Editorial
by Stephen Holden

Two important books have been published since the last Newsletter. The first is the Eton conference proceedings, produced in a limited and numbered edition of 250, signed by the Society’s Patron, John Powell.

The second is Daydream Believer: Confessions of a Hero-Worshipper by the Society’s President, Hugh Massingberd. Not only does it contain a whole chapter on Anthony Powell, but it is extremely funny throughout. A review of this excellent book can be found herein.

This Newsletter contains, among other articles, a piece on Anthony Powell and music by John S Monagan (“the Congressman” of the Journals), and a fascinating piece on Anthony Powell’s cats by Michael Goldman.

All Newsletter contributions are welcome and should be sent to the editor, Stephen Holden, The Anthony Powell Society, 76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK. (email: sjholden@hotmail.com).

Corrections
In Issue 4 of the Newsletter the end of paragraph two of the Tea at The Chantry article should read:

“John Powell joined us and mentioned that his mother had taken a sketchbook with her when on holiday abroad, using it as a kind of illustrated journal of their travels. Anthony Powell had kept up his drawing and painting by contributing a drawing or cartoon on each trip.”

Our apologies for this error.

Item 8.E. of the AGM minutes refers to Anne Hastings. This should, of course, read Lady Lancaster (the author Anne Scott-James, formerly Anne Hastings).

Anthony Powell’s Cats
by Michael Goldman

To me one of Anthony Powell’s most endearing personal characteristics was his love of cats. The way that this eminent writer of slightly mandarin demeanour would treat his cats as if they had human personalities must surely appeal to all cat lovers. Ailurophobes, however, need not stop reading here because Anthony Powell’s attitude to his cats was not cloying or repellent - as some might find, for example, JR Ackerley’s attitude to his dog Tulip - but sober and sensible, at least to other ailurophiles. Anthony Powell’s written references to his cats resemble the rather deadpan references to minor characters in the novels.

The great mystery, however, is why no cat appears in A Dance to the Music of Time even in a walk-on part. I am relying on my memory, having read each volume as it appeared and then the whole of the sequence twice, though not recently, but Lady Violet Powell confirms my impression. I am also grateful to her for pointing out the only appearance of cats, to her recollection, in Anthony Powell’s fiction: that is in Agents and Patients (pages 26 and 29, original 1936 edition):

“Stepping over two cats… Maltravers walked across the room… The two cats who until now had been asleep rose simultaneously and pompously walked across the room.”

There are some mentions of cats in the third and fourth volumes of To Keep the Ball Rolling and many in the Journals: this article is mainly based on those sources. Also helpful, though divergent from the main sources in one or two instances, was an article in the Daily Telegraph Weekend Magazine (25 November 1989) by Alison Nadel entitled Animal Passions: Anthony Powell’s Cat. The singular is appropriate because the article majors on Snook, the cat resident at the time of the interview on which it is based. I noticed a copy of the article on display in the exhibition in the Eton College Library which was one of the most interesting features of the 2001 Anthony Powell conference. I am grateful to Michael Meredith, the Librarian, for sending me a photocopy very promptly in response to my request. Last but certainly not least, Lady Violet helped me to bring this article up to date and she was also very prompt in replying to my queries.
Alison Nadel’s article and the third volume of Powell’s autobiography give contradictory information on his first cat and I prefer to rely on the autobiography. Soon after their marriage, while living in Great Ormond Street, the Powells acquired a Siamese cat whom they named Bosola after the devious character in *The Duchess of Malfi*.

“… Bosola was a strong feline personality, intelligent, serious, noting such things as Violet tying an unaccustomed ribbon in her hair, but also a trifle neurotic.

We thought a companion of his own breed might steady Bosola's nerves, give him a friend to confide in, so a year or two later, after we had moved from Bloomsbury to Regent’s Park, acquired another Siamese neuter. This was not a success. Paris (his pedigree name), younger than Bosola, was hearty, carefree, bouncing, not unfriendly, but Bosola could never get used to his extrovert ways, was indeed a little afraid of him. Nevertheless, although not developing truly fraternal feelings towards each other, Bosola and Paris would occasionally enter into a temporary alliance to exclude from what they regarded as their own territory any cat they looked on as a social inferior.”

At the outbreak of war in 1939 the two Siames were sent to live in the country not far from London, an arrangement which, intended to be temporary, turned out to be permanent.

After the war, in 1946, there was a Russian Blue called Smoke who was killed in a road accident only a month after the Powells acquired him. The policeman who found him gave them a non-pedigree kitten, tabby with a white shirt-front, whom they called Albert - after Albert Lechat, a Belgian assistant military attaché with whom Anthony Powell had worked during World War II. He was “a very popular member of the local cat community” in Chester Gate and “also on exceptionally good terms with dogs.” Albert moved with the Powells to The Chantry in 1952 “complaining loudly all the way in a crowded railway carriage.” He took a little time to get used to his new surroundings then “settled down rather self-consciously as a country cat.” He died of over-eating when he was thirteen in 1958, according to Anthony Powell, but Lady Violet’s memory is different: “Albert did not die of over-eating” but simply of age.

A pedigree dark brown Burmese followed, called Kingsplay Flixey Fum, brother of the Burmese champion.

“… Fum, though he liked being photographed on social occasions, was unambitious in the professional field. Something of an intellectual, a strong character with a warm nature, he was universally loved and respected. He died full of years and honour at the venerable age of nineteen-and-a-half.”

Next, in 1977, came Trelawney “a Cornish Rex also of aristocratic origins… one of the most affectionate cats I have ever met, and one of the most intelligent, though less intellectual than Fum.” The name derived partly from his Cornish origin and “partly because one of his ancestors was called Marina Mystic, thereby recalling Dr Trelawney in *Dance*.” It is Trelawney’s tremendous appetite, not Albert’s, that Lady Violet remembers, also his capacity for opening doors in order to get at food. It may be that this talented cat could also read, for he tore down from one food cupboard a notice which said “Keep bolted”!

There are several references to Trelawney in the *Journals*, mostly to do with his dislike of being photographed. He appears in one of the photographs in the *Journals* whereas Albert and Flixey Fum appear twice each. However, it think it must have been Trelawney who, I remember, sat composedly on Anthony Powell’s knee during a television interview some time in the 1980s, washing himself apparently unconcerned by the camera.

The saddest of all Anthony Powell’s references to his cats is that in the *Journal* for 7 May 1988:

“The Trelawney (cat) situation has now come to the worst. He is a little bag of bones, finding difficulty in eating, lifting his head with an effort, tho’ will jump on my knee. It breaks one’s heart. Only six months ago the vet commented that it was nice to see a cat of Trelawney’s age looking so well. He is now within a month of his eleventh birthday. V and John took him in today to the vet to make an end of things. I felt ashamed that this unpleasant job fell on them. Dreadfully distressing… A very, very sad day.”

Maintaining a pedigree/moggie alternating sequence, the next Powell cat was Snook, so called
because on 1 July 1988 he came from the Snook family at a nearby farm. The month old tabby kitten with white shirt-front and white paws seemed “very pleased with himself.”

On 26 September “Snook recognised Kingsley [Amis] at once as a cat victim, sat on him, then to show off jumped on the lintel of the library door.” Other journal entries also refer to Snook showing off, “preposterously” on one occasion. Snook frequently asserted his presence. On 26 October 1989 Anthony Powell was talking to a goat in the Paddock Field when he found himself “roughly pushed aside by Snook. The goat and Snook greatly interested in each other, eventually touched noses in recognition of friendship.” Two years later Snook caught a bat which had somehow got into the Powell library. Snook died of kidney failure in autumn 2001 at the age of thirteen, “greatly mourned.”

Lady Violet writes that Snook:

“… has been replaced by Jake, a 13 month tabby (no white) with Maine Coon ears. He is most affectionate and comes from a rescue centre near Trowbridge. He has settled in well.”

Anthony Powell’s A Writer’s Notebook contains only one major reference to cats, in the form of a list of possible names:

“Blogram Vautrain Lord Jim Gentleman Brown Zero.”

The puzzle here is the spelling of the first two names. Blogram must surely be derived from Robert Browning’s Bishop Blougram and Vautrain from Balzac’s Vautrin, so why the variant spellings? Four possible explanations suggest themselves:
- they were deliberate (but for what reason?);
- Anthony Powell made two mistakes (surely not?);
- errors occurred in transcribing the notebook;
- poor copy editing and/or proof reading.

Do other readers of the Newsletter have any other theories?

The Weekend Telegraph article is illustrated with a photograph of the handsome Snook, with an indignant expression, being held in a slightly undignified pose by Anthony Powell. The interview ends with Powell addressing Snook who has been asleep behind the curtains: “Would you like to go outside, Snook?” he asks with grave formality.” As the interviewer writes: “he speaks of his cats as if they are old friends, with unselfconscious affection.”

---

Dance Music

by John S Monagan

Anthony Powell made great use of music to sharpen the narratives of his novels. Since dance is the symbol of his major novel, A Dance to the Music of Time, it is appropriate that the accompanying art should have been given prominence. These insertions were numerous and contrasting and they added color and impact to the scenes in which they were employed. Their aptness was such that it might lead a reader to conclude that the author was a skilled musician, but such was not the case. Music was not one of his skills. As he wrote in his memoir, To Keep the Ball Rolling, he “had no musical sensitivities.” At The Chantry, no piano was in evidence, nor did one see there a banjo casually laid aside for the moment on the great table in the library. No collection of CDs jostled the vast collection of books on the capacious shelves. Powell was not a singer nor was he an instrumentalist, although, as Lady Violet points out, his mother in younger days, played the banjo in charity concerts at Brighton. Still, while attendance at operas or choral events was never a chosen form of relaxation for Powell, no Vaughan Williams or Elgar (or Lambert or Moreland for that matter) could have improved on the appropriateness of his selections.

A Dance to the Music of Time provides numerous examples of Powell’s reliance on musical forms to heighten the atmosphere of the sequence. Unfortunately, these selections are not “music”, but are the lyrics which raise the memory of the music, but one can in most cases supply the notes from longtime memory. Of course, this deficiency was eliminated in the Dance TV movie.

Early in A Question of Upbringing, the first novel of the Dance series, when Jenkins, Stringham and Templer have returned to the school chapel for evensong after the Braddock alias Thorne incident, the author conveys the atmosphere in musical terms: “The voluntary droned quietly for a time at this muted level of sound. Emotional intensity seemed to meet and mingle with an air of indifference, even of cruelty, within these walls.” Then the congregation rose to sing a hymn:
As o’er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

As the singing began, the atmosphere changed and, as Nick said, “Somehow I felt rather moved as the hymn rolled on.”

Appropriately, shortly before, and in contrast to this atmosphere of reverence, immediately after the contrived arrest of the master, Le Bas, when the trio of companions had entered the slovenly “tea and minerals” shop for “a cooling drink”, a gramophone was playing:

Everything is buzz-buzz now,
Everything is buzz, somehow:
You ring up on your buzzer
And buzz with one another
Or, in other words, pow-wow.

This uninspired lyric underlines the sharp contrast in the radically different locales and atmospheres of the two milieux.

Somewhat later in A Buyer’s Market, after Nick has started his career in London, the flavor of the period is unmistakably conveyed by the band at the Huntercombe’s dance playing the Rodgers and Hart:

We’ll have a - Blue Room a -
New room for - two room -

while across the square in musical rivalry, an opposing band plays a piece by the same couple:

In the mountain greenery
Where God makes the scenery.

With these insertions, the carefree feel of the late Twenties is indelibly conveyed.

Powell makes frequent use of tunes from the old music hall programs to define a character, as in the scene in The Kindly Ones where Private Bracey, industriously polishing his officer’s boots, happily and softly hums to himself:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
May be merry and bright,
But I’m going to be married on Sunday;
Oh, I wish it was Sunday night.

Ted Jeavons, the appealing husband of Lady Molly, the easy-going hostess and aunt of the Tolland children, provides a symbolic background and commentary on the end of a whole era and the future revolutions of World War II when, in the company of his brother Stanley and Nick, in the close of The Kindly Ones, in an unexpectedly melodious voice he sings:

There’s a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land... of my dreams
Where the nightingale... is singing
And the white moon beams.
There’s a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all... come true.

Sometimes the song assigned by Powell appears at first notice to be inappropriate, as, at the start of Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant rendering the saccharine Pale Hands I Loved Beside the Shalimar. On reflection, however, one realizes that it was not the physical experience that was pertinent, but the nostalgia of the poet lamenting the loss of his beloved (“where are you now, who lies beneath your spell?”), as Jenkins and Moreland lamented the loss of the public house where the two had spent so many happy hours in earlier days.

Powell adds to his striking characterization of General Aylmer Conyers with the description in At Lady Molly’s of the general, in solitude, doggedly practising at his cello, and one can almost hear the struggle to reach the rising notes as he reaches the climax of what is undoubtedly Schubert’s Ave Maria.

Powell also uses another musical reference to add an unexpected facet to a character when Canon Fenneau reveals, in Hearing Secret Harmonies, that Scorpio Murtlock, the fearsome cult leader, as “a beautiful little boy”, sang the soprano solo in Hail, Gladdening Light in the Canon’s choir.

After Nick had joined the Army, he was assigned to a Territorial infantry regiment and, upon introduction to its encampment, as he was being escorted to his billet on a gloomy day, he and his companions entered the chapel Sardis whose depths were shrouded in a cave-like darkness. As they moved along, they were met by one of the more dramatic moments in the novel when “at the far end of the cave, like the anthem of the soloist bursting gloriously from a hidden choir, a man’s voice, deep throated and penetrating, sounded, rose, swelled, in a lament of heartbreaking melancholy”: 
That’s where I fell in love,
While stars above
Came out to play:
For it was fiesta,
And we were so gay,
South of the border,
Down Mexico Way…

And, as the singer continued to lament his need to depart, a sad and monotonous tone was introduced to Nick’s military matriculation.

Perhaps the most rousing musical selection in the sequence is the vigorous chant on the march of the soldiers of the Welch regiment in *The Valley of Bones*, as they sing *Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah*, which, as *Cwm Rhonda*, is practically the national anthem of Wales:

*Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
Pilgrim through his barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.*

This is one place where one would like to be able to hear the compelling strains of the famous hymn as well as read the words.

But the soldiers’ songs are not always religiously directed. As if to show the coarse, male essence of the Army, an example offered is the ballad which a group of soldiers directed at Maureen, the barmaid in *The Valley of Bones*, as they rolled by in their truck:

*She’ll be wearing purple socks,
And she’s always in the pox,
And she’s Mickey McGillagan’s daughter,
Mary Ann…*

Powell inserts music at sometimes unexpected occasions as when Ted Jeavons on one of his periods of relaxation, sitting with Nick in Dicky Umfraville’s nightclub, on a pause in the orchestra music, suddenly and unexpectedly began to sing:

*I could say such - wonderful things to you
There would be such - wonderful things to do -
If you were the only - girl in the world
And I was the only boy…*

Apart from its use in the fictional setting to strike a nostalgic note in the midst of the cabaret activity, this song must have been a favorite with Powell, since at his direction it was sung at his memorial service at Grosvenor Chapel on March 4, 2000. Allowing Jeavons a dual rôle as a sort of Greek chorus, underlines the capacity of Powell to create an attractive character who is unforgettable, although a minor figure in the total tapestry.

On occasion, Powell’s instrumentation does raise some question. In *The Soldier’s Art*, for Moreland’s imaginary *Fire-watcher’s March*, he provides the composer with “drums, perhaps, triangle and oboe.” A rather skimpy orchestration, unless it is considered that brass, reeds and percussion are impliedly included.

On Powell’s sensitivity to music, one may remember Kingsley Amis’s account of beginning after dinner, during a Powell visit to Swansea, to play a record set of Constant Lambert’s music, and Powell’s departure for slumber before the second record of the set could be played.

Extensively describing the August 1945 Victory service in St Paul’s in *The Military Philosophers*, Powell necessarily includes the music, picturing Nick, with detailed ruminations, pondering the meaning of Blake’s lyrics to *Jerusalem* and joining in the singing of all three verses of the National Anthem. Nick’s analysis of the anthem repeats a common judgement about national anthems: “repetitive, jerky, subjective in feeling, not much ornamented by imagination nor subtlety of thought and phraseology, the words possessed at the same time an unpretentious expression of sentiments suited somehow to the moment.”

Admittedly, Powell rather whips through the thanksgiving musical program of the service, describing the band of the Welsh Guards as “strumming away” at Holst, Elgar, Grieg and Handel. One is left to wonder what the choral pieces, undoubtedly magnificent, were. And, does a band “strum” or is that performance reserved for the strings? But this is sticking at trifles, unimportant in reviewing a memorable depiction of a vast, dramatic and memorable scene.

Incidentally, too, Powell has Nick, in *The Valley of Bones*, contemplating testing Jimmy Brent’s knowledge of opera by singing the *Volga Boat Song*, but the song is not an aria, but a folk melody often sung, as Jean Duport suggests, by Chaliapin.

There are other examples of Powell’s skilful use of music to add color to his narratives, but those I have cited will be sufficient to make the point. These cases simply demonstrate one particular Powell skill which, among his numerous others,
testifies to the genius of one of the great novelists of our time.

---

**Daydream Believer**
by Hugh Massingberd
reviewed by Noreen Marshall

Subtitled *Confessions of a Hero-Worshipper*, *Daydream Believer* is Hugh Massingberd’s account of his lifelong appetite for a meticulously researched fantasy world where the giving and receiving of admiration are generously catered for.

By way of a starter, the dust jacket illustrations show a rather wistful-looking child Hugh Montgomery, a caricatured Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd (‘Exhibit 273B: A Stuffed Nob’ by William Rushton), and a curiously flat-looking photograph of Hugh Massingberd Author of This Book. The text goes on to give us a whole menu of Massingberds, some of them of a less familiar flavour than others: the reluctant Harrovian, the devotee of West-end musicals and cricket, the indefatigable trencherman, the expert on genealogy and country houses, the skilled obituarist, the failed articled clerk, the racing punter, and above all the hero-worshipper.

As many of us have found, meeting our heroes can indeed be “dire, embarrassing, frequently farcical”. Hugh Massingberd has pulled no punches here:

“…I have – at the risk of exposing myself as a ghastly combination of Mr Collins, Uriah Heep and Kenneth Halliwell – sought to be as honest as I dare in attempting to exorcise the demons of my daydream believing…”

And he goes on to demonstrate, over and over again, the strange mixture of thrill and embarrassment or even unhappiness which seems to have attended his meetings with so many of his heroes. He is also frank about the plums and prunes of his life: family, schooldays, ambitions, relationships and disappointments (the latter category including a brace of country estates and a handful of extinct titles), and the fact that his young-fogeyishness seems to have brought him little happiness. However, like TH White’s Merlin in *The Sword in the Stone*, the author seems to be living backwards, getting younger as time goes by.

The substantial main course for many members of the Society will be the chapter about Anthony Powell, ‘The Sage of the Chantry’, although in fact the book is garnished with Powellian references throughout. Here, among other things, the reader meets the *Journals* from the other side:

“…Tony did me the honour of dedicating the last volume of his *Journals* ‘For Hugh Massingberd’. This gave me a thrill beyond my wildest dreams. I was on such a cloud of happiness about it that I managed to rise above the regrettable impression given in one of the entries…that I had been party to the notion that Max Hastings had ruined the *Telegraph* by dragging it downmarket…”

There is an extended account of Powell’s relishing the television adaptation of *Dance*, the studio gossip that went with the making of it, and (naturally) the genealogy of some of the actors. There are also glimpses of Powell doing the expected things like making curry (“ideally lamb with no shortage of garlic”) or exerting his critical faculties on some of his fellow writers, to contrast with some of the less well-known, like his retention of his childhood copy of Lt-Col Secombe’s *Army & Navy Birthday Book for Children*, still in use. And yes, the Anthony Powell Society gets a deft mention, the chapter ending with the Eton 2001 conference and the author’s appointment as President of the Society.

Since all printed books now seem to contain mis-spellings, my only carp is that there is no index of names to drop… and a family tree wouldn’t have gone amiss. This is a book to be savoured and enjoyed (so far the Newsletter Editor and the Archivist have admitted to sitting up reading it into the early hours!). Assembled from fine ingredients by a master craftsman, the collation of memories and experiences is by turns entertaining, intriguing, and refreshing, and is generously laced with spirits as diverse as Sir Iain Moncrieffe of that Ilk, Peter Cook, Jennifer Patterson and the jockey Terry Biddlecombe. Oh, and a little Italian dessert encountered in the teens while on a latter-day version of the Grand Tour with the author’s increasingly disapproving uncle and namesake, Monsignor Hugh Massingberd, the one Catholic member of the family:

(Hugh the younger): “I thought Catholic priests were supposed to be sympathetic. All I want is sympathy”
(Hugh the elder): “Look it up in the *Oxford English Dictionary* – it comes between simpering and syphilis…”

All in all, a feast, and moreover one of the few that you can safely guarantee to digest with no trouble at all over the Christmas holiday.

***


_Connecticut Meeting_  
by Nicholas Birns

On October 13, 2001, an Anthony Powell mini-conference was held at the Silvermine Tavern, Norwalk, Connecticut. The splendid autumnal weather and near-peak foliage only added to the appropriateness of the setting, as I had always felt this part of Connecticut to have a Powellian air to it. Through a robust luncheon of salad, beef, and, for the more intrepid, Bloody Marys, we merrily discoursed on *Dance* and its reverberations. Our particular subject was the Jeavonses - in particular, Lady Molly, and how she functioned as an idiosyncratic bridge between Bohemia and philistinism, aristocracy and raffishness. A question came up on which perhaps our British readers can perhaps be of help: if Molly Sleaford had not married Ted Jeavons after the death of her husband, Chips Lovell’s first Sleaford uncle, would she have been called Lady Sleaford, the “Lady” deriving from her marriage of the Earl of Sleaford and thus being Countess thereof, or Lady Molly Sleaford from her father being Lord Ardglass? We also discussed the enigmatic figure of Stanley Jeavons and how he, not one of the more conspicuous characters in *Dance*, assists Nick in getting into the Army in *The Kindly Ones*. As we were meeting a bare month after September 11, the atmosphere of the last portion of the sixth book, its chronicling of the sudden coming of war, struck a resonant chord. We also focused on other matters such as the British boarding-school experience and the music of real-life composers Constant Lambert and Peter Warlock, aka Philip Heseltine. Attendance was understandably limited by the proximity of the tragedy. But those who did come (Eileen Kaufman, Tony Lee, William Warren, Edwin Bock, John Gould, Nicholas Birns, Sam Goodyear, and Leatrice Fountain, who organized the entire event and deserves a million thanks) made it a convivial, idyllic, and memorable occasion.

---

_Dancing School_  
by John Gould

In September of this year I began teaching a senior elective English course at my school titled (erroneously in fact, but not in spirit) ‘The Longest Novel Ever Written.’ Phillips Academy, thus, may be the only school in North America with a course devoted entirely to *A Dance to the Music of Time*. The syllabus calls for the entire *Dance* sequence to be read over three terms. This fall nine students and I have been reading the first four books, each week gathering in my living room for our double period, in my classroom for the two singles. Each student wrote a short (500-700 word) essay on a topic of interest from each book. These topics were entirely student-selected, although we spent time in class generating some of them. Besides discussion and the reading of papers, we watched the first instalment of the television adaptation, listened to some of *A Question of Upbringing* on audiotape, and interviewed a British colleague of mine who graduated from Oxford. During our reading of *At Lady Molly’s*, I read aloud a PG Wodehouse story, “Pig-hoey”, suspecting (rightly) that the students’ background in the dottiness of the British aristocracy was limited at best.

The single biggest challenge for all ten of us has been overcoming our limitations of time and place. We are all Americans, all now of the twenty-first century, and nine of us are unfamiliar with much of the literary canon upon which Anthony Powell’s writing depends. Most of us don’t know the Bible; few of us are churchgoers, one of us is Hindu. Everyone has had a course in Shakespeare. Still, it devolves on the teacher not only to explain the incomprehensible - what does “so wet you could shoot snipe off him” mean, anyhow? - but also to point out phrases that carry more weight than might be expected – “outward and visible form” (which appears three times in *A Buyer’s Market*) coming from the Anglican definition of “sacrament,” say. We have been helped greatly in these endeavors by Hilary Spurling’s _Invitation to the Dance_, by Violet Powell’s _Album_, and the AP list-serve, especially Auke Leistra’s correspondence.

I find myself energized and challenged by the areas the students want to follow. A couple of them have political bents - they are members of the
Model UN club, for instance - and they have been fascinated by Quiggin’s Marxism and Guggenbuhl’s Trotskyism. One girl was interested by Templer’s perfection of dress, and wondered what Powell meant by it. A boy taking an economics class tried to make sense out Widmerpool’s speech at La Bas’s dinner. I just received a paper that attempts to interpret Nick’s character as a reflection of his military upbringing. Perhaps most astonishing about this piece was that we have not yet read *The Kindly Ones*, where the points this student is making are most clearly demonstrated.

The students are fascinated with certain characters - Mrs. Erdleigh, Uncle Giles, Sir Magnus Donners. Their tastes don’t always match mine. They have been quite defensive about Widmerpool, feeling that he has gotten the short end of a number of sticks; but I sense they are starting to change. They were astonished by the gay characters: Max Pilgrim, Mr. Deacon, Heather Hopkins, Norah Tolland. They like Stringham, but right now don’t care much for Templer. Nick, not surprisingly, continues to baffle them, as he keeps displaying that fanatical reticence about his personal life. A couple of them see this reserve as a weakness, as though Powell were incapable of revealing his narrator’s inner life. I find myself looking forward with some suspense to what their final answer to this question will be.

Not all of them will answer it. Some will stay with the class for the year, but others will drop out, and still others will come on board. In order to keep continuity and to help the newcomers catch up, the class is building a web site. The students compile a synopsis and character list for each of the novels, and I am publishing their papers on the appropriate page. Members of the Society are cordially invited to explore the site:  
www.andover.edu/english/jgould/dance/home.html

If any of the papers strike a fancy, the authors can be contacted by emailing me at jgould@andover.edu. I will forward any commentary to them. The students are excited by this possibility. I have told them that they are writing, not simply for their teacher, but for a much wider audience: for a community of readers and scholars that write and talk to each other all around the world. Heady wine, that - headier than anything the butler Smith could find in Erridge’s cellar!

---

**Meet the Committee:**

**Keith Marshall, Hon. Secretary**

Stephen Holden went to see the Society’s Secretary. He found an eccentric and eclectic professional dedicated to the Society and to fishkeeping.

Keith Marshall was born in London in 1951 and educated at the Universities of York and East Anglia. Since completing his doctorate in Chemistry he has worked in the computer industry, doing everything from technical sales to project management. One of the founding members of the Anthony Powell Society, Keith is also its Hon. Secretary and Conference Project Manager, as well as being the creator of the Anthony Powell website and e-mail discussion list. He lives in West London with his wife and two cats. His other main interest is trying to find the time for being a dilettante researcher, fish keeper, family historian and early music enthusiast.

“May ambition”, Keith says, “is to win the lottery and be able to afford to retire. Then I can run the Society almost full time and still have time for all my other interests.”

Keith is one of the original founding members of the Society and it is upon his work building the Anthony Powell Resources website and the APLIST email discussion list that the Society is based. Keith has been secretary of the Society since its foundation and also led the team responsible for the successful Eton conference.

I asked Keith what he sees as the major challenge facing the Society. “Well actually, I see two challenges,” came the answer. “Gaining charitable status is clearly one as this will put the Society in a better financial footing. The other is the need to raise some significant funding for the 2003 conference. Without this the cost to delegates will, we believe, be too high.”
From the APLIST

Recent Discussions on the Society’s Email Discussion Group

From: Adrian Fry

A couple of recent mails to this list have touched on AP’s dislike of Anthony Trollope. I was extremely surprised that AP should dislike this marvellous writer. Not only must he have derived some sort of inspiration from Trollope's invention of the novel series but his expository narrative style - the early chapters of O, HOW THE WHEEL BECOMES IT! come to mind - remind me very much of Trollope. I would expect and understand a dislike of the picaresque excesses of Dickens but I feel that Trollope's style is in accordance with at least some of AP's ideas.

But then, literary tastes are peculiar to the individual. Knowing how much AP was influenced by Proust, I began the great cake sniffers classic but found it utterly turgid.

From: Stephen Holden

Yes, I'm about a third of the way through 'A La Recherche', and am finding it heavy going. The dust-jacket of my edition has a quote from Terence Kilmartin (the translator) saying what a hoot the book is. I found any amusing passages were few and far between.

By the way, having visited The Chantry after the AGM, I can confirm that AP's editions of Proust (even the French one) were very well-thumbed.

From: Andrew Clarke

You wouldn't have the Kenneth Williams recording of 'A la recherche' by any chance? Did all the voices himself, you know, and I do like the way that Charlus sounds just like the chap who used to drop in on Tony Hancock the most inopportune at moments. A forgotten masterpiece, which I would rank with the late Frankie Howerd's monumental recording of Ulysses from the same era.

From the Secretary's Desk

The Editor has asked me to write a regular column in the Newsletter about the Society's hot topic(s) of the day. So every quarter there will be a few words of wisdom from me - or maybe from the Chairman or the Treasurer.

I want to start off this column with two topics: becoming a charity and organising events.

One of the pieces of work which is currently occupying the Executive Committee is our desire to officially register the Society as a charity. For a small Society like us this isn't too difficult; just time consuming.

However, being a charity can make a worthwhile difference in terms of financing as there are significant tax advantages to charitable status as well as opening up many more funding and sponsorship opportunities.

To gain charitable status we basically have to be able to show that as an unincorporated association we are properly constituted (we have a formally adopted constitution) and that our aims, as laid down in that constitution, and our activities are wholly charitable. In order to do this successfully we will need to make some (minor) amendments to the existing constitution. So sometime in Spring next year we will call an Extraordinary General Meeting to ask you, the members, to enact the necessary changes. Watch this space.

The other subject I’d like to open up is that of organising events. We all like the Society to run events and as you’ll see elsewhere we have a couple of interesting meetings lined up for the coming months. However, contrary to popular myth, these things don't happen by magic; someone has to organise them. Organising events needs four key things: good ideas, time, to be fairly local to the venue and to able to do some basic planning.

There is no shortage of good ideas for events, and the Executive have a lot of experience of planning. But we lack the other two key ingredients. None of us has enough time to devote to organising events (we all do demanding full-time jobs!), as well as running the Society and organising the conference. And we are mostly UK-based.

Yes, you guessed it! We need some event organisers. I’m delighted that the New York area
group - started by Leatrice Fountain - has successfully taken root; they are already organising themselves some interesting meetings. And there are rumours of a West Coast USA group starting and also a group in Japan.

But we could do with someone to be the overall Events Secretary for the Society. Hopefully they would be UK based and could arrange events in the UK. And it would be good if they were also be the Society's Branch Liaison Officer and oversee the activities of the groups around the world to ensure they get the support they need from the centre. Would anyone like to volunteer?

The Anthony Powell Society
Officers & Executive Committee

Patron: John Powell (Somerset)
President: Hugh Massingberd (London)
Chairman*: Maggie Noach (London)
Hon. Secretary*: Dr Keith Marshall (London)
Hon. Treasurer*: Prof. Ian Young (Belfast)
Committee Members*: Dr Nicholas Birns (New York)
Leatrice Fountain (Connecticut)
Stephen Holden (London)
Tony Robinson (Felixstowe)

Newsletter Editor: Stephen Holden
Membership: Keith Marshall
Archivist: Noreen Marshall
Webmaster: Keith Marshall

PR/Media Advisers: Julian Allason
Catherine Mansel Lewis

2003 Conference Organising Committee:
Keith Marshall, Christine Berberich, Sue Frye,
Stephen Holden, Catherine Mansel Lewis, Noreen
Marshall, Tony Robinson

Members of the Executive Committee

The Wallace Collection
Lunch and Gallery Talk

Date: Saturday 09 February 2002. Lunch (2 courses) at 1200 noon. Gallery talk at 1330 hrs.
Venue: The Wallace Collection, Hertford House Manchester Square, London, W1M 6BN.

Join us in The Wallace Collection’s new restaurant, Café Bagatelle, for a two-course lunch and chat.

Following lunch, at 1330 hrs, we have arranged for one of the Wallace’s experts to give us a gallery talk about Nicolas Poussin’s painting A Dance to the Music of Time which was to so inspire Anthony Powell’s magnum opus.

Special price for members and their guests is £19.50 for lunch and the gallery talk. Non-members price: £25.

Places are strictly limited so booking is essential. To reserve a place please send payment (sterling cheque or credit card) to the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible and absolutely no later than Friday 18 January.
**Dates for Your Diary**


**Friday 21 December 2001.** **New York Meet.** Venue: Century Club, 7 West 43rd St, New York. Time: 12.30 for 1 pm. Please contact William Warren if you wish to attend: wwarren@deweyballantine.com

**Saturday 9 February 2002.** **Wallace Collection Lunch and Gallery Talk.** Venue: The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, London, W1M 6BN. Informal 2-course lunch at 1200 noon. Gallery talk at 1330 hrs. Inclusive price for members & their guests: £19.50. Non-members £25. Limited places; booking essential. Please send payment (sterling cheque or credit card) to the Hon. Sec. by Friday 18 January. For further details see elsewhere in this issue.


**Saturday 14 September 2002.** **Society AGM.** Venue: Eton College. Time: Afternoon. Details to follow.


---

**The Travellers’ Club Meeting**

[Never used]

**ANTHONY POWELL EVENING Monday 4 March 2002**

**A HERO OF OUR CLUB ANTHONY POWELL AT THE TRAVELLERS’ 1930 – 2000**

**An informal talk by Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd Introduced by AN Wilson**

The Travellers’ Club, of which Anthony Powell was a member for some 70 years, are presenting a talk by Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd, AP Society President and author of *Daydream Believer: Confessions of a Hero-Worshipper*, which features a chapter on Anthony Powell.

Society members and guests are invited to attend the talk on Monday 04 March 2002, which will be held in the Library of The Travellers Club commencing at 7.00pm. A cash bar will be available from 6.30pm.

Dinner will be available to both Travellers Club and AP Society members and their guests following the talk, at a set price of £29.00 for a three-course set menu accompanied by Club wines.

Members attending the talk are asked to inform The Travellers Club – a phone message or email is sufficient. Members wishing to dine should reserve places by contacting Mrs Dawn Barnett at The Travellers Club as soon as possible and no later than Friday 22 February 2002.

Dress: Jacket and tie for gentlemen and the equivalent for ladies. (Note: The Travellers Club does not admit guests wearing trainers or denim.)

The Travellers Club, 106 Pall Mall London, SW1Y 5EP Phone: 020 7930 8688 Fax: 020 7930 2019 Email: secretary@thetravellersclub.org.uk
**Society Notices**

**Eton Conference Proceedings Published**
We are delighted to announce that the proceedings of the First Biennial Anthony Powell Conference, held at Eton College on 23 April 2001 are now available. By the time you read this copies will have been mailed to all conference delegates.

The Society has produced the proceedings as an A5 paperback book of 160+ pages under the title *Celebrating the 50th Anniversary of A Dance to the Music of Time*. The book contains the complete text of all the presented papers and keynote speeches, plus one additional paper not presented, and a transcript of the discussion sessions. The first edition (which depending on demand may, of course, be the only edition) is a numbered limited edition of just 250 copies, all of which are signed by John Powell, younger son of Anthony Powell and the Society’s Patron.

Please see the Society Merchandise page for ordering details. Society members will be given priority distribution until January 2002.

***

**Poussin Painting Postcard**
In yet another coup for the Society we are delighted to have obtained a small supply of postcards of Nicolas Poussin’s painting *A Dance to the Music of Time*, which so inspired Powell’s magnum opus. We are indebted to The Wallace Collection in London, owners of the Poussin painting, for slightly discounting the cost of the postcards and allowing us to resell them to Society members. See the Society Merchandise page for pricing. Available only while stocks last.

***

**Conference 2003 -- Advance Notice**
The Second Biennial Anthony Powell Conference will be held on Monday 7 and Tuesday 8 April 2003 at Balliol College, Oxford. Powell read History at Balliol College after leaving Eton in 1923, so it is an appropriate setting for our second conference. The conference theme will be “Anthony Powell and Oxford of the 1920s”.

Detailed planning for the conference is now under way and further information will be printed here when available. The organising committee is: Keith Marshall, Stephen Holden, Tony Robinson, Noreen Marshall, Christine Berberich, Catherine Mansel Lewis and Sue Frye.

If you would like to present a paper at the conference, we would love to hear from you. A Call for Papers will be issued shortly which will detail how to submit the synopsis of your paper. In the meantime if you are considering submitting a paper please get in touch with the Hon. Sec.

Provisional bookings for the conference, which has to be strictly limited to a maximum of 100 delegates, are being accepted by the Hon. Sec.

Finally, we are still looking for a philanthropist to help fund the conference – and thus keep down the cost to the delegates! If anyone can put us in touch with such a philanthropic person or organisation, then again, please get in touch with the Hon. Sec. or any of the committee.
Society Merchandise

Postcards **NEW**
We now have two postcards available. The Society’s postcard of AP with his cat Trelawney is still available. In addition, we have obtained a small supply of The Wallace Collection’s colour postcard of Poussin’s painting of *A Dance to the Music of Time*. The two cards are slightly differently priced but both are now post free in the UK; non-UK members are asked to pay a small contribution towards the cost of airmail postage and packing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pack Size</th>
<th>AP Card</th>
<th>Poussin Card</th>
<th>Contribution to Postage &amp; Packing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>£1.75</td>
<td>£2.00</td>
<td>£0.50 £1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>£3.50</td>
<td>£4.00</td>
<td>£0.50 £1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>£8.00</td>
<td>£10.00</td>
<td>£1.00 £1.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Eton Conference Delegates Book
We have a few copies remaining of the Eton Conference Delegates Book (given to the delegates on the day), which gives the synopsis of each of the papers presented and mini-biographies of each of the authors. These are available at £2 each, post free in the UK; other members please add a contribution to postage & packing: Europe 50p, World £1 per copy. Only available while stocks last.

Newsletter Back Issues
Back numbers of all issues of the *Newsletter* are available at 50p each, again post free in UK. Outside the UK please add a contribution to postage & packing: Europe 40p, World 90p per copy.

Ordering
Payment may be made by cheque (UK funds drawn on a UK bank) or credit card (Visa or Mastercard).

Please post, phone or fax orders to:

Hon. Secretary, The Anthony Powell Society
76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford
Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK.
Phone: +44 (0)20 8864 4095
Fax: +44 (0)20 8864 6109

Eton Conference Proceedings **NEW**
The proceedings of the first AP Conference at Eton are now available to members. This first (and maybe only) edition is limited to just 250 numbered copies each signed by the Society’s Patron John Powell. Copies, which are post free to members, are £15 each. Non-members please add P&P: UK £0.95, Europe £1.90, Rest of World £2.80 per copy. Society members will be given priority distribution until January 2002.
### Section A : Member Information

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of membership (please check):</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ordinary Member</strong> -- £20 a year.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Joint Membership</strong> -- £30 a year. Any two people at the same address.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gold Member</strong> -- £30 minimum a year.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Student Member</strong> -- £12 a year. Please send evidence the recipient is a full-time student.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Organisation</strong> -- £100 minimum a year.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Subscriptions are due on 01 April annually. If joining after 31 December membership includes following subscription year.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Member’s Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Postcode/Zip</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Email</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of years membership being paid:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 / 2 / 3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Is this membership a gift?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes / No</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If Yes please complete Section B

### Section B : Gift Membership Information

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Donor’s Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Postcode/Zip</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Email</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Where shall we send the membership?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Direct to the recipient</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To me to give to the recipient personally</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Please indicate any special message you would like sent with this membership.

### Section C : Payment Information

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total amount payable</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>No. of years x membership rate</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cardholder’s Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Postcode/Zip</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Country</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I agree to the Society holding the above details on computer.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Signed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Section D : Mailing Information

Please send the completed form and payment to:

**Hon. Secretary**
The Anthony Powell Society
76 Ennismore Avenue
Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK

Phone: +44 (0)20 8864 4095
Fax: +44 (0)20 8864 6109