some of his lecture audiences; similarly it could issue in a flippancy that was not invariably well-timed. This uneasiness with himself occasionally surfaces in these letters; but as he grew older it resolved itself into a wary, wry appreciation of such blessings as life had to offer, and a mordant, almost Hardyesqe relish for predictable misfortunes. He was a connoisseur of the operations of 'Sod's Law'. Because of this sense of irony it was fitting that he should himself have reviewed the English edition of *Advice to a Young Poet* (the one without letters of his own) for

John O'London's Weekly. It is a just and appreciative piece of work. The epitaph on Llewelyn which it contains, must serve now, alas, for himself. 'His conversation, lively, wise, penetrating, is ended for ever, but the writings that are so faithful a reflection of his spirit, are available to any: "His back is turned but not his brightness hid."'

If Llewelyn Powys was Kenneth Hopkins's first monitor, John Cowper was to have an equally enduring influence upon him, not so much in personal philosophy, perhaps, as in personal style: some of his early letters read like cheeky imitations of the Master. But as he aged, with his many walking sticks (one of them formerly John Cowper's own), his pipe, and a four-square, Mr Badger-like tweediness, he acquired a *persona* that was redolent of the Powyses, albeit with a more metropolitan, sophisticated air. An extremely handsome man, his snow-white hair became him greatly; and in repose his face had a quiet dignity. Nothing was too much trouble for him if it would serve a friend; but he could be puckishly amusing about those he disliked, though never malicious or uncharitable. These characteristics are clearly seen in his letters, those to his close friends being written on sheets of club or hotel stationary, filched from all over Britain, Canada, New Zealand or the United States. He delighted in the bizarre and unexpected.

As to his effect upon John Cowper Powys, there is a directness and tenderness in the latter's response to him which is not found in previously issued collections of his correspondence. Letters from his young disciple like those of 14th and 29th of May 1938 must have been irresistible, for Kenneth Hopkins did not just bestow admiration upon him, he gave him love as well. Such warmth of feeling is something that admirers of great men and women can find it embarrassing to exhibit, since that very greatness tends to distance the objects of their affection. It is a measure of the enthusiasm and genuine goodness of Kenneth Hopkins's nature that he was able to reach and to reflect the warmth that lay within the 'cold, mysterious, planetary heart' as Llewely Powys called it, of his revered and never-to-be-forsaken lodestar, 'Uncle John'.

Glen Cavaliero

Readers may find the following letter from Kenneth Hopkins to John O' London's Weekly *of May 27 1949, of some interest as a post-script to the above. Ed.*

Letters to a Poet

To read a group of letters in print ten or a dozen years after receiving the originals, is a strange experience, some time ago, when I saw the proofs, and more strongly now that I hold the published book, *Advice to a Young Poet*, by Llewelyn Powys (Bodley Head 4*s*.6*d*.), in my hand, I wonder what manner of young man it was who received these pungent and uncompromising letters. And to-day, as I look back along the accidents of a decade, I can imagine the young man who was

myself looking forward to an unpredictable future; but if he met my eyes he would think me a stranger.

As we develop and alter we seldom give a thought to the selves from which we are sprung, and that is why these letters in sober print recall me to what I had supposed I had escaped from for ever – the young man at Bournemouth who wanted to be a writer.

It was from Bournemouth, that 'fortress of unpoetical prosperity,' as Powys called it, that I wrote asking if I could visit him; and it was to my home at Bournemouth that most of these letters were addressed. They were almost the only contact I had with the world of books and authors I was so anxious to enter. Llewelyn Powys was the first writer I ever met, and I could wish no young man better fortune than to meet such a man as he was.

I have vivid memories of the visits I made to the isolated cottages above East Chaldon where Llewelyn Powys lived with his wife next door to his sister and near his brothers John and Theodore. At that time he was almost always in bed when I visited him, for his health was giving considerable anxiety, and I can't recall that I ever saw him up and dressed. He looked usually as he does on the cover of this book, with his bright hair still curling, and the pointed beard and lined face framed in the old shawl that once belonged to Edward FitzGerald. Disease had not dimmed the searching gaze of his eyes, as I found often enough when some piece of adolescent foolishness escaped me. I must have been an unpromising disciple, but his patience was unfailing, his encouragement never withheld.

It was almost by chance – a very fortunate chance for me – that I had written to him. I had read one, or perhaps two of his books, and had admired them; but at that time I was much more under the influence of such writers as Belloc and Chesterton, whose appeal is so strong for boys in their teens. I would have been delighted to visit either of them.

But the impressive personality of Llewelyn Powys, and the sunny, uncomplicated philosophy he taught me, if they did not completely replace these writers in my affection, at least checked their influence, and looking back I am glad now that this was so. He helped me to appreciate the things I took for granted – had I not been born within sound of the sea? Yet he taught me to look at it for the first time. He taught me to appreciate books I had condemned unread, to value qualities in men and life that I had considered commonplace or negligible. And the eloquence and poetry of his writings won me for ever from the facile wit I had formerly thought the best that contemporary letters could offer.

Kenneth Hopkins

Two Poetic Appreciations of JCP

John Cowper Powys
by Edgar Lee Masters

Astronomer and biologist
And chemical analyst and microscopist,
Observer of men's convoluted shells
Where they conceal their hate and even their love
Under insipid ooze or nacreous stuff.
Tracer of criss-cross steps when great hells
Kept lime as soft as wax
Which thereupon took the imprint of the air
From gnat-like wings of joy or shadowy care.
He makes hard secrets stand in cul de sac's
Entrance and face him till he lays all bare
That eyes hold or heart of blood contains,
And curious traits in diverse curious brains,
And starved desires in hearts and hopes forgot
Under the sifting ashes of one's lot.

X-ray photographer who flashes
What's in you out of you with sudden crashes
Of wit or oratory in a flood.
He samples and tests the books, also your blood.
Shows what you are and whence you came,
And who your kindred are, and what your flame
In heat and color is. Poet and wag,
Prophet, magician taking from a bag
Eggs, rabbits, silver globes; the old engram!
Scoffer with reverence, visioned, quick to damn,
Yet laugh at, looking keenly through the sham.
Confessing his own sins, devoid of shame.
He knows himself and laughs
Or blames himself as he would others blame.
A naughty boy who kicks away the staff
Which poor decrepits walk by, nearly blind.
Then hurrying up with varied thought to find
Medicinal clay with which dim eyes to heal.

What is the human secret but Proteus'?
And who can catch the old man but his kind?
He was Poseidon's herdsman, knew the streams
Of early being, sea-filled ponds and sluices
Where life took birth through elemental dreams.
And Proteus glanced with lightning and divined
The cause of Bacchus' madness, But at noon
He counted his sea-calves and ocean-sheep

On Carpathos where waters made a tune
Following the orphic sun out of the deep —
Then in his cave he hid him, turned to sleep ...

So runs our life to change. And who can catch
The Protean thought must watch,
And be adept at wrestling, in the chase.
And know the god whatever be his face,
Through roar of water where the porpoises
And extravagant dolphins play, in silences
At noon or midnight. So John Cowper Powys
You stand before us gesturing, shoulder bent
A little like King Richard, frizzed of hair,
Rolling your eye for secrets, for the word.
The thresher of your mind is eloquent
With hulls and flakes of words, until at last
The kernal itself pops out, not long deferred ...

Here is our wrestler then,
Hunter of secrets of creative souls.
Eluded he may be, he tries again.
His hand slips clutching at the irised shoals
Of rapturous thought. And at times his eyes
Are blinded by a light, or a disguise.
But finally both eye and hand
Obey the infallible senses' brave command —
He catches Proteus then, and with a shout,
The god shouts too, and we who watch the bout
Join in the panic of their merriment!

A typescript of the above was found in the Bissell Collection. On the back of the second page is written: J H Harris Dec.6th 1961. *It is printed here as found.*

Portrait of the Incomparable John Cowper Powys Esq.

When first the rebel hosts were hurled
From heaven, — and as they downward sped
Flashed by them world on glimmering world
Like mileposts on that road to dread, —
One ruined angel by strange chance
On earth lit stranded with spent wing.
There, when revived, he took his stance
In slightly battered triumphing.
And still he stands; though lightening-riven,
More riotous than ere he fell, —
Upon his brow the lights of heaven
Mixed with a foregleam out of hell.

From 'Ten Grotesques', by Arthur Davison Ficke, The Little Review, *March 1915.*

Letters from JCP to Huw Menai

The Bissell Collection holds a large number of letters from John Cowper Powys to Huw Menai. written between 1938 and 1954. The earliest of these were transcribed by Mr Bissell and his transcriptions have been used here. In his introduction to Letters to C. Benson Roberts *(Village Press, 1975) Benson Roberts has this to say about Huw Menai and his friendship with JCP:*

> During his lecture visits to Bridgend, Powys was very impressed by my friend the poet Huw Menai, whom he said was, apart from Thomas Hardy, the greatest personality he had ever met. Huw had been employed as a company check-weigher at one of the South Wales collieries. As an ardent socialist he was not always popular with the Establishment but had the distinction of being befriended by Lord Rhondda the wealthy coal owner. After Rhondda's death Huw found himself out of work and forced to supplement his small income from the dole by writing, chiefly short lyrics.
>
> At Easter 1939 following a lecture visit from the novelist, Huw Menai and I paid a weekend visit to Corwen. John christened my old Ford "Easter Hero" ...

7 Cae Coed, Corwen
Merioneth, N Wales
Dec 8 1938

My dear Huw

I needn't speak of a cvfammod between us for its impossible to imagine anything that can come between us from now on save Death & how do [we] know that even that could? But I just scrawl this in haste old friend to say that I totally retract my silly and foolish & indeed teasing prayer that you should write to me in Welsh. Don't write, Huw dear, except a scrawl like this when the mood is on you & I promise not to be sulky if never on you, till we have our practical wits about us in regard to meeting again! It must have been that kind of sadistic feeling that I tend to have for those I love best that led me to torment you with that silly prayer. Write at your leisure & pleasure Hugh [*sic*] my true Camerado, in any language you like! One day I may practice my Welsh on you — but not now. I am worried too by another little thing — namely about what I added perhaps very inappropriately at the end of that coloured page in your little daughter's autograph album. What could be less nice than to use the word 'begetter' in the album of a little girl — & I oughtn't to have said 'my dear' to her either for how do I know she is a child, and not a grown-up young woman, now indignant with her Dad's friend forever? I thought you had a cloud on your face when you saw what I had written. Luckily my American little lady & I — by the miraculous intervention of some unseen Power — have so exactly the same feelings about things, that I have been able to

talk about you sans cesse ever since I got home. I told her how you suddenly stopped dead in your speech — deliberately damming up your 'hwyl' — so as to let your friend have the unbroken echo! A meeting in life.
[*A drawing of the head of Huw Menai and JCP*]

To Huw from Joan

Has your brave son — oh I do so deeply commend him! — reached you safely yet?

7 Cae Coed, Corwen
Merioneth
Dec 16 1938

My dear Huw I was I can tell you over-joyed when in the dusk by the entrance to this little group of new houses I got your letter from the post-man. I said what's the post-mark and he said Pen y Craig. Do you know Huw I had a mad fancy that I could inter-sperse these curst long months before your summer visit by arranging here yng nghorwen a 'lecture' or 'reading' or something for you that wd. pay your return trip & leave you with a couple of gold pieces in your pocket to treat your family to something when you got back! But I fear 'tis beyond my power or I should more properly say beyond my energy for the only way wd. be to save expense on tickets etc. by going round before-hand & selling amateur announcements (made up by Phyllis & me ourselves) at a shilling apiece and as soon as I got fifty shillings telegraphing to Huw the news! You see, old friend, owing to the failure of Maiden Castle and Morwyn — this last rejected altogether in America as too savage an attack on Science — I am passing thro' (and 'tis a shame on my little American) the lowest pitch of my money fortunes. Since I came back from America 5 years ago I've been living largely on my American savings which has given us 5 years of freedom from worry & (I fear) encouraged me to be too self-centred & self-indulgent in what I wrote — but this reserve is now gone and till my Owen is handed to the publisher for Autumn publication I'm in the humiliating position for the first time in my life of being really dependent on gifts of money from my brothers— particularly — but I swore I'd tell no one — so I mustn't tell even you. You see I had to make over all my father left me to my first family — so now I am now actually & really dependent on my pen — & on my pen alone — And you see unlike Llewelyn my brother & unlike yourself I have an unconquerable distaste & to confess honestly an extreme in-aptitude for writing for the papers or periodicals. I am a person who cannot condense — — well! you saw in my lecture! So with me 'tis a book, and generally a long one, or nothing!

Corwen, Merioneth
Dec 23 1938

Yes, sure old friend we'll listen to your son's voice tonight. Twas a most good thought & gentle of yours about that Royal Society but I'm touchy & shy & nervous over such things — because — and this is for the ears of you and your

dear Anne & your son only! you see Phyllis and I aren't safely & properly married like you and your lady — In fact mon cher, we aren't married at all: and can't be: as my wife is still alive and needs a little aid still! So I am — as my chief difficulty comes from the error of my ways — a bit timid & shy & may be you'll understand a bit proud too about bringing my affairs to the attention of even the most confidential board. I was daring however at one point — & this will tickle your fancy — & I do think it was to the credit of our present rulers — for I wrote a terrifically long letter to the Home Office Itself! With very little hope of getting any reply — but lo! after a passing of several months our Corwen Police Sergeant stopped me in the road & asked for exact details about Phyllis who is an American Citizen and the end of it was & I really was impressed and pleased — you can imagine! — that I received permission that Phyllis could pass as my Secretary; in spite of the fact that she's an American. But somehow I feel far less touchy & proud — tho' God knows rather scared! — where the Police and the Government are concerned than in dealing with more private bodies. I guess you'll understand this, in spite of the ills you have suffered from officials. Well about your appearance on the platform here Phyllis had an inspiration — which was to try one of the more go-ahead if not larger towns in the 'cylch' & we shall make certain tentative moves in that new direction. But as you say it's too cold to think now! Perhaps this improved health combined with the lessening of your 'awen' for short poems will drive you into a new & as yet quite un-foreseen epoch of your genius. Oh I do so long to see you again and for Phyllis to see you. My best greeting to your dear Anne & if I may add to your son whose voice I'll hear.

Yr. faithful but ineffective John

Corwen
Merioneth, N Wales
Dec 31 1938

My Dear Hugh [*sic*] what a wonderful letter this is from you and so bravely supported by your dear Anne! I should say you are in the right of it in what you say about the spirit of Phyllis! She was so pleased with all you said & your Anne giving your words her full support. Aye, old friend, I'm so sorry you've got this awful cold. I pray it doesn't get worse & yet more serious. I'm very nervous myself just now about the cold Phyllis has got, and has had, with ups and downs, for the last 3 months. I keep her indoors— that's all I can do short of setting the local doctor at her — & she'd never agree to that — but she goes on coughing & coughing — & I'll soon have to be drastic if it doesn't get better & keep her in bed — that's all really that the doctor wd. do— except take her temperature and sound her chest! But today I can't keep her quiet by the fire because the Hanleys; James, his wife and his younger brother Gerald — are all coming from where they live about 9 miles away, on the Cerrig-y-Druidion road to see the New Year in. James, as is his annual wont, gave us a bottle of the best Rum as a Xmas present: & if I don't put

that into my glasses of milk I'll put a drop of whiskey; so as to drink their health, & that — you may be sure — of Huw of the Rhondda! Yes this is a wonderful letter from you, Huw, & I shall always keep it. It goes without saying how interested I am in the new departure in literature which you propose to yourself this New Year. To the inspiration and the power and to the reaction produced by this new venture or ventures. I surely shall be thinking, and putting a lucky tyngel on it tonight! Yes, I like the idea of an autobiographical work for as long as you let yourself go in it enough it'll be the sort of thing I like. — I think when a lyric poet reaches 50 there's a turning point. Some just go on as it were copying the inspiration of their youth but the wiser I think drive ahead as you purpose to do in a new field and a new medium. And yet of course there are exceptions. Some of Landor's best lyrics were written when he was 90 & he called the book Faggots from an Old Tree. I am myself no authority as a critic of poetry written by contemporaries. I know I don't do justice to modern poetry and yet I know that there must be modern poetry — but I really don't know quite why it is I've become in this direction something like a crochetty old man who cannot move with his time. In prose it's quite different. I can keep up entirely there! But another great gap and hole in my culture is my absolute lack of response to music — and also to drama. I've never really liked the famous Greek Tragedians, not that is, as compared with Homer. Well — all margins gone! So I can only send our love which doesn't depend on space or time to you both —Yr. J

[*On back of envelope*]

Do'ee know I almost believe it's something different from drama — perhaps a mixture of ballads and romance & history that makes me like Shakespeare while I am so dull to other dramatists. Perhaps I read him as I would read a novel of Scott!

7 Cae Coed, Corwen
Merioneth, N Wales
Jan 11 1939

My dear Huw What a splendid letter your last one was. Sure it was a strange co-incidence that your son should have brought you that review from the Observer. All that man Selincourt's Reviews are thoughtful & careful & as far as I can see he only reviews books that appeal to him. Would that other reviewers wd. be as scrupulous instead of first saying that they've hardly read a line of an author & then announcing that they've just glanced thro' a few pages , & find nothing to deserve — etc. etc. etc. But I suppose they're all over-worked, over-pressed & a bit sick of their job — & take it out on their authors. Forgive my delay in replying old friend; but what a comfort to be able to treat you as I treat my brother Llewelyn & only write when the rush of laborious duty-letters ebbs a bit! — knowing that you're not cursing me or misunderstanding. Your letter was so stoical & great-hearted that I feel ashamed, from my more woolly lair to groan & grumble but oh dear! I don't believe anybody — most certainly not any living person earning their

living entirely by their pen! Is so beset with correspondence. But never do you stop writing me one of these precious letters which put me in good spirits for the day because of what I grown about, because — as I say — I act to you as I do to my brother Llewelyn, keep his last letter at my side in one of my 'lesson-books' till the precise, exact, convenient moment & mood — & do you the same with mine, Brother Huw! But now let me tell you how an ordinary day of mine generally goes, Huw, and do you tell me the same one day; how yours passes on the average. I wake up and get up, these days as soon as it is light enough to see to dress by our bedroom window without turning on the electric & waking Phyllis. Then I put on my seven-league boots and feed the rooks up the back-lane, & the tits & chaffinches etc. etc. down our back lane half the 8 Cae Coed houses have their backs to this lane where our kitchen doors are & P. & I always have our breakfast in the kitchen because my writing room upstairs serves as her parlour too. Then I shave & while I'm doing this one of our neighbour's young daughters — from the toll pike up the road — comes to light the said kitchen fire, & the one in my writing room upstairs; & then goes next door to light Phyllis's mother's kitchen fire. Then I call Phyllis who like all Americans sits up later than we do at night & off I go with my old black dog for about an hour & a quarter's walk. The last 3 days our little 'Betty' hasn't been able to come; so I've had once more (as in America where there are none of these little 'Betties') to revert to fire-lighting myself — & God! how much longer than 'our Betty' do I take at 'thik little job'! I don't generally get off till 9 — & this means we don't sit down to breakfast till 10.15 and this means with our reading the letters & the Telegraph that I am not on my back with my pen in my hand for a disgraceful time. I generally get up here by 11.15. But then I do what I call my 'lessons' a page, or half a page if its extra difficult of the Odyssey which I've gone over & over for nearly 8 years now & still (such a bad scholar am I) I can't get on with a translation - but make myself look out 3 words in the lexicon, why on earth they call a Greek Dictionary a 'Lexicon' and a Latin Dictionary a Dictionary the Lord only knows! Then I read a chapter of the Welsh Bible — with much less use of the translation than in the case of the Odyssey! Then I try to steal 3 quarters of an hour at least for reading some modern Welsh Scholar's Notes on some old Welsh books — the text itself being still far too difficult. All this brings me to One o'clock when I begin answering letters — the Curse of my day! For instance there's a heavenly charity in America called the Guggenheim Fellowship started by an old Jew, a 'Copper Baron', in memory of his only son — the Jews are the ones for real effective things on a huge scale — this 'Foundation' has I don't know how many millions & it gives — only to Americans — (God! I would well like to be one of its recipients, my wone self!) two thousand dollars to all sorts of young Americans (lads & lasses) who have some literary or artistic gift — well I've been for years one of their patientist recommenders for these 'fellowships' which means filling up questionnaires as to the merits of the applicants — Just now this is a bit tantalising — when I could so well fill up a

questionnaire with my own claims! Well, that's only one instance. Then this very morning comes a letter from a man in Manchester evidently not a bourgeois, possibly a weaver, telling me he is going to send me his 'philosophy' in six thousand words to read and comment on — & I've written and said 'send it on'. But the other day I had a really exciting communication from my old Anarchist friend Emma Goldman (better known in America than over here) namely the life of Bakunin in French written by a friend of Emma's. But I've not had a minute yet to read it. — but how good of the old lady & she all busy travelling & collecting money for Barcelona. It gives me such satisfaction to see Bakunin side by side with these old Welsh Bards and Huw Menai's letters that I can put off studying it for a bit — & after all I've long been a convert to Anarchism as the only real liberty, & without question the system of the Future; unless the human race kills itself first. Well when we get about 2 o'clock still letters, still answering letters, three o'clock still at it: and then at Four I go for my second walk without having done a stroke of work for my living! Well back at 5.30 & then tea (& more letters arrive) and we have tea up here in my room & P & I enjoy our tea & talking. Then about 7 o'clock I start working at my life's work and work for three hours fast & fast till Phyllis comes up at 10pm — & sometimes I don't stop then but go on till getting on for eleven pm; but generally I stop at 10 & we read to each other till I go to bed at 11, but she doesn't go to bed till 1.30am or even 2am! But I have decided that I shall try tomorrow even if I have to light a candle — a candle wouldn't wake her up! To get up at 7 and have an hour at Homer and the Bible and Notes on Llywarch Hen (of these parts he was) which will enable me to start this bloody correspondence (under which I groan) an hour earlier & consequently be able, this was as I told James Hanley over his rum, my New Year's resolution — to begin my work at two or at least 2.30pm & get at least an hour & a half's writing before four o'clock! But you see, Huw dear, where the shoe pinches your old John — correspondence! that's my curse — & and here's this harassed and lonely man in Manchester making me read his 'philosophy' of six thousand words! What is anyone to do O Huw? I was so interested in all you said about your children. I hope I've got them right for I like to have them in my mind when I think of you & try to call up your surroundings (7 children without your married daughter). Your Spanish one first — then David Glyndwr the carpenter — Olwen at the University — aye! What names! I have no daughter alack & alas not even a bastard one! & so dear wd. I love to have a daughter — in fact my son, Littleton Alfred, is my sole progeny. So much did I like the idea of a daughter that in New York in the German toy shop Phyllis and I solemnly bought the loveliest doll you ever saw in your life — a doll of about 17 I should say in her looks & oh so beautiful! And do you know what we called her — Olwen! Out of the Mebinogion, so 'tis very natural to me to hear of your daughter Olwen & I'm very glad she's real & not only a doll like ours! And then Margaret aye! but I pray you have luck with that money owing to her! & I hope she gets some consolation from not having to be on her feet all day long.

Betsy — the County Scholar (I've never known a Betsy in my life — though lots of Bettys!) I can't imagine a little Betsy of 15! I always think of Betsy as a handsome grey-haired lady in a black silk gown! Arvon, your youngest son a scholar at the County School — I'd be so interested to see what he's like. And oh I pray little Jean will get over that trouble — any thought of blood poisoning scares me more than anything else, Well the 2 things in your letter that pleased Phyllis and me most were 1st what that fellow said about your son — but aye! its no good speaking or thinking about Barcelona — Phyllis gets hysterics over it & beats the air — I put down in my Diary all the curses on that skipping little ape Franco I can invent — but it's simply the most flagrant triumph of Evil over Good and of Cowardice over Courage and of Slavery over Freedom that I have lived to see in my time — and 2nd I'll close my reply with this happiness, namely that Benson Roberts (who will be rewarded in Heaven by having all the greatest dead actors & actresses to act his plays and all the best books ever written in his library in Saturn) is going to motor you up here in the Spring Hurrah! Hurrah! Bless you my friend & your dear Lady & all you love and especially your son from Spain & that daughter in whose album I wrote.

Your devoted John P sends her love

7 Cae Coed, Corwen
Merioneth, N Wales
Jan 25 1939

Aye! My dear Huw how I did enjoy every word of this letter — the truth is you & I, as you said in one of your earliest letters are so much at one in the depth of our souls that we really know in advance what the other feels in those regions but what we don't know is the reaction of our poor mortal frames (which yet in our skeletons & skulls have their curious atavistic characteristics). Huw I have (to my sister in America with whom I have lived out there all the 20 years before I met Phyllis — my sister Marian who has a lace shop in New York) — drawn pictures of that extraordinary skull of yours that the French Professor says is 25,000 years old in type — (long & round at the same time) and all in vain! I probably shall now go on illustrating till I die all my letters to my best far away friends with pictures of Huw, the Menai Sea-Serpent. Perhaps on my death-bed I'll hit it off! May you be alive then — if you want to be & are happy then.

[*A sketch of JCP lying down and a head of Huw Menai*]

But this letter of yours old friend did so please and fascinate me because it called up the Realities of your existence which I have an intense desire to call up vividly before me. I was so impressed by 'no cradle, no pram' for all your 8! And I like every least detail you say of you and your Anne's routine. How should I not like such things & regard them as the Extreme opposite of Dull when I keep reading and studying word by word Homer's Odyssey & the Welsh Bible which are full of these things — especially the Odyssey — every single detail referred to and not

always in a 'Llys' either — when you think of the homestead of the herdsman on the rocky farm where those fierce dogs were! The least that bourgeoise persons who have been protected & coddled all their days can do is read of realities in Homer & the Bible, where I fancy things are pretty nigh as stark (now & again) as reality is! & without all those Imaginative Touches or Fanciful Touches rather of modern writers going in for that sort of thing! — And now sadly enough I've got to turn alas! to that Ominous first sentence in your letter, Huw 'I have been worried by returning symptoms of the old trouble' —There's some devil of a dark form of evil power hovering like a Black Crow over you old friend, I know it — & — it's a cinch as they say in Missouri in America that you are going through a narrow strait in your life — with alternative Devilish Evils (Scylla & Charibdis!) on both sides of the strait — the first rush of lyric inspiration changing to what is as yet unknown, but what is destined (I know it) to be great — and this hovering over you of that fatal malady which was the Orchestral Accompaniment (in groanings and nausea) of your best flights of genius. But like the much-enduring Odysseus I think you'll get through this difficult time. I oughtn't to have cursed — it just shows! That Manchester chap who has now sent me other essays to read — for his writings were most interesting & on a thing I am absolutely ignorant of, namely modern Mohammedan Philosophy! (and the chap calls himself uneducated!) He has interested me in the Koran too of which I have never read a line — only he spells it in what I suppose is the correct way, with a 'q' Please give my respectful salute to Anne. Bless you — yr. J.

Plans for Chydyok

There are a number of fragmented sketches and notes in the Bissell Collection which indicate Llewelyn's ambition to make changes to the house and garden at Chydyok. These are accompanied by a letter from Alyse, dated 7th July 1958, which is as follows: 'Dear Mr. Bissell, I thought you would value the enclosed. They were plans my husband drew up for the Chydyok house – most of them carried out. The map shows where Chydyok is situated in relation to the village of Chaldon. Sincerely yours Alyse Gregory.'

The garden at Chydyok is now mainly rough grass and there is little sign that it was ever cultivated so it is interesting that Alyse should tell Mr Bissell that most of Llewelyn's plans were carried out. Certainly both Getrude and Katie were keen gardeners and grew their own vegetables and Llewelyn, despite his threatening health was evidently keen to not only do that but to develop the plot in a somewhat grandiose style – its terrace providing the inevitable reminder of home at Montacute with somewhere along its length, a bread pot – *The old Montacute*

bread box, cracked but to be used for bulbs. It is not surprising that a garden in the midst of such a wild environment should, over the years, have been almost completely reclaimed by nature, only the pond remaining.

Llewelyn's notes are on scraps of paper, some of which are reproduced here, with in most cases, an approximate transcription of the handwriting.

The Garden The annotated sketch contains instructions for some local handyman (perhaps Mr Miller, the local carpenter and builder) which are continued over the page. They are as follows:

This is only a rough plan of what I want and must be altered to suit the ground as you work. The Bee Master's path inside the rampart needs to be made roughly level only, not absolutely level – I want the entrance made to the Bee Yard – but I also want the bees to be sheltered from the east wind – so a rough little rampart should be built inside where I have marked with an arrow. When making the rough .... Inside the rampart be careful of the nut tree and the climbing plant. If the rampart is not high enough to shelter the hives it can be capped with the rough clots taken from each side of the gate.

In making the new flower bed under the Tumbledown fence great care should be taken not

to loosen the posts of the fence. They should be looked at before you begin moving the rough clots and stones from the bank. ... The new flower bed on each side of the gate into Tumbledown should be if possible of equal size – The one the left hand side should curve up to the blue plant in a half-moon curve. To make an entrance into the BeeYard the old rampart must be cut through where it is convenient above the tamarisk tree. The path leading to the BeeYard can be as narrow as you like – very narrow between the banks of the ramparts. ... You need not follow my plan exactly – you must decide yourself what is easiest to do as you work and are able to see how it is coming out.

The photograph below shows some of the features mentioned as follows:

a The wicket gate (which was the subject of a special dispensation from the Weld Estate), known as Fox Gate, no longer exists, but was evidently not placed where Llewelyn at first intended.

b The hut in the foreground was the one in which Llewelyn and Alyse often slept. The white points beyond its roof may be beehives and are certainly where he planned to have the bees. (Although the path to the hives is marked as Bee Master's Path there is a good deal of evidence that it was mainly Gertrude who looked after the hives.) Beyond the 'BeeYard' it is just possible to make out the roof of Llewelyn's revolving shelter– which is still there.

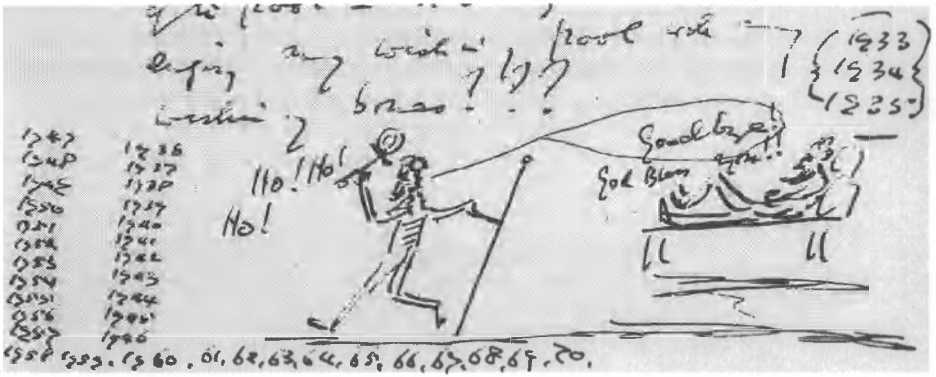
c There are still nut trees against what Katie christened 'Tumbledown' fence.

d The terrace is still recognisable on the ground as a levelled path which runs between the hut and the house roughly parallel with the field fence.

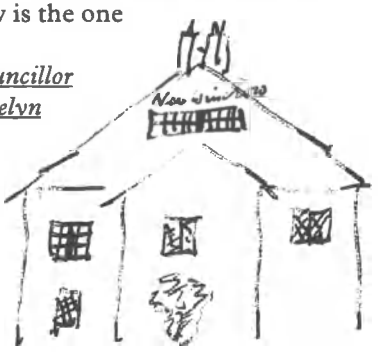
The Pond Llewelyn's pond is just to the left as you enter the gate. These notes and drawings appear to relate to help and information he wanted from A. R. Powys.

Would you be able to visit Gamages one day and consult about fish for the pond. I would like to have had wild fish like roach and carp and dace but I suppose it is only suitable for gold fish – Will you discover how many gold fish? And also if not too expensive discuss about tropical fishes of the most hardy kinds they have in their aquariums – How could we get the fish here – will I have to send a car to Wool to meet them? Have they any exciting water beetles or water boatmen or sticklebacks? Would fish eat each other up? ... mud at the bottom of the pool – How long will I live to enjoy my wishing pool with my wasting bones ???

Also could you discuss the prices of tortoises – and ... me buying a male and a female – and will they fend for themselves summer and winter. Do they require water or is dew enough – do they require extra feeding?

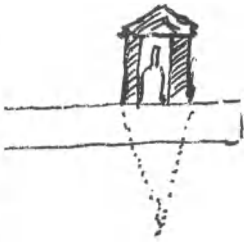


The House There are fragments of notes which relate to the creation of the loft room with a window looking out over the barns opposite. Unfortunately, apart from being incomplete, they are almost impossible to read. We know that A. R. Powys drew up plans for an attic study for Alyse and that the work was carried out by Mr Miller. In the photograph the new window is the one which is open beneath the hipped roof.



A Humble Petition for the Advice of A.R. Powys Councillor of the British Empire, from his younger brother Llewelyn

Would you one day when you have time make me in your workshop a little wooden shrine for protecting a half bottle of wine set up ... for Mr. Weston's Good Wine and give instructions as to painting and how it could be fixed firm. Would the wine spoil in such a shrine? Could it be fixed by sinking it back into the wall?



The little 'shrine', if it was ever made, has not survived although it may have been inside the porch, on the cement floor of which is inscribed, 'On Earth is Wine, Bread and Bed.'

The typescript of Alyse Gregory's journal held in the collection adds little about the garden to the information we have from Llewelyn's plans. However, some of the following entries convey her interest and suggest that it was important to their relationship:

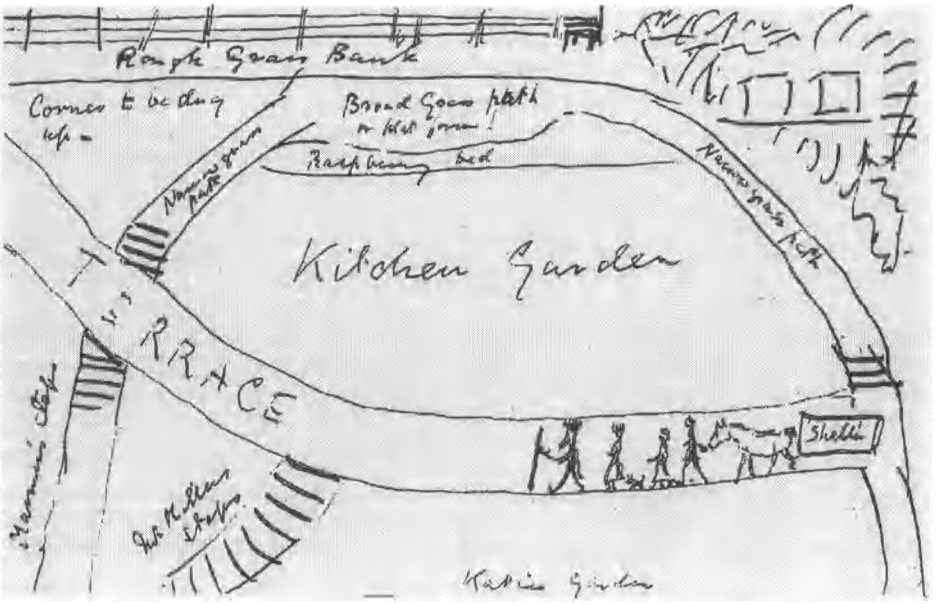
Nov. 15 1930 Tomorrow we move to Chydyok. L. is lying on the couch with a sick headache, and so my heart is held down with anxiety.

May 4 1931 We went and dug up some cowslip plants and planted them in our garden, both happy.

May 20 1931 All day L. and I worked side by side in the garden, so engrossed and at peace , and the days pass, one following the other, and we are in harmony. Gl. And G. are in London.

March 24 1932 Yesterday L. and I walked to Lulworth for the bay tree Mrs. Hardy had promised us. It was raining and there was a wild gusty wind.

March 26 1932 Yesterday we had the shelter moved into our garden. L. walked up and down the terrace in the sunshine rubbing his hands, happy to be alive and full of plans and ideas for the garden ... [p.t.o.]



July 17 1932 Yesterday we gathered in our onions and tied them up to store and L. said he enjoyed the sense of the recurring seasons. The air was fresh and I felt stronger than I had for a long time and we were so happy and united.

July 19 1932 This morning we rose in the sunshine and L. said 'let us walk along our fine terrace'. He was in such good spirits. He took my arm and we walked together and then I suddenly saw a beautiful old brooch fastened under the leaf of a sunflower. It was his present to me. He was so charmed by my pleasure and surprise, and then we went into the house – – and suddenly he said to me as he was shaving 'My darling, I have spat some blood.' Oh, how the darkness comes down upon me! It is the worst attack of blood spitting he has had since we were in Jerusalem. ... All day my knees have trembled, and I have hardly once sat down. But at tea he said how beautiful the garden looked.

Member's News and Notes

August 13 Llewelyn's Birthday As is the custom, there will be an informal gathering at The Sailor's Return, East Chaldon, at 12 noon. Having met and toasted Llewelyn's memory, those who feel inclined will walk to Chydyok and then on to lay a wreath at the memorial stone. All members and friends will be welcome.

*****

As many members will be aware, **Jeremy Hooker** recently returned to Wales to teach at the University of Glamorgan. His latest book *Welsh Journal*, recalls an earlier period he spent in Wales in the 1970s, and is published by Seren Books, 38–40 Norton Street, Bridgend CF31 3BN at £7.95, or from all good bookshops. He also has *Imagining Wales*, a major new interpretation of a number of Welsh writers in English, recently issued by the University of Wales Press.

*****

Iain Sinclair, another notable JCP supporter, also recently published a new novel (*Landor's Tower*, Granta Books £15.99) – in which JCP gets two honourable mentions on pages 92 and 197. The book leaves behind (well almost) Sinclair's normal territory of deepest London and heads out instead for the Welsh borderland around Hay-on-Wye. Many of the characters from Sinclair's earlier books return, along with some fascinating new creations. As always with Sinclair, the book shows how the traditional boundaries of the novel can be pushed back, and owes much to JCP, both in the use of his idea of the multiverse, with interconnected story lines operating on many levels, as well as in its own way being another retelling of the Grail quest; but above all the book is notable for its brilliant and lyrical use of language, with the most evocative images and ideas flooding every page. Not to be missed by anyone appreciating fine contemporary

writing – although purists should be warned that not all sentences have main verbs!

*****

Elizabeth Lawrence, a long-standing member of the Society, has copies of *The Powys Journal* 1991–1999 inclusive and some 35 copies of the *Powys Society Newsletter* available which she is willing to pass to any interested member of the Society for the cost of postage. Anyone interested please contact Elizabeth directly at Frying Pan House, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset DT6 7JS.

*****

The Dickens Magazine Members will recall a flyer for this publication, edited by George Gorniak, a member of the Society, included with a recent *Newsletter*. The final volume of the present series on *Great Expectations* (Issue 6) is about to be published, and as well as much information about Dickens and his times each volume also contains a long article on a contemporary writer in the Dickens style. These have included H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy and J. B. Priestly. For this final volume the writer is John Cowper Powys, and as a special concession George is able to supply individual copies of Issue 6 of the magazine to Powys Society members for a total cost of £6.50 inclusive of postage and packing. Anyone interested in purchasing this single issue of The Dickens Magazine, or requiring any further information on the project, should send a cheque for £6.50 to Euromed Communications, 8A Liphook Road, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 1NL – or telephone 01428 656665.

*****

Typographic 57 – the latest edition of the magazine of the International Society of Typographic Designers is now available and contains a long article by Chris Gostick on the **handwriting of John Cowper Powys** with many illustrations. Copies of the magazine are available from David Jury, Colchester Institute, Sheepen Road, Colchester CO3 3LL (e-mail <david.jury@colch-inst.ac.uk>) at £8.95 plus 50p postage, or from major booksellers.

*****

Review of Constitution

The April edition of *Newsletter* included a separate insert setting out a list of issues the Committee consider require attention to improve the Constitution of the Society, together with some suggestions as to how these improvements might be achieved. So far very few members have responded, and whilst it is understandable that Constitutional matters are not always of the most pressing interest to people, it would greatly help the new Committee if as many people as possible could respond by at least indicating any preferences they might have for some of the alternative arrangements suggested. Please write as soon as possible to:

Chris Gostick, Hon Secretary, Old School House. George Green Road, George Green, Wexham, Bucks SL3 6BJ.

An Earlier Diarist
Caroline Girle — Mrs Philip Lybbe Powys

Caroline Girle, both before and after her marriage to Philip Lybbe Powys in 1762, wrote extensive diaries and letters and detailed accounts of her travels around the country, with the direct encouragement of her father. Extracts were published in 1899, spanning the years 1756 to 1808, when the diary ceases.[1] These extracts are regarded as extremely valuable source material on local customs, manners and celebrations, on the architectural development and interior decoration of the grand house in the late eighteenth century, when she was both tourist and private visitor,[2] and on the trials and hardships of travel by roads which were maintained, if at all, by numerous separate, and not always effective, turnpike trusts.

The journals start when Caroline was still seventeen; her language is perhaps a little formal, but she quickly acquired an easy and fluent manner, and is clearly well read and extremely observant. Her diaries give a first-hand impression of the country life of the English upper classes at a time when rapidly increasing wealth

Mrs Philip Lybbe Powys

'Etruscan profile' silhouette by Jacob Spornberg at Bath, 1807, reproduced from the frontispiece to the Diaries *(see note 9).*

gave rise to the building of new country houses everywhere, and the passion for entertainment was spreading from the town to the country.

Inevitably, making selections from a diary means that some, perhaps a substantial proportion, has been omitted; unfortunately, in spite of recent efforts by others, the original diaries have not been traced. The editor of the published *Diaries* would have chosen passages which she thought would interest her readers; perhaps she left out what she found boring or repetitive or too personal. There are many gaps in the chronological sequence, but we simply do not know what gaps occurred in the original diaries. While we can draw some conclusions about the character of the diarist, we cannot, for example, deduce from the virtual absence of political comments in this volume that Caroline was not interested in politics.

She was clearly acutely conscious of the inferior position allotted to women: perhaps in another age she might have been a suffragette or a women's libber. Noting her female ignorance of the scientific subject of fortification on a visit to Plymouth, 'more for want of instruction than capacity', she observes:

> ... is it anything surprising that the sex should amuse themselves with trifles when these lords of creation will not give themselves the trouble (in my conscience, I believe, for fear of being outshone) to enlarge our minds by making them capable to retain those of more importance? (75)

She may, of course have been equally ignorant of politics.

Caroline Girle was born on December 27th 1738,[3] the only child of John Girle, who had made a success and a fortune in his career as a surgeon, and of Barbara Slaney, herself an heiress.[4] She was brought up in Berkshire, where in her childhood she knew her future husband's family at Hardwick, Oxfordshire, situated overlooking the Thames 5 miles west of Reading.[5]

On September 14th 1754 the Girle family moved into the house which Caroline says her father built in Lincoln's Inn Fields (*Diaries*, vii). Whether the family had lived elsewhere in London before moving to this fashionable address is not known; Caroline was then nearly 16, and it might have been thought to be an appropriate age for her to be introduced to life in the Metropolis. We can corroborate this date from the rating and other records for Lincoln's Inn Fields;[6] John Gyrle (as he is there spelt) is shown as in occupation of No 1 from 1754 to 1760. If, as is stated, he had 'built' the house, this would have been a rebuilding of an earlier house. The 12 original houses in the western part of the north side of the Fields, were completed by 1657; there is no record of their earlier appearance. All have been rebuilt and are now numbered 1 to 12.

Recorded gaps in the years of occupation indicate possible dates of rebuilding of 1730 or 1736, which would be consistent with the dating of some internal features which still survive; the house would presumably have been let from the rebuilding till 1754. No 1 now bears little resemblance to a state which Caroline would have recognised: in 1820 it was amalgamated with No 2, to the

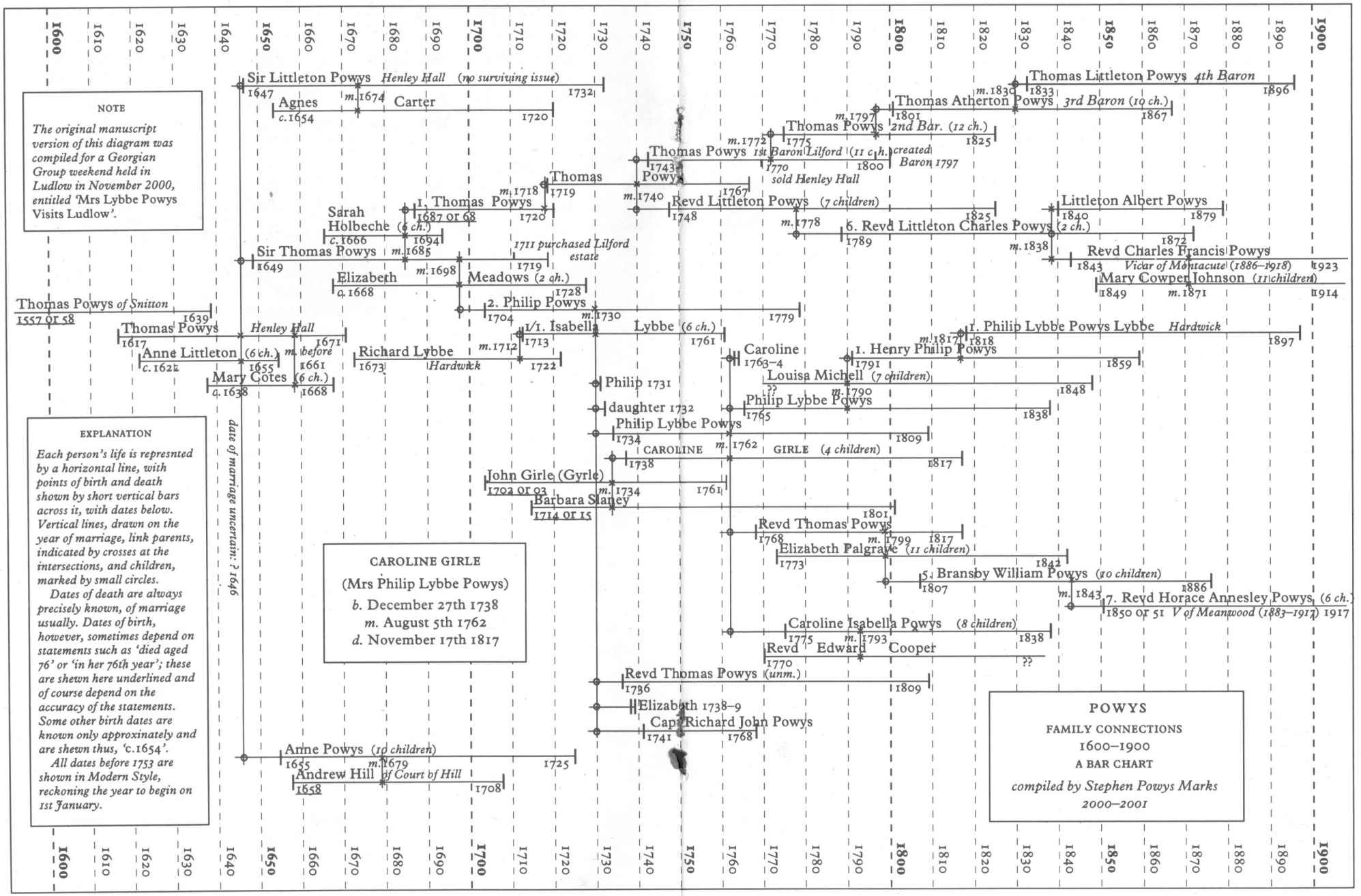
east, itself also a rebuilding occurring rather later than No 1 (as is evident from the greater storey heights of No 2); No 1 has lost its own entrance door, has had a top storey added, perhaps in place of a mansard roof; and new matching railings on both Nos 1 and 2 belong to the time of amalgamation. However, we can see exactly where Caroline Girle lived in London from 1754 till 1761 (*figure 1*).[7]

Her father (*b.*1702 or 03) had retired before 1761, and had bought a house in the newly-built Circus in Bath, to which they were planning to move, but before this could take place he died, on July 5th 1761, and was buried at Beenham, Berks. Caroline and her mother Barbara (1714 or 15–1801) instead moved back to Caversham, near Reading. They already knew many people here, and renewed their acquaintance, and a year later, on August 5th 1762, Caroline married Philip Lybbe Powys. They lived at his family home, Hardwick House.[8]

She describes Hardwick as 'a large old house, about twelve rooms on a floor, with four staircases, the situation delightful, on the declivity of a hill, the most beautiful woods behind, and fine views of the Thames and rich meadows in front' (97) – quite a substantial house! His widowed father, Philip Powys, lived with them, while her mother lived in Reading. Their first child died in infancy, then there were two sons and a daughter, and they lived at Hardwick until 1784; his father had died in 1779, their sons were now making their own lives, and they found Hardwick too large: they went to live with her brother-in-law, the Revd Thomas Powys, Rector of Fawley, Bucks, leaving Hardwick 'with the utmost regret'. From 1783 Caroline and Philip and her mother spent some of the winter, anything between five weeks and three months, in Bath almost every year; their visits continud after her mother died early in 1801, at least until 1808, the last year of the *Diaries*. Caroline was in her seventy-ninth year when she died on November 17th 1817.[9]

Caroline describes frequent excursions both near and far. One of the most diverting accounts is of a Gala Week in January 1777 in the neighbourhood of Henley-on-Thames, some 15 miles away from Hardwick; they stayed with Thomas Powys at Fawley Rectory, three miles from Henley, reaching it with great difficulty because of the crowds on the roads; every house in the neighbourhood was full of company (those who have in more recent times taken part in Henley Royal Regatta will know what this means); the fashionable and noble company is described, and the plays, including a performance of 'The Provoked Husband' in which the parts were taken by the local lords, ladies and gentry. Another event of great interest, which

Figure 1 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, Nos 1 & 2 (Nov. 2000).


1600 1610 1620 1630 1640 1650 1660 1670 1680 1690 1700 1710 1720 1730 1740 1750 1760 1770 1780 1790 1800 1810 1820 1830 1840 1850 1860 1870 1880 1890 1900
NOTE
The original manuscript version of this diagram was compiled for a Georgian Group weekend held in Ludlow in November 2000, entitled 'Mrs Lybbe Powys Visits Ludlow'.
EXPLANATION
Each person's life is represnted by a horizontal line, with points of birth and death shown by short vertical bars across it, with dates below. Vertical lines, drawn on the year of marriage, link parents, indicated by crosses at the intersections, and children, marked by small circles.
Dates of death are always precisely known, of marriage usually. Dates of birth, however, sometimes depend on statements such as 'died aged 76' or 'in her 76th year'; these are shewn here underlined and of course depend on the accuracy of the statements. Some other birth dates are known only approxinately and are shewn thus, 'c.1654'.
All dates before 1753 are shown in Modern Style, reckoning the year to begin on 1st January.
CAROLINE GIRLE
(Mrs Philip Lybbe Powys)
b. December 27th 1738
m. August 5th 1762
d. November 17th 1817
POWYS
FAMILY CONNECTIONS
1600–1900
A BAR CHART
compiled by Stephen Powys Marks
2000–2001
Sir Littleton Powys Henley Hall (no surviving issue) 1647–1732
Agnes c.1654–1720 m.1674 Carter
Thomas Littleton Powys 4th Baron 1833–1896 m.1830
Thomas Atherton Powys 3rd Baron (10 ch.) 1801–1867 m.1797
Thomas Powys 2nd Bar. (12 ch.) 1775–1825 m.1772
Thomas Powys 1st Baron Lilford (11 ch.) 1743–1800 created Baron 1797
1770 sold Henley Hall
Thomas Powys 1719–1767 m.1740
Revd Littleton Powys (7 children) 1748–1825
Littleton Albert Powys 1840–1879
6. Revd Littleton Charles Powys (2 ch.) 1789–1872 m.1778
Revd Charles Francis Powys 1843–1923 Vicar of Montacute (1886–1918) m.1838
Mary Cowper Johnson (11 children) 1849–1914 m.1871
I. Thomas Powys 1687 or 68–1720 m.1718
Sarah Holbeche (6 ch.) c.1666–1694
Sir Thomas Powys 1649–1719 m.1685
1711 purchased Lilford estate
Elizabeth c.1668 m.1698 Meadows (2 ch.) 1728
2. Philip Powys 1704–1779 m.1730
Thomas Powys of Snitton 1557 or 58–1639
Thomas Powys 1617–1671 Henley Hall
Anne Littleton (6 ch.) c.1622–1655 m. before 1661
Mary Cotes (6 ch.) c.1638–1668
Richard Lybbe 1673 Hardwick m.1712
I/1. Isabella 1713–1722 Lybbe (6 ch.) 1761
Caroline 1763–4
I. Philip Lybbe Powys Lybbe Hardwick 1818–1897 m.1817
I. Henry Philip Powys 1791–1859
Louisa Michell (7 children) ??–1848 m.1790
Philip Lybbe Powys 1765–1838
Philip 1731
daughter 1732
Philip Lybbe Powys 1734–1809
CAROLINE GIRLE (4 children) 1738–1817 m.1762
John Girle (Gyrle) 1702 or 03–1761
Barbara Slaney 1714 or 15–1801 m.1734
Revd Thomas Powys 1768–1817 m.1799
Elizabeth Palgrave (11 children) 1773–1842
5. Bransby William Powys (10 children) 1807–1886
7. Revd Horace Annesley Powys (6 ch.) 1850 or 51–1917 V of Meanwood (1883–1917) m.1843
Caroline Isabella Powys (8 children) 1775–1838 m.1793
Revd Edward Cooper 1770–??
Revd Thomas Powys (unm.) 1736–1809
Elizabeth 1738–9
Capt Richard John Powys 1741–1768
Anne Powys (10 children) 1655–1725 m.1679
Andrew Hill of Court of Hill 1658–1708
date of marriage uncertain: ? 1646

pp.35-36 are a centrefold reproduced on p.35 of this PDF

Caroline recorded in some detail, was the family's visit to Shropshire in 1771, an area with many early Powys associations.[10]

Shropshire

In the summer of 1771 Caroline and Philip and their older son, also Philip, travelled to Shropshire to stay with cousins in a house called Court of Hill, 7 miles east of Ludlow. The house (*figure 2*) was built by Philip's great-aunt Anne Powys (1655–1725) and her husband Andrew Hill, whom she had married in 1679; the house is an attractive sturdy Carolean house in a marvellous position, on the lower slopes of the highest hill in the area, Titterstone Clee Hill, and overlooking a very extensive rural landscape.[11] It is dated 1683, but appears to incorporate fabric of an earlier house, to judge by a small area of cruder stonework in a wing to the rear.

She describes the journey from Hardwick via Benson, Oxford, Blenheim, Euston, and Broadway, where they dined, stopping at Worcester for the night, travelling in their own coach as far as Benson, thence in post-chaises 'as more expeditious than coach or phaeton'. 'Got to Worcester about nine, ourselves nor little companion in the least fatigued, tho' a long journey for a boy of six years old, but novelties took up his attention, and the day pass'd agreeably even without sleep.' (125)

They spent a long time going over the Worcester china factory, where Caroline

Figure 2 Court of Hill, Shropshire, south front (November 2000).

records the work in observant detail, and left Worcester at 1 o'clock, reaching Court of Hill about 7, the home of Thomas Hill, the grandson of Andrew and Anne Hill, and his wife Lucy. 'We were received by that family with that cheerful ease characteristic of real friendship. ... I don't know how it is, but one is apt to think of a journey of a hundred miles so vast an undertaking, when in fact when once set out 'tis trifling.' (127) (She lists the stages of the journey, giving a count of 80 miles from Hardwick to Worcester, 106 in all.) One would hardly think that a day and half on the rough roads would be a trifling undertaking, when you read Caroline's description:

> The roads about here are wonderful to strangers. Where they are *mending*, as they *call it*, you travel over a bed of loose stones, none of less size than an octavo volume; and where not mended, 'tis like a staircase. ... by all accounts, the worst of the present is fine to what they were formerly. They appear unfit for ladies travelling, but they mind them not ... The fashion here is to ride double. How terribly vulgar I've thought this; but what will not fashion render genteel. 'Tis here thought perfectly so. (129)

Caroline is very impressed by her cousins' way of life:

> Their manner of living ... is always in the superb style of ancient hospitality [*elsewhere she had noticed the gradual disappearance of such pleasing habits*] ... You see generosity blended with every elegance of fashionable taste; but they have a vast fortune, and only two children, both girls, ... Their house ... is ever full of company, as at present. Our present party, sixteen in all, relations; but they have nine good spare chambers. (128)

Shortly after their arrival a 'large riding cavalcade' set out to see Henley Hall which lies two miles from Ludlow, set in large level grounds (*figure 3*). This was the Powys family seat for a long time.[12] In or shortly before 1600 Thomas Powys of Snitton (1557 or 58–1639) bought Henley; either he or his son, Thomas Powys (*d.* 1671), the great-grandfather of Philip Lybbe Powys, built a new house, the nucleus of the present house. It passed to the second Thomas's first son, Sir Littleton Powys. He died in 1732, and as he had no surviving children the house was inherited by a grandson of Sir Littleton's younger brother, Sir Thomas Powys (1649–1719); from this grandson, also Thomas Powys (*d.* 1767) it passed to his son Thomas Powys (1743–1800) who became the first Lord Lilford in 1797. (All these Thomases! but all should be clear from my bar chart.) Sir Thomas, a very prosperous lawyer and judge, had purchased the Lilford estate in 1711; in due course, this became the seat of the Lilford Powyses and, having no need for Henley Hall, the Thomas who became Lord Lilford sold it in 1770; Caroline refers to the sale in her account of the family visit in 1771 (130).[13]

This house is now a large red brick house with a complicated history and, as Pevsner says, not much of aesthetic appeal in its exterior. The original house, as occupied by the Powyses, comprises the central section seven windows wide with

a distinctive parapet line and dates from the early seventeeth century; in the eighteenth century it was extended to right and left almost symmetrically, with greater storey heights so that the windows do not line through, as it appears now. In 1875 and again in 1907 enormous extensions were built to the right, producing a most ungainly complex, still lived in by one elderly military gentleman and his wife. Much work was done after the house was sold in 1770, as is clear from the date of 1772 on rainwater heads on the front of the house and from the style of an elegant main staircase and many other joinery details on the first floor which belong to this period; the first stage of extension referred to earlier presumably belongs to this phase of the house.

Caroline was sorry to see the sale: 'Mr. Powys of Lilford ... has just sold it, rather to the concern of the family, particularly the Hills, who were most of them brought up there. They indeed could have no prospect of its coming to them ... but they think it is a pity to go out of the name that has been in possession such a number of years. 'Tis really a fine old place, badly situated ...' (130). On their visit the antique furniture was still there, and several generations of family portraits had not yet been removed.

Henley Hall lies in the parish of Bitterley, whose church lies next door to Bitterley Hall, three miles to the north-east of Henley Hall. There are several large memorials in Bitterley Church to Powyses who had lived at Henley Hall or nearby.

Stephen Powys Marks

Figure 3 Henley Hall, Shropshire, north front (November 2000).

NOTES

1 *Passages from the Diaries of Mrs Philip Lybbe Powys of Hardwick House, Oxon, A.D. 1756 to 1808*, edited by Emily J. Climenson (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1899). A thousand copies were issued, of which 150 were for subscribers. A long and appreciative review was published in *The Times* of August 16th 1899.

The book includes a large Powys pedigree going back to William Powys, born *c.*1250, and comes down to 1899; another pedigree covers the Lybbe family, owners of the Hardwick estate, Oxon, ending with Isabella Lybbe, the mother of Philip Lybbe Powys. The Powys pedigree is not entirely accurate, especially in the calculation of birth dates (*see note 3*), and the generations before William Powys of Ludlow (*b.*1494), father of Thomas Powys of Snitton, cannot be authenticated by documents. The extracts from the *Diaries*, the pedigrees, and the editorial commentary have provided much of my material.

There are tentative plans for reprinting the *Diaries*.

2 Two of the most recent appraisals of the value of the *Diaries* are worth quoting:

'Two ladies in particular, Celia Fiennes ... and Mrs Lybbe Powys seem to have taken a consistent interest in the interiors of a house, and the *Journeys* of the former ... together with *Passages from the Diaries* of the latter ... make particularly rewarding reading', in *Architectural Colour in British Interiors 1615–1840*, by Ian C. Bristow (New Haven and London: Yale U.P., 1996), Preface, xviii (this is the definitive work on the subject).

'Country house visitors are the best witnesses of prevailing tastes. None excel Mrs Lybbe Powys, not as an appraiser of architectural niceties but as a typical representative of the gentry class ... She was a tireless country house visitor for more than half a century', in *Creating Paradise, The Building of the English Country House 1660–1880*, by Richard Wilson and Alan Mackley (London: Hambledon and London, 2000), 56.

I am grateful to Dr Ian Bristow for pointing out to me in correspondence the importance of the *Diaries*.

3 Her date of birth is a good example of the misapprehension about dates of birth recorded by the editor of the *Diaries*: she converts December 27th 1738 as an 'Old Style' date to January 7th 1739 as a 'New Style' date. This is simply wrong, as the change from Old Style to New Style did not occur until 1752, under an Act of Parliament adopting the Gregorian calendar, when another important change was also made in the calculation of dates: up to 1752 the year was reckoned to start on March 25th (the March 'quarter day'), so that a date in January, February or most of March came at the end of the year; for example, Sir Thomas Powys was born, according to contemporary records such as the inscription on a monument, on February 13th 1648, but this was in fact towards the end the year 1648, and therefore occurred by our reckoning of the year starting on January 1st ('Modern Style') in 1649. The conventional way of indicating this is to give his date of birth as February 13th 1648/9. In my bar chart, as explained there, I have calculated dates, as far as possible, according to Modern Style.

4 Caroline Girle is shown in the centre of my bar chart.

5 Philip Powys (1704–79) married Isabella Lybbe (1713–61) sole heiress of the Hardwick estate which had been bought by an earlier Lybbe in 1526.

6 *Survey of London, Volume III, The Parish of St Giles-in-the-Fields (Part I.): Lincoln's Inn Fields* (London County Council, 1912), 24.

7 An earlier Powys resident of Lincoln's Inn Fields was Caroline's husband's grandfather, Sir Thomas Powys, attorney-general (*Survey of London*, 105–6). It appears that soon after 1696 he bought a house, erected in 1639 or 40, which occupied the site of the later, Georgian, Nos 61 and 62; he is shewn resident there in 1700, having moved from No 16 where he was resident in 1695. Perhaps his move was prompted by his marriage in

1698 to his second wife Elizabeth Meadows; his widow remained in residence till at least 1723, perhaps longer since she died in 1728. Sir Thomas Powys is the common ancestor of all the later Powyses shown on my bar chart, including the Montacute Powyses and the Revd Horace Annesley Powys, father-in-law of A. R. Powys.

8 Hardwick House was known to Henry James, and very closely followed for the great house in his *The Portrait of a Lady*. In the 24-volume 'New York Edition' for which James revised his non-fictional works, this novel was illustrated with a photograph of Hardwick House, captioned 'Gardencourt'. (*See* 'Transformed into Fiction: Henry James and Hardwick House', by B. A. Richards, *Country Life*, October 29th 1981.) The house was fully written up in *Country Life*, July 21st 1906.

9 According to the editor of the *Diaries* the only picture of Caroline is a 'miniature painted by Spornberg at Bath in 1807 when she was sixty-nine' (110). If the date 1807 is correct, then Caroline would have been 68 since she visited Bath during January to April that year (*Diaries*, 363–4), shortly after her 68th birthday in December 1806.

Jacob Spornberg was born in Finland in 1768, trained as an artist in Stockholm, made a brief visit to Bath in 1785, and had returned to Bath by 1790. He seems to have moved about quite a bit, but established himself mainly in Bath. He is known principally as a silhouettist; his last known silhouette was done in 1813. In 1840 he emigrated to the U.S. His silhouettes were done by a method invented by himself which he called 'Etruscan profiles'; the portrait of Mrs Philip Lybbe Powys is an example. Spornberg is represented by a double 'Etruscan profile' in the Holburne of Menstrie Museum, Bath.

I am indebted to Mrs Philippa Bishop of Bath for drawing my attention to the book which contains a long entry on Spornberg: *British Silhouette Artists and their Work 1760–1860*, by Sue McKechnie (London: Sotheby Parke Burnett, 1978).

10 In November 2000 the Georgian Group Shropshire and Marches Branch in Association with the Heart of England Early Music Festival organised a weekend gathering entitled 'Social Life in Georgian Ludlow with the Famous Diarist: Mrs Lybbe Powys Visits Ludlow', which my wife and I had the great pleasure of attending. Our thanks are due to the enthusiasm and hard work of Julia Ionides and Peter Howell, the organisers. There were five (!) lectures on the first day, an evening performance of Georgian song, dance and music, a visit to the workshop of the Snowshill Collection of costume at Berrington Hall (closed for winter), a Georgian buffet, and visits to the two country houses noticed here, Henley Hall and Court of Hill.

11 The house is illustrated in *Country Life*, vol C, 716 (1948).

12 For a brief history of the house see: 'Henley Hall', by H. S. Weyman, *Transactions of the Shropshire Archaeological Society* 48 (1934–5), 201–6. The house has also been illustrated in *Country Life* vol C, 302, 348 (1946).

13 In her footnote of explanation the Editor of the *Diaries* gives the seller of Henley Hall as the Thomas Powys who was the father of the 1st Lord Lilford; this is wrong as this Thomas had died three years earlier, in 1767.

A NOTE ON THE BAR CHART ON PAGES 34 AND 35

The principal printed sources are:

Victoria County History of Northamptonshire, Genealogical Volume: Northamptonshire Families (1906): pages 255–67 deal with the Lilford and Montacute Powys families; where sources differ on dates, preference is given to the information in the *VCH*.

Passages from the Diaries of Mrs Philip Lybbe Powys (1899): pedigrees, transcribed texts, editorial material (*see note 1*).

Letters to the Editor

From Dr Bernard Jones

Some of the matters raised in Francis Powys' letter to Mr Bissell (*Newsletter* 40) can be dealt with simply enough. B.B.C. Radio Wales broadcast a programme on John Cowper Powys at 10.15 on Thursday 27 June 1957. It was announced by the *Radio Times* in a neatly cut 'panel' and a half-page essay by Raymond Garlick, who also chaired the broadcast contributions of Jonah Jones, Gilbert Turner, Malcolm Elwin, Kenneth Hopkins, Roland Mathias and G. Wilson Knight.

I did not hear the broadcast, but later contacted the Head of Radio North Wales, Sam Jones, and he allowed me to read the script, but – quite properly – not to copy B.B.C. copyright material. In the course of conversation, he indicated by an anguished expression, his disappointment at failing to persuade JCP to record for him. Raymond Garlick had already referred, with regret, to JCP's right not to be recorded in his *Radio Times* piece.

In the light of JCP's known dislike, it would have been odd, a year later, if he had been willing to be televised. This 1958 Hamburg presentation was a quite separate event. Photographs of the ceremony were released, but there would seem to be no evidence of television coverage. Perhaps someone in B.B.C. archives could answer the question.

From Mary Warden

I was interested in the extracts from John Cowper's Diary that you quoted in *Newsletter* 42. Mr H of Bath was John Horseman – an inventor and engineer of German descent whose wife was still living opposite our cottage when we moved to Wellow in the early 80s. It was through Lucy Horseman that I first became interested in the Powys family, especially John Cowper. John Horseman had started to write to JCP after Lucy bought a copy of *Autobiography*, having heard it reviewed on the radio. They later used to visit John and Phyllis at Corwen and take them Bath buns. Lucy also knitted socks for JCP.

Lucy showed me many of John Cowper's letters to her husband – she was embarrassed about those which referred to John Horseman's pacifist criticism of the war and of Churchill and did destroy some of those letters.

John Horseman died in the early 1940s whilst undergoing a heart operation in Southampton during an air raid and Lucy moved to a nursing home in Bath in the early nineties.

From W. J. Keith

I have just been re-reading *Mythology and Humanism* (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1975), the translated correspondence of Thomas Mann and the distinguished classical anthropologist Karl Kerényi. I originally encountered it before I joined The Powys Society, and, coming across some brief

but interesting references to JCP, wonder if they are at all widely known. I don't myself recall any reference in the Powys literature.

In Kerényi's first letter to Mann (February 1934), he writes:

> Besides yourself, it is primarily from English writers that I have learned to perceive 'spiritual' realities in 'mythological forms – notably from D. H. Lawrence and the great mythologist, J. C. Powys. Is it too presumptuous to ask what your personal view of these two men is, if, that is, you have considered them? Both your Joseph novel [the first novel in the tetralogy *Joseph and His Brothers* (1934) and Powys' *A Glastonbury Romance* (1932) testify to the return of the European spirit to the highest, the mythic realities. In comparison, the field of scholarship lags behind. (35)

This seems to me remarkable testimony to JCP's work at this time. Mann replied (20 February):

> I learned of Powys, not only from your letter, but also from an article in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* on his books *In Defense of Sensuality* (1930) and *The Meaning of Culture* (1929). The article is entitled 'Back to the Ichtyosaurus [*sic*]'. Such a heading is, of course, not only rude but deliberately coarse in its approach, and yet its ridicule is not wholly without justification. (37)

Kerényi then replies (1 March)

> ... the marvellous insight into moon worship at the beginning of [Mann's first Joseph novel] is close to Powys, just as in Powys himself, particularly in his *Wolf Solent* (1933) [presumably the date of a translation] (also published by Paul Zsolnay), there is much of Thomas Mann. His theoretical books, which you mention, are also excellent and of sublime intelligence. (42)

Unfortunately the discussion is not continued, but much later, when Kerényi published *The Gods of the Greeks* (Thames and Hudson, 1951), he reports (19 February 1952): 'Old John Cowper Powys, that Celtic magician about whom we exchanged views many years ago, confesses in a letter to the publisher, "I have not read a book for years which I've found more exciting or more provocative or fuller of suggestions, in my favourite of all studies"' (189). That, save for a passing reference by Mann (20 March) to the effect that Powys 'is more significant than [Robert] Graves' on Kerényi's book (which Graves had attacked), is all.

I also offer a small detail that may be of interest to those concerned with bibliography. My own now-much-battered and highly annotated copy of *A Glastonbury Romance* is a Canadian imprint of the first English edition. The title page reads: S. J. Reginald Saunders/ 84–86 Wellington Street West/ Toronto. The obverse lists the English edition as reprinted in July and August of 1933. Again, I have never seen any mention of this bibliographical variant (Dante Thomas makes no reference to it). One wonders how many people in Canada were reading JCP in the 1930s. Perhaps his North American lecture-tours (JCP performed in

Toronto in 1930 as well as earlier) were sufficiently successful for such a publishing venture to be justified.

I am not exhaustively read in what is now a vast library of JCP scholarship. It is possible that these matters are already widely known.

From Michael Skaife d'Ingerthorpe

The note from Anthony Glynn in the *Powys Society Newsletter* for November 2000 reminded me of seeing the film 'Tansy' at the National Film Theatre some 20 or more years ago. I know it was held then in the National Film Archive, and it is therefore almost certainly still there and available. The connection, somewhat tenuous, with John Cowper Powys is that it is based on the book by Tickner Edwardes (1865–1944) who lived in Burpham near Arundel, where JCP also lived for a while. This connection was I think brought home to me by the book *Writers in Sussex* by Bernard Smith and Peter Haas (Redcliffe Press, 1985), which has the entries for both authors (three pages each including photographs of their houses in Burpham).

In *The British Film Catalogue* by Denis Gifford, I noticed the entry for 'Tansy' (film no 07255). Purely by chance the same page also has (07258-07264) various films based on Ally Sloper, as featured in JCP's *Autobiography*. Gifford's book is an attempted complete list of British films, not a list of the contents of the Archive, so whether any Ally Sloper films are extant and available is another matter. Since the Ally Sloper films have a cast it seems clear that they are actings out of the original cartoons, with a length of 2000 feet they probably last about 20 minutes each.

'Tansy', on the other hand, is 5570 feet and on the same basis would last about an hour, I remember it as a feature film (though perhaps a short feature), so perhaps it might be slightly longer. Although Gifford says 'Tansy' is set in Devon, Writers in Sussex says it was set around and was filmed in Burpham, in 1921. I remember enjoying the film as a romantic (and real?) evocation of the rural world which had disappeared before most of us were around. It could be argued that the film conveys the 'real' countryside which JCP would have known (specifically at Burpham and more generally in England) and a fictional sensibility which would at least be the background against which his earlier novels were written. I have a memory more of wide country panoramas with the heroine and sheep etc. than of human interaction (but of course the emphasis may be in my own memory and not reflect the proportions of the film).

If the sort of programme that Tony Glynn has in mind takes place, maybe 'Tansy' would be a worthy addition – and even one or more Ally Slopers, if they still exist.

From Morine Krissdóttir

Quite a few members have written me enthusiastically in response to the news

that I am writing the biography of John Cowper Powys. I confess that I am slightly daunted by the complexity of the task and the relatively short time before it must be at the publishers. Fortunately I have access to a huge amount of material never seen before, given to me by Sally and Francis Powys before their deaths, and by John and Mandy and Will Powys since. For this I am grateful. However, a biographer never has enough information (or enough insights) and I would welcome correspondence with any member of the Society who has either or both of the above! My address is: Well House, Higher Odcombe, Yeovil, Somerset, BA22 8XE and my e-mail is kriss@planetmail.com. Many thanks to those who have already written.

Bonfire Night in Montacute

Charlie Rogers 1884–1985 was a contemporary of the younger members of the Powys family and contributed to Recollections of the Powys Brothers, *edited by Belinda Humfrey (1980).*

Although A. R. Powys wrote a memorable description of 'Club Walking' in The English Parish Church *(1930), I do not recollect any reference, by any of the brothers, to Bonfire night in the village, although it was clearly a spectacular event. This is probably explained by the fact that it fell during term time when they were away at school. I am grateful to Mr Ken Rogers for permission to publish this essay. Ed.*

In my early days at the start of the twentieth century there were few red-letter days to enthuse about – August Bank Holiday, school treats, Montacute Club Day, Christmas and Easter, but for me there was one day of the year that transcended all the others. It was the fifth of November. Soon after the August holidays were over my thoughts were on that day and how I could get enough money to celebrate it. So, when the first frosts came and the acorns began to fall we would hasten from school to forage under the great oak trees that were around us. Batemore, the parks, the ring around the lower slopes of Michael's Hill, Long Bottom and Warren, each of us with a basket, generally used for the garden produce – pecks and quarter-bags – and diligently, little by little, fill them with pig-nuts, which we would sell to Mr. and Mrs. Hartnell who kept the bakery in Middle Street, and the old mill in the Park. He was the last of the millers to grind his corn there. About sixpence was paid for a basketful of many days' eager picking, but it was a way of getting the few coppers necessary to buy gunpowder, matches and a half-crown box of 'Standard Fireworks'. This box was gazed at and sorted over every day until the great day arrived. At the time I am writing about I must have been the most enthusiastic of the younger generation, and for a couple of years, the organiser. I can recall buying a red account book from Miss Sparke's

shop in Bishopston for 2*d*., writing a few words of introduction asking for contributions to a Bonfire Fund, then accompanied by my pal Will Moon, going to the Vicarage and nervously asking if the Vicar would start off our fund. With a smile on his face (seldom seen) he gave us five shillings – a good start. We then canvassed the whole village, gradually getting down to 2*d*. or even 1*d*. and our total had grown to £2.10*s*.

The next visit was to W. J. Hull, the Steward of Montacute House Estate, who promised to supply us with 120 or 150 faggots of wood and the necessary long poles and an old tar barrel filled with shavings from the carpenter's shop, and deliver them on November 4th. With great excitement we built a huge bonfire with the help of some of the older hands, everyone adding rubbish they had around. Sometimes there would be thick November drizzle which dismayed but never stopped us. There were other preparations to be made and on the Saturday morning before the fifth a small band of us walked to Martock to a shop named Records where we bought gunpowder and fuses. We had the gunpowder in tins – cocoa or baccy tins – I can imagine the looks of horror on the faces of the present generation at the mention of small boys with gunpowder in their possession. Incidentally, that was the only source of supply. They also sold us catapult elastic at other times – an oasis in a desert.

And now, the greatest thrill of all, the cannons – their possession, loading and firing. I hadn't been a garden boy at Montacute House for very long when I discovered in a little potting shed an old fowling piece, cobwebbed, rusty and covered in years of dust, high up on a wall, supported by two great nails. Nobody could hazard a guess how long it had rested there. However, I was given permission to have it. The wood fell away as soon as I touched it, but the old barrel was as good as ever. Soon I was taking it to the blacksmith to be cut off. Old Joe Gummer, who worked for Ebenezer Drayton in his old forge in Bishopston, looked at it, measured it inside and out with an iron rod, and after deliberation of some minutes, said he would do it. Next day I went to see if it was done and got a hectic lesson in swearing. He had put it in the fire and when heated it had exploded with a great bang, scattering the fire off the forge and scaring old Joe out of his wits. He alleged I had 'tried to blow his head off' and must never bring anything there again. However, the job was done and I had a splendid cannon about ten or eleven inches long, with a touch-hole at the solid end. The next step – when the coast was clear – was to go up to the carpenter's shop in the farmyard and enlist the help of the estate carpenters, Sam Stagg and Tom Stone, who were a notable couple, very much alike, very short, but thick and powerful. They made farm gates, doors and windows, and looked wise and dependable. I explained what I wanted and they agreed that when it was quiet they would fix my prize on an ancient gnarled oak block which would never split or crack.

It was a real craftsman's job they did on the cannon and I could not help feeling excited and impatient to fire it. What we had to do was to pour a measured charge

of powder down the barrel, chew a small wad of thick brown paper, and with an iron ramrod and heavy hammer, pound it down onto the powder. Repeat the wad of paper and again hammer it down. The heavy block was put on the ground with the open end of the barrel facing away from us, fill the touch-hole with a little loose priming powder and with a fuse match stuck in the end of a stick, stand as far back as possible and touch the priming with a lighted match. The flash and window-shaking bang would cause everyone to jump and was a great joy to us.

When the bonfire had been lit we would form a semi-circle around it and fire into it. Perhaps eight or ten of us would be there to try firing volleys, and it was no place for nervous people. Though we used open tins of powder there was never an accident, though sparks from the fire and thrown squibs were constant. Most of these cannons had been handed down from one generation of youths to the next, to be used and then hidden until November 5th came again. But one fateful year a teenage girl was hit on the head by a small piece of exploding metal. She was ill, and months later died, and her illness was attributed to that unlucky blow. The village constable had orders to trace and confiscate all cannons and that was the last time they were ever used. Mine was the greatest treasure I ever had as a boy.

Of course no bonfire would have been complete without a guy and one was always available. I can remember making a super one, six feet tall with a mummer's face and a tall hat. I had him stood at the back door under a little linney and he was imposing enough to scare a lady who was visiting, almost into fits. She ran all the way to her home.

On the great day we would all be prepared with various disguises and fancy dress, old boxes and cupboards were searched and many weird-looking individuals seen, but not often recognised. There was one restriction regarding the bonfire; it must not be lit until the lively horses carrying the Mail had passed through on their way to Ilminster at about 7.30p.m. But our procession, starting from Green Grass, would be gathered together before seven. Every tin can, bath and bowl that could create a din was pressed into service. The young children carried mangold lanterns and others torches. Holding the guy aloft on a stout pole, we marched through the streets singing and shouting, letting off bangers, and pandemonium reigned. Back in the Borough we fixed the guy on top of the fire and awaited the mail-van. By now the Borough was dense with people and there was much fun and noise. I recall when a big squib knocked the local bobby's helmet off and nobody knew the culprit. There was a great cheer when the fire was lit and the gallon of paraffin which had been poured over the tar-barrel of shavings sent a great volume of flame skywards turning night into day. Squibs were flying around and jumping crackers were dropped wherever a group of ladies stood together. By nine o'clock most of the fun and festivities were over and the crowds on their way home – our fireworks and our gunpowder all used up – but what a night to remember.

Charlie Rogers

Ave Atque Vale from the Honorary Curator of the Powys Collection

This will be my 'hail and farewell' report for the *Newsletter*. After ten years as Chairman of the Society and six as Curator, working 'for love' as JCP would say, I feel I have done as much as I can for the Society and only wish it well in future under its new Committee. It is not an easy farewell, but I leave with a certainty that at least the marvellous Collection is in good order and safe-guarded.

Last August the Committee asked me as Hon. Curator to 'undertake a full review of all the practical options for the future of the Powys Collection'. There were a number of reasons why this request was made.

i) after 8 years in existence, it seemed appropriate to review the present status of the Collection, and to ascertain how satisfactory the arrangements and contracts with the present repository were.

ii) the Committee had been concerned for some time to find a way of making the contents of the Collection inalienable, as requested by the original donors.

iii) the Committee had given generous financial support to the Collection, but this could not be assumed to continue indefinitely or that future Committees would be equally committed, so it was necessary to consider the viability of shifting some of the responsibility on to a more permanent body.

iv) the Honorary Curator, because of her special involvement in the founding of the Collection, had been working on inventorying and archival re-housing of it on a voluntary basis since its inception, but considered that its long-term curatorial care now required more permanent arrangements.

v) while there has been a generally high level of satisfaction among users of the Collection, at past AGMs one member in particular had voiced a variety of complaints, and along with another member had urged that the Collection be moved elsewhere, despite the wishes of the original donors. These views needed to be addressed.

There were two further important considerations to be kept in mind when evaluating the various options: firstly, the Society already had a formal contract with the Dorset County Museum. Three particularly significant clauses were that material deposited by The Powys Society was on a loan basis; that the loan was for 50 years from the signing of the contract; and that the Museum would have first option on acquiring the Collection if The Powys Society, for any reason, had to dispose of it.

Secondly, the Society also has a contract with Francis and Kathleen Feather which stipulates, amongst other conditions, that their Gift was to be deposited at the Dorset Museum and that if all or part of it was sold by the Society the

proceeds were to go to the Feathers' Estate.

A full range of options were explored, which ranged from: making the collection a separate trust; depositing it with another body; bequeathing it in its entirety to the Dorset County Museum; continuing as at present, with The Powys Society owning the Collection, and having it remain at the Museum. Having taken into consideration the various advantages and disadvantages of these options, as Honorary Curator I made the following recommendations to the Committee in January of this year:

i) That the Powys Society Collection remain at the Museum on its present 50-year loan;

ii) That, if possible, the present contract with the Museum should be revised to strengthen the clauses concerning access and the inalienability of the materials;

iii) That the Museum should be encouraged to assume its full responsibilities, as set out in the contract with them.

The above recommendations were accepted by the Committee, and the Acting Chairman, Griffin Beale, the Secretary, Chris Gostick, and the Curator were asked to negotiate a revised agreement with the Dorset County Museum. This was done and unanimously approved by the Committee at its April meeting. The revised contract between the Dorset County Museum and The Powys Society has now been formally signed by both parties. This contract has been printed on the last pages of this *Newsletter* so that all members know precisely its contents for future reference.

The Collection has now been moved from the rather cramped quarters it had been in since we received the major gifts from Francis and Kathleen Feather and E. E. Bissell, to more spacious quarters in the main building. Considering the space demands the Museum must juggle, this arrangement indicated the importance the Museum places on this unique collection. The space has been divided into two sections, one which holds the books and manuscripts in a secure inner room, and an outer room where there is a display case for memorabilia, our collection of Gertrude Powys's paintings, and a desk for researchers.

The Museum also has been given a grant from the Burton Trust, specifically ring-fenced for the Powys Collection. With it they have hired Judith Stinton on a part-time basis to continue further work on the Collection and for invigilating access, etc. Judith knows the Collection well and also will be familiar with the provisions in the revised contract. The Museum has also requested that I continue to be available to advise them on copyright, specialist enquiries, and matters connected with the Collection in general, and I have agreed to do so.

The usual procedures for using the Collection will continue to apply, as is the case with all literary collections. Anyone wishing to view the Collection should contact Richard de Peyer, Curator, Dorset County Museum, Dorchester, preferably in writing at least 3 days in advance of any proposed visit, so that necessary

arrangements for viewing the material can be made. The new Powys Society Web Site has also been adjusted to make these arrangements clear.

The Collection remains an incredible resource for scholars. For example, I was recently reading and inventorying the letters of JCP to Elizabeth Myers – something I have avoided until now because, quite frankly, I did not expect them to contain much of interest. How wrong I was!

They are quite unlike many of the very late Powys letters to disciples that have been published. Myers was an astute woman, knowing how to press the right psychological buttons (including an appeal to JCP to help her with her Greek translations of the Odyssey!), and generously buying much needed and thoughtfully chosen presents for them in their poverty during the war. She was also very bright, and stimulated him intellectually without threatening him with her 'cleverness'. Best of all, he was writing to her at the height of his powers, when he could and did give of himself with sinuosity and candour. I showed John Batten a few of these letters, and he has chosen one for publication in this, his last *Newsletter*.

Since it is time for good-byes I would like to thank many friends, but two people especially, for all the help they have given me with the Collection. John Batten has accompanied me many a time on the journey to Dorchester, both to find material for the *Newsletter*, but also to give me much practical help. He has carpentered, lugged boxes of books, and hung pictures with such great patience – and laughter. Chris Gostick has given me much astute advice, both on a personal and a professional level, and quietly but competently made sure that the necessary budget was in place for the conservation of the collection. These two men will be missed by me and most surely missed by the Society.

So it is all change. I will remain in a consultative capacity to the Museum, but most of my time for the next few years will be spent in writing the biography of John Cowper Powys for Overlook Press. This won't perhaps make up for the lost fellowship in a Society that meant so much to me, but I hope that someday the resulting book will give pleasure and insight to the admirers of the awkward genius of Powys.

Dr Morine Krissdóttir

Reviews

I am not aware of any new Powys publication appearing since the last issue of the Newsletter. However, for those with an insatiable appetite for critical appraisal I have taken, more or less at random, some contemporary reviews of Mr. Weston's Good Wine. *Ed.*

The Spectator Dec. 3 1927

If there is a flicker of genius (dangerous word, too recklessly used concerning novelists!) amongst the five listed, it is in the strange and jarring book called *Mr.*

Weston's Good Wine. Mr. Powys' bizarre, consciously cruel power is already well known to such literary connoisseurs as have, by Mithridatean craft, acquired immunity enough to enjoy a new flavour, even if there is to be a dash of tonic poison in the cup. In this book, as in the others, he broods over the pretty innocents of sleepy English villages, creatures so given to sweet idiocies that they wander into the web of evil without knowing it, like those virgins of the Thebaïd who somehow find themselves in the *Decameron* instead of the *Golden Legend*, even while he permits the black spiders of humanity to fall sickeningly upon them. But this time the triumph of evil is not complete; the startling shafts of beauty, the rare illuminations of tenderness prevail over his ironic tolerance for rustic lust and apathy. Mr Weston is really the Maker of the Universe, travelling with Michael as a wine-merchant. The evening stands still in Folly Down, where many drink Mr. Weston's good wine, and some his darkest and his best. The artistic effect is a bewildering mingling of the Anatole France of the *Révolte des Anges*, contemplating an English countryside, with a touch of a miracle play, and a quaint reminiscence of Bunyan. In this irreverent book are things as repulsive as toads, and things fragrant as wallflowers; it is cynical and it is compassionate. The style is built cunningly with crockets and gargoyles of whims and idlesse; and is too sophisticated for any ordinary reader.

Rachel Annand Taylor

The Nation and Athenæum Dec. 24 1927

In fullness of conception and sustained imagination *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* is probably the best story that Mr. Powys has yet written. It is also by far the most balanced and satisfying. All Mr. Powys' stories have suggested allegory. They do not describe actual life, but rather evoke a dream image more simple than the reality in which good and evil are seen more clearly confronted than the realistic imagination sees them. In the present story Mr. Powys openly adopts the allegory and employs it with great effect. Mr. Weston is a name for God, and his wines of two kinds, are Love and Death. He comes at seven o'clock one evening to an English village; all the clocks stop, time is changed to eternity, and various strange things happen to the villagers. The rector begins to believe in God, and dies in peace, Mrs. Vosper is carried down to Hell, water is turned into wine, and a young girl has intercourse with an angel of whom she has dreamt.

Once more in this story, in short, the author is exclusively concerned with the realities of good and evil, and the world he describes is not the actual one in which these things are inextricably mixed, but a simple, schematic, intense world in which they are separated and set in clear opposition, a world which contains Heaven and Hell, and contains nothing much between them. But if Mr. Powys' statement of the problem is simplified, so are his terms. Goodness is a simple thing to him, evil, too, a simple thing; and it is their very obviousness, their immediacy, that gives us such an intense awareness of them in this story. For a

simplification such as Mr. Powys' seems to wipe away all the inessentials which stand between us and this particular kind of truth; we feel that he brings us into the presence of powers which the generality of writers refuse to see. This is Mr. Powys' great virtue; his great fault is that he does not see those things objectively at all, but through a violently idiosyncratic temperament; and the truth of his portraiture is confused beneath an habitual and sometimes absurd over-emphasis. There is another limitation in an imagination so inherently simple as Mr. Powys': that it cannot admit of much variety of invention in the author. If people are simply good or bad, the writer cannot do much more than set them in a few typical situations to which their response is already half-known; he will inevitably tend to repeat those situations. Consequently, even in the present story, the most various he has written, the author has not been able to avoid an occasional monotony. But his virtues far outweigh his faults; there are beautiful and inimitable passages in *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*; the whole is executed with skill and power; and the quality of the imagination, though exaggerated, is profound.

[Unsigned]

New Yorker April 7 1928

The rustics of the English countryside do not spend all their time in the harmless pursuits of beer-drinking and skittle playing. No, sir. They are as lustful and as stupid a group as are to be found any place east of Kansas. T. F. Powys wrote *Innocent Birds* and now *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* just to make these facts evident to those who continued in thinking yokels sweet and pure because the roofs of their houses needed hair cuts and their clothes were smocked like a little baby's dress. In this weird and beautiful new book of his, Mr. Powys makes his shepherds, farmers and squires' sons so messily sinful that the green Ford caravan [*sic*] bearing Mr. Weston and his good wine to the village of Folly Down is needed there far more than in the modern Babylon of a great city. The tale is a fantastic parable and Weston is as nearly Christ accompanied by the Archangel Michael and a carload of salvation, as the author dared to make him. It is a book full of strange horror, very well written, and though confusing often interesting. Unfortunately any parable, allegory or very whimsical story seems to me automatically full of strange horror and it takes force to make me open its covers. But for them as likes it, here it is.

N.H.

The Saturday Review of Literature April 7 1928

Good Wine, Burning Bush

In this story of three startled hours of a November night, a night of sudden apocalypse in the village of Folly Down, Mr. Powys has produced what is so far the most memorable of his tales. It is also that in which the element which may roughly be termed allegory is most openly avowed. And that fact may give us a

clue to the real value of this very remarkable writer and his work.

It is needed. I know little of what reception Mr. Powys's six previous volumes have had in America, but I do know that in England their proper appreciation has always been fogged by a misapprehension of the vision behind them. Generally they have been greeted by many angry voices up and down the country, protesting that the village life of England is something far kinder, far smoother than he paints it. English villages, these critics reiterate, may have their faults – but no, not this horrid catalogue of rape and madness, meanness and filth, visions and portents and sudden conflagrations – no. But of Mr. Powys's intention and achievement this explains – precisely nothing. After all, his pictures of these villages and the creatures who dwell in them, are extraordinarily alive. The play of character in them is absorbing and intricate. The slow necessity of tragedy broods over these stories. Surely truth cannot be so very far away?

And indeed it is not, if only we put altogether out of our heads the idea that Mr. Powys has just been trying to make a Kodak record of Dorset life, or, what would be worse, that he has simply been butchering the rustic virtues to make a townsman's holiday. He has attempted neither. He has simply been telling stories which are rooted in the deepest truths, portraying men and women, even ladies and gentlemen, in those simple lines and clear unshaded colors that are instantly visible to an eye accustomed to watch, first and always for the great determining elements of good and evil. For in their essence Mr. Powys's books are only fortuitously pictures of English village life. He is a man who has stories which, for truth's sake, he is bound anyway to tell; it happens that for this purpose English villages have lain ready to his hand. And he is driven to tell them by a profound religious sense. To him the supernatural is no matter of strangeness; it exists – not a sticky, sentimental, psychic emanation, but a plain, honest fact; and when we look beneath the puppet-surface of all these queer pig breeders and carriers and zanies and wantons, we may discern, as clearly as our own sense of these matters will allow us, that the principal characters of Mr. Powys's tales are always really two – God and the Devil.

In *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* this pattern of good and evil is more vividly exposed than in any of his earlier books. And let it be said that in none has he shown better his unadorned, keen-edged style. With this he compels as the bright-eyed Mariner compelled; in the wake of the mysterious Mr. Weston's Ford truck, we cannot choose but follow him into the chosen village of Folly Down, where during the evening of his visit, time itself will for a while stop short and the courses of common nature bent to his will. And once drawn into this village that for the moment is being visibly ruled by supernatural laws, we cannot turn back; we watch, with no thought for their superficial plausibility or otherwise, the wonders wrought by Mr. Weston as he goes from house to house offering to sell his unaccustomed wine. The symbolism of the determined old salesman, with his companion Michael (not to mention the beast which lies hidden and chained

inside the Ford) is gradually exposed as the intricate and tightly knit story is unfolded, and it would be wrong to attempt in a short space, too close an application, or too bald a summary of their significance, earthly or divine. But from the first glimpses we have of these visitors, we are made instantly aware of deep forces working far below the surface of simplicity or depravity or bodily beauty which the storyteller is handling:

> 'And surely,' observed Michael, 'it is nearly time for us to go down into the village, for we have a good many visits to pay, and you wish also to see the church.' 'I have never been inside one before,' said Mr. Weston.
>
> Michael looked a little surprised.
>
> 'I only like to go,' remarked Mr. Weston, 'where my good wine is drunk. In a condemned cell, in a brothel, in the kennels of a vast city, our wine is drunk to the dregs, but in a church they merely sip.'
>
> 'And yet we have had orders,' said Michael.
>
> 'And if we fulfil them,' replied Mr. Weston, 'have the buyers ever been known to pay?'
>
> 'Why no,' said Michael, 'they expect all goods to be given to them.'
>
> 'They won't get much from us then,' said Mr. Weston grimly.

Nor did they ... . The wine of love and the darker wine of death were not lightly handled by Mr. Weston and his companion. Yet even those who drank of neither were not left unaffected by the coming of their vendors on that night in Folly Down when the clocks stood still at seven, signs were in the heavens and portents walked the lanes. But the restraint of the writing, in contrast with the violence of the spiritual imagery which it contains is something truly memorable. Let anyone look at a scene such as where the three girls sit talking in the ill-famed cottage of that peeping old pander, Mrs. Vosper; at the gentle love-madness of Luke Bird; at the formidable scene of the opening of Ada Kiddle's grave; or at the blasting of the great oak tree that had sheltered so many lustings – it should be plain that writing and visualisation like this come, not from any effort to startle, but from the natural, the logical compulsion of a coherent spiritual revelation. It is this which makes Mr. Powys a memorable allegorist and keeps his still restricted body of readers always expectant.

Hamish Miles

Alyse Gregory on Llewelyn Powys *

Llewelyn Powys, the eighth child of the Rev. Charles Francis Powys, for over thirty years the vicar of Montacute in the county of Somerset, was born in

* The Preface to 'A Bibliographical Check-list of First Editions of Llewelyn Powys', compiled by Lloyd Emerson Siberell, *The Book Collector's Packet*, March 1939.

Rothsay [*sic*] House Dorchester, on the 13th of August, 1884. He was educated at Sherborne School, and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In 1909 he lectured for the University Extension Society in America. On coming back to England he was found to be suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis. He went to Davos Platz for eighteen months and a year later returned again from England to Switzerland, and this time brought on a relapse by walking alone on snow shoes over the mountains from Arosa to Davos, crossing the celebrated Furcka [*sic*] Pass. In 1914 as a last hope of recovering his health he sailed for Africa. The dry air of Kenya restored him so much that he was able to live the life of an active stock rancher for five years. At the age of thirty five he returned to England in order to fulfil his vocation for writing, of which since his boyhood he had been confident. On August 13, 1920, he set sail for the United States where he stayed for five years, publishing *Ebony and Ivory*, *Thirteen Worthies*, *Black Laughter*, *Skin for Skin* and *The Verdict of Bridlegoose*.

In 1924 he married the writer at Kingston, New York, John Cowper Powys and Richard Le Galliene being present. He now returned to England, and except for a winter that he spent with Edna St. Vincent Millay and Eugene Boissevain in the Berkshire Mountains, and a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, we have been living in a cottage hidden away in the Dorset Downs. On August 3rd 1933, he suffered a severe hemorrhage of the lungs and for several days he was thought to be dying. Weeks passed however, and again his strong spirit asserted itself, and although at the time of writing he is still in bed, there is every prospect before his fifty fifth year is out of his being once more free and happy upon the earth which he so passionately loves.

Of Llewelyn Powys it may perhaps be said, more than of any other English author of our day, that he carries forward the tradition of the great prose writers of the past. Though he calls himself the last of the heretics he combines with the moral earnestness of a Jeremy Taylor the impassioned awareness, detached and at the same time utterly implicated, of a John Keats, of the poet who sees all under the shining light of a particular illumination. Instead of saying, 'The world is evil and lost; let us escape by insensibility and cynicism,' he says, 'The world is ever full of mysterious beauty; let us go forward to meet it with untiring gratitude.' From his contemporaries he differs in that he is less sophisticated and more mature, more tough and more tender, more idiosyncratic and more outspoken, and above all blessed with a richer nature. Mr. Aldous Huxley, for example, is seriously discomposed, nay, horrified by modern life. He feels as a personal affront the aridity of our civilisation, and with grim sallow pain under but a thin covering of banter he exposes its shocking paucity. It is the unpoetic view of a man of science and of the pedant corrupted by Christian traditions. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, whose moments of genius have in them the imaginative intensity, the unexpectedness of the true poet, becomes when his inspiration leaves him, but a querulous propagandist.

Mr. Powys is less purely intellectual than Mr. Huxley, less schooled in 'that priceless rending of the human heart called unhappiness' than Mr. Lawrence. He is undetained by the subtle psychological problems of intimate human relationships that occupy, for example, the pen of Marcel Proust, unperturbed by those perverse and divine aberrations of a soul divided against itself, such as his brother, Mr. T. F. Powys, that monk manqué, is so familiar with. In his best writing he brings to the interests of his pagan philosophy the flaming religious emotion of the great Puritan writers of the English nation – of Milton, of John Bunyan. His sentences often combine the sturdy simplicity of a Thomas Hardy with the a-moral unscrupulousness of Machiavelli. From resolute death always ambushed near he never removes his eye. It is in this forced state of heightened awareness that he passes his hours, celebrating with pulsating blood and renewed astonishment the miracle of another day. From Kenya to San Francisco, from Rome to Jerusalem he carries the same vision, uplifted and enthralled, as if always the world were newly created, and no smallest incident but is made to give up its bright essential charm, its unique essential verity.

His writing has been varied and yet remains, like the writing of all men of originality, stamped throughout with his own particular individual seal. His claim is indeed a proud one and it is not surprising that his following has been no larger than it has. His directness of expression, the boldness and vigour of his denunciation of dead values, his use of plain Elizabethan English, have estranged him from conventional readers His prophetic strain, his Shakespearian fancy and exultation, so bred in his bones, in nature's exhaustless secrets are very alien to a mechanical age where the blood is ink-thin, the brain over stimulated, and boys and girls seek forgetfulness in intoxicants, religious dogmas and mystical retreats, or in cynicism.

His following is made up of those people whose intensity of nature renders them indifferent to being though over serious, and whose sensitive allegiance to life remains undaunted by the harsh circumstances of our age, as well as of those authentic lovers of literature whose appreciation of style out-balances their moral prejudices. For Mr. Powys combines with his hedonistic solicitations, so apposite were it but realised to the world's immediate predicament, a subtle relish for sophisticated literary turns, a love of old words, old customs, old village hear-say, the ironic and tender approach of a truly cultured and compassionate mind.

Of his published works he himself prefers *Skin for Skin*, *The Cradle of God* and *Impassioned Clay*, and it is perhaps in this latter book that one can discover in its most lucid and poetical form his sub-solar revelations, so inspired, so full of audacity and wisdom.

Alyse Gregory

A Case of Life
by Elizabeth Myers *

In all his swearing life Pa never swore as much as on that day! Ma was getting buried. It came up one of them new-minted days of autumn when, if you don't watch out, you get beside yourself.

From early morning Pa's round sad face began to take on little cubes of magenta flush, as though some invisible make-up man was gradually getting him ready for a performance. And his old cringed-up eyes seemed full of glycerine.

The funeral was fixed for two o'clock. It was horse-drawn. Pa had said all along that carburetters was wrong as hell at a funeral; though my married sister, Winnie, said you'd got to have motors to be smart and bowl the neighbours over.

'We don't wanter be posh,' said Pa 'we wanter be decent. B.... the neighbours.' So a horse funeral it was – a hearse and six kerridges.

First thing Pa got mad at was the way the undertaking men just about scrambled Ma into the hearse.

'She ain't potatoes and she ain't a box of coals,' Pa went and said to the men. 'Don't you know nothin' you?'

Vexed looks went over the men's nice register-nothing faces, but they never said anything out loud; only – their eyes, the napes of their necks and their straining shoulders seemed to say:– 'Poor old bastard, he's taking it the hard way!'

There was a case for them, as well. Ma was a good nineteen stone, and they were little chaps, at that!

Course Pa should have been in the first kerridge, but it turned out that Uncle Sam A'Constance, Ma's only brother, heard of her passing, and turned up – who'd never come visiting Ma in her natural. There was Uncle Sam. Seated in the first kerridge, and Pa ketching me by the shoulder, haled us both off to the last kerridge. Said if he had to sit cooped with Sam A' Constance, even if they *was* on a funeral route, said he couldn't answer for himself.

Anybody would admit that Uncle Sam was a trying old marl-pot. The whole man got on your nerves – his voice, his views, and the plastered quiff on his forehead.

So Pa, me, my married sister Winnie and her little boy, Steve were all in the last kerridge. Winnie had only lost her own husband nine months before, and it might have been pretty sad for her, if it hadn't been for young Steve. As it was Win hadn't a minute left over to let herself go.

What with all the new black clothes, the ride in the 'horse and cart' (as he called it), and the pounds of toffee given him to keep his sperrits up, Steve was soon howling 'I wanna! I wanna!'

And there was Win, Pa, and me all trying to bully or mesmerise the little boy into believing that he didn't 'wanna' at all.

* *First published in* International Short Stories No1 *(1944).*

'*Yer imagining it*' said Pa, fixing Steve in a terrible slow stare.

But some things, after all, cannot be imagined, and when the kerridge come by a convenience, there was nothing for it but Win had to shout to the driver to stop, and she got out with Steve.

What Pa had to say about this incident couldn't be beaten anywhere. I had to ask him to remember where he was.

'I *am* rememberin',' said Pa, bitter, 'it's 'cause I'm rememberin' I'm mad.'

Win and the kid climbed in again, and our driver, so's to ketch up with the rest of the funeral, whipped the horses till they were pelting along as though on the last lap of the Derby.

Pa was horribly upset by the flying landscape – which is not the thing at all at a funeral – and us, with no decorum, having to cling to the walls, the seats, and our hats.

Young Steve, of course, was getting hell's delight out of it all.

Just as we came in sight of the rest of the funeral the air raid warning began keening.

'There!' said Pa, with disgusted satisfaction. 'Thought that would happen! I was only waiting for that to round everythin' off!'

It was a bad raid. Bombs began pitching steeply down. 'Ain't this perfect!' said Pa as some tail-end of blast lifted us, kerridge, horses, an all a few inches off the ground. The driver came busting down off his box and got in with us. His hat had been blown away. Next minute, all the kerridge windows fell out. Steve's excitement was such that Pa had to hit him.

'Give over your wobbling and hollering,' said Pa to him, with savagery. 'They're trying to get your gran'ma buried, ain't they, but even the dead ain't done with these days. It's what they call that there *civilisation*.' In his exasperation, Pa leant his head out of the window:– 'Come on – let's have it full blast!' he shouted to the German people overhead.

We were all sitting on the floor, and Pa, feeling in his pocket, brought out a packet of gaspers. 'Pa! Said Win, shocked , as he lit up. 'I don't care,' said Pa, stony. 'Nobody else is treating this like a funeral. Might as well do my share! Besides, Ma'd have let me have one – I know.' 'Think of the neighbours,' said Win, desperate. 'B..... the neighbours,' said Pa again.

After a long while we were able to get going. When Pa thought of our driver sitting aloft so disrespectful with no hat on, and us without glass in the kerridge windows, he broke out so madly we were stupified.

Owing to the sound of more aircraft lurching overhead, the ceremony at the grave-side was carried out at full speed. Ma was bumped in, the flowers flung down, and the words spoke hasty by the parson. He said:– She won't need any air-raid shelter now. This is her shelter, peaceful and green.' This was apt, if you like, but wasted on people whose eyes and ears were trained on the sky. Besides the undertaking men had more burying to get in before black-out – a man and his

wife whose beer-house had been blown up with them inside it. Something had been found to bury.

When we were back home again, having a real slap-up tea, Pa said heavily:– 'It's been more like outing to the zoo!' 'There's no call for you to say that,' put in Uncle Sam A'Constance, sharply. 'What?' squawled Pa. 'No call? An first it's young Steve wanting to – well an' then racing like lunatics through the streets to ketch up with yous, then bombs, an' the buryin' carried out as though they was on piece-work – no call to be upset oh, no!' He looked down at his mangled seed-cake – abrupt and lonely.

'It kep' us all from skirking, any old how,' said Uncle Sam. 'It took our mind off of things.' Well – that coming from Uncle Sam! And even if nobody liked him, he had said something that, for once, came off. Even Pa left off being acid. His face worked, and he – who had been so messed up in his brains by the lack of tears, and the impossibility of any of us having full time for our loss and grief – Pa all at once got a look of having had something sorted out for him by Uncle Sam's words.

All the upsets and 'incidents' were just the sort of thing that had attended Ma – all her life. Never the easy road, always interruptions, set-backs and jars. It wouldn't have come amiss to Ma, none of it. She'd have understood it best, that break-neck way. She wouldn't have wanted us sitting choked with comfortable crying. She was always merry and ramping, our Ma.

'Cryin'?' she'd have said, 'Whatever for?' 'But it's your *funeral*,' we might have answered. And Ma'd have said:– 'What! Don't you know nothin' yet? That's *life*!'

A Letter from JCP to Elizabeth Myers

The following is a partial transcription of a letter that has a total of 24 hand-written pages. Dated December 1st 1942, in it John Cowper Powys urges Elizabeth Myers to go to Sante Fé, New Mexico to cure herself of her tuberculosis. He says that Sante Fé is 'a colony of poor artists & poor poets & poor wild hunted geniuses like you & D. H. Lawrence.' He offers to give her introductions to friends there. He then goes on:

By God my dear Elizabeth you have no idea of the life that would pour into you if you "went out to the far west" as we say over there – but New Mexico especially! Its totally O absolutely different from California or from anywhere else in the world. Switzerland is a <u>death trap</u> for your disease. If Llewelyn had gone to New Mexico he'd be alive now for in <u>that air</u> his ulcers too wd have dried up! dry air hot sun dry dry dry air is what cures this disease and <u>only</u> dry air ...

But you are wrong about the expense. Why doesn't your mother go with you? Now that is an idea! I know that she would far sooner live with Elizabeth in New Mexico than for there to be NO Elizabeth. My brother Bertie "A.R.P." died

purely because he had this mania of yours of "fulfilling his obligations." If he'd gone to a hospital instead of obstinately going on "because of the twins" – the twins wouldn't be the little fatherless atoms they are today.

Its a mania. You say you are a fighter & wd die in the last ditch & so on. O Elizabeth Elizabeth you do not know the tricks of the enemy! Llewelyn was quite as much of an ecstatic life-lover & quite as much of a fighter as you – & it wore him out & got him under at last. I mean to make him want to die. So tired of the sickening long sickness he was. He cried "You're pulling me the wrong way when at the end they tried desperate ways!"

You see you have the spirit now & death seems a fighting thing. But with this cat & mouse disease you won't have that spirit always. O I don't mean you wont be brave for of course you will or wont love life for of course you will – but the long long long long long process of getting worse & worse – so long! so lingeringly-long & drawn out – O my dear Elizabeth! you do not know. Your mother & everybody wants the living Elizabeth not an heroic but slow-dying person who is only a BARE MASK, and so HOLLOW, what was once the brave and the gay!

Besides in this long illness you would be Dependent. You would be helplessly dependent. You'll be stoical I know as before. You'll face death finely at the very end but – you will be for a long long long time helplessly dependent. ...

I am not talking at random because I've been there & seen for myself & not briefly either – for I've lived & lectured at my lowest financial ebb in New Mexico & I've lived with my cousin Warwick who had a ranch out there. I know the ropes. I tell you my dear Elizabeth – & if Llewelyn had gone there instead of to the Cold Storage of snow-cages-for-squirrels blood-tinged vomit-tinged manure-tinged of that tricky Death-Trap of a Switzerland (where no one ever is cured) he wd. be alive now.

Nothing is more calculated to be a beginning of the beginning of the Ending than this programme of yours of all these words a day on Stella & Swift. It is a trap of bad fate & you like Achilles have a choice & since there is no dead Patroclus to avenge you'd better choose life & not a lingering death. ...

Well forgive me Elizabeth forgive me.

And now your kind & lovely questions about P. & the little girl. Well what they both want most are woolen stockings for wh if they could be got for them they'll send coupons. But what the little girl most wants for herself (OO so much!) is an Identity Disk to fasten round her wrist. ... Phyllis thinks its because she was adopted at 2 from the work house and does not know who her father was and disapproves very strongly of her real mother's conduct "who doesn't even send her a card!" that she wants her IDENTITY so strongly clear. Phyllis did say too that the little girl wants a woolly cardigan for the cold; but woolen stockings I know they both are sore in need of. I think Phyllis mentioned the "number 30" in size but you will know if that applies to cardigans or stockings!

By the way it is fixed up! Phyllis went to both Doctor & Dentist and tomorrow

she is herself going to take the little girl & she is to have them out with gas. I have I think I fear (by my fuss and scare) scared them both – but there it is! I am terrified of dentists – that's why I had all my teeth out & will never have any pretending ones or sham ones. I think Phyllis is very good not to mind my having no teeth. ...

I loved your good words about Competition 666.

Yours ever John

Elizabeth married Littleton Powys in 1944 and later spent six months with him in Arizona. She died of tuberculosis in 1947 at the age of 34.

Sylvia Townsend Warner on Theodore

In Recollections of The Powys Brothers *(Peter Owen 1980) and* Powys Review *5 & 7, Belinda Humfrey published extracts from S. T. W.'s unfinished and unpublished biography of Theodore Powys. We have here Sylvia's comments on his attitude to travel – in any shape or form. He had visited London in 1927 and left it* 'unassailably determined never to come back to it'. *I am grateful to Miss S. Pinney for permission to publish this extract. If any part of it has appeared elsewhere, I make no apology, on the grounds that it is worthy of repetition. Ed.*

That resolve has never been broken. Indeed it has never been even bent. 'Powys believes in monotony. He is happy when he does the same thing every day.' These words occur in a short account of himself which Theo supplied for the use of Madame Log, a lady who has done a great deal to make his writings known in France. This belief in monotony is certainly one of the toughest strands in Theo's character (I have thought sometimes on our evening walks, that he looked with disapproval at the moon), and I am not sure how far faith alone would have enabled Theo to hold out against all attempts to lure him from Chaldon, if it had not been reinforced by a deep dislike of travelling. Powys mistrusts all forms of transport. Those Bible words 'Make them, O Lord, like unto a wheel', would seem to him a very natural and comprehensible expression of ill-will.

That Theo's mistrust of all forms of transport is not a mere arbitrary prejudice is demonstrated by the fact that it allows for discrimination. If he disliked his enemy only slightly he would request God to make him like unto a wagon-wheel, a muddy one, creaking up over the fields under a load of mangolds. In fact, on one occasion I have heard him recall almost affectionately the wagon which brought him and his household goods to East Chaldon Herring – a spring wagon drawn by a blind horse. But that journey had been taken more than twenty years before, and possibly Time had laid a soothing hand on the recollection of his sufferings.

Next in order of sufferance to Mr. Jacob's wagon come local trains, especially 'a very slow train full of country-women with market-day manners which I once got into at Guildford.' Theo is too well-assured of his own obstinacy ever to have to refuse point-blank. He can safely put off with a tomorrow, with a condition, knowing that no change of days is going to change his mind, and that however, even should his condition be complied with, he will always be able to invent another one.

'Perhaps I might be ready to come to London if I could come by a local train.'

'If you would not object to a few changes, Theo, I dare say that might be managed. You could begin by going to Poole Junction, there you could take a local train to Templecombe, stopping at Bailey Gate, Blandford, Sturminster Newton and Stalbridge.'

'What is Bailey Gate?' interposed Violet.

'It is a station for a large meadow with a stile. From Templecombe it might be as well to work your way up into Oxfordshire, for there is a Dorchester in Oxfordshire, you would not feel far from home if you were near a Dorchester. Once in Oxfordshire it is always possible to reach Didcot Junction. From Didcot –'

I paused to consider. Overleaping the intervening space I was wondering what to do with him in London. A tram is perhaps the nearest London equivalent to a local train. Should I send him to the Elephant or to the Angel?

'From Didcot I could go to Reading,' remarked Theo, whose habit of reading such books as Montaigne's Essays and The Anatomy of Melancholy has made him a mine of curious information. Then, realising that he had spoken unwarily, and that I might take advantage of him by construing the mention of Reading as a step taken towards London, he handed me Paradise Lost, open at the speech of Belial with the request that I should read aloud.

But Theo need not have been alarmed. I have long ago put away all inclination to beguile him away. For one thing, I know it to be impossible; for another, I think I prefer him as he is. His immoveabililty is by now, pretty well accepted among his friends, but there is still a school of thought which holds that as he will not go to London by express train he might be more apt to submit to being taken in a car.

They are mistaken. Getting Theo into a car is like getting a cat into a basket, and the more large and comfortably upholstered the car the profounder are his suspicions of it. The only motor vehicle which he can enter with any peace of mind is Mr. Goult the carrier's van, which plies from Chaldon to Weymouth and Dorchester. Mr. Goult's van has solid tyres; it rattles and groans, it will stop dead for no apparent reason, and when left standing by itself it will sometimes run away, as though its works had suddenly decided to put an end to a life so full of pain and infirmity. That is why Theo feels he can trust it. There is no deceit about it, no flattering pretences that it is not dangerous to go in a motor, no lulling ease of motion, no smooth-faced siren's wiles: but ardours and travailings and the

composing prospect that it may at any moment fall to bits or burst into flames.

Even so, Theo does not patronise Mr. Balliboy's van very often. I should doubt if he has been in it more than once in the last five years. I myself have seen him persuaded into an ordinary expensive car twice, once when Beatrix George took him up the road to West Chaldon, his cheerful demeanour on this occasion being perhaps the greatest compliment that has ever been paid to her charms, and again on a warm night in July 1927. A quantity of moths fluttered in the rays of the headlights and drew from him the reflection: 'It must be agony to a moth-collector to travel by motor-car at night.' These as far as I can remember were his only words. This was only a run of a quarter of an hour or so, but in that same July Theo was doomed to enjoy two long joy-rides, one to Bournemouth the other to Salisbury.

'What will you do with yourself in Bourneouth?' I enquired.

'Get out,' he replied with decision.

'But after that?'

'I don't know. If we were going to Weymouth I should sit on the steps of the Bank. I suppose a man has a right to sit on the steps of his Bank.'

All this must have gravely unsettled Theo's mind, sowing doubts even of his best friends, doubts which he knew to be unfounded, but which for all that made him ready to take fright at a false alarm.

September 8 1927

Dearest Sylvia,

I notice in the advertisement of Mr. Weston's Good Wine that the limited edition is to be signed. Charles [Charles Prentice of Chatto and Windus] means no doubt to send the sheets to me here [underlined twice]. If you are sure he means to do this I am quite willing to go on writing my own name till the end of time. [On reading this over it is obvious that Theo detected a loop-hole for the adversary, for after writing 'my own name' he had interlined 'in this room'.] Charles knows that I won't go to London. I am sure he does. He wouldn't be so nice as he is unless he knew that. He means to send the signature sheets to East Chaldon. That's what he must mean. You might ask him softly – but that's what he means I am sure. [Yrs. Theo]

Theo's nobler interpretation of his publisher's intention was perfectly correct. No one could compete in craftiness with Theo, and I doubt if it would ever have occurred to Charles to contemplate a limited edition as a stratagem for levering Theo out of Chaldon. We hastened to set his mind at ease with a telegram. Six Hundred Mr. Westons will visit Chaldon shortly. Besides reassuring Theo we thought that this telegram would confer a second benefit by giving the local postmaster something to look forward to.

STW's narrative then moves on to describe Theo's visit to London – but that is another story.

John Cowper Powys's Walking Sticks

John Cowper almost invariably had a stick with him when he walked. He had a number of them at Phudd Bottom, but apparently only brought two of them with him when he left for England and Wales, giving the others to American friends and relatives. By 1941 he had acquired 14 sticks he regularly used. In May 1941, on the day he heard of Frances Gregg's death, he began the ritual of taking these sticks out in a specific order. Here are some of the diary entries which name and describe them:

Wednesday 7th May I am taking my 14 STICKS my 14 sticks one by one. I began with my Father's on Saturday the 3rd., the day I heard of Frances' Death in Plymouth & Buried there in a Common Grave. So I shall always link up the Spirit of Frances with my Fourteen (or Fortnight) STICKS.

Stick One: My Father's Stick. "that Lulu took to Jerusalem — to the Holy Sepulchre."

Stick Two: Will's Oak Cudgel. "the great Oak Stick Will cut at Lucy's Horse-bridge Mill. my great Oak Stick given me by Will & brought to me at Hillsdale otherwise Phudd Bottom. "my great Oak Cudgel sawn by Will from an Oak at Horsebridge, Hants., being in fact the Branch he was standing on & brought by him to Hillsdale. It is my second-best of all my Fourteen sticks in Appearance & Importance & Dignity.

Stick Three: Hazel Stick. "I took my nice easy comfortable and very dignified stick with the Magic of its wood in it — a stick of Hazel." "The Stick I took yesterday & made on my way back from the 2nd sheepfold my great Decision not to pray for anybody was the first stick given me in Wales by Mr. Edmunds my Patron. A Hazel stick made at Bala."

Stick Four. Welsh Sycamore. "I took my beautiful & suitable & large and strong & conveniently comfortable with a huge round handle Sycamore a locally made stick of Welsh Sycamore given to me by my Patron Mr. Edmunds of Bala." "Today on this Monday I carry my favourite stick; the Sycamore." "On Monday carried my Sycamore Stick, my Sycamore stick which is the 2nd biggest in size to my Oak one and was given to me after he gave me the Magic Hazel by Mr. Edmunds."
Stick Five: Thorn Stick. Today the 7th I am using a slight thin very comfortable stick of Thorn given me also (all 3 of these sticks) by Mr. Edmunds.

Stick Six: Maple Stick. "I used a stick that is a great joy to me. It is of a very light colour & light to carry. It is a Maple Syrup Tree from a Connecticut Gardener, sent to me straight from there!"

Stick Seven: Silver-Mounted Laurel. "I used the Sunday Best silver mounted Laurel stick — ordered for me by the T.T. from Army & Navy." "This is far my most Sundayish of all the sticks."

Stick Eight. Ash stick. "I used the Ash Stick with hospital ferule of rubber pulled up by me to the centre of the stick. Bowen gave this to me." "Bowen's Hospital Cane."

Stick Nine. Witch Doctor Stick. "Today I am using the African Witch Doctor's Rod of Aaron with a serpent and lizard on it."

Stick Ten. Hazel Hedge-Stick. "A very rough and very simple Hedge-Stick not bought and not made but broken off or picked up. It is Hazel I think. Its handle is worn or broken into a rounded sort of knob, yes of knob, yes of knob. It is the most retiring & humble minded stick yes, humble-minded stock."

Stick Eleven. Tortured Ash Stick. "I took the "Tortured Ash" given me by Mr. Bailey. It is monstrous to twist wire round a living sapling like this! But since it has been done it would be an added cruelty & neglect to keep the Tortured Ash in a dark cupboard."

Stick Twelve. Wild Plum Stick. "I took the Wild Plum Stick from the Hedge between Chydyok & East Chaldon picked up and sawed into shape by Gertrude." "Gertrude's wild-plum from Chydyok — Chaldon Lane; very heavy and an uncomfortable handle but a beautiful proud sea-eagle face like Katie's! I walk up-hill with it holding it by the Beak but on level or down hill I grasp it by the middle & brandish it like a weapon."

Stick Thirteen. Black Thorn Stick. "This is a very dangerous stick for it is nothing less than Black Thorn. Absit Omen — Touch Wood — D.V. & I am more Superstitious over Black Thorn than over anything else. I have absolutely refused to let the T.T. plant Black Thorn in her garden. It was brought from Ireland, yes, yes, it was actually from Ireland to Merioneth just as the Magic Cauldron of Revival was brought to Bendigeidvran by Lassar who found it there & then given back to Mathalwch, King of Ireland by Bran. It was brought to the T.T. by Helen the sister of Joan the wife of Warwick. It is a lovely stick to walk with & I rechristened YES I re-christened the grey waterfall after it — dipping its handle in and naming it Gwyddel Fynnon or the Fount of the Irish. It has the easiest handle & is the most comfortable to walk with of all. And it brought me Luck!"

Stick Fourteen. Waif Stick. "Today the stick I take is that frailest & feeblest waif & stray of all I possess the one stick that appeared among the rest without explanation and of which I know nothing save it is very delicate very pliable & with a wide curved handle!" " I take Stick No. 14. My Waif stick of unknown origin — made I think of Hazel & with a big thin Round Handle & is good directly it stops being slippery; which is stopped by my hand getting damp with sweat or the handle getting damp with water!"

The entry for *8 September 1941* runs as follows: '... henceforth, beginning today I intend to record the colour of my Ties as well as the nature of my Sticks. This —

according to the urge not of "Exhibitionism" or of "Narcissism" for I am not either though I am a born mountebank, actor clown, charlatan, comedian, pierrot, & Petrushka! But out of pure Animism for my sticks are my idols; and my ties are my living sans-doll Rags.

Morine Krissdóttir

A poet friend of P.J. and Kate Kavanagh living at Phudd Bottom was given one of John Cowper's sticks before he left for England. The new owner, having had it cut down to his size, eventually passed it to P.J. I am grateful to him for permission to publish the following poem which was perhaps inspired by the stick. Ed.

Constitutional

Setting off with John Cowper Powys's walking-stick
Towards Penn Hill (he attached magic
To walking sticks, and I to him) there passes the cattle truck
Empty, which comes back, with a cheerful driver, full:
'Barren. They'll be prime beef Friday.'
Today is Monday morning. On the hill
I feel a need to name things, and know why,
To point my arms and stick and cry, 'the Malverns'
(A north-south scarecrow), 'those, the Marlborough Downs!'

Two boys' names carved on a tree are both barked over.
(Survivors mooed at the cattle truck. 'Always do!'
Those inside stayed silent.) On a village gravestone
A child's name we could easily read last year
Is gone under lichen. 'Oh get on
With your silage breakfast sad-eyed cattle, I shan't moo!'

P. J. Kavanagh

Collected Poems (Carcanet 1992)

Subscriptions

The annual subscription to The Powys Society is due on January 1st, as follows:
UK £13.50 overseas £16 student £6.

We are very grateful to the 290 members who have paid their subscriptions for 2001, 173 by standing order; 123 people have signed new Gift Aid Declarations, a few covenants are still in operation. 22 people who are still unpaid after receiving reminders for two years have been taken off the membership list. **SPM**

The Powys Society Collection
Revised Agreement between The Powys Society & the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society

Preamble

The Powys Society Collection is a corpus of books, letters, manuscripts, miscellaneous documents, pictures and other memorabilia relating to the Powys Family and their circle, which is owned inalienably by the Powys Society. In addition to smaller gifts and legacies, the Collection consists of two major bequests to the Society: the Collection of Mr E E Bissell, and the Collection of Mr Francis Feather. Both benefactors bequeathed their material with the specific understanding that the bequest remain permanently in the possession of the Powys Society, and that each collection remains entire. Both benefactors have also formally indicated their wish that their Gift be housed at the Dorset County Museum. (See attached documents). Any proposal to change these stipulations would require formal permission from the two benefactors or from their heirs and estates. Subsequent additions to the Powys Society Collection may contain further stipulations.

The Agreement

1. Material deposited by the Powys Society in the Powys Society Collection at the Dorset County Museum will be on a loan basis.
2. The loan will be for fifty [50] years from the signing of the original contract in September 1992.
3. The Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society will provide suitable accommodation for the separate integrity and status of the Powys Society Collection within the Dorset County Museum.
4. The Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society will be responsible for the safe custody of the Powys Society Collection, and will maintain it in the same manner as other literary collections in its possession.
5. The Powys Society has completed an inventory of material currently in the Powys Society Collection. The deposition of any new gifts or bequests is to be conditional upon acceptance by the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society which will then undertake to catalogue the material in reasonable time. The method of cataloguing is to follow standard archival cataloguing procedures.
6. The Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society will undertake to make available and to supervise the use of material in the Powys Collection at reasonable hours to researchers who have applied in writing to the Curator and Secretary of the Dorset County Museum, who will be responsible for making the necessary arrangements for access. Material of a fragile nature such as manuscripts, holograph letters, etc, will be restricted, and access to this material will be at the discretion of the Curator and Secretary of the Museum.
7. Individual donors of material in the Powys Collection may reserve the right to impose their own restrictions concerning accessibility to and use of their bequests. In accepting new deposits (as required under paragraph 5 of this agreement) the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society will undertake to honour any such restrictions.
8. Prior permission by the copyright holders has been given to the Editors of the Powys Society *Newsletter* and the *Powys Journal* (only) to have material in the Powys Society Collection copied for use in the above publications.
9. With the exception of (8) above, no mechanical copying of any material other than photographs (see paragraph 10 below) in the Powys Society Collection shall be done for

purposes of publication without the written permission of the appropriate copyright holder(s), and each researcher must also sign an agreement with the Dorset County Museum not to publish any such material without the prior permission of the copyright holder(s). Charges for photocopying will be in accordance with Museum policy.

10. Subject to observing legal copyright obligations, photographs in the Powys Society Collection may be used for publication and promotional purposes at the discretion of the Curator and Secretary of the Museum. Full acknowledgement of ownership by the Powys Society must be included in any publication of photographs. Charges for prints and reproduction fees will be in accordance with the Museum's fee schedule. Monies accrued from reproduction rights to be used by the Museum for the maintenance and re-housing of the photographic collection.

11. The Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society will take every reasonable opportunity to publicize the scope and availability of the Powys Society Collection at the Dorset County Museum, and the existence of the Powys Society.

12. The Powys Society has taken responsibility for the effective conservation of all material currently inventoried as being in the Powys Society Collection, but cannot undertake to contribute financially on a regular basis for the continued upkeep of the Collection. However the Powys Society may from time to time make a grant for special maintenance requirements or exhibitions etc. In addition, the Powys Society recognizes the freedom of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society to apply to other bodies for such assistance as may from time to time be considered necessary.

13. The two parties to the agreement will meet every ten years (10) to review the operation of the contract arrangements. Any changes must be agreed by both parties. The first such review will be in 2012. However, if at the end of each ten year review, the Powys Society considers that there has been a serious breach of the agreement on the part of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society, a jointly instructed independent arbitrator will be appointed whose decision shall be final and binding on the Powys Society and the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society and whose fees shall be paid by the two Societies equally. In the event that agreement cannot be reached concerning an independent arbitrator, this shall be the Keeper of Western Manuscripts at the British Library.

14. The Powys Society Collection has been deemed inalienable and is not to be sold or otherwise disposed of either in part or in whole. (Powys Society Constitution, bylaw adopted 20 June, 1998). Furthermore, withdrawal of the material from the Dorset County Museum is against the stated wishes of the two major benefactors. However, with the exception of the Feather Gift which is subject to contract and a residual interest of Francis Feather and/or his estate, in the event of a voluntary or involuntary sale or deposition of its rights in the Collection by virtue of the termination of the Powys Society, the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society shall be entitled to 'first refusal' of the terms offered by any third party and to be served a period of notice of its removal of not less than two (2) years.

[Signed by the Acting Chairman of the Powys Society, Griffin Beale, 28 April, 2001, and the Chairman of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society, Anthony Pitt-Rivers, 10th May, 2001]