The Anthony Powell Society
Newsletter
Issue 48, Autumn 2012  ISSN 1743-0976

!! AVAILABLE NOW !!

2013 Calendar : Anthony Powell’s London
Thirteen specially commissioned photographs by Keith Marshall including the Albert Memorial, Hill Street, Maida Vale Canal and Chester Gate.

Anthony Powell Lecture 2012
Think First, Fight Afterwards
to be given by AN Wilson
The Wallace Collection
Manchester Square, London W1
Friday 30 November 2012
Details page 16

7th Biennial Anthony Powell Conference
Anthony Powell in the ’20s & ’30s
Friday 27 to Sunday 29 September 2013
Eton College
Eton, Windsor, UK
See page 18 and enclosed flyer

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From the Secretary’s Desk

Welcome to the latest instalment in the saga of the Society, and to the 48th edition of our quarterly Newsletter – that’s 12 years of continual publication under the guidance of our Editor, Stephen Holden.

This is an important Newsletter too. First of all we have a number of events coming up, not least of which is the Annual Lecture (in collaboration with The Wallace Collection). This year we are delighted that the lecture will be given by the writer AN Wilson. Since its announcement in early August tickets have been selling faster than hot cakes, so if you haven’t already booked you need to do so fast! You can find details of the lecture and other events on pages 16-18.

Secondly we are delighted to announce that the 7th Biennial Conference will be held on 27-29 September 2013, and we are lucky to be able to return to Eton College, Powell’s alma mater and the venue of our first ever conference in 2001. There are lots of details still to be worked out, but we have some great ideas for making this the usual quality event. Details of the conference are in the “Call for Papers” included with this Newsletter.

Thirdly there is a new departure for the Society. We have put together a calendar for 2013 comprising 13 specially commissioned photographs of Powell’s London (as it is today) taken by me as part of an on-going project. This is very much a trial and deliberately slightly “low key”. If the calendar is a success we will look to produce one each year. There are lots of ideas for future calendars, but we can’t afford to produce them if they don’t sell. So it is all down to you, my friends! At £7 (inc. p&p) for UK members (£11 overseas) can you afford not to buy one for every member of your family?! ■
Anthony Powell’s

What’s Become of Waring

By Nicholas Birns

In mid-March I had a whirlwind visit to London to address a special meeting of the Anthony Powell Society, held at the Conference Room, St James’s Piccadilly where I worshipped the next day. (Enjoyed it, but still have not found my perfect London church after trying at least seven parishes.) I also had the special treat of taking a long train ride (from London Paddington to Westbury in Wiltshire) and taxi trip (driver, the amiable J Grey) out to The Chantry, near Frome, Somerset, where Anthony Powell lived for the last forty-eight years of his life, and being warmly hosted by his son John, who with his older brother Tristram is now the custodian of his father’s legacy, and who showed me all manner of Powell papers and artefacts, as well as giving me At Lady Molly’s in German, which I somewhat surprisingly am able to read with facility. (Funniest line: “Der Verlobte war Widmerpool”.)

The focus of my talk was Powell’s work aside from A Dance to the Music of Time, and we particularly discussed Powell’s five short, comic pre-war novels. Of these, What’s Become of Waring (1939) has always seemed the most difficult to place, partially because as many critics – most recently and cogently Michael Henle in his 2003 Balliol talk – have pointed out, certain of its traits – the first person narration, the greater sense of intellectuality – seem to resemble Dance more than the other four 1930s novels. The narrator’s taste for Stendhal, on whom he moots writing a treatise, Stendhal: and Some Thoughts on Violence, seems more in the manner of a Nick Jenkins than the ‘Jenkins manqués’ who have populated the earlier books: Zouch, Lushington, Atwater, Blore-Smith. Moreover, several characters appear seem to have direct links to characters in Dance: Hugh Judkins, the narrator’s boss at the publishing firm for which he works, Judkins & Judkins (“Which Judkins do you prefer? Judkins, emphatically”) is, like Daniel Tokenhouse in Dance, modelled partially on Thomas Balston, Powell’s boss at Duckworth in the 1930s. (Perhaps unconfidently, this novel was the only one of the 1930s books not published by Duckworth, a firm that Powell had left a few years before.)

The Manasses in chapter 4 appear to be linked with Rosie Manasch in Dance as Manasses and Manasch are both forms of Manasseh, the older brother of Ephraim in the Bible. (In other words a Jewish name is obviously meant; my late friend the poet Samuel Menashe would want me to observe that his surname had this etymology as well.) The séance scene is...
premonitory of that in *The Acceptance World*.

Yet in form and execution the book is very much in the métier of its compeers and Powell himself said, in *Messengers of Day*, that he felt his style was getting in a rut and that it would have to change, the impact of war accelerating perhaps, but not fundamentally altering, the inevitable process.

I feel the character of “Tiger” Hudson – bluff, verbal but not intellectual, likable – is in a way the ancestor of the kinds of people Jenkins befriends in *Dance* – people who share some of his traits but not all of them. Also, Hudson’s breakup with Roberta Payne only to get together with Beryl Pimley is the reverse of what Zouch does in *From A View to a Death* with Joanna Braddon and Mary Passenger and this is a point on his behalf. Hudson is one of the factors that, to my mind, makes the book so sunny. This heralds one of the principle pleasures of *Dance*: Jenkins’s multitude of diverse friends and his talent for friendship.

Though Powell says that whenever he reread the book he felt the unease of the last ominous months before war, I have a completely different reaction; the book seems sunny, summery. It is less sinister than *Agents and Patients* or *From A View to a Death*; the greatest villainy is literary fraud. The book has the shimmering, comic lightness of some of Shakespeare’s breezier comedies, where an underlying melancholy gives backbone to some diverting plot-strands and intriguing scenes.

TT Waring’s fraudulence – the fact that this acclaimed, mysterious young travel-writer is not who he seems (I am not giving away the plot; though I do in *Understanding Anthony Powell*) – is surely some sort of comment on some innate fraudulence either in the publishing industry, the writers of Powell’s own generation, or both. (Stephen Holden, who alas was ill during my visit, was to serve as my interlocutor on these issues; I hope to resume this conversation hopefully in a London pub meet.) Waring is a portrait of a writer of Powell’s own age group, and the compromises that writer has made to achieve success seem undoubtedly to be some sort of early mid-life self-assessment on Powell’s part. The famous lines at the end, to the effect that everyone in the book wants power, tacitly exempts the narrator, or at least implies that he wants a different sort of power; the power of a writer who, like Powell – as I reflected as my taxi from The Chantry drove me back to Westbury – had both subtlety and integrity.

A version of this article first appeared on *The Tropes of Tenth Street* blog by Nick Birns on 28 March 2012. It is available at [http://tropesoftenthstreet.blogspot.co.uk/2012/03/anthony-powells-whats-become-of-waring.html](http://tropesoftenthstreet.blogspot.co.uk/2012/03/anthony-powells-whats-become-of-waring.html)
Paul Fussell and Anthony Powell

By Joe Trenn

Anthony Powell is cited several times in Paul Fussell’s light yet illuminating book Uniforms: Why We Wear What We Wear (Houghton-Mifflin, 2002). Over all Fussell, whose passing was recently noted, demonstrates a familiarity with much of the work of Anthony Powell: the pre-war novels, Dance, the journals and autobiography, as well as his review work.

Beginning with the chapter General’s Dress [47] Powell’s comment about Montgomery, “His personality was not adapted to military chic”, is used to demonstrate Monty’s casual disregard for the orthodoxies of military attire.

In the comically titled chapter The Rise and Fall of The Brown Jobs [54-55] are largely given over to Powell. Fussell uses Powell’s journal comments on the wedding of Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson to illustrate his statement that,

No one who has served as an officer in any unit of the British Army seems ever to lose his interest in the social language of uniforms, even civilian ones.

The Powell quote identifies the bride’s father as having been in Pop at Eton by the braid on his tailcoat. This Powellian insight is followed by a paragraph from a review of two unnamed books on military uniforms of the First World War. Fussell uses it to show the minutiae, the “vagaries” of British military dress.

Powell reveals his fascination with details: ‘The text and illustrations of these two books are good, but, in the case of the latter sometimes misleadingly captioned, that is to say exceptional cases are not so noted. For example a Brigadier General is shown wearing another rank’s cap without a red band. This may well have been done (as explained in the note) but should be established as unusual. In the same manner, the caption says, “Foot Guards officer”, which is in fact a Foot Guards officer on the staff, as he wears red tabs, though with the Guard varying button-spacing on the tunic.

And every vagary, like the significantly different placing of the tunic buttons from regiment to regiment, has its history proudly recalled.

I’d certainly like to read the rest of that review and bemoan the lack of citations!

Powell’s alertness “to one corollary of all this consciousness of regulated dress: eccentric behaviour in league with dress conventions” is demonstrated with a long passage from Chapter 1 of From A View To A Death regarding Major Fosdick’s peculiar relaxations. It begins “This was his hour. The time to please himself through Forty Winks”.

Paul Fussell
In one of the brief concluding chapters, called *Keepsakes* [183], the author cites “Anthony Powell again revealing his deep interest in the details of military uniforms”. Fussell uses a passage from *The Soldier’s Art* regarding First World War soldiers returned to service for the Second. The quote from *The Soldier’s Art* begins, “Cap, tunic, trousers, all battered and threadbare” through to “His Sam Browne belt was limp with immemorial polishing”. Fussell finds that this passage “resonates with a special British sense of continuity and sensitivity to the precious reality of the past”.

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2013 Calendar
Anthony Powell’s London

We are pleased to announce availability of the Society’s 2013 calendar featuring thirteen specially commissioned photographs by the Hon. Secretary, Keith Marshall, showing aspects of Anthony Powell’s London as it is today. Includes: Albert Memorial, Hill Street, Maida Vale Canal, Ashley Gardens and Chester Gate.

One month to a page, printed on card and designed to be hung on the wall. A4 size (210 x 298 mm). Shrink wrapped and mailed in a stiffened envelope.

**Members’ Price:** UK: £7, Overseas: £11 (inc. p&p). Copies may be ordered from the Hon. Secretary.

Plans are already being hatched for a 2014 calendar.

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Christmas Presents
Paul Johnson (born 1928) is a prolific writer who has made a point of knowing everyone worth writing about (including Anthony Powell) over his more than 80 years. He was educated at Roman Catholic schools and Magdalen College, Oxford. He began his political life in the Labour Party and wrote for and later edited the *New Statesman*. After becoming fed up with the trade unions in the 1970s, he switched to the Conservative Party and became a prominent advisor to Margaret Thatcher. He has travelled frequently to the US and written several books about that country as well as his own.

In this book, he writes short sketches of many of those he has met primarily from the worlds of politics, the media and the arts. Some of the sketches (especially of politicians) are less brief than others, but most share with the original book of this title an attempt to define the subject of each entry with as few (and as memorable) words as possible. He explains that he struggled to find a different title because Aubrey’s had been used so frequently in recent years by other writers (probably having in mind Alan Watkin, Peter Ackroyd and WF Deedes) but failed to come up with any better substitute.

The entries are presented in alphabetical order beginning with the name and dates of each subject. He describes Powell and his wife as “snobs, though harmless ones” and “genealogical fanatics … with a tiresome Welsh dimension” in his case. Johnson (whose wife Marigold was better acquainted with the Powells than he was) began by thinking Powell to be “merely ‘Waugh-and-water’” but then grew to see the point of him after reading his novels (presumably *Dance*). He discerns a “gentle streak of malice” in Powell, providing one example. On a visit to The Chantry (“imposing and might have been agreeable but was musty, dusty and dead – nothing had been moved or changed for years”), Johnson mentioned enjoying his life in Notting Hill because “‘it’s nice living within walking distance of your friends’. ‘And enemies?’ Powell asked”.

Johnson also includes Violet Powell in a category of “outspoken [London] ladies who ticked young men off, put them in their place, laid down the law”. The leading example of this phenomenon is Violet Bonham Carter and others include Pamela Hansford Johnson (novelist and wife of CP Snow), Rose Macaulay and Ann Fleming. These “dragons”, according to Johnson, flourished in the 1950s, during most of which time the Powells were living in Somerset, so it’s not entirely clear how many young-men-about-London
Violet Powell may have ticked off or whether Johnson somehow found himself among their number.

Johnson shares with Aubrey the ability to make a person memorable because of some physical or mental eccentricity (what Johnson calls “fascinating details”). For example, two of his subjects (Noel Annan and Thomas Balogh) exuded steam from the tops of their bald heads when excited. The writer and notorious drunk Brendan Behan tried to pour whisky into his ear rather than his mouth. Claude Cockburn was never seen to eat anything whereas Frank Pakenham (Lord Longford) would eat anything put in front of him (but unlike his obese brother Edward never gained weight). Barbara Skelton loved fat men who could lie on top and squash her.

Johnson knew most of the great English writers of Powell’s generation and provides interesting summations of them. Kingsley Amis wrote only three good novels (Lucky Jim, The Old Devils and Ending Up) but was the greatest mimic of his day and, after Evelyn Waugh, the greatest source of literary gossip. Orwell (one of the few subjects Johnson never met) was a “credible moralist in an age of shallow, false or positively evil moral systems … and was a serious writer in a way no one else of his generation managed to become”. Graham Greene developed an instinct for betrayal from having attended a school where his father was headmaster; his knowledge of Roman Catholic theology was defective and ruined the plots of two of his novels. Evelyn Waugh on the other hand had a firm grasp of Catholic theology and his conversion was the most important event of his life. Greene was also the slower writer at about 500 words per day compared to 2,000-3,000 for Waugh (as related to Johnson) when he was “flush”. CP Snow was a bit of a fraud whose novels were unreadable and are now unread; he was a man of infinite kindness but was physically repellent, with “tiny, almost lifeless hands that were almost uncomfortable to shake”. While opinions differ on the merit of Dylan Thomas’ poetry what cannot be denied is that he was the greatest and most prolific writer of begging letters of the twentieth century.

Philip Larkin’s reputation as a writer demonstrates that “the English always warm to somebody who goes on doing the same thing for a very long time”.

Johnson also has time to comment on writers who didn’t quite make it into the canon. These include JB Priestley who was the
best essayist and writer of ‘middles’ of his day [but] a paranoid *prima donna*, always looking for insults where none was intended.

Anthony Carson was “able and industrious but improvident and always needy”. Johnson compares him to Julian Maclaren-Ross in this regard and says they both were writers who depended heavily on their experience to produce fiction and, when that experience was exhausted, they both dried up as writers. He also says that Powell made Maclaren-Ross more interesting than he actually was – “a bore, always asking for loans and telling long stories you knew were untrue”. But wait just a minute; Powell used Maclaren-Ross as a model for the fictional character, X Trapnel, and was surely entitled, as an artist, to make him more interesting than his real life model. Powell’s description in his memoirs of Maclaren-Ross himself, on the other hand, comes quite close to that offered by Johnson.

Johnson has relatively less to say about other artists who are neither authors nor journalists but does mention a few actors and painters. Among the latter are Robert Colquhoun and Robert MacBryde, Fitzrovian painters who were friends of Maclaren-Ross and who flourished briefly in the 1940s. Powell dismissed them as “too sordid and unattractive” to be taken seriously; moreover, he didn’t much like their work. They ultimately fell out with Maclaren-Ross as well, who said he was forced to draw his swordstick to defend himself when both of “the Roberts” turned on him.

Sometimes Johnson’s attempts to simplify things cause problems. For example, he describes conservative US journalist William F Buckley Jr, as an “archetype WASP of the best kind”, yet Buckley was in reality a Celtic Roman Catholic not an Anglo Saxon Protestant. If he was an archetype of anything, it was the social climbing, new rich, “lace curtain” Irishman. He also describes Buckley’s accent as having been modified “by Groton and the Ivy League”. Buckley attended schools in France and England before entering preparatory school at Millbrook School (a relatively recent foundation at the time), near his family’s home in Sharon, CT. He cannot, therefore, be said to have acquired his affected,
indeed uniquely weird accent at Groton. Nor have I ever experienced any other graduate of Yale (or any Ivy League university, for that matter) who spoke with an accent remotely like Buckley’s. Perhaps the closest approximation would be Franklin Roosevelt (Groton and Harvard), but his accent was as idiosyncratic in its own way, as was Buckley’s.

Johnson also asserts that Katherine Graham “inherited the Washington Post from her husband, Phil Graham” when, in fact, the paper was owned by her family, the Meyers, and it was they who installed Philip Graham as publisher after her marriage to him. Johnson seems to bear some sort of grudge toward Mrs Graham whom he describes as “ignorant, stupid and tiresome”. Perhaps she left him off the invitation list for one of her dinner parties for the great and the good. Johnson claims that Ronald Knox enjoyed the hospitality of “old Catholic’ country houses”, (which is correct, up to a point) but then he includes the Asquith family at Mells as an example (which is wrong). The Actons and the Lovats were both old Catholic families who entertained Knox for extended periods. Mells was, however, not a Roman Catholic establishment until after Katharine Asquith’s mother, Lady Horner, an Anglican, died in 1940, and the family hardly qualified as “old Catholic”. Indeed, Katharine Asquith converted to Roman Catholicism a few years after Knox himself did, and, while Lady Horner was alive (according to her neighbour Conrad Russell), Knox was barred from visits to Mells because she considered him a religious bore.

Some of Johnson’s political judgments also seem somewhat questionable. He acts as an apologist for such rather dubious characters as Richard Nixon and Generals Franco and Pinochet. He had met briefly with all three but didn’t really owe them anything. He felt sorry for Princess Margaret because she spent most of her time with the “rich and well-endowed” but had no money or property of her own. On the other hand, he has no use for the Duchess of Windsor (Wallis Simpson) whom he charges with seducing Edward VIII by engaging in an Oriental sexual procedure known as the Baltimore clinch. The practice became widespread in Baltimore during its days as a leading seaport for trade with the Orient. He also says that her baptism had to be postponed because her doctors were unsure for some time as to her sex. This also explains the neutral orientation of her name. Like Princess Margaret, she spent much of her life among the “rich and well-endowed” with no fortune of her own but perhaps found a better way to respond than descending into melancholy and alcoholism. In any event, she evokes no pity from Johnson.

Johnson’s book is on the whole enjoyable. The entries for writers and other artists are more interesting than those for politicians, many of which are much too long. When he keeps his political “lives” to the same length as those for non-politicians, they are more successful. For example, trade union leaders Hugh Scanlon and Arthur Scargill are dismissed as “impenetrably stupid” and “temperamentally destructive”, respectively. Robert Maxwell is said to have radiated evil; and Ted Heath had the worst manners of any politician Johnson ever knew. Those “fascinating details” are much more memorable than the many pages Johnson devotes to the careers of politicians such as Winston Churchill, Harold Macmillan or Margaret Thatcher.
Caledonia Names Updated
By Keith Marshall

Following the publication in Newsletter #47 of the key to the names in Powell’s Caledonia, Jonathan Kooperstein contacted me to suggest that M–CD–N–LD should refer to Ramsay MacDonald (Prime Minister 1924 and 1929-35) rather than Scots heroine Flora MacDonald. In response John Powell writes:

Jonathan Kooperstein must be right about M–CD–N–LD being a reference to Ramsay rather than Flora. I was deceived by the references to the Jacobites; Culloden is mentioned further on in the text. You might argue that [Powell] would have put R–MS–Y if he wanted to emphasise that it was the PM at that time, but that would have altered the verse or rhythm. It could also be said that the poem is a light hearted test of the reader's knowledge of Scottish history and its personalities. In which case FL–R– may have been somewhere far back in the poet's mind as well but I really don't want to labour the point. I certainly agree that Ramsay is the better attribution.

I should have been more circumspect and reviewed the alternatives. Looking back over 75 years Ramsay MacDonald did not occur to me. In 1934 he was an obvious target. How grateful my father would be for Jonathan Kooperstein's pin point accuracy here and elsewhere.

The suggestion that M–R— L—S— (page 8, line 22) is Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon, should be treated as a wild guess. I cannot decipher what may be a visual reference “In spite of Nymphs yclept M–R— L—S—” or make any obvious connection with the theme of Caledonia.

I don't think that anyone has done a key to Caledonia before. There is a footnote reference to Caledonia in the Letters of Kingsley Amis (ed. Zachary Leader) when the poem appeared in the Oxford Book of Light Verse (1977). But it is just a mention. Before 1977 it really was a rarity.

I must endorse John’s thanks to Jonathan Kooperstein for his eagle-eyed attention.

We would of course welcome any additions to the key and especially to the identity of M–R— L—S— (MARIE LOUISE) and M–CN–M— (MACNAMEE) who remain elusive. ■

Ramsay MacDonald (above) who is never to be confused with Flora MacDonald!
Clothes in Books

This piece was published on the Clothes in Books weblog (http://clothesinbooks.blogspot.co.uk) on 13 June 2012 as part of a series on books first published in 1952 to mark Queen Elizabeth II’s Diamond Jubilee.

A Buyer’s Market
by Anthony Powell

Set in London, 1928

Even Archie Gilbert, who had immediately preceded me in the hall – he had never been known to be late for dinner – looked that night as if he might be feeling the heat a little. His almost invisibly fair moustache suggested the same piqué material as the surface of his stiff shirt; and, as usual, he shed about him an effect of such unnatural cleanliness that some secret chemical process seemed to have been applied, in preparation for the party, both to himself and his clothes: making body and its dazzling integument, sable and argent rather than merely black and white, proof against smuts and dust. Shirt, collar, tie, waistcoat, handkerchief and gloves were like snow: all these trappings, as always apparently assumed for the first time: even though he himself looked a shade pinker than usual in the face owing to the oppressively climatic conditions.

Observations: Archie Gilbert is in non-ferrous metals, and goes to all the débutante dances – in fact he is such a socializer that narrator Nick Jenkins wonders if the job is perhaps a polite fiction, because how could he find the time to work as well? But a few pages later there is a gleam in Archie’s eye when mineral deposits are mentioned, so perhaps he does work after all. The book has – like many of Powell’s series (this is the second of the 12-volume Dance to the Music of Time sequence) – very long detailed descriptions of a number of social events going on in real time, a bit like the film Titanic. The parties are greatly contrasted. There is a dinner to precede a dance, then the dance, both highly respectable, and then a much more louche affair at Milly Andriadis’s – but still with many of the guests in evening dress.

People either love these novels or are dismayed by them. They are elitist, snobbish and quite racist, but they present a picture of a certain sort of life in England
from the 1920s through to the 1970s, and are very entertaining. Anthony Powell is excellent on gossip and analysing a social event, and on very real-sounding conversations and jokes, even if the milieu is totally unfamiliar. He is shameless about presenting these simple matters as an entertainment, but also finding something more meaningful in them.

**Links up with:** *The Great Gatsby* features fancy shirts and evening clothes. Nancy Mitford’s Fanny and Polly go to dinners and dances. Lord Peter Wimsey is reputed to look good in evening dress.

The Hon. Archivist (a costume historian by trade) replies:

How curious. Despite the title, this extract seems to be more about *Dance* (and its author) than the subject of clothes. Even if the tired old cliché about the books being elitist, snobbish and racist held anything new or of interest, there are several sartorial points that the author seems to have missed.

One of the first is the fact that by 1928 male evening clothes were fossilised, a quasi-uniform. In the 18th century men’s evening wear was a more elaborate version of fashionable clothing (as women’s still is), but the influence of the Old Etonian George ‘Beau’ Brummell (1778-1840) had swept that aside. Powell’s description of the formal evening suit neatly sums up Brummell’s requirement for men’s clothing to be of the very finest quality and in predominantly dark or neutral shades.

From this also follows the importance of maintaining a good appearance in formal clothes, and the fact that it cost a considerable amount of money to do so. These are not merely clean clothes, they are pristine: at this date it would still have been risible, in the circles in which Jenkins and Archie Gilbert moved, to wear evening clothes that had been visibly refurbished. Quality was, after all, what distinguished the same basic set of clothes worn by a gentleman from those worn by a waiter.

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Osbert Lancaster’s cartoon of Milly Andriadis’s party from the cover of the 1962 Penguin edition of *A Buyer’s Market.*
Literary Anniversaries in 2012

All anniversaries this year seem to be overshadowed by the fact that 2012 is the bicentenary of Charles Dickens’ birth.

Other 1812 births include Robert Browning, Edward Lear, Ivan Goncharov and the self-help author Samuel Smiles.

Among the works published in 1812 were the first volume of *Grimm’s Fairy Tales*, *The Swiss Family Robinson* by Johann David Wyss, Georg Hegel’s *Die objektive Logik*, Shelley’s *Declaration of Rights* and Byron’s *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*.

The previous century, 1712, Jean-Jacques Rousseau was born, and Alexander Pope’s *The Rape of the Lock* was published.

In 1862 Charles Dodgson (better known as Lewis Carroll) extemporised the story that became *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* for 10-year-old Alice Liddell and her sisters on a rowing boat trip on the Isis from Oxford to Godstow. In November Dodgson sent the handwritten manuscript to Alice Liddell.

Lady Violet Powell, who would have been 100 this year, with the William Pye head of Anthony Powell. (Photo: Auke Leistra)

Literary births in 1862 included Edith Wharton, Marcel Prévost, Arthur Schnitzler, Sir Henry Newbolt (“There’s a breathless hush in the close tonight ...”), MR James, Maurice Maeterlinck, Mary Kingsley and Georges Feydeau.

Henry David Thoreau and Thomas Hogg (biographer of Shelley) died in 1862.

Notable 1862 publications included Thomas De Quincey’s *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets*, Gustave Flaubert’s *Salammbô*, Victor Hugo’s *Les Misérables*, William Makepeace Thackeray’s *The Adventures of Philip* and Ivan Turgenev’s *Fathers and Sons*.

As well as Lady Violet Pakenham, who was of course to marry Anthony Powell, literary births in 1912 included Charles Addams (according to Lady Violet, one of Powell’s favourite cartoonists), Roy Fuller, RF Delderfield, George Mikes, Pierre Boule (*Bridge on the River Kwai, Planet of the Apes*), Lawrence Durrell, Studs Terkel, JL Carr, John Cheever, Pamela Hansford Johnson (wife of CP Snow, and probably the better novelist), Anthony

Charles Dickens (above) and Robert Browning whose bicentenaries are this year.
Buckeridge (author of the “Jennings and Darbishire books), Heinrich Harrer (*Seven Years in Tibet*), Northrop Frye, Jorge Amado and Eugène Ionesco.

1912 deaths included George Grossmith, co-author of *Diary of a Nobody*, Bram Stoker, August Strindberg and Andrew Lang (Le Bas quotes from Lang’s “Ballade to Theocritus in Winter” just before the Braddock-alias-Thorne incident).


The 1912 Nobel Prize for Literature went to the German dramatist and novelist Gerhart Hauptmann.

In May 1962 Joe Orton and Kenneth Halliwell were prosecuted and jailed for defacing library books in Islington. They were charged with five counts of theft and malicious damage, admitted damaging more than 70 books, and were jailed for six months (released September 1962) and fined £262.

Sebastian Junger (*The Perfect Storm*), David Foster Wallace, Chuck Palahniuk, Tracy Chevalier and Mark Haddon were born in 1962.

Vita Sackville-West, William Faulkner, Richard Aldington, Hermann Hesse, e e cummings and Patrick Hamilton, died that year.


Non-fiction included WH Auden’s *The Dyer’s Hand* and other essays, Helen Gurley Brown’s *Sex and the Single Girl*, VS Naipaul’s *The Middle Passage*, and John Steinbeck’s *Travels With Charley: In Search of America*. Steinbeck also won the Nobel Prize that year.
Annual General Meeting 2012
Notice is hereby given that the 12th Annual General Meeting of the Anthony Powell Society will be held on Saturday 20 October 2012 at 1400 hrs in the Conference Room of St James’s Church, Piccadilly, London W1

The formal AGM business will be followed by refreshments and a talk:

Leitwardine and Powell Ancestral Country
by John Blaxter

The AGM agenda and voting papers are included with this Newsletter

Proxy votes must reach the Hon. Secretary by Monday 15 October 2012

Non-members are welcome at the talk

There’s also a rather good arts & crafts market in St James’s Churchyard, for those special Christmas presents!

Anthony Powell Lecture 2012
in collaboration with The Wallace Collection

Think First, Fight Afterwards
to be given by AN Wilson

The Wallace Collection
Manchester Square, London W1

Friday 30 November 2012
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

Novelist, biographer, critic, journalist and popular historian, AN Wilson has been a lively and forceful presence in English literary life for three decades. He has written more than 40 books, including a five-volume novel sequence, The Lampitt Chronicles. His 1988 biography of Tolstoy was reissued earlier this year. In this lecture, he will offer some thoughts on Anthony Powell’s military interests and his narrative technique as a novelist.

In London for the Annual Lecture?

Why not stay over and also come to the AP Birthday Lunch the following day? (see opposite)
London Group Annual Powell Birthday Lunch
Saturday 1 December 2012
1200 for 1230 hrs
First Floor Restaurant
Queen’s Head & Artichoke
30-32 Albany Street, London NW1
Celebrate Powell’s birthday (on 21 December) and wedding anniversary (this day) with a gastro-pub lunch
Cost to be confirmed but likely to be around £20 for 2 courses, £24 for 3 courses (excluding service and drinks)
This is a pay on the day event, but please book with the Hon. Secretary (contact details on page 2) so we ensure we have a large enough table!
Non-members will be welcome

London Quarterly Pub Meets
Saturday 3 November 2012
Saturday 9 February 2013
Saturday 11 May 2013
Saturday 10 August 2013
Saturday 2 November 2013
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?
Non-members always welcome
Further details from the Hon. Secretary

Hon. Secretary’s New Year Brunch
Saturday 12 January 2013
1000 hrs
Le Truc Vert
42 North Audley Street, London W1
Want a late New Year celebration? Or just something to enliven the dull days of winter? Whichever it is why not join the Hon. Secretary for Saturday brunch in the heart of Mayfair?
North Audley Street is a just short walk from Marble Arch tube station and convenient for Oxford Street shopping as well as exploring Powell territory around Hill Street, Berkeley Square and Shepherd Market
This is a pay on the day event, but please book with the Hon. Secretary (contact details on page 2) so we ensure we have a large enough table!
Non-members will be welcome

Sorceresses, more than most, are safer allowed their professional amour propre.
[Temporary Kings]
7th Biennial Anthony Powell Conference 2013

Anthony Powell in the ’20s & ’30s

Friday 27 to Sunday 29
September 2013

Eton College
Eton, Windsor, UK

We are delighted to announce that the 7th Biennial Conference is to be held at Eton College, Powell’s alma mater.

Proposed Outline Programme

Plenary Sessions: Friday afternoon and Saturday
Reception or Dinner: Friday evening
Events: Friday morning, 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 in the ’20s and ’30s.

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 Monday 7 January 2013.

Further details in the enclosed flyer.

Provisional conference bookings may be made now with the Hon. Secretary.

Don’t forget to order your 2013 calendars!
(see page 6)

All that is wrong with Mr Powell’s books is that there are not enough of them and they are too short.
[AJP Taylor]
Subscriptions

Members are reminded that subscriptions are due annually on 1 April and that rates remain unchanged this year (see back page). Reminder letters are sent during March to those whose membership is about to expire. Anyone whose membership is expired will be removed from the membership list at the end of June. Printed reminders are a drain on our resources as they cost on average £1 each. Consequently we will be using email wherever possible, so please keep a look-out for emails from the Society. Subscriptions and membership enquiries 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
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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

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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.

Newsletter Copy Deadlines

Newsletter #49, Winter 2012
Copy Deadline: 16 November 2012
Publication Date: 7 December 2012

Newsletter #50, Spring 2013
Copy Deadline: 8 February 2013
Publication Date: 1 March 2013
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.

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My admirations are not necessarily my influences. My favourite living novelist is Anthony Powell. If I ever took an influence from him it would destroy me because he writes such a controlled but leisurely way that if I put anything of that into my stuff, it would break the springs. I love those books.


The Kindly Ones, first published 50 years ago in 1962

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
Desert Island Disks

The BBC has at long last made available the broadcast of Desert Island Disks that featured Anthony Powell. The programme is available to listen to online or as a download at http://www.bbc.co.uk/radio4/features/desert-island-discs/castaway/20d4d62a#p009n07j

Powell chose the following music:

1. Violet Loraine & George Robey, If You Were The Only Girl In The World
2. Elsie Morison, Were I Laid On Greenland’s Coast
3. Giuseppe Verdi, La donna è mobile (from Rigoletto)
4. Johann Strauss II, Tales from the Vienna Woods
5. Alexander Borodin, Polovtsian Dances (from Prince Igor)
7. Darius Milhaud, La Création du monde
8. Claude Debussy, Ibéria (from Images)

Powell chose as his book A Hero of Our Time by Mikhail Lermontov, and as his luxury a supply of wine.

The programme was first broadcast on Saturday 16 October 1976.

Have you ordered your 2013 calendars yet? (see page 6)

The genius of Powell is comic ... there is high comedy at every turn but it is Widmerpool who provides the custard pie element. It is a sad commentary on our times that success rides on an ability to triumph over the custard pie.

[Minerva Tracey; Presentation to Saskatoon Literary Society, mid-1960s]
From an article “Ogled but never read” by Jane Sullivan in the Sydney Morning Herald, 28 July 2012:

Anthony Powell once wrote a novel called Books Do Furnish a Room. It was set in an austere Britain just after World War II and the title was a comforting platitude among the intelligentsia at the time, who might have had a few books but very little furniture.

Powell and his characters would have gasped to see how books furnish a room nowadays. Two thousand English books bound in matched white-and-cream vellum? Literary classics and art books wrapped in matte silver? About 1500 books in blank white paper, without titles, to provide a “textual accent” to a spa? Two thousand vintage books wrapped in black and displayed backwards so you can see their distressed edges?

It’s Rare Book Week in Melbourne, a week for people who love and treasure books. But what exactly are the owners of these mass-wrapped books treasuring? They were all projects for interior designers detailed in an article in The New York Times last year on books as decor. Since then, the trend has accelerated. As the old-fashioned printed and bound object begins to give way to electronic books, the object itself becomes more treasured and fetishised, much as illuminated manuscripts became more precious when replaced by printed volumes.

From an interview on the “Sound on Sound” website at http://www.soundonsound.com/sos/oct09/articles/classictracks_1009.htm with record producer and songwriter Pete Belotte:

“With disco albums, we started using themes”, Bellotte explains. “I was always the ideas man, and so for Love Trilogy I came up with the idea of having three separate songs and then a fourth song consisting of those three songs linked together, all combined into one. Four Seasons of Love was a double album, with each side featuring a season, and my next idea – having just read Anthony Powell’s A Dance To The Music Of Time, which is 12 novels inspired by the painting of that name by Nicolas Poussin – was to record an album that chronicled popular music up until the present and on into the future. So, we started out with a `50s song, ‘I Remember Yesterday’ – I was rather peeved when the album was changed to that name, because I really wanted it to be called A Dance To The Music Of Time – and continued with a bit of rock, a Tamla Motown number and so on, and then brought it up to date with disco, before the final, futuristic song was ‘I Feel Love’.” □
From an article by John Hopkins in the digital weekly *Global Golf Post*, 16 July 2012:

Anthony Powell’s novel *Books Do Furnish a Room* has come to suggest a type of person. If they have or work in a book-filled study, the impression is created of a literary, studious type. You can make a similar judgment from observing a man who has golf clubs and bags, some still unwrapped, in his office, namely that he is a golf enthusiast. The more so when he picks up a club and wiggles it while musing: I wonder what sort of shaft they have put in here?

Bill Denton spotted the following in an article by Ferdinand Mount “The Old Adam” in the *TLS*, 13 July 2012.

Like Sandel too, I prefer a rural landscape free of billboards, but that desecration is scarcely a new phenomenon. I cannot help thinking of the enormous yellow spectacles of Doctor TJ Eckleburg on the road from West Egg to New York in *The Great Gatsby*. Presumed date about 1920, I suppose, a few years earlier than the ever -diving girl in the Jantzen bathing suit on the Great West Road in Anthony Powell’s *The Acceptance World*.

Jantzen “diving girl” logo from 1920s, reminiscent of the illuminated diving girl on the Jantzen building on the Great West Road as described by Powell in The Acceptance World.

‘I am sure you will agree with me, Lady Warminster, in thinking, so far as company is concerned, enough is as bad as a feast, and half a loaf in many ways preferable to the alternative of a whole one or the traditional no bread. How enjoyable, therefore, to be just as we are.’

[Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant]
The following discussion was prompted by Nick Birn’s article on *From a View to a Death* published in Newsletter #45.

**From Joe Trenn**
The narrative comments that Zouch urgently depended on the capitalist system to sell his paintings. Indeed, his desire is to play the role of proud scourge to capitalism who nonetheless profits from it; by seeming vaguely rebellious, he can play the system while seeming to thumb his nose at it.

This is certainly much evident today and has been from the ’70s onward. Has this always been so or was Powell seeing something new in the 20th century as people became more identifiable by ideology?

Also might the name Passenger refer to someone who is along for the ride, *i.e.* a member of the landed gentry whose social status is guaranteed by the preservation of the established order? Nick titles chapter 2 of *Understanding Anthony Powell* “A Company of Giddy-Heads” as it deals generally with the pre-war novels. Within this comic company if there are agents and patients might there not also be drivers and passengers? Or could it be a reference to the passenger pigeon, a species which notoriously became extinct during Powell’s childhood? It occurred in 1914 when many things other than an avian species became or began the process of extinction.

**From Nick Birn**
My response is – that has certainly been there, in the US at least, since the ’70s, in my experience. Powell clearly discerned something like this in the UK of the ’20s and ’30s, but whether this was generally noticed or he was prophetic, I don’t know. I do think it is a modern, at furthest back post-French Revolution, phenomenon.

Good speculations on the name Passenger, esp. the passenger pigeon which I had not thought of … the fact that passenger, presumably the most socially settled family, has a name denoting migration is interesting.

**From James Tucker**
May I contribute my two-pennyworth? In the chapter on *From a View to a Death* in my book, *The Novels of Anthony Powell* (Macmillan 1976) I said that here and in *Dance* “there is some distaste for social barriers and some for those who wish to jump them”.

**From James Doyle**
I agree that “there is some distaste for social barriers and some for those who wish to jump them”. But there is also attention, even if by indirection, to the predicament of people like Powell/Jenkins who at this point in their lives fail to recognize that “dignity can be a powerful barrier against advancement in almost any direction”. Building barriers, jumping them, and standing puzzled before them, while unwilling to jump, all seem unsatisfactory from this point of view.
From Jeffrey Manley
The epigraph from the hunting song John Peel (from which as Nick says the title is also taken) itself caused quite an extended controversy. The epigraph originally read “From a drag to a chase, from a chase to a view/From a view to a death in the morning”. In Messengers Powell points out [187] that what he calls the kibitzers, by which he meant those offering gratuitous advice, objected to that variant of the song as less authentic. So, in subsequent editions the following was substituted “From a find to a check, from a check to a view/From a view to a death in the morning”. At the time, the objections seemed to have nothing to do with the use of the word drag as applied to transvestism since that usage was in those years (according to Powell) limited narrowly to the theatrical world. But as time went on, drag came to be used more broadly and would be understood by the general reader to include such practices as Major Fosdick was engaged in. So Powell realized that for reasons he could not have foreseen, and kibitzers to the contrary notwithstanding, he had got it right the first time. Indeed as reflected in the 1978 US paperback the original epigraph had been restored. Lilley [17] says that Powell directed this change in 1976 in a note to Fontana/Collins. Does anyone have a Fontana edition to see whether the change was incorporated? I wonder what drag means in the hunting context (check and view and chase seem more obvious). Drag seems to have something to do with scenting the quarry but it can also mean a false scent (as I suppose from, for example, a red herring being dragged across the path?).

The dedication to the book was also not without controversy. It was dedicated to “John and Evelyn” meaning Mr and Mrs John Heygate. By 1936 or so that marriage had fallen apart, and at some point the dedication was dropped from later editions.

From Prue Raper
Since hunting was banned in the UK, drag hunting has largely replaced the hunting of a live quarry. As you suggest, a false scent – only for these purposes it is the genuine scent – is laid by a horseman setting off well ahead of the pack, dragging a sack containing some unmentionable substance that will leave a sufficient trail for the hounds to follow. What of course frequently happens is that in the course of following the drag scent the hounds will put up a real fox. It’s then up to the whippers-in to try and steer the pack away from the real fox and back to the drag trail – not always possible ...

From John Horton
Yes and no. Drag also refers to the scent of the quarry (as laid by the quarry itself) on the previous day. Working up to the drag, therefore, is one way of finding the quarry. This, I believe, is the usage in the version of John Peel under discussion.

From Jeffrey Manley
So “from a drag to a chase” would be to have the following of the scent result in the hunt speeding up in pursuit to the quarry and “from a chase to a view” would be to have that pursuit come close enough to see the quarry? And “from a view to a death” would be to have the accident occur after the quarry has been spotted? What is then the difference between a drag and a find and what is a check? In other words
how does the second variant differ from the first in terms of the hunt?

From Prue Raper
A “find” is when hounds find the scent of a fox fresh enough to follow. The “view” is when the fox breaks cover, and the “gone away” is sounded on the horn. A “check” is when hounds temporarily lose the scent, perhaps when a fox has deliberately gone through water, and they have to cast about to find the scent again.

From Terry Empson
I have always taken the death in the morning to be that of the fox. Fox-hunters are, admittedly, a strange lot, but not to the point of celebrating the death of one of their number in such a rollicking fashion.

From Jeffrey Manley
That would certainly be the meaning of the phrase in the context of the song. But Powell, ever the satirist, must have had in mind the death in the novel to be understood from the title and epigraph in this case. Or have I read too much into it?

From Jim Scott
Nick Birns said, “My response is – that has certainly been there, in the US at least, since the ’70s, in my experience ... Powell clearly discerned something like this in the UK of the ’20s and ’30s, but whether this was generally noticed or he was prophetic, I don’t know. I do think it is a modern, at furthest back post-French Revolution, phenomenon”.

I’m a bit confused by the references to the ’70s. Offhand, nothing that I can remember of that particular decade suggests that a new type of artist – the “proud scourge to capitalism who nonetheless profits from it” – emerged at that time.

Admittedly, my recollections of the ’70s are a bit hazy: all that comes to mind are Simon and Garfunkel and Creedence Clearwater Revival. And a Google check shows that both groups would be more appropriately assigned to the ’60s.

Could either Nick or Joe furnish some concrete examples that would illustrate what they had in mind? That is, could they furnish some examples of artists from the ’70s and later whose relationship with the establishment was notably different from that of artists from an earlier era?

From Nick Birns
For my part the ’70s were the first decade I was really around. What I was talking about were eg. people who cheered the North Vietnamese marching into Saigon,
boasted of smoking marijuana, but also clearly wanted to be “rich” and “prestigious”, have a big house in a good suburb, send their kids to Ivy league schools, etc. Similarly Zouch at once, as the “new man”, wants to overthrow the aristocracy, but also at the same time yearns to join it. Had he been a big success at the hunt, he would have embraced it ...

In a slightly different mode of “radical chic” in Dance you have Anne Stepney, sister of a woman too aristocratic for even Stringham, being “on the People’s side” in the French Revolution ...

I think one of the interesting things about Powell from a US perspective is that certain attitudes (not just political ones) associated with the English upper class in the ’20s only percolated down to the US middle class decades later … so in a sense the tableau of Dance was a kind of social prophecy …

I do not think Powell was satirizing only the opportunism of the arrivistes in From a View to a Death, he clearly (as I said in the original post) finds the world of the landed gentry vapid and uninspired. The greatness of the novel is it at once satirizes its characters as types and is sympathetic to the human aspirations behind them – as I said, the women in Zouch’s life are not wrong to value his potential, even if he ends up disappointing them …

From Joe Trenn
To clarify, I did not have in mind particular individuals in the arts or any other field so much as Zouch as a literary character or trope. Examples in Powell’s work would be JG Quiggin and Gypsy Jones. While the arriviste was a common 19th century literary character I was wondering if Powell was ploughing new or newish ground in the ’30s with Zouch.

From James Doyle
Powell seems to deal with ideology mostly when it is wielded as a social weapon of convenience by various characters and historical contemporaries. I don’t think he attacks people who have “read Keynes” because they have read Keynes and subscribe to his views, since I think neither the characters (nor, for that matter, Powell) have read Keynes with any attention. These authors, Keynes etc., are momentarily useful to a Zouch or a Widmerpool in terms of projecting an identity that will be helpful in the acceptance world.

Off-hand I can think of only three “true believers” in Powell’s work: Edgar Deacon, Gypsy Jones and Dan Tokenhouse. It seems to me that all are treated with an odd kind of respect. Or, at least, treated differently than the poseurs (Quiggin, St John Clark, Guggenbuhl etc. etc.) who would claim the same authors as guiding spirits. Mr Deacon’s belief is treated with respect and affection both. The creeds these three espoused are either contemptible or risible from Nick’s point of view, but they aren’t assumed for convenience and that seems to make some sort of difference.

From Jim Scott
Apparently I’m a somewhat older codger than Nick – which probably helps to explain our different recollections of the past.

To me, the early ’70s were a rather pale imitation of the ’60s – the ’60s being the
decade in which anti-war protests and marijuana use became fairly common features of middle-class student life.

I’m a bit sceptical about attitudes percolating down from the English upper class of the ’20s to the US middle class decades later. I suspect that, in the ’60s and ’70s (as well as in the present), only a minuscule percentage of the American middle class had a clue as to what attitudes were adopted by members of the English upper class in the ’20s. To me, it is far more likely that those members of the American middle class to whom Nick refers were merely indulging in the (quite human) practice of trying to have their cake and eat it too – playing at being rebels while continuing to enjoy the fruits of membership in the society they are rebelling against.

From Nick Birns
Jim, as a gloss on what you say, I saw a production of the Henry VI trilogy yesterday, and Shakespeare’s portrait of Jack Cade – on the one hand a radical peasant leader championing the people’s grievances on the other hand believing he is in fact the Earl of Mortimer – makes just that point, so I agree the have your cake and eat it too is pretty universal.

But I do believe Zouch, although a Jack Cade-like sort of character in wanting to both challenge and belong to the ruling class, is touched by “ideology” in a way Shakespeare’s character is not, and that as time goes on this language of “ideology”, once only available to out-and-out intellectuals, seeps down more broadly to the middle class. Joe Trenn and I noticed this happening at one place and time, no doubt it happens at others or in different ways or in various permutations and reversals … but I would maintain there is something modern about the ideological nature of Zouch’s having his cake and eating it.

From James Doyle
But I’m not sure I get the emphasis on ideology in regard to Zouch, although it’s interesting. I’ve always taken him as another example of a type that fascinated Powell all of his life, the Stendahlian youth who sets out to make his way in the world with facility in one of the arts and personal charm (or ability as a buffoon) as his only weapons. The journals and memoirs are replete with analysis of Waugh, Beaton, Betjeman, Daintry, et al. In fact Zouch reminds me more of Waugh (translated to painter, and without Waugh’s extraordinary talent, at least as far as we know) than of Quiggin, Guggenbuhl, Widmerpool, et al. Like Waugh he sees marriage as his way in, and like Waugh he badly fails to understand the complexities, subtleties, and atavistic brute power of the class he is trying to conquer. Would he have become Isbister if he had married Mary? Or St John Clarke?

From Nick Birns
I see Zouch/Charles Ryder (even though Brideshead was written later) comparisons. In fact I can see Waugh borrowing some of Zouch’s elements to create Ryder, who was of course a painter, although Ryder is far more romanticized.

From James Doyle
Me, I see Powell using Waugh to create Zouch. Ryder lacks the energy, doesn’t he? I think he’s more likely as a watered
down, less aggressive, version of Waugh himself.

From Jeffrey Manley
Apparently Waugh didn’t see any connection. He chose *From a View to a Death* as the best novel of the year in an article he wrote for *Harper’s Bazaar*. And that despite the fact that it was dedicated to “John and Evelyn” [*ie.* Heygate] and he and Powell hadn’t really spoken to each other since his marriage broke up.

From Ellen Jordan
Joseph Trenn disagrees with Nick Birns’s statement: “but I would maintain there is something modern about the ideological nature of Zouch’s having his cake and eating it” and goes on: “My sense was that Powell was depicting something new in 1933. I haven’t read enough early 20th century literature to state that with any confidence”.

My feeling is that you could almost certainly have found people whose artistic aspirations and “progressive views” were combined with a determination to climb the social ladder in the unreconstructed present, among the Fabians in the 1890s and 1900s, and the Bloomsburies in the 1910s and ’20s. Very possibly, though the ideologies were rather different, they could even have been found among the romantics a century earlier.

From Jim Scott
Given that Powell’s view of Waugh would differ from Waugh’s view of himself, and given that Powell’s intent in writing *From A View to a Death* would be different from Waugh’s intent in writing *Brideshead*, the approach suggested above might help to explain the discrepancies between Zouch as presented by Powell and Ryder as presented by Waugh.

From James Doyle
Plausible to me anyway. I didn’t really mean to suggest that Zouch was “modelled” on any of the above; I was using those examples to argue that the type of the artist/adventurer was an abiding interest of Powell’s, and that the “ideology” (political ideology, anyway) of individuals held little interest for him.

I also wonder if Jim’s suggestion doesn’t add something to thinking about Jenkins as Powell seen by Powell. Or, rather whether Powell and Ryder both might say something about the people their creators (in retrospect, having lived through the parallel scenes and events) might have wished themselves to have been as the events unfolded in real time.

Powell seems to have been a very pragmatic professional literary man: “networking”, tactically (while honestly) reviewing other people’s work, staying in touch, knowing everyone there was to know, working hard to get in touch with rising men (*eg.* Amis, Naipul). It would appear that, like Lincoln’s, his ambition was “a little engine that knew no rest”. (Albeit, ambition in the service of finding and keeping an audience.) Jenkins, on the other hand, is a debonair character to whom things just happen. Powell responded to criticism of Jenkins being too on top of the world by saying that it was necessitated by the architecture of the novel, but I wonder. It seems clear that Ryder represents Waugh playing a fairly literal variation of “if I’d known then what I know now”.
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Gift membership is also available; please contact us for details.

**Payment Information**

- **Total amount payable:** £ ______  
  (No. of years x membership rate)

- □ I enclose a sterling cheque drawn on a UK bank. Please make cheques payable to *The Anthony Powell Society*.

- □ Please debit my Visa / MasterCard

  **Card No.:**

  **Card Expiry:**

  **3-Digit Security Code:**

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

**GIFT AID** (delete if not applicable)

*I am a UK taxpayer and I want all donations I’ve made since 6 April 2000 and all donations in the future to be Gift Aid until I notify you otherwise. You must pay an amount of Income Tax and/or Capital Gains Tax for each tax year that is at least equal to the amount of tax that the Society will reclaim on your donations for that tax year.*

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

**Signed:**

**Date:**

Please send the completed form and payment to:

**Anthony Powell Society Memberships, Beckhouse Cottage, Kendal Road, Hellifield, Skipton, North Yorkshire, BD23 4HS, UK**

Phone: +44 (0) 1729 851 836  Fax: +44 (0) 20 8020 1483

Email: membership@anthonypowell.org