5th Biennial Anthony Powell Conference
Thursday 10 to Saturday 12 September 2009
Georgetown University, Washington, DC, USA

Provisional Programme
Thursday evening: Intro. Session with Buffet Dinner; speaker Alan Furst
Friday all day & Saturday morning: Conference Plenary Sessions
plus a visit to the Powell-related materials in the John Monagan archive of
Georgetown University Library
Saturday afternoon: Literary sightseeing tour of Washington, DC

Booking now open
Full details in enclosed booking leaflet

Contents
From the Archivist’s Desk … 2
A Question of Upbringing … 3-4
Osbert Lancaster Drawings … 5
The Powell-Brandell Letters … 6-8
Book Review: Edward Burra … 9-10
Nomadic Manhattan Luncheon … 11
Literary Anniversaries in 2009 … 12-13
Café Royal Auction … 14-15
Society News & Events … 15-17
Local Group News … 18-19
Christmas Competition Winners … 20-21
Anyone for Lunch? … 22
From the APLIST … 23-24
Letters to the Editor … 25-26
Cuttings … 27-29
Merchandise & Membership … 30-32
AGM Minutes … Centrefold 1-3
Christmas Quiz Answers … Centrefold 4

Society Events pages 16 & 17 – Subscriptions page 15
From the Archivist’s Desk

In this issue we have a guest editorial by the Hon. Archivist.

The spring flowers are coming out in the garden in defiance of the March wind and rain, and there have been several very cheering and significant bits of Society progress chez Marshall.

First of all you will find details in this issue of the Washington Conference in September as well as a number of other new and exciting events.

Secondly, Graham and Dorothy Davie are taking over the membership and merchandise functions from the Hon. Secretary (see page 15).

And thirdly Sue Frye has very kindly agreed to give the Society some time on a voluntary basis. This will be used to sort and produce a computerised listing of everything in the Archives. Some members will recall Sue as one of the organiser’s of the Society’s first three Conferences: her legendary organisational skills are much appreciated and will be extremely necessary. The archives, although not yet nine years old, now amount to 35 assorted boxes and include books, tapes, correspondence, administrative paperwork, newspaper cuttings and exhibition graphics (all much appreciated, of course).

And yes, I would still like to hear from anyone with recollections of reading A Dance to the Music of Time as it was published (1951-1975). That includes non-members by the way: if your aunt or neighbour (or indeed anyone else) fits this category but is not interested in the Society, see if you can persuade them to contribute their Powell reading memories instead.
For some reason, a glimpse of the lower orders warming themselves at a brazier in the street made me think of the ancient world. These classical projections in turn suggested a Poussin scene, where Time gives shape to the steps of the dance that had hitherto felt unfamiliar. So where better to start my meandering epic than at the school – there is only one so I need not be so vulgar as to name it – where these classical allusions first started to become choate.

It was December 1921 and I was returning from the High Street when Widmerpool appeared on his daily solitary run. His status was not high, so I did not acknowledge him, contenting myself with a dozen pages of snobbish asides that I hoped would be interpreted as witty irony, before arriving back at my rooms. That term I was messing with Stringham and Templer. Templer had gone to London for the day, so I was greeted by Stringham alone. We reflected with great humour on Widmerpool’s paucity of social graces before our bantering reverie was interrupted by a knock.

It was my Uncle Giles. “I am very worried about my share of the family Trust,” he said, while lighting a cigarette. Quite why I’ve bothered to recall something quite so inconsequential, I’m none too sure, save that many years later I have come to recognise the value of £180 per year, though it might have been better for all concerned if I had also learned the value of having an emotional interior world or anything approaching a personality. Anyway, the upshot of Uncle Giles’s visit was that our housemaster, Le Bas, accused us of smoking in our rooms and our cards were marked thereafter. Yet Stringham did get his own back after he phoned the police to accuse Le Bas of being a small-time conman. Heraclitus, how we laughed when Le Bas was arrested! I guess you had to have been there.

Some months later, Stringham invited me to spend the weekend with his mother and her new husband at Glimber. “I wanted you to meet mater before I go off to see pater in Kenya, Jenkins,” he said languidly, “I couldn’t possibly have invited Templer as he’s rather non-U.” As usual, I had no thoughts of my own on the subject and continued my impression of a parasitic tabula rasa. I did, though, allow myself some very deep observations of aristocratic family life, a milieu in which I was entirely at home, and did eventually conclude that perhaps we had in some infinitesimal yet somehow important way become estranged from Templer.

After Stringham had departed for Kenya, Templer bade me visit him and my estrangement was strangely temporarily forgotten, while my days were filled with yet more important social nuances that helped define the way the educated elite
comported themselves in the post-war era. The row between Templer’s brother-in-law, Stripling, the racing motorist and Sunny Farebrother, who had had a good war, over starching collars made an indelible impression.

It was also here that I felt the first pangs of passion when Templer’s sister, Jean, said a friendly goodbye to me after ignoring me for days. To some, this sign of affection may appear a bauble, but to someone of my great sensitivities – not to mention my lack of charisma – this was a major life event.

The summer before I went up to university – there are only two – my father sent me to France to learn the language. There, to my great astonishment, I met Widmerpool, who was also learning French while training to be a solicitor. As Widmerpool was still of a lower social class we didn’t converse much other than for me to express amusement at the hostilities that had erupted between the Norwegian and the Swede, who were also staying at the farmhouse, over a game of tennis.

Widmerpool proved to be unexpectedly capable in brokering a truce but I, like you I suspect, had long since tired of such a dull episode and could scarcely remember why I had bothered to waste a chapter on such an uneventful time, the highlight of which was to again imagine myself in love with a woman I had never spoken to, and I was not unduly upset when my time in France came to an end.

Much of university life centred around Professor Sillery’s Sunday tea parties. Quite why I was considered interesting enough to be invited was never entirely clear, but it was there that I got to meet the fascinating Mark Members, the budding poet whose work had been published in Public School Verse and the rather oikish Northerner, Quiggin.

“You live very close to each other,” Sillery said to Quiggin and Members, and Stringham and I silently enjoyed the discomfort that Quiggin had been revealed to be less working-class than he maintained and Members less upper-class.

“Come on you chaps,” cried Templer, who had arrived unannounced. “Let’s go for a drive in my new car and pick up some gals.” The proximity of a girl’s ankles again played profoundly on my heartstrings, but after Templer drove the car off the road I rather concluded that the estrangement between him and Stringham was now final.

Later that term, Stringham announced he was disappointed in university life and was going to take up a job in the city that Sillery’s influence had procured. For my part, I returned to my chaise longue exhausted by the excitements of the first book. How ever would I cope with the next eleven! ■

© John Crace
Osbert Lancaster Drawings

by Patric Dickinson

The two Osbert Lancaster drawings reproduced in the last issue of the Newsletter (one of Widmerpool running, the other of General Conyers playing the cello) were on show in the Lancaster Centenary Exhibition at the end of last year. Their history is not without interest.

They were among a number of drawings commissioned from Lancaster by The Sunday Times to accompany an article by Shiva Naipaul (VS’s younger brother), written to mark the publication of Hearing Secret Harmonies and the completion of Dance. The article appeared on 7 September 1975; the other drawings depict Widmerpool in wartime and later in life, Pamela Flitton, Mrs Erdleigh, Baby Wentworth and Bijou Ardglass, and Members and Quiggin.

I cut the article out of the newspaper at the time and have kept it ever since. In 2005, knowing that Jeremy Warren was going to give a paper about Powell’s illustrators at the Centenary Conference, I sent him a copy, thinking he would be interested to see Lancaster’s later visualisations of Dance characters. He was sufficiently intrigued by them that he made enquiries at The Sunday Times, hoping to track down the original drawings. The quest was unsuccessful but he nonetheless had better copies made of the newspaper versions and they were duly displayed at the Powell Centenary Exhibition, attracting the notice of (among others) AN Wilson, who pointed out in his Daily Telegraph column that Lancaster “had depicted Mark Members and JG Quiggin as those two old stalwarts Peter Quennell and Cyril Connolly.”

There the matter rested until the Lancaster Centenary Exhibition was being assembled. As we now know, a vast number of original Lancaster drawings ended up in the archives of the publishers John Murray, and the 1975 treatments of Dance characters had indeed been preserved. But, unaware of their provenance, James Knox (who curated the exhibition) assumed, not unreasonably, that they were part of the work Lancaster had done on cover designs for Dance back in the 1960s. In Knox’s splendid book Cartoons and Coronets (reviewed in the last Newsletter), three of the drawings are reproduced but they are mistakenly stated to have been illustrations for the paperback editions in 1962-68.

Fortunately, when James Knox was preparing his Anthony Powell Lecture, I was able to put him right on this, and he duly gave a correct attribution on that occasion. But in any event it was altogether a happy chance that the mounting of the Lancaster Exhibition should have brought to light the original drawings, which seemed in 2005 to have been lost to view.
Ulf Brandell, now deceased, was in Sweden a well-known literary critic at the biggest newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*, and an admirer of Powell. They corresponded with each other between 1968 and 1995. In all Powell sent some 25 letters, all machine typed, and finally Lady Violet wrote three letters for him by hand. Most of the letters seem to be answers to letters Brandell had sent to Powell, for instance after having read a new book by Powell or because he was to go to London and was asking for a meeting.

Brandell’s daughter took copies of Powell’s letters and handed them over to the *Dagens Nyheter* journalist, Mats Wiklund, who in his turn gave the copies to Regina Rebinder when he left the Powell Society. At the last meeting of the Stockholm group we decided I should try to write something on the letters for the *Newsletter*. I don’t know at all what of the following, if anything, is known before.

Powell remarks (1973) that some of his readers of *Dance* don’t like the “inevitable changes as the characters get older and the world alters”. Brandell seems to have liked “the development of the Gyges/Candaules story” while some English critics suggested Powell had paused too long there.

The real identity of Widmerpool always interests readers of *Dance*. Hugh Thomas and John Saumarez-Smith seem to have suggested a certain person as the “real” Widmerpool, but Powell – though admitting that

subsequent events showed him not unlike – he was not in my mind at the time as a model, except for the fact

that he did get someone sacked from school.

Powell adds

as a matter of fact – insofar as there is a model – I did not come across him till the war – which he didn’t survive. (1974)

In 1975 Powell touches again on the “Gyges and Candaules incident” and says he by chance found out “that in the Stockholm Art Gallery there is a picture by Jordaens of it” and asks Brandell to send a picture of it. Powell had seen it in Stockholm but forgotten it and came to the legend by quite other ways. When he has got the postcard he exclaims:

What a wonderful example of the Netherlandish manner of looking at things … all the subtleties of the story have been deliberately avoided, even the King a ludicrous figure with his crown on the back of his head.

In autumn 1976 Powell notes that he “has been taken to task for not being indiscreet enough” in his memoirs.

In a later letter he remarks that he has a complete lack of judgment as to how people will receive a new book by him. Some people liked it whom he expected would dislike it, and vice versa.

Powell seems amused to be able to note, in 1979, that someone in Brooklyn who does charitable work at a rehabilitation centre for young drug addicts has tried reading *Dance* to them which they “had enjoyed very much”.

Twice, in 1980 and in 1985, Powell relates that he has been at Downing Street for
Anthony Powell Society Newsletter #34

dinner with Mrs Thatcher, of whom he says he is a great admirer. He had expected her to become leader of the Tories long in advance, he says. At the last party VS Naipaul was also present. Mrs Thatcher was described by Mitterand as having the eyes of Caligula and the lips of Marilyn Monroe, and he was not overstating the case.

Brandell seems to have mentioned Sir Victor Mallet – British ambassador to Sweden during WW II – in a letter to Powell in 1981 and not in a very flattering way, as Powell answers, “I never met him, and am interested to hear he was of the Sir Gavin WW category”. In the same letter Powell tells Brandell that Evelyn Waugh considered buying The Chantry several years before Powell did, “but it was not big enough to house his innumerable children”.

Also in that letter Powell refers to something he calls The Wanton Chase [an autobiography by Peter Quennell]. He writes:

Indeed I am not sure that PQ did not take a few hints as to how to handle the characterization in print. I was the “Oxford friend” who warned him there was a plot to sack him from The Daily Mail, but did not overhear that in a bar, being told by the cartoonist Illingworth.

Powell ends this letter by recommending Jocelyn Brooke’s books to Brandell. In the next letter it appears that Brandell has followed the advice, read Jocelyn Brook and enjoyed it.

Apparently Brandell has sent Powell an issue of the monthly published by students at the Stockholm University, called Gaudeamus, which makes Powell in the above letter write

I … laughed a lot about the headline you translated, as I always regard Sweden as one of the countries where I am relatively known.

Unfortunately that is hardly true right now and wasn’t then either.

In the same letter Powell says he met a woman student who said she was at Balliol. Powell’s reaction: “I can’t tell you how extraordinary that sounds to someone of my generation.”

In 1982, after having stated the opinion that Maclaren-Ross’ short stories and

Jakob Jordaeus (1593-1678)
Kung Kandaules av Lydien visar sin gemål för Gyges [King Candaules of Lydia Showing his Wife to Gyges]
© Nationalmuseum Stockholm

Our thanks to Hans Johansson for sending us a postcard of this unsuspected image as well as copies of the Powell-Brandell correspondence which are now in the Society archive.
perhaps his short novels should be reissued, Powell refers to some article in *The Times* as absurd and says Max Pilgrim was “unlike Noel Coward, in fact a mixture of Douglas Byng … and Rex Evans”.

That literature influences politics is evident, but in a letter from 1983 Powell touches on the opposite from a point of view which is not so usual. Some move in the political game may disturb the sales of a book. The sales of some of Powell’s books have been struck by that effect. Powell says:

> Hitler … went into Memel just at the moment that Waring came out with disastrous results to that novel.

In the same letter he recommends Brandell to read John Davidson, especially his eccentric novel *Earl Lavender*.

It seems in 1985 that Brandell has suggested that “Harold Acton’s Miss C” was the model for Mrs Erdleigh. However Powell says there were an awful lot of ladies like Mrs Erdleigh about when he was young. She really didn’t need a specific model.

In a letter from 1986 Powell starts with a reference to Beals “the Fisher King”, continues to draw parallels between Beals and Dennis Wheatley and finishes with some praise of Wheatley, who served in both wars, in the second of which he had relatively high rank on the Air Staff. His novels were perhaps of slightly superior class to those Beals is represented as writing, but he was not normally reviewed, and for some reason they did not sell more than modestly in the US. He may well have been translated into Swedish. I knew him simply because he was a great fan of mine, and, although I never saw much of him, he was certainly an unusual and intelligent man, which would never have been guessed from his novels.

Well, Wheatley has certainly got many books translated into Swedish and has, as far as I can judge, sold very well here.

The last quote is from a letter from 1991. There Powell says:

> Maclaren-Ross never met B. Skelton, so far as I know. He fell in love (quite unsuccessfully, of course) with Sonia Orwell, and it was her name he felt too sacred to mention (or too extraordinary in the circumstances) and passed across to me on a piece of paper.

What have I left out? References to works in progress, references to works not progressing as was desirable, problems with broadcasters, TV producers and publishers – an author’s workday.

---

Myra Erdleigh and Uncle Giles from the Channel 4 TV films. © Channel 4 TV
BOOK REVIEW

Edward Burra: Twentieth-Century Eye
by Jane Stevenson
Pimlico (£16.99)

Reviewed by David Butler

Jane Stevenson’s 2007 biography of the English modernist artist Edward Burra is a lucidly written and essentially sympathetic portrayal of the man. It contains some interesting material for those fascinated by the inter-war social world evoked by Anthony Powell in his memoirs, and the personalities who populate his journals. Characters such as Billy Chappell, Barbara Ker-Seymer and Constant Lambert touched both their lives and here can be seen from a different perspective. The book was originally published in hardback by Jonathan Cape in 2007 and a Pimlico paperback version appeared in November 2008.

Edward Burra was born in 1905 into a well-to-do banking family ("vaguely county", in Anthony Powell’s evaluation) in Rye, East Sussex. Celibate, albeit of a camp demeanour, he never married and lived at the family home all his life, dying nearby in 1976. Childhood sickness precluded a public-school education but, as a teenager, Burra developed his artistic talents with the encouragement of his parents, and he went on to attend the Chelsea College of Art. At the College, Burra developed a circle of friends including Billy Chappell the ballet dancer and choreographer, sometime photographer Barbara Ker-Seymer, and “Bumble” Dawson. Chappell was a lifelong confidant and companion of the artist. It is Burra’s relationship and correspondence with this coterie which forms much of the fabric of the book.

Although always based in Rye, Burra undertook periodic trips abroad, drawing inspiration from visits to Spain, France, Mexico and the USA, and travelled (often with his sister Anne) extensively through the UK and Ireland. His achievements are all the more remarkable given the chronic arthritic and anaemic complaints with which he had to contend.

This biography draws extensively on Burra’s correspondence and on the recollections of his friends and associates, including the memoirs of Anthony Powell. Burra and Powell knew each other and had several friends, such as Barbara Ker-Seymer, in common and their pre-war social circles were interwoven. Although not a great party-goer, Burra was in attendance at the infamous 1929 party given by Anthony Powell and Constant Lambert at Tavistock Square, when problems in the marriage of the Evelyn Waughes came publicly to light. They were also at Toulon together in 1928, an episode described by Powell in his memoirs, which includes a description of Burra’s working method.

As to Burra the artist, it is less possible to be definitive on this reading alone, since the book concentrates more on the “life and times” than on the work, and there is little emphasis on critical appraisal or
placing his output into context. Rather sadly, there are no actual examples of his painting or drawing in the book, except for a detail reproduced on the cover.

Evidently his work, while influenced by the cross-currents of surrealism, remained resolutely figurative, and he was inspired in his pre-war work by the scenes of urban low-life and seedy dockside bars which he came across on his travels. Some works, such as the “Snack Bar” of 1930 which can be seen in Tate Modern, put one in mind of an Edward Hopper scene but with a much more grotesque treatment. Anthony Powell summarised his work as:

likely [in the 1930’s] to be brightly coloured grotesque images of Firbankian fantasy, often Negroid, the forerunners of those ‘bulging leathery shapes’ described by Wyndham Lewis in a much later critique. In middle age Burra was also to explore in his own disturbing fashion a very unnaturalistic English countryside; a sphere where he was perhaps finally at best.

He preferred to shun artistic movements of any kind, and publicity in general, but Stevenson refutes accusations of reclusiveness, pointing out that Burra’s chronic illnesses left him very little energy for the whirl of exhibitions, private viewings and arts world socialising. She demonstrates, though, that privately he gave and inspired large measures of loyalty and friendship. Successful and well-known in his lifetime, he nevertheless showed little interest in others’ interpretation of his painting, or in the fate of his completed works. However, he was commercially successful enough as oil painter, watercolourist and some time designer of ballets, settling, after the Second World War, into a routine of biennial exhibitions run by the Lefevre Gallery in London which added to a modest private income from family funds. Professional acclaim ultimately came his way in the form of an invitation to become a Royal Academician in 1963, which he declined.

The absence of any reproductions of Burra’s paintings in the book is, as noted, a great pity. But your reviewer, who knew nothing of about Burra before embarking upon this book, was sufficiently inspired to investigate further and can report that two drawings and one painting by Burra presently hang in Tate Modern. You are well advised, however, not to try and find them without seeking help, as the gallery’s layout is far from intuitive.
The North-East USA Powell Group has planned a nomadic two-site midtown Manhattan luncheon session that will begin at noon on Saturday 2 May with a discussion of the novels of Powell and Waugh led by Nick Birns and Jeff Manley. After dessert, the party will progress to Eileen Kaufman’s handsome conference room at 15 West 44th St for a rehearsal of the Group’s heroic drama, “Waiting for Belkin, or Four Dance Characters in Search of a Coincidence”.

A team led by Jonathan Kooperstein is searching for quiet restaurants in and around Grand Central. The winning restaurant will be announced next month to group “regulars”. Others who are interested, incredulous, or curious are warmly invited to join us, and can get location details from eabock@syr.edu or nicbirns@aol.com.

After an out-of-town reading of “Waiting for Belkin” last November at the Silvermine Tavern, the Group’s Noel Poel Players unit offered its first Manhattan preview of “Belkin” at William Warren’s Powell birthday luncheon at the Century Association in December. The drama stars Eileen Kaufman as the Non-Entity Nurse, Annabel Davis-Goff as the Brebner Director’s Wife, John Gould as Kipper Man and Nick Birns as the Costume Shop Sales Assistant. Joe Trenn and Andrew Goldstein take turns playing the Fire Warden. The actor who will play Belkin has yet to be named. We hope Jeff will read for the part when he comes north on 2 May. Leatrice Fountain is set designer and shares Stage Managing with Jonathan. For the Century Association performance, Arete Warren designed a luscious multi-coloured program that has become a collector’s item.
In 1709 the British Parliament passed the “Statute of Anne”, the first modern copyright act. The *Tatler* was founded by Richard Steele. Alexander Selkirk, the original for Daniel Defoe’s *Robinson Crusoe*, returned to civilisation after four years as a castaway on the island of Juan Fernández. John Cleland, author of *Fanny Hill*, was born in 1709.

Literary births in 1809 included Edgar Allan Poe, Nikolai Gogol, Edward Fitzgerald (translator of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám*) and Alfred Tennyson.

In 1859 George Eliot’s *Adam Bede* was accused of being the “vile outpourings of a lewd woman’s mind” and was consequently withdrawn from libraries in Britain. Other books that year that did make it into the libraries included Dickens’ *A Tale of Two Cities*, Tennyson’s *Idylls of the King*, *Oblomov* by Ivan Goncharov, Charles Darwin’s *On the Origin of Species*, and John Stuart Mill’s *On Liberty*. Literary births in 1859 included Kenneth Grahame (*The Wind in the Willows*), Arthur Conan Doyle, AE Housman, Knut Hamsun, Jerome K Jerome and Henri Bergson. Deaths included Washington Irving, Thomas de Quincey, Thomas Macaulay, Alexis de Tocqueville and guidebook publisher Karl Baedeker.

Eden, HG Wells’ *Tono-Bungay*, William Carlos Williams’ *Poems*, and Henry James’ *Italian Hours*.

The 1909 Nobel Prize for Literature was won by a Swedish author, Selma Lagerlöf, the first woman to win the prize. At the start of World War II, she sent her Nobel Prize medal and gold medal from the Swedish Academy to the government of Finland to help raise money to fight the Soviet Union.

The Newdigate Prize in 1909 (awarded by the University of Oxford for the best composition in English verse by an undergraduate) was won by someone with the Powellian name of Frank Ashton-Gwatkin.

Two momentous literary events in 1959 were Aldous Huxley turning down a knighthood, and the first appearance of Astérix the Gaul.

New novels in 1959 included Lawrence Durrell’s *Mountolive* (and his brother Gerald’s *My Family & Other Animals*), William S Burroughs’ *Naked Lunch*, Richard Condon’s *The Manchurian Candidate*, Philip Roth’s *Goodbye, Columbus*, Mervyn Peake’s *Titus Alone*, William Golding’s *Free Fall*, Günther Grass’ *The Tin Drum*, Ian Fleming’s *Goldfinger*, Ivy Compton-Burnett’s *A Heritage and Its History* and Saul Bellow’s *Henderson the Rain King*. Among new dramas performed or published for the first time were Jean Anouilh’s *Becket*, John Arden’s *Serjeant Musgrave’s Dance*, Tennessee Williams’ *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Harold Pinter’s *The Caretaker* and Jean Genet’s *The Blacks*.

The Nigrian poet and novelist, Ben Okri, was born in 1959, as were Jeanette Winterson and Ben Elton. Raymond Chandler died in March 1959.

1959’s Nobel Prize went to the Italian poet, Salvatore Quasimodo, “for his lyrical poetry, which with classical fire expresses the tragic experience of life in our own times”. ■
‘All done’ at the Café Royal

by our Saleroom Correspondent

In these credit-crunched times the UK government has been hoping that we will all help the economy by going shopping. If your tastes ran to a Venetian chandelier, duck press, humidor or even boxing ring, then Bonhams had the very thing for you in their Knightsbridge saleroom on 20 January: an auction of selected items from one of London’s most famous venues, the Café Royal.

The Café Royal opened its doors in Regent Street in 1865, the creation of a Parisian wine merchant named Daniel Nicolas Thévenon. Fleeing France to avoid bankruptcy, he quickly earned a reputation for providing the finest French food and drink to be found in London. Customers over the years included more celebrities than you could shake a cocktail stick at: Mohammed Ali, Brigitte Bardot, Yul Brinner, Winston Churchill, Noel Coward, Princess Diana, Cary Grant, Mick Jagger, Rudyard Kipling, George Bernard Shaw, Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret Thatcher, Virginia Woolf … Oscar Wilde was one of its most notorious habitués: it was the scene of his one amiable meeting with the Marquis of Queensberry (father of his lover Lord Alfred Douglas), the subject of Wilde’s unsuccessful lawsuit and thereby the cause of his prison sentence. Wilde also once perceived one of the waiters stacking chairs as a man watering tulips, but that’s what too much absinthe can do to a susceptible brain. At the other extreme, the royal brothers who were later to become Edward VIII and George VI were lunchtime regulars, the waiters’ instruction book reading


And of course, in 1941, it was where Anthony and Lady Violet Powell were introduced to George and Eileen Orwell by a mutual friend, Inez Holden. Powell, who was wearing a slightly dressier version of his army uniform for the evening, felt certain that Orwell would disapprove. But Orwell’s first words, spoken with considerable tenseness, were at the same time reassuring.

“Do your trousers strap under the foot?”

…

“Yes.”

Orwell nodded.

“That’s really the important thing.”

[Infants of the Spring, 131]

Although the exterior of the Café Royal had been demolished and rebuilt in 1922 to match its neighbours, the interiors were recently restored to something more closely resembling their Victorian glory. It hosted awards ceremonies, banquets and receptions for up to 540 guests or delegates, and the grander rooms, now Grade 1 listed, will apparently remain. Finally closing on 22 December 2008 as part of the redevelopment of the southern end of Regent Street by the Crown Estate, it is due to become a five-star hotel in time for the 2012 London Olympics.

Pre-sale viewing took place just before Christmas, and generated a large amount of interest, particularly among those who...
had memories of celebrations there. The Guardian of 23 December 2008 suggested:

It will be too late for this Christmas, but for those seeking the really unusual present, how about the electroplated 19th century duck press, apparently used in those civilised far-off times to squeeze the juice out of small carcasses, perhaps for Wilde himself? That is not something you see every day and the auctioneers reckon it might fetch £200.

The sale achieved £220,000, more than double the expected money. Although the boxing ring sold for only about a tenth of its pre-sale estimate, many other items in the sale soared to three, five, even ten times their estimates. A late nineteenth century electroplated serving trolley from the grill fetched £12,000 rather than £2-3,000; one of the large chandeliers (estimate £5-8,000) went for £15,600; and even a pair of oak barrels made £8,400.

And it was not as if there was no competition. There must have been something in the London air that day, since just down the road Christie’s were having similar results auctioning the star items from the private collection of the late Roger Warner, a well liked and respected antiques dealer and collector who had appeared on television in the 1960s. Both salerooms were packed, too. But then as staff at both institutions agreed, a sale with an identity is always something special. Julian Roup of Bonhams told the BBC after the Café Royal sale:

The provenance and fantastic history of the place has generated prices that are not really reflective of the innate value of the objects.

Society News

Membership and Merchandise

We are delighted that Graham and Dorothy Davie have stepped forward and agreed to take on the bulk of the membership and merchandise work for the Society, and the handover should be effective from the new Society year starting on 1 April.

Although they live in Yorkshire, Graham and Dorothy are regular visitors to the London Group Pub Meets and will thus already be known to some members. We are additionally lucky that Graham and Dorothy have experience of running a small business, so financial paperwork should not be an especial challenge for them. We also hope that the Society work will provide additional income (and an extra lifeline) for their village Post Office.

Membership renewals are due on 1 April and members are reminded of the increased rates (see the back page). Please will those UK members who have Standing Orders with their bank ensure they adjust the payment amount in good time.

The Hon. Secretary will be mailing out subscription reminders during March, but please will members ensure their subscriptions are returned to:

Anthony Powell Society Memberships
Beckhouse Cottage
Hellifield
Skipton
N. Yorkshire, BD23 4HS
UK

Phone: +44 (0) 1729 851 836
Fax: +44 (0) 20 8864 6109

We thank Graham and Dorothy for taking on this vital piece of the Society’s work and wish them luck.
Dates for Your Diary

Collage Afternoon
Saturday 30 May 2009
The Wheatsheaf
Rathbone Place, London, W1
1330 to 1630 hrs
Collage, which was one of Powell’s passions, is an often neglected artistic technique. Artist Laura Miller will lead a practical session on collaging for fun. There will be a small charge on the day for materials and refreshments. All welcome. Advanced booking advised (if only so we order enough tea and biscuits!). Contact Hon. Secretary.

London Group Pub Meets 2009
Saturday 9 May 2009
Saturday 8 August 2009
Saturday 14 November 2009
The Audley, Mount Street, London, W1
1230 to 1530 hrs
Good beer, good food and informal conversation in a Victorian pub AP would have known. Why not bring something AP-related to interest us? Members & non-members welcome. Further details from the Hon. Secretary.

5th Biennial Anthony Powell Conference 2009
Thursday 10 to Saturday 12 September 2009
Georgetown University
Washington, DC, USA
Nick Birns has put together a sparkling array of speakers including Rick Rylance, Mark Facknitz and Alan Furst
Also included: a gala buffet dinner, visit to the Powell-related materials in the John Monagan archive of Georgetown University Library and a literary sightseeing tour of Washington, DC
Booking now open
Full details in enclosed booking leaflet
Alternatively please contact Nick Birns or the Hon. Secretary

Tour of Bodleian Library, Oxford and Pub Lunch
Saturday 27 June 2009
Meet: 1015 hrs prompt
Bodleian Library Main Entrance
Cost: £12 per person for the tour
The Bodleian is one of the great libraries of the world and was an essential research resource for Powell’s biography of John Aubrey. The tour, which will last about 1½ hours, will include the basement and reading rooms.
Following the tour we will adjourn across the road to the King’s Arms. Even if you can’t come on the tour you will be welcome to join us at the King’s Arms for drink, food, good company and Powell chat. All welcome.
Advanced booking (with payment) essential for the tour as places are strictly limited. Contact Hon. Secretary.

Continued on page 17 ➔
**AGM 2009**
The Society’s 2009 AGM will be held on the afternoon of Saturday 24 October 2009. Venue and speaker to be arranged. Details when available from the Hon. Secretary.

**Copy Deadlines**

*Newsletter #35, Summer 2009*
Copy Deadline: 11 May 2009
Publication Date: 5 June 2009

*Newsletter #36, Autumn 2009*
Copy Deadline: 10 August 2009
Publication Date: 4 September 2009

*Secret Harmonies #4, 2009*
Copy Deadline: 7 September 2009
Publication Date: 23 October 2009

**Contributions to the Newsletter and Journal are always welcome and should be sent to:**

*Newsletter & Journal Editor,*
Anthony Powell Society
76 Ennismore Avenue
Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK
Fax: +44 (0)20 8864 6109
Email: editor@anthonypowell.org

No novelist has more than a few stories to tell. They are the myths of life which each novelist creates for himself.

[Anthony Powell on John Galsworthy]

---

**Whitechapel Bell Foundry Tour**

**Saturday 5 December 2009***

***FULLY BOOKED***

**Whitechapel Bell Foundry**
32/34 Whitechapel Road, London, E1
Time: 0930 hrs prompt

The Guinness Book of Records lists the Whitechapel Bell Foundry as Britain’s oldest manufacturing company, having been established in 1570 (during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I) and being in continuous business since that date.

This is a rare opportunity to visit this working foundry which is a genuine part of Britain’s cultural heritage. Although not directly Powell related the tour provides a very interesting look at the quintessentially English art of bell-ringing.

Unfortunately the foundry tours get booked up a very long way in advance so we have been able to obtain only a small number of tickets which are already allocated. However it is hoped to arrange another tour in 2010, so if you are interested in joining a future tour please contact Hon. Secretary.

---

**London Group Powell Birthday Lunch 2009**
The Society’s London Group will be holding its annual Powell Birthday Lunch on Saturday 5 December 2009. Central London venue to be arranged. All welcome. Details when available from the Hon. Secretary.
Local Group News

Report from the Baltic/Swedish Group

By Hans Johansson

The group met in November and was this time less Baltic than Swedish as Kaarina Huhtala could not take part. We had lunch at the restaurant at the Mediterranean Museum in the centre of Stockholm and started by discussing how men and women are pictured in World War II literature.

Malin reported from a trip to London earlier in the autumn, during which she had had lunch at the Audley with other members of the Society.

Hans had read Paul Willetts’ biography of Julian Maclaren-Ross, *Fear & Loathing in Fitzrovia*, and wondered if the description of how Julian in a French school was teased about “his shabby, long since outgrown overcoat” could be the basis for Widmerpool’s “wrong overcoat”, and whether this was old news or not. Since neither Regina nor Malin knew the answer, the questions were left open.

Regina had also through a daughter of the late Swedish critic Ulf Brandell got hold of some correspondence between him and Powell. As she hadn’t the time to do anything with it, Hans took care of the bunch to look into it (see page 6).

After having made vague plans for a meeting in Spring, when we would do Powell curry, we parted.

---

Local Groups

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

**North-East USA Group**
Area: New York & NE USA
Contact: Leatrice Fountain
Email: leatrice.fountain@gmail.com

**Great Lakes Group**
Area: Chicago area, USA
Contact: tba
Email: tba

**Baltic Group**
Area: Sweden & Finland
Contact: Regina Rehbinder
Email: reginarehbinder@hotmail.com

**Toronto Group**
Area: Toronto, Canada
Contact: Joan Williams
Email: jwilliamsto@hotmail.com

Please contact the Hon. Secretary if you wish to make contact with a group and don’t have email. If you wish to start a local group the Hon. Secretary can advise on the number of members in your area.

---

The beautiful city of Stockholm

© Staff
Nine of us met in The Audley on 14 February (St Valentine’s Day) to celebrate all things Powellesque. The pub’s menu had been revamped again and for once most people forsook the fish and chips (it must be Spring) in favour of a lighter meal. The main innovations were a highly recommended seafood platter and Mediterranean platter.

We talked about the Journal and the Newsletter, and various other literary matters, including the Bensons, Lamb House (where EF Benson lived after Henry James) and the Tilling Society of Rye; Richard Fortey’s Dry Store Room No 1: the Secret Life of the Natural History Museum; and Stella Gibbons’ Nightingale Wood. There was also some further discussion of an item from the APLIST: the phrase ‘The Mute with the Bowstring’ [KO, 71] (see page 22).

Other subjects given an airing were German holidays, luncheon parties and clubs, left and right handedness, school uniform (and the things one got up to at school), the auction of fittings from the Café Royal (see page 14) and the recent fire at the College of Arms.

Meanwhile in places the conversation was beginning to sound disconcertingly like a pub quiz (answers below):

1. What does the word myristicivorous mean?
2. Which manufacturer had a trade mark known as ‘the flying D’?
3. Which novel contains a family by the name of Widmerpool? (And yes, they are a problem family!)
4. Who wrote:
   - When I was but thirteen or so
   - I went into a foreign land
   - Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
   - Took me by the hand …
5. Name the ‘Cargoes’ carried by John Masefield’s
   - Dirty British coaster with the salt-caked smokestack,
   - Butting through the channel in the mad March days.

Present were: David Butler, Derek Hawes, Stephen Holden, Keith Marshall, Noreen Marshall, Sandy Morrison, Prue Raper, Victor Spouge, Robert Tresman.

---

### 26 Brunswick Square, London

In 1932-35 Powell had a top floor flat at 26 Brunswick Square and this site was included in the Sunday morning walk following the Centenary Conference. However the actual location of the house was, at the time, uncertain. So our thanks to Anthony Burton, formerly of the Victoria & Albert Museum, for confirming that the site of 26 Brunswick Square is in fact now beneath the 1960s concrete edifice of the Brunswick Centre.
We Are Amused! – Christmas Competition Winners

By the Hon. Secretary

The Christmas competition asked contestants to submit the author and title of a novel (real or imaginary) from the Dance sequence but written by a well-known author other than Powell. Although only a small number of members entered they submitted 25 excellent and amusing entries. Indeed they were so excellent and amusing that I have decided that there will be joint winners. They are:

Jim Scott for alerting us to:

John Steinbeck
East of Eton

and John Gilks for reminding us of:

Michael Ondaatje
The English; Patient

Congratulations to both winners each of who will receive a year’s membership of the Society.

All the entries would have made worthy winners, so we print them all here (in no particular order) for your delectation:

Donna Leon
Espionage in Venice

Evelyn Waugh
The Seven Deadly Sins

CP Snow
The Old Boy Dinner

Samuel Richardson
Pamela, or Vice Rewarded

John LeCarre
Painter, Philosopher, Philanderer, Spy

Michael Ondaatje
In the Skin of a Mouse

Alan Sillitoe
The Loneliness of the Short-Distance Runner
William Shakespeare
*All’s Well That Ends Well*

Georges Simenon
*Maigret and the Repeated Coincidences*

Arthur Ransome
*Bohemia in London*

Philip Roth
*Widmerpool’s Complaint*

Patricia Highsmith
*The Not Even Genuinely Priggish Mr Jenkins*

Sue Grafton
*U is for Umfraville*

J Dickson Carr
*A Case of Wrongful Arrest*

Frederick Forsyth
*The Ordeal of Swordstick Man*

Josephine Herbst
*The Watcher with the Horn*

“Widmerpool in the wardrobe, as his wife takes his friend and fellow-traveller through the little death to a bigger one”

Norman Mailer
*The Naked and the Dead*

“... takes up the story from where Josephine Herbst left it seven years later”

Sarah Orne Jewett
*The Tory Lover*

“... Roddy Cutts and the GHQ cypherine: an Enigma in the Gulf …”

SJ Perelman
*Baby, It’s Cold Inside*

“… the post-coital conversations of Trapnel and Pamela …”

Ernest Hemingway
*The Scum Always Rises*

Alan Sillitoe
*The Phoniness of the Long Distance Runner*

Helen Fielding
*Gypsy Jones’s Diary*

Truman Capote
*Rock-buns at Sillery’s*

Some of the above are real volumes, a selection of which are depicted below.
Anyone for Lunch?

London members of the Society, at their pub meet in February were reminiscing about some of the romantic old restaurants that appear in the literature of the Powellian era. Many of them appear time and time again, not only in *Dance* but in the novels of Michael Arlen, Huxley, Waugh, Henry Green, William Gerhardie and many more. They also feature in the biographies of the era, in for example Kingsley Amis and Graham Greene. Some still exist despite the dominance of more recent Michelin-starred, celebrity chef-owned places where it is more important to be seen than to enjoy the fare.

But will they survive the latest recession? Bohemian eateries such as Boulestan, The White Tower and Schmidts have long gone and the Café Royal has recently succumbed too (see page 14), but others remain, including The Gay Hussar, Elena’s, l’Etoile, Kettners and Bertorelli’s.

It occurred to us, over our sausage and mash at The Audley, that there might be some interest among Society members if we were to take the occasional trip down this romantic road of literary associations and re-tell the tales of who said what to whom and who seduced whom.

I wonder if there are any takers?

Clearly these are not likely to be cheap adventures, and it might not be a good idea to add The Ritz to the list, but with careful planning and a bit of negotiation we might find that a Monday lunchtime date or even dinner is affordable. And you never know what you might find. On one occasion some years ago I found myself in Luigi’s in Henrietta Street (also now gone) sitting next to a faded old photograph of Powell and Malcolm Muggeridge with some *louche* people from theatreland. I think the adjoining, and equally faded picture was of a youthful John Geilgud!

If the idea interests you perhaps you have your own favourite literary eateries we could add to the list? Please give me a ring or e-mail me and I will do the planning.

Derek Hawes
01992 572 675
derek.hawes@talktalk.net

The Mute with the Bowstring

*By Noreen Marshall*

No one yet realised that the Mute with the Bowstring stood at the threshold of the door, that, if they wanted to get anything done in time of peace, they must be quick about it. [*KO*, 71]

This was discussed on the APLIST recently: Gerald Ruderman asked how well the phrase would be understood in 1962 and today, and commented on the capital letters.

Kipling also used it in *Staky and Co* (without capitals). Andrew Clarke suggested the emphasis was to make it appear more portentous, since the context is the imminence of the First World War.

The origin lies with a one-time practice of the Sultans of Constantinople. Anyone at court who had offended the Sultan would be summarily sent an executioner: a mute slave equipped with a bowstring to use in garrotting them.

...
From the APLIST

Recent Conversation from the Society’s Email Discussion Group

From Gerald Ruderman

Near the end of chapter 4 of *At Lady Molly’s*, Jenkins is given this thought:

> It was quite a good test, and I came out of it with flying colours; that is to say, without any immediate desire to buy an air ticket to Rome.

In 1934 would someone in Jenkins position have even imagined flying to Rome to see Jean? I wonder if this is an anachronism.

From Ed Bock

Don’t know about 1934, but drawing on two air travel books from 1930, the most direct and inexpensive route then would have been:

*London – Cologne (via Brussels): £5.15 ($40.51) “tea is served with no extra charge”*

*Cologne – Vienna (via Magdeburg, Berlin): 7 hrs; Reichmarks 151 ($35.77)*

*Vienna – Rome (via Venice): Austrian Schillings 200 ($28.08)*

Two overnight stops were often needed.

On the return, a faster and less turbulent trans-Alpine route from Rome departed Ostia airport at 12.30 pm, arrived Genoa airport at 16.30 in time to catch the 19.09 sleeper that arrived at Basel Central Station at 06.16. A flight departed Basel at 09.30 and reached Paris Le Bourget at 12.45. At 14.15 a British flight departed and arrived at Croydon at 16.45. The traveller would reach London Airways House at 17.50 (all times are local).

Reassurances to passengers on the 7-hour Cologne-Vienna flight:

> Cabin windows may be opened. Objects must not be thrown out.

> Although the average speed is about 150 km an hour, the feeling of speed is almost negligible.

> Nearly all aeroplanes are fitted with wireless.

> There need be no fear of airsickness, as it only happens in extremely bad weather and is not as bad as sea sickness.

The Vienna-Venice traveller was reassured:

> Throughout the route … emergency landing grounds have been plotted out.

(Sixteen were listed including Aspern, Wiener Neustadt, Graz, Knittelfeld, and Klagenfurt.)
From Bob Menk
I feel very reassured by the idea of cabin windows that open and the thought that I could, if sufficiently careful not to garner the attention of the air hostess, chuck my inedible meal out the window onto the heads of the unsuspecting Germans below.

To tie this back, however loosely, to the original question of whether this might have been affordable for someone like Nick, I ran the prices through a US government inflation calculator. The results in 2007 dollars look like this:

- $40.51 = $621.28 now
- $35.77 = $548.59
- $28.08 = $430.65
- Total: $140.36 = $1600.52 now

From Terry Empson
Powell records in his Journals (31 December, 1982) that he made his first plane trip in “about 1929” to fly back to London from Marseilles. His fellow-passengers included John Carberry, probably as nasty a specimen as was produced even by Happy Valley, with an unidentified travelling companion, who, at the first stop at Lyons, pinched Powell’s seat, one of two up front by the pilot. The next stop was Paris, where Powell decided not to get off and stretch his legs, and was delighted to see that an old man with two sticks took the Carberry seat and refused to move when Carberry returned. Carberry and chum retired to the back of the plane, where the rain dripped on to them through a hole in the roof, becoming a mini-torrent before London was reached.

Clearly, air travel was affordable for the middle-classes in those days, and there were none of those tiresome problems now experienced through lack of ventilation or shortage of fresh air.
Balliol Years

From Ed Bock
Philip Mason (Indian Civil Service 1930s-1940s; novelist; historian): A Shaft of Sunlight (1978), pp50-51, about his Balliol years:

There were a few at one end of the scale who could clearly be labelled ‘hearties’, a few at the other who were just as clearly ‘aesthetes’ … It was the day of ‘Oxford bags’; all trousers bought in Oxford were a little wider than they would have been in London, but the aesthetes wore trousers extravagantly wide, sometimes as much as twenty-four inches at the ankle, really twin skirts, and of delicate pastel shades, mauve or lilac or strawberry-and-cream, worn usually with a dark, close-fitting, rather formal jacket and a flowing tie, also in a pastel shade. Peter Quennell, being tall, looked splendid in such clothes; Cyril Connolly was less impressive. The literary figure who was later to be the most famous, Graham Greene, appeared aloof from the committed aesthetes, already distinguished by an expression of sad awareness. Anthony Powell was already playing to perfection the part for which he casts the narrator in his novels, the almost invisible man, the universal unobtrusive confidant and observer.

Powell Biography

From Julian Allason
Reviewing the two recent biographies of Powell by Nicholas Birns and Michael Barber, the literary critic of the Wall Street Journal, a Mr T Teachout writes:

Nicholas Birns, the author of Understanding Anthony Powell, alludes in passing to a cult of “Powellians” who make themselves known to one another by reciting memorized phrases from A Dance to the Music of Time, a 12-volume roman-fleuve about the lives and loves of the friends of Nick Jenkins, a fictional character all but indistinguishable from Powell himself. To these immoderate enthusiasts, “Death Comes for the Archbishop” is not a novel by Willa Cather but a uniquely lethal cocktail favored by Dicky Umfraville, the cad’s cad who is one of the most delightful minor characters in Dance.

Immoderate enthusiasts? Who can he have had in mind? And can we sue?
Donald Westlake

From William Denton
[William Denton identified this particular passage from Donald E Westlake, after some discussion on the APLIST]

By the time he’d unpacked and desanitized everything, the air in the room had a bit of life in it. Sternberg stripped to his boxer shorts, turned down the bed, settled himself comfortably with the pillows behind his back, and opened the Anthony Powell novel he’d started on the plane. It was Magnus Donners he wanted to identify with, but he kept finding his sympathies going to Widmerpool.
[Plunder Squad by “Richard Stark” (Donald E Westlake), 1972] ■

Jenkins

From Barry Pike
I mentioned at the AP Birthday lunch before Christmas that ‘jenkins’ means a society reporter. What follows is a brief offering on this theme, for the Newsletter or not, as you please.

The Listener crossword, no. 4022 (“At Arm’s Length” by Hotspur) appeared in The Times on Saturday 21 February 2009. The crossword was tricky because Hotspur had contrived to make each clue opaque beyond the ordinary. That for 54 across – a seven letter word – was ‘Jack has letters about catty crawler’. ‘Jack’ proved to be ‘J’, a Chambers’-accredited abbreviation for the jack in a deck of cards. The ‘letters’ mentioned in the clue are ns, or ens if they are spelt out; and they had to be written round (‘about’) a word meaning ‘catty’. Seasoned solvers of Listener crosswords know that ‘catty’ does not necessarily mean feline or spiteful: it can also mean a unit of measurement used in SE Asia and China, equal to about 1.3 lb. avoirdupois in SE Asia and Hong Kong and about 1.1 lb. avoirdupois (500 grammes) in China.
[Chambers’ again]

Listener diehards also know that another word for ‘catty’ is ‘kin’ – and it was this that was needed here.

The synthesis of ‘J’, ‘ens’ and ‘kin’, with the second element enclosing the third gives us JENKINS – and now you know what this is all about.

The fourth element of 54 across is ‘crawler’, which must be the definition of Jenkins. Clearly there is no reference to Nicholas of the ilk, who has nothing Heepish about him. Chambers’, again, makes everything clear: a Jenkins is ‘a toady’. He is also, however, as AP presumably knew, ‘a society reporter’ – and this, pre-eminently Nicholas Jenkins is. I invite you to relish the full felicity of his name. ■
... Cuttings … Cuttings … Cuttings … Cuttings …

Narcissism (1)

We thank David Butler for sending us this from *Financial Times Magazine*, 14 February 2009:

> The wit & wisdom

Anthony Powell

“He fell in love with himself at first sight and it is a passion to which he has always remained faithful”

From “The Acceptance World” (1955), Anthony Powell (1905-2000), English novelist

Narcissism (2)

From *The Times*, 16 January 2009, by Simon Barnes:

Thoughts on narcissism inevitably come to mind in a week in which the back page of this newspaper bore a picture of Cristiano Ronaldo receiving the award for Fifa World Player of the Year. I don’t know if it was the suit or the smirk or the hair gel or the “lucky you” expression directed to the man who was humbly presenting Ronaldo with the award, an old fellow called Pelé. It is just an irrefragable fact of nature: it is impossible to gaze on Ronaldo for long without feeling an irresistible desire to kick him in the seat of his trousers.

In the myth, Narcissus rejected the advances of poor Echo and as a result was condemned to spend the rest of his days gazing at his own reflection; not that Ronaldo would find this too much of a hardship. I am reminded of a conversation in Anthony Powell in which two characters consider a novelist who “fell in love with himself at an early age, and it is a passion to which he has always been [sic] faithful”. This is true of Ronaldo to a quite fantastic degree. No possibility here of self-love unrequited.

Winter

From *The Times*, 10 January 2009, by Simon Barnes:

Hard winters were a fact of British life. The winter that followed the last war is remembered bitterly by all who survived it:

Without further compromise, Dickensian winter set in. Snow fell, east winds blew, pipes froze, the water main (located next door in a house bombed out and long deserted) passed beyond insulation or control. The public supply of electricity broke down. Baths became a fabled luxury of the past…

This from Anthony Powell.
Caledonia
DJ Taylor in The Independent, 16 January 2009:

I spent Thursday evening at Birkbeck College listening to the novelist Andrew O’Hagan deliver this year’s George Orwell memorial lecture on “The English”. It was – to say the least – an intriguing combination of speaker and subject.

O’Hagan is a Scot come south to storm the palisades of literary London. Orwell could be notably rude about some of O’Hagan’s countrymen (“It is so rare to find anyone hitting back at the Scotch cult”, he wrote to Anthony Powell in June 1936, thanking him for the gift of Powell’s verse satire Caledonia. “I am glad to see you make a point of calling them ‘Scotchmen’, not ‘Scotsmen’ as they like to be called. I find this is a good easy way of annoying them.”)

John Updike
From The Independent, 31 January 2009 by Richard Ingrams:

Come into the garden, Anthony. The world keeps ending but new people too dumb to know it keep showing up as if the fun’s just started.

You might not gather from reading the long obituaries of John Updike, and all the talk about sex and suburban mores, that he could be a very funny writer – not surprising when you remember that he spent his formative years at The New Yorker relishing the work of writers such as James Thurber and Robert Benchley.

Updike was also a religious man, as you can tell from his critique of Matthew’s gospel in his book of essays Odd Jobs. One of the reasons I like reading him so much is his habit of describing trees and flowers, something he has in common with the great novelists such as Hardy and Lawrence.

Contrast his poetic awareness of nature with the lack of it in our revered British novelist the late Anthony Powell. In his published diary, Powell describes in elaborate detail how he visited Buckingham Palace in 1988 to be invested with the CH. Making small talk after the ceremony, the Queen asked him about his garden. “Do you have aconites?” Powell had no idea what she was talking about and stammered a non-committal reply. “I am totally ignorant on all horticultural matters,” he added with not a glimmer of shame. One reason, although there are plenty of others, why he is a greatly inferior novelist when compared to Updike.

What’s in a Name
Letter to The Times, 3 December 2008:

Sir, I was interested to read your reasons for choosing to use Mumbai rather than Bombay.

Nevertheless, having been born in Chorlton-cum-Hardy, I was taken aback to read in the biography of me printed in the programme of the Paris Opera that “Monsieur Powell était né a Chorlton-cum-Robuste”.

ANTHONY POWELL
London SE3
Bright Young Novelists

Thanks to Charles Whaley for the final paragraph from The New York Times Book Review, 11 January 2009 review by Caryn James of DJ Taylor’s Bright Young People:

Taylor’s richly detailed work also calls attention to two breezy, auspicious first novels about the Bright Young People that are unfortunately out of print: Nancy Mitford’s Highland Fling and Anthony Powell’s Afternoon Men. Mitford was on the group’s periphery, and her book has much of the charm of Vile Bodies; Powell, a sometime member, shares Waugh’s piercing observations. Both novels appeared in 1931, an indication of how quickly the Bright Young People’s era receded. Even then Mitford, Powell and Waugh had the distance to mock its slight-as-a-bubble mentality. All three novels entice us into a frothy, evanescent world we have reason to envy, but not too much.

Cocksidge's demeanour to his superiors always recalled a phrase used by Odo Stevens when we had been on a course together at Aldershot: "Good morning, Sergeant-Major, here's a sparrow for your cat." Cocksidge was, so to speak, in a chronic state of providing, at a higher level of rank, sparrows for sergeant-majors' cats.

[Anthony Powell, The Acceptance World]
**Society Merchandise**

**Centenary Conference Proceedings**
Collected papers from the 2005 centenary conference at The Wallace Collection, London.

**UK Price:** £10  **Overseas Price:** £14

**Secret Harmonies: Journal of the Anthony Powell Society**

**UK Price:** £4  **Overseas Price:** £5 each

**Centenary Newsletter**
Bumper 120-page celebratory 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 Powell.

**UK Price:** £4  **Overseas Price:** £5

**Wallace Collection Poussin 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 29.

**UK Price:** £6  **Overseas Price:** £7.50

**Society Bookmarks; pack of 10.**

**UK Price:** £1  **Overseas Price:** £1.50

**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

**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 Poussin Postcard**

**UK Price:** £2  **Overseas Price:** £3

**Newsletter Back Numbers**
Back numbers of *Newsletter* issues 6, 8 to 20, 22 to 29 and 31 to 33 are 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. Please send your order to:

Anthony Powell Society Merchandise
Beckhouse Cottage, Hellifield
Skipton, N. Yorkshire, BD23 4HS, UK
Phone: +44 (0) 1729 851 836
Fax: +44 (0) 20 8864 6109
Email: merchandise@anthonypowell.org

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

Anthony Powell Society Merchandise Order Form

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Qty</th>
<th>Item Description</th>
<th>Unit Cost</th>
<th>P&amp;P</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of membership (please tick):</th>
<th>UK</th>
<th>Overseas</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Individual Members</td>
<td>£22</td>
<td>£28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joint Members</td>
<td>£33</td>
<td>£39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Student Members</td>
<td>£13</td>
<td>£19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organisation</td>
<td>£100</td>
<td>minimum</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- **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

## 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**

## Payment Information

- **Total amount payable: £ _____**

  (No. of years x membership rate)

- 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.

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

**Signed:**

**Date:**

Please send the completed form and payment to:

**Anthony Powell Society Memberships, Beckhouse Cottage**

**Hellifield, Skipton, N. Yorkshire, BD23 4HS, UK**

**Phone:** +44 (0) 1729 851 836

**Fax:** +44 (0) 20 8864 6109