2007 Conference
Saturday 8 September
Now Booking
See coloured centrefold

Inaugural Annual
Anthony Powell Lecture
Saturday 17 November
To be given by Tariq Ali
See page 15

Widmerpool Visit
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Notice of AGM 2007
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2007 Conference … Centrefold
From the Secretary’s Desk

We are entering another period of activity for the Society, with a number of important activities over the next few months.

As will be seen elsewhere in this Newsletter we are delighted to be announcing the inauguration of the annual Anthony Powell Lecture. While the trustees have long had the idea of an annual lecture, the realisation is being made possible through our association with The Wallace Collection and we must thank their Assistant Director, Jeremy Warren, for the suggestion that we collaborate on the lectures.

We are equally delighted that the writer and film-maker Tariq Ali has agreed to give the inaugural lecture on 17 November (see page 15). Tariq Ali has long been an admirer of Dance which he says made him “laugh out loud, and often in the strangest places” and which “he urged everyone on the left to read for a proper understanding of English society”. Indeed when interviewed recently in the French magazine Le Nouvel Observateur (8 Feb 2007) Ali chose Dance as one of the three books he would take on a desert island (the others were the complete works of Stendhal and Proust’s À la Recherche).

Also coming up are the fourth biennial conference, the much-discussed visit to the Nottinghamshire village of Widmerpool and the AGM. We are also still working on the proceedings of the Centenary conference and the monograph of the talks from the “Dance for Readers” sessions at the Wallace Collection, both of which we hope to get out in time for the conference.

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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We live in a place called Greenford in west London – actually a part of the London Borough of Ealing. In fact we live in North Greenford, which as you might divine is on the northern boundary of Ealing where it borders the London Boroughs of Harrow and Brent. I mention Harrow because we are little over a mile, as the crow flies, from that other great public school – Harrow, alma mater of Society Vice-President Hugh Massingberd. In the other direction we are around seven flying miles from Heathrow Airport.

Greenford is very definitely the suburbs. It comprises mostly red brick houses – both terraced and semi-detached – built in the 1920s and 1930s; there are also a number of council housing estates and a very few grander houses.

When we moved there in July 1981 I looked on the area as a fairly dull, if relatively green, area of suburban London with nothing to recommend it in the way of history.

Well yes it is that – at least compared with the area of Waltham Cross and Cheshunt (just outside the northern edge of Greater London) where I grew up. My childhood was pervaded with history. I lived about half a mile from the site of the former Theobalds Palace – built by Lord Burghley and later exchanged by Robert Cecil for James I’s Hatfield House. I remember in my teens there was still the abandoned, early Victorian, Old Palace House on the site which incorporated a couple of the original large Tudor windows from the palace. Just beyond Theobalds, on a cart track, in the middle of a wood, by the side of the old Roman Ermine Street, stood the decaying and vandalised Temple Bar – once the gateway into the City of London at the junction of Strand and Fleet Street, and now thankfully restored to the city near St Paul’s Cathedral. A couple of miles further off was Cheshunt Great House, once owned by Cardinal Wolsey.

A couple of miles in the other direction across the Lea Valley was Waltham Abbey – founded by Harold Godwinson, whose battle cry was “For the Holy Cross of Waltham” and where he was allegedly buried after our last home defeat by the French in 1066. Waltham was an important abbey; so important it was one of the overnight resting places of the body of Eleanor of Castile, Edward I’s queen, who died at Harby, Nottinghamshire in 1290 and whose cortège wound its way, from abbey to abbey, to her burial at Westminster. The grieving Edward erected memorial crosses (12 in all) close to each of the abbeys where the cortège stopped.
overnight, the one near Waltham Abbey being at what is now Waltham Cross, the nearest piece of firm ground. Waltham is one of only two remaining original crosses – the other is at Geddington in Northampton. The most famous is the final one: Charing Cross; sadly the cross now outside London’s Charing Cross Station is a relocated Victorian replica.

These then are the highlights (and they are only the highlights) of the local history I grew up with. Almost anywhere is going to pale by comparison. But let us not dismiss the history of suburban Greenford. It may not be as grand as the history of my childhood home, but it is interesting nonetheless.

Do you remember the scene in *The Acceptance World* where Jenkins, Jean and Lady Anne Stepney meet Umfraville at Foppa’s? A scene which Spurling dates to Spring 1933.

Foppa was decidedly short, always exquisitely dressed in a neat blue, or brown, suit, his tiny feet encased in excruciatingly tight shoes of light tan shade […] He was a great gambler, and sometimes spent his week-ends taking part in trotting races somewhere not far from London, perhaps at Greenford in Middlesex. Hanging behind the bar was a framed photograph of himself competing in one of these trotting events, armed with a long whip, wearing a jockey cap, his small person almost hidden between the tail of his horse and the giant wheels of the sulky. The snapshot recalled a design of Degas or Guys. That was the world, aesthetically speaking, to which Foppa belonged. [AW, 146]

‘I am Dicky Umfraville,’ he said. ‘I don’t expect you have ever heard of me, because I have been away from this country for so long. I used to see something of your [Anne Stepney’s] father [Lord Bridgenorth] when he owned Yellow Jack. In fact I won a whole heap of money on that horse once. None of it left now, I regret to say.’ [AW, 152]

He [Umfraville] continued now to address himself to Anne Stepney. ‘Do you ever go to trotting races?’

‘No.’

She looked very surprised at the question.

‘I thought not,’ he said, laughing at her astonishment. ‘I became interested when I was in the States. The Yanks are very keen on trotting
races. So are the French. In this country no one much ever seems to go. However, I met Foppa, here, down at Greenford the other day and we got on so well that we arranged to go to Caversham together. The next thing is I find myself playing piquet with him in his own joint.’ [AW, 153]

“Greenford in Middlesex”? “Trotting races”? A couple of throw-away comments? Just something AP made up to add a little verisimilitude? Or so I thought.

About a mile and a half from my house in Greenford, in the next-door, erstwhile village of Northolt, is a council estate called “the Racecourse Estate”, which I have seen described as “Chav Housing”. It isn’t the estate where Ealing put all their most undesirable tenants, but it is only one rung up the ladder and it is a no-go area for many of the local taxi companies. A nice area – not! But why “the Racecourse Estate”? And why are all the roads named after UK racecourses: Kempton Avenue, Newmarket Avenue, Cheltenham Close, Ascot Close, etc.?

Very simply because there was once a racecourse here! The estate is built on the site of the old Northolt Park racecourse which was opened in 1929 and closed early in WWII when requisitioned first as an Ordnance Corps depot and later as a camp for Italian PoWs. After the war the land was eventually sold off to the local council for housing development.

Although active for only about a dozen years it was, in its day, well known – not for its thoroughbred racing but because it featured pony racing: a less expensive and a more accessible sport for the *nouveau riche*. Apparently there were some attempts to run trotting races at Northolt Park when the pony racing flagged in 1939, and to this end a shorter course was built nearer the stands, the bottom of the course being too boggy for trotting. The course was also used as the set for George Formby’s film *Come on George* (1939).

Ah-ha, you think; so this is where those trotting races took place and AP has moved the venue a mile down the road, and changed the date, perhaps to disguise it a little. Well, yes, this is indeed what I thought and what I set out to verify. But I was wrong. The trotting races really were staged in Greenford, at another site also about a mile and a half from my house.

Between Greenford station and the A40 (no that’s not the Great West Road of the “electrically illuminated young lady in a bathing dress [who] dives eternally through the petrol-tainted air” [AW, p 64]; that’s the A4 about 5 miles away) there is another 1930s housing estate and GlaxoSmithKline’s sports ground. And I discovered, almost by accident, that the London Trotting Club had a track there, just off Birkbeck Avenue. Greenford Park, as the track was known, opened in 1919 and for a decade or so was the premier venue for trotting races in the south of England. These events are described in Huggins as:

[...] largely lost to history [...] many unlicensed and unregulated trotting and ‘flapping’ events, unreported in the *Racing Calendar* or *Ruff’s Guide*,

*Northolt Park Racecourse 1935. Paddock at the Pony Races by Alfred Egerton Cooper*
like Hendon or Greenford Park, described by one jockey as ‘great fun ... and I suspect, very crooked’. [Huggins, p 16]

Sadly the popularity of trotting races was short-lived. In 1928 Ealing and District Motorcycle Club started dirt-track (speedway) racing at Greenford Park and there were even events for the small racing cars of the Junior Car Club. Although it wasn’t the first, Greenford Park appears to have been one of the earliest speedway tracks in the UK. Greyhound racing was also apparently staged at Greenford, although I have found no definitive description of this.

The Greenford Park circuit closed in 1935 and houses were built on it, with three roads (Stanley Avenue, Jeymer Drive and Lincoln Close) appearing to follow almost exactly the lines of the old circuit. Its location is shown on a 1932 map of the area which advertises another new local housing development nearer Northolt Park racecourse.

While this scant information is all I have so far been able to find about either the Greenford Park course or the London Trotting Club there are on the internet a couple of old, very grainy, newsreel films showing trotting races at Greenford, one of them with the houses of Birkbeck Avenue in the background. No doubt Gunnersbury Museum or the local history collection at Ealing Libraries will have more.
AP does not make things up; he adapts, very adeptly, what is already there for his own purposes. How many authors would have included this level of detail? Most would have omitted all reference to Greenford and written just “We met at the races”. Subtle and diverse is the social history which is quietly woven into Dance!

In 1981 when we bought the house, I knew none of this. Indeed I had scarcely heard of Anthony Powell.

[As a Powellite aside, I noticed in researching this article that the British Harness Racing Club – who regulate the modern equivalent of trotting races – has a circuit at the village of Cullingworth in Yorkshire. My mother’s family name (and my middle name) is Cullingworth, and yes the family do originally, several generations back, come from that area of Yorkshire, although as far as I know we have no connection with horses other than as small farmers and AgLabs.]

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London Motorcycle Museum; www.motorcycle-uk.com/lmm/beginning.html
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Readers of Powell biographies can hardly fail to detect the gnashing of authorial teeth at the paucity of material on the novelist’s love life. The frustration on the part of publishers can have been no less: for sex sells, and literary sex sells best of all. Yet Powell contrived to blanket himself in a discretion that reduced Barber to discreet, if informed, guesswork. Even Hilary Spurling’s forthcoming official biography drawing upon the private papers may do little to dispel the fog. As is evident from the memoirs and journals, Powell did not consider it quite the done thing to talk about his own love life in any detail.

To the student of his work this is less than satisfactory. As Pascal observed, “The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing of”. Can we truly understand Powell if we remain ignorant of the movements of his own heart? A slim volume of mature verse might have supplied the lack, but such remains to be unearthed, if indeed it exists.

Perhaps there is another direction in which to look, far to the south of Somerset. Novelists of the highest calibre often share a desire to record their own emotional turmoil, but in ways that deflect attempts to trace back from fictional cataracts to the sources that welled up in their own lives. In this respect, as in others, Powell’s approach shares something with that of a writer whose command of character and narrative style he admired, and whose deployment of irony exerted an irresistible appeal. Let us, then, follow this writer on the voyage he undertook, noting its employment in his work, and searching out the emotional forces unleashed.

From sixty miles out the mountains of Mauritius rise up from the Indian Ocean. Joseph Conrad first espied them on the empty horizon after weeks at sea.

I became entranced by this blue, pinnacled apparition, almost transparent against the light of the sky, the astral body of an island ascended to greet me from afar.

So begins one of the novelist’s strangest and least-known tales, *A Smile of Fortune*.

Conrad put into Port Louis in September 1888, as captain of the sailing barque *Otago*. Ashore he discovered a society perfectly preserved in the aspic of tropical isolation: aristocratic French planters, British colonial officers, indentured Indian labourers, and the descendants of

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**Powell and the Smile of Fortune**

*Julian Allason* proposes a methodology for the resolution of the mystery of Powell’s opaque love life – by contemplating Conrad’s heartbreak on the island of Mauritius.
Malagasy slaves. All dwelling in close proximity, yet separated utterly by history. The cultural chasm was bridged by a single span – the Creole language.

You hear Creole spoken everywhere in Mauritius today. A patois bare of grammar, in which French, African and Indian words jostle cheerfully. It is not taught, indeed lacks formal recognition, so may be spelled at whim. “Qui Maniere?” – How are you? “Mari bon!” – Very well. In a nation of a little over a million people, in which no fewer than 22 languages are spoken, Creole remains the lingua franca that binds Mauritians. English, the official tongue, runs French a poor third, and the few volumes of A Dance to the Music of Time to be found in Port Louis’s library show little sign of study.

Through some miracle of marketing the largely featureless island of Mauritius has been presented as the perfect tropical paradise, inhabited by peaceable people anxious only to serve western visitors. The truth is somewhat more complex, encompassing past race riots, a capital now choked by traffic, and some questionable development.

All of this seems a world away in the lush south, where sleepy villages with names like Floreal, Quatre Cocos and Flic-en-Flac dot the road along a coast blessed with immaculate coral beaches. They remain much as Conrad would have seen them. 158 years of British rule have left but the lightest impression on the people. Even the landscape manifests an otherness quite alien to the English eye. Undulating highlands of sugar cane extend towards a rim of distant, jagged mountains, remnants of ancient cataclysm. Here and there the vegetation is broken by sinister ziggurats of dark, volcanic rock, monuments to generations of ploughmen. Occasionally the chimney of an abandoned sugar mill spires skyward. Close by, sheltered behind banyan and banardier, reposes a miniature chateau in wood, the mansion of the planter.

At the time of Conrad’s visit the French were in eclipse. His tale begins with the arrival of an unnamed English sea captain in a sailing vessel, come for sugar. He encounters the old French families, descendants of the old colonists; all noble, all impoverished, and living a narrow domestic life in dull, dignified decay. The men, as a rule, occupy inferior posts in Government offices or in business houses. The girls are almost always pretty, ignorant of the world, kind and agreeable and generally bilingual. The emptiness of their existence passes belief.

Mauritians maintain that the captain in the story was Conrad himself, and that its substance is true. In the 18th and 19th centuries commerce rested in the hands of merchants like the character Jacobus, a descendent of the Dutch who had first occupied the island, naming it after their prince. Jacobus is portrayed as an affable man, a gentleman chandler beset by hidden shame. Extramarital passion for

Beach at Flic-en-Flac, Mauritius
the bareback rider of a visiting circus had resulted in a child, and scandal. For eighteen years this daughter, Alice, is confined to Jacobus’s house, seeing no one but a governess. Such houses, with their gingerbread verandas and luxuriant gardens, can still be seen on the outskirts of Port Louis. They guard their secrets well behind jalousies tightly shut like eyes, fast asleep in the afternoon sun.

When Conrad’s captain is invited to the house of Jacobus, he is irresistibly drawn to the wild, beautiful Alice.

For quite a time she did not stir, staring straight before her as if watching the vision of some pageant passing through the garden in the deep, rich glow of light and the splendour of flowers.

This interior quality and affinity with nature remains characteristic of Mauritians. Churches and temples are full, and festivals of the many faiths enthusiastically celebrated by all.

Sugar, still the principal export, remains under the control of the colon oligarchy. Originally each estate had its own mill and great house. Now the cane is harvested, partly mechanically, the rest by hard manual labour, then transported to a handful of modern processing plants. Centralisation has left many of the graceful wooden plantation houses in danger of dereliction, the cost of maintenance unaffordable in the face of regular cyclones. One ravishing maison creole is Eureka, built in 1830. Nestling in luxuriant gardens at the foot of the Moka range, it possesses no less than 109 doors, all just about on their hinges. Inside descendants of the original owners have managed to preserve their collection of Sevres porcelain and period furniture imported by the French East India Company. But the teak floors lurch under foot and the roof is a worry. Gorgeously run-down Eureka may be, but to recline in a planters chair on the long veranda sipping vanilla tea, is to experience the gracious way of life that Conrad discovered, Powell admired, and which still stubbornly declines surrender.

The suffering of Alice Jacobus was true enough. A dusty old copy of the Dictionary of Mauritian Biography unearthed by the scholar Zdzislaw Najder reveals her character to be a fictionalised version of seventeen-year-old Alice Shaw, whose father was a shipping agent and owned the only rose garden in the town. For all Conrad’s Powellian discretion Mauritian legend has now been vindicated by Professor Najder’s discovery that the novelist also fell in love while in Mauritius. But not with Alice. His proposal to young Eugenie Renouf was declined, the lady being already engaged. Conrad left broken-hearted, vowing never to return or to speak about it.

In this he was true to his word. Yet such was the force of the experience that refrain from writing of it he could not. Conrad’s own feelings seem to permeate the recollections of the captain.

I was seduced by the moody expression of her face, by her obstinate silences, her rare, scornful words; by the perpetual pout of her closed lips, the black depths of her fixed gaze turned slowly upon me as if in contemptuous provocation.

He could also have been speaking of Mauritius as it was then. But times change, and the island has since come to enjoy – and share – its own smile of fortune.
The extent of Conrad’s influence upon Powell awaits definitive assessment. But, as Nicholas Birns points out, the latter’s interest can be gauged by the number of books about Conrad that he chose to review – see *Miscellaneous Verdicts* – and by the references to him in the *Journals*.

The question thus raised is: in which of Powell’s works might we find the key to his own heart? Could it be in Nick Jenkins’ passion for Jean, an affair described in agonising detail far more explicit than that afforded his love for Lady Isobel? Seated in the seaside bar with Bob Duport years later the revelation of her succession of affairs drives a stiletto through Nick’s heart, the pain of which could hardly have been portrayed by one who had not himself experienced betrayal, bitterness and jealousy. At first sight it is the relationship with Jean that provides the vehicle for what romantic emotion there is in the novel, yet, while its passion is transparent, its nature remains opaque.

Perhaps the clues are also to be found elsewhere? Literary detectives could do worse than turn their magnifying glasses upon the text of the *Dance* with a view to resolving a mystery that may yield to their enquiries as successfully as has the investigation of character models. For as Poe wrote in *The Gold Bug*,

> It may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve.

**Bibliography & References**


William Donaldson was born in 1935, the son of a shipping magnate. He was educated at Winchester, where he discovered that he had lost the contest for the title of stupidest boy in the school when his competitor, an Earl, was advised to “try Eton” after just one term.

Donaldson’s trouble started when he was fifteen and his indulgent parents took him to see the Folies Bergère. Immediately he developed a fixation for pornography and the company of “escort girls”. During his National Service as a submariner he raised eyebrows by addressing his fellow officers on “Ballet as a career for men” when called upon to give a lecture. At Cambridge he co-edited a respected literary magazine, Gemini, but gained the reputation of a moneyed gadabout. Upon graduating he hoped seriously to become a ballet critic. But then he joined the advertising company, Ogilvie and Mather, and did not bother turning up for work on his second day after being asked to write a commercial for Ovaltine.

Fortunately Donaldson’s father died, an alcoholic, in 1957, leaving him £175,000. Donaldson then bought a theatrical company – “in order to audition actresses” – and became an impresario. His was an initial success, co-producing Beyond the Fringe and dramatisations of JP Donleavy’s The Ginger Man and Spike Milligan’s The Bed-Sitting Room.

He spent two years with the actress Sarah Miles, who later complained of Donaldson “adjusting his cufflinks” as he seduced her.

In 1965, despite having lost a good deal of money in unwise theatrical ventures, Donaldson tried to put on The Garden God by Anthony Powell. As those Society members who attended the play’s reading at the College of Arms in 2005 will know, the theme of the play is that the Roman deity Priapus is disturbed by a group of archaeologists and returns to investigate, with some dissatisfaction, their sexual lives. Powell, through a mutual friend, Richard Schulman, had approached Donaldson who he described as “a pale, fair-haired young man of decidedly raffish appearance”. Donaldson liked the play and, despite the fact that he was now almost completely without funds, behaved as if a production could be mounted at any moment. “These lunches were thoroughly enjoyable,” Powell wrote in The Strangers All Are Gone. Unfortunately there had been some unpleasant, unspecified business in Liverpool after which Donaldson had been obliged to go into hiding. “No one seemed to know where he had gone,” wrote Powell. “I never set eyes on him again in the flesh”.

Donaldson soon squandered his remaining theatrical profits on ladies and ill-conceived projects. Not even blackmailing a High Court judge (whom
he’d been seduced by at Winchester) could stave off bankruptcy. In 1971 he fled his creditors and left for Ibiza, where he spent his last £2,000 on a glass-bottomed boat, hoping to make money out of tourists. By the end of the season, he had no money left and had to sell the boat for £250. He returned to London when he heard that a former girlfriend had gone on the game, so moved in to her Chelsea brothel as her pimp. He used his experiences as the basis for his first book, *Both the Ladies and the Gentlemen* (1975).

In 1980 he published *The Henry Root Letters*, a collection of correspondence from a supposedly retired wet-fish merchant and bigot, Henry Root, whose deranged letters to the great and the good, often enclosing small sums of money, elicited some equally deranged and revealing responses. For example, he wrote to the young Harriet Harman (then at the National Council for Civil Liberties) and advised “a pretty girl like you” to read the news or go on stage, enclosing a pound note towards “a pretty dress”, and advised her to get in touch with his good friend Lord Delfont.

After a succession of “toilet books”, in 1994 Donaldson went bankrupt again. A girlfriend introduced him to crack cocaine and he became addicted. He pulled himself together enough in 2002 to produce the superb *Brewers Rogues, Villains and Eccentrics*, but died a few years later.

Terence Blacker has written an excellent and sympathetic biography of a truly satiric writer, a man who chose to portray himself as a reckless decadent, a corrupter of innocence, a moral bankrupt, a chancer, a squanderer of money, privilege and luck.
Society Events

Visit to Widmerpool – Saturday 14 July

The long-awaited Society outing to the Nottinghamshire village of Widmerpool (about 12 miles (20 km) SE of Nottingham) is now confirmed for Saturday 14 July. The day’s itinerary will be:

• Meet at Nottingham County Record Office reception at 1045 for 1100. Members travelling from London can arrive in time by catching the 0855 hrs train from St Pancras. Relatively cheap rail fares may be obtained by booking online in advance.
• Visit Nottinghamshire County Records Office to view some Widmerpool family archive papers
• Minibus to Widmerpool village where we will lunch (buy your own) at the The Pullman, formerly Widmerpool railway station.
• After lunch we will visit Widmerpool church, Widmerpool Hall (Victorian Jacobethan, now being converted into flats) and the nearby Wysall church where there is a Widmerpool monument
• Return to Nottingham station in time for the 1730 hrs train to London.

We have booked an 18-seater minibus, so places are limited and will be allocated on a first-come-first-served basis. The cost of the day is £17, excluding lunch and travel to Nottingham. Please return the booking form below to the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible.

Widmerpool Visit, Saturday 14 July, Booking Form

I would like to book _____ tickets for the Widmerpool visit on Sat 14 July at £17 each. If you have already paid a deposit, don’t forget to deduct this from your payment!

☐ 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: __________________________

Name: ________________________________
Address: ______________________________

Telephone: __________________________ Fax: __________________________
Email: ______________________________

Return to: Anthony Powell Society, 76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK.
Phone: + 44 (0)20 8864 4095  Fax: + 44 (0)20 8864 6109
Saturday 14 July
Visit to the Nottinghamshire village of Widmerpool
See page 14 for details.

Saturday 11 August 2007
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.

Saturday 8 September 2007
Fourth Biennial Conference
University of Bath
See coloured centrefold for details.

Saturday 27 October 2007
Annual General Meeting
The Lamb Public House,
Lamb’s Conduit Street, London WC1
1400 hrs
Followed at 1500 hrs by a
Talk from Patric Dickinson
See page 17 for details.

Saturday 10 November 2007
London Group Pub Meet
As for Saturday 11 August.

Saturday 17 November 2007
Inaugural Anthony Powell Lecture
given by Tariq Ali
The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, London, W1
See opposite; further details & booking information in the next Newsletter.

Saturday 1 December 2007
London Group Powell Birthday Lunch
Full details in the next Newsletter.

Annual Anthony Powell Lecture
The Society in partnership with The Wallace Collection is pleased to launch the annual Anthony Powell Lecture.

We are especially delighted that the inaugural lecture will be given by the writer, journalist and film-maker Tariq Ali.

Come Dancing
Some Reflections on the Work of Anthony Powell
given by Tariq Ali
Evening Saturday 17 November 2007
Wallace Collection, London, W1

Tariq Ali was born in Lahore and educated at Oxford University, where he became involved in student politics. In the 1980s his TV production company made programmes for UK Channel 4. He is a regular broadcaster and contributor to publications including The Guardian and the London Review of Books. He has written books on Islam and politics plus a series of historical novels about Islam. He has been an admirer of Powell’s work for many years.

The Wallace Collection’s restaurant, Oliver Peyton’s brasserie de luxe, will be open after the lecture. Guests wishing to dine should book in advance directly with the restaurant.

Further details and booking information in the next Newsletter.
Local Group News

London Group Pub Meet
    By Noreen Marshall

We began with names. Notably, was Gypsy Jones her real name? Can she really have been christened ‘Gypsy’? While unusual, Gypsy is found elsewhere in fiction: for example Angela Brazil’s Gipsy Latimer in The Leader of the Lower School (1913) is roughly a contemporary although in this case Gipsy is a nickname. Or is Miss Jones another Dance character with Welsh blood? Gwladys, or Gwen perhaps? And then just what did AP have against Hendon Central, anyway?

Elwin reported on having read Koyama Taichi’s book The Novels of Anthony Powell in its entirety and on his disagreement with much of the author’s main thesis. Graham talked about a website on which one can catalogue all one’s books.

The Widmerpool outing is acquiring a distinctly mythical quality. Despite the feature on it in the last Newsletter we had to assure people it is real: it happens on 14 July and details can be found on page 14.

The origin of the guinea (21 shillings; £1.05) was discussed. It was initially issued as a coin made of gold from Guinea in West Africa, in 1663. (The Archivist mistakenly thought it was later but was thinking of the ‘military guinea’ issue of 1813). Guineas continued as a value, notably for luxury goods, long after their withdrawal from circulation: Dicky Umfraville, for one, would have been familiar with them in a horse-racing and trotting context (see page 3), and indeed to this day horses are sold in guineas at Tattersalls.

Discussion also ranged across the Eurovision Song Contest; family history including Scottish ancestry; pensions and retirement; whether there was a model for Roddy Cutts; Whitbread and other breweries; Peter Sellers’ “Party Political Speech”, a brilliant satire on Harold Macmillan; the price of books; and Society subscription rates.

Present were: John Blaxter, Graham and Dorothy Davie, Derek Hawes, Keith and Noreen Marshall, Derek Miles, Sandy Morrison, Guy Robinson, Victor Spouge and Elwin Taylor.
Local Group News

Report from the Stockholm Group
By Hans Johansson

The Stockholm group met on 12 March in the restaurant at the Music Museum, this time without participant from Finland, since Kaarina Huhtala was excused. As usual the discussion touched on a lot of Powell-related – and other – topics.

As Hans was rereading the war books that was the starting point. There was a unanimous wish that there should be published in the Newsletter an explanation of the military abbreviations therein. Even if one can guess the meaning of some of them, that is not possible with all of them if you are not born English speaking and, added Regina and Malin, specially if you have no military experience.

We all agreed that though the interaction between the persons in Dance is what is most interesting in the books, for us as non-British an added quality is the picture they convey of the living and habits among a certain group of people in London during 1920-1970. For many reasons we doubted that a Swedish Dance could have been written.

It appeared that we were all puzzled by the description of Odo Stevens; none of us had been able to decide whether he was a likeable person or not.

Looking forward to Bath – where we all intended to go – we parted.

[An index to the military abbreviations in the war trilogy of Dance already exists and may be found at www.andover.edu/english/jgould/dance/dance09.html#story – Ed]

Annual General Meeting 2007

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of The Anthony Powell Society will be held on Saturday 27 October 2007 at The Lamb Public House, Lamb’s Conduit Street, London WC1, commencing at 1400 hrs.

Nominations for the three Executive Officers (Chairman, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer) and up to six Executive Committee Members must reach the Hon. Secretary by Saturday 4 August 2007. Candidates must be proposed by two members, indicate their willingness to stand and provide a short biographical statement. Nominations will be accepted by e-mail, post or fax.

Chairman. As announced in the last Newsletter, Patric Dickinson is standing down as Chairman. We would like to hear from any member who is willing to take on this important, but not difficult, role.

Motions for discussion at the AGM must reach the Hon. Secretary by Saturday 4 August 2007. They must be clearly worded, proposed by at least two members and contain a statement in support of the motion which will be published to members.

The AGM agenda and voting papers will be included with the Autumn Newsletter in early September. Proxy votes must reach the Hon. Secretary by Friday 19 October 2007.

The AGM will be followed at 1500hrs by a talk from outgoing Chairman, Patric Dickinson

Note: Members of the Executive Committee (three officers and six committee members) are the Society’s legal trustees. Those elected must not be barred from being trustees under English law and a majority of the trustees must be ordinarily resident in England and Wales.
## Subscriptions

### Subscription Changes

In undertaking a periodic review of Society finances and subscriptions the trustees have concluded that it is time to make some adjustments. While an increase in subscriptions is not needed at this time (indeed some members will see a reduction) we need to compensate for the increasing cost of overseas postage. The trustees have therefore agreed the following changes to the membership and subscription structure.

- **The Gold and Founder membership grades will be withdrawn from 1 April 2008. Current Gold members will revert to being Individual members. Existing Founder members will retain their status but pay at the Individual rate.**
- **To compensate for the above, those few Gold and Founder members who have already pre-paid subscriptions to 2009 and 2010 will have their membership extended by one year, and those paid up beyond 2010 will have their renewal date extended by two years.**
- **In order to more equitably distribute the escalating cost of overseas postage it has been decided to introduce an annual £5 supplement payable by all non-UK members. This represents around 65% of the additional postage costs incurred mailing the Newsletter and journal overseas as compared with the UK while recognising overseas members have less ready access to Society events. We hope that this will not deter our overseas members.**
- **These changes take effect immediately for new members and on 01/01/2008 for existing membership renewals.**
- **It is anticipated that all subscription rates will need to rise by around £2 from 2009, but this will be reviewed again by the trustees in mid-2008.**

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### Subscription Renewal

Subscription renewal was due on 1 April and renewal notices were sent out during March to those members whose subscription expires this year. **To help keep down costs, and subscription rates, please renew promptly.**

The “5 years for the price of 4” membership offer is to continue indefinitely, subject to annual review by the trustees.

Payments can be made by Standing Order (UK members only) and recurring credit card transactions; appropriate forms are 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 worth 28p for every £1 paid to the Society.

Any member who does not renew their subscription by September will be removed from the membership register.
From an article by Blake Morrison in The Guardian:
“If you believe the websites, the age of New Labour was predicted as long ago as 1954, in a science-fiction novel by AJ Merak called Dark Andromeda which includes innovations such as compulsory ID cards. It’s also possible to glimpse Blair in a character such as Kenneth Widmerpool, from Anthony Powell’s A Dance to the Music of Time, whose ‘unscintillating’ early career masks a ruthless push for power.”

From an article by Craig Brown in The Daily Telegraph about things people have never done:
“I have never read the Koran, been parachuting, ridden in a stretch limo, had psychoanalysis, visited Disneyland or a prison, finished a book by Anthony Powell, started a book by Salman Rushdie, baked a soufflé or punched my arms up and down in the air while dancing to “Hi Ho Silver Lining”.

From an article by Matthew Sweet in The Guardian about British “B-Movies”:
“A good 60% of the quota quickies have been lost forever. Some years ago, a huge stockpile made at Teddington Studios was offered to the National Film Archive; they picked a few representative titles and waved the rest away, presumably to the incinerator. Michael Powell, Googie Withers, Errol Flynn and the novelist Anthony Powell all clocked on at Teddington during those years, and Martin Scorsese is currently leading the search for any that might have survived.”

From a Diary entry in The Spectator by Marianne Macdonald:
“It’s been ten years since I started doing celebrity interviews and these days I often find myself interviewing people I have interviewed before or, if not them, their wife, or ex-wife, mother, son, or boyfriend. I do wish someone had told me at 18 that life was a real-time version of an Anthony Powell novel and that you would meet the same people that you casually chatted to in clubs, at drinks parties or at dinners, aged 20 or 23, at five-yearly intervals for the rest of your life. Worse, that they would remember all the incredibly embarrassing things you said.”

From The Times, 15 March 2007:
“Costs soar by 40% as road building schemes get stuck in the slow lane.” The article lists 10 schemes which are over budget. Number 1 in the list is the A46 Widmerpool bypass, now over-spent by some £138M against an original cost of £82M. As Susan Thomson, one of several who alerted us to this, remarks “Kenneth would be proud”.

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From the APLIST

From John Gould
I am presently listening to *Mansfield Park* on tape, which is proving very pleasant. You all may recall that in *Mansfield Park*, the less savoury Bertrams along with the dubious Crawfords get up a theatrical event that deeply offends Bertram père when he returns unexpectedly.

I suddenly saw this moment as Widmerpool bursting in on the Seven Deadly Sins, with Sir Magnus and the others in splendid disarray. Perhaps it’s just my own fancy, but Widmerpool does seem very parentlike here, and the tableau actors as naughty as the Bertram-Crawford ménage. Anyway, I thought it would be fun to pass on.

From Jeanne Reed
The recent movie [of *Mansfield Park*] made much of the supposition that Sir Thomas [Bertram’s] wealth is based on slavery – any parallel with the sources of wealth of any of the Seven Deadly Sins participants?

From Colin Donald
Great spot, John! I think this is a very exciting connection, and has to be conscious on Powell’s part, which to my knowledge makes it the only significant reference to Jane Austen in the entire Powell oeuvre. I have often thought this reticence about her was odd, given her importance.

The obvious similarities are the sudden interruption of people behaving in an inappropriate manner, and the great house setting (though unlike Stourwater, Mansfield Park was a “new build” mansion). But also, the intense sexual cat-fight between Julia and Maria Bertram for the attentions of the womaniser Henry Crawford, is obliquely echoed by that between Betty and Anne Umfraville, the former having a tantrum when Peter performs the “lust” tableau with the latter.

As the interrupting agent Widmerpool does share pomposity and authoritarianism with Sir Thomas Bertram, but otherwise they only have complexity in common. (If forced to choose, I would have to say that Sir Thomas is the more credible and satisfyingly-drawn character).

Sir Thomas is one of Austen’s most brilliant characters, though unlike Widmerpool, it’s a role for a supporting actor, a highly ambitious short-sighted, morally rather stupid but essentially good and kind man. Without saying very much explicitly Austen implies a whole lot about his plantation-derived [ie. slave-derived] new money, unease about his social

Copy Deadlines
The deadlines for receipt of articles and advertisements for forthcoming issues of *Newsletter* and *Secret Harmonies* are:

**Newsletter #28, Autumn 2007**
Copy Deadline: 17 August 2007
Publication Date: 7 September 2007

**Newsletter #29, Winter 2007**
Copy Deadline: 16 November 2007
Publication Date: 7 December 2007

**Secret Harmonies #2, 2007**
Copy Deadline: 7 September 2007
Publication Date: 27 October 2007
position, and attitude to women, who all let him down (his lazy wife, insanely bitchy sister in law and horny, selfish daughters).

In one film version, by the way, Sir Thomas was played by the playwright/actor Harold Pinter, Powell’s nephew-in-law.

From Ellen Jordan
Colin Donald writes that the similarities between the theatricals at Mansfield Park and at Stourwater are “the only significant reference to Jane Austen in the entire Powell oeuvre. I have often thought this reticence about her was odd, given her importance.”

Powell may not have been a great reader of Austen but he must have heard a lot about her. Apart from his wife’s passion for her which must have meant listening to a lot of Austen chat on social and family occasions, he records (Faces in My Time, p 124) that “it became a firm tradition for us […] to attend the annual meeting of the Jane Austen Society, held in the gardens of Chawton House”, presumably, given the context, during the years when he was writing Dance.

On the other hand the fact that there are only three very brief references to her in the journals and collected criticism, only one of which refers to her work, suggests that she was not much in his thoughts and so probably of limited influence on his writing. I have to say that I remain unconvincing that Powell was much influenced by Austen in recounting the theatricals at Stourwater. I love both books very much but to me the similarities seem surface ones, the kind of thing that any author writing about amateur theatricals is likely to bring in. Probably if one tried one could think up similar parallels between the Stourwater theatricals and the charades in Jane Eyre, although Charlotte Bronte, too, is a writer to whom Powell makes little or no reference.

What it would be fascinating to know is how much Powell drew on the re-enactment of the Tranby Croft case (Faces in My Time, p 24), also performed without an audience and photographed as it proceeded, in which he took part at much the stage in his life as Nick, though in 1938 (the year of Munich) rather than 1939.

From Colin Donald
Yes, I take Ellen’s point that Austen was very much Lady Violet’s property in their literary marriage, and he may well have had his fill of “Janeite” discussions at those Chawton conventions. What strikes me as odd about his reticence is that normally he makes a point of saying why he dislikes someone popularly believed to be major (eg. Dickens, EM Forster, George Bernard Shaw, Graham Greene), though he may have preferred to keep his opinions about Jane Austen to himself for the sake of marital harmony.

To me the really odd thing about this silence – and the lack of enthusiasm it implies – is that NOT liking Austen seems to me almost on a par with not liking Shakespeare (a position Powell says, in the
context of Shaw I think, is always to be regarded with suspicion). The scale and range of her technical achievement seems to me to be in the realm of fact rather than taste. Check out the shelves of your local university library, the sheer volume of secondary literature on her is only one indication that she occupies a similar position in the novel as Shakespeare did in drama.

Austen almost single-handedly invented the modern ironic-comic novel in English, and Powell is to some extent one of her heirs. I would argue that he owes more to her than he does, say, to Hardy who he goes on about at great length throughout his non-fiction writings. I can understand Powell not finding Dickens funny, but not finding Austen funny strikes me as odd. This may be a meaningless subjective view, borne out of the fact that I happen to like them both, so anyone who sat stony-faced through Pride & Prejudice, please make yourself known!

One other point: Kingsley Amis wrote a famous essay about why he thought she was a judgmental bitch (which she could be), so perhaps Powell felt he had nothing to add to Kingers’ view!

From Ellen Jordan
Since sending my last post I have had a look at the mentions of Austen in Violet Powell’s The Departure Platform. She makes this assessment of Powell’s attitude to Austen and has this to say when telling about the house parties held by the Duke of Wellington that included a visit to the annual conference of the Austen Society.

An eccentricity of this literary house party was that the two novelists, Anthony Powell and LP Hartley, regarded Jane Austen with sincere respect, but with less than total commitment, and jibbed at the esoteric exchanges so enjoyed by Gerry and myself.

My guess is that Powell probably found a certain type women writer unsympathetic, and didn’t go in for much rereading or exploring of their oeuvre. (As late as 1944 Nick Jenkins still hadn’t read Adam Bede.) His initial response to Barbara Pym, a great practitioner of the ironic-comic novel and much loved by many Austen fans, was decidedly cold. At a second reading he began to acknowledge her strengths but still remained a long way from becoming a devotee.

Possibly a key to this is his dislike of EM Forster (mentioned by Colin Donald), these three women novelists having a good deal in common with Forster. There were certainly some women novelists he liked. He praised Somerville and Ross and Compton Burnet, and certainly read Alison Lurie – though he seems to have liked the early The Nowhere City best, the book of hers that veers most towards the satiric rather than the ironic-comic.

I don’t think there is any reason to believe Powell agreed with Kingsley Amis’s

Jane Austen
judgment of *Mansfield Park*. If he had shown any tendency that way there would have been plenty of people to explain to him how completely Amis has misunderstood the moral principles by which the characters are judged.

From Leatrice Fountain
I read *Mansfield Park* recently for the first time in many years, and although I remembered it as my least favorite Austen novel, I came away feeling I had been mistaken. Perhaps age gives more perspective. I agree entirely with your suggestion that Widmerpool’s arrival on the scene and the dismay it caused is right out of Austen. In an unusual turn of character, he does seem parental at least for a while. I think you made a good point.

From Colin Donald
Powell showed no feminist inclinations, but I would still be surprised if he lumped Austen, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot and Barbara Pym into a category as “women writers” rather than writers. Even Sir Walter Scott had to acknowledged (after Austen’s early death) that the right to patronise lady novelists had been blown out of the water by the magnitude of Austen’s achievements, a point of view that holds good.

The oddness that strikes me is that Powell must have known this, but for some reason never said it. Or am I presuming too much to say that Powell is on par with Shakespeare as an inventor of new forms of expression?

It’s worth noting of course that we are still talking about “women writers” but not about “men writers” (and for that matter still giving prizes for “women’s writing”, eg. The Orange Prize).

From John Potter
I don’t think Powell cared much about or was very influenced by Jane Austen, except in the sense that anyone writing novels involving comedy of manners was unavoidably aware of her enormous contribution to the novel. Having said that, I have just watched the original 67 year old film version of *Pride and Prejudice*, starring Laurence Olivier and Greer Garson, and was reminded of Widmerpool on the occasion of Mr Collins’ arrival on the scene. This old film is very enjoyable and still stands up very well despite some of the characters being dressed more as pantomime dames and some rather theatrical staginess.

From Ellen Jordan
In fact I said “a certain type” of woman writer. I think there was a certain kind of sensibility, shared, as I pointed out, by EM Forster, that did nothing much for Powell. Surely for all of us there are writers whom we acknowledge as gifted and as opening new ways of using the novel that profoundly influenced novelists we do like, and yet who are simply not for us. (I feel like this about Henry James and Proust, among others.) What I find interesting is that many like me who are devotees of the Austen, Forster, Pym tradition are also great fans of Powell.
(including Pym herself) and actually find in his books something of the same satisfaction they get from these other authors.

From Colin Donald
Yes, you are absolutely right, and of course Powell was not obliged either to enjoy Jane Austen or to explain his position about her. I am very unfairly using the general comprehensive scope of Powell’s critical writings against him, this is borne out of frustration at not having even a flash of his laser-like critical acumen directed at this giant and highly relevant figure, whereas umpteen minor poets – some of them not even English for heaven’s sake – get the full treatment.

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Letters to the Editor

Russell Gwinnett Ballet

From Ed Bock
I notice that the Russell Gwinnett Ballet Theater Company, a semi-professional group, is presenting its annual Spring Concert, according to a story in the Gwinnett Daily Post, which serves Gwinnett County, Georgia.

The affair will take place in the city of Gwinnett, which is the county seat, in the Russell Gwinnett Performing Arts Center.

According to the story, the Spring Concert “is always a showcase for brilliant choreography and many bright young dancers.”

Varda

From Jeff Manley
Powell discusses Dorothy Varda in his memoirs and in the Journals reveals that she is the thinly disguised inspiration for the character Mrs Mendoza in Agents and Patients. Her first husband in real life was an artist named Jean Varda who apparently abandoned her in London and emigrated eventually to the US West Coast. He was related to some extent to the French filmmaker Agnes Varda and had some success in the northern California art world, inspiring a pamphlet by Henry Miller in connection with an art exhibit and a documentary film by Agnes. There is also an internet site dedicated to his work.

But Dorothy seems to have disappeared without a trace (at least on the internet), although Michael Barber (p 99) says that she cut a swathe through High Bohemia before coming to a “sad end”. Does anyone in the Society know what happened to her and what her maiden name was? Powell refers briefly to her daughter ‘Minka’ in his Journals. But that leads nowhere as well.

Powellian Inconsistency?

From AC Morrison
I wonder if I may look to the Newsletter readers to solve for me a minor query about two statements made by Mr Deacon in A Question of Upbringing and A Buyer’s Market respectively.

On page 247 of the first volume of the Arrow edition he says, “I sometimes think of moving up to Montmartre, like an artist of Whistler’s time” while on page 324 he says that “one gets too intimate with too many people if one stays on Montparnasse too long.” Is this simply an inadvertence on his part or on the part of the author? The two parts of Paris are quite distinct and Montmartre would seem to be the more appropriate reference in both cases.

I have always thought of Anthony Powell as a writer of impeccably correct English so I was surprised to read a reference to “occult phenomena, at least by its absence” on page 605 in the same volume and on page 681 “other people’s behaviour were unimportant to me.” Is there an explanation for these infelicities?

On page 402 of the second volume there is a statement, “I don’t want never to act again.” Is this perhaps a misprint?

As I have been a member of the Society for a relatively short time I do not know if these points have been dealt with before now.
Society Merchandise

Secret Harmonies: Journal of the Anthony Powell Society
Issue 1, October 2006. 86pp of Powell-related articles.
UK Price: £4  Overseas Price: £5

Centenary Newsletter
The bumper 120-page celebratory Powell Centenary Newsletter (issue 21; December 2005).
UK Price: £6  Overseas Price: £7

Oxford Conference Proceedings
Collected papers from the 2003 conference at Balliol College, Oxford.
UK Price: £8  Overseas Price: £9

Eton Conference Proceedings
Papers from the 2001 conference; limited edition of 250 numbered copies signed by the Society’s Patron.
UK Price: £9  Overseas Price: £10

Writing about Anthony Powell
The talks given at the 2004 AGM by George Lilley, Michael Barber and Nick Birns; introduced by Christine Berberich.
UK Price: £4  Overseas Price: £5

The Master and The Congressman
A 40 page monograph by John Monagan describing his meetings with Anthony Powell.
UK Price: £4  Overseas Price: £5

BBC Radio Dramatisation of Dance
Originally broadcast on BBC Radio 4 between 1979-82. 26 one-hour episodes. For copyright reasons, available to Society members only.
Single CD of 26 MP3 files. Price: £11 (£3 + minimum £8 Donation)
26 Audio CDs. Price: £70 (£26 + minimum £44 Donation)
(CD prices apply to both UK & overseas)

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
UK price: £3 each
Overseas price: £4 each

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, page 23.
UK Price: £6  Overseas Price: £7.50

Fitzrovia: London’s Bohemia
Written by Michael Bakewell and published in the National Portrait Gallery “Character Sketches” series this small volume contains snapshot biographies of Fitzrovian characters including Powell and many of his friends.
UK price: £4.50  Overseas price: £7

Society Postcard
UK Price: £2  Overseas Price: £3

Wallace Collection Postcard
UK Price: £2  Overseas Price: £3

Newsletter Back Numbers
Back numbers of Newsletter issues 6, 8 to 20 and 22 to 26 are still available.
UK price: £1 each
Overseas price: £2 each
Society Merchandise

**Pricing Notes.** The prices shown are the Society members’ prices and are inclusive of postage and packing.

Please note the different UK and overseas prices which reflect the additional cost of overseas postage.

Non-members will be charged the overseas price shown plus postage & packing at cost.

**Ordering.** Send your order 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
Email: secretary@anthonypowell.org

Payment may be by cheque (UK funds drawn on a UK bank), Visa, Mastercard or online using PayPal to secretary@anthonypowell.org.

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### Anthony Powell Society Merchandise Order Form

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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:
## Membership Form

### Member Information

**Type of membership** (please tick):
- **Ordinary Member** – £20 a year.
- **Joint Membership** – £30 a year. Any two persons at the same address.
- **Student Member** – £12 a year. Please send a copy of your student card.
- **Non-UK residents please add £5 pa supplement towards overseas postage**
- **Buy 5 years membership for the price of 4** (any grade)

Membership for organisations also available; please ask. Subscriptions are due on 1 April annually. If joining on or after 1 January, membership includes following full subscription year.

- **Full Name:**
- **Address:**
- **Postcode/Zip:**
- **Country:**
- **Email:**

**Number of years membership being paid:**
- 1 / 2 / 3 / 5 years for price of 4

**Overseas members please remember to add £5 pa postage supplement**

**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.

- **Direct to the recipient**
- **To you to give to the recipient personally**

### Payment Information

- **Total amount payable:** £______
  (No. of years x membership rate)
  **Overseas members please remember to add £5 pa postage supplement**

- 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.:
  - Expires:
  - Security Code:

  (Please give name & address of cardholder if different from the above.)

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 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.*

* Delete if not applicable.

By completing this form I agree to the Society holding my information on computer.

**Signed:**

**Date:**

Please send the completed form and payment 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