

THE
POWYS
NEWSLETTER

TWO
1971

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unpublished works, primarily by

John Cowper Powys, 1872-1963

Theodore Francis Powys, 1875-1953

Llewelyn Powys, 1884-1939.

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THE HAMADRYAD AND THE DEMON

by Roderick Mawr (John Cowper Powys)

In 1902, *Victoria Magazine* carried this story, the first-published fiction by John Cowper Powys. But “published” requires repeating information given by Isobel Powys Marks in the first *Powys Newsletter*. Dorothy Powys, Mrs. Marks’ mother and wife of A.R. Powys, prepared only one holograph copy of *Victoria Magazine* and sent it, round-robin fashion, to members of the Powys family. Readers sometimes inscribed comments on the magazine’s pages; the penned remarks of several unidentified Powyses, reproduced at the end of this first printing of the story, show that themes developed later in J.C.P.’s novels provoked strong reactions from the very start.

Except for a few paragraphing changes for readability, the story has not been edited. The illustrations are by John Cowper Powys.

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by John Payne

EDITOR’S NOTES

POWYS WORKS PUBLISHED BY COLGATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE
HAMADRYAD
AND THE
DEMON

56.





Class. Myth - deity or nymph of the woods
 ORY(s) = tree
 Hannak - dryad who is spirit of a particular tree + fern suff. ad.

Once upon a time a young man called by the good name of Richard Lovel lived in an ancient Cathedral city. He was a Roman Catholic but he lived in a strange dark-browed house of most curious appearance called the Jew's House, over the dusky entrance of which weird hieroglyphics, symbolic of the mysterious rites of forgotten creeds, or drawn from the ruined porticoes of buried temples, twined and twisted themselves like dark serpents. Shadowy steps like those leading into the mouth of a sepulchre led under this sinister archway, to whose corners heavy cobwebs and dust adhered in accumulated layers of uncleanness, darkening the smoke-stains darker yet with a webbed and fibrous gloom; until (where the eye was lost in thick obscurity) the imagination pictured moving, amid bats and owls, shapes, forms and lineaments no more human or normal than the abode they lived in was clear to the light of day. By the side of this archway, jutting out upon the street, was a low narrow window full of bric-a-brac and ancient china; for (to confess the truth) the Christian inhabitants of this Hebrew dwelling made their living by selling the curios and antiquities.

The town in which this house was situated was built upon the side of a hill on the summit of which rose the towers of the Cathedral. Far and wide round the outskirts of the town stretched a desolate and level plain, its vast expanse unbroken to the horizon, save where solitary poplars, rising out of the mist like masts of submerged ships, waved and beckoned to one another with phantom gestures. Along the silent hedge of this vast plain creep at twilight and dawn mysterious processions of pale ghosts—feeble shades, bodiless wraiths forming and re-forming in perpetual flux and clinging to drooping willows and weedy stakes and the tall reeds that sway there by the stagnant brooks. When the sun is up these evanescent vapours vanish and are forgotten only to gather together again their dispersed hosts, when once more the mists rise from the earth and the shadows of evening fall. The town itself is a world of toil and smoke. Bitter tears might be shed there and no one see them, bright cheeks might grow thin there and no one heed them, young children might pine, die and be buried there and only the wind from the firs wail for them and only the mist from the fens visit their graves. Great chimneys pour out volumes of swarthy smoke over the lower-built roofs, furnaces roar and smoulder like gasping monsters and round the iron forges they feed with molten metal, bound Ixion-like to revolving wheels hundreds of human beings work, until the fire scorches their brain and the iron enters into their soul. And over all this, calm and still—its buttresses and pinnacles its arches, battlements, and towers, bare to the pure sky—rises the Gothic church.

On a certain Saturday afternoon the youth, whose history we are concerned with, was standing at the door of the Jew's House gazing intently at a tree which over-hung the opposite wall. Presently his father the bric-a-brac shopman came up to him. "Now, Richard, I want you to help me with my accounts." "Presently, Father. I must watch the sun upon the branches of that tree a little longer first." Then his elder brother came up to him. "Come, Richard, I want you to go with me

to the Town Hall. The Bishop of Tammany is going to speak on the Education Bill." "Presently, brother. I must watch the sun upon the branches of that tree a little longer first." Then his younger brother came up to him. "Come, Richard, I want you to come rat-catching with me in Beggar's Field." "Presently, brother. I must watch the sun upon the branches of that tree a little longer first." When the Father and Brothers were together they said to one another, "He is growing sillier and more ridiculous every day. He stares at every tree he passes. We saw him the other morning throw his arms round the young ash at the bottom of the garden and if he did not kiss the senseless thing, Heaven knows what he did do! He is certainly going crazy. We shall soon have to support a crazy relation."

As soon as they were gone, Richard approached the tree at which he had been gazing and reaching down a handful of cool leaves pressed them together in the palms of his hands, so gently, however, as not to break or tear a single leaf. This ritual over, he composed his features which had for a moment worn almost an ecstatic look, and began slowly to descend the narrow street and make his way in the direction of the open country. He soon left the town behind him and followed a lovely lane overgrown with grass, where the cart ruts looked so ancient that they might have been caused by the passing of the chariots of the legionaries of Caesar. There was a stagnant ditch on one side of the lane overhung with weeping willows whose silvery branches bowed their foreheads into the muddy water as though they had been waiting hundreds of years for some deliverer who never came. At length the path led to the verge of a wood and there abruptly terminated. The youth, however, did not pause. Opening a heavy moss-covered gate and heeding not the cries of magpies and jays who flapped round him as though they had never seen man before, he passed into the thickets and began making his way through the undergrowth. He had not advanced far, ere, with a wild exclamation of excitement, he leapt forward into an open clearing and fell down at the foot of a great Beech-tree, embracing with his arms its mossy roots. Prone and still he lay while over his head the birds twittered and the squirrels full of whimsical wrath, hissed, gurgled and chattered down at him with a noise resembling a fairy-carriage crackling over dry twigs, while little sparks flash from its wheels. Timid wood-mice moved to and fro under the dead leaves and peeked out at him with bright brown eyes. Rabbits emerging from the brushwood, stood quaintly up on their hind legs to look at him and scampered on with a knowing thud upon the ground. Thus several hours passed away until the golden light, flung in long level rays through the tawny tracery of hazels, proved the approach of sunset. Gradually this golden light faded and soft purple hues fell on the silver trunk of the Beech, while the red rim of the sun glared like a blood-stained eyelid through the branches. The Bird's twittering began to die down amid the leafy shadows and the cool breath of night like a deep re-assuring whisper floated over the world.

Suddenly, swift as a dream, something glided forth from the tree above him and slid down upon the ground at his side. What can this be, this strange beautiful

being, with so brown a skin and such delicately slender limbs? Is it a mortal maiden? Ah no! Something weird about the look it casts upon its lover proves it a creature not born of woman. Strange indeed is the expression in its eyes. It might almost have seemed as though, only half conscious and weighted with a listless apathy of centuries of blind vegetable life, it still groped blindly forward through obscure aeons of past growth towards the fuller realization of the present hour. Its look had the pathos of the inarticulate, the tragic desire of the soulless. It seemed as though its spirit were looking out through an immense avenue of past experiences, in the entanglements of which it had been caught and could not escape. When she stood by his side and stretched out her arms towards him, this creature of the woods was indeed a wonder to see. Her skin was of a rich amber brown as though layer after layer of the sun's warm mystic writing had been imprinted upon her delicate flesh purified for the reception of much sweet impresses by a thousand rains and dews. Her body had come to be a kind of palimpsest of the ways of Nature scored over and over with the finger marks of Storm and Silence, of Night and Day, and wearing in every line curve and contour the patient signature of the earth-gods. Her arms and legs, noticeably long in proportion to the size of the body, had in them something almost pathetically slender, and their outline, though moulded into a grace which gave a sensitive eye unbounded pleasure, suggested, when seen in certain lights and shades, the boughs of the tree from which she came. Just as a golden tint mingled with the brown of her body, so a reminiscence of soft green shadow lurked about the waving of her hazel-coloured hair. Her lips red as autumn berries and full of the drowsy warmth of rain scented woodland banks, her eyes like shadowy pools of amber-tinted water, her low forehead and small oval chin, all partook of the freedom and purity of the untrodden woods. All in all, from the crown of her bare head to the sole of her bare foot, she was a bride fit for the gods.

A little murmuring sigh, like a small breeze among the blossoms of a wild rose, shook the breast of the hamadryad. "Is love happiness, then, with you?" she asked.

He glanced enquiringly into her shadowy face. "You have made my life worth living to me," he said. "When I am dreary or hopeless and the grey streets and commonplace weariness of human beings and the brutal flippancy of convention, grow intolerable—then I think suddenly of you and behold! all is different. Then grey becomes gold and the flatness of things seems perforated with profound gulfs and broken with long avenues of feeling."

"Ah! but with me it is different," the poor hamadryad answered, sighing a deep sigh. "Your life is active—mine is passive. Year after year I have grown with my sister-tree, feeling its sorrows and joying in its joys; but now, since this new thing has come to me, my peace of mind is going and the quietness has flown away from my heart like a fledged bird that leaves its nest." Speaking thus, the gentle creature pressed her hands to her bosom, as though to ease the pain of a void there which nothing could fill.

Then Richard knew for the first time what he had done in making the hamadryad love him. "Oh Sweetheart," he said, "perhaps, after all, it would have been better if we had never met!"

"Not so," she answered kissing his forehead. "Love to the human being is Spirit. Love to the animals and birds is Satisfaction of desire. Love to the Tree is Death. But though I die and pass where last year's leaves are gathered and last year's blossoms are treasured up—that is to say, though I pass into absolute oblivion and entire forgetfulness, it is worth while to have loved! O plants and mosses!" (here she broke into a strange chanting such as we hear when the wind is low) O deep-rooted trees and silent under-growth of briar and hazel! O lichens and ferns, O rushes and feathery grasses! This is the message I bring you—It is worth while to love even though ye die for it!"

Richard bowed his head. He felt shamed and unworthy in the presence of this elemental passion. When at length he dared to look again into her face its wild beauty terrified him. "This beauty," he thought, "is not the beauty of human goodness. It is something primitive—unspeakable—something so far down into the root of things that it has passed beyond Good and Evil. I can neither understand its meaning nor reward its devotion!"

The hamadryad laid a gentle hand on his arm. A less wild beauty inspired her—her large eyes were dim with tears.

"O my love," whispered Richard, "I would keep you with me always."

"That cannot be," said she mournfully, "for I have no soul."

"But I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin to intercede to God for you. God is Omnipotent. He can give you a soul."

"God? Who is God? I know the wind and the rain; I know the cool dews and the sweet Sun; I know the floating clouds and the bright silver moon—but I know not God. I have seen—though it is long ago now—I have seen Satyrs dancing in this wood. The bark of my tree has been stained with the wine of their feasts—they have fed upon its Beech-nuts and slept in its shade. And I have seen Him." Here she lowered her voice to a whisper. "The great one, the wise one, the dreaded one, the god of all the woods! I saw him pass one night in the moonlight, horned and hooped like a goat and bearded like a Satyr, but playing, O! so sweetly and sadly on his flute, that I went to hear him."

"My god has been called the great Pan and he has called us his Sheep," answered her Lover.

But she only repeated "I know him not. I have no soul. I know him not—"

For a long while the two poor creatures, the youth and the Tree-Dweller, stood side by side with clasped hands. Then with a sudden impulse, possessed by the irresistible violence of love, they folded one another in their arms and clung together as though neither heaven nor earth could separate them. The last remnants of sunset died out in the sky, the owls began to hoot in the far off valleys, the bats began to circle from glade to glade, little querulous sounds and stirrings on the dark told where small creatures gathered themselves to sleep or awoke frightened, and

above all Night like a great black sea rolled its waves over their heads and swallowed them up—trees, birds, beasts and lovers—in a transitory but complete oblivion.

Not only ancient woods but ancient cities have their supernatural inhabitants. In the roof of the Cathedral Choir of this town above a wonderfully carved pillar and not far from the high altar, lived a Demon. War carried on with the easily triumphant angels and saints—a thousand against one—who surrounded him, had for the last six hundred years soured his disposition and made mockery his second nature so that even when he loved he could not help mocking. He knew that his soul was lost and nothing that he could do could make any difference and this idea made him reckless, defiant and desperate. But sometimes he remembered the pure celestial delights of the heavenly palace from which he fell; and, of all these delights, what he remembered with most bitter and anguished wistfulness were his games with the little angels in the nursery of Heaven. In a certain street not far from the Cathedral lived a little girl called Rachel Rye. Her mother was neither poor nor sick and belonged to the Sect called The Only Ones and used to take Rachel to a chapel in a suburban row built of grey stones and yellow brick. Now Rachel was a little girl with certain peculiarities and she preferred playing with a very curious doll she possessed, to going to the chapel of the Only Ones.

On the same afternoon when the events happened which I have just narrated Rachel was sitting on the stone step at the door of her house playing with her doll. The peculiarity about this doll was that instead of wearing clothes in the ordinary manner it had a hard leather skin drawn over it, and its ears and eyes and mouth were the ears and eyes and mouth of a Demon. Little Rachel hugged and petted this peculiar toy, stroking its long Satyr ears, following the creases of its puckered forehead and making pretence of putting her dainty finger into its open mouth. "Mine is a good Demon," she used to say to herself. "His naughtiness is nicer than other people's goodness. Besides, he has nobody but me to love him, and he must feel lonely, sitting up there in the choir with the angels—" (For this Demon was indeed the famous Demon of the Cathedral and one of the sights of the town.) Presently Rachel's mother looked out of the door and called to her, "Come in, come in, you naughty child and help me getting your father's tea." "Presently, mother! Only first I must give Dolly his afternoon sleep." Then her elder sister looked out. "I say! Rachel! I want you to run down to the Shop for me and get some caramels." "Presently, Sister! Only first I must give Dolly his afternoon sleep." Then her younger sister looked out. "Why wont you play houses with me, Rachel? I am so tired of playing by myself." "Presently, Sister! Only first I must give Dolly his afternoon sleep." Inside the house the Mother and Sisters said among themselves, "She grows more naughty and queer every day. Her head is certainly turned. She will come to no good, Lord bless us!" and we shall all die in the Work House!"

But when she was quite alone the little girl kissed and hugged the Demon more passionately than ever. "What dear hairy ears he has," she said to herself.

After a little while she jumped to her feet, looked cautiously round to see that no one was observing her and ran off at full pace in the direction of the Cathedral. Arrived at the West gate of that great building she pushed the massive oak door inwards with all her little strength and entered the nave. Warm red light fell through the painted windows and, high up above her head, clerestory and triforium threw down upon the carved columns and arches soft opalescent glimmerings like those thrown by the sun upon the shell-strewn floor of some deep ocean cavern. The child paused when she reached the immense oak screen above which towered the organ—a wondrous throne of music—and tried nervously with her little hand to unlock the gate into the choir. It refused her admittance. In vain she pushed and pulled with all her little might. The door was obdurately fastened. She looked despairingly to the right. A great round window, red as a rose, glared angrily down on her. Every moment she expected the organ above her head to thunder out an indignant question as to what she did in this holy place.

Suddenly she observed a tall thin gentleman in black emerging from a similar door to the one she stood by. She ran up to him. “O Sir! Please let me through. I have no money but I want to see the Angel Choir”

The tall gentleman, who was indeed a great Divine, and was very fond of little girls, patted her head and smiled at her. “Come with me,” he said.

She followed him and soon found herself beneath the immense pillars and carved roof which overshadowed the high altar.

“This hole was made,” her conductor said, pointing to a curious indent in the masonry of the floor, “by pilgrims’ knees; and that odd-looking and fiendish Imp—My dear child! what is the matter with you? Are you ill?”

Little Rachel certainly seemed ill for she sank down on the stone floor and was seized with a fit of violent shuddering.

“Dear me! Dear me! What shall I do?” exclaimed the poor Ecclesiastic. “This is a very awkward predicament. This is a most unfortunate event. Let me see—let me see—Lie quiet my dear a little longer and I will fetch some water—some water.” So saying and with a vague idea of Vestry water-bottles in his head he hurried off towards a side aisle.

As soon as he was out of sight—Rachel rose upon her knees just where the piety of so many generations had worn the stones; she clasped her hands together and looked up towards the capital of the pillar above her with an appealing longing glance in her hazel eyes. There—looking down upon his votary, with one leg clasped across the other and a hideous leer of triumph in his eyes—was the living original of the Demon Doll. There he was—drawing the child towards him with exulting enchantment, mocking her even as he drew her, as he had mocked so often so many worshippers at that holy shrine. “Poor Demon,” Rachel whispered. “Come down and love me.” She had hardly spoken when a change came over the marble figure. Its form dilated—its eyes rolled—its face became convulsed—Good Heavens! What is this? The Lincoln Demon is coming down from his pillar!

When the dignitary returned he found the little girl prostrate on the pavement and quite unconscious. He emptied the vestry water-bottle on her face. It produced no effect. He chafed her hands and patted her cheeks but she did not move. At length he lifted her in his arms and carried her, past the shrine of the little Saint Hugh, to the door by which they had entered.

About three weeks after the events I have narrated the young man Richard Lovel and the young girl Rachel Rye were engaged in deep conversation on the steps outside the Town Hall. For several days had these two been friends. They had been brought together by a happy chance and the similiarity of their fate made them sympathetic.

“My father is going to send me to London unless I give up going to the Wood,” said Richard.

“My mother is going to send me to Edinburgh unless I give up going to the Cathedral,” said Rachel. “What shall we do?”

The poor things looked piteously at one another. The strange obsessions that possessed their lives seemed too dear to be given up and yet they shrank horror-struck from the idea of exile. Suddenly Rachel spoke. “We will go to the Minister,” she said. “He may help us.” The Reverend Thomas had not hitherto presented himself to her mind exactly in the light of a sympathetic consoler but she felt herself growing desperate.

“But I am a Catholic,” said Richard.

“Never mind; if I go, you must come.”

So they went together. They found the Reverend Thomas in his study writing a sermon.

“What do you want,” he enquired?

The two young creatures tried to explain that one of them was in love with a Demon and the other with a Hamadryad.

The minister laughed outright. “Come, come young people,” he said. “This will not do. I am not going to believe that—But seriously,” he continued. “I must warn you against Superstition. In the Bible we have revealed to us all we need to know about the invisible world and to give way to Superstition is a sin. We must use our reason in these things and our Reason tells us that what we cannot see probably does not exist—that is I mean, unless it is mentioned in the Bible—and of the Bible everyone has a right to his private judgement. In old days people were very superstitious—they let themselves be ruled by Priests—now we are wiser.” Here the Minister rang the bell. “Show these young people downstairs, Maria,” he said, “and if you like (this was addressed to Rachel) you can come to my Sunday afternoon class; and if *you* like—(this was addressed to Richard) you can come to my Thursday evening sermon.”

The next time the friends met they again discussed their terrible dilemma. “Life is becoming intolerable,” said he.



"I cannot bear it any longer," said she.

"I see my Hamadryad's form in every tree the wind blows upon," said Richard.

"I see my Demon's face in every window in the street," said Rachel.

"To love as we do is very bitter," they cried together.

"I cannot bear to think that my poor Demon has a lost soul," sighed Rachel.

"They say my Hamadryad has never had a soul at all," groaned Richard.

"What shall we do?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the young man suddenly. "What a fool I am! We must go to the Priest."

"But I am a Protestant," said she.

"Never mind, I cannot go without you."

And so they went together. They found Father Boniface reading his Breviary by the fire.

"Pax Vobiscum, my children," said he gravely, rising to his feet and offering them each a chair. Then, going to a small ebony cupboard behind an ivory Crucifix, he presented them with a piece of cake and a glass of wine. "Take your time and speak quietly," he said, "and be sure you tell me everything. The Church is very stern to those who keep back part when they ought to give the whole."

And so as well as they could they told him the story of the Demon and the Hamadryad.

Father Boniface looked very grave indeed. "This is a serious thing," he said. "It seems to me that your souls are in danger. The church teaches that such things exist and we know from the Lives of the Saints that many holy men have been assaulted by evil spirits who have attacked them in Deserts, in Caves, by the sea shore as well as in holy buildings and sometimes, as in your case, my daughter, in the Church itself." Then he made them tell him the story again very slowly.

When they had finished he made a long pause. At last he said, speaking solemnly and gravely, "Meet me, my son, in your wood at half past five tomorrow—and meet me, my daughter, in your Cathedral at half past six on the same evening. Now farewell and may the Blessed St. Anthony of Padua protect us all!" He took them himself to the door and so dismissed them.

At a quarter past five Richard was in the well-known wood. He rushed to his beloved tree and flung himself beneath it. A presentiment of evil came upon him and he wished now that he had not made the appointment with the Priest. "They are going to separate us," he cried, "they are going to separate us—but I shall love no one all my life as I have loved you—"

The Priest came while he was still muttering to himself beneath the tree. "The Pagan gods are not yet quite dead," Father Boniface thought, "not yet quite dead—but the word has gone forth—and the Church will destroy them." Thus thinking and without permitting the young man to see what he was about to do he



suddenly made the sign of the Cross and sprinkled the tree with holy water from a small philtre.

Richard gave a piteous cry. "My love! my love! you have killed my love!" Desperately he broke from the priest who tried to restrain him and flung his arms round the trunk of the tree. "Give her back to me, O give her back to me!" he moaned. But the only answer he got was the sighing of the wind as it shook the leaves and the plaintive cry of some far-away bird.

"She was an evil spirit," said the Priest raising his hand as though he were about to utter a curse. "She was an evil spirit and I have sent her to her own place. I have already exorcised the fairies and pixies, the hobgoblins, gnomes and elves—and may my soul be forgotten if I do not exorcise the Demon of the Cathedral himself! Weep on! Weep on! my son—this paroxysm will soon pass and you will bless me for what I have done." Saying this the Priest turned slowly from the tree and walked away.

"O my love! my love," cried the poor youth when he was alone. "You were to me all the warmth of the earth and all the coolness of her dews; the wild desire of the forest found a voice in you—you were the silent unfolding of hidden mosses—you were the whispering of reeds by remote waters—you were the falling of the golden foliage into the brown mould and the rising of the sap when the year is young. No stir of unseen winds in shadowy places, no scarce-felt ripple of the surface of lonely pools, but your glance expressed its secret and the wavering colour of your eyes caught its perilous charm. Men and women talk of love; but, ah! you alone knew the madness of it and the sweetness, the glory of it and the desperate pain! Your love was the storm sobbing in the darkness—your love was the silver Moon floating cloudless through the open sky. At your touch the life of plants and mosses and wondrous-coloured lichen flowed through my blood. Human love is a household thing, cabined and confined; but the wild blood-stains upon the leaves of the wood-orchis are the tokens of your passion and the dark moisture at the roots of the wood anemones is the remnant of your tears. O my love, my love; I have lost you; I feel that I have lost you! But the day that returns my body to the mould will be the day that I forget your kisses and the night when you are not with me in my dreams will be the night when all dreams are over!"

A little while later the priest was standing in the Cathedral Choir. Straight to the Demon's Pillar he walked, little Rachel clinging to his arm. Straight towards the Demon he walked carrying a silver philtre carved with precious symbols and full of holy water. Then with a wave of his hand he flung into the air the water from his chalice so that some drops should fall upon the Demon's foot. As soon as the holy water had touched the stone figure both the priest and the child were aware of a strange mocking laugh high up among the shadows.

"Good God! This child is indeed lost!" exclaimed the Priest involuntarily. "This must have been Apollyon himself."

Then did a voice answer from the recesses of the roof such as no living being

is likely to hear again nor those two likely to forget. "She alone of all creatures on the earth, above the earth or under the earth, has had pity on the lost!"

Then the little Rachel began lamentably to cry, "O you have driven away my demon! he is gone forever—I know he is gone—and my doll will be dead, dead, dead! O my heart is broken!"

"Farewell, daughter," said the Priest in a grave sad tone. "It were sin in me any longer to listen to such laments. I greatly fear for your unhappy soul. Pray Heaven you may live to bless me for what I have done."

When he had left her the child moaned still. "They called my demon wicked but I know he was not wicked—he was only very, very unhappy. My poor demon! I was the only one who loved him. Even God did not love him. The thoughts he put into me were not wicked thoughts but wild, sweet, exciting thoughts. O how dreary seems now to me the grey and yellow chapel and the voice of Mr. Thomas! I shall not be able to bear it. I know I shall not—O! O! O! I wish I were dead!"

For many weeks after these events the worthy Bric-a-Brac Shopkeeper was kept in terror for his son's sanity, and little Rachel's mother prayed fervently in the chapel of the Only Ones for her daughter's life. At length the two friends—both pale and thin with suffering (for each had cried in their delirium "bring Rachel to me"—"bring Richard to me" "he (or she) alone understands") met on the steps of the Town Hall.

"They have killed my Hamadryad," said Richard.

"They have driven away my demon," said Rachel.

"Life without Love is like Death to me," groaned Richard.

"I have nobody to hug and kiss me now," sobbed Rachel.

"O what shall we do? What shall we do?" They cried together.

Suddenly Richard rose to his feet. The smoke of the town floated round them and wrapt them in its dense fumes. The roar of the street—its wagons and carriages, its workmen and fops, its smiling tradesmen and stern mechanics, its good and its evil rumours—rolled by them with reverberations and monotonous and discordant hums. Far below them they could see the great level fens stretching away to the horizon—grey—vast—and desolate—and above them beyond the roofs, rose the tower of the Cathedral. But neither of the two saw or heard these things.

"You are not like the rest. You have daring and desire and pity—you have a wild, free heart—you must be my Hamadryad now!" and he leant down to her little upturned face and kissed her on the lips.

"You are not like the rest," she answered. "You have daring and desire and pity; you have a wild, free heart—you must be my Demon now!"

And they sank into one another's arms and wept in silence.

Roderick Mawr -

90.

This is a strange & beautiful story & well told - Cordelia

Strange indeed!

P.P.

Weird is the word !! too much so in this work-a-day
World! The fiction

"that way madness lies; no more of that —"
P.M.

There are some beautiful & picturesque
descriptions of nature in this curious
story. O.H.S.

Comments by members of the Powys family appended to
"The Hamadryad and the Demon" when it appeared in
Victoria Magazine in 1902.

JOHN COWPER POWYS:
A MEMOIR
PART II

Due to frequent movement and the exigencies of army service several letters were lost, and moreover, to my everlasting regret, during a period of acute financial stress I was forced to sell some of them: they were the only assets I had. Consequently there is a gap of nearly two years between the previous letter from John Cowper Powys [June 10, 1944] and this next one which I received when I was back in England and once more a civilian.

The first paragraph refers to some remarks I had made about the character of Dud No-Man in the novel *Maiden Castle*. I had had a wide experience of bed-sitting rooms, and I guessed that Mr. Powys had, too, from his graphic descriptions of Dud No-Man's habits and behaviour among his cups and saucers in *his* bed-sitting room.

May 20, 1946

My Dear Friend,

I'm *so* extra delighted with your praise of ponderous gravity of my 'alter-ego' No-man's way of laying his breakfast and with your recognition of your own memories of your private little ritualistic joys & pleasures so deep—aye, aye deepest almost I daresay for both of us of nearly all the sensations of life.

Clifford Tolchard, *an author living now in New South Wales, is the book critic for the Sydney Morning Herald and the Sunday Australian. He will continue his Memoir in the next Newsletter.*

Well my historic romance or novel of Corwen in 499 A.D. has got on to my own secret pleasure in it to page 1055 in my long hand scrawl. But it goes very very slowly now purely due to my illness & to actual vomiting retching & twisting about as my ulcer hurts or I struggle with nausea caused by excess of certain devil's own acids. I cannot see anybody these days for the nervous excitement creates these acids as they have done all my life since I left school because of this 'dyspepsia' as I used to call it in my boyhood when I dosed myself with Beechams Pills.

I had a very bad time with these acids & a fit of retching that went on & on & on last night but I forced myself to dress & walk up our lane for an hour this morn from 8 A.M. to 9 A.M. but I am still ill, still ill.

I write only postcards now even to my oldest friends but your praise was so sweet that I couldn't resist telling you so & enclosing this latest photo outside our 'Jerry' built, but very well Jerry built little house; just the sort I have always preferred to big stone ones.

Yrs as heretofore my friend
John Cowper Powys

Oct. 22, 1946

. . . . You ask about my novel. Well! I had at the start the idea of taking my hero to Rome & Ravenna if not to Constantinople & Athens. But since I've reached (in my scrawling sprawling long hand, though of course you must remember) Page 1390 already and have only got through *3 days!*

I see I shall have to end without even leaving home, far less getting a ship for Piraeus, tho I've got a Greek captain on a ship ready to sail & I've got an elderly much travelled scholar and collector of MSS & of whatever monastery-bound & copied classics were to be found then, who receives letters from France & Italy & Athens from Sidonius and Cassiodonus and Damascus of those three centres of civilization and from the young Boethius in Rome. But I am so thrilled, my friend, with this romance of the 'dark ages' which are the ages *very* well suited to my particular turn of mind. And I like Corwen in October of 499 A.D. so well that I go very slow in time because I enjoy every moment as I write of every thoughts, gestures, feelings in such a horde of people jostling together.

Do you know Clifford Tolchard my dear friend I am now *tonight* when I do this note up to you going to write of October 22 in 499 A.D. instead of Oct. 22 in 1946! Isn't that a coincidence of a curious kind?

But when the hell the publishers are going to bring out my long Rabelais & short Dostoevsky heaven *may* know but I doubt it.

Phyllis & I are both fascinated by, & very absorbed in this photo of yours. O no I *like* the eyes cast down like that; it makes the disillusioned eyelids so fascinatingly equivocal & subtle. We can see that the corners of your mouth go up not down; and we can talk of your great forehead as Coleridge said he did to Hazlitt!

Write again after a while my friend please. I have only one working eye now—the other is quite *blind* (with cataract) so I have to save my one Cyclop's eye for my novel but I love to hear from you & Phyllis & I talk often of you.

We too love Llewelyn's letters, perhaps best of *all* his works.

Yr Friend as ever
J.C. Powys

In 1947 I got married and went to live in Devon. This news evoked a typical Powysian response. For a wedding gift—much treasured—he sent me, suitably inscribed, a copy of his brother Llewelyn's book, *The Twelve Months*.

I never ceased to be sensible of the kindness and courtesy of his letters, to one who, after all, was only a member of the outer circle of his friends and acquaintances. And although there might be gaps in our correspondence I never waited longer than two or three days for a reply to a letter, however engaged he might be or whatever his state of health. This innate courtesy was characteristic of the whole family.

On the Last Day of June 1947

I am so thrilled with your news & so is my lady-friend Miss Phyllis Playter who has shared with her Old Man John the fascinated experience of being in the circle of C. Tolchard FANS from a very early date at the beginning of the late War!

We can only wish you two & please tell your lady so the same *Amazing Harmony* that we have had ourselves for just about a quarter of a century!

We note the hour 11 o'clock & the day July 17th. And we shall both give very very deep consideration as to what favourite & suitable book from among our treasures—(*not* a "Powys" one but a Powys-worshipped One!)—to send you both in this next fortnight or *eight-nights* as we say in Welsh "wythnos" (eight-nights) as a Wedding present.

I have told a certain good man my friend and literary correspondent the novelist Norman Denny by name whose address is Little Doccombe Moretonhampstead that I have a kindred spirit who haunts the 15th century cafe in his home town!

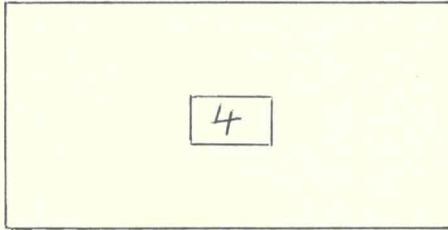
With our mutual benediction
Yrs as ever
J.C.P.

Sept. 1, 1948

Autumn! Hurrah! I love the Autumn. . . . My mother's birthday was & is the eleventh of Sept. & 11 is the nicest and far my favourite of *all Numbers* after the number 4 which is the Pythagorean number & what old Walt called the square Deific.

Jehovah—Zeus—Father

Prometheus
Jesus



Satan

Sancta Spirita

(think of Whitman's audacity in making the Holy Ghost *Feminine*)

But I put 11 second and all Numerologists go by *addition* in these things & $1+1=2!!$ another, in fact the 1st of *Even* numbers.

Please salute most respectfully & gratefully your beautiful lady from yr ancient Prester John & tell her her appreciation makes me proud & not only proud, for it makes me resolve to invent, imagine, enlarge on, & deepen, better still & still & still the last chapters of *Porius*, A Romance of the Dark Ages (I really must curb my obsessed compulsion for 4 & my obsessed revulsion from 3 (the 3 claws of the great Triune Absolute Cuttle Fish) for it grows absurd when I can't even say to my friend Clifford that I am resolved (because of this sweet girl's good word) that I'm going to do better still without saying still still still still!)

But my dear friend I am so thrilled that you are pondering the grand impulse to Write once more your own self. Go ahead! go ahead! go ahead! Shall I add a 4th Go Ahead!

With all the Best Magic for your writing. Both Phyllis & I feel *certain* that you will succeed. We both have a strong *Hunch* to that effect.

Your old friend
J.C.P.

They both may have had a hunch but that hunch took no account of time, for it was not until 1964 that I published my first book, too late by over a year to be able to send him a copy.

I bought every book of Powys's as it came out, but wishing to add to my collection of Powysiana I begged him to let me have one small original manuscript. I think I offered to buy it, at least I hope I did, but with typical generosity he gave me one.

Nov. 24, 1948

SURE! Of Course my dear friend—Phyllis *at once* said "we *must certainly* find an original MS for our Mr. Tolchard" & so we *sure will*. . . .

. . . but at the moment—for Phyllis is the one who knows “where things are”—& she is just now with a bit too much on her hands—But I’ve got an idea & she’s got an idea—there are for instance (I know!) (somewhere within reach) discarded or changed a lot, or revised & a little changed pages of the BOOK I’m finishing now a long Dark Ages hist. Romance of Corwen in 499 A.D. O, & there are other things too within reach! you shall certainly my dear Tolchard *have something ere long*; only maybe not till Xmas is over or anyway “Thanksgiving!” for I live as you know with ladies of the nation that will I hope soon *Conquer the World*—AMERICANOS!

Please convey both our regards to your dear lady & know that we are very loyal to our only Mr. Tolchard in this bloody world. Yes you are one of the few to yr John & his Phyllis.

Last Day of 1948

Just a line old friend to tell you I’m sending you this Manuscript of my Preface to the Sentimental Journey and also a typescript of it to help you make it out!

I was & so was Phyllis exquisitely satisfied by the actuality & nervous & airy fairy touch, real & yet so deft & quick of your story & as we always see the old number of the Tribune sent to us by James Hanly who shares our admiration for it we hold it to be no slight privilege to be a writer for it!

Yrs as ever
John

My dear Clifford,

April 4, 1949

How sweet of you to send us these two Mags (*The London Magazine*)—I read them both practically straight thro’ aloud to Phyllis as she sat in her grey armchair with her back to my favourite Books mending our WASH. . . & there were articles *in both* we liked—or anyway had exciting disagreement with as for example with her intensely loved Cecil when he praised *that woman* I particularly dislike as an authoress—I who *adore all* the other witty & mischievous lady novelists. In fact this lady, E. Bowen, to whom Cecil does too much honour in my view is along with poor old Charles Morgan & even against him I haven’t quite such a Blind & Rooted Prejudice my Bete Noir of the Modern Novel!

O most certainly Tolchard my dear friend I *do* count the ‘ands’ and ‘thes’ and ‘tos.’ O yes I always do but of course no doubt being so hopeless at arithmetic I count them wrong. But count them I do.

But C.T., old sport, as the Great Gadsby [sic] by Scott Fitzgerald always says, and there *is* a masterpiece if you like! I have a mania yes a mania, yes I have a mania for the Great Gadsby by Scott Fitzgerald—Those Doctor’s Spectacles gazing at those DUMPS!

But C.T. old sport (to finish) you don't say a word about your writings this time? I wonder what sort of sign this is! Perhaps *very* good as it wd be

with your ever faithful
John

In the early part of 1949 Mr. Powys wrote that his novel, *Porius*, was at last finished. He was, however, somewhat nervous and apprehensive of his publisher's reactions to its length. I believe it did have to suffer some cutting. At the same time I was preparing a selection of his letters for publication in *World Review*. I remember exactly Stefan Schimanski's response—he was then the literary editor—when he accepted the Ms: "What a wonderful letter-writer he is—of course he knows it."

The Christmas gift of L.A.G. Strong's book on Joyce, *The Sacred River*, prompted this next letter. Also I had arranged to go and visit him a few weeks before but had been put off by the weather as I had intended to hitch-hike.

My Dear Friend,

Dec. 22, 1949

You really are an angel to go and spend 10/-ten bob! on (God! what a lot!) on this present to your old friend John & your other loyal fan Phyllis for I tell you—but you know that already—there is none, I say *none!* of our younger literary cronies that we feel the same about or that hold the same place in those questionable crucibles or urns or vases or what do you call those things in churchyards?—I forget—O yes sarcophagi! those crazy & cracked receptacles anyway that your old John & his Phyllis call their hearts than does C.T.

How sweet it was of your dear wife to write & tell us when you couldn't plunge into that fog—& it was as well you didn't, Tolchard—however sad for us—for it was worse as the day went on here. We'd have been fair scared to think of our soldier lost on the march.

But my instinctive compass needle of an author's vain combatitiveness (how the hell do you put the vowels there & are they both 'i's')—but never mind say cantankerousness instead—soon found out where Master Strong the Irishman differs from Master J.C.P. the Welshman re James J. Tis a *deep prejudice* with me my quarrel with the *unconscious* & I am still, I wont say cocksure but Badger-sure or Fox-sure or even Lobworm-sure that it's from *Vico's* ideas & not *Freud's* that Joyce's genius got its best inspiration. And this I would say in *spite of Joyce his wone self*; for Cervantes isn't the only great genius whose Book got out of hand & left his plan behind.

Yes, you have given us both a real heavenly argumentative thrill with this book of Strong's. And we never knew it existed. But think of you being so generous, Clifford. God! you beat *me* but old men are *misers*.

Yrs as ever
John

AMERICAN LIBRARIES
HOLDING
POWYS MANUSCRIPTS
PART II

The Powys Newsletter of 1970 told the location of Powys manuscripts in states west of the Mississippi River, plus Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Since then, supplementary reports have arrived from several university libraries; these supplements, together with any additional information that the present east-of-the-Mississippi listing may provoke, will appear in the 1972 number. The first three issues of the *Newsletter*, therefore, should afford a virtually complete record of public holdings of the manuscripts—manuscripts owned by forty-four of America's five hundred largest libraries.

Three private collections of John Cowper Powys letters have also been described to the *Newsletter*; future issues will review these, starting with Merlin Wolcott's article in the 1972 J.C.P. Centenary number.

The survey of eastern United States followed the methods used for the west. After querying all public and college libraries owning more than 200,000 volumes (and smaller libraries in those places where J.C.P. or L.P. lived or stayed frequently), I went to see the Powys manuscripts in all but the seven northeasternmost states. At each library with major holdings, a scholar was invited to prepare a detailed description for later publication—comparable to John Payne's description of the University of Texas' collection in this issue.

In the following tally, the notes are not uniform; when I have not seen the manuscripts, I record the information substantially as the manuscript librarian passed it on. The ordering is alphabetic—by states, and by cities within states. The city name is given parenthetically whenever it is not a part of the library's name. And once again negative information—the names of libraries without Powys holdings—seems worth the space if it saves even one scholar from repeating this task.

LIBRARIES WITH POWYS MANUSCRIPTS

Yale University (New Haven, Conn.):

Six hundred and thirty-two J.C.P. Letters: to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davison

Ficke (120), Mabel Dodge Luhan (2), Alyse Gregory (375), James Purdy (60), and Dorothy Richardson (75).

Seventy LI.P. Letters: Mr. and Mrs. William Rose Benet (3), Jean Gregory Byington (12), Arthur Ficke (50), and Mrs. J.G. Gregory (5).

University of Connecticut (Storrs):

J.C.P. Amss: Six poems circa 1895; seven pages of *Up and Out*; ten and thirty-three pages from unidentified prose texts; six-page "T.F. Powys" written for the *Aylesford Review*; seventeen letters.

LI.P.: Four letters.

T.F.P.: Amss of "Another Godiva"; three letters.

The next *Newsletter* will furnish further information.

Library of Congress (Washington, D.C.):

J.C.P.'s twenty-two page Amss of "Edgar Lee Masters, An Appreciation"; photocopy of letter to John Haynes Holmes, 10 March 1930.

University of Kentucky (Lexington):

J.C.P. letter to Grant Cochran Knight, 30 July [1929?].

Colby College (Waterville, Maine):

Two J.C.P. letters to Mr. and Mrs. Terry Martin, 3 August 1954 and 26 December 1954.

Boston Public Library (Mass.):

J.C.P. letter to Hugo Munsterberg, 8 November 1914.

Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass.):

J.C.P. letter to Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, 1915.

LI.P. letter to Henry Goddard Leach, 27 March 1924.

Dartmouth College (Hanover, N.H.):

J.C.P.: Amss of *The Art of Happiness*; letter to Harold Goddard Rugg, 28 July 1939.

T.F.P.: Amss of "When Thou Wast Naked" and "The Windmill."

LI.P.: Three notebooks, four letters, and other manuscript material. The next *Newsletter* will carry further information.

Princeton University (N.J.):

J.C.P. letter to Mrs. Clayton, 26 July 1961.

Brooklyn Public Library (N.Y.):

Sixteen LI.P. and three J.C.P. letters to Benjamin DeCasseres.

State University of New York at Buffalo:

J.C.P. poem "To Ezra Pound" ("one-page inkscript, corrected, unsigned").

Colgate University (Hamilton, N.Y.):

The second-largest Powys collection includes the holographs of J.C.P.'s *Autobiography* and *Maiden Castle*, corrected typescripts of *Morwyn* and *Porius*, shorter Amss by J.C.P., and some 1063 Powys letters. Thomas Davies will review the holdings in the J.C.P. centenary issue of 1972.

Hofstra University (Hempstead, N.Y.):

An important collection that includes 233 J.C.P. letters, the manuscripts of eight T.F.P. short stories, and several short Ll.P. items. J. Terry Bender will describe the collection in the next *Newsletter*.

Cornell University (Ithaca, N.Y.):

Typed draft of protest against suppression of Dreiser's *The Genius*, September 1916; four letters to Robert Elias.

Ll.P.: Manuscript of *Bon espoir y gist au fond* with letter to W. Chamberlin, 2 December 1933; typed excerpt with autograph corrections from letter to Dreiser that appeared in *American Spectator*, August 1933; manuscript of review of Havelock Ellis's *From Rousseau to Pound*; manuscript of "The Wordsworths in Dorset"; two letters to George Jean Nathan, 14 April 1933 and 14 December 1933.

Columbia University (N.Y.C.):

Five Ll.P. letters to Harrison Smith, 1932-33.

J.C.P.: twenty-eight letters to W.W. Norton, 1929-41; letter to Doris Schneider, 18 March 1930; thirty-six letters to Cyril Clemens, 1935-62.

New York Public Library (N.Y.C.):

Ll.P.: Nine letters to H.L. Mencken, 1922-33.

J.C.P.: Twelve letters to H.L. Mencken, 1926-33; two letters to Mrs. Nellie VanValkenburg Browne, 17 January 1958 and 29 November 1958.

Berg Collection of New York Public Library (N.Y.C.):

J.C.P. Amss: *Owen Glendower* (2818 p.), "Four Brothers" (18 p.), "Proust" (11 p.), "Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*" (18 p.). Ten letters: to Brian Harker, Raymond Marriott, Philip O'Connor.

Ll.P. Amss: two fragments (14 p.) and "Flaubert" (12 p.); three letters to Padraic Colum.

T.F.P. Ms: "The Corpse and the Flea" (11 p.); letter to J.B. Pinker and son.

New York University (N.Y.C.):

T.F.P. Amss: "Archdeacon Truggin," "Captain Patch," "Thy Beautiful Flock," and "The White Paternoster." Letters to Edward Auerbach, 8 May 1936, and Captain Langhan, 17 October 1952.

Ll.P.: Three post cards to Mona Gooden, n.d. and 13 July 1938; post card to S. O'Sullivan, 29 October 1939; letter to Mr. Carmach, 8 November 1930.

University of Rochester (N.Y.):

LI.P.: Two letters to Claude Bragdon, n.d. and 16 October 1925.

J.C.P. letter to Sven Erik Tackmark, 26 July 1939.

T.F.P.: six holograph pages from "The White Paternoster" with corrections and notes.

Syracuse University (N.Y.):

An important J.C.P. collection—including some 300 J.C.P. letters, a dozen short manuscripts, and twenty-five notebooks from his early years—that will be described in a future number.

Duke University (Durham, N.C.):

J.C.P. letter to Frederick Bason, 1 July 1955.

University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia):

A fine run of some sixty J.C.P. and nineteen LI.P. letters to Theodore (and sometimes Helen) Dreiser, 1915-45, that the *Newsletter* plans to review in a future issue.

Pennsylvania State University (University Park):

J.C.P. letter to Wallace Brockway and Bert Winer, 4 November 1938.

T.F.P. letter to Frederick Bason, 3 July 1929.

University of Virginia (Charlottesville):

LI.P. typed and corrected Mss of "Recollections of Thomas Hardy" and "Thomas Deloney" in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* files.

J.C.P.: letter to Ellen Glasgow, 24 December 1926; two letters to Waldo Fawcett, 21 October 1927 and 30 March 1932; letter to Arthur Leonard Ross, 12 July 1927.

LIBRARIES REPORTING NO POWYS MANUSCRIPTS

Alabama: Birmingham Public, Samford Univ. (Birmingham), Jacksonville State Univ., Mobile Public, Spring Hill College (Mobile), Alabama State Univ. (Montgomery), Montgomery Public, Univ. of Alabama (University). **Connecticut:** Bridgeport Public, Fairfield Univ., Greenwich Public, Hamden Public, State of Connecticut Library (Hartford), Trinity College (Hartford), Wesleyan Univ. (Middleton), Central Connecticut State College (New Britain), New Britain Public, New Haven Public, Connecticut College (New London), Ferguson Library (Stamford), Silas Bronson Library (Waterbury), West Hartford Public. **Delaware:** Wilmington Public. **District of Columbia:** Catholic Univ. of America, Georgetown Univ., George Washington Univ., Howard Univ. **Florida:** Fort Lauderdale Public, Univ. of Florida (Gainesville), Jacksonville Public, Orlando Public, St. Petersburg Public, Florida State Univ. (Tallahassee), Rollins College (Winter Park). **Georgia:** Atlanta Public, Emory

Univ. (Atlanta), Augusta Public, Columbus Public. Kentucky: Berea College, Western Kentucky Univ. (Bowling Green), Louisville Public, University of Louisville.

Maine: State of Maine Library (Augusta), Bowdoin College (Brunswick), Bates College (Lewiston), Univ. of Maine (Orono), Portland Public. Maryland: Johns Hopkins Univ. (Baltimore), Baltimore County Public (Towson), Goucher College (Towson). Massachusetts: Amherst College, Univ. of Massachusetts (Amherst), Boston Athenaeum, Boston College, Boston Univ., Simmons College (Boston), Cambridge Public, M.I.T. (Cambridge), Tufts Univ. (Medford), New Bedford Public, Smith College (Northampton), Mount Holyoke College (South Hadley), Springfield Public, Brandeis Univ. (Waltham), Wellesley College, Williams College (Williamstown), Clark Univ. (Worcester), Holy Cross (Worcester), Worcester Public. Mississippi: Mississippi State Univ. (State College), Univ. of Mississippi (University). New Hampshire: State of New Hampshire Library (Concord), Univ. of New Hampshire (Durham). New Jersey: Jersey City Public, Drew Univ. (Madison), Rutgers Univ. (New Brunswick), Patterson Public, Fairleigh Dickinson Univ. (Rutherford). State of New Jersey Library (Trenton).

New York: Albany Public, State Univ. of New York at Albany, State of New York Library (Albany), Binghamton Public, State Univ. of New York at Binghamton, Fordham Univ. (Bronx), Sarah Lawrence College (Bronxville), Brooklyn College, Buffalo Public, Hamilton and Kirkland Colleges (Clinton), Hudson Area Public, Mount Vernon Public, Newburgh Public, City College of New York, Cooper Union Library (New York), Grolier Society Library (New York), Hunter College (New York), Pierpont Morgan Library (New York), Poughkeepsie Public, Vassar College (Poughkeepsie), Skidmore College (Saratoga Springs), Schenectady Public, Union College (Schenectady), State Univ. at Stony Brook, Syracuse Public, United States Military Academy (West Point), White Plains Public, Utica Public, Yonkers Public.

North Carolina: Univ. of North Carolina (Chapel Hill), East Carolina Univ. (Greenville), North Carolina State Univ. (Raleigh), Wake Forest Univ. (Winston-Salem). Pennsylvania: Muhlenberg College (Allentown), Lehigh Univ. (Bethlehem), Bryn Mawr College, Dickinson College (Carlisle), Lafayette College (Easton), Erie Public, Gettysburg College, State of Pennsylvania Library (Harrisburg), Haverford College, Franklin and Marshall College (Lancaster), Bucknell Univ. (Lewisburg), Lock Haven State College, Philadelphia Public, Temple Univ. (Philadelphia), Carnegie-Mellon Univ. (Pittsburgh), Pittsburgh Public, Univ. of Pittsburgh, Swarthmore College. Rhode Island: Univ. of Rhode Island (Kingston), Brown Univ. (Providence), Providence Public. South Carolina: Clemson Univ., Univ. of South Carolina (Columbia). Tennessee: Knoxville Public, Univ. of Tennessee (Knoxville), Memphis Public, Joint University Libraries—Peabody College, Scarritt College, and Vanderbilt University (Nashville). Vermont: Univ. of Vermont (Burlington), Middlebury College. Virginia: Virginia Polytechnic Institute (Blacksburg), Washington & Lee Univ. (Lexington), Norfolk Public, Richmond Public, State of Virginia Library (Richmond), College of William and Mary (Williamsburg). West Virginia: West Virginia Univ. (Morgantown).

[N.B. Large libraries missing from both lists did not respond to the mailing.]

R.L.B.

THE POWYS
COLLECTION
AT THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS

The Powys Collection at the University of Texas at Austin, formed over the years with the assistance of various private collectors and rare book dealers, gained its most significant addition in 1966 with the acquisition of the library of the late T.E. Hanley. Of Hanley's many outstanding author collections, his Powys material was one of the most complete. In his collection of John Cowper Powys were thirty-five major manuscripts, all in the author's hand with extensive corrections and annotations, including *Atlantis*, *The Complex Vision*, *Ducdane*, *A Glastonbury Romance*, *Mortal Strife*, *Porius*, *Rabelais*, and *Jobber Skald*, the English title of the first edition of *Weymouth Sands*. These manuscripts were accompanied by a collection of letters and presentation copies of most of the author's books.

Hanley's collection of Llewelyn Powys was no less distinguished, containing more than twenty separately titled manuscripts together with seventy-five quarto and folio size notebooks of diaries, drafts of essays and stories. Much of this material is unpublished. The letters by Llewelyn Powys include ten to John Cowper

John Payne, a Research Associate with the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas in Austin and Managing Editor of the *Library Chronicle of the University of Texas*, is compiling a descriptive bibliography of W.H. Hudson.

written when Llewelyn was a schoolboy at Sherborne, 1899-1902.

Theodore Francis Powys was represented in Mr. Hanley's collection by sixty-two manuscripts, including *The Barometer*, *Hunted*, *The Uriah on the Hill*, *The Key to the Field*, *Jacob's Well*, *The Tithe-barn*, and *Only the Devil*.

In support of the Hanley-Powys Collection, with its wealth of manuscripts, the University of Texas at Austin purchased a large portion of the family archives, consisting of approximately 2400 letters written "inside the family." Perhaps the most important are those letters between the brothers John Cowper and Llewelyn. They total 470 from John to Llewelyn, all unpublished, and 266 from Llewelyn to John. Some of the latter were published in *The Letters of Llewelyn Powys* but the majority are unpublished. Full, frank and wide-ranging, these letters cover a multitude of interests and contain biographical and bibliographical information essential to any thorough study of the writings of two of the most distinguished members of the remarkable Powys family. Of the 375 letters and cards from Llewelyn to other members of this family, only 100 are published.

In addition to those books collected by Hanley, the University's collection contains over a hundred from the library of the late Alyse Gregory, practically all with inscriptions and annotations.

The manuscripts and books are supplemented by a collection of art, including a bronze bust of John Cowper done from life one month before his death, together with a small terra cotta study for the bust by Hugh Oloff de Wet; two charcoal portraits and a brown crayon portrait of John Cowper by Ivan Opffer; and a dry-point etching of T.F. Powys by Frederick Carter.

Lists of titles and numbers make dull reading and can not convey the extent of the Powys Collection at the University of Texas at Austin; but in the interest of assisting Powys scholars a brief summary of the Powys material is listed below. All inquiries should be directed to Mrs. Mary Hirth, Librarian, Academic Center Library, Box 8150, University of Texas, Austin, Texas 78712.

JOHN COWPER POWYS

I. Works (manuscripts)

Approximately 100 separately titled manuscripts including:

All or Nothing, Ams, 339 p.

The Art of Growing Old, Ams, 640 p.

Atlantis, Ams, 1150 p.

The Complex Vision, Ams, 970 p.

The Death of God, Tms, 117 p.

Ducdame, Ams, 750 p.

A Glastonbury Romance, Ams, 1300 p.
Homer and the Aether, Ams, 560 p.
In Defense of Sensuality, Ams, 350 p.
The Inmates, Ams, 750 p.
Jobber Skald, Ams in two cases.
Mandragora, Ams, 152 p.
The Meaning of Culture, Ams, 365 p.
Mortal Strife, Ams, 800 p.
The Mountains of the Moon: A Lunar Love-Story, Ams, 202; Tccms, 124 p.
Four Ams notebooks, 1895-1900, containing early poems, essays, one unpublished short story and one unpublished novel, 318 p.
The Philosophy of In Spite Of: A Philosophy for Everyman, Ams, 660 p.
A Philosophy of Solitude, Ams, 380 p.
Porius, Ams, 2800 p. together with 119 p. of related unpublished material.
Rabelais, Ams, 1575 p.
Rodmoor, Ams, 720 p.
Saint Paul, Ams, 159 p.
Up and Out: A Mystery-tale, Ams, 205 p.: Tccms, 142 p.

II. Letters by John Cowper Powys

Total 1628; among the recipients are Ron Hall (69); Kenneth Hopkins (174); Gertrude Powys (214); Littleton Charles Powys (120); Llewelyn Powys (453); Philippa Powys (204); Richard Church; A.E. Coppard; Ted Evans; Edward Garnett; M.H. Hewlett; Glyn Hughes; Roye McCroye; Raymond B. Marriott; Trevor Moilliet; Mary Cowper Powys; J.B. Priestley; Reginald Reynolds; John Rowland.

III. Letters to John Cowper Powys

Total 723; from Kenneth Hopkins (122); Elizabeth Myers (142); Llewelyn Powys (266); Theodore Powys (165).

IV. Miscellaneous documents

There are over 131 miscellaneous letters, page proofs, mimeo scripts, manuscripts of articles about and documents pertaining to John Cowper.

LLEWELYN POWYS

Works (manuscripts)

Approximately 275 separately titled manuscripts including:

Some Meditations Upon Death, Ams, 135 p.

Black Laughter, Ams in six bound notebooks.

Henry Hudson, Ams in two bound notebooks.

Skin for Skin, Ams in five bound notebooks.

The Verdict of Bridlegoose, Ams/incomplete in 5 notebooks.

A Pagan's Pilgrimage, Tccms/incomplete, 156 p.

Now that the Gods are Dead, Ams, 56 p.

II. Letters by Llewelyn Powys

Total 961; among the recipients are Edmund Blunden; Gerald Brenan (32); Kenneth Hopkins (48); Richard LeGallienne; Christopher Morley; H. Rivers Pollock (132); Albert Reginald Powys (92); Gertrude Powys (85); John Cowper Powys (266); Littleton Charles Powys (23); Mary Cowper Powys (58); Philippa Powys (96).

III. Letters to Llewelyn Powys

Total 386; from Gamel Brenan (107); Gerald Brenan; Kenneth Hopkins; Horace B. Moser; H. Rivers Pollock; Mary C. Powys; Philippa Powys (154); T.F. Powys (81).

IV. Miscellaneous documents

Total 48

THEODORE FRANCIS POWYS

Works (manuscripts)

Represented by 435 catalogue cards; the manuscripts include:

An Interpretation of Genesis, Ams in four exercise books.

Soliloquies of a Hermit, Ams in two exercise books.

The Left Leg, Tms, 101 p.

Mark Only, Ams, 100 p. and page proofs, 240 p.

Mr. Tasker's Gods, Ams, 484 p.; corrected page proofs, 312 p. Tms/incomplete, 235 p.; 31 page Tms of suppressed chapters (Chapters XXXII, XXXV, XXXVII of original Ms).

Mockery Gap, Ams drafts, 240 p.; Tms/incomplete, 179 p.; page proofs, 104 p.

Innocent Birds, various Ams drafts, more than 400 p.

Mr. Weston's Good Wine, Ams, 170 p.

Kindness in a Corner, Ams, 340 p.

Unclay, Ams, 300 p.; Ams early draft, 170 p.; Tms/incomplete, 338 p.

The Market Bell, 2 Ams drafts totaling 747 p.; Tms, 243 p.

II. Letters by T.F. Powys

Total 486; among the recipients are Gerald Brenan (18); Rhys Davies; Alyse Gregory (59); Kenneth Hopkins; Gertrude Powys (31); John Cowper Powys (165); Llewelyn Powys (81); Frederic Prokosch; Louis Wilkinson (76).

PHILIPPA POWYS

I. Works (manuscripts), Approximately 160 separately titled manuscripts (many are one-page poems). These include:

The Blackthorn Winter, Ams in four notebooks, Tms, 224 p.; proof copy corrected by Llewelyn Powys, 224 p.

Further West, Ams in five notebooks; Tms, 434 p.; 2 Tccms, 434 p.

Idle Days in Summertime, Ams in 7 notebooks.

Joan Callais, Tms, 251 p.

The Quick and the Dead: A Play, Tms, 114 p.; Tccms, 113 p.

Phoenix, Tms, 73 p.; Tms, 49 p.; two Tccms, 73 p. each.

The Tragedy of Budvale, Tms, 113 p.

Wind and Rain, Tccms, 369 p.

II. Letters by Philippa Powys

Total 375; among the recipients are Alyse Gregory (109); Phyllis Playter (36); Gertrude Powys (40); Llewelyn Powys (154).

POWYS FAMILY

Correspondence with family and friends (with the exception of those listed above) are represented by approximately 200 catalogue cards.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Centenary Issues: For 1972, the centenary of John Cowper Powys' birth—and for Theodore Francis Powys' in 1975—the *Newsletter* plans special issues coincident with their birth dates. Although five features on J.C.P. have already been accepted for *Newsletter—Three*, we will be happy to consider any contributions—critical essays, reminiscences, unpublished works by any of the family, letters of comment or query—on the Powyses.

Scholarship in Progress: The *Newsletter* hopes to serve as a clearing-house for information about current scholarship, and will allocate space for those who tell us of planned essays, books, and dissertations about the Powyses. About the two dissertations on J.C.P. brought to our attention recently, we can do no more now than record their authors' names: David A. Cook, working under the aegis of Professor Cecil Y. Lang at the University of Virginia, and Gwyneth F. Miles, working with Professor Reginald W. Ingram at the University of British Columbia.

New Editions: *Welsh Ambassadors*, Louis Wilkinson's biography of the Powys brothers, will be reissued this year with an introduction by Kenneth Hopkins. This prime source of information since its publication in 1936, long out of print and almost impossible to obtain, will carry the imprint of Bertram Rota Ltd. in England and Colgate University Press in America. And I record the fact of my editing of *Advice to a Young Poet*, the correspondence between Llewelyn Powys and Kenneth Hopkins, published last year by Fairleigh Dickinson University Press.

Distribution: This issue, like *Newsletter—One*, goes out at no cost to all Powys scholars who have been in touch with Colgate University Press. (A few additional copies are available for three dollars.) This distribution is possible because of the many hours contributed by Lucia Blackmore, Deborah Langman, and Earl Widtman and John Winchester of Widtman Press; and because the Colgate Research Council has contributed to the issue costs. Indeed, the very continuance of the *Newsletter* derives from the generous support of the Council.

Subscriptions: Because the annual *Newsletter* will vary each year in size and cost, we cannot take prepaid subscriptions. Rather, we will accept standing orders, with an invoice accompanying each issue as it is mailed.

R.L. Blackmore
Hamilton, N.Y. 13346
May, 1971

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

ALL OR NOTHING

ATLANTIS

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

THE BRAZEN HEAD

A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE (preface by the author, 1953)

HOMER AND THE AETHER

LETTERS TO LOUIS WILKINSON

LUCIFER (signed edition)*

MAIDEN CASTLE (introduction by Malcolm Elwin, 1966)

PORIUS (signed edition)*

SELECTED POEMS (edited by Kenneth Hopkins, 1965)

UP AND OUT

VISIONS AND REVISIONS

WEYMOUTH SANDS

WOLF SOLENT (preface by the author, 1960)

*out of print

and these pamphlets:

Louis Wilkinson, **BLASPHEMY AND RELIGION** (a dialogue about John
Cowper Powys' *Wood and Stone* and T.F. Powys' *The Soliloquy
of a Hermit*)

Louis Wilkinson, **BUMBORE: A Romance**. (A parody, written in 1916,
following John Cowper Powys' *Rodmoor*)

Kenneth Hopkins, **SLIVERS OF SYNTAX: More Emanations from Emily**.
(Purporting to be sixteen newly discovered poems by Miss Dickinson)