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Annual AP Lecture
The Politics of the Dance
Prof. Vernon Bogdanor
Friday 18 November

AGM – Saturday 22 October

London AP Birthday Lunch
Saturday 3 December

Secretary’s New Year Breakfast
Saturday 14 January 2012

Borage & Hellebore
with Nick Birns
Saturday 17 March 2012

Full event details pages 16-17
From the Secretary’s Desk

“Everything is buzz-buzz now”!

Somehow everything in the world of AP and the Society is buzzing. It’s all coming together. We have an event in London in every month from now until the Spring Equinox.

By the time you read this the conference will be upon us – perhaps even past. What a great event that promises to be. We have an excellent selection of speakers and papers; and some interesting events lined up. And we look like making our planned numbers too. If you’re not there you’re definitely missing out!

But there is more hard on the heels of the conference. October sees the AGM with a tantalising talk by Colin Donald on one of the last interviews AP ever gave to the media.

In November we have the Annual Lecture at the Wallace Collection. This year the lecture is to be given by Prof. Vernon Bogdanor on “The Politics of the Dance”.

December sees the now traditional Powell Birthday Lunch; and in January there’s a new introduction: the Secretary’s New Year Breakfast meeting. Interwoven we have the regular quarterly pub meets.

Last – and by far not the least – in March Nick Birns is visiting London especially to lead an afternoon exploring, with some special guests, Powell’s non-Dance works. Was Powell a one hit wonder? Or is there gold to be found in his whole oeuvre?

Little wonder the Secretarial Office has been “working the whole day through”!

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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Character or Situation?
Episodes from Powell’s Life Dramatised in the Dance

by Julian Allason

In the noisy debate over individuals who might – or might not – have contributed elements to Powell’s fictional characters, a parallel aspect is sometimes overlooked. That is the extent to which incidents in the author’s own life, and the lives of those close to him, have been worked into the choreography of the Dance.

To trap these requires a certain cast of mind. For with Nick Jenkins’ life roughly tracking Powell’s own biography of schooldays, university experience, wartime adventures and writing career it might be assumed that creator and creation march in parallel. But is the narrative as closely aligned with historical events as in, say, Waugh’s Sword of Honour trilogy? Even a cursory reading of Powell’s memoirs suggests that this is often not the case.

Take the civil servant Blackhead, his three and a half pages on the theory and practice of soap issues for military personnel, and memorable comeuppance at the hands of Pennistone with the two-word minute, “Please amplify”.Essentially this is situational comedy, dramatised by the novelist not from personality – Blackhead the bureaucrat remains more archetype than developed character – but from the absurd potential offered by his magnificent obstruction of all positive action.

Once one averts one’s eyes from character to fix them upon situation and episode it becomes evident that the seeds of some of the great set pieces of the Dance were sown much earlier in the life of the author than of his fictional alter ego.

An encounter with a prototype Blackhead is recorded in Messengers of Day* as taking place early in Powell’s publishing career when he is encouraged to go through the firm’s account books:

If I ever attempted to extract ‘the books’ from the accounting department, every sort of difficulty was put in the way; usually the simple and effective answer that work was being done at that very moment on whatever author’s sales I hoped to examine.

At this juncture proto-Blackhead makes his entrance.

The accountant himself, a stunted troglodyte, neither young nor particularly obliging, caused concern

“Couldn’t we infiltrate Blackhead into the German war effort?”
at this time by uttering strange animal cries from behind the closed doors of the tiny cell where he totted up the royalties.

The appearance of this Caliban is swiftly followed by his exit stage left.

Long years at Duckworths having affected his brain, he had to be removed in an ambulance.

Although this account is surely veracious it is almost too good to be true to win a place in the subtle account of wartime life offered in *The Military Philosophers*. Blackhead meets his match in one who understands the game better even than he: that is the joy of it. Thus it is not so much character that the author bends to his purpose as situation and the opaque skein of social and institutional rules that shape it.

*To Keep The Ball Rolling* (University of Chicago Press), 157

So it was with Mrs Maclintick. I was not prepared for her in the flesh. When she opened the door to us, her formidable discontent with life swept across the threshold in scorching, blasting waves. She was a small dark woman with a touch of gipsy about her, this last possibility suggested by sallow skin and bright black eyes. Her black hair was worn in a fringe. Some men might have found her attractive. I was not among them, although at the same time not blind to the fact that she might be capable of causing trouble where men were concerned.

[Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant]
The Pubs of Fitzrovia

by Stephen Holden

In *A Dance to the Music of Time* Powell mentions several pubs in that area north of Oxford Street known as Fitzrovia (after the Fitzroy Tavern on Charlotte Street).

In *A Buyer’s Market* Mr Deacon’s shop is located nearby:

Charlotte Street, as it stretches north towards Fitzroy Square, retains a certain unprincipled integrity of character, though its tributaries reach out to the east, where, in Tottenham Court Road, structural anomalies pass all bounds of reason, and west, into a nondescript ocean of bricks and mortar from which hospitals, tenements and warehouses gloomily manifest themselves in shapeless bulk above mean shops.

Three of the Fitzrovia pubs mentioned in *Books Do Furnish a Room*, as frequented by X Trapnel are the French Polishers’ Arms (probably based on the Bricklayers’ Arms), the Marquess of Sleaford (probably the Marquis of Granby), and the Hero of Acre (almost certainly the Wheatsheaf on Rathbone Place).

The Hero is described thus:

one of those old-fashioned pubs in grained pitchpine with engraved looking-glass (what Mr Deacon used to call a ‘gin palace’), was anatomised into half-a-dozen or more separate compartments, subtly differentiating, in the traditional British manner, social divisions of its clientele, according to temperament or means: saloon bar: public bar: private bar: ladies’ bar: wine bar: off-licence: possibly others too.

*Books Do Furnish a Room*

In his various autobiographical writings, Julian Maclaren-Ross (model for X Trapnel) often wrote about Fitzrovia and its pubs. The Bricklayers’ Arms, he notes, was better known as the Burglars Rest because a gang of burglars had once broken into it and afterwards slept the night on the premises, leaving behind them as evidence many empties … The Burglars was a quiet house, useful for a business talk or to take a young woman whom one did not know well.

The Black Horse on Rathbone Place was apparently a sombre Victorian pub, as befitted the suggestion of plumed hearse implied by its name, with a narrow tiled passage leading to the various bars divided by partitions of scrolled and embossed...
glass, including a Ladies’ Bar (no gentlemen admitted)

where old dears in dusty black toasted departed husbands with port and lemon from black leather settles.

Maclaren-Ross says that the funereal atmosphere had so affected the late proprietor that he had set out deliberately to commit suicide by drinking solidly for three days and nights behind closed doors, and when these were eventually battered down by police his dead body was found surrounded by empty bottles on the saloon bar floor.

The Marquis of Granby had a reputation as the pub where the most fights broke out despite the efforts of the landlord, an ex-policeman, to keep order and put down disorderly conduct. Gigantic guardsmen went there in search of homosexuals to beat up and rob and, finding none, fought instead each other: one summer evening, in broad daylight, a man was savagely killed by several others in a brawl outside while a crowd gathered on the pavement to watch and was dispersed only by the arrival of a squad from Goodge Street Police Station nearby, by which time the killers had made their getaway in someone else’s car.

Entering the Wheatsheaf shortly after this incident, Maclaren-Ross was surprised to find it empty except for a local tart who told him

Oh, they’ve all gone to see the bloke being kicked to death outside the Marquis dear

and added that the sound of the thumps was “somethink awful”.

In the 1940s the focus of bohemian life shifted from the Fitzroy Tavern to the Wheatsheaf. The pub was a Younger’s Scotch Ale house and the door to the saloon bar was down an alleyway dominated from above by a perspective of tall tenement buildings with steel outside staircases in the Tottenham Court Road beyond. Maclaren-Ross noted that the alleyway was often blocked by motor milk-vans owned by two stout Italian brothers who ran a small creamery business round the corner of the alley. When the milk-vans were parked too high up and customers had difficulty in squeezing past to enter the bar, the Wheatsheaf landlord would fling wide the door, and slapping the sides of the vans, shout with flailing arms at the Italian brothers who grinning good humouredly would shift their vans further down. The name of the brothers was Forte.

The saloon bar of the Wheatsheaf is described as

not large but cheerful, warm in winter, and always brightly lit, good
blackout boards fitting tightly over the windows of armorial glass [still there today] and the floor spread with scarlet linoleum. It had mock-Tudor panelling and, inset round the walls, squares of tartan belonging to various Scottish clans.

Apparently “curtain up” on an evening in the Wheatsheaf was

signalled by the arrival on the dot of six of Mrs Stewart, who lived on her old-age pension in one of the tenements at the foot of the alley ... Mrs Stewart was a very small elderly lady dressed in black silk with yellow-white hair and she arrived always carrying two evening papers in which to do the crossword and an alarm-clock to time herself by.

Maclaren-Ross’ habitual corner was at the bar next to Mrs Stewart’s table and he says it became his duty

to keep Mrs Stewart’s place, to pass over the Guinesses in exchange for the exact money produced from her purse, and to see that well-intentioned idiots did not try to help her with the crosswords, a thing she hated above all.

Other Wheatsheaf regulars included

the old Home Guard who though extremely old wore on his tunic medal ribbons of more campaigns than even he could possibly have served in.

Another was the orange-faced woman (so called because of the many layers of make-up which she wore which made it impossible to assess her age),

whose presence in the pub made it sound like a parrot house in the zoo and who was reputed to have green silk sheets on her bed (though no man was brave enough to investigate the rumour).

There was also Sister Ann, “the tart who was more respectable than many other female customers”:

Sister Ann was short and wholesome-looking and always wore russet-brown tweeds and a round russet-brown hat in shape like a schoolgirl’s. She used no make-up except for two round red spots on her round apple cheeks, for she was no common brass and her chosen clientele wanted nothing loud or flashy, consisting as it did of middle-aged or elderly businessmen from up North who liked the sort of girl that might have
been a sister to them (she was shocked when I suggested this relationship was incestuous and said she was surprised to hear a man of my education using nasty dirty words like that to a woman, and she certainly never did anything of that sort, thank you dear).

Ann’s beat was under the Guinness clock in Tottenham Court Road: ‘You catch them going into the tube or coming out for a day up in London dear, and maybe they’re lost and don’t know where to go or they don’t want to catch a train home just yet awhile, either way they’re glad to spend an hour or two with a girl they can talk to quiet like, poor blokes.’

* 

The Wheatsheaf is still the scene of bohemian London life. Groups such as the Sohemian Society and the New Sheridan Club meet there, and it hosts book launches, and also editorial meetings of The Chap magazine. Appropriately enough, the Anthony Powell Society often uses it for events as well.

The pub on which the Mortimer (the Soho pub where Jenkins first meets Moreland at the end of the 1920s) is based is harder to posit. In Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant it is noted for its depressing musical clientele, indifferent beer and draughty saloon bar. It is bombed out in the war, and later rebuilt, where it becomes the haunt of hearty salesmen. Having done a bit of research, I can’t find mention of any actual Soho pubs that were bombed and then rebuilt. Although not technically in Soho, I think it may be partly based on the Fitzroy Tavern itself. It was originally constructed as the Fitzroy Coffee House, in 1883 and converted to a pub (called “The Hundred Marks”) in 1887 by William Mortimer Brutton. In the early years of the 20th century, a naturalized Polish Jew called Judah Morris Kleinfeld purchased it. He rebranded it “the Fitzroy Tavern” in March 1919. It is said that Nina Hamnett originally popularized it as a haunt of bohemians, and from the 1920s to the 1950s it was the haunt of the likes of Augustus John, Dylan Thomas and George Orwell. Albert Pierrepoint, England’s most famous hangman, also drank there.

In 1923 “Pop” Kleinfeld invented a way of collecting money for charity by inviting his customers to throw their spare coins at the ceiling in home-made darts which they constructed themselves using crepe paper, cork and drawing pins. Even the bombs during the Second World War did not dislodge the darts. Pop decided to use the money to fund outings to the country. Each year more money was collected and eventually 500 children benefited annually from this Pennies from Heaven charity.

Perhaps the last word on Soho and Fitzrovian bohemian pub life should go to Powell’s friend Alan Ross, who started frequenting the area in the 1940s:

It was a time of search and little money, when the price of a drink and a humanly welcoming bed was the most anyone could wish for. It seems to me now to have been enormously exciting and savagely happy, to have possessed a gaiety that seems never to have been repeated. ■
All anniversaries this year are overshadowed by the fact that the *King James Bible*, known as the *Authorised Version*, was published 400 years ago in 1611. In common with most other translations of the period, the New Testament was translated from Greek, the Old Testament was translated from Hebrew text, while the Apocrypha were translated from the Greek and Latin. It has even been suggested that Shakespeare had a hand in translating the work and that he even worked his name into the text. At the time Psalm 46 was translated Shakespeare was 46 years old. The forty-sixth word in the King James version of Psalm 46 is “shake”, while the word that is forty-sixth from the end is “spear”.

Other notable publications of 1611 include William Byrd’s *Psalmes, Songs and Sonnets: Some Solemne, Others Joyfull*, John Donne’s *An Anatomy of the World* (published anonymously), Ben Jonson’s *Catiline His Conspiracy*, Middleton and Dekker’s *The Roaring Girl* and Cyril Tourneur’s *The Atheist’s Tragedy* were all first performed in 1611.

David Hume, the Scottish philosopher and historian, was born in 1711. Alexander Pope’s *An Essay on Criticism* and Jonathan Swift’s *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* were published in 1711 and Daniel Defoe published anonymously *An Essay on the History of Parties, and Persecution in Britain*. *The Spectator*, edited by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, was first published in March 1711. The stated goal of *The Spectator* was to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality ... to bring philosophy out of the closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at teatbles and coffeehouses.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Makepeace Thackeray, Arthur Hallam (subject of Tennyson’s poem *In Memoriam*) and Théophile Gautier were all born in 1811. Jane Austen’s *Sense and Sensibility* – ‘by a lady’ – and Walter Scott’s *The Vision of Don Roderick* were published. Shelley produced the pamphlet *The Necessity of Atheism* anonymously and was expelled from Oxford for doing so.


Poems, Frances Hodgson Burnett’s The Secret Garden, DH Lawrence’s The White Peacock, George Bernard Shaw’s The Doctor’s Dilemma, EM Forster’s The Celestial Omnibus and Other Stories, GK Chesterton’s The Ballad of the White Horse and The Innocence of Father Brown, Ivy Compton-Burnett’s Dolores, Joseph Conrad’s Under Western Eyes, Ford Madox Ford’s Ladies Whose Bright Eyes, HW and FG Fowler’s The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English, John Galsworthy’s The Patrician, MR James’ More Ghost Stories of an Antiquary, Katherine Mansfield’s In a German Pension, Bram Stoker’s The Lair of the White Worm, HG Wells’ The Country of the Blind and Other Stories, and Gaston Leroux’s The Phantom of the Opera.

Stanislavski and Craig’s production of Hamlet opened at the Moscow Arts Theatre. The 1911 version of the Encyclopaedia Britannica included articles written by the best-known scholars of the day, such as Edmund Gosse, JB Bury, Algernon Swinburne, John Muir, Peter Kropotkin, TH Huxley and William Michael Rossetti. Among the then lesser-known contributors were some who would later become distinguished, such as Ernest Rutherford and Bertrand Russell.

The 1911 Nobel Prize for Literature went to Maurice Polydore Marie Bernard Maeterlinck.

In the non-literary world, Roald Amundsen reached the South Pole before Scott, Hiram Bingham rediscovered Macchu Picchu and Eugene B Ely landed on the deck of the USS Pennsylvania stationed in San Francisco harbour, marking the first time an aircraft had landed on a ship.

Jonathan Coe, Douglas Coupland, Chuck Palahniuk, Will Self and Arundhati Roy
were born in 1961. Dashiell Hammett, James Thurber, Mazo De La Roche, Angela Thirkell, Carl Jung and Ernest Hemingway died that year.


The 1961 Nobel Prize for Literature went to the Yugoslav novelist Ivo Andrić.
Anthony Powell

Caledonia
A Fragment

Publicly available for the first time from Greville Press

With an Introduction by Grey Gowrie

Members’ Price
UK £7.50, Overseas £9
(includes shipping)

Powell’s anti-Scots pastiche was originally a limited edition of just 100 copies, privately printed in 1934 by Desmond Ryan as a wedding present for the Powells. Until now it has only ever been available in this very rare (and thus very expensive) edition or as reprinted in the Kingsley Amis edited New Oxford Book of Light Verse of 1978. Now it is publicly available for the very first time as an entity in its own right.

While not a facsimile this edition closely follows the 1934 original with the addition of a short introduction by Grey Gowrie.

At last a copy of Caledonia is within the reach of us all!

New in Paperback

Understanding Anthony Powell
by Nicholas Birns

Nick Birns’s seminal work on Powell’s oeuvre is published in paperback in October. In the words of the publisher’s blurb:

Nicholas Birns provides a fresh examination of Anthony Powell’s career and growing reputation in this introduction to the British writer’s nineteen novels ... his memoirs and journals. [He] takes a global view of Powell’s corpus, situating his works in context and explaining his place among the second generation of British modernists ... adds to the understanding of how Powell and his compatriots pioneered a “next wave” modernism in which experimentation and traditional narrative combined in a sustainable mode.

Birns offers readings of Powell’s entire oeuvre, including the novels Afternoon Men, Venusberg and The Fisher King, and his journals, which appeared in print between 1995 and 1997. Looking especially closely at A Dance to the Music of Time ... [he] sets the series in its social and historical context, emphasizing the role that both world wars and the cold war played in Powell’s life and writing. Birns shows that instead of setting forth a single champion against evil, Powell subtly communicates a half-melancholy, half-humorous sensibility in which he invites the reader to share.
Anthony Powell Society Newsletter #44

REVIEW

Anthony Powell, *Caledonia: a Fragment*
With an Introduction by Grey Gowrie
(Greville Press; 2011; 12 pages; £7.50; ISBN 9780956772336)

Reviewed by James Mitchum

The Greville Press has reissued *Caledonia*, Powell’s verse satire on all things Scottish, first published in 1934. In *Messengers of Day* he recalls the poem’s genesis:

> After dinner at Woodgate [Gerald Reitlinger’s house in Sussex] the game of *bouts-rimés* was often played. It will be remembered that each player writes down a line of heroic verse which (after a single line by everyone has been passed to the next player in the first instance) rhymes with the verse above; then turns down the paper, so that the verse cannot be seen, only a second new line visible, which has to be rhymed; and so on. This ... was the basis of a squib of mine, which occasionally comes on the market nowadays, and requires a word of explanation. It may even have begun with lines composed during these after-dinner games.

At about this period several books written in a somewhat self-applauding tone by Scotchmen on the subject of Scotland (or condescendingly humorous about the rest of Great Britain) had been published. A counter-satire in the 18th century manner seemed required. I used to compose verses in this vein during hours of insomnia ... They would be repeated, sometimes improved, at the Castano luncheon table [an Italian restaurant in Greek Street, Soho]; Lambert writing the section on Scotland’s music. *Caledonia*, as this pastiche came to be called, knocked about as a rough typescript for a time; being read aloud – in the Elizabethan manner of publication – to anyone who might want to hear it. When I married (at the end of 1934), Desmond Ryan, a friend who possessed control over a small printing-press, said he would pull off some hundred copies as a wedding present. He arranged for the production, which was bound in tartan boards, to have a black-and-white frontispiece by Ed Burra. Like Ryan himself, the printer was somewhat given to the bottle, and *Caledonia*, a treasure-house of long forgotten topical references, is also notable for its misprints.

The poem moves at a brisk pace through Scotland’s supposed failings in the areas of morals, politics, literature, art and “musick”. Much of the poem takes fairly predictable shys at Aunt Sallies such as Scottish parsimony (“Travellers but few would mark their stinted *Bonhomie*,/And smile to see each finicking *Œconomy*”) and Scottish fondness for the bottle (“And with each *alcoholick* Breath he draws,/Some *Scotchmen* advocates *Disunion’s Cause*”). The sections on art, literature and music are amusing with Powell (and Constant Lambert) putting the boot into the likes of Walter Scott, Buchan, Raeburn and Highland reels.

According to Grey Gowrie’s introduction, the frontispiece by Edward Burra shows (among other things) two Highland cattle, one of whom “(this may be fanciful) has an expression not unlike Tony Powell’s; another is a dead ringer for Cyril Connolly”.

This is a welcome addition to Powell’s canon, as *Caledonia* was previously only available in the original (copies go for £3,500 plus) or Kingsley Amis’ *New Oxford Book of Light Verse*. 

13
Somewhat ironically the recent publication by Greville Press of Anthony Powell’s spoof pastiche *Caledonia* (see pages 12 and 13) has caused a little of a brouhaha amongst those Scotchmen so famous for taking themselves too seriously and lacking any associated sense of humour.

In the “NB” column on the back page of the *TLS* of 5 August 2011 the writer identified only as “JC” pens the following snipe:

One night round about 1930, Anthony Powell was kept awake in his London flat by the sound of “A BAG-PIPE PLAYED AT AN EARLY HOUR BY AN INDIGENT SCOTCHMAN WEARING THE PLAID”. Powell, incapable of appreciating pibroch, was inspired to express his general feelings about Scots and Scotland in a Popean pastiche, *Caledonia: A fragment*, privately printed in 1934 as a wedding present for Powell and Lady Violet Pakenham. It was the stuff of “country house party after dinner games”, writes Grey Gowrie in a foreword to a new edition issued from the Greville Press. Powell’s insomnia induced unkind thoughts, leading him to curse a Race, whose Thought and Word and Deed Have made a new INFERNO North of Tweed, where they can practise in that chilly HELL Vices that sicken; Virtues that repel.

Gowrie remarks of the twelve-volume *Dance to the Music of Time* that while “foreigners, Welsh and Southern Irish characters abound in the novel”, there are no Scots. It is surely now the duty of some frozen-kneed “Scotchman” to announce that while the area North of Tweed is forever hospitable to foreigners – including English ones – it is forthwith out of bounds to members of the Powell tribe.

What are this Race whose Pride so rudely burgeons? Second-rate Engineers and obscure Surgeons, Pedant-Philosophers and Fleet Street hacks With ev’ry Quality that Genius lacks.

Insults to various Scottish writers follow. It is hard to find a rhyme for “Powell”, but disembowel is good enough to be going on with. There is no point in objecting that the novelist’s name is not pronounced that way. To paraphrase God in another context: “Aye, weel. It is noo”.

Not content with this, and clearly following some correspondence, the following week (12 August) JC (identified by those in the know as *TLS* staffer James Campbell) adds this to the fire:

Powell / disembowel: an update.

Tensions are rising north of the border, following our report on Anthony Powell’s *Caledonia: A fragment* (NB, last week), in which everything Scottish is, as it were, scotched: “Trumpet through the EARTH, The WORLD’s worst News, / The gloomy Glories of the Scottish Muse”, etc. A Mr Pip

MacSavage from Anniesland, Glasgow, has sent us this verse: The Scots ca’ forth in hundreds, wailin’ HOWL. Gie’s the disrespectful Tony Powell. The Surgeon’s waitin’ wi’ his instrument Dreamin’ o’ a bonnie disembowelment. Appealing for calm, Peter Wiseman writes from Exeter to say that it is “not quite true that A Dance to the Music of Time is a Scot-free zone”, as Grey Gowrie suggests in his introduction to the unspeakable Fragment. Mr Wiseman points to page 117 of The Valley of Bones, where Nick Jenkins is on a training course in Aldershot: “We were squaddied by a stagey cluster of glengarry-capped staff-sergeants left over from the Matabele campaign, with Harry Lauder accents and eyes like poached eggs”. Mr Wiseman adds: “I don’t suppose that will make you feel any kinder towards him”.

Which only goes to prove that satire is a peculiarly English tradition. And in the famous words of Queen Gertrude in Hamlet “The lady doth protest too much, methinks”.

DJ Taylor, writing in the Independent on Sunday, 21 August, is less angry finding the root cause in the mists of history.

The book I most enjoyed reading this week was the inspired reissue, by the Greville Press, of Anthony Powell’s Caledonia: A Fragment, first published in 1934. This ingenious verse satire, in which Powell gamely disparages all forms of Scottish cultural and political endeavour (“In Musick’s Realm this Race (the bitter fact is) / Presume to teach an Art they cannot practise”, etc.), was, I learn from the Earl of Gowrie’s introduction, provoked by the memory of a night in 1930 when Powell was kept awake in his London flat by the sound of somebody playing the bagpipes.

The roots of anti-Scottish feeling in England run extremely deep. At heart they stem from folk memories of a hostile kingdom beyond the border that had a habit of allying itself with a second enemy in France. But the particular surge in Pictophobia that observers detect in the early 20th century looks as if it has something to do with a reaction to the peculiar cult of Scottishness that infected upper-class English life around the Edwardian era, when simply living north of the border was thought to imply moral salubrity and the popular view of Scotland was a kind of romantic compound of Sir Walter Scott's novels, purple heather and lofted claymores. Nowadays, given some of the achievements of Alex Salmond's administration, this resentment shows every sign of turning into straightforward envy.
**Dates for Your Diary**

**Annual General Meeting 2011**
Saturday 22 October 2011  
1400 hrs  
Meeting Room, St James’s Church,  
197 Piccadilly, London W1  
The AGM will be followed at  
1500 hrs by a talk:  
**Anthony Powell – The Lost Interview**  
given by Colin Donald  
Business Editor of the *Sunday Herald*  
Non-members are welcome at the talk  
**Full details in the enclosed business papers**  
There’s also a rather good arts & crafts market in St James’s Churchyard, so you can solve those Christmas present problems early!

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**London Quarterly Pub Meets**
Saturday 5 November 2011  
Saturday 11 February 2012  
Saturday 12 May 2012  
Saturday 18 August 2012  
Saturday 3 November 2012  
The Audley, Mount Street, London W1  
1230 to 1530 hrs  
Good beer, good pub 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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**Anthony Powell Lecture 2011**  
in collaboration with  
The Wallace Collection  

**The Politics of the Dance**  
To be given by  
**Professor Vernon Bogdanor**  
The Wallace Collection  
Manchester Square, London W1  
Friday 18 November 2011  
1830 hrs  
Tickets £12.50  
includes a glass of wine following the lecture  
**Tickets from the Hon. Secretary**  
on 020 8864 4095  
secretary@anthonypowell.org  
or the usual address on page 2  
Formerly Professor of Government at Oxford, Professor Bogdanor is now Research Professor at the Institute for Contemporary British History at King’s College, London. He has written a number of books on the British constitution and is currently engaged in writing a political history of Britain in the 20th century. He is a frequent contributor to TV, radio and the press. He regards *A Dance to the Music of Time* as the finest achievement of English fiction since the war.  

*****  
The Wallace Collection’s restaurant will be open following the lecture for those wishing to dine. Table booking on 020 7563 9505.
**London Group Annual Powell Birthday Lunch**
**Saturday 3 December 2011**
**1230 for 1300 hrs**
**Queen’s Head & Artichoke**
30-32 Albany Street, London NW1
The same venue and arrangements as last year. 2 courses for £19; 3 courses for £23 (plus service and drinks); pay on the day.
Non-members welcome
Please book with the Hon. Secretary

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**Borage and Hellebore**
**The Many Sides of Anthony Powell’s Art**

with **Dr Nicholas Birns**
Eugene Lang College
the New School, New York
author of *Understanding Anthony Powell*

**Saturday 17 March 2012**
**1345 hrs**

**Conference Room**
St James’s Church, Piccadilly
London W1

**Tickets £10**
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Is *A Dance to the Music of Time* the only reason to read Anthony Powell?
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*A rare opportunity to hear and debate with one of the world’s experts on Anthony Powell’s works*

**Tickets from the Hon. Secretary**
on 020 8864 4095
*secretary@anthonypowell.org*
or the usual address on page 2

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**Hon. Secretary’s Annual New Year Breakfast**
**Saturday 14 January 2012**
**0900 hrs**

**5th Floor Café, Waterstone’s**
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Celebrate the New Year with a difference: an informal Saturday breakfast in a bookshop! There’ll be the usual good company, good conversation and good food plus Waterstone’s five floors of books

Waterstones, Piccadilly is in the former Simpson’s tailors building – which Powell surely knew – and is only a few hundred yards from the Ritz

Non-members welcome
Please book with the Hon. Secretary
Contributions to the Newsletter and journal Secret Harmonies 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

Anthony Powell Resides Here

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

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WANTED URGENT

Merchandise Officer

The Society needs an online shop to generate more income and spread the word. But we cannot do this without a willing volunteer to take over the merchandising from Graham & Dorothy. Are you that volunteer? Are you organised, able to use email and the internet, able to store the merchandise and based in the UK?

The Society needs you NOW!

Without a volunteer we cannot open the online shop.

The Society’s future is in your hands!

Please contact the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible

Copy Deadlines

Newsletter #45, Winter 2011
Copy Deadline: 11 November 2011
Publication Date: 2 December 2011

Newsletter #46, Spring 2012
Copy Deadline: 10 February 2012
Publication Date: 2 March 2012

Secret Harmonies #6, 2011
Copy Deadline: 9 September 2011
Publication Date: 21 October 2011
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 will 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 50 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:

Anthony Powell Society Memberships
Beckhouse Cottage, Kendal Road
Hellifield, Skipton
North Yorkshire, BD23 4HS, UK
Email: membership@anthonypowell.org
Phone: +44 (0) 1729 851 836
Fax: +44 (0) 20 8020 1483

New German Local Group
Plans are afoot to establish a local group of the Society based around Köln in Germany. Anyone interested should contact Dr Theo Langheid, theo@langheid.de, or the Hon. Secretary.

Local Group Contacts

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

NY & NE USA Group
Area: New York & NE USA
Contacts: Leatrice Fountain and Nick Birns
Email: leatrice.fountain@gmail.com nicbirns@aol.com

Great Lakes Group
Area: Chicago area, USA
Contact: Joanne Edmonds
Email: jedmonds@bsu.edu

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.
Apart from his toy soldiers, among Anthony Powell’s favourite playthings as a child was a set of painted wooden figures and animals from the Humpty Dumpty Circus made by the American manufacturer Schoenhut. These were very up-to-the minute indeed in Powell’s childhood and were best sellers in many countries.

Albert Schoenhut (1848-1912) came from a family of German toy makers, and his innovative ideas so impressed the buyer for Wanamaker’s department store in Philadelphia that he secured the 17 year old’s entry to the USA. There Schoenhut did so well that he founded his own toy making company just seven years later. He made a variety of playthings, but was probably best known for his toy musical instruments until, in 1903, he launched the Humpty Dumpty Circus. The first pieces included the clowns and basic props, with many more pieces added over the years, including a camel, a giraffe, a bareback rider, a buffalo, a Chinese acrobat, a gorilla, a poodle and even a polar bear. Later props included tents, wagons and chariots to go with the barrels, chairs, ladders and pedestals.

You could buy sets of just a few of the pieces as well as the more elaborate ensembles, so that they were quite affordable. The figures are very tactile, being quite large (around 9 inches high) and fully jointed, with cupped hands and notched feet so that they can be posed, climb ladders, and perform balancing tricks. An early advertisement called the toys

the funniest thing you ever saw. The elephant can do tricks you never heard of. The donkey is better than any animal Barnum ever had. The clowns can make grown-up people, as well as children, laugh for hours.

Anthony Powell’s Humpty Dumpty characters were known in the family as ‘The Crackerjacks’. Now residing at The Chantry, they have passed down the generations, and have been played with so often that at least one had to be re-dressed by Lady Violet. ■

Left and opposite: various figures from Powell’s own set of Schoenhut’s “Humpty Dumpty Circus” including horse, clowns, donkey, elephant, poodle, ladders and other accessories.
Local Group News

August London Pub Meet

Just to reassure anyone thinking of coming along in future, the London & SE England Group continues to meet regularly at The Audley pub, on the corner of Mount Street and South Audley Street in Mayfair (dates on page 16). The traditional fish and chips remain a stalwart of the menu through all the seasonal changes, too. This quarter’s meeting on Saturday 13 August attracted a very good turn-out, and – even better – the regulars were joined by several new faces.

Perhaps because of this, and the fact that A Dance to the Music of Time remains most people’s first experience of Anthony Powell’s writing, we had several discussions about characters in those novels and how they develop over the course of the twelve books. We also touched on the other novels, notably The Fisher King.

We had with us a copy of the newly-printed Greville Press edition of AP’s spoof poem Caledonia (details on pages 12-15) which sparked a good deal of attention and several sales. The verdict was that this is a nicely-produced work, with the bonus of an enjoyable introduction by Lord Gowrie, and a welcome opportunity to add a copy of a hitherto very scarce title to one’s collection at a very reasonable cost.

With the 6th Biennial Conference coming up in a few weeks’ time, talk naturally turned to the event, which includes not only the plenary sessions and related discussions, but also a reception, a pub crawl, a bus tour of Powell’s London and Sunday Lunch at a pub near his former home in Chester Gate.

We also looked forward to seeing (at last!) most of the papers from the 4th Conference at Bath, together with the Centenary-prompted series of talks ‘Dance for Readers’, in the next edition of the Journal, Secret Harmonies, which was at the time being printed.

The Trustees and Executive Officers present took the opportunity of doing a certain amount of Society business, while the rest of us talked of other things, including families, work, the English literature syllabus in schools and how well the sexes understand each other.

A particularly significant discussion centred on ideas to keep Anthony Powell’s work before the public in the future. Suggested projects included a Powell anthology of selected writings; getting AP’s work included in school or university syllabuses and covered in works on the history of English literature; a Powell workbook for teachers or students; possible TV dramatisations of What’s Become of Waring, The Fisher King and a drama-based introduction to some of the characters in Dance; the possibility of reviving the script of Afternoon Men; and several issues relating to publication, such as who owns the rights and who is best-placed to publish Powell’s work. If anyone has any further ideas we’d love to hear from them. It’ll be interesting to see what is actually achievable.

From the APLIST

Recent Conversation from the Society’s Email Discussion Group

From James Doyle
Andrew Clarke asks: Is it a coincidence that both Deacon and Widmerpool are valetudinarians? Does it suggest a nervous turning inward, a withdrawal from the tides of life swirling, however weakly, around them?

They strike me as different: Kenneth’s valetudinarianism providing further proof of the excessive narcissism that General Conyers diagnosed.

Edgar’s Healthy Life position actually strikes me as an attempt to get out of the antique shop and engage the world in battle, not to withdraw from it. And to engage it on moral grounds: we could all live a better life, if we lived without war, ate our vegetables, eschewed gothic manners and generally behaved better.

(Remember his rage at Max Pilgrim at Mrs Andriadis’ party.) So, Edgar will do his bit to bring that about. The various crank causes he advocates (as Andrew says, evocative of Wells, GBS etc.) are evidence of his willingly, even eagerly, putting his dignity on the line in service of this moral position. Of course, it doesn’t seem to us that Edgar is sacrificing much by sacrificing his dignity, but that’s not the way he sees it. Going about with Gypsy as a companion sounds genuinely painful to him, an actual sacrifice. For someone as prissy about his own dignity as the young Nick, this is more than negligible.

Others may disagree with me about this, but I think Nick/Powell feels a degree of admiration for this element of Edgar’s approach to life. The Cause may be ludicrous, but, after all, Edgar literally falls in the cause. He’s amusing, but I think an example of one of those moments where you feel that Powell believes facile amusement at the expense of a grotesque character (or grotesque living individual) can be carried too far.

From Elizabeth Babcock
Powell’s affection for his character Deacon seems to me to fall in that category of “Here’s a peculiar object in my collection”, an example of Powell’s classical conservativism, which has its negative as well as positive aspects. Good point, the young (and perhaps the old as well?) Nick is “prissy about his own dignity”.

From James Doyle
Maybe. But I think he also approves of Edgar because of his genuine – albeit tragically incompetent – devotion to the arts and because he doesn’t try to bend the arts into the service of power as others, eg Quiggin, Craggs, in the 1930s intellectual world would do. Powell appears to be extremely tolerant of a wide range of political opinion so long as, like Orwell and Edgar, you’re a gent about it.

From Elizabeth Babcock
Orwell? Was Orwell a gent? And was Edgar a gent? Guess it depends what you mean by the term. And since one was fictional and the other not, how can they be bundled together like that? Does
Powell write approvingly of any leftist? Orwell, from my limited knowledge of him, was certainly not a standard issue leftist. But then, that was one of the things about him which made him great. As for Deacon, I agree that he felt an affection for him ... if only a sort of nostalgia ... as shown in his (painting’s) association in Nick’s mind with his first love.

From Doug Russell
Good points all. Prissy is not a word I would use to describe Nick. Observant, accepting, curious, philosophical, but not prissy. He also shows a lot of sympathy and, where appropriate, empathy, for his fellows, nor is he averse to comment on anyone regardless of political stripe or social background. He will also cast a critical eye to himself. That is part of the success of the series in my opinion.

From Ellen Jordan
There are other odd characters that Nick feels interested in and sympathetic towards that don’t even have Deacon’s commitment to the arts. The most extreme example seems to me to be Bithel, but Ted Jeavons and Alfred Tolland also fall into this category. Is he perhaps fascinated by the way they keep on battling with fate even though their psychological disadvantages are extreme? Somewhere in the Memoirs Powell writes that someone “had been dealt a good hand” in the manner of looks and intelligence. These are people who have not had this luck and form interesting examples in a book whose subject is the human condition observed from a particular point of view.

Others falling into this category of the “tragically incompetent” who are described with interest and sympathy are Roland Gwatkin and Maclintick and perhaps also the soldier-servant Bracey.

From James Doyle
Ah but Jeavons can sing, Tolland was moved by Mrs Campbell reading poetry, and the high point of Bithel’s working life was front-of-house in local theatre. Ars longa.

From Keith Marshall
But isn’t this just another way in which Dance so superbly reflects real life? Don’t we all have “odd characters” we are friends with for no obviously apparent reason? – we have little in common with them but still we maintain a lifelong friendship.

It’s like we all have what I tend to call “our heroes” (for want of a better expression): people we are irrationally...
interested in. We’ve never met them and they’re not relations; they may have been dead for hundreds of years; we may not understand their work or find it sympathetic. And yet we develop this totally irrational interest in them.

—

From Simon Fluendy
The film *Starsuckers* is very interesting on this topic. The first half is a sort of evolutionary psychological examination of why humans have celebrities – basically primates climb the gamma-beta-alpha male/female ladder by mimicking the traits of those at the top of the hierarchy.

Of course evolutionary psychology is just a bunch of post hoc rationalisations for observed behaviour. A bit like novels. ;-)

The second half is all about the interplay between media and celebrity and quite a lot of fun.

—

From James Doyle
Nick, the character, when young, is very apprehensive about his dignity, worried about being seen with Mr Deacon and Gypsy *etc. etc.* Nick the narrator notes (in one of my favourite passages) that:

Later in life, I learnt that many things one may require have to be weighed against one’s dignity, which can be an insuperable barrier against advancement in almost any direction.

All human beings, driven as they are at different speeds by the same Furies, are at close range equally extraordinary.

*[The Acceptance World]*
From an article by Alan Bennett “Baffled at a Bookcase” in the London Review of Books, 28 July 2011:

‘Books Do Furnish a Room’, wrote Anthony Powell, but my mother never thought so and she’d always put them out of the way in the sideboard when you weren’t looking. Books untidy, books upset, more her view. Though once a keen reader herself, particularly when she was younger, she always thought of library books as grubby and with a potential for infection – not intellectual infection either. Lurking among the municipally owned pages might be the germs of TB or scarlet fever, so one must never be seen to peer at a library book too closely or lick your finger before turning over still less read such a book in bed.

From an article by John Walsh “Never-ending stories: Is there anything left for biographers to reveal?” in the Independent, 17 August 2011:

Today, prurient browsers with a fascination for reading about physical or sexual abuse can easily find them in the pages of the popular “misery memoir”. The biographies in the modern best-seller lists are mostly lives of living celebrities and entertainers, with their own protocols of revelation, modesty and nuance. For an author to justify writing the life of a canonical figure, however, the rules are different. The biography doesn’t have to be about sexual revelation any more. It’s more likely to be about truth and identity. “A good biography”, says DJ Taylor, author of lives of Thackeray and George Orwell, “should be about what Anthony Powell calls ‘the personal myth’ – not about what the subject did, but about the image of themselves that they projected to the world. Who they thought they were, what they think happened to them – and what the truth actually was”.

Thanks to, inter alia, Jeanne Reed for spotting that this year’s conference got a mention in the “NB” column “Marking the years” on the back page of the TLS for 1 July 2011.

Our thanks too to “LD”, author of the column, for the unexpected mention which brought in several bookings and a couple of new members.
From an article in the *Daily Mail* back on 21 December 2003 (significantly Powell’s birthday) about people who have refused honours:

A secret list of 300 top people who have snubbed the honours system by refusing knighthoods and other awards has been revealed … An inquiry to find the source of the leak was now under way.

Novelist JG Ballard, James Bond leading lady Honor Blackman and jazz musician George Melly have all turned down honours under Blair, but the documents include the names of scores of famous people who have declined honours offered by prime ministers on behalf of the Queen since the Second World War. Compiled by the Cabinet Office’s ceremonial branch, the list of almost 300 names includes author Graham Greene, artist David Hockney, writer John le Carré, poet Robert Graves, author Aldous Huxley and writer and journalist Evelyn Waugh. Other names on the list include writer JB Priestley, novelist Anthony Powell, children’s author Roald Dahl, poet Philip Larkin, as well as actors Trevor Howard and Alastair Sim. LS Lowry, the painter, appears to have turned down more than anyone – a total of five awards including a knighthood, CBE and OBE.

From an article by Jeffrey Meyers “Kim Philby’s Library” in the *Spectator*, 6 August 2011:

Kim Philby was the only man in history to have been made both an Officer of the Order of the British Empire and a Hero of the Soviet Union. After his defection to Moscow in 1963, aged 51, he admitted missing some friends, some condiments (Colman’s mustard and Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce) and English cricket – though he continued avidly to follow the scores. He was also a keen reader, though access to books in English through the British Council and USIS libraries in Moscow was denied him. Instead – and unusually – he was able to order books through the post and to pay for them with American dollars sent via a Russian bank … The following is a list of the books ordered by Philby from Bowes & Bowes [a Cambridge bookshop] from letters written in the 1980s:

On the evening of 30 June members of the Great Lakes local group joined with other Powell readers for a discussion of the final trilogy of *Dance* at Chicago’s Sulzer Library.

The session was lead by Joanne and Tony Edmonds, coordinators of the Great Lakes group.

Further such book group discussions of Powell’s works are being planned for 2012.

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Our thanks to, *inter alia*, Julian Miller for spotting this by Lady Antonia Fraser on her favourite summer reading in the *Guardian*, 18 June 2011:

I once spent the whole long summer holidays in the Highlands of Scotland reading *A Dance to the Music of Time* by Anthony Powell. It certainly rained outside, and probably inside, too, given the ancient structure of the house, but I never noticed. I was transfixed by that time, that place, as delineated by the master. And just as I finished the last volume, the master himself (married to my aunt) came to stay. He volunteered laughingly to sign all my copies with some deprecating phrase: “If you don’t object”. There was a temporary hitch when one of the books – *Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant* – was found to bear the inscription “Marigold Johnson”, obviously swiped by me from my best friend. But Powell was more than equal to the situation. He wrote: “This book once belonged to” above “Marigold Johnson”, obviously swiped by me from my best friend. But Powell was more than equal to the situation. He wrote: “This book once belonged to” above “Marigold Johnson” and then added: “but now belongs to Antonia Fraser”. I still have the whole set, of which this is a particularly treasured volume. This summer I intend to read them all again – on my Kindle this time, so no signatures involved.

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AP turns up in some unexpected places proving that life does indeed mirror art.

Comedian and broadcaster Arthur Smith, himself a diabetic, writes the back page column in *Balance*, magazine of Diabetes UK.

In his column in *Balance*, April 2011 Smith quotes that old favourite Powell line that “growing old is being increasingly penalised for a crime you did not commit”.
Letters to the Editor

Alice Delysia Revisited

From David Rawlins
In his article on Alice Delysia (Newsletter 43) David Butler refers to Anthony Powell’s care in deploying even the most casual reference in an accurate context.

This reminded me of Chips Lovell’s reference to the Edwardian music hall song “Molly the Marchioness” when speaking to the narrator of Molly Jeavons (formerly the Marchioness of Sleaford). This enormously popular song appeared in the musical comedy *The Country Girl* at Daly’s theatre in 1902.

*Molly met a noble Lord ...*

*In violent love at once he fell:*
*His relatives didn’t take it well,*
*And sneered at the farmer’s daughter.*
*But Molly married the Marquis,*
*What a thing to do!*
*She smuggled him down to the country town,*
*And hurried the service through,*
*The “Sun”, the “Star” and the “Echo”,*
*And all the evening press,*
*Came out with a heading,*
*“The Wonderful Wedding Of Molly the Marchioness”.*

This song was inspired by the marriage in 1901 of Rose Boot, a Gaiety Girl, to the Marquis of Headfort. Tremendous efforts were made to prevent the marriage by all of Lord Headfort’s relatives and friends, even King Edward endeavoured to use his influence in the same direction. The Marquis was in the Life Guards and was informed that if he married the actress his resignation would be expected.

While the social divide between Rose Boot and Headfort was a great deal wider than between Molly (née Ardglass and “married from the ballroom”) and Sleaford, the new Marchioness of Headfort was soon accepted by Society and became a highly respected matriarch of the family. Also, Molly Jeavons would have had some exposure to the theatrical life: her sister-in-law Bijou Ardglass as Max Pilgrim explained

had the Theatre in her blood both sides. Do you know, Bijou’s father played Abanajar (Abanazar?) in Aladdin when my mother was Principal Boy in the same show?”

My father, born 1882 and given to singing round the house would frequently sing, as Chips Lovell’s father would hum, “Molly the Marchioness”, a song he particularly enjoyed as our family is connected to the Headforts.

Brooks’s at War

From Julian Allason
Powell found the erudite company at Brooks’s Club in St James’s agreeable. One senior member, his friend the historian Desmond Seward, points out a passage in James Lees-Milne’s *Brooks’s, a Social History*: “The instant war broke out the club chairman wrote to the Prime Minister offering free hospitality to those members of the War Cabinet who did not belong to Brooks’s”. This generosity was extended to certain key officers working in the Cabinet War Rooms, and explains why Widmerpool is seen lunching there – a subtle example of Powell’s eye for historical detail.
Society Merchandise

Anthony Powell, Caledonia
The 2011 Greville Press printing of this rare Powell spoof. Now publicly available in its own right for the first time.
UK: £7.50 Overseas: £9

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: £9.50

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: £15

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

BBC Radio Dramatisation of Dance
Originally broadcast on BBC Radio 4 between 1979-82. 26 one-hour episodes. Single CD containing 26 MP3 files. For copyright reasons available to Society members only.
UK & Overseas: £11 (£3 + minimum £8 Donation)

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: £5 Overseas: £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

Secret Harmonies: Journal of the Anthony Powell Society
Back numbers of issues 1 to 4/5 available.
UK: £5.50 Overseas: £7.50 each

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

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 July 2011 and are inclusive of postage and packing.

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

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Please send the completed form and payment to: **membership@anthonypowell.org**

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