Camel Ride to the Tomb
by Julian Allason

It is doubtful if young Francis Xavier was ever permitted to ride a camel. British expatriates kept their distance from Egyptians, most especially from the Bedouins. He found an uncritical outlet and a satisfyingly large – and silent – audience. The camels, he was informed, had become luncheon meat, dispached in cans to the British Expeditionary Force in France. What with the dismal weather and looming threat of bombardment it seemed reason enough to accept the posting to New Delhi as orderly room clerk in RAF public relations.

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familiar denizens of Cairo nightlife, who still donned white dinner jackets and fezzes for visits to the bars their religion proscribed.

Eoin McArevey, Irish poet of infinitesimal output, was his radio relief, drinking confederate and, the more perceptive said, his alter ego. For as yet X had written, or rather published, nothing; yet he enjoyed the reputation of a literary lion. In truth, as the Irishman remarked in a rare moment of insight, X was “both camel and sphinx”. For details of the lives orbiting that stricken city, into which the pair returned whenever leave permitted, were stored in what McArevey christened X’s “hump”: a bastion of confidences, laid down like wine for future consumption. The secrets of Widmerpool, Templar, Mountolive and Clea supplied no tributary to the torrent that flowed from him.

According to the military police record Trapnel’s sole visit to Giza ended in the back of a Romany, the secure ten-tonner used to round up trouble makers. X had got nowhere near the pyramids, a forbidden zone, shown little interest in them, and less awareness. An enlisted man in similar straits might have served forbidden zone, shown little interest in them, and less awareness. An enlisted man in similar straits might have served by two great wars; as intellectual provocateur; and as an account of a writer’s journey into the darkness of the mind.

Nevertheless the launch of Camel Ride to the Tomb by an unknown writer, seemingly from out of the void, caught the critical imagination. Who was this brave youth whose light had remained hidden under the bushel of war? Except that, approaching thirty, X was no longer youthful, and far from prodigious. Championship by Connolly earned the enmity of the Leavisites and the declaration of a noisy literary feud, which while it concerned the slender volume only peripherally, would later be studied as the model of book marketing. X’s disinclination to cooperate with any promotional activity served to fuel speculation about an author now spoken of as the Lawrence of Egypt. An incoherent interview by McArevey on the Third Programme earned a magisterial rebuke from Lord Reith and banishment of both from Broadcasting House in perpetuity.

It is known that the book’s title came from a proposition intoned by a turbaned Arab on a family outing, to the discomfiture of the mother of young Francis Xavier. “I grasped at once that was how life was,” he later recalled. “Juddering through the wilderness, on an uncomfortable conveyance you can’t properly control, along a rocky, unpaved road, in a track towards the destination cruelly, yet truly, stated.”

If the author’s character remained opaque, his style “like ancient waters trickling from a stranded iceberg” in Connolly’s violet phrase, what of the subject of the book? On first reading in those austere days Camel Ride offered an exoticism beyond the experience of the home front. The lately demobbed, especially those who had served in the desert, were in no mood for romances let alone death musings, so the improbabilities of the plot went largely unremarked. A young man, of whom nothing is said by way of introduction, is led to the crenellated mud walls of a city, location unspecified, but clearly North African. A gate is unbarred. He passes through. Beyond awaits a turbaned Arab with a camel. The dromedary descends; our hero mounts. He makes his way through the moonlight, seeing little, hearing only the fading hum of the city. What follows is a meditation in a manner (later parodied by Robert M Pirsig in the account of his motorcycle trip) upon the ancients who had trod that same path and upon the manner of their deaths.

A text which speaks directly to the confusions and agonies of existence, detailing a personal, philosophical odyssey was the verdict of ‘Encounter’ who, with even less justification, would use similar words of The Unquiet Grave. Nicholas Jenkins, ever practical, noted in Fission that:

This is a book which functions simultaneously at several levels: namely, as an exploration of the history of philosophy; as a response to the blunting of artistic sensibility by two great wars; as intellectual provocation; and as an account of a writer’s journey into the darkness of the mind.

X’s characteristic response was to tell Jenkins over a protracted and largely liquid dinner at the French Polisher’s Arms why only the last of these assessments was worthy of pursuit.

The sequence of events following Camel Ride’s publication was deftly reconstructed by the American scholar Russell Gwinnett in his 1968 biography, Deathhead Swordsman. Far from being enraged by what was widely held to be a vicious review, X took up with its contributor, JG Quiggin; two years later his Bin Ends was published under the imprint of Quiggin & Crags. Yet a friendly notice by Mark Members in the infinitely larger circulation Daily Beast became an enduring source of friction between author and critic. Was there a whiff of politics in all this? Trapnel certainly felt the lash of the Left in the years following the Camel Ride, yet appears to have found no solace in the approbation of the Right. Perhaps a clue is to be found in an earlier remark, “I cannot tolerate the respect of the worthy, for the respectful are without worth”. It had been addressed to his audience at the Hero of Acre, a circle that in those days encompassed the young Bacon, Freud and Barnby.

Amongst the few items left by Pamela Jenkins was the Stringham Modigliani, which Widmerpool managed to retain. Overlooked by the probate valuer was a second painting, an unsigned portrait of X in the Hispanic photorealistic style of Carlos Sancha and June Mendoza. He stands tall, bearded and emaciated in his dyed officer’s greatcoat, skull-knobbed swordstick in hand ready to do battle. But with whom? By the time of its probable composition few antagonists were unwise enough to engage with X. Publishers had
It took the intervention of Patrick Leigh-Fermor with the Patriarch of Alexandria to obtain the entrance of Hilary Spurling to the most closely guarded monastic library in Christendom, and the oldest. But there on the page for 1917 of the Julian calendar (1923 by our Gregorian reckoning) Spurling has deciphered the signature of Augustine Trapnel. It was to be the last document the pasha signed, for tripping over his own bootlace he fatally cracked his head upon the fire-extinguisher kept by the prudent monks against the spontaneous recombustion of the burning bush. Does this, as Dr Jung elsewhere suggests, account for the antipathy of a son to the rites of inherited religion in a paternal relationship fractured by neglect?

Trapnel Pasha was denied the dignity of a Christian interment, for the ground of Sinai is too unyielding to allow the burial of anyone less than a saint. Instead his skull grins out from the ossuary with those of fifteen centuries of monks. It is the subject of constant flash photography by Scandinavian tourists in embarrassing shorts and black socks. Back in Britain, however there does exist a monument, his name inscribed upon a wooden bench outside the camel house at Sandown Zoo. The carving is almost illegibly shallow, consisting of long, thin strokes, as if cut by a sword. At the town carnival in August visitors may ride the camels along the sands for a shilling or two. Perhaps X was sufficiently solvent to make that expedition.

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This article is a revised version of Julian Allason’s speech at the Society’s 5th Birthday Party, held at Khan’s of Kensington on 1 June 2005, on his elevation as a Vice-President of the Society.

To celebrate Anthony Powell’s centenary, a special “bumper edition” of the Newsletter is already in preparation and will be available at the beginning of December.

The Editor would welcome articles on any aspect of Powell’s life and works for inclusion. Articles may be between 500 and 2000+ words.

If anyone has any “squibs”, snippets of Powell trivia or (copyright-free) images the Editor would be happy to see those too.

Please send any contributions to: s.holden@lcc.arts.ac.uk or by post to: Stephen Holden 92B Umfreville Road London, N4 1SA, UK

The final deadline for receipt of copy is Friday 4 November.
Champagne Party

By kind permission of Chapter of the College of Arms

Champagne & Canapés

College of Arms
Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4

Wednesday 21 December 2005
1830 hrs

Members & guests: £20    Non-Members: £25
Prior booking essential – booking form overleaf

Anthony Powell Society Newsletter #20

Anthony Powell’s 100th Birthday Champagne Party – Booking Form

To: Hon. Secretary, Anthony Powell Society, 76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK
Phone: +44 (0)20 8864 4095   Fax: +44 (0)20 8864 6109

I wish to book tickets for the Anthony Powell 100th Birthday Champagne Party for:
Members & guests (at £20 each): ______    Non-Members (at £25 each): ______

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ____________________________    County: ____________________________
Postcode: __________________________    Country: ____________________________

□ I enclose a cheque (payable to The Anthony Powell Society) for £_____
□ Please debit my Mastercard / Visa card (delete as appropriate) with £_____
  Card No.: ________ / ________ / ________ / ________
  Expiry Date: ______ / ______   3-Digit Security Code: ______
  Name on Card: __________________________    Signature: __________________________

Please provide your credit card billing address if different from the above.

The Quadrangle, Eton College
The Mysteries of the Dance
by Derek Hawes

Writing to a friend after he had painted the work that Anthony Powell found so intriguing, Nicolas Poussin said,

Things of perfection must not be looked at in a hurry, but with time, judgement and understanding. Judging them requires the same process as making them …

It is advice which all Powell enthusiasts who attend the conference this year will want to bear in mind as they look at the painting once again – and perhaps, as they ponder the meaning of the composition, they will notice something which is unique in Poussin and rare indeed in classical painting.

As to the meaning, which has been the subject of academic debate for four hundred years, we inevitably ask who are the four dancers, what do they represent? What is the purpose of the dance and what message are we meant to absorb?

Most experts concur with Richard Beresford’s argument that the painting represents human life or rather the cycle of the human condition. The figures portray Poverty, Labour, Wealth and Pleasure or Luxury, implying that through work we acquire wealth which permits pleasure; the differing facial expressions; why the children of the dancers or, as some believe, do they represent Vanitas (the bubble being a frequent symbol of vanity and brevity). To find an answer to these questions we may have to do what Beresford suggests in his monograph* on the work: look at it through 17th Century eyes.

However, for the modern viewer there is a more practical issue of interest. Looking at the painting some years ago I suddenly noticed that much of the texture of the surface painting had been made by the fingerprints of the artist, pressed into the underpainted surfaces, especially of the dancers’ clothes. It produced in me a remarkable and intriguing link across the centuries with the real live Poussin. I had never seen this technique in any other Poussin work, or indeed in any oil painting of the classical period.

Enquiries to the Wallace curator evinced that this had been especially evident after cleaning, and had been discussed by no less a person than Anthony Blunt who, after calling in Scotland Yard fingerprint experts, found that the marks are indeed thumb prints of the left hand, and all by the same person.

From a View to a Death Revisited
by Mike Jay

The third of the Powell novels of the thirties transports us to a sleepy, peaceful, small English country town. It is supposed Powell used Salisbury as the model. Here we find an England now all too unfamiliar. An England where, for example. Mr Vernon Passenger can walk across the main road without getting promptly knocked down by a car. The London based artist, Arthur Zouch, a predatory “tuft hunter” arrives in this quaint environment, invited by Miss Mary Passenger, and proceeds to impose himself upon the quiet town. Quiet that is apart from a local petty feud between Mr Passenger and Major Fosdick over shooting rights. This dispute is wickedly concluded by Powell, who portrays Fosdick as a transvestite who through the novel becomes less and less careful so eventually gets caught wearing a dress by his adversary Passenger. Fosdick feels compelled to capitulate and hurriedly does a deal with Passenger over the shooting rights before getting himself committed.

Zouch quickly claims the pliable Joanna Brandon as a conquest but in order to win the better bred Mary he has to gain the approval of her father, who proves to be the equal if not the better of Zouch. Mary suggests that Zouch could impress her and ingratiate himself to Mr Passenger by agreeing to hunt. Mr Passenger elegantly “kills” Zouch by mounting the inexperienced interloper on Creditor, a horse that “pulls a little”. Creditor manages to throw Zouch to his death and peace can then resume.

Nietzsche is credited with challenging the foundations of morality. He posited the Übermensch concept which we translate perhaps clumsily as “Superman”. Zouch insinuates himself as Powell’s Superman who thinks himself above everyone and everything within the provincial milieu and with his savage freethinking is capable of willing himself to power (superseding Passenger). It is therefore much to Powell’s credit that the real “Superman”, Mr Passenger, is triumphant and Zouch easily and literally brought to ground.

Powell continues to delight us with a fresh array of characters. Major Fosdick has a couple of wet sons, Jasper and Torquil (who is “rather odd”). The amenable Mary Passenger has an interesting, independent much older sister Betty who was once married to an Italian aristocrat with whom she had the precocious five year old Bianca (a budding Pamela Flitton?) who goads Zouch with her pointed retorts. Joanna’s mother and Mrs Passenger are portrayed as virtually comatose. Mr Brandon’s maid, Mr Dadds, is an irritable gossip. All these characters and others are quite closely examined and all are given the comic treatment. Powell finds no such thing as human equality. Everyone is treated at face value but all are subjected to the author’s acid wit and sometimes bland cruelty.

This novel was published in 1933, one year before Powell’s own marriage, and one searches fruitlessly for clues or links between the author’s own situation and that of Zouch. Another bright, fast romp of a read with some sex, violence and philosophy. What more could a reader require?

* Richard Beresford, A Dance to the Music of Time (London: Wallace Collection, 1995)
The young unmarried daughters of the upper classes who were debutantes before 1939 were the most cocooned members of British Society. These girls, economically supported, socially insulated, and morally patrolled, found the advent of war – to which most of them responded without hesitation by joining up – both a challenge and an education. Anne de Courcy has had the splendid idea of interviewing over forty ladies who were pre-war debs to find out “how wartime changed their lives”. Several became nurses or VADs, others opted for factory work or became Land Girls (trying, usually unsuccessfully, to disguise their background), and others worked at Bletchley Park (“a blend of country house and internment camp”) or for SOE. But most went into the Services – as FANYs, ATS, Wrens or WAAFs. Lady Violet herself opted to become a VAD.

Like Norah Tolland, Eleanor Walpole-Wilson and Pamela Flitton, some ended up as drivers. “Rather posh girls driving staff cars,” as one man puts it. Another man said they were “widely regarded as sexually sophisticated but only available to officers of very senior rank”. The early chapters of this book deal with the debs’ background, including fascinating details on their clothes and the various coming out balls. And how female education, for instance, focussed on those accomplishments thought to be fitting to a gentlewoman, notably a fluency in foreign languages and a knowledge of the arts. “Men don’t like educated women,” one mother told her daughter, “but it’s very important to know how to ride”. Years on the hunting field and a code that discouraged the expression of any but happy feelings contributed to their very real fearlessness; like their brothers they had been trained implicitly to take the lead and made obvious officer material; and well-connected, they were often able to bypass red tape.

However, most debs still found time to have fun during wartime, using their leave to gallivant at London nightspots. One was actually at the Café de Paris the night a bomb exploded on the dance floor, much like the scene at the Café de Madrid in The Soldier’s Art. As the war progressed and life became tougher, the chance to climb into a pretty dress and put on a pair of hoarded nylons was morale-boosting after long days in uniform, as was anything that smacked of frivolity and femininity, such as Elizabeth Arden’s velvet-covered gas-mask cases which had a little silk-lined pocket for cosmetics on top. The jolly innocence of debs about lecherous men, not to mention predatory lesbians, makes amusing reading. The “rather butch types” referred to by one lady bring to mind the milieu of Eleanor Walpole-Wilson and Heather Hopkins.

The pluck, determination and spirit of the girls, who readily adapted from a pampered life of luxury to mucking in (sometimes literally) and doing their bit, are inspiring. Diana Barnato-Walker, who was an ATA pilot (or ‘Attagirl’), describes the occasion when “skimming happily along in a Spitfire” she suddenly found herself in thick cloud, “but I couldn’t bale out. My skirt would have ridden up with the parachute straps and anyone who happened to be below would have seen my knickers”. Instead, to the astonishment of those on the ground, she managed to land her aircraft at a tiny nearby airfield.

Perhaps the most heart-rending story is told by Jean Meade-Fetherstonhaugh, a nurse who worked for the plastic surgeon Sir Harold Gillies: “One day, just after D-Day, walking into the ward I saw rows of stretchers, each with its label, of desperately burned young men … one particular body had no face, only eyes and a hole with four teeth where the mouth and jaw should have been. Yet as I passed I heard a loud wolf-whistle.”

For many of the ladies interviewed the war had an indelible effect on their lives. As Anne de Courcy says, “When it [the war] ended came the realisation, sometimes quickly, sometimes gradually, that the kaleidoscope had been shaken and had settled in a different pattern, an enormous social change at first masked by the continuing shortages and grey monotony of the immediate post-war era.”

Anne de Courcy has written a fascinating book that is amusing, sad, consistently engaging and always uplifting. Debs at War by Anne de Courcy is published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson at £18.99.

Members of the WAAF also became great cricket enthusiasts
Local Group News

London Group Summer Meeting
By Noreen Marshall

The Society’s London group held its summer quarterly meeting at The Audley pub on Saturday 13 August. It was a slightly smaller gathering than normal; everyone else no doubt being otherwise occupied on the beach, at the airport, or similar. This enabled those present to devote the greater part of the meeting to talking about genealogy (both their own and that of other families’) over their salad, curry, sausage and chips etc.

There was considerable interest in Vice-President Hugh Massingberd’s review of Roy Strong’s latest book of reminiscences, Passions Past and Present (Pimlico, 2005). The text gifted the piece, which appeared in the Daily Telegraph on 1 August, with an unbeatable title: “There I stand, in my blue velvet robe and Elizabethan ruff …” and also provided a neat opportunity to quote satirist Craig Brown on names for the feline inhabitants of the Strong household, starting with the genuine Reverend Wenceslas Muff (whose companion was the Lady Torte de Shell).

Sir Roy’s career as Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and later the Victoria & Albert Museum, led neatly on to the discussion of museums and antiques, including exhibitions at the Imperial War Museum, the coming AGM’s venue at the Museum of Childhood, and how best to clean a Navajo Indian blanket. Other subjects which came up included the war work of debutantes (see page 11); Kipling’s Rewards and Fairies; and the various centenary events and venues.

REMINDER

The Annual General Meeting of The Anthony Powell Society will be held on Saturday 22 October 2005 at Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Road, London, E2 9PA commencing at 1400 hrs.

The meeting agenda and proxy voting papers are included with this Newsletter. Proxy votes must reach the Hon. Secretary no later than Monday 17 October 2005.

The formal business of the AGM will be followed at 1500 hrs by a talk by Dr Richard Canning on the subject of Powell and Firbank.

At 1600 hrs there will be an opportunity to tour the museum in the company of the Society’s Hon. Archivist, Noreen Marshall.

For full details please see the centre spread of this Newsletter.

Extraordinary London Group Pub Meet
Tuesday 11 October
1830 to 2130 hrs
The Audley
Mount Street, London ,W1

All are welcome for the usual array of good beer, good food, good company, good conversation in a Victorian pub Powell would have known.

Centenary Corner

Anthony Powell Centenary Conference
is to be held on
Friday 2 & Saturday 3 December 2005
at
The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, London, W1

Centenary Conference
The conference is shaping up to be another blockbuster! We are well on track to achieve our target audience: at the time of writing we are well past the halfway mark of confirmed bookings, and if only half the outstanding provisional bookings firm up we will make our target!

So if you are one of those with a provisional booking but have not yet paid your delegate fees then do so soon, or you could be disappointed. Because of the demand we cannot guarantee to hold provisional bookings beyond Friday 16 September.

But if you haven’t booked at all, there are still likely to be spaces available as our target audience isn’t 100% of capacity! But again the sooner you book the better: book now to be sure!

What do you mean, you lost the booking form? There’s another enclosed with this Newsletter!

BE THERE OR MISS IT !!

Wallace Collection Exhibition
No major news on the Wallace’s exhibition which at this stage is probably a good thing! Work on the exhibition is progressing frantically and announcements are going out to the press (see page 30) – which also gives the conference greater coverage. By the time the next Newsletter arrives the exhibition will be open! And if you can’t get to the exhibition then there will be a full review in the bumper Powell Centenary Newsletter, due out in early December.

Wallace Collection Events
To accompany the exhibition the Wallace Collection are running a number of events. Immediately following the conference on the evening of Saturday 3 December, there will be readings from Dance under the title Love and Art in ‘A Dance to the Music of Time’ which has been written by Society Vice-President Hugh Massingberd. More details appear opposite.

There will also be a series of Times Literary Supplement Friday lunchtime lectures. Again there are more details opposite.

BE THERE OR MISS IT !!
Other Centenary Events
The major news on other centenary events is the announcement of the Anthony Powell 100th Birthday Champagne Party on 21 December 2005 at the College of Arms in London. Please see page 7 for full details.

Wallace Collection Public Lectures
A Times Literary Supplement lecture series in the 150 seat lecture theatre. Lectures begin at 1300 hrs.

Friday 18 November: Ferdinand Mount (relative of Powell) and DJ Taylor in conversation
Friday 9 December: Jeremy Treglown on Powell and the TLS
Friday 20 January: Hilary Spurling on Powell and the visual arts

Regular free lunchtime public lectures in the gallery give a broad introduction to the literary importance and background of Anthony Powell, a critical analysis of the paintings and drawings on show and an examination of his links with the Wallace Collection.

Wallace Collection Special Evening Event
Love and Art in ‘A Dance to the Music of Time’
Saturday 3 December 1800-2000 hrs with optional dinner to follow

Extracts from Anthony Powell’s cyclical 12 novels, compiled by Hugh Massingberd and read by James Purefoy and Annabel Mullion.

Readings and a glass of wine, £20. Readings, wine and a three course Powell themed dinner in Café Bagatelle with music, £40.

Booking Details: Please call 020 7563 9516 or email danielle.cunningham@wallacecollection.org.

James Purefoy and Annabel Mullion (Jenkins and Mona from Channel 4’s 1997 adaptation of the novels) will reunite to read a series of excerpts based around the theme of love in all its extremes of glory and desperation. All the readings will be linked by their references to key works of art mentioned in the novels. Touching and engaging with plenty of jokes and a hint of sexiness ...

Exhibition
Dancing to the Music of Time: The Life and Work of Anthony Powell
The Wallace Collection
Manchester Square, London, W1
3 November 2005 to 5 February 2006
More details on page 30

Centenary Year Events Calendar
The events listed are those which we know about. Please contact the Hon. Secretary if you know of other Anthony Powell related events happening over the coming months. To the best of our knowledge the information given is correct at the time of publication but the Society takes no responsibility for the accuracy of such information. You are advised to check event details before travelling.

Anthony Powell Centenary Conference Events
Full details of conference events and costs are available in the conference booking leaflet. All conference events are open to members and non-members on payment of the appropriate delegate fee.

Thursday 1 December 2005
Pre-Conference Evening Buffet Reception
Imperial College Rector’s House, 170 Queen’s Gate, London, SW7

Friday 2 & Saturday 3 December 2005
Anthony Powell Centenary Conference
Registration from 0900 hrs
Conference: 0945 to 1630 hrs
The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, London, W1

Friday 2 December 2005
The Garden God
A rehearsed reading of Powell’s play
College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4
Curtain up: 1930 hrs

Sunday 4 December 2005
Post-Conference Social Walks & Lunch
A leisurely, guided, Sunday morning walk around parts of Powell’s London and ending at a pub for lunch

1 June to 4 September 2005
Exhibition – Eton and Beyond: Anthony Powell and His Contemporaries
Eton College Library, Eton, Berkshire
Open weekdays, 0930-1300 & 1400-1700

Mid-July to mid-October 2005
Anthony Powell Exhibition
Georgetown University, Washington, DC
Details and dates tbc

September 2005
Anthony Powell Symposium
Georgetown University, Washington, DC
Speakers to include Dr Nicholas Birns and Rosemary Colt; details and dates tbc

Tuesday 11 October 2005
London Group Pub Meet
The Audley, Mount Street, London, W1
1830 to 2130 hrs
An extra London group meet. Details as 12 November

Saturday 22 October 2005
Anthony Powell Society AGM
Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Road, London, E2
AGM at 1400 hrs.
Details in centre spread

1800-2000 hrs
with optional dinner to follow

1 June to 4 September 2005
Exhibition – Eton and Beyond: Anthony Powell and His Contemporaries
Eton College Library, Eton, Berkshire
Open weekdays, 0930-1300 & 1400-1700

Mid-July to mid-October 2005
Anthony Powell Exhibition
Georgetown University, Washington, DC
Details and dates tbc

September 2005
Anthony Powell Symposium
Georgetown University, Washington, DC
Speakers to include Dr Nicholas Birns and Rosemary Colt; details and dates tbc
3 November 2005 to 5 February 2006
Exhibition – Dancing to the Music of Time: The Life and Work of Anthony Powell
The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, London, W1
Details, opening hours, etc. at www.wallacecollection.org or call +44 (0)20 7563 9500
See also page 30

Saturday 12 November 2005
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.
Topic: Venusberg

15 November 2005 to 27 January 2006
Anthony Powell Exhibition
Cambridge University Library, UK
Exhibition open to CUL readers; others by special arrangement with Dr Emily Mitchell on +44 01223 333122

Friday 18 November 2005
Wallace Collection / TLS Public Lecture
Ferdinand Mount and DJ Taylor in conversation
1300 hrs; details page 15

Wednesday 30 November 2005
The Garden God
A rehearsed reading of Powell’s play
College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4
Curtain up: 1930 hrs. Admission: tbc. Joint meeting with Bar Theatrical Society; prior booking essential; details when available from Chairman or Hon. Sec.

Thursday 1 to Sunday 4 December
Anthony Powell Centenary Conference
Full details on page 16

Friday 2 December 2005
Special Powell Centenary, Conference and Christmas Newsletter Published
Members will automatically receive one copy free; additional copies available for a small charge
Details from the Hon. Sec.

Saturday 3 December 2005
Wallace Collection Special Evening Event: Love and Art in ‘A Dance to the Music of Time’
1800 to 2000 hrs. Details page 15

Friday 9 December 2005
Wallace Collection / TLS Public Lecture
Jeremy Treglown on Powell and the TLS
1300 hrs; details page 15

Wednesday 21 December 2005
Anthony Powell 100th Birthday Party
College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4
Celebrate Powell’s actual 100th birthday; open to all; prior booking essential; full details on page 7

Friday 20 January 2006
Wallace Collection / TLS Public Lecture
Hilary Spurling on Powell and the visual arts
1300 hrs; details page 15

22 March to 24 May 2006
Anthony Powell Exhibition
Grolier Club, New York, USA
Details tbc

Centenary Year Subscription Special Offer
Available to new & existing members all grades of membership until 31 December 2005
Pay for 4 years get the 5th year free

Subscriptions Reminder
Members are reminded that subscriptions were due for renewal on 1 April and renewal notices have been sent to those whose membership expired this year. Sadly some 25 members have yet to renew; final reminders are being sent to them. Failure to renew will mean removal from the membership register, and in centenary year that means you won’t be eligible for discounts on conference delegate fees.

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

Members who are UK taxpayers are asked to GiftAid their subscriptions, enabling 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.

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

Issue 21, Winter 2005
Special Powell Centenary, Conference and Christmas Issue
Copy Deadline: 4 November 2005
Publication Date: 2 December 2005

Issue 22, Spring 2006
Copy Deadline: 10 February 2006
Publication Date: 3 March 2006
Your Trash is Worth Cash

Your office trash can be worth hundreds of pounds to the Society! Office materials that normally end up in the bin—toner and printer cartridges, and even old mobile phones—can be recycled to raise valuable cash for us. So if you are guilty of throwing away old inkjet cartridges and other recyclable office materials, read on!

The Society has teamed up with leading recycling company recycling appeal in a scheme that will help boost our funds and help the environment. Every time you donate a cartridge or old mobile phone to us through recycling appeal the Society will receive a cash donation.

Robert Morton of recycling appeal says:

Throwing an old mobile phone away is not a good idea. Mobiles contain cadmium, which is dangerous and highly toxic. Once in a landfill site, the phone casing corrodes and the cadmium leeches out into the soil. So it’s not very environmentally friendly to dump your old mobile. But that’s not the only reason to recycle your old phone.

We recycle old mobiles and give around half the profit to charities. Through our recycling programmes we have been able to donate over £1.5 million to good causes.

Another reason for recycling your phone is that it can help developing countries. Many developing nations do not have a way of communicating over a distance. So put your old mobile phones, inkjet and toner printer cartridges to one side. Call recycling appeal direct on 08712 50 50 50 to arrange free collection from anywhere in the UK or send them in sturdy packaging to:

recycling appeal
Anthony Powell Society
FREEPOST NAT 22768
Falkirk, FK1 2BR

Our UK members will find a plastic mailer enclosed with this Newsletter; this can be used to donate small items. Please quote Account No. 719052 on the mailer to ensure we receive the benefits.

You’ll be helping the environment and helping the Society—and it won’t cost you a penny.

Factfile
- Mobile phones contain cadmium, a dangerous toxic substance.
- Mobiles and printer cartridges are valuable and can be recycled to help poorer nations and the environment.
- Phones that are unsuitable for recycling can be disposed of safely.
- In January 2005 there were over 50 million mobile phones in the UK but only 17 million in active use.
- The UK discards over 2 million printer cartridges annually
- Fewer than 5% of discarded mobiles and printer cartridges are recycled.
- It takes more than 1½ pints of oil to make a new toner cartridge.
- In the last decade it is estimated that worldwide printer cartridges worth over £500 billion were dumped in landfill sites.

Society Strategy Review
Tell us Your Views

As the Hon. Secretary mentions in his column on page 2 the Executive Committee are undertaking a piece of work to formally review the Society’s strategy, directions etc. The work will start this Autumn while we have the momentum of centenary year and continue into 2006.

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; an implementation plan.

The review will actively involve the Society’s Trustees (who have the legal responsibility for the Society) and the non-Executive Officers. But more...

The Society exists because of you, our members and friends. So the Trustees want – indeed need – to know your views. How you would like the Society to develop? What do you believe the Society should be doing?

All members and friends are invited to submit their thoughts and ideas to the review by contacting any of the officers or committee.

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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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Society Strategy Review

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- Others 10p/word, minimum £3
From Adrian Fry
Discussion about Powell and Waugh (in particular the Sword of Honour trilogy) has certainly set me thinking.

For me, Waugh’s real skill was for a sort of absurdist black comedy. When he attempts seriousness his lightness of touch deserts him and he has the air of a club bore exercising his prejudices. Whatever else it is — and it has some fine set pieces — Sword of Honour is a very patchy work, veering from comedy to lumbering pontification. The seriousness with which critics treat Waugh always astounds me — where they should applaud the stylistic innovations of his early comedies, they dwell on his mawkish Catholicism and sentimental reasons; he converted at a time — long, long before I became a religious one. Nothing mawkish about Waugh’s Catholicism — “mawkish” (and I was attracted to Sword of Honour long, long before I became a Catholic myself). Nothing mawkish about Mr Crouchback senior, except possibly to Cecily who confessed (to Miss Prism?) that wicked people were so much more interesting than good ones. And by “wicked” I suspect Cecily meant “naughty”.

On the other hand nothing could be more mawkish than the piety accorded quite a different Sword, that of Stalingrad, symbol of a broken treaty between two really wicked men, and a battle where thousands of Soviet troops appear to have been executed by their own commander and where the first building to be reconstructed and put to its original horrendous use was the NKVD headquarters.

Nothing mawkish about Waugh’s Catholicism: he converted because he could rationally assent to the essential dogmas of the Church rather than for any sentimental reasons; he converted at a time when he felt certain that he could never remarry; and he always gave up his colossal consumption of cigars and alcohol for the forty days of Lent. That took some doing.

From Michael Hexum
There appears to be a great deal of repression in Waugh’s nature which I think was expressed in a rather aesthetic approach to religion which, like some baroque pictures, appears over the top to us. I cannot for one minute claim to share this view, but I think I understand it. I like Waugh because he seems to reflect what is the primary issue of our time, how do we cope with the decline in spiritual values (which are comforting regardless of their accuracy). Powell steps forward as that “man of assurance” taking his metaphor from art rather than science and begins to answer with the Dance 4-5 years later.

From Joan Williams
Michael, I think you have put the position very well. It tackles nicely the difficult issue of a writer who puts his considerable talents at the service of a particular position such as a political or religious one. It seems to me to be a tricky technical thing for a writer to pull off if presented as fiction, because it can so easily shade over into melodrama or propaganda.

Which is why, of course that we are able to have several quite different reactions — one to the writing skill and ability, perhaps another admiring the attempt to deal with current issues and the third to the relative success or failure as a work of art. I’m reminded too of the lovely satirical reference in Powell to this kind of situation — “The pistons of our locomotives sing the songs of our workers”.

From Joe Trenn
In the Little Brown edition of Brideshead Revisited, page 235-236, Waugh, in the voice of Charles Ryder, proposes an unsatisfactory scientific metaphor which he leaves “for the man of assurance” to describe “the little spinning planets of personal relationships … and the cold interstellar space between them” which are “to be found in England and only there”.

From Jeff Manley
I did not mean to suggest that political/religious agendas have no place in novels of either Waugh or Powell. As you so rightly point out, without such subtexts (if that’s the right word) the novel would become nothing more than a diary (although in the case of these two writers even their diaries were more entertaining than most other writers best efforts). It’s more that Powell writes his subtexts into Dance whereas Waugh piles his on (at least in Sword of Honour). The Sword of Honour series would still be a great novel without the religious/political bits written as they are. Indeed it would in my opinion be even better. You could rid the work of Crouchback père with no great loss and Guy needn’t brood so much about his religious beliefs. I could live without the Sword as well but I suppose the title would have to be changed. Indeed, the political subtext is less artificial than the religious one and could probably be left...
largely undisturbed. What you would be left with is Waugh at his best, back on form with the works of the thirties but with more maturity. And the blot that Brideshead Revisited left in his copybook could then be forgiven. You would be left with something much like Powell’s war trilogy with perhaps more sharply drawn comic elements. The malaise with the modern world would still be there but it would not be refracted through the rather tiresome lens of the superimposed religiosity. I would not suggest that this gets out of hand in Sword of Honour to the extent it does in Brideshead Revisited. There is no question that Sword of Honour is written by the same hand as wrote the books of the 1930’s whereas Brideshead Revisited is more like so many other overwritten best sellers of its time.

From Craig Ranapia
Taking that a little further, Waugh’s failures of charity and courtesy are legion and do not need to be rehashed here. And I certainly would not defend Brideshead Revisited as Waugh’s finest work or even a good novel. (I’d even go out on a limb and say I find Powell’s war trilogy superior to Waugh’s, while I regularly re-read Olivia Manning’s Fortunes of War with more pleasure than either.) But I find it disturbing how often even such subtle and insightful critics as Kingsley Amis, Christopher Hitchens, Orwell and even Powell appear to use the novel as an occasion to sneer at the Papists.

To paraphrase Bob Duport on Widmerpool, Waugh was a “chateau-bottled shit” long before he became a Catholic and one he remained until the end of his life. Where I have great difficulty is drawing the conclusion, as many critics of Waugh do, that it reduces his faith to little more than an expression of high Tory camp.

From John Potter
I don’t know if anyone else has seen this, but the 27 May issue of TLS has a very interesting two page review of John Bayley’s new book of literary essays The Power of Delight. The review is by Clive James and the part relevant to APlistsers is as follows:

Bayley much prefers Anthony Powell to Evelyn Waugh. Quoted almost as often as Auden, Powell is treated as a friend throughout the book, and clearly revered as an artist, even when the critic likes some of his novels more than others. (Bayley favours the peacetime volumes of the A Dance to the Music of Time sequence over the wartime ones, thus reversing the usual preference: the reader is left to decide whether the reviewer might be saying this because too many people said the opposite.) Bayley correctly points out that Powell’s chief concern, unlike Waugh’s, was less with the landed gentry than with the higher bohemia and its population of misfits. But probably Bayley’s main reason for preferring Powell to Waugh is that he prefers humanism to mysticism. He just doesn’t think that art and religion make a good match, especially if the religion is an adopted one, as in the case of Waugh – and the case of Graham Greene, by whom he is enthralled even less. Without precisely calling these two eminent Catholic converts perpetrators of a put-up job, he makes it clear that he thinks their religiosity detracts from their scope of vision rather than adding to it.

I’m not sure what’s meant by “a put-up job” in this context, but generally I’d agree with Bayley’s view. I’m also one of those apparently rare people who prefer the peacetime Dance novels, though I still like the wartime trilogy better than Waugh’s Sword of Honour. This is not to say I don’t care at all for Waugh’s novels: I think Decline and Fall is one of the funniest I’ve read and have always liked Brideshead Revisited … despite the religion.

From Jeff Manley
Once again, I find that I agree with almost everything Andrew Clarke says and come away with a better understanding of my own opinions after reading his. As to Croucback père and the Sword of Stalingrad I see Andrew’s point of view, and agree that perhaps the books would be the less by their deletion, at least for some readers. For me, they still remind me of nothing so much as the Stakhanovite heroes and themes that had to be written into Russian novels of the ’30s and ’40s in order to satisfy Stalinist guiding principles. Rather than Socialist realism, Waugh gives us antisocialist mysticism. Contrary to what someone suggested, I find such tendentiousness to be tiresome whatever religious or political principles it may be espousing. And for me, it mars what are otherwise brilliant novels. But even if one skims these sections, the remaining 95% of the novels are among the best things he wrote and I suppose he can be forgiven for the bits he felt obliged to include for a higher calling. The only point I would make is that this never happened to Powell. I’ve read everything except the Aubrey biography and can’t recall any bits I would skim through or delete upon revisiting the book (with the possible exception of the genealogical sections of the memoirs). He simply made his points through describing the lives of his characters. Waugh’s comedy and satire are more pointed but on the whole Powell’s is equally satisfying. Would that Waugh had used his power satire to deal with the theme he addressed by introducing the Sword of Stalingrad – indeed, why didn’t he just apply his satiric talents to that very subject. It would have made the same point more effectively.
From Jeff Manley
Someone wrote (possibly Andrew Clarke but I’m not sure about that):

The Bridesheads, remember, are a convert family: far more typical of English Catholicism would be a congregation of blue-collar Polish or Irish immigrants in a brick barn of a place in Birmingham or North London, complete with Them Holy Pictures and sugary plaster statuary, not to mention sugary hymns.

I didn’t think this was quite accurate although it’s been nearly 20 years since I read Brideshead Revisited (and I certainly have no intention of doing so again). I did however look up the part regarding Mrs Flyte aka Lady Marchmain and it seems her family have been Roman Catholic for many generations, dating back to before the Reformation. So, they are much like the Crouchbacks in that respect. Lord Marchmain was, of course, a convert and that is perhaps to whom the reference was intended. But he was hardly a voluntary one since his conversion was coerced by his marriage (not unlike Graham Greene, but that’s another story). The source of Lord Marchmain’s adherence makes his deathbed “reconversion” all the more incredible. Indeed, if the family had all been voluntary converts, one could sympathize a bit more with the overzealously pedantic observances of the mother, the oldest son (Bridey) and the youngest daughter (Celia). At least in my case, far fewer hackles would be raised.

But I fear this particular book is probably beyond redemption even if heavy editing were applied. Still, one would hate to lose it because with that loss would go Anthony Blanche, Ryder père, and Rex Mottram who are surely among the best of Waugh’s comic creations (and the former two are far and away the best performances in the otherwise overblown Granada TV series of the 1980’s). I take heart from reports that the latest TV version which is in and out of production depending on who is reporting will dispense with the deathbed reconversion scene (and perhaps with the equally unlikely conversion of Charles Ryder).

Fortunately, even though the post-Dance novels were a bit weak and far from Powell at the top of his form, he doesn’t have something like Brideshead Revisited to be lived down or to cause endless embarrassment for his admirers. One APLister noted in an earlier email that Waugh in later years regretted somewhat the purple prose of the Oxford passages and I think I recall reading that he was at least to some degree embarrassed by the book’s huge success in the US (although he was no doubt happy to cash his royalty checks). Religion goes down a treat in any form over here and probably boosted Brideshead Revisited’s US sales. Perhaps that’s why the religious themes in Sword of Honour are a bit more subdued and the Waavian satire and comedy reappear in the other portions of those books.

Black Spring Press are publishing an extensive collection of work by Julian Maclaren-Ross in October 2005 entitled Bitten by the Tarantula and Other Writing. The book brings together essays, reviews, short fiction, fragments of longer fiction, literary parodies, and the eponymous novella, and is compiled and has an introduction by Paul Willetts. The section “Essays on Literature and Book Reviews” will be of particular interest to the Society as many of these pieces were commissioned by Powell. They include the essay “From a Chase to a View (Anthony Powell)” which both reviews A Question of Uprising and also covers Aftemoon Men, Venusberg, From a View to a Death, and Agents and Patients.

A revised and expanded edition of Paul Willetts’s Fear and Loathing in Fitzrovia: the Bizarre Life of Writer, Actor, Soho Dandy Julian Maclaren-Ross, will also be published in October.

Whether Maclaren-Ross was producing reviews, essays, fiction or memoirs, he had that happy knack of being able to make his prose feel vibrant, immediate, effortless and individual. His writing conveys the unmistakable voice of what his friend, the critic Anthony Cronin, called ‘one of the doomed men of Soho’. Reading his work now is akin to viewing some miraculously unearntined film footage, the colour undimmed by the intervening decades. Ahead of the game in so many respects, Maclaren-Ross’s time has, it seems, finally arrived.

[From Paul Willetts’s introduction to Bitten by the Tarantula.]

Ordering Books Online
Don’t forget you can help the Society by ordering your books online via the links on the AP website, www.anthonypowell.org, to Amazon, Amazon UK and Abebooks.

Christmas is Coming! Already stuck for Presents?
What better way to celebrate Christmas and Powell’s centenary than by giving your friends copies of something by Anthony Powell for Christmas. With the new edition of Dance out in paperback giving your friends all 12 volumes plus a year’s membership of the Society is now affordable!
Anthony Powell Society Newsletter #20

STOP PRESS … STOP PRESS *

Some Poets, Artists and ‘A Reference for Mellors’
by Anthony Powell

Early November sees the publication of Some Poets, Artists & ‘A Reference for Mellors’ – Anthony Powell’s long-awaited collection of criticism on poets and artists. The collection, drawn from over four decades of reviews and critical writing, shows Powell at his most incisive and beguiling and closes with A Reference for Mellors, a gem of a parody which imagines that Mellors has found a new job as a gardener and his prospective employer has written to Lady Chatterley for a reference.

Publisher: Timewell Press, 10 Porchester Terrace, London, W2 3TL Phone & Fax: +44 (0)870 760 5250 Publication date: 2 November 2005 ISBN: 1857252101 Price: £25 Now orderable via Amazon UK

STOP PRESS … STOP PRESS *

Seeing Secret Harmonies: Pictures of Anthony Powell

This Wallace Collection/TLS publication which is being released in early November in conjunction with the Wallace Collection’s Exhibition, will contain essays by Ferdinand Mount, Hilary Spurling and Jeremy Treglown. There will also be a piece by the Assistant Director of the Wallace, Jeremy Warren, which will form the exhibition catalogue. Full details are not available as we go to press but when published the book will be available from the Wallace Collection’s shop.

And don’t forget the recent Random House paperback reissue of Dance and Hilary Spurling’s Invitation to the Dance, all of which are now available.

BBC Radio 4 Documentary on Powell and Dance

Sadly Tom Morris’s radio documentary scheduled for broadcast on Thursday 7 July was cancelled at the last minute to allow up to the minute coverage of the London bombings. However the scheduled repeat did go out the following Sunday night – and very good it was too!

We believe that the documentary will be broadcast “properly” later in the year, but at the time of going to press we have no confirmation of this.

Roy Davids’s Portrait Collection For Auction

Roy Davids is selling his collection of portraits of writers, artists, musicians, etc. by auction at Bonham’s (101 New Bond Street, London, W1S 1SR) on 3 October 2005. The portraits are in a wide variety of media including oils, drawings, watercolours, etchings, woodcuts, medallions, photographs, sculptures etc. and range over five centuries. The catalogue (£20) describes the collection comprehensively and is fully illustrated in colour. Estimated prices start at £150.

The sale includes a photograph of Anthony Powell as well as images of many of his friends and contemporaries including: JP Donleavy, TS Eliot, Christopher Fry, John Galsworthy, Graham Greene, Seamus Heaney, James Joyce, Philip Larkin, DH Lawrence, Lady Ottoline Morrell, Peter Quennell, Roger Fry and Augustus John. In all there are over 280 lots.

Is there a Graphic Artist in the House?

We have an idea for a large size (A5) Society postcard illustrating the life and works of our hero. But to realise it we need someone to do the illustrations. If there is a good artist out there who would like to give their time to help the Society by doing the drawings, then the Hon. Secretary would like to hear from them.

Heywood Hill Powell Centenary Catalogue

In November this year Heywood Hill’s bookshop plans to issue a catalogue of books that have been selected from the basement of The Chantry. While the volumes offered will all carry Anthony Powell’s armorial bookplate they are peripheral to the Powell family’s core collections (the family is retaining all association copies and books with presentation inscriptions). There will be a postscript including one or two items from Heywood Hill’s own Powell stock.

If you would like to receive a copy of the catalogue, please send £3 with your name and address to: G Heywood Hill Ltd, 10 Curzon Street, London, W1J 5HH as soon as possible.

Now orderable via Amazon UK
“Bwab”

From: Andrew Clarke

It would be easy to believe that “Bwab” the gentleman who didn’t actually know which regiment he belonged to but believed they had green facings and that you got to them from Victoria Station, was the archetypal Late Victorian knut or Lounge Lizard, especially given his Lord Wotwoteleigh speech defect – “the wottenest wubber of wecent seasons” etc.

Which just goes to show that just as supposed role models might lead to a misconception of fictitious persons (and vice-versa) references to real persons in fiction might be equally misleading. In real life, Bwab [shown right in a Spy cartoon – Ed] appears to have been an extremely effective commander of men at a time when British military administration left a great deal to be desired.

Widmerpool’s Book Collection

From: Bobb Menk

You and I know that the only title ever mentioned for one of Nick Jenkins’s works in Dance, is Borage & Hellebore for his work on Burton.

However, if one watches closely in the final scene of the Channel 4 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:

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

(These are on Widmerpool’s’ bookshelf next to A People’s History of Great Britain.)

Paying the Rent: Collected Reviews

Borage & Hellebore

(These are on Widmerpool’s desk at the top of the pile of stuff he starts to go through.)

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 witter amongst us can come up with other interpretations, read other meanings into them, etc. I just found it an interesting detail to have included in the film.

[It is possible, but I have not been able to check, that Hugh Massingberd may have had a hand in some of these titles – Ed]

Widmerpool and Asperger’s Syndrome

From: Nick Hay

Someone on an email list drew my attention to the following link www.webspawner.com/users/asperger/pagesix.html in which is included the following:

Professor Digby Tantum, who gave me my own diagnosis of Asperger Syndrome, meanwhile agreed with me that Kenneth Widmerpool, the arch villain in A Dance to the Music of Time (serialised by Channel 4 in the autumn of 1997) almost certainly has Asperger Syndrome.

Asperger Syndrome is apparently linked to autism.

Wallace Collection Exhibition

Dancing to the Music of Time: The Life and Work of Anthony Powell

3 November 2005 – 5 February 2006

2005 marks the centenary year of Anthony Powell, one of the most important English novelists of the post war period. Powell retained close ties with the Wallace Collection throughout his life, both as a frequent visitor to the museum and as a friend of its Director, Sir Francis Watson. Significantly, The Wallace Collection also provided the inspiration and title for his most famous work, the cyclical twelve novel sequence A Dance to the Music of Time, inspired by the Poussin painting of the same name which hangs here in the Great Gallery.

To mark this milestone, The Wallace Collection has assembled the most comprehensive exhibition ever on Powell, promising to offer a remarkable portrait of the man, his contemporaries and his work.
Society Merchandise

Oxford Conference Proceedings
The collected papers from the 2003 conference at Balliol College, Oxford.
Price: £7.50 (post free to all members)

Eton Conference Proceedings
Limited edition of 250 numbered copies each signed by the Society’s Patron.
Price: £15 (post free to all members)

Oxford Conference Delegates Book
As given to delegates at the conference.
Price: £1.50

The Master and The Congressman
A 40 page monograph by John Monagan describing his meetings with Anthony Powell. A small treasure for all collectors of Powelliana.
Price: £5 (post free to all members)

BBC Radio Dramatisation of Dance
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 Uprising • 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 25.
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 9.
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 9.
Price: £5.75 (postage rate D)

Society Bookmarks
Price: £1 for 5 (postage rate A)

Newsletter Back Issues
Back numbers of Newsletter issues 1(reprint), 6 and 8 to 19 are still available.
Price: 50p per copy (postage rate B)

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:

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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 cash.

Payment Information
Total amount payable: £

Gift Membership
If this is a gift membership please attach the name & address of the recipient plus any special message on a separate sheet of paper.

Where shall we send the membership?
☐ Direct to the recipient
☐ To you to give to the recipient personally

Please send the completed form and payment to:
Hon. Secretary, The Anthony Powell Society
76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK
Phone: +44 (0)20 8864 4095
Fax: +44 (0)20 8864 6109