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and a Prosperous New Year
to all members & friends of the Society
From the Secretary’s Desk

Friday 19 November was a red letter day for the Society with two important events. Firstly on that day the Earl of Gowrie gave the fourth Anthony Powell Lecture at the Wallace Collection to a packed house. His comparison of the end of Dance with the end of Proust, plus a few observations on how he, as a young protagonist, saw the 1960s and ’70s was both interesting and highly entertaining. Lord Gowrie’s lecture will be published in a future edition of Secret Harmonies. Once again our thanks to the Trustees and staff of The Wallace Collection for their continued support, friendship and hospitality.

Secondly, the same day the Society published Dance Music, Jeff Manley and his team’s guide to the musical references in Dance (see opposite). Formatted in the same style as Hilary Spurling’s Handbook to Dance, this is a comprehensive purview, the research for which has uncovered a number of unsuspected references and indeed at least one instance of music which had been otherwise effectively lost. Needless to say the work on Dance Music has been extended over quite a few years – I recall Jeff discussing the project at the Bath Conference in 2007 – but the wait has produced a most valuable resource both in terms of understanding Dance and in cataloguing some aspects of 1920s and ’30s popular music. Dance Music would make an ideal Christmas present for all fans of Dance. Jeff and the team are to be warmly congratulated on their achievement.

As always at this time of year it remains only for me to wish you all a peaceful Christmas and a beneficent 2011.

The Anthony Powell Society
Registered Charity No. 1096873

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

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* Members of the Executive Committee and the Society’s legal trustees. All trustees are resident in England or Wales unless stated.

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“Powell throws into Dance a huge variety of musical allusions, both classical and popular. This guide is most impressively researched; it is a fascinating and inestimable companion. It gathers together a wealth of references, many identifiable but in danger of being forgotten; some tantalisingly allusive but now revealed in context. It fills in the background in a way I’ve found fascinating and from which I’ve learnt so much. It will prove invaluable in years to come when the music of Powell’s era will be even more underplayed and undervalued than it is nowadays, a decade after his death. Jeff Manley has done a wonderful job keeping these musical references alive and preserving their meaning.”

[Paul Guinery]
Did Lanny Budd Ever Meet Nick Jenkins?

by Derek Hawes

We cannot be sure that Nick Jenkins and Lanny Budd ever met, but if they did it will certainly have been when they were both in Paris with their fathers, attending the 1919 Paris Peace Conference. This fact is one of many extraordinary coincidences in the lives of these two protagonists. Nick of course, is the central figure in the twelve volume *roman fleuve* of Anthony Powell but fewer people know that Lanny plays the same role in the eleven volume *World’s End* written by the American author Upton Sinclair.

This is just one of the most remarkable similarities in these two major works. Lanny is first met as a 13-year-old, together with two other boys, attending a summer school in France and both his companions dance in and out of his life throughout the sequence. Both boys are born into upper middle-class families and spend much of their lives engaged with art and music. Stringham and Templer would have had little to say to Kurt and Rick, Lanny’s companions. Rick, the son of an English baronet, and Kurt, from a German aristocratic background, nevertheless come to influence the life of Lanny Budd and meet both tragedy and romance much in the way that Nick’s school friends did.

Sinclair’s sequence, written between 1940 and 1953, covers the period from 1913 to 1949 and although almost forgotten today, was widely read, the third in the series winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1943.

Powell’s *Dance* sequence was written between 1951 to 1975 and relates experiences between *circa* 1918 and 1971.

Sinclair (1878-1968) had, on the face of it, little in common with Powell (1905-2000). He was a left-wing propagandist, he was prolific (writing over ninety books), as well as being a journalist and political activist. Many of his early books were exposés of exploitative labour practices in the United States and were instrumental in social reform. Several were later made into films, including *Oil!* made into the recent film of the early oil industry *There Will be Blood* starring Daniel Day-Lewis.

However, in these two long sequences, the parallels are frequent. Both young protagonists have a life-long interest in the occult, both novels have a medium who portends the future: Mrs Erdleigh and Madam Zwechinski (who is often consulted whilst in a trance), would have understood each other very well. Both young men have an uncle who provides what Hilary Spurling calls “a source of perpetual foreboding” in the way the stories play out. Throughout both novels, characters such as Sir Magnus Donners, Jeavons and Barnby (*Dance*) have their counterparts in the life of Lanny Budd.

Crucially, the early lives of both Lanny and Nick are pursued in both the upper levels of society and in the rather *louche* environments of the bohemian artists and
musicians of the avant garde. Lanny is the son of an American arms manufacturer and a fashionable mother who lives in the south of France and brings her son up on the Côte d’Azur. She is separated from his father who is nevertheless a strong influence on his son’s development. As young men Nick and Lanny inhabit social milieus with much in common.

It has to be admitted that in terms of literary style and purpose these long sequences are light years apart, and Sinclair’s stated purpose in writing would have made little sense to Powell. In an article in 1943, published as a foreword to the third volume of the series, Sinclair makes clear that his fascination is with Hitler and Mussolini:

what are they going to do to mankind and what will mankind do to them … it seems hardly likely that either will die a peaceful death. I am hoping to outlive them and whatever happens, Lanny Budd will be in at the death.

The critic Malcolm Bradbury has said, in his account of American literature, that Sinclair, together with Jack London, Theodore Dreiser and others, did much to support the growth of naturalism and the path towards aestheticism in early American writers; much as the early novels of Powell and others were doing in London.

I can find no reference in any of Powell’s work that he ever met or even knew of Sinclair or his work, but several volumes of both are set almost totally in the second world war, and contrast the fashionable post-first world war milieu with the sense of evil and Armageddon that Europe faced in the build-up to 1939-45. Almost all critics who examine Powell contrast Dance with the novel sequences of Waugh, Simon Raven, CP Snow and Galsworthy and with A la Recherche du Temps Perdu, but I would argue that we have been missing a fascinating new relationship between the books of two writers who cover the same time-frame, using the lives of very similar characters who are only five or six years apart in age, and who yet, despite quite different origins, would have had much to say to each other. ■
Torridge and Widmerpool: Discovering William Trevor’s Stories

by John Potter

Perhaps nobody ever did wonder what Torridge would be like as a man – or what Wiltshire or Mace-Hamilton or Arrowsmith would be like, come to that. Torridge at thirteen had a face with a pudding look, matching the sound of his name. He had small eyes and short hair like a mouse’s. Within the collar of his grey regulation shirt the knot of his House tie was formed with care, a maroon triangle of just the right shape and bulk. His black shoes were always shiny.

So begins the William Trevor short story “Torridge”, originally published as part of his collection Lovers of Their Time and Other Stories which came out in 1978, three years after the end of Anthony Powell’s Dance. The beginning of this story immediately reminds me of the opening section of Dance when we are introduced to another public schoolboy, Widmerpool, and to Jenkins, Stringham and Templer. Widmerpool achieved notoriety at school for wearing the wrong kind of overcoat but Torridge is immaculately dressed, drawing comparisons more with wartime Widmerpool who took such pride in wearing his army uniform.

I first started reading the works of the Irish writer William Trevor about ten years ago. Now 82 and still an active writer, Trevor will be known to some Anthony Powell Society members as a meticulous craftsman of short stories and occasional novels. He was born in Mitchelstown, County Cork in 1928, and went to Trinity College, Dublin. He moved to England during the 1950s and has stayed there ever since, living for the past 40 years in Devon. Just as Widmerpool takes his name from a real place in England, so the Torridge of Trevor’s story is named after the river and district of that name which is not far from Trevor’s home in Devon. To my knowledge, Powell has never written about Trevor, though Powell is one of the writers admired by him. They share a liking for precision and also for humour in their writing, though Trevor is clearly at his best in the shorter form of literature. His novels, never very long, are also extensions of short stories in which two or more stories are sometimes interwoven.

Apart from an enormous body of work as a short story writer, Trevor has produced some other notable fiction. In 2002 his novel The Story of Lucy Gault was shortlisted for both the Man Booker Prize and the Whitbread Fiction Prize and is perhaps his greatest achievement next to the short stories. In the same year Trevor was also knighted for services to literature. Among other works I would recommend is the short novel Reading Turgenev from 1991, which was published along with My House in Umbria in one volume under the title Two...
Anthony Powell Society Newsletter #41


A new updated edition of Trevor’s collected short stories was published by Viking in a two volume box set recently, but until now I had still not read the forerunner of this, The Collected Stories, which gathers all the stories from the beginning of his career right up to publication in 1993 in one 1,261 page volume. Early retirement from my full-time university job in Japan and my removal to Okinawa last year has given me the chance to remedy this and I have been reading The Collected Stories with great pleasure – though carrying around a Penguin paperback the size of a brick, and almost as heavy, has not been easy in the subtropical island heat.

Trevor’s stories are most often set in England and sometimes in Ireland, while a smaller number of the later stories have continental European settings. The author is typically concerned with loneliness and failure, with adultery and unhappy marriages, drink problems and unfulfilled dreams. He also has a number of stories which centre around children, adolescents, and school. Among these are “A School Story”, “Going Home”, “Mrs Silly” and “Children of the Headmaster” which all focus on boarding school life. There is also “Miss Smith”, “Nice Day at School” and “Mr Tennyson”. These are all seen from the viewpoint of the young, though another story “Attracta” is viewed through the eyes of a teacher. “Broken Homes” meanwhile is another of Trevor’s hilarious stories with a darker side, in which an elderly woman unwittingly volunteers to have her kitchen painted by teenagers from the local school as part of a community project – with disastrous results.

In the story “Torridge” the character of the title has some other similarities with Widmerpool. Not good at games, he would also ask questions in class that caused “an outbreak of groaning”.

He would glance around the classroom, not flustered or embarrassed in the least, seeming to be pleased that he had caused such a response.

Torridge’s father is “in the button business” (rather than liquid manure) and it is expected that he will in time take over the family business. This becomes a joke at school where he is regarded as a figure of fun. The story turns on an incident in which a note is mistakenly passed to Torridge by one of the older boys. These older pupils are known to “take an interest in” younger boys, leading to liaisons of a
The impressive bridge over the River Torridge at Bideford, Devon

dubious nature. The note that Torridge receives was intended for Arrowsmith but goes astray. Unlike Widmerpool, who intercepts Akworth’s note intended for Peter Templer and is then instrumental in having Akworth expelled from school, Torridge innocently goes to meet the sender believing the note to be for him.

The second half of the story moves forward in time to the 1970s and all four boys are now middle-aged. Wiltshire, Mace-Hamilton and Arrowsmith are married with families of their own and every so often meet up in London for dinner, along with their wives and children. This most often occurs when Arrowsmith, who works for Shell and lives mostly overseas now, is back on a visit. In the final scene, Arrowsmith, by now drinking heavily and unhappily married, has, for a joke, invited Torridge to join them. No-one has seen him since school. The plan backfires badly as Torridge is now a completely changed person and he menacingly turns the tables on his former schoolmates. He tells the assembled group that he is homosexual: “I perform sexual acts with men”. He also reveals details of his former schoolmates’ homosexual activities at school, which until this moment their families had been unaware of. A very different ending ensues to that of Widmerpool’s attempt to pay penance to Akworth. Trevor illustrates how these characters’ experiences at boarding school have had such an impact on their subsequent lives.

“Torridge” is not one of Trevor’s very best stories but it is especially interesting for me for its echoes of the world of Widmerpool and his contemporaries as described by Powell in *Dance*. Like Powell, Trevor does not moralise and has no political axe to grind in his fiction. He is interested in sculpting little moments of truth through vignettes of life. These are frequently both comic and poignant and they touch our sympathy and humanity. A master of short fiction, William Trevor is a writer who is well worth discovering if you haven’t already.

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The Quarterly Review

A classic journal of ideas and culture
www.quarterly-review.org

Founded by Walter Scott, Robert Southey and George Canning, the *Quarterly Review* (1809-1967) was one of the most influential journals in British history. Revived in 2007, the *QR* Mark II follows its great predecessor in providing uncensored political analysis and stimulating cultural critique – from abortion to Zimbabwe, via *Nosferatu* and Powell. Contributors include Rowan Williams, Richard Body, Ezra Mishan, Tito Perdue, Kirkpatrick Sale, Keith Waldrop, Rupert Sheldrake, Taki and many others.

Complimentary sample copies and subscriptions available by calling +44 (0) 1507 339 056 or email to editor@quarterly-review.org
My introduction to Dance was in 1955. I was then serving in Malaya in a newly raised colonial regiment, the Federation Regiment. This was made up of officers and men drawn from the various races inhabiting the peninsular, the senior officers being British. One day I saw one of the Chinese officers so engrossed in an English novel that as soon as he finished reading I borrowed it. It was A Buyer’s Market.

I was immediately immersed in the story and the way in which the characters spoke and behaved. The book is set in four scenes: Lord Huntercombe’s fashionable London ball; an evening party given by a rackety hostess, Mrs Andriadis; a luncheon party given by an important industrialist, Sir Magnus Donners, in his too-perfect country house; and a bohemian party given by Mr Deacon, an unsuccessful painter of classical figures.

At each of these entertainments certain characters stood out. For a start the narrator, Nick Jenkins, came across as a quiet, sensitive young man, recently out of university, taking a detached view of circumstances and the people around him. He is one of a dinner party given by a retired diplomat, Sir Gavin Walpole-Wilson, for the Huntercombe’s ball. Another of the party is Barbara Goring, with whom Nick fancies himself in love. Also present is an old school acquaintance, Kenneth Widmerpool, a rather dull individual who is also smitten by Barbara. Widmerpool comes across as a somewhat nondescript person, a view reinforced by the curiously servile manner in which he accepts the contents of a large sugar castor poured over his head and shoulders by Barbara (an incident which convinces Nick that she is not for him). A more interesting person is Archie Gilbert, a constant attender at debutante balls, always beautifully turned out and a bit of a mystery. He is in some way involved with base metals.

When the ball ends Nick sets out to walk home and Widmerpool decides to accompany him half way. When they stop at a midnight coffee stall they encounter Mr Deacon and his female assistant in distributing anti-war leaflets, Gypsy Jones, both at once interesting characters of whom one wanted to see more. They are joined by a rather dashing, if slightly drunk, representative of the upper classes, Charles Stringham. He had shared a study at school with Nick, and knew Widmerpool from that time. Stringham persuades the others to accompany him to Mrs Andriadis’ gathering. Here events show Widmerpool at a disadvantage and highlight Stringham’s capricious nature. Nevertheless there is something attractive about the latter: not so about Widmerpool. Mr Deacon comes across as a self-opinionated nobody, Gypsy as a left-winger typical of the times.

At the next occurrence, Sir Magnus Donners’ luncheon party, Stringham appears as some sort of ADC to Sir Magnus, but taking his job fairly light-heartedly. Of greater interest is Jean Duport, sister of Peter Templer who, together with Nick and Stringham, had formed a threesome of friends at school. Nick finds himself inexplicably drawn to her. Widmerpool looms larger, but still seems no more than a harmless buffoon. However, he has the ear of the...
industrialist, indicating that he is taken seriously by important people.

Finally Mr Deacon’s birthday party produces several people of note. He, it must be admitted, seems a bit of a bore, going on about out-of-date art, but he has an interesting tenant in an up-and-coming young painter Ralph Barnby. He comes across as a sympathetic individual who does indeed become a friend of Nick. Also present at the party are two people Nick knew slightly at university: JG Quiggin and Mark Members. The former makes a thing of being working class, though apparently doing very little himself, while the latter went in for being the Scholar Gypsy. To Quiggin’s envy Members was by this time secretary to an old-fashioned but popular novelist, St John Clarke. There are clear homosexual undertones in Mr Deacon’s manner which, combined with the general left-wing atmosphere of people like the publisher Howard Craggs and others, mirrors exactly the pre-war situation in English semi-intellectual circles.

I did not know at the time that *A Buyer’s Market* was the second book of a projected twelve volume series, and it is interesting to see how the different characters turned out. Barbara Goring marries a rich landowner and Guardee (who was present at the ball) and has an unhappy life with him. Widmerpool, who made hardly any impression, so comes to dominate the series that I found myself eagerly awaiting each publication to see him get his come-uppance: something satisfactorily achieved. Archie Gilbert, man of mystery, mysteriously disappears at the end of the book. Gypsy Jones, while remaining violently left-wing, follows a by no means unusual route to end as Lady Craggs. Charles Stringham, so prominent in the first novel *A Question of Upbringing*, fades from the scene as drink gets hold of him, finally being killed by the Japanese. But he remains in the memory, and he is one of the characters most like many of those one knew. Jean Templer becomes Nick’s first true love, and the discovery that while their affair was at its highest she was sleeping with another, and extremely unpleasant, individual, gives a real shock, not only to Nick but also to this reader.

I asked the young Chinese officer what he made of the book. Not much, he replied. Where was the plot? ■
“He's so wet you could shoot snipe off
him.” Can you imagine a more
exquisitely Templer phrase?
[Anthony Powell; A Question of Upbringing]

**Snipe Shooting, 1886**
*Peter Henry Emerson (1856-1936)*
*Platinum Print, circa 1886*

John Blaxter spotted this superb image
(below) in an exhibition of photographs at
the Chris Beetles Gallery, Ryder Street, St
James’s, London SW1.

John says “I couldn’t afford the necessary
£3,500 to secure this original print but the
management very kindly allowed me take
a photograph of it. Although the quality of
the resultant mage is not all that it might
be I think that it manages to illustrate that
a pretty high degree of wetness is a
prerequisite for the activity in question.
As for the expressions and postures of the
characters …”

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*Snipe, Gallinago gallinago, are medium sized,
skulking wading birds with short legs and long
straight bills which live on small invertebrates,
including worms and insect larvae. They are best
seen in winter by patiently watching around the
margins of wetland pools. Length: 25-28 cm.
Wingspan: 37-43 cm. UK population: around
55,000 breeding pairs with numbers increasing in
winter due to migrants from Europe.*
Tolland Family Tree
as described in Anthony Powell's
*A Dance to the Music of Time*
*Constructed by Mike Jay and Keith Marshall* from Dance and Spurling's Handbook
BBC4 TV recently produced a series on British novelists based on interviews of writers held in the BBC archives. Although promoted as a series to be based primarily on actual interviews, there was about an equal amount of commentary from talking heads and voiceovers as there was recorded interviews or statements of the writers themselves.

The first episode was transmitted on Monday, 16 August, 2010 and was entitled Among the Ruins: 1919-1939. The most interesting parts of this episode to Powell fans are no doubt the PG Wodehouse, Evelyn Waugh and George Orwell segments, each of which lasted about 4-5 minutes (about the average length for most featured writers). The Waugh and Wodehouse segments included interviews with the writers and clips from BBC TV dramatizations of Wodehouse’s novels. There were also clips from Waugh’s film The Scarlet Woman but no excerpts from dramatizations of Waugh’s works. The Orwell segment consisted of commentaries and film clips from dramatizations of 1984 and Animal Farm but no interviews. Although Orwell worked for two years at the BBC writing and reading radio broadcasts, none of them were recorded or, if recorded, saved in the archives, so there is no archival BBC interview of Orwell.

Other writers receiving similar coverage to that afforded Wodehouse and Waugh included EM Forster, Elizabeth Bowen, Barbara Cartland, Jean Rhys, Robert Graves, TH White, Christopher Isherwood, Aldous Huxley and Graham Greene (who agreed only to sound-recorded interviews even for TV programmes). There were also briefer filmed recordings of HG Wells and GK Chesterton and a voice-only interview of Virginia Woolf.

The second episode, The Age of Anxiety: 1945-1969, really begins in 1954 with the publication of Lucky Jim, Lord of the Flies, Under the Net and Lord of the Rings volume 1, arguing that these books represented a watershed in the British novel that had effectively come to a hiatus with the war. So, it neatly skips over the year 1951 when the first Dance volume was published. It then deals with the subjects of the Angry Young Men (with interviews of John Braine and Alan Sillitoe, as well as Kingsley Amis). There is a brief mention of immigrant novels, although VS Naipaul was not mentioned. The spy novel gets a look in, represented by Ian Fleming and John Le Carré interviews, and the Sci Fi movement with interviews of John Wyndham, Anthony Burgess and JG Ballard. These two genres are linked to the anxiety of the Cold War.

Finally, the last ten minutes or so is devoted to the feminist novel with interviews of Doris Lessing and Margaret Drabble. Oddly enough that is where Powell makes his only appearance in the entire series. There was about a ten second clip of an interview of Powell (I...
think it was the one in 1966 by Malcolm Muggeridge from the *Intimations* series) in which Powell says, in answer to an unrevealed question, that he cannot offhand think of any contemporary woman writer for whom he has any tremendous admiration, but that doesn’t mean that, if pressed, he couldn’t find one. So to the extent he is mentioned at all in this series, it is by this clip, which depicts him as an anti-feminist.

The third episode *Nothing Sacred: 1970-1990* was the weakest of the three. Despite the apparent availability of more raw material, it covered fewer novelists. It began with a continuation of the feminist novel segment which had ended the last episode. This involved interviews with Fay Weldon and Angela Carter, who seem rather more hard-core feminists compared to those in episode 2, and a later interview with Jeanette Winterson who offers a degree of circumspection on Mrs Thatcher not accorded her by most writers. There are also a series of clips from Booker award dinners illustrating how TV came to bring celebrity status to some writers. But most of this episode is devoted to the works of Martin Amis (*The Rachel Papers* and *Money*), Ian McEwan (*The Cement Garden*) and Salman Rushdie (*Midnight’s Children* and *The Satanic Verses*), who each make several appearances in multiple contexts. James Kelman (*The Bus Conductor Hines*) and Hanif Kureishi (*The Buddha of Suburbia*) also get mentioned as examples of working class and immigrant novels respectively, as does Malcolm Bradbury, but more as a critic than a novelist.

Although Powell’s novels spanned all three episodes, they are not mentioned, nor is he except for the brief clip about women writers. He simply didn’t fit into any of the BBC’s categories. It was not for lack of material, since there are at least three BBC TV interviews devoted to Powell in their archives: *Bookstand*, 24 January 1962 (interview by Kingsley Amis); *Intimations*, 11 January 1966 (interview by Malcolm Muggeridge); “Anthony Powell: The music of time”, a conversation with Julian Jebb, 8 September 1975. Although there was some suggestion passed on to Michael Barber that the Muggeridge interview had been lost, it seems to be alive and well in the archives, and the clip used in episode 2 seems to have been taken from that interview. BBC has confirmed to me in an email message the existence of that interview.

The BBC also has posted on its archives page what appear to be complete versions of several of the interviews excerpted for the series:

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http://www.bbc.co.uk/archive/writers/
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These can be viewed on a computer without any UK internet connection. Unfortunately, the full BBC TV interviews of Powell are not posted as of this writing, notwithstanding that extended versions of interviews of other writers from the *Intimations* series are made available. Moreover, interviews of several other novelists not mentioned at all or, like Powell, only briefly mentioned, have been posted on the archive website. These include Keith Waterhouse, VS Naipaul, Pat Barker and AS Byatt as well as several others. I have urged the BBC to post the three Powell interviews mentioned above as well but have had as yet no response to that suggestion.

[I have also asked the BBC to make these three interview programmes available on their Archive pages – Hon. Sec.] ■
WANTED
Indexer

We would like to create an index to the back numbers of this Newsletter. If any member (or friend) of the Society has the skills and the time to undertake this, please contact the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible. A copy of all the Newsletters will be provided.

Subscriptions

Members are reminded that annual subscriptions are payable on 1 April and that rates remain unchanged this year (see back page for current rates).

Those whose membership has expired are be removed from the membership list at the end of September.

Reminders are a drain on our resources, with each overseas reminder costing in excess of £1 – a significant sum when we send out anything up to fifty second and third reminders most years!

Members are also reminded that subscriptions, membership enquiries and merchandise requests should be sent to Graham & Dorothy Davie at:

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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.

Copy Deadlines

Newsletter #42, Spring 2011
Copy Deadline: 11 February 2011
Publication Date: 4 March 2011

Newsletter #43, Summer 2010
Copy Deadline: 13 May 2011
Publication Date: 3 June 2011

Secret Harmonies, 2011
Copy Deadline: 9 September 2011
Publication Date: 21 October 2011
**Dates for Your Diary**

**London Quarterly Pub Meets**

Saturday 12 February 2011  
Saturday 14 May 2011  
Saturday 13 August 2011  
Saturday 5 November 2011  

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.

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**6th Biennial Anthony Powell Conference, 2011**

**Anthony Powell’s Literary London**

Friday 2 to Sunday 4 September 2011  

Naval & Military Club  
4 St James’s Square, London SW1  

We are delighted to have this opportunity to hold the conference in the elegant surroundings of one of London’s most prestigious gentlemen’s clubs.

**Proposed Outline Programme**

*Plenary sessions: Friday & Saturday*  
*Reception: Friday evening*  
*Events: Friday afternoon, Saturday evening & Sunday morning*

Proposals are now invited for papers to be given at the conference. Proposals should be no more than 300 words and where possible should reflect the conference theme: **Anthony Powell’s Literary London**. It is anticipated authors will have 20 minutes in which to present their paper. Final versions of papers for publication should be no more than 5000 words. Paper proposals must be received by the Hon. Secretary no later than 7 January 2011.

Some accommodation has been reserved at the Club and will be bookable direct by delegates. Further details, pricing and outline programme will be announced Spring 2011. Provisional conference bookings may be made now with the Hon. Secretary.

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**London Group Annual Powell Birthday Lunch**

Saturday 4 December 2010  

Queen’s Head & Artichoke  
30-32 Albany Street, London NW1  

1200 for 1230 hrs  

This year we’re going to a central London gastro-pub, very close to Powell’s Chester Gate house. There will be a set menu (choice of 4 options per course) priced at £18.50 for 2 courses and £23 for 3 courses (excluding service and drinks). We should have the pub’s upstairs restaurant to ourselves. Advance booking advised.

Pub details at www.theartichoke.net. Nearest tube: Great Portland Street or Regent’s Park, 3-4 minutes walk.

Non-members welcome. Please book with the Hon. Secretary.

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This year we’re going to a central London gastro-pub, very close to Powell’s Chester Gate house. There will be a set menu (choice of 4 options per course) priced at £18.50 for 2 courses and £23 for 3 courses (excluding service and drinks). We should have the pub’s upstairs restaurant to ourselves. Advance booking advised.

Pub details at www.theartichoke.net. Nearest tube: Great Portland Street or Regent’s Park, 3-4 minutes walk.

Non-members welcome. Please book with the Hon. Secretary.
William Bradford “Bill” Warren
1934-2010
An Appreciation by Dr Nicholas Birns

Bill was gentlemanly, knowledgeable, and capable. Bill helped set up the NE USA Group of the Anthony Powell Society and helped sustain it in so many ways, including hosting the sumptuous annual Century Club lunch. Bill came to the fiction of Anthony Powell in the early 1980s, and it quickly became an indispensable part of his world as he amassed a prodigious collection of Powell-related artefacts, which he exhibited at his memorable show at the Grolier Club in 2006. His love of Powell’s works, and the ingenious way he connected them with his other wide-ranging intellectual interests, was exemplary. He was like Sunny Farebrother, in that whenever he popped up in your life you knew you were in for amusement, joy, and companionship – though completely sans that character’s vendettas. He was a kind, caring man who was always concerned for and interested in others. He was a man of achievement who looked to help and support others, whether individuals or institutions, that mattered to him. Though Bill had a busy and successful legal career, he was so scholarly and just so knowledgeable that academics reflexively treated him as their peer.

Bill was fascinated by medieval and early modern Germany – a neglected scholarly field these days, at least in English – and by the life and career of Prince Eugene of Savoy, ally of the British cause in the War of the Spanish Succession, famous for Marlborough’s campaigns.

Bill did his college senior thesis on Witiko, Adalbert Stifter’s historical novel about twelfth-century Germany, and was immersed in German scholarship and lore. Had Powell ever met Bill, I am certain he would have admired both Bill’s learning and the humane way he went about pursuing it. Powell would have loved the fact that Bill was unquestionably “related” to Nicole Warren in F Scott Fitzgerald’s Tender Is The Night.

Bill’s memorial service at St Thomas’s Episcopal Church in New York drew over 400 people – Bill’s friend, the Rev. Canon J Robert Wright, the historian of that church, said it was the most full he had ever seen the church other than at Christmas and Easter. This spoke to the love and loyalty inspired among Bill’s wide range of friends, who honoured him for his integrity, sense of humour and insight. □
I began to brood on the complexity of writing a novel about English life, a subject difficult enough to handle with authenticity even of a cruddy naturalistic sort, even more to convey the inner truth of things observed [...] Intricacies of social life make English habits unyielding to simplification, while understatement and irony – in which all classes of this island converse – upset the normal emphasis of reported speech.

How, I asked myself, could a writer attempt to describe in a novel such a young man as Mark Members, for example, possessing so much in common with myself, yet so different? [...] Thinking about Members that evening, I found myself unable to consider him without prejudice [...] Prejudice was to be avoided if – as I had idly pictured him – Members were to form the basis of a character in a novel. Alternatively, prejudice might prove the very element through which to capture and pin down unequivocally the otherwise elusive nature of what was of interest, discarding by its selective power the empty, unprofitable shell making up that side of Members untranslatable into terms of art; concentrating his final essence, his position, as it were, in eternity, into the medium of words.

Any but the most crude indication of my own personality would be, I reflected, equally hard to transcribe; at any rate one that did not sound a little absurd. It was all very well for Mrs Erdleigh to generalize; far less easy to take an objective view oneself. Even the bare facts had an unreal, almost satirical ring when committed to paper, say in the manner of the innumerable Russian stories of the nineteenth century: “I was born in the city of L–, the son of an infantry officer ...” To convey much that was relevant to the reader’s mind by such phrases was in this country hardly possible. Too many factors had to be taken into consideration. Understatement, too, had its own banality; for, skirting cheap romanticism, it could also encourage evasion of unpalatable facts.

[Anthony Powell; The Acceptance World]
On Saturday 23 October, the morning of the Society’s AGM, a dozen of us gathered at the Whitechapel Bell Foundry in London’s East End for a tour of the premises. An entry in 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. It had for some time been thought that the company may in fact have a longer history, and shortly after its quatercentenary, a link was indeed established back to one Master Founder Robert Chamberlain, thus tracing an unbroken line of bell founders in Aldgate and Whitechapel back to the year 1420 (in the reign of Henry V and 72 years before Columbus sailed for America). The current Foundry buildings (dating from 1670) were originally built as a coaching inn called the Artichoke.

Whitechapel Bell Foundry’s business has always been, and still concentrates solely on, the manufacture of bells and their associated fittings (although during World War II it switched to making bomb casings). The manufacture of large bells for change ringing peals in church towers, single tolling bells, carillon bells, and their complete range of accessories such as framework, wheels, clappers and their assembly in Church towers accounts for approximately four-fifths of the company’s output. The other fifth of the business lies in the manufacture of handbells for tune and change ringing, and other small bells of many shapes and sizes. As an example a tower bell of 60” diameter (at the lip), and weighing two tons, would set one back a mere £48,986.

We were first given a brief history of the Foundry by our guide (and the Foundry’s owner) Alan Hughes, the fourth generation of the Hughes family to run the business. Then we passed through a small courtyard full of verdigrised bells awaiting fitting out. Also hanging in this courtyard is a Buddhist temple bell and a magnificent
carillon. We entered a large, seemingly ramshackle, workshop where they make the cope (the outer cast of the bell) from a loam of sand, clay, goat hair and horse manure. Alan Hughes explained that the horse manure’s open, fibrous structure allows air to escape. More loam is built up on bricks to form a core mould. The moulds are oven-dried, the cope is lowered over the core and sealed at the bottom; molten metal is then poured into the gap. On the workshop’s wall are Big Ben’s huge moulding gauges. We were then shown the two rotating furnaces that can produce up to three and a half tons of molten bell metal (a bronze alloy of approximately 78% copper and 22% tin).

The next room’s floor was covered with small moulds which were handbells cooling off. After the casting the bell must then be tuned by a specialist with a (nowadays electronic) tuning fork, tapping the bell and shaving bits off it on an industrial lathe to achieve the right note. The final part of the tour took us up steep narrow stairs to the carpenters’ workshop and handbell finishing workshop.

Following what was a fascinating insight into a quintessentially English art, members took a well-earned break for brunch at a greasy spoon in Bethnal Green before reassembling at the V&A Museum of Childhood for the AGM.

Minutes of the AGM will, as usual, be published in the Spring Newsletter.
An Ingeniose Man
‘My Wit Was Always Working’ an exhibition on John Aubrey at the Bodleian Library, Oxford 28 May to 31 October 2010
by Keith & Noreen Marshall

John Aubrey (1626-1697) was indeed an ‘ingeniose’ (his preferred spelling) man. There was very little that did not interest him, and, as this summer’s exhibition at the Bodleian Library amply demonstrated, his fertile brain was always busy about something, if not several somethings. Small wonder that early work on Aubrey’s life for a biography was something that kept Anthony Powell’s intellectual interests focussed during his time in the army during WWII. The biography was published as John Aubrey and his Friends; (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1948; revised Heinemann, 1963).

This exhibition was mounted to celebrate the 350th anniversary of the Royal Society, the learned scientific institution which Aubrey helped to found, and which still exists today – although some things never change: one text label in the exhibition recorded that the Royal Society’s early existence was both eclectic and somewhat precarious, as it relied on members’ subscriptions “which did not always happen”.

Given the focus on the Royal Society the displays concentrated largely on the scientific and quasi-scientific aspects of Aubrey’s work, such as his drawing of a ‘Clowdy Starr’ or ‘Nubecula’, which he discovered in the sky between Hydra and Cancer in 1668. The drawing was submitted to the Royal Society, in whose keeping it remains.

Aubrey’s relationships with many of the leading scientists (or, as they themselves would have said, experimental philosophers) of his day were pivotal: he knew Thomas Hobbes, Robert Hooke and Edmund Halley, to name but three. Aubrey’s scientific interests included mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, botany and the conducting of experiments, and there were numerous exhibits which showed the application of these interests in his life, such as a camera obscura and laboratory equipment of the period. There were also some stunning scientific illustrations, like Robert Hooke’s ground-breaking drawings of fossils which challenged the orthodox Christian view of creation long before Darwin.

While it is certainly true that many of Aubrey’s interests were scientific, the exhibition’s curator was evidently unable to resist showing a considerable range of material that illustrated other Aubretian enthusiasms. He was, after all, an artist, antiquarian, bibliophile, collector, biographer and folklorist. One of the first exhibits encountered was a book from Aubrey’s own collection illustrating the complex art of folding table napkins, and nearby was a book from circa 1683 entitled The Praise of Yorkshire Ale (with dialect glossary) by the attorney and legal writer George Meriton.
The visitor could also see many of Aubrey’s own manuscript books, most of which have never been published. These show that among other things he was a pioneering archaeological analyst, being the first to identify and write up the prehistoric stone circle at Avebury in Wiltshire. He was also an early proponent of the comparative evidence-based approach to dating historical objects which any modern museum curator takes for granted: if you have enough securely dated objects of similar type, you can date most things.

Perhaps one of the most unexpected elements was the area devoted to Aubrey’s considerable interest in, and work on, the idea of an artificial scientific language created to best express the growing knowledge of the subject in his time. While this occupied much intellectual effort by Aubrey and his associates, such artificial languages have never seen great popularity.

The Bodleian’s own web page about the exhibition quotes William Poole, curator of the exhibition and Fellow of New College, Oxford:

John Aubrey is not only a fascinating figure in his own right but also acts as the ideal lens onto his own age ... His papers and extensive correspondence, today deposited in the Bodleian Library, bring to life the world of Restoration learning like no other comparable archive. If we did not have Aubrey, our vision of the great age of Newton and Hooke would be dimmer and duller.

We are indeed lucky to have a huge range of Aubrey’s papers, books and correspondence, much of it deposited at Oxford (as well as elsewhere) during his lifetime. Little wonder then that Aubrey kept Powell engrossed for approaching 10 years preparing and writing a biography of a man we can reasonably view as one of the founding fathers of modern scientific and historical research.

This was overall a fascinating exhibition from which one came away with but two sadnesses. First the displays made no mention of Powell’s work; not really too unreasonable given that *John Aubrey and his Friends* was written over 60 years ago before current biographical methods were developed. The second disappointment was purely that the exhibition was too small. The sheer diversity, and volume, of Aubrey’s work joined together our differing academic backgrounds – so much so that we, at least, would have welcomed a larger and deeper exploration of this harmonisation.

Although the exhibition has now finished the Bodleian Library’s website has an online version of the exhibition at [http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bodley/about/exhibitions/online/aubrey](http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bodley/about/exhibitions/online/aubrey). William Poole’s book *John Aubrey and the Advancement of Learning* (Bodleian Library; 2010) is also readily available.
From an article in *The Independent*, 25 September 2010, by John Walsh, “Shelf life: The private libraries of the style set”, a review of *Living with Books* by Dominique Dupuich and Roland Beaufre (Thames & Hudson, £22.50):

Cicero’s ideal room was a library in a garden. Montaigne dreamt of having a literary den in an attic. Anthony Powell informed the world that books do furnish a room – but the Victorian, Reverend Sydney Smith, got there first when he said, “No furniture so charming as books”. In the fairytale, *Beauty and the Beast*, the heroine’s dream of perfection isn’t romance, it’s a big library. “When I step into this library,” wrote the 17th century French diarist Marie de Sévigné, “I cannot understand why I ever step out of it.”

From an article in *The Guardian*, 1 September 2010, by Charlotte Higgins “The literary (anti)heroes of middle age”:

A treat turned up on my doorstep yesterday: a new book called *The Midlife Manual*, by John O’Connell and Jessica Cargill Thompson ... I particularly enjoyed their notion of the midlife literary anti-hero. O’Connell (who reviews thrillers for our Review) and Cargill Thompson picked out Widmerpool, the character from Anthony Powell’s 12-novel sequence *A Dance To The Music of Time*. They describe him thus:

A classic type: the cowardly and mediocre yet ambitious idiot whom no one liked at school but who has, thanks to a combination of luck and opportunism, eclipsed you and all your contemporaries to become unrealistically powerful in his chosen sphere – often politics or the media. Every group has a Widmerpool somewhere on its periphery. He’s the person you bitch about with your oldest friends after a long, long night out when you’re too exhausted to hide the anger and disappointment that’s eating you up. Because your Widmerpool never goes away. Indeed, the degrees of separation between you and him may decrease alarmingly: your paths may cross at a wedding or reunion. When they do, he will patronise you to death. And you will always hate him.

From an article in *The Independent*, 4 October 2010, by DJ Taylor, “Not such a wizard idea after all”, about JK Rowling’s announcement she might write another Harry Potter novel:

All the evidence suggests, though, that Ms Rowling should stick to the example of Anthony Powell, who, having killed off Widmerpool at the end of *A Dance to the Music of Time* (12 vols, 1951-1975), stoutly resisted fan pressure to carry on the series. In art, as in life, you can have too much of a good thing.
From AN Wilson’s “Diary” in the *Financial Times*, 8 October 2010:

To Oxford, for the philosopher Tony Quinton’s memorial service at New College ... Tony [Lord] Quinton was the best-read man I ever met. He could quote freely from Wodehouse, Carlyle, William Empson, Max Beerbohm. He knew the entire canon of Polish literature, every trashy American thriller you ever heard of and many you did not, as well, of course, as the canon of Eng Lit and of European philosophy. I wish now I had read philosophy and studied under him. His flow of perfectly modulated sentences – no, I shall emend that, perfectly formulated paragraphs – were not only an endless source of amusement. They were an education in elegance and wit. I liked the fact that if a non-philosopher such as myself asked him, “What did Hegel think about X?” or “Where did Schopenhauer differ from Kierkegaard in ...?” he could always tell you. Most professional philosophers cannot do this in language the rest of us can understand. He could do hilarious parodies, especially of continental philosophers such as Sartre, Wittgenstein or Heidegger. I expect Cambridgey people would have thought him superficial but, as his friend Anthony Powell once wrote, human life is lived for the most part on the surfaces.

Lord Quinton, another Society member, who died in June 2010.

From the *National Post* of Ontario, 25 October 2010, from a review by Mike Doherty of Bryan Ferry’s latest album *Olympia*:

The album is a richly textured, slinkily produced glam-pop/smooth funk/art rock affair where light lyrical come-ons (“Do you come here often / Do you wanna play?”) rub shoulders with references to Jean-Luc Godard, F Scott Fitzgerald and English novelist Anthony Powell.

The lyrics to the song “Reason or Rhyme” contain the verse:

In a world of fading sadness
An emerald ring, a photograph
That look in your eyes the brush of your cheek
These are the moments in life that I seek
No reason or rhyme, no presence of mind
Just a dance to the music of time.
Evelyn Waugh Conference

Downside School and Abbey
Somerset, UK

16-19 August 2011

Each day there will be at least one session for the presentation of papers and discussion. Evelyn Waugh’s grandson Alexander Waugh, a distinguished author in his own right, will preside.

There will be at least one excursion, to Combe Florey, Evelyn Waugh’s last house and the site of his grave. If time permits, we will also make excursions to Bath and Mells Manor, where Waugh was often a guest of the Asquiths.

Residence at Downside will be available for a limited number of people.

To register and for more information, please contact:

Dr John H Wilson
Department of English
Lock Haven University
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PA 17745, USA
Email: jwilson3@lhup.edu

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 8020 1483
Email: editor@anthonypowell.org
From the “Letters to the Editor” in TLS, 1 October 2010:

**Thursday Club**

Sir, Richard Davenport-Hines’s review of Frank Mort’s *Capital Affairs* (August 20 & 27) repeats Mort’s erroneous presumption that the Thursday Club at Wheeler’s Old Compton Street fish house was a weekly gathering of homosexuals. While I attended Thursday Club lunches in the 1950s, members noted for their sense of humour included Larry Adler, Anthony Powell and Donald Ogden Stewart. It would seem that sexual preference had nothing to do with being a member of the Thursday Club.

Donald Ogden Stewart Jr ■

[Spotted by Forest Ann Newcomer]

"Not all the fruits of Victory are appetising to the palate," said Pennistone. "An issue of gall and wormwood has been laid on."

[Anthony Powell; *The Military Philosophers*]

By way of a reminder, Regina Rehbinder writes:

[we] were staying at Travellers Club and there is a big, very nice photo of AP on the ground floor. Very few members have their pictures or photos on the Club walls so it is a true mark of respect. ■

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**Modigliani Record**

BBC News, 3 November 2010 reports that a painting of a nude by Amedeo Modigliani (below) has sold for more than $68.9m (£42.7m) at an auction in New York. The previous record price for a Modigliani was €43.2m (£35.8m), set earlier this year in Paris. The painting, part of a series of nudes created around 1917, was purchased by an anonymous buyer.

One wonders if Stringham’s Modigliani drawing was a preparatory sketch for this painting? ■
Letters to the Editor

On Boots

From Julian Allason
A quotation from Dance on the Society’s website raises a minor curiosity:

[Aylmer Conyers] wore an unusually thick, dark hairy suit, the coat cut long, the trousers narrow, a high stiff collar, of which the stud was revealed by the tie, and beautifully polished boots of patent leather with grey cloth tops. He looked like an infinitely accomplished actor got up to play the part that was, in fact, his own.

If the boots were of patent leather why would they require beautiful polishing? Whether they were coated with Mr Boyden’s original linseed oil-based lacquer or (less likely) the modern plastic finish, a wipe with his batman’s damp handkerchief should have sufficed. Polishing would have risked damaging the surface and certainly reduced its ineffable shine.

As cadets we experimented with clear nail varnish which was fine for the toecaps of leather walking-out shoes but crazed when applied to boots. Polishing made matters much worse. Requests by young men for nail varnish remover were generally met by an old fashioned look on the part of the chemist.

In Their Own Words

From Michael McGinty
If you blinked you might have missed the bit of Powell in the recent BBC4 series about modern British novelists [In Their Own Words]. He is described as “unreconstructed” and then a snippet is shown of him saying something not particularly unfair about women novelists. He is bracketed with Lawrence Durrell, whose contribution is barking.

Not fair, I’m sure we would all agree. But the calibre of the programmes was shown when the commentary referred to Jeeves as a “butler”.

See page 14 for a full review of the BBC series.

General Conyers’s “hairy suit” and patent leather boots (below left), as seen by Osbert Lancaster, compared with a more salacious interpretation.
Sillery

From Paul Whitfield

Driving in France recently, on leaving Reims towards the South, I came upon a sign to a small town called Sillery. Naturally, I was unable to resist visiting a place with such an intriguing name, and having photographed the road sign and the promising-looking Relais (unfortunately it was after lunch) I pressed on, wondering about the origins of the great character in Dance and whether there could be any connection with the place near Reims.

Sillery is an old town on the fringe of the Champagne region, sandwiched now between the A5 Autoroute and the canal linking the Aisne and the Marne rivers, which follows the course of the Vesle, on which Reims stands. Just to the north is a battered fort, the Fort de Pompelle, which was one of a group built in the mid-1870s to defend Reims, itself seen as a gateway to Paris. It was briefly occupied by the Germans in 1914, but for the rest of the Great War, held tenaciously by the French.

Michael Barber, in his Life of Powell (page 38) records that there was an article in Isis by a St John’s undergraduate called Sillery on an International Student Conference at Budapest, which he suggests may have been sub-consciously filed away in his mind by Powell under “half-baked progressive causes”.

In 1925, Powell in company with some Oxford friends, took a Long Vacation driving holiday to Switzerland, and his route would probably have taken him along the old Route Nationale 3, which passes close to Reims. Perhaps the party stopped for lunch at Sillery and the sub-conscious filing was awakened, possibly during a convivial lunch stop at the Relais?

We shall never know, but it’s an idea ... ■
Society Merchandise

**Jeff Manley et al.; Dance Music**
A 150-page guide to the musical references in *Dance*; compiled in the style of Spurling’s *Handbook*.
**UK: £7  Overseas: £11.50**

**John Gould; Dance Class**
American High School student essays from John’s teaching of *Dance* at Philips Academy. Perceptive insights.
**UK: £11.50  Overseas: £15**

**Centenary Conference Proceedings**
Collected papers from the 2005 centenary conference at The Wallace Collection, London.
**UK: £11  Overseas: £16**

**Oxford Conference Proceedings**
Collected papers from the 2003 conference at Balliol College, Oxford.
**UK: £7  Overseas: £11**

**Eton Conference Proceedings**
Papers from the 2001 conference. Copies signed by the Society’s Patron.
**UK: £6.50  Overseas: £9.50**

**Writing about Anthony Powell**
The talks given at the 2004 AGM by George Lilley, Michael Barber and Nick Birns; introduced by Christine Berberich.
**UK: £4  Overseas: £5.50**

**The Master and The Congressman**
A 40-page monograph by John Monagan describing his meetings with Powell.
**UK: £4  Overseas: £5.50**

**Secret Harmonies: Journal of the Anthony Powell Society**
All issues available.
**UK: £5  Overseas: £7.50 each**

**Centenary Newsletter**
120-page celebratory Centenary *Newsletter* (issue 21; December 2005).
**UK: £5  Overseas: £7.50**

**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. **£11 (£3 + minimum £8 Donation)**
(Price applies to both UK & overseas)

**Audio Cassette Tapes of Dance**
Simon Callow reading (abridged) volumes of *Dance*:
- *A Question of Upbringing*
- *The Kindly Ones*
- *The Valley of Bones*
- *The Soldier’s Art*
**UK: £2.50 each  Overseas: £4.50 each**

**Michael Bakewell, Fitzrovia: London’s Bohemia**
Published in the National Portrait Gallery “Character Sketches” series. Snapshot biographies of Fitzrovian characters including Powell and many of his friends.
**UK: £7.50**

**Society Postcard**
**UK: £1.50  Overseas: £2.50**

**Wallace Collection Poussin Postcard**
**UK: £2.50  Overseas: £4**

**Wallace Collection Poussin Poster**
**UK: £7  Overseas: £9**

**Newsletter Back Numbers**
Back numbers of *Newsletter* issues 9 to 19, 22 to 29 and 31 onwards are available.
**UK: £2 each  Overseas: £3.50 each**
Pricing Notes. The prices shown are the Society members’ prices as of November 2010 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.

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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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# The Anthony Powell Society

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