

The Anthony Powell Society

Newsletter

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Society President

We are proud and delighted to announce that Simon Russell Beale has agreed to be the Society's President* in succession to Hugh Massingberd.

Simon is one the most accomplished actors of his generation and members of the Society will need no reminding of his brilliant characterisation of Widmerpool in the television adaptation of *Dance*. It was for this reason that the Wallace Collection had the bright idea of inviting him to open the Powell centenary exhibition in October. In the course of his speech on that occasion it became clear that he was himself a considerable fan of Powell's work, and this in turn prompted Keith Marshall to suggest that he would make an eminently suitable President.

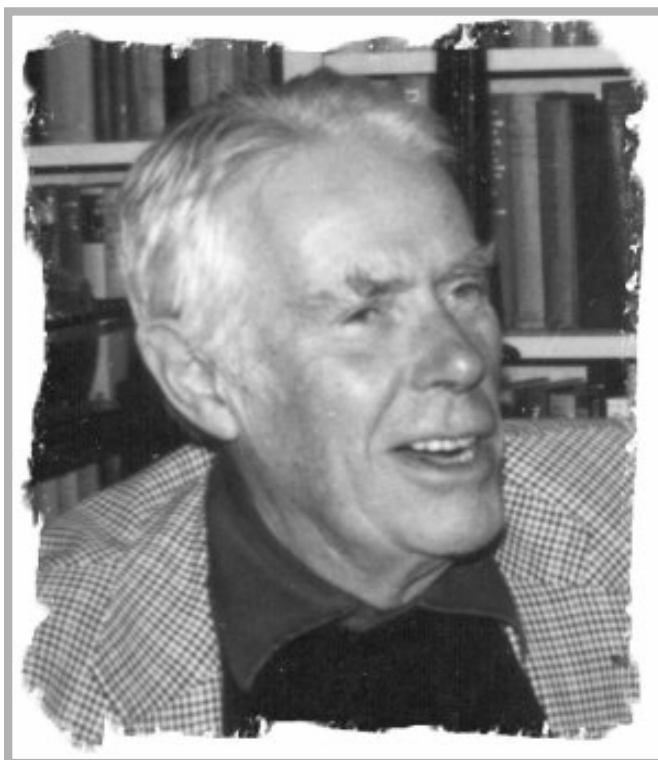
Simon is currently appearing on Broadway in *Spamalot*, the musical version of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, where he took over the part of King Arthur from Tim Curry. His opening night was on 20 December, the eve of Powell's 100th birthday (which seemed a good augury), and he was rewarded with glowing reviews – for his singing as well as his acting.

Spamalot comes to London's Palace Theatre in October prompting Chairman Patric Dickinson to suggest that it would make an interesting Society outing.

* The appointment of the President has to be ratified by members at the AGM.

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From the Secretary's Desk

What a stunner! No, not a sexist comment but the response to the Powell centenary events and in particular the conference and the Wallace Collection's superb exhibition.

The conference was attended by a total of 145 delegates over two days; almost 50% more than we had planned for. Everyone hugely enjoyed the weekend's events from the buffet reception through to the Sunday morning walks and lunch.

The Wallace Collection's exhibition – *Dancing to the Music of Time: the Life and Work of Anthony Powell* – was an equal success: it attracted tremendous critical acclaim from the media and in its three month run was attended by over 15,000 visitors, many making special journeys just to see it. This has brought the Wallace to a whole new audience, something museums and galleries constantly need.

With all the other smaller events – from Cambridge University Library's exhibition to the BBC's broadcast of *From a View to a Death* in their "Book at Bedtime" series – Powell has received a great boost, and the Society has seen a 20% increase in membership. We now need to ensure these new members find the Society enjoyable and worthwhile and they stay with us.

I would personally like to thank everyone who was involved for the part they played in the centenary celebrations. The Society would especially like to thank the Wallace Collection for their generosity in hosting the conference and their foresight and hard work in putting on the exhibition.

The fourth biennial conference is provisionally scheduled for the weekend of 8-9 September 2007 at University of Bath. However without a volunteer coming forward in the very near future to lead the organising team the conference will not happen. The conference needs YOU!

The Anthony Powell Society

Registered Charity No. 1096873

The Anthony Powell Society is a charitable literary society devoted to the life and works of the English author Anthony Dymoke Powell, 1905-2000.

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* Members of the Executive Committee who are the Society's trustees. All officers are resident in England or Wales unless stated.

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The Writer's on the Wall

by Simon Barnes

An exhibition at an art gallery dedicated to a writer? This would be perverse, were the writer not Anthony Powell. Powell paints. Not views and people and places: actual pictures. He is a novelist who puts a frame round things, and creates an unmoving tableau of immense significance from the most humdrum material.

The eighth of his great twelve-novel sequence *A Dance to the Music of Time*, called *The Soldier's Art*, opens in a gentleman's outfitters, as the narrator buys a military overcoat. He observes two dummies, and at once creates a still life.

One of these effigies wore Harlequin's diagonally spangled tights, the other scarlet full-dress uniform of some infantry regiment, allegorical figures, so it seemed, symbolising dualisms of the antithetical stock-in-trade surrounding them. Civil and Military. Work and Play. Detachment and Involvement. Tragedy and Comedy. War and Peace. Life and Death.

Thus, by an adroit painterly recession, Powell takes us from ironical observation, right to the very heart of the matter.

The Wallace Collection houses the Poussin painting from which Powell took the title for his novel sequence: and it inevitably forms the centrepiece of the exhibition. It is more sinister than you recollect, behind its chocolate-box-of-genius colours: one minx of a dancer looking you boldly in the eye and she



dances – clockwise – away from you, with the dancers still to turn your way looking progressively less alluring.

The exhibition marks the centenary of Powell's birth. The *Dance*, said AS Byatt, in her uncompromising fashion, is "one of the two or three greatest works of fiction every written". But Powell's work has yet to settle onto its spot in public esteem: something that puts enthusiasts for Powell in something of a missionary position.

Literature is full of painters, most of them the writer himself disguised in overalls and paint-stains, word-drunk and without visual imagination. In Powell's novels,

painters credibly paint.

They are full of vivid fictional paintings, too: the homoerotic scenes of Edgar Deacon, the awful but compelling portraits of Horace Isbister, Barnby's nudes of the waitress from Casanova's Chinese Restaurant.

**Powell paints ...
He is a novelist
who puts a frame
round things, and
creates an
unmoving tableau**

Osbert Lancaster and Mark

Boxer both provided covers for Powell's work. Lancaster gives us the doomed Maclintick, lurching across the road from his awful dwelling, bound jug-in-hand for the Nag's Head: the lights gleaming from

within making this grim place an oasis of sanity. Boxer gives us portraits, done with half a dozen inspired lines: and there is X Trapnel, brilliant but equally doomed, with his death's-head swordstick and his tie with naked-lady motif.

The exhibition also includes portraits of Powell and friends, many half-recognisable from the *Dance*. There are also manuscripts, photographs, paintings from Powell's own collection, a recreation of Powell's extraordinary writing-room, and photographs, including those of a weekend romp recreating the Tranby Croft scandal.

The *Dance* is that most deeply serious of literary forms, a comedy. It encompasses, then, all the grimness of existence, as well as everything that makes life worth living. And if that seems like a contradiction, then it is: as the headless dummies in the gentleman's outfitters told us.

Powell loved antithesis: the banal with the epic, the comic with the tragic, the detached irony with the most desperate and painful involvement. And a great deal of this love is to be found in the greatest Powellian treasures of this exhibition.

Powell was a closet collager, and his scrap-books are not only masterpieces of the genre, but are as direct an insight into the man's mind as you will get: far more so than the mannered obliquities of his autobiography.

We find, for example, a picture of George Orwell, rolling a cigarette, with a facetious note beneath it in French. Pasted below is a note of which hymns were to be played

at Orwell's funeral, for Powell helped to organise this occasion. And there is the juxtaposition of Powell's Volunteer Air Raid Warden certificate, issued in 1938, with some carefully cut out images of yet more naked ladies, apparently involved in some exotic and rather expensive debauch.

Everything, even war, even the greatest of human passions, is both faintly ludicrous and a matter of life and death. The absurd and sinister, the comic and the dreadful, the ironic and the almost unbearably

poignant: all these things are to be found juxtaposed in Powell's great works of words. But they are revealed, far more explicitly than usual, in these purely visual works. Nothing makes coherent sense: everything is profoundly appropriate.

And through it all runs Widmerpool, one of literature's greatest

creations, running at school for prizes he will never win, ugly, awkward, unlikeable, rising to ever greater heights in public life, winning the hand of the most beautiful woman in the book, and then seeking still more exotic worlds to conquer: a man who seldom drinks but is throughout drunk on the search and the acquisition of power.

But all the time behind him lurks the narrator, Powell's alter-ego, humanised by irony and detachment and friendship and love and wine, a character who casts over this immense work a vast cloud of sanity. Seek him at the exhibition: do so by means of contradiction.

*

This article first appeared in *The Times* on 1 November 2005 and is reproduced by kind permission.

**Powell was a closet
collager ... the
juxtaposition of
Powell's Volunteer
Air Raid Warden
certificate with ... yet
more naked ladies**

Anthony Powell Centenary Conference 2005 – A Personal View

by Tony Robinson

As delegates arrived at the forecourt of Hertford House in Manchester Square, London on that bright morning of 2 December, they might have been forgiven for feeling that their destination was not the Society's Conference, hosted by the Wallace Collection, but Proust's late 19th century Paris.

The house was built in 1776 for the Duke of Manchester but the steep roof and the *porte cochere* with which the architect Thomas Ambler refaced it gives it the appearance of an *hôtel de ville*.

So writes Mark Fisher in his guide to *Britain's Best Museums and Galleries*.

While the Conference itself started that morning in the building's more prosaic Lecture Theatre, down a steepish stone double staircase, which also gave onto the Centenary Exhibition rooms, and for many ended two days later with the two guided

walks in the streets of Mayfair or Bloomsbury, my own Conference timeline had seemed to have stretched over a longer period. As just one member of the Conference Organising Committee, I had been privileged to have been invited to the opening of the exhibition *Dancing to the Music of Time* a month earlier, at the beginning of November. The first person I met then was Queen Marie-Antoinette. This bizarre event occurred on the aforementioned stone staircase. I did not follow her, as bidden, to her apartment on the first floor, where she was illustrating the Wallace's other exhibition – *Fit for a Queen* – but enjoyed instead the lavish, indeed glittering, champagne reception, where we Society members found ourselves in the company of a good number of afternoon men (and women).

And just as "my Conference" had so started in early November, it continued through December and only really ended



Dr Fram Dinshaw, Trustee of the Wallace Collection, opening the conference, with Ian Rankin and Society Chairman Patric Dickinson. Photo Keith Marshall

with the splendid Powell centenary birthday party on 21 December hosted by our Chairman, Patric Dickinson, at the College of Arms. The champagne was equally good and copious, the conversation, so aided, witty. We all hoped we would be able to gather again in the aura of Powell in another hundred years time and were eventually escorted out of the College precincts onto Queen Victoria Street, lit by the lamps of which Powell apparently so disapproved, by Richmond Herald.

In due course the published Conference proceedings will comprehensively reflect all that happened during the two core days on 2 and 3 December. There is no way that I can attempt to encapsulate the consistently high quality and excellence of all the contributors (and the responses they elicited) other than to observe that, as an enthusiast rather than an academic, I was never less than 100% engaged and disappointed only when, as always, we ran out of time at the end of Saturday afternoon. I shall highlight just three talks for brief personal comment, while wishing I could cover all the others.



It was difficult to have to choose between the parallel sessions but I do not regret my decision to opt for the session at which Colin Donald led with “Awfully chic to be killed”. Any analysis of what it is that makes people laugh or at least feel they are experiencing something uniquely comical has to be very brave: Colin succeeded splendidly in describing how “a deliberate dissonance in register between subject matter and language used to describe it ... is the central source of Powell’s most distinctive and entertaining effects.” I found this talk quite riveting.

The atmosphere of the highly overcrowded side room in which session 7A persons massed to hear Michael Barber talk about Powell’s friendship with Malcolm Muggeridge is also memorable. While not all of this would be new, it was related with a compelling fresh narrative drive and authority. (Such was the lack of seating, that next to me, Hilary Spurling had no option but to crouch on the floor during the whole of this session. She too appeared to be listening very intently to Powell’s unofficial biographer ...)

On the previous day, in our opening session, Ian Rankin had reflected on the way in which certain (but not all, especially crime) authors cause their characters to age and change their outlooks as time passes, citing the process employed in *Dance* by Powell as a key influence on his own development of Inspector Rebus. He also observed, in passing, that school reunions are intimations of mortality. That note of pessimism is unlikely to infect our next reunion Conference if the quality, vigour and sheer enterprise displayed in 2005 are anything to go by. Perhaps the Garden God will be keeping a kindly eye on us.

*Colin Donald speaking at the conference.
Photo Keith Marshall*

Cambridge University Library's Powell Exhibition

by Patric Dickinson

The exhibition held at Cambridge from November to January (though small by comparison with the treasure house of delights at the Wallace Collection) was nicely put together and well worth a visit. The emphasis was essentially bibliographical, with a reasonable amount of space being given to Powell's early works (including *Barnard Letters* and his contribution to *The Old School*).

The principal editions of *Dance* were on show, rather differently arranged from those at the Wallace, being grouped by novel rather than by sequence. This meant that the Broom-Lynne, Lancaster and Boxer designs for *A Question of Upbringing* were displayed side by side, as were the equivalents for the next six volumes, and the Broome-Lynne and Boxer designs for the last five.

An imaginative feature was the inclusion of contemporary reviews for each of the *Dance* volumes. The choice of reviews was interesting in itself:

- *A Question of Upbringing* (1951) – John Betjeman (*Daily Telegraph*)
- *A Buyer's Market* (1952) – Philip Toynbee (*Observer*)
- *The Acceptance World* (1955) – Kingsley Amis (*Spectator*)
- *At Lady Molly's* (1957) – Kenneth Young (*Daily Telegraph*)
- *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* (1960) – William Cooper (*Daily Telegraph*)
- *The Kindly Ones* (1962) – Evelyn Waugh (*Spectator*)
- *The Valley of Bones* (1964) – Malcolm Muggeridge (*Evening Standard*)
- *The Soldier's Art* (1966) – Jocelyn Brooke (*Scotsman*)



Cambridge University Library

- *The Military Philosophers* (1968) – Anon (*TLS*)
- *Books Do Furnish a Room* (1971) – Auberon Waugh (*Spectator*)
- *Temporary Kings* (1973) – Simon Raven (*Observer*)
- *Hearing Secret Harmonies* (1975) – Kingsley Amis (*Observer*) and Malcolm Muggeridge (*New Statesman*)

Though on the whole sympathetic to the author, this assortment of critical opinion was not wholly lacking in bite, the most extreme comment coming from Auberon Waugh in 1971: "Publication of the tenth of M. Powell's series of twelve novels ... seems as good an occasion as any to urge him to give up the scheme while there is still time." One cannot help thinking that Waugh Junior had an axe of his own to grind!


More than one reviewer was illuminating on the subject of Powell's stylistic development during the gestation of *Dance*. Jocelyn Brooke, for example, offered the following reflection when the eighth volume was published: "I have sometimes thought, when reading the earlier volumes, that his habitual poker-faced irony was in danger of becoming a trifle ponderous but lately his style has become tauter and more muscular." Simon Raven made a similar point when reviewing *Temporary Kings*: "his prose is now far more lean and light than it has sometimes been."

Both Brooke and Raven put their finger on something I have noticed when re-reading *Dance*, namely that Powell's writing can seem a trifle stodgy in the first volumes (particularly *A Question of Upbringing*) and in this respect there is a distinct improvement as the saga unfolds.

Perhaps most striking of all is Malcolm Muggeridge's insistence that *Dance* contains a good deal of self-revelation on Powell's part. When the final volume appeared, he wrote: "Certainly for those that have eyes to see, the life story and character of Powell is unfolded with extraordinary clarity and vividness in Nicholas's narration."



Hilary Spurling in discussion with John Potter at the conference. Photo John Potter



Anthony Powell Resides Here

CRAWFORD DOYLE BOOKSELLERS seeks and sells early editions of Anthony Powell's works together with those of other distinguished British authors such as Evelyn Waugh, P. G. Wodehouse, Virginia Woolf, Henry Green and James Lees-Milne. In addition to rare books, we offer a complete collection of new books in our store near the Metropolitan Museum. Catalogs issued upon request.

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Correction

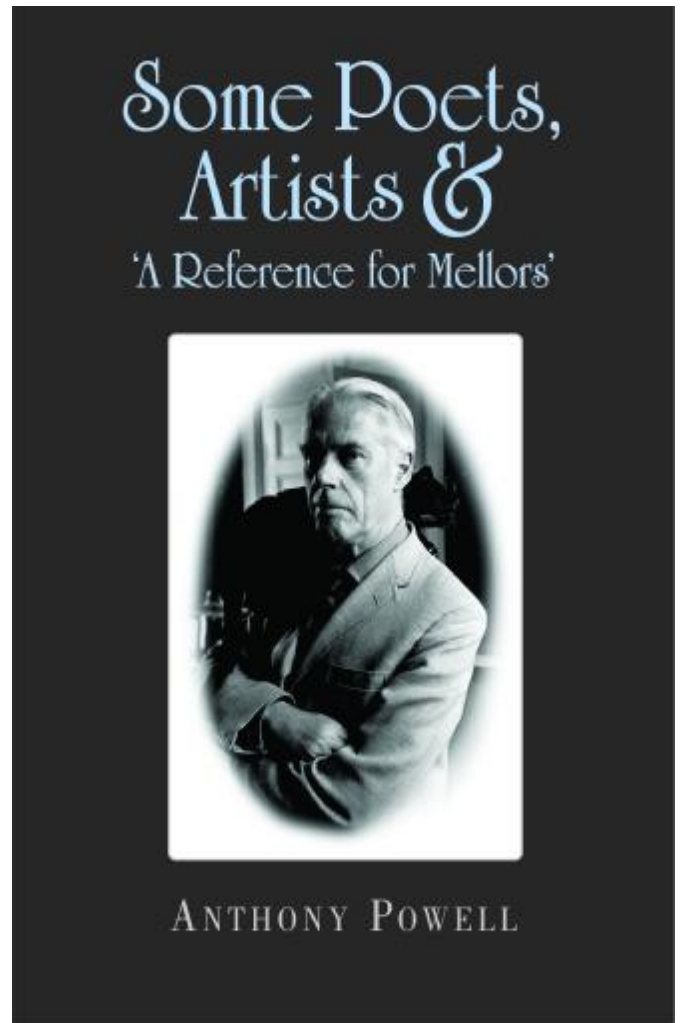
In the Centenary *Newsletter* the list of 2005 literary anniversaries included that of the writer "Erskine Childers". Childers was, in fact, born in 1870, and it was his son, the Irish politician Erskine Hamilton Childers, who was born in 1905. Thank you to Michael Goldman for pointing out this howler.

Some Poets, Artists & “A Reference for Mellors” by Anthony Powell

Reviewed by Mike Jay

PAM (as I shall call it) is the third and final volume of Anthony Powell’s published critical book reviews, from *The Daily Telegraph*, *Apollo*, *TLS* and other UK publications from 1946-1990. PAM follows *Miscellaneous Verdicts* (1989) and *Under Review* (1991), labelled as “Writings on Writers”. As such this is surely the last volume from Powell. The book was scheduled for publication in the mid 1990s but Heinemann allegedly lost the proofs for the book. Consequently the volume has had to be reconfigured and a new publisher (Timewell Press) found. This delayed publication until November 2005, to coincide with the celebration of Powell’s birth. Each review is approximately 1,000 words and the volume is roughly devoted half to poets and half to artists. The “Mellors” vignette is a brisk seven pages and is a strange interloper. Powell never published short stories and this piece was originally included in a *Granta*-like literary compendium in 1946.

While Powell will (hopefully) remain most famous for the *Dance* sequence and retain “novelist” as his epitaph, there are some among us who prefer his non-fiction. I had never been one of those, but I am now at least open to persuasion. Powell could write with total confidence on all types of “art” from all periods of history. This volume tackles poets from Chaucer to Dylan Thomas and artists from the Bayeux Tapestry to David Hockney. There is a good balance between some of literature’s giants – for example, Shakespeare and Wordsworth – then some of the lesser lights, Aiken, Gordon and Smart to list just three. Yet we mustn’t go overboard in thinking Powell to be so knowledgeable.



After all, he was a professional writer for more than sixty years. Everything to do with writing was his “coal face”. Apart from having an insatiable lifelong interest for just about everything, he maintained his professional interests and with his immense experience he was better able to be critical of the poets, artists and writers. We must remember that Powell, like all good artists, filtered his learning into his output.

For me, PAM works best as a bedside book. Dip in for two or three pages of erudition, gossip and anecdote. Each article is to be savoured. Every word is a delight. There is no need to hurry. Enjoy Powell’s shrewd judgments – a master class in the reviewer’s craft. PAM will

also work well as a reference on this wide range of poets and artists. What Powell appreciated most was intellectual standards, not parentage.

Powell makes all these reviews of interest to the general reader since he is so interested in the poets' and artists' works, genealogy, lives and particularly their sex lives. On Charles Sainte-Beuve, who had an affair with the wife of Victor Hugo, Powell writes, "... one is driven to the banal reflection that you simply cannot tell what a woman will like." (Sainte-Beuve was a mere critic and disabled while Hugo was a celebrated writer with "powers of a truly fabulous order"). But Powell is positively remorseless in uncovering details of the sex life of, for example, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "The main new point is, of course, Rossetti's relationship with Jane Morris (wife of William). Was Jane Rossetti's mistress? If so – did Morris know? If Morris knew – did he care?" Powell decides Rossetti and Jane

Powell is always allowing the subject at hand to inspire him to questioning

went the whole way. Intriguingly, Powell regrets "Ruskin burning Turner's 'grossly obscene' work. One [Powell says] can't help wondering what it [the work] was like."

Although these articles are listed as criticism there is relatively little actual criticism. But here is Powell on Malcolm Barnes on Augustus Hare: "Mr. Barnes is a great stylist and occasionally indulges in fairly banal reflection on the CHANGES WROUGHT BY TIME" (my capitals). How galling for Powell of all people to have to read others write on the changes wrought by time. His criticism is almost

reluctant. I feel Powell always finds it a burden to put down another writer, knowing just how difficult it is to write or create. He often criticizes in the negative "... this is described ... in a not very polished style", or "Thomas Moore's letters ... on the whole are not breathlessly exciting", typify Powell's method. However Powell can unload when necessary: "Ruskin often talks arrant rubbish".

Yet then Powell is quick to balance – "he was the first art historian and a capable painter".

His clearest

blast is against "the picture forger [who] is a peculiarly noxious form of criminal".

"Shakespeare had an extraordinary grasp of what other people were like, Byron of what he himself was like."

Powell is rarely opinionated. His skill as ever is for understatement and being able to describe a poet's or artist's achievement cogently, briefly and then using that knowledge for his own advantage. Powell is always allowing the subject at hand to inspire him to questioning. Did Van Dyck see paintings by El Greco?

Powell does have his favourites. He is frequently referring to Aubrey Beardsley. Another is a personal friend, Gerald Reitlinger, first encountered in 1927-1928, "whose house sported a number of oriental pots", substance for Pamela Flitton's disgraceful behaviour at the Erridge funeral. He wrote at least seven articles on Shakespeare covering every decade from the 1940s to the 1980s. It is this reading, rereading over the decades, this layering of knowledge, reaction and opinion, which is so impressive. Always there are connections, undercurrents and harmonies

with the Powellian oeuvre. But hardly any overt references. One of the longest pieces is on the illustrations of Dickens showing, as if we didn't already know, how much Powell cared about such matters. Powell can be a wit:



William Hogarth
1697-1764

“Shakespeare had an extraordinary grasp of what other people were like, Byron of what he himself was like.” Powell also feels that “anthologies are ... rather a vice”. I also feel Powell has a great appreciation of the inextricable link between an artist and his time. I wonder how many of the books reviewed have stood the test of time? Perhaps Penrose on Picasso is still read? Perhaps these reviews will last longer than their source?

One wonders how Powell only won a Third at Oxford when he was so interested in history and seemingly particularly knowledgeable of English history. Powell appears at his happiest with the greatest writers: Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Tennyson. With Tennyson, who predates Powell almost exactly by a century, we see most clearly Powell's template for criticism – the examination of the artist's dates, public life, the achievement, the financial life, and the private life, the madness, depression and the sex. We are dealing with great creators with huge talents and appetites for life which usually means behaving badly.

Another favourite is Hogarth who would have impressed Powell even if he hadn't been a great artist because he began as an engraver, in silver, of coats of arms. Hogarth said that “drawing and painting

are a much more complicated form of writing.” Hogarth laid the foundations for Gainsborough and Reynolds and by extension an interest in individuals and what people were really like.

Powell sees Paul Valéry as full of ideas, admirably expressed, never boring or pedantic, yet at the same time never cheap or aimed at an easy popularity. This could easily be Powell on himself.

*

Some Poets, Artists and “A Reference for Mellors” is published by Timewell Press at £25.



John Potter and Ed Bock outside the Wallace Collection. Photo John Potter

Life Follows Art?

by Patric Dickinson

Last September, in his column in *The Independent on Sunday*, the political journalist Alan Watkins recalled an occasion when he was staying in Blackpool for a party conference:

I had booked into a modest establishment and had asked for a room with a bath. As usual, there had been a muddle about reservations ... On arrival, I was told that only a shower was available.

“It’s a lovely room, love,” the woman behind the desk said optimistically.

“I’m afraid I have to have a bath,” I said. “You see, it’s part of my religion.”

This was a straight lift by me from one of the wartime novels in Anthony Powell’s *A Dance to the Music of Time*. It worked just as well in practice as in fiction. The woman consulted a younger man who was evidently in a position of some authority. I could hear her use the words “says it’s his religion”. If asked for further particulars, I had been prepared to swear that I

belonged to the Strict Baptists of Ammanford, believers in total immersion at least once a day and, indeed, whenever possible. But such a subterfuge proved unnecessary. Out of respect for religion, I was provided with a bath, though to get in and out of it required the agility of an acrobat.

Reading this made me wonder if other Powell devotees had attempted to act out a *Dance* episode in real life.

I myself have never done so, although I did once make disastrous use of a device dreamt up by Evelyn Waugh in the pages of *Brideshead Revisited*. In a memorably comic passage, Charles Ryder’s father mischievously pretends that an entirely English friend of his son’s is in fact an American. He plies the bewildered young man with increasingly ludicrous questions.

Attending a rather dull party in the early 1980s, I decided to emulate Mr Ryder and on being introduced to a notably unprepossessing guest I proceeded to subject him to the same treatment. “How good of you to come all this way,” I insisted. “Did you travel by aeroplane or boat?” “You must be very puzzled by some of things we do here.” “Does the English climate suit you?” And so on. The only problem was that he turned out to be a New Zealander, newly arrived from Auckland, and he therefore found me insufferably patronising instead of just plain mad. An awkward situation.

I wonder if any members of the Society have followed Alan Watkins’s example and had better luck with lines from *Dance*?

Sue and Chris prepare for the arrival of conference delegates, watched over by Society mascot, Powell.
Photo Christine Berberich



Dance for Readers

By Noreen Marshall

The Wallace Collection staged a number of events to accompany its outstandingly successful Anthony Powell exhibition *Dancing to the Music of Time* and asked the Society to collaborate in a series of free Saturday afternoon discussions: the format was that of an impromptu reading group. If they hosted the event, could we provide a speaker for each one?

Of course we could. First in the line of fire, on 10 December, was Stephen Eggins, talking about the first trilogy of *Dance*. Just before 2pm that afternoon people began to assemble in the Wallace Collection's Meeting Room, everyone seemingly a little curious as to who would be there and how the discussion would go. About thirty readers – some Society members but mainly new faces – made up the audience, and Widmerpool was definitely the character who fascinated the greatest number of them. Stephen gave a personal overview of the trilogy with an excerpt from Simon Callow's audio-tape reading of *A Question of Upbringing*, and considered, among other things, early friendships and AP's treatment of his female characters; and Jeremy Warren discussed the paintings in the first trilogy.

After Christmas Dr Peter Kislinger followed with the second trilogy. The first session having been so well attended the event moved to the Wallace's lecture theatre to better accommodate the numbers attending. Peter led us through a wide variety of ideas and references including the Japanese Haiku master Basho (1644-94), and AP's critical style in comparison with that of many of his contemporaries in this field. Peter's talk was enlivened by Piers Burton-Page (a long-time BBC

Radio producer and announcer) reading the quotations.

On 14 January Dr Christine Berberich led session three on the war trilogy and covered the contextual world history and events of the period. This time much of the discussion turned on comparisons with other novels with a wartime setting, most notably Evelyn Waugh's *Sword of Honour* trilogy. We also touched on why the books in this particular trilogy are among so many people's favourites.

Finally on 21 January Dr Nicholas Birns tackled the last trilogy and led an attempt at summing up the whole twelve books of the sequence. Again there was much discussion about particular characters with Widmerpool (helped by Pamela) more or less stealing the show. Nick contrasted his different reactions to reading *Dance* as a teenager and as a postgraduate student; we touched on Pamela's artistic standards; why Widmerpool and Pamela ever got together in the first place; *Temporary Kings* as a spy novel (was Pamela implicated?) and the religious elements of *Hearing Secret Harmonies*.

These sessions were really quite something. Anyone who could have come, but didn't, missed four very varied talks which were wide-ranging, witty and informative, and four extremely good and very enjoyable talkfests. The pace gathered as we went along from week to week, too, until the only thing bringing the final session to an end was the Wallace's need to close at the end of the afternoon. Otherwise, the participants gave every impression of being happy to sit there thinking and talking and arguing about Powell and his work for the rest of the day. But then we're used to that, after all.

We hope to publish the text of the four talks later in the year.

Dates for Your Diary

22 March to 24 May 2006

Anthony Powell Exhibition

Grolier Club, 47 East 60th Street,
New York, USA

Further details from Bill Warren
(wwarren@deweyballantine.com). Please
check opening times with Grolier Club on
+1 212 838 6690 before travelling.

Friday 24 March 2006

Great Lakes USA Group Meeting

Venue: Red Lion Pub, Chicago, IL

Time: 1900 hrs

Details from Steve Pyskoty-Olle
(widmerpool@hotmail.com)

Sunday 26 March 2006

Anthony Powell Exhibition

Gallery Talk by Bill Warren

Grolier Club, New York, USA

Further details from Bill Warren
(wwarren@deweyballantine.com
or +1 212 259 8000)

Saturday 8 April 2006

East Coast USA Group Meeting

Venue: Silvermine Tavern, Norwalk, CT

Time: 1230 hrs

Details from Leatrice Fountain
(leatricefountain@aol.com)

Saturday 22 April 2006

**St George's Day London Group Pub
Meet**

Details as for 13 May

Saturday 13 May 2006

London Group Pub Meet

The Audley, Mount Street, London, W1
1230 to 1530 hrs

Regular quarterly meeting. Good beer,
good food, good company, good
conversation in a Victorian pub AP would
have known. Members & non-members
welcome; further details from Hon. Sec.

2007 Conference

**The Fourth Biennial Anthony Powell
Conference is provisionally booked
for the weekend of 8 & 9 September
2007 at the University of Bath.**

Bath is steeped in history, starting even
before the Roman Baths and has some
of the UK's best Georgian architecture.
There are good road and rail
connections from most parts of the
UK, many excellent restaurants and
hotels plus connections with Jane
Austen. Bath is just 25 miles from
Powell's home at The Chantry.

However **we urgently need someone
to lead the organising team**, Keith
Marshall having had to stand down as
project manager for medical reasons.
**Without a volunteer coming forward
to lead the team in the next few
weeks the conference will be
cancelled.** You do not need vast skills
to lead the team: a vision of how you
would like the conference to be, ability
to run a meeting, think through what
has to be done, write to people and
draft documents on a PC – most of us
can do that! The documentation and
plans from previous conferences are
available as are the previous team
members, including the Hon. Secretary.
If you can do this, and want a big buzz
from achieving the conference, please
contact the Hon. Secretary urgently.

Saturday 12 August 2006

London Group Pub Meet

Details as for 13 May

Saturday 28 October 2006

Anthony Powell Society AGM

1400 hrs

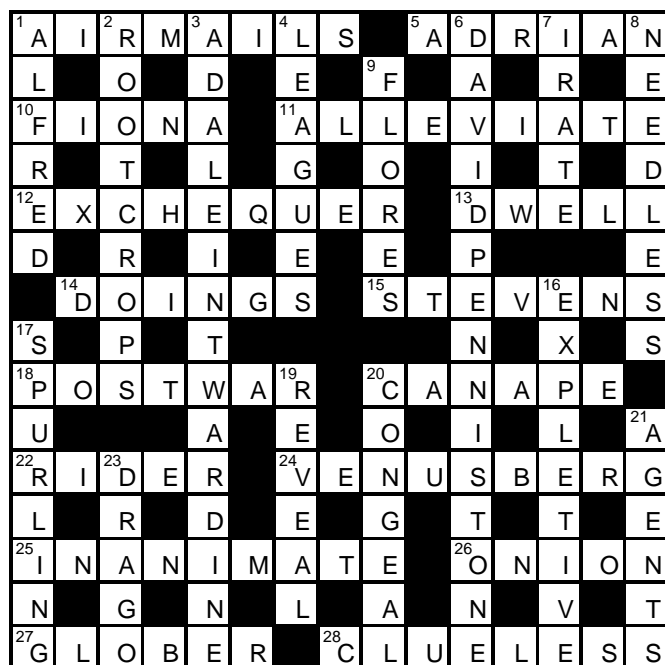
Venue and programme to be confirmed

Christmas Quiz Answers

Opening Lines

1. *Decline and Fall*; Evelyn Waugh
2. *The Glass Key*; Dashiell Hammett
3. *Brave New World*; Aldous Huxley
4. *Lost Horizon*; James Hilton
5. *Tender is the Night*; F Scott Fitzgerald
6. *Gone With the Wind*; Margaret Mitchell
7. *The Big Sleep*; Raymond Chandler
8. *Cry, the Beloved Country*; Alan Paton
9. *The Cruel Sea*; Nicholas Monsarrat
10. *Charlotte's Web*; EB White
11. *The Quiet American*; Graham Greene
12. *Justine*; Lawrence Durrell
13. *To Kill a Mockingbird*; Harper Lee
14. *Travels With Charley*; John Steinbeck
15. *A Moveable Feast*; Ernest Hemingway
16. *Wide Sargasso Sea*; Jean Rhys
17. *Airport*; Arthur Hailey
18. *In A Free State*; VS Naipaul
19. *The Rachel Papers*; Martin Amis
20. *The History Man*; Malcolm Bradbury
21. *Shame*; Salman Rushdie
22. *The Old Devils*; Kingsley Amis

Crossword



Conference Questionnaires

Thank you to everyone who returned their conference questionnaire; your input will form a vital part of planning future conferences. The first respondent drawn from the Hon. Archivist's old school straw boater was James Tucker, who wins a year's gold membership of the Society.

Competition – Name the Journal

The Society's Executive has agreed to launch an annual journal as well as this quarterly *Newsletter* (see page 17). The journal will contain articles, both academic and general, on Powell and Powell-related subjects that are too long or too heavy for the *Newsletter*.

Members are invited to submit suggestions for the name of this journal. As usual the winner will receive a year's gold membership of the Society. Suggestions should reach the Hon. Secretary by Easter Day (Sunday 16 April) 2006.

General Knowledge:

Britain of the 1920s & 1930s

1. David Lloyd George
2. Launched Penguin Books
3. *1066 and All That*
4. *Queen Mary*
5. William Walton's *Façade*
6. *Mallard*
7. *Barnard Letters*, 1928
8. AJ Ayer; 1936
9. Gold Standard
10. Broadcasting House
11. Sir Stanley Matthews
12. Council of League of Nations
13. TS Eliot, *The Wasteland*
14. Abdication of King Edward VIII
15. Penicillin
16. Christopher Isherwood; 1935
17. Wembley Stadium
18. David Hockney
19. Butlin's first holiday camp
20. Royal Christmas broadcast
21. (a) Fabric made by Courtaulds, (b) underwear, (c) heat generating wadding, (d) toothpaste, (e) constructional toy
22. *Checkmate*, music by Sir Arthur Bliss
23. *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, starring Robert Donat & Madeleine Carroll
24. Royal wedding dresses: (a) Princess Mary, (b) Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, (c) Wallis Simpson
25. Field-Marshal Earl Haig
26. Neville Chamberlain

Society Notices

**** Subscription ****
**** Special Offer ****

**Pay for 4 years
get 5th year free**

**Available to
new & existing members &
all grades of membership
until 31 March 2007**

Extended to 2007

Subscription Renewal

Subscriptions are due for renewal on 1 April and renewal notices will be sent out during March to those members whose subscription expires this year. In order to help keep costs – and subscriptions – down please renew promptly.

We are able to accept subscription payments by Standing Order (UK members only) and recurring credit card transactions; appropriate forms will be sent with your reminder notice. Payment may also be made in UK funds by cheque, Visa, Mastercard or online using PayPal.

Members who are UK taxpayers are asked to GiftAid their subscription. This enables the Society to reclaim basic rate income tax already paid on the subscription; currently this is 28p for every £1 paid to the Society.

Local Groups

London Group

Area: London & SE England
Contact: Keith Marshall
Email: kcm@cix.co.uk

North East USA Group

Area: NY & CT area, USA
Contact: Leatrice Fountain
Email: leatrice.fountain@gmail.com

Great Lakes Group

Area: Chicago area, USA
Contact: Stephen Pyskoty-Olle
Email: widmerpool@hotmail.com

Swedish Group

Area: Sweden
Contact: Regina Rehbinder
Email: reginarehbinder@hotmail.com

Please contact the Hon. Secretary if you wish to make contact with a group and don't have email or if you wish to start a local group.

Newsletter Copy Deadlines

The deadlines for receipt of articles and advertisements for forthcoming issues of the *Newsletter* are:

Issue 23, Summer 2006

Copy Deadline: 12 May 2006
Publication Date: 2 June 2006

Issue 24, Autumn 2006

Copy Deadline: 11 August 2006
Publication Date: 1 September 2006

Strategy Review Update

As previously mentioned the Executive Committee are undertaking a formal review of the Society's strategy, directions *etc.* The work started last Autumn and is continuing.

Should we be a small niche literary society? Or should we aim to be a "big player"? Is the vision of us being "a Society of enthusiasts including academics and professional literarists" the right one?

The purpose of the review is to answer these questions and position us to develop beyond Centenary year on a firm strategic and financial footing. This means a consolidated plan for the Society's directions; overall strategy; organisation; business, investment & funding plans; and a plan for implementing all this.

The review involves the Society's Trustees (who have legal responsibility for the Society) and the non-Executive Officers. Two members, Stephen Eggins and Elwin Taylor, have joined the working group and the feedback obtained in the conference feedback forms will also be valuable input.

We also need your views. How would you like the Society to develop? What do you believe the Society should be doing? Please send your thoughts and ideas to the review by contacting any of the officers or committee.

Three of the early results of the review are agreement on the Society's mission, a plan to launch an annual journal and determination that the Hon. Secretary's workload should be split between a greater number of people.

We have already agreed the Society's working mission should be essentially what it always has been: "to increase interest in Anthony Powell and to be a society of enthusiasts including academics and professional literarists."

Work on the annual journal – not yet officially named (see page 15) – is already underway. The intention is for the journal to be about 100 pages and to contain articles, both academic and general, on Powell and Powell-related subjects that are too long or heavy for the *Newsletter*. Stephen Holden, Dr Christine Berberich and Dr Nicholas Birns have been appointed as the Editorial Board. It is hoped to launch the journal this coming autumn.

The decision has been made to split the Hon. Secretary's work into a number of smaller roles which can be taken on by volunteers with just a few hours to give. Through these roles you can make a real difference to the success of the Society. We need: Social Secretary, Membership Secretary, Merchandise Organiser, London Group Organiser, Conference Team Leader. These are all important roles in the development of the Society which until now have been part of the Hon. Secretary's excessively high workload; however on their own most need not be arduous.

Without more volunteers the Society is going to stagnate and die. So if you can do administrative things, have a few hours to give the Society and want to make a real difference please contact the Chairman or Hon. Secretary. And if you have views on how you would like to see the Society develop, please get in touch.

Puck of Pook's Hill

by Andrew Clarke

In *The Valley of Bones*, Nick Jenkins is surprised to discover a copy of Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* among Captain Gwatkin's personal possessions; a discovery which Nick suggests shows Gwatkin in quite a different light. In particular, Gwatkin admires the chapters "about the Roman Centurion".

I finally got around to reading these stories.

The Roman Centurion, Parnesius, appears in three of the tales, "A Centurion of the Thirtieth", "On the Great Wall" (*ie.* Hadrian's Wall) and "The Winged Hats" (*ie.* the Vikings). Nick, rereading the stories, feels that Kipling's grasp of Roman military procedure is somewhat lacking, but to carp about this is to misunderstand the nature of the literary imagination.

I'm not sure I really understand how much light the Parnesius stories shed on Gwatkin – and what Gwatkin represents – but the following themes may provide a starting point:

1. Parnesius is a Romanised Briton, and not a Roman. He finds the Roman officers rather overbearing. Gwatkin is a lower middle class Welshman in the British Army.
2. Parnesius remains committed to certain moral principals even when commanded to break them by higher authority. For this he is given a "tough" posting on Hadrian's Wall. Gwatkin suffers from too much attention to principal (maybe) and too little attention to practical detail.
3. Parnesius is very aware of serving on the border of Empire: in fact he fraternises with the Picts on the other
- side of the Wall. Gwatkin is serving on the borders of the Irish Republic among a population with hostile elements: his attempts at sororisation on the other hand, are rather less successful.
4. Parnesius and his companion are left to guard a border that is shrinking, and his commander – now calling himself Emperor – is too busy fighting abroad to send any reinforcements. The British entered a European war with two divisions and grossly inadequate air support.
5. Parnesius's most dangerous enemies, the Vikings, appear to be honourable in their dealings when it comes to the conduct of war. The Third Reich had none.
6. Parnesius's loyalty to his commander is absolute and personal. Rather than accept a change in regime, the centurion retires honourably and is given a triumph in Rome. Gwatkin is summarily dismissed from his command, and packed off to the Infantry Training Centre and eventually



Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936



a bank clerk's job back home in the Valleys and a house he must share with his mother-in-law.

7. Gwatkin later refers in particular to one of the associated poems, "A Song to Mithras" which follows "On The Great Wall". Mithraism, said to have been a popular cult among the Roman soldiery, excluded women and demanded chastity of its adherents. Nick at the time is suffering agonies of sexual frustration: Gwatkin is about to romantically lose his head over a barmaid.
8. *Puck of Pook's Hill* is a children's book that can be reread with interest by adults (cf. *The Wind in the Willows* or *The Sword in the Stone*). I can imagine its giving comfort in time of war.
9. The two children to whom Puck presents his characters from a distant British past, live in what the Edwardians seemed to think was an idyllic period of childhood, before the rigours of public school. The atmosphere is that of a gentleman's residence – the family employ a governess – in the Kentish countryside, probably very different to the more austere world of the Welsh Valleys. That too might have attracted the young Gwatkin, in the same sort of way that (say) *Swallows and Amazons* or *The Big Six* attracted myself.

Haiku

by James Tucker

Powell pronounced Pole:
an anglicisation job.
Rhys the Hoarse croaks "Shame!"

Borage & Hellebore

By Bobb Menk

The only title ever mentioned for one of Nick's works in *Dance*, is *Borage & Hellebore* for his work on Burton.

However, if one watches closely in the final scene of the film version where Nick is looking through Widmerpool's things while the voice over is reciting that great passage from Burton, you'll see that the film has created the following oeuvre for Nick and left it for our viewing pleasure in Widmerpool's rooms.

Judging from the styles on the book spines as well as the relative condition of the books we see, I'd say this list is in roughly a chronological order of publication.

On Widmerpool's bookshelf next to *A People's History of Great Britain* may be found:

The Silent Summer
Mornings in Wiltshire
Fellow Members: A Memoir
Knowing the Right People

And then on Widmerpool's desk at the top of the pile of stuff are:

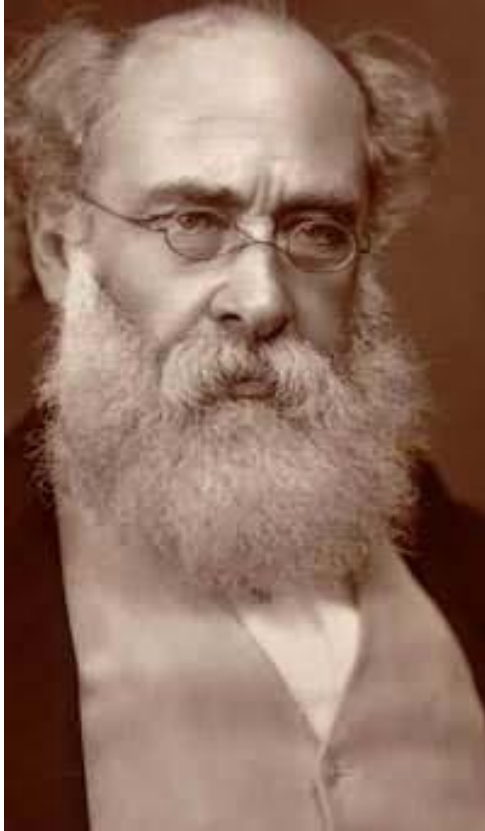
Paying the Rent: Collected Reviews
Borage & Hellebore

I kind of like *Paying the Rent* as an amusing side-comment on how Powell made a significant portion of his annual wage. No doubt the wittier amongst us can come up with other interpretations, read other meanings into them, *etc.* I just found it an interesting detail to have been included in the film.

AP + AT = Serendipity

by Derek Hawes

If the shade of Anthony Powell was looking down upon the centenary conference in December he might well have frowned somewhat to realise that the audience for most plenary sessions contained a small but animated phalanx of members from the Trollope Society.



Anthony Trollope, 1815-1882

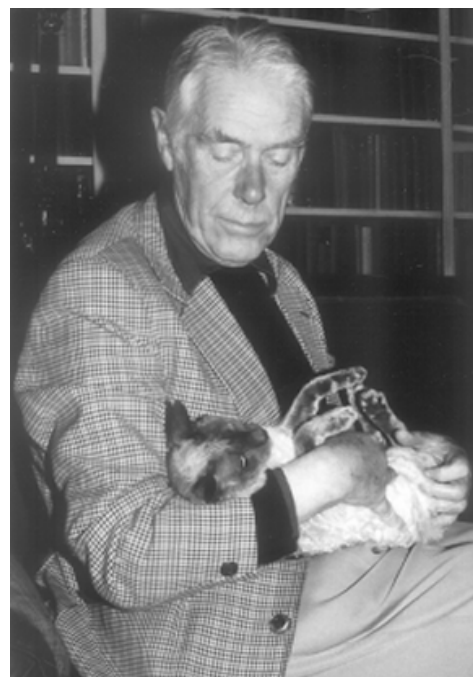
Given Nick Jenkins' rather dismissive comments on General Liddament's enthusiasm for the 19th century author (*The Soldier's Art*) – and the fact that in all Powell's extensive reviews and commentary on English literature there is barely a mention of Trollope: one might suppose that Anthony Powell and Anthony Trollope were rather like oil and water. But why so?

Jenkins complains, much to the General's disbelief, that Trollope is not easy to read; citing "repetitive tricks of phrasing",

unconvincing psychology – indeed "downright dishonesty" – in treating individual relationships, and accuses the author's characters of thinking rather than feeling. Well, really! Is this not Nick Jenkins calling the kettle black?

The fact that many of those who feel passionately about Trollope also enter the internal world of *Dance* so readily suggests that there is in fact more than a little in common between the two authors. Making allowances for generational change do not they both create believable worlds in which, once we enter, we find it difficult ever to leave? Especially in the long series of Palliser novels where politics, finance, love and marriage are the backdrop to three generations of powerful families and are played out at length, there is more than a passing similarity to those who inhabit the *Dance* series. It is difficult to discern much "feeling" in Jenkins and is Lady Glencora really any more unconvincing than Jean Templar?

Clearly there is an Eng. Lit. thesis to be written here and in the meantime I suggest that where AP meets AT there is pure serendipity.



Anthony Powell with Trelawney

... Cuttings ... Cuttings ... Cuttings ... Cuttings ...

Widmerpool the Parrot

You might be interested to know I am by way of acquiring a baby male Solomon Islands Eclectus Parrot, hatched last summer. His name is Widmerpool, in honor of the greatest fictional character of all time. My hope for him is to lead half as eventful a life as his namesake. Given that this year is Powell's centennial, it seemed the best choice of name for a new family member. He'll come home to me after hand-feeding is completed, sometime in November [2005].

If you have suggestions for, as you put it, "Widmerpudlian" sayings I could (attempt to) teach the parrot, I'm all ears! But Widmerpool does not seem to speak in clichés, aphorisms or the like, does he? Often what he says is surprising, in fact, although always in character.

Ben Silverman
Orangevale, California



Widmerpool (seen here at just 4 months old), a male Solomon Island Eclectus Parrot, is a stunning bright green with vivid blue primary feathers. (Females are flashy bright red and blue fashion victims.) Eclectus parrots make excellent pets, socialise well and are reputedly as good at talking as African Greys.

Desert Island Discs

On 16th October 1976 Anthony Powell was the guest on BBC Radio Four's *Desert Island Discs*.

The eight recordings he chose were:

1. *If You were the Only Girl in the World* performed by Violet Loraine & George Robey
2. *Were I Laid on Greenland's Coast* from John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*
3. Verdi's *La donna è mobile* from *Rigoletto*
4. Strauss's *Tales from the Vienna Woods*
5. Borodin's *Polovtsian Dances* from *Prince Igor*
6. Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*
7. Milhaud's *La Création du Monde*
8. Debussy's *Iberia* from *Images for Orchestra No.2*

He chose as his luxury one bottle of red wine every day and for his book, Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time*.

Source: *Desert Island Lists* by Roy Plomley with Derek Drescher; Hutchinson; 1984.

[With thanks to Robert Greenwood of Chatham, Kent]

From the APLIST

Recent Discussions on the Society's Email Discussion Group

From Michael Henle

We know that *Dance* is full of references to works of visual art. These lie right at the surface of the work. I've always been convinced that *Dance* is likewise full of references to other narrative works but that these are not on the surface.

One such, about which Nick Birns has written extensively, is the evocation of Gatsby at the moment in *The Acceptance World* when Nick and Jean fall into each other's arms.

Here is another "reference". The first chapter of *A Question of Upbringing* concerns the activities of three friends (Stringham, Peter and Nick) at boarding school. The climax of that chapter is the afternoon when they are prowling around the neighbourhood and have a series of encounters leading to the incident of Braddock alias Thorne.

This whole chapter, but particularly that afternoon, is strongly reminiscent of *Stalky & Co.* by Kipling, an author that Powell admired. Like the first chapter of *A Question of Upbringing*, *Stalky & Co.* concerns the adventures at boarding school of three friends. Stalky is the leader; McTurk has a wealthy/aristocratic background (Scottish, not English like Stringham); Beetle is bookish (a stand-in for Kipling, as Nick is a stand-in for Powell). Quite a few of their adventures take place outdoors in the neighbourhood of the school where they smoke and conduct other activities of which their masters might disapprove. The period is just before WWI, where as *A Question of*

Upbringing, of course, is a bit after the war.

If we pursue this a bit more, then Stalky corresponds to Peter Templer. Stalky dies in the Great War as Peter dies in WWII.

The Stalky-*Dance* correspondence is not exact but the whole feeling created by the constellation of characters and their situation creates for me a strong sense that the two works are definitely related.

From James Doyle

I can see the echoes but I'm not sure I'm convinced. I think except for the very explicit versions (eg. the mock-Pepys, mock-Proust passages) this stops well short of pastiche.

Was it Sir Gavin Walpole Wilson, or M. Norpois who was always warning us against "*post hoc, propter hoc*"?

The Kipling/Stalky/Westward Ho! experience differs in quite a few ways – the status of the school and its population, to begin with – from the Powell/Templer/Eton one.

The similarity might be a case of the phenomenon that Col Powell (who disliked Kipling according to Powell) observed. He said that Kipling did not give a very accurate picture of the regular army, but that after Kipling, the army began to take on Kipling-esque aspects. Perhaps the same was true of boys' schools?

From Julian Allason

Ingenious posting of Michael Henle's, spotting the *Stalky & Co.* reference. When published it attracted Maugham's rebuke, "a more odious picture of school life can seldom have been drawn".

Stalky enjoyed considerable adventures on the North-West Frontier. As to his having fallen in the Great War I have my doubts. He was based on LC Dunsterville who as a major-general in 1919 was commanding a small British force in the Caucasus. He lived to co-found the Kipling Society in 1927.

Kipling was at United Services College, Westward Ho! from 1877 to 1882 and internal evidence supports the dating of the stories to that window. So Stalky, his contemporary, would have been about fifty at the outbreak of WW1, a bit old and a bit senior to have got himself killed, though perhaps not impossible given his lust for action. (Flashman certainly seems to have got into military and political mischief well into middle age). However I don't recall any reference to his death in the text and the postscript does not seem to suggest it. Or have I missed something?

In the introduction to the 1987 World Classics edition Isabel Quigly suggests that TE Lawrence was the last full scale Stalky.

From James Doyle

There's also a school of thought that if Lawrence was a Stalky, Kim Philby was a kind of ghastly anti-Stalky. Antithetical to the original, but at the same time not easy to conceive of Philby's inner world if Stalky, Kim (and St J Philby) hadn't come first. Philby's father could give Lawrence a run for his money. Malcolm Muggeridge is very interesting on Philby.

From Julian Allason

My doubts that Kipling's Stalky might have perished in the Great War as "too old and too senior" appear to have been misplaced. Lady Violet's father, a brigadier, turns out to have fallen at Gallipoli, leading his men in a suicidal charge up Scimitar Hill.

From James Doyle

I've been thinking about *Stalky & Co.* as part of Widmerpool's back-story. He must have read it; everyone read it. Was that what he expected to find at Eton? Did he hope to be a member of a Stalky-esque, triumvirate and end up confronting Stringham/Templar/Jenkins?



United Service
College, Westward
Ho! on which
Kipling based the
Coll in *Stalky & Co.*

Letters to the Editor

Centenary Newsletter

From Tom Miller

Issue 21 of the *Newsletter* gave a most interesting compendium of material about Anthony Powell, and I should like to address a few minor points:

1. Keith Marshall reports (page 19) that the London group on 11 October debated *inter alia* films of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. I venture to suggest that the farcical Bob Hope picture, *My Favourite Blonde*, is also based on the John Buchan novel! (American Powellians may recall that President Kennedy's favourite reading was Buchan's autobiography, *Pilgrim's Way*.)
2. Rick Marin situates, probably rightly (page 34), *Afternoon Men* somewhere between Ernest Hemingway and Kingsley Amis, but I think that the influence of Aldous Huxley on the novel is large.
3. I had the experience of hearing DN Pritt, mentioned by Keith Marshall and Julian Allison (page 41), talking to an undergraduate group at Oxford, and identifying him as the meeting went on as a horrible paranoiac.
4. Paul Willetts refers (page 101) to the "dodgy publisher, LS Caton, later lampooned in Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim*..." Actually the real-life publisher's initials were RA, but Amis rechristened him "Lazy Sod" and put him into several novels, finishing him off in *The Anti-Death League*. Amis explained the facts in a letter to Frank Barnshaw (6 October 1968), published in the *Letters of Kingsley Amis*, edited by Zachary Leader.

5. I do not approve of the Widmerpool Award, but, constructively, to take it seriously, I agree with John Gilks (page 110) and Nick Hay (page 115) that the late Sir Edward Heath would not have been a worthy winner. I can add that Sir Edward *did* appear in a fictional guise – as the awful Sir Roy Vandervane in Kingsley Amis's *Girl, 20*, as Kingsley once explained to me in private. I made this point in a note published in *The Times* (22 July). Julian Allason implicitly condemns (page 89) white dinner jackets, and it pains me to say that once or twice I saw Sir Edward wearing one!

Manured

From Michael Henle

I'm afraid I must take issue with the authors of the piece "Manure" that appears in the otherwise admirable Centenary issue of the Society's *Newsletter*. Let me say first, however, that I was completely delighted by the *Newsletter*. Stephen Holden is to be congratulated for collecting an outstanding series of articles.

Now to "Manure". If the first author had only consulted the Oxford English Dictionary, he would have discovered that the terms, "liquid manure" and "artificial manure", have both been in use in the UK since the mid-nineteenth century. The first is "a water extract of manure used as a fertilizer" while the second is "a chemical fertilizer". Thus the first is produced from animal waste, the second by a chemical process. In other words, these terms are *not* synonymous, as the first author would have us believe.

It is therefore almost certain that Jenkins (perhaps even Powell himself!) *has* confused them. It is much more likely that it is Jenkins who has got it wrong than Eleanor Walpole-Wilson, who is portrayed in *Dance* as knowledgeable about country life.

Which of the two fertilizers Widmerpool's father manufactured and distributed we will never know. Nick quotes Eleanor using the term "liquid manure" but transmutes this to "artificial manure" on the next page (in *A Buyer's Market*). Since he is inconsistent, it is as likely that Eleanor said the one as the other.

The second author stoutly maintains that there is no indication in *Dance* that Widmerpool's father "sold liquid or artificial manure or owned a firm that manufactured the substance". What part of "Uncle George used to get his liquid manure from Mr Widmerpool's father" does he not understand? Certainly the most likely interpretation of Eleanor's statement is that Widmerpool's father did *indeed* sell one or another of these substances.

[Liquid manure may also be produced from the foliage of some plants, especially Comfrey and Stinging Nettles, although this is generally only done by gardeners – Ed]

Hat Tricks

From Keith Marshall

In the December edition of *The Spectator* there was a four-page advertising pamphlet for Hendrick's Gin. On page 2 this curiosity had a piece on "The Chap & Hendricks Olympics 2005" which contained a photograph of our illustrious Newsletter Editor solemnly engaged in 'Hat Wrestling'.

When I pointed this out to Stephen Holden he huffily commented, "they got the caption wrong, as I was engaged in 'Hat Jousting', a completely different sport altogether ..."

I think my head hurts.

The Italian Connection

From John Powell

In the discussion pages of the AP Society monograph *Writing about Anthony Powell* on page 36 in answering a question about whether AP was involved in intelligence in World War II Michael Barber replies that as a Cabinet Secretary AP "would undoubtedly have been privy to top secret intelligence *etc.*"

In the brief period that AP was at the Cabinet Office, about 9 weeks from April 1943, the only top secret of which he was aware were plans for an invasion of Italy which started in June 1943. He said many years later in the 1990s that he was relieved when the invasion began for real, days (or weeks) after he had left the Cabinet Office.



*NE USA Group members with the Pye bust of Powell outside the Wallace Collection exhibition.
L to R: Joan Williams, Jonathan Kooperstein, Eileen Kaufmann, Leatrice Fountain, Nick Birns, Jeanne Reed, Ed Bock. Photo Jeanne Reed*

Society Merchandise

Centenary Newsletter

The bumper 120-page celebratory Powell Centenary Newsletter (issue 21; December 2005).

Price: £5 (post free to all members)

SPECIAL CENTENARY OFFER

Buy both the *Eton* and *Oxford Proceedings* for just £15 (post free)

Oxford Conference Proceedings

Collected papers from the 2003 conference at Balliol College, Oxford.

Price: £7.50 (post free to all members)

Eton Conference Proceedings

Papers from the 2001 conference; limited edition of 250 numbered copies signed by the Society's Patron.

Price: £10 (post free to all members)

Writing about Anthony Powell

The talks given at the 2004 AGM by George Lilley, Michael Barber and Nick Birns, introduced by Christine Berberich.

Price: £4 (post free to all members)

The Master and The Congressman

A 40 page monograph by John Monagan describing his meetings with AP.

Price: £5 (post free to all members)

BBC Radio Dramatisation of *Dance*

Originally broadcast on BBC Radio4 between 1979-82, 26 one-hour episodes. For copyright reasons, available to members only.

Single CD of 26 MP3 files. **Price: £2.50** + **Donation: £7.50 minimum** (Total £10; post free)

26 Audio CDs. **Price: £20** + **Donation: £40 minimum** (Total £60; post free)

Audio Tapes of *Dance*

Copies of the following audio tapes of Simon Callow reading (abridged) volumes of *Dance*:

- *A Question of Upbringing*
- *The Kindly Ones*
- *The Valley of Bones*
- *The Soldier's Art*

Price: £2.50 each (postage rate C)

Society Postcard

B&W postcard of Powell with his cat Trelawney. Picture on page 20.

Price: £1.75 for 5 (postage rate B)

Wallace Collection Postcard

The Wallace Collection's luxurious postcard of Poussin's *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Picture on page 3.

Price: £2 for 5 (postage rate B)

Wallace Collection Poster

The Wallace Collection's 48.5 x 67.5 cm (half life-size) poster of Poussin's *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Mailed in a poster tube. Picture on page 3.

Price: £5.75 (postage rate D)

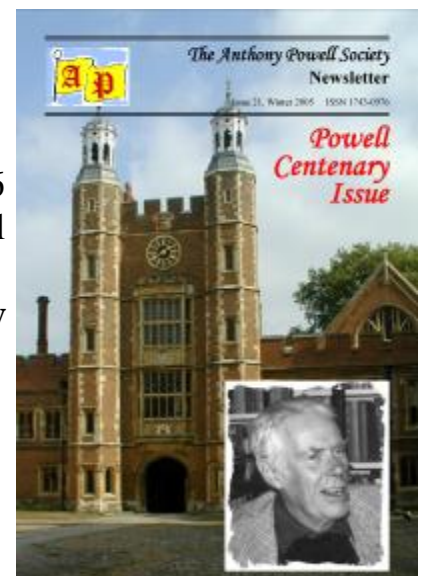
Society Bookmarks

Price: £1 for 10 (postage rate A)

Newsletter Back Numbers

Back numbers of Newsletter issues 6 and 8 to 20 are still available.

Price: £1 per copy (postage rate B)



Society Merchandise

Postage. All Society merchandise is post free to members in the UK. Regrettably we have to ask overseas members to contribute to airmail postage using the following rates:

| Rate | UK | Europe | World |
|----------|------|--------|-------|
| A | free | 25p | 60p |
| B | free | 40p | £1 |
| C | free | 60p | £1.50 |
| D | free | 80p | £1.75 |

Non-members will be charged postage & packing at cost.

Gold and Founder members of the Society receive a 10% discount on the cost of all merchandise (but not on postage charges).

Ordering. Post, phone or fax your order to the Hon. Secretary at the address on page 2. Payment by cheque (UK funds drawn on a UK bank), credit card (Visa or Mastercard) or online using PayPal.

Anthony Powell Society Merchandise Order Form

| Qty | Item Description | Unit Cost | P&P | Total |
|-----|------------------|--------------|-----|-------|
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | Total | | |

- .. I enclose a sterling cheque drawn on a UK bank
Please make cheques payable to **The Anthony Powell Society**
- .. Please debit my Visa / MasterCard
Card No.:
Valid from: Expires: Security Code:

Name & Address of Cardholder & for Delivery

Name:

Address:

Town:

County / State:

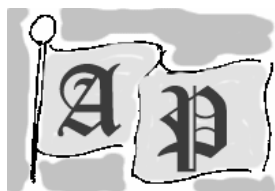
Postcode / Zip:

Country:

Date:

Signed:

Special Offer - 5 years for price of 4



The Anthony Powell Society

Registered Charity No. 1096873

Membership Form

Special Offer - 5 years for price of 4

Special Offer - 5 years for price of 4

| Member Information | Payment Information |
|---|---|
| <p>Type of membership (please tick):</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> Ordinary Member – £20 a year.<input type="checkbox"/> Joint Membership – £30 a year. Any two persons at the same address.<input type="checkbox"/> Gold Member – £30 <i>minimum</i> a year.<input type="checkbox"/> Student Member – £12 a year. Please send a copy of your student card.<input type="checkbox"/> Organisation – £100 <i>minimum</i> a year. <p>Subscriptions are due on 1 April annually. If joining on or after 1 January, membership includes following full subscription year.</p> <p>Full Name:</p> <p>Address:</p> <p>Postcode/Zip:</p> <p>Country:</p> <p>Email:</p> <p>Number of years membership being paid: 1 / 2 / 3 / 4 / 5 / more (please state): 5 years for price of 4 special offer</p> | <p>Total amount payable: £ _____ (No. of years x membership rate)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> I enclose a sterling cheque drawn on a UK bank. Please make cheques payable to The Anthony Powell Society.<input type="checkbox"/> Please debit my Visa / MasterCard <p><i>I authorize you, until further notice, to charge my Visa / MasterCard account for the sum of £ _____ on, or immediately after 1 April each year. I will advise you in writing immediately the card becomes lost or stolen, if I close the account or I wish to cancel this authority.*</i></p> <p>Card No.:</p> <p>Valid from:</p> <p>Expires:</p> <p>Security Code:</p> <p>Please give name & address of cardholder if different from the above.</p> <p><i>I am a UK taxpayer and I want all donations I've made since 6 April 2000 and all donations in the future to be Gift Aid until I notify you otherwise.*</i></p> <p>I agree to the Society holding my information on computer.</p> <p>Signed:</p> <p>Date:</p> <p><i>* Delete if not applicable.</i></p> |
| <p>Gift Membership</p> <p>If this is a gift membership please attach the name & address of the recipient plus any special message on a separate sheet of paper.</p> <p>Where shall we send the membership?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> Direct to the recipient<input type="checkbox"/> To you to give to the recipient personally | |
| <p>Please send the completed form and payment to:</p> <p>Hon. Secretary, The Anthony Powell Society 76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK</p> <p>Phone: +44 (0)20 8864 4095 Fax: +44 (0)20 8864 6109</p> | |

Special Offer - 5 years for price of 4