Contents

From the Secretary’s Desk ............ 2
Meet the Editor .......................... 3
What Became of Waring .............. 4-6
REVIEW: Constant Lambert ...... 7-9
Denis Capel-Dunn ..................... 10-11
BBC Arena: George Orwell ....... 12-13
Kaggsy’s Ramblings – HSH ... 15-17
Dates for Your Diary ............... 18-20
Society Notices ....................... 21
Local Group News ................... 22-24
Summer Saturday Stroll .......... 25-28
Cuttings ............................... 29-33
Merchandise & Membership .. 34-36

Annual General Meeting
Saturday 25 October 2014
To be followed by a talk
Architecture in Dance
given by
Harry Mount
Full details on page 18

London AP Birthday Lunch
Saturday 6 December 2014
1200 for 1230 hrs
Oxford & Cambridge Club
71 Pall Mall, London SW1
Full details on page 19

Annual Lecture
in collaboration with
The Wallace Collection
Stephen Lloyd
on
The Curious Case of
Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant:
Constant Lambert and his
Friendship with Anthony Powell
Friday 21 November
Wallace Collection, London
Tickets £14 – see page 18
**From the Secretary’s Desk**

Sometimes we need to go backward before we can move forward. Six months ago it felt as if the Society was going backwards: we had lost two valued Trustees, our Chairman, our Editor and our conference organiser. Everything was falling back on my shoulders, which is definitely not good for the Society.

But wow! Are we now going forward! We have two new volunteers as Trustees – Graham Page and Robin Bynoe – who have to be formally elected at the AGM. We have a new Editor in Stephen Walker (see page 3) who is also taking on the role of Social Secretary; Robin Bynoe has taken over the role of Merchandise Secretary; and John Roe is working on possible plans for a conference in 2016.

Added to that we have had several most enjoyable events over the summer in both London and NE USA culminating in the most amazing London pub meet ever – eighteen people taking over three alcoves of the Audley for several hours on a Saturday lunchtime.

On the horizon in October we have the Venice Conference (first mooted on the night we formed the Society) and the AGM, at which Harry Mount is talking to us about architecture in *Dance*. Then in November Stephen Lloyd, biographer of Powell’s friend Constant Lambert, is giving the Annual Lecture. Details of all these events are on pages 18-20.

Suddenly it all seems to be coming together. Between us we have lots of ideas for events and for the *Newsletter*. But we would still like you to tell us what events you want; and of course we’d like you to write something for the *Newsletter*. Onward and upward! ■

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**The Anthony Powell Society**

Registered Charity No. 1096873

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

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When Keith asked ‘Will you take over from the legendary Stephen Holden as Editor of the Newsletter?’ there was only one outcome. He told me that I had the necessary qualifications: my name is Stephen and I also have a beard.

This is my first issue. You will as yet see little change. A policy of evolution not revolution is to be pursued. Some readers have already made suggestions. One rather sniffily described the Newsletter as a fanzine. But I ask what is wrong with that?

The word may be distinctly unPowellian, coined as it was for the October 1940 issue of Detour by Russ Chavenet, a stone deaf American chess champion and sci-fi enthusiast who worked in IT for the US Defence Department. But the definition of fanzine as a publication produced by fans of a particular cultural phenomenon for the pleasure of others who share their interest seems to me to sum up the Newsletter perfectly. Fanzines do not usually pay their publishers, editors or contributors or charge their readers. By contrast a fan magazine is professionally produced for fans instead of by them.

So Keith, as publisher, and I, as editor, will continue to rely upon you, as readers, for your support and contributions. We are very lucky to have several professional writers amongst you who do contribute.

I want to extend an invitation to you all to imagine this is Fission ... release your inner Widmerpool or Trapnel

American chess champion and sci-fi enthusiast who worked in IT for the US Defence Department. But the definition of fanzine as a publication produced by fans of a particular cultural phenomenon for the pleasure of others who share their interest seems to me to sum up the Newsletter perfectly. Fanzines do not usually pay their publishers, editors or contributors or charge their readers. By contrast a fan magazine is professionally produced for fans instead of by them.

But I want to extend an invitation to you all to imagine this is Fission. Release your inner Widmerpool or Trapnel and send in pieces redolent of Affirmative Action and Negative Values or for the parodists amongst you, of which there are many, Assumptions of Autarchy v Dynamics of Adjustment [BDFR].

If these titles are not music to your ears nor make your fingers dance across the keyboard then let me know what you would like to read or write. Early printable suggestions have included “Meet the Marxists” in Dance, “Uncle Giles’ Corner”, “My First Time: why I read Dance and still do”.

My mobile is 07770 875 681 for calls and texts; my email is editor@anthonypowell.org; or just tell me when you see me. I look like this …

I look forward to hearing from you.

Thank you.

Stephen Walker ■
I can’t remember when I discovered Anthony Powell, but I do know that what caught my attention about his first novel, *Afternoon Men* (1931), was somebody’s description of it as ‘the party novel to end all party novels’. The young Powell, it turned out, was a party animal whose spiritual home was the Twenties, when art got mixed up with life. Hence his disdain for the Thirties when, as he put it, ‘the artists and good-timers’ gave way to ‘the politicians and the prigs’. And yet the novel of his I return to again and again, *What’s Become of Waring*, was written in 1938, long after the public’s appetite for frivolity had waned. So although you suspect that his narrator, like Powell himself, is a good-timer at heart, the only party he attends is a low-key affair at the remote south London depot of a dowdy Territorial unit.

But there’s another way in which *Waring* differs from *Afternoon Men* and Powell’s three other pre-war novels. It is told in the first person:

*I was sitting in the Guards’ Chapel under the terracotta lunette which contains the Centurion saying to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to his servant, Do this, and he doeth it. The occasion was the wedding of a girl called Fitzgibbon who was marrying a young man in the Coldstream ... There was a wait while the photographers did their business; and the crowd began to struggle towards the doors of that extravagant Lombardian interior, which always seems like a place you are shown round after the revolution, the guide pointing out celebrities among the carved names, rather than a church in regular use. The congregation hung about for a while among the sad, tattered colours and glittering Victorian blazonry, until they were disgorged at last from under the massive pediment on to the barrack square.*

We never learn the narrator’s name but his tone of voice – cultivated, speculative, ironic – could be that of Nick Jenkins, the narrator of Powell’s magnum opus, *A Dance to the Music of Time* (see Slightly Foxed, no. 16). Almost immediately there is a further link with *Dance* in the person of another wedding guest, a raffish ex-
Guards officer called Eustace Bromwich. Bromwich, known for his ‘enormous histrionic gifts’, is the prototype of Dicky Umfraville, the much-married gentleman rider and self-styled ‘professional cad’ who has some of the best lines in Dance. It is also worth noting, given the importance that Powell attached to time and chance, that a few years later the ‘extravagant Lombardian interior’ he evoked was demolished by a flying bomb just as the Sunday morning service had begun. Morbidly, I’ve sometimes fantasized that the bride and groom, plus some of their guests, were among the hundreds of casualties.

Powell’s plot hinges on the demise of the author TT Waring, the jewel in the crown of his narrator’s employer, Judkins and Judkins, a mildewed publisher based upon Duckworth’s, where Powell worked for several years. No one has ever met the mysterious TT, but to Hugh Judkins, one of the partners, he is their Peter Fleming. When TT’s sudden death from a chill is announced a frantic search ensues to find a biographer while the trail is still warm. The choice falls upon Captain ‘Tiger’ Hudson, who is marking time as adjutant to the Territorials.

Reared in the same tradition as Kipling’s ‘Brushwood Boy’, Hudson hero-worships TT, so imagine his chagrin when it transpires that his idol is a fraud who cribbed all his books from obscure nineteenth-century tomes. I say ‘is’ because TT has faked his death as well as his books. Now hitched to a rich widow and so absolved of the need to write, he turns out to be someone with whom Hudson was at school and, even worse, the brother of his fiancée, Beryl, a major-general’s daughter.

As part of his research for the book, Hudson meets a vamp called Roberta Payne, as mysterious in her way as TT, to whom she claims to have been engaged. Like the writer Inez Holden, on whom she is based, Roberta is pretty, witty and at home in a variety of London circles, some quite exalted, yet without any visible means of support except her journalism, which can’t bring in very much. Despite being averse to ‘cosmetics, painted fingernails and equivocal conversation in women’ Hudson is smitten by Roberta, who is such a contrast to his wholesome, but really rather humdrum, fiancée. Then just as he is about to propose to her she casually announces that she is going on a cruise with someone else.

Despite his rather limited view of the world Hudson is a sympathetic character and it is fitting that he and Beryl should eventually make it up. The gulf between him and the urbane narrator is summed up by this exchange:

‘I’ve found an iron Beryl lent me. I don’t exactly like to send it back without saying anything. Equally I don’t want to have to write to her. I wondered whether you could take charge of it and hand it back when you get the chance.’
‘A flat iron?’
‘A golf-club, you bloody fool.’

Powell was inclined to be dismissive of Waring, which was written faute de mieux after he had failed to land a job screenwriting in Hollywood. But it happens to be one of my favourites, not least because of a passage like this, which is not only very vivid, but also a reminder that as a boy Powell thought he might become a painter of huge ‘subject’ pictures in the manner of Frith:
At Toulon there was a lot of sun and a breeze from the sea. The interior of the railway station appeared neatly arranged for the opening act of a musical comedy. Sailors with white trousers and red pom-poms in their caps wandered about pointing at Cocteau’s latest on the bookstalls, or watched the engines puffing up and down the line. Some Tonquinese infantrymen were entraining for the Buddhist temple at Fréjus. Overgrown blacks from Senegal, with their waists pinched in by red cummerbunds and wearing high tarbooshes on their tiny heads, leant against the wall, finding perpetual amusement in the antics of the French. A Captain of Spahis in a scarlet tunic, baggy trousers, and a long cloak strode up and down as if he were about to sing the first number of the show.

The chapter Powell devotes to Toulon, where Hudson and the narrator join Bromwich for a holiday, and where TT is unmasked, strikes me as quite unlike anything else he ever wrote. Just as Hudson is ordered by Bromwich to throw away his tweeds and dress like a matelot on shore leave, so Powell loosens his collar and even bares his chest. Perhaps he was unconsciously aware that places like Toulon – ‘our dream town, naughty and cheap’, according to a louche friend of his – were living on borrowed time, like the Third Republic itself.

A final point concerns the origin of Powell’s title. You would think he got it from Browning, whose lines he quotes on the frontispiece. But according to an early draft of the novel it was originally called What’s Become of Stokes. This lends weight to a theory I heard some years ago, the gist of which was that my informant, or someone he knew – I’ve forgotten which – inherited Powell’s desk at Duckworth’s, on which the ‘Waring’ was missing from the ‘Waring and Gillow’ trademark. Since the novel depicts publishing as, at best, a pretty ramshackle trade, I like to think that Powell’s desk deserves the credit and not Browning.

Michael Barber’s Anthony Powell – A Life was published by Duckworth Overlook in 2004. He has recently written a brief life of Evelyn Waugh for Hesperus.

Anthony Powell, What’s Become of Waring (1939), is out of print. However, stray copies of the 1962 Penguin edition, with a cover illustration by Edward Bawden (above), can still be found.

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Constant Lambert “possessed, I think, a touch of genius”, wrote Anthony Powell. Indeed, it may have been more than a touch. A composer, arranger, conductor, balletic music director, critic, wit, conversationalist, writer of ribald limericks – his intellectual energy bounded all over the cultural landscape of 20th century Britain. He, along with Ninette de Valois and Fredrick Ashton, created the Sadler’s Wells Company, and thus pretty much the entirety of English ballet.

Now Stephen Lloyd has written a new biography of Lambert, one worthy of its fascinating subject. Despite its title, it covers the composer’s life both before and beyond his most famous composition, The Rio Grande, describing his painful, often lonely childhood all the way to his excruciating death at 45. In between, Lloyd depicts all the genius. When Lambert was three, a visitor remarked on his thick head of hair, to which he replied, “That’s because I’ve got such a fertile brain”.

Such fertility resulted in an astounding variety of work: musical composition, recitation (Façade, for example, Edith Sitwell’s poems recited with William Walton’s music, his performance of which remained popular all his life), symphonic conducting, balletic direction and accompaniment, radio conducting and commentary, and recording. Over and over, Lloyd cites dancers remarking that Lambert’s direction was unsurpassed at creating rhythms that raised their art to levels they did not believe possible.

Fans of A Dance to the Music of Time, of course, know Lambert as the model for Hugh Moreland, Powell’s fictional musician. In 2005 I presented a paper at the Anthony Powell Centenary Conference, at The Wallace Collection, comparing the two. Had I had reference to Lloyd’s biography, I would in some ways have had a much easier task; in others, less so. In describing Lambert’s music, this work is extraordinarily complete, much more so than Richard Shead’s Constant Lambert: His Life, His Music, and His Friends, and Andrew Motion’s triptych, The Lamberts: George, Constant and Kit, the two of which were my primary
Moreland’s symphony in *Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant* and Lambert’s *Summer’s Last Will and Testament*. (Both were poorly received.) Lloyd clarifies one musical correspondence with which I’ve always had trouble. I have never been comfortable with the identification of Maclintick with Philip Heseltine, a.k.a. Peter Warlock. Except for their deep interest in music and their depressions and suicides, the two have never seemed similar – Heseltine the composer and womanizer, Maclintick the critic and misogynist. Lloyd posits that Maclintick is actually an amalgam of Heseltine and Cecil Gray, another old musical Lambert friend, who seems to fit that side of Maclintick to a tee.

The weakness of Lloyd’s book for my purpose – that of understanding what Powell did to Lambert’s personality in creating Hugh Moreland – lies in his depiction of Lambert’s character. He clearly admires his subject greatly, and as a musical thinker, maybe he should. I recall in doing my research how disappointed I was to learn of Lambert’s human frailties. Lloyd does not go as deeply into the bad boy nature of his subject as earlier biographers have done. Moreland is one of my favorite characters in *Dance*. He is kind, gentle, modest, as well as being a brilliant conversationalist. (I have always felt that James Fleet, who played Moreland in the Channel 4 series of *Dance*, was spot on depicting Moreland’s diffidence.) He is amusing and touching; he can’t organize his life, requiring Matilda to do it for him; he is never nasty to anyone. His daughter dies shortly after birth, an event that creates real sympathy for both him and Matilda. When we see him composing, he is blocked and depressed. After Matilda leaves him for
Anthony Powell Society Newsletter #56

Donners, he winds up with Audrey Maclintick, for heaven’s sake. His life is a complete muddle, but throughout it he seems sweet.

Not Lambert, who possessed an electric intellect and a witty pen. His criticism is sharp and fearless. But he had problems. Ashton once described him as a “very selfish man”. His drinking was beyond Bacchus, and eventually killed him two days before his 46th birthday. He completely ignored his son Kit, who like his father eventually died young, partly as a result of heroin abuse. Physically Lambert was drawn, not to an established actress like Matilda, but to young exotic-looking girls. His first wife, Florence, was 14 when he met her, an orphan, just 17 when they married, he nearly ten years her senior. Then his primary love interest, Margot Fonteyn, joined the company when he was 28; she was a few weeks shy of 15. He treated women abysmally, cheating on young, uneducated Florence shamelessly with Margot, and then much later marrying Isabel Delmer while Margot was touring abroad and not saying a word to her about doing so. Fredrick Ashton had to break the news of Lambert’s marriage to her upon her return to England, a fact Lloyd does not mention.

The point is, the more I learned about Lambert, the less I liked him. (A friend of mine, a respected defense attorney, wrote to me: “As you know, I am not terribly fastidious; I am on good terms with quite a few murderers whom I prefer to CL”.) It is hard to ignore the undisciplined personal life – the endless drinking, the creepy fondness for young girls, the disregard for the feelings of others (such as Margot Fonteyn at the end of their affair) – no matter how talented the artist. Expecting to find a real-life Hugh Moreland, I was unprepared to meet Constant Lambert, a sort of Moreland evil twin. Stephen Lloyd does not exactly ignore Lambert’s personal issues. (To do so would be difficult, perhaps impossible.) But he does obscure some of them, such as the treatment of Fonteyn after his second marriage. However, his focus is much more directed at the artistic accomplishments than at the personal failures of this fascinating, conflicted man, surely an appropriate decision for a musical biography. I found myself the richer for having read Lloyd’s book, and came away feeling that for Lambert genius was in fact the appropriate word.

Stephen Lloyd is giving this year’s Anthony Powell Lecture on 21 November. Full details on page 18.
Denis Capel-Dunn – An Appreciation

Julian Allason has unearthed a surprisingly fulsome appreciation of Denis Capel-Dunn, likely model for Widmerpool, from The Times, 25 July 1945.

The original (opposite) is poor so we have transcribed the text.

COL. C. D. CAPEL-DUNN

AN APPRECIATION

V. F. W. C-B. and E. I. C. J. write: —

We should like to pay tribute to the high qualities of Colonel C. Denis Capel-Dunn, O.B.E., and to the services rendered by him in the 1939-45 war. Born in 1903 and educated at Beaumont and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was private secretary to the first Lord Lloyd, before spending three years in Persia with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Then he served on the staff of H.M. Legation in Havana, and subsequently was called to the Bar. He was appointed secretary to the Air Transport Licensing Authority, of which Sir Trustram Eve was chairman, and he also was secretary of the inquiry conducted by Mr. Justice Bucknill into the loss of H.M. submarine Thetis. He joined the Territorial Army as an officer in the 5th Battalion, The Essex Regiment, and later attended a staff course at Camberley.

Equipped with a clear logical mind, a sound judgment, and a marked ability for organization, Capel-Dunn was able to profit to the full from his wide experience and varied activities. In 1940 he joined the offices of the War Cabinet and Minister of Defence, where he was particularly concerned with the development of the Joint Planning and Intelligence Staff, the inter-service organization which grew in scope and importance with the progress of the war. He held successively the posts of assistant secretary and secretary of the Joint Intelligence Committee, and finally became head of the Joint Staff Secretariat, with the rank of colonel. In this capacity he attended the conferences at Moscow and Yalta. But it was for his work at Dumbarton Oaks and at San Francisco that Capel-Dunn will be particularly remembered. He was a member of the small British team which laboured at the first draft of the Charter of the United Nations, and he had the satisfaction of taking part in steering this great work through to completion at the conference from which he was returning when he met his death.

Those of us who worked with him had the highest regard for his breadth of mind, his grasp of difficult and complicated subjects, and his enthusiasm for the task. All through the war he worked long hours, but whatever the strain he remained unruffled, and the keen edge of his mind remained at all times unimpaired. The loss of his unrivalled knowledge of the machinery of the higher direction of war, and of the whole background of the United Nations
Charter, will be keenly felt. His colleagues and his many friends on both sides of the Atlantic will sadly miss him, but will always remember a sincere friend for whom no effort was ever too great, and who successfully maintained a high standard of efficiency while retaining a keen sense of humour and the affection of all who worked with him.

In 1932 he married Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Brigadier-General W. F. Hessey, D.S.O. She survives him with three daughters and a son.
In connection with the calendar year 1984, the BBC commissioned a five-part documentary film about George Orwell in which AP as well as many others who knew Orwell were interviewed. Each episode took the name of a book or essay written by Orwell and relating to the period it covered, from *Such, Such Were the Joys* to 1984. The series was directed by Nigel Williams, who approached Powell about participating on 3 May 1983. The crew arrived at The Chantry to film the interview on 16 June and the programs were broadcast in the BBC’s *Arena* documentary series over the period 29 December 1983 to 4 January 1984. This is the same documentary series in which the single episode about AP (*An Invitation to the Dance*) had been transmitted a few weeks earlier on 9 November 1983.

Powell watched at least the first episode on which he commented [J82-86, 96] that Cyril Connolly was the star attraction, although he found “much of it of it fairly amusing”. The clips with Connolly were taken from an earlier interview by Malcolm Muggeridge, and I would have to agree with AP that they were the best of the lot in this episode. If AP watched the remaining episodes over the next week or so, he doesn’t mention it in his *Journals*.

The interview with AP takes up about 2-3 minutes spread over two episodes. The first appearance occurs in Episode 2: *The Road to Wigan Pier*. AP is asked whether Orwell’s earlier works, in which an Etonian looks at the lower classes, reflected any change in middle-class views of the working class. AP answered, somewhat hesitantly, that really he didn’t know about that. “I don’t think the miners themselves particularly liked it [apparently referring to Orwell’s book *The Road to Wigan Pier*]. I mean, it wasn’t at all well looked on in Wigan” [YouTube version at ca. 50:00 minutes].

In Episode 3: *Homage to Catalonia*, AP does not appear, but there was at least one segment that, if he saw it, he would surely have found amusing. A colleague of Orwell’s in Spain, Stafford Cottman, who was 18 or 19 at the time and may have been an Old Etonian, was interviewed for his recollections of the Spanish Civil War. At one point when Cottman and Orwell were leaving a dugout to return to guard duty, Orwell asked him if he remembered the *Eton Boating Song*. Cottman couldn’t remember the words but was able to hum the tune. That was all Orwell needed, and he was able to sing the verses, apparently while walking to or standing on guard duty [YouTube version ca. 12:00 minutes].

In Episode 4: *The Lion and the Unicorn*, clips from AP’s interview appear twice. On both occasions he was apparently asked to comment on Orwell’s writing. He first notes that Orwell laid down strict rules for what writing ought to be like and then followed those rules in his own writing. AP considered him a very effective writer but didn’t think one should limit writing in the way he did. “I mean double negatives and things like that. I think English writing should be much more fluid than that. You should be
allowed to write as you wish”. But having laid down his rules, Orwell was an effective writer [YouTube version ca. 28:00 minutes]. AP continued later in the program to comment: “I don’t think his gifts were for the ordinary sort of novel – or, if you like, the Balzacian sort of novel. I think his gifts were for writing of an imaginative kind, more for fantasy. Animal Farm was a remarkable piece of work. I don’t know what you would call it. It is very original … might owe something to Kipling” [YouTube version ca. 33:00 minutes].

AP must surely have been asked about his personal recollections of Orwell, but whatever he said failed to make it into the final cut. There are, however, a considerable number of personal recollections of others that are worth seeing. In addition to the clips from the Connolly interview, there are also interesting clips from interviews of Tosco Fyvel and Robert Kimche (with whom Orwell worked at Tribune), Malcolm Muggeridge, David Astor, Julian Symons, two early girl friends, Orwell’s sister Avril, his son Richard, and his second wife Sonia, as well as former neighbors, residents of Wigan and other participants in the Spanish Civil War.

There are several copies of all five episodes posted on YouTube (as of 16 January 2014) – search in Google for “BBC Arena Orwell”. All versions appear to be based on the same recording made from a TV broadcast, probably on a home video cassette recorder (VCR) such as those that were becoming popular in the early 1980s. Some of the picture quality is rather ragged on the versions I watched, although the sound quality is acceptable. The time citations I have given are approximate but all copies have a video preview function that allows you to skip ahead.

A separate BBC World Service audio interview was conducted by John Pickford on 27 October 1983. The results of that are unknown, although they may be archived somewhere at the BBC. Powell also mentions being interviewed by two US TV networks for 1984 Orwell documentaries. One was by Walter Cronkite for CBS [J82-86, 53]; this may have been done in connection with the one hour CBS News Special: 1984 Revisited, transmitted on 7 June 1983. Whether clips from Powell’s interview appeared in that program is not known. The other was by John Cochran, London correspondent for NBC [J82-86, 93]. This was probably used in a report by Cochran on NBC Nightly News for 31 December 1983, which is summarized in part as follows (square brackets in original):

Installation of Orwell likeness in Madame Tussaud’s Wax Museum noted as evidence of resurging interest in author. Increased sales of his biography and of “1984” cited. [Orwell friend, author Anthony PAUL – comments on fuss over Orwell.] [BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) ANNOUNCER – notes upcoming special on Orwell]...

Anthony “PAUL” would be the transcription of AP’s preferred pronunciation of his name, and the upcoming special on BBC is no doubt the Arena documentary. These US broadcasts are not posted on YouTube (or at least I couldn’t find them) but are preserved at Vanderbilt University Television News Archive in Nashville.
My dear Tony,

As I write I am surrounded by so many negros & dwarfs that I can hardly believe I am not in the heart of Old Bloomsbury. In fact the only real difference between Marseille night life & a Gt Ormond Street party is one of expense. One feels that at any moment the homely figure of Dick Wyndham may emerge from a bordel or that Wadsworth will be seen trying to retrieve his hat from some old hag or other. All the female whores look like Greta & all the male ones like Brian Howard. There is an exact replica of Billy Chappell who dances a solo Charleston outside one of the homosexual bars ...


Tottenham Court Road, London looking north. This, probably just pre-WWI, photograph shows the junction of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, and would not be too different from how Powell would have known it. Indeed apart from the volume of traffic it isn’t so very different today – the domed YMCA is still there on the corner of Great Russell Street, albeit in a new building, and the traffic flow has been reorganised in large part due to the current Crossrail construction site.

Anthony Powell, *The Acceptance World*

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Intricacies of social life make English habits unyielding to simplification, while understatement and irony – in which all classes of this island converse – upset the normal emphasis of reported speech.
People think that because a novel’s invented it isn’t true. Exactly the reverse is the case. Because a novel’s invented, it is true. Biography and memoirs can never be wholly true since they can’t include every conceivable circumstance of what happened. The novel can do that … A novelist may inescapably create all his characters in his own image, but the reader can believe in them, without necessarily accepting their creator’s judgement on them.

Well, after a year of reading *A Dance to the Music of Time*, I finally finished the last book, *Hearing Secret Harmonies* on Boxing Day morning – and to paraphrase, what a long, crazy trip it’s been! And a hippie style phrase is not wholly inappropriate when considering Nick Jenkins’ final outing – but more of that as we go on!

The opening of a Powell is always disconcerting, but the opening of *Hearing Secret Harmonies* is so unsettling that you might be forgiven for thinking that you were in a different sequence of books altogether! Nick and Isobel are crayfishing in the country – an odd enough beginning to start with – but they are in strange company. A group of young people have stopped by for a visit, including the Jenkins’ niece Fiona, and a very strange young man called Scorpio Murtlock. A self-styled hippie cult leader, Scorp will be a recurring factor in the book. Nick and Isobel are now living in the country, in an area which is threatened by quarrying and which also is near some ancient standing stones known as the Devil’s Fingers. Is this really *A Dance to the Music of Time*???

Fortunately, the familiar soon rears its head, in Nick’s reminiscences, and Fiona is of course the daughter of Susan and Roddy Cutts – so we are soon back on track. Unlike the previous volumes, which usually had three or four long chapters, *HSH* has several short ones, in which a lot of things happen, including:

- Widmerpool is appointed chancellor of a new university after spending much time in the USA
- The Quiggin twins attack him with paint, and then promptly become his acolytes
- Our Ken goes a bit weird and becomes a hippie
- Nick visits Matilda Donners, who shows him photos of the Seven Deadly Sins tableaux from the past
- Nick re-encounters Gwinnett while he is part of the panel for the Donners Memorial Prize – Russell has finally written a biography of X Trapnel
- At the prize dinner, Widmerpool washes up with the Quiggin Twins, starts to make a speech and then the whole thing is disrupted by the Quiggins letting off a stink bomb
• Scorp Murtlock dips in and out of the story and eventually Widmerpool joins forces with him

• There are numerous pagan rituals going on, some quite dodgy sounding

• Fiona marries Gwinnett and turns up at the reception of another wedding being held at Stourwater

• She is quickly followed by the arrival of Widmerpool, leading a cult run in bizarre clothing, who is then removed by Murtlock

And the final chapter deals with many endings – this is a packed book!

So where to start? *HSH* is quite a difficult book to discuss and I think has had a mixed reception. Certainly, it stands apart from the others in many ways – the subject matter is really quite dark (pagan sex rituals, necrophilia, psychological control) and initially these subjects might seem a little out of keeping with others in the sequence. I can understand that *HSH* would polarize opinion, as when initially read it seems anachronistic, but reflecting on it a few days later, I feel that there is a consistency with Nick’s earlier experiences. There are hints of perversion (for example, with Donners) all the way through the series, mysticism and the darker underbelly of life. The strange cult in *HSH* has parallels with the mysticism of Trelawney and Erdleigh, only in a modern setting, and in fact Powell makes several comparisons of Scorp’s cult and Dr Trelawney’s earlier group. Initially I was unsure about the modern aspects of the novel; I tend to feel the same way when reading latter-day Agatha Christies – contemporary elements are allowed to creep in and they can be discordant. However, reflecting on the book I think I can see what Powell was trying to do by putting his themes and characters in an updated setting. Because although the external trappings may change, human beings remain the same whatever the setting, Powell’s sense of the theatrical sees life as a performance or play:

*In any case, it was impossible to disregard the fact that, while a dismantling process steadily curtains members of the cast, items of scenery, airs played by the orchestra, in the performance that has included one’s own walk-on part for more than a few decades, simultaneous derequisitionings are also observed.*

The full-circle element of the books is very clear, with the book ending with images of a bonfire and workmen, much as it opened. If I had to be picky I would say there was perhaps a little too much of loose end tying up so that it began to look a little forced, as another demise was dropped into the narrative in passing. Yes, we want to find out what happens to a lot of the characters, but the constant reporting of deaths almost as asides was slightly awkward.

You will notice that I haven’t yet got to the one big subject of this book – what happens to Kenneth Widmerpool. He has been the dominant character throughout the series (and I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised, since he was there at the very outset); and I did wonder how Powell would deal with his character after his decline during the previous book. He was always an odd character, but he’s become more and more weird as the books went on. He was always supremely prone to humiliation (from his school days, through the sugar-on-the-head incident and all the horrors of his marriage to Pamela) so in many ways his behaviour in *HSH* is not entirely unexpected. Ken has spent his life...
exerting his willpower to overcome circumstance and get what he wants – which seems ultimately to be power – but with the death of Pamela things turn against him; he embraces the new culture in a rather ridiculous way, makes an idiot of himself and loses a struggle for power with Scorp.

There is much emphasis on nudity in this (and the previous) book and I’m not altogether sure why. Certainly, there have always been hints of masochistic strangeness attaching to Widmerpool; a mother complex and a tendency for voyeurism. There is talk of the indignities which Ken has experienced at the hands of Scorp but fortunately these are not given in detail – as Powell so astutely observes:

One’s capacity for hearing about ghastly doings lessens with age.

I did feel at first that Powell might have stretched Ken’s character out of shape a little here, but thinking about it now I can see that the seeds for his rather sad demise had been sown quite early on in the books. I was sad to see him decline and end the way he did, but I suppose in many ways he got his just deserts, bearing in mind how badly he had behaved in the past and how many people he had damaged or destroyed.

The writing in this volume is lyrical and elegiac – giving a real sense of something momentous coming to an end, which in many ways it is, and HSH wraps things up very well!

So, my final thoughts on the series ...

It has been a real joy reading these books. It took a little while to adjust to Powell’s way of telling a story – the detachment of his narrator was unusual but understandable once I realised that Nick is the ultimate observer; and this was the hardest thing to get used to (apart from the style of his writing). This doesn’t rob his work of depth or poignancy, though, and following the sequence from beginning to end gave me the wonderful experience of feeling that I had lived through a large part of the 20th century. Although Nick is an observer, his character was allowed to change and his voice as an older character is different from that as a younger man, although still the same person – much as we change our views and attitudes as we age but still retain our individual personality.

Powell can be an astonishingly perceptive writer, but with Pamela Flitton he did seem to have a blind spot. He is very much a male writer at the end of the day, although there are plenty of women in the stories; and mostly they are well portrayed and avoid cliché, but I feel he failed with Pamela. We needed to know what motivated her, what had damaged her so, why she was so bitter and twisted; it is not enough to create a monster, we have to know the cause.

But despite this one small caveat, it has been a pleasure and a privilege to spend time with Nick Jenkins this year. I’m sure Dance would benefit from a second reading and I have no doubt that I will revisit this wonderful series again in the future!

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the 14th Annual General Meeting of the Anthony Powell Society will be held on Saturday 25 October 2014 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

**Architecture in Dance**

by Harry Mount

Members only at the formal AGM; all welcome for the talk at about 1500 hrs

The AGM agenda and voting papers are included with this Newsletter. Proxy votes must reach the Hon. Secretary by Monday 20 October.

Anthony Powell Lecture

in collaboration with

The Wallace Collection

**The Curious Case of Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant:**

Constant Lambert and his Friendship with Anthony Powell

to be given by

Stephen Lloyd

The Wallace Collection

Manchester Square, London W1

Friday 21 November 2014

1830 hrs

Tickets £14

(includes a glass of wine after the lecture)

from the Hon. Secretary

on 020 8864 4095

secretary@anthonypowell.org

or the usual address on page 2

Why does an author, nearly half way through a sequence of related novels, suddenly disrupt the chronology and introduce a new character? Stephen Lloyd, the author of a new study of Constant Lambert (*Constant Lambert: Beyond The Rio Grande*, Boydell Press 2014), looks at Lambert’s life and suggests that, of all the characters in *A Dance to the Music of Time*, Hugh Moreland (Lambert’s fictional counterpart) held a very special significance for Anthony Powell and that *Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant* is rather more than just another novel in the sequence.

*****

The Wallace’s restaurant will be open following the lecture for those wishing to dine. Table booking on 020 7563 9505.

London Quarterly Pub Meets

Saturday 1 November 2014

Saturday 7 February 2015

Saturday 9 May 2015

Saturday 1 August 2015

Saturday 7 November 2015

The Audley

41-43 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.
London AP Birthday Lunch
Saturday 6 December 2014
1200 for 1230 hrs

This year we are doing something different, and more Powellian, for the London AP Birthday Lunch. The venue will be the

Oxford & Cambridge Club
71 Pall Mall, London SW1

where we will dine in the elegance of the Coffee Room.

The cost of lunch (inc. service) will be:
1 course: £19.50
2 courses: £28
3 courses: £31
Drinks, coffee etc. extra.

In keeping with the club atmosphere, gentlemen are required to wear a jacket and tie.

This is a pay on the day event but we must know in advance that you will be attending as we have to commit numbers to the club in advance.
To book, or for further details, please contact Stephen Walker, editor@anthonypowell.org.
The lunch will be strictly limited to a maximum of 24 diners.
Non-members welcome.

Hon. Secretary’s New Year Brunch
Saturday 17 January 2015
1000 to 1200 hrs

Central London venue tbc

This is a pay on the day event but please tell the Hon. Secretary (address on page 2) if you intend to come so we can ensure we have booked a large enough table.
Non-members welcome.
Further details when available from the Hon. Secretary.

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Free to Society members
Others 10p/word, minimum £3
***
Births, Deaths & Marriages
Free to Society members
Others 25p/word, minimum £5

Venice Conference
9-11 October 2014
Full details on page 20
*** FULLY BOOKED ***
Venice Conference Announcement

Arrangements have now been finalised for the Venice event and bookings are being accepted

Thursday 9 – Saturday 11 October 2014

Fondazione Giorgio Cini
Isola di San Giorgio Maggiore

Programme - Friday and Saturday
★ Two mornings of conference sessions with internationally recognized experts on Anthony Powell and his period.
★ Tour of Fondazione Giorgio Cini, including the re-creation of Veronese’s Wedding at Cana.
★ Visit to Palazzo Labia to see the Tiepolo frescoes, and the setting for the ‘Gyges and Candaules’ scene in Temporary Kings.
★ Prosecco reception at Palazzo Labia.
★ Conference dinner at Do Forni Restaurant.
★ Two or three nights accommodation at Vittore Branca Centre, attached to and part of the Fondazione Giorgio Cini.

Pricing – all above included
• Members (single) €325 per person for 2 nights; €395 per person for 3 nights
• Members (double) €305 per person for 2 nights; €365 per person for 3 nights
• Extra nights accommodation may be arranged directly with the Study Centre (subject to availability) at €70 euros per person per night (single) or €60 euros per person per night (double).
• Please note: delegates are responsible for their travel costs to, from and in Venice.

Availability and Reservation
• Bookings are limited to 60 people.
• Double rooms subject to availability.
• Please contact the Hon. Secretary (address on page 2) for the latest availability.

We are looking forward to seeing you in Venice!
Welcome to New Members
We extend a warm welcome to the following new member:
Bennett Lerner, Thailand

Condolences
We regret that in recent months we have learnt of the deaths of several members:
Warwick Cowan
William Harpin
Sir Robin Williams
We send condolences to their families.

Local Group Contacts

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

New York & NE USA Group
Area: New York & NE USA
Contacts: Nick Birns
Email: nicholas.birns@gmail.com

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

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

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

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

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, UB6 0JW, UK
editor@anthonypowell.org

We are always especially grateful for reports or notices of Powell-related events and relevant photographs.
Local Group News

NE USA Group Summer Curry Luncheon
28 June 2014
By Jonathan Kooperstein

June 28th in Weston, Connecticut started out sunny, dry and not too hot, perfect weather in fact, free of any omens of untoward events to come, unlike the same date one hundred years earlier as recorded in The Kindly Ones.

In fulfilment of this promise, the traditional summer curry luncheon at Eileen Kaufman’s house passed off without a hitch: no telegrams delivered annoying news; no unwelcome self-invited guests arrived earlier than expected; and any potential staff difficulties were circumvented by the elimination of staff. Even Eric [Eileen’s husband] had been temporarily exiled to Prague.

To sustain the note of out-of-the-ordinary attire provided by Dr Trelawney at the gates of Stonehurst on the same day in 1914, Gerald Ruderman wore a kilt in the Lindsay tartan and related accoutrements.

Ed Bock started us off by raising the question of occasional gratuitous overemphasis by otherwise accomplished novelists, those cited including, besides AP, Sir Walter Scott and Shirley Hazzard. The topic of ingenious undetectable murder methods in detective fiction evoked considerable enthusiasm from John Gould and Eileen. The early novels of Edward St Aubyn came in for unfavourable comment from this author and Annabel Davis-Goff.

Ed and Eileen also prodded us to say which books read to us, or by us, had first made an impact, Beth Williams’s citation of War and Peace, read at the age of 9 or 10, and Annabel’s of Lorna Doone making the deepest impression. Beverly Bell reminded us of the mysteriously abandoned translation of Proust by the renowned poet and translator Richard Howard, announced in the 1980s but never published. There was a preliminary discussion of the Noël-Poël Players’ entertainment for the December birthday luncheon.

Unbidden, there came to Ed’s mind a fragment of one of Enoch Soames’s poems (‘Pale tunes irresolute …’), quite possibly the only occasion when this has happened since Max Beerbohm wrote them in 1912.

Despite the ominous precedent hanging over it, the day concluded as serenely as it began, with no ‘noise of cymbals’ (Enoch Soames) to spoil the occasion.

London Pub Meet, 9 August
By Our London Correspondent

Wow! What a superb pub meet we had. Eighteen people came along on Saturday lunchtime and we took over three alcoves of the Audley for about four hours of the most amazing discussions – interspersed with alcohol, food and, inevitably with six officers present, a few pieces of Society business.
On 28 June 1900 a society wedding of the sort that AP might have envied took place. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand married Countess Sophie Chotek. Fourteen years later on their wedding anniversary they died together on a sunny, dusty, back street outside a cramped restaurant in Sarajevo.

114 years later in a sunny Bloomsbury street a group from the AP Society meet in a bright, spacious restaurant to commemorate this event and to reflect on Billson’s nudity at the luncheon described in The Kindly Ones when Uncle Giles reports the assassination to Aylmer Conyers as he is trying to start his car. The good General responds accurately if banally that “There will be trouble about this”.

Across the Atlantic the New York chapter of the Society is also holding a commemorative curry lunch (see previous page). They suggested the idea and London has emulated them. We meet in The Malabar Junction in Great Russell Street. This is a Keralan restaurant specialising in the food from Southern India. It is the first time that the new Social Secretary has had to find a venue for a Society event and he is nervous knowing of the high epicurean tastes and acerbic assessments of the members.

So the inbuilt tension is heightened not just by the thought of the momentous events that started on this day 100 years ago but by your Secretary announcing that our President has telephoned to say that he is coming. Half an hour passes, stomachs rumble, another quarter of an hour goes by and we succumb to ordering. Eventually a message comes through that Grey Gowrie has been marooned in Notting Hill and has had to seek curry-based sustenance there.

We all tuck in. Kerala means the Land of the Coconut and that is a distinctive ingredient of the cooking, along with tamarind, curry leaves and sambar. Southern cuisine uses far less dairy and meat than Northern and more rice. We happily eat our way through Masala Dosas (crispy pancakes filled with spicy potato), Idlis (steamed rice sponge cakes), Uppamas (cakes of steamed semolina), all served with sambar and chutneys. They go down well. So do the mains of Kozhi Varutha Curry (marinated chicken breast with coconut milk curry), Kerala Mutton Curry (lamb cooked with turmeric, coriander, chillies and black pepper) and of course the Biryani. All freshly cooked and served by very friendly and understanding staff.

It is all rather different from AP’s curry, the recipe for which can be found on the Society website. But there is good AP chat (no pun intended). Topics include:

- The role of God in Dance: he is not mentioned.
- Ties at AP Soc events: most of the men and all of the ladies present are not wearing ties. Some felt that this was not...
as AP would have wished and it is suggested that this matter be raised more widely amongst the membership. One luncher noted for his taste in T-shirts, an article of apparel that it is impossible to imagine AP wearing, undertakes to carry out further research into tieferous (his coinage) guidance in Dance.

- Left-wingers in Dance: Bruce Fleming heroically volunteers to start off a series of articles on them with a piece on Tokenhouse.

We veer off piste with recollections of sexual awakenings in the 60s (this from lady lunchers) and excruciating puns. The worst example is from a respected literary figure, who when hearing an enquiry to the waiter of “Where is my nan?” asks “Why? Can’t you finish your meal without your grandmother?”

All one can say that it was funny at the time and it was quick. Personally I blame the tamarind in the Biryani. The heat of the food transfers to the conversation. There is a warmish exchange between representatives of our two ancient universities about social engineering. A topic that no doubt AP would have found to his taste.

But good humour is restored with the help of two impressive readings from The Kindly Ones by Philip Ivory and your Secretary. The new Social Secretary breathes more easily especially on receiving an email from the aforementioned punster saying “Saturday was fun wasn’t it?” As indeed it was.

Albert himself ... was greatly outraged by Billson’s behaviour that Sunday afternoon, even though he himself had suffered no inconvenience from the immediate circumstances of her ‘breakdown’. ‘I told you that girl would go off her crumpet’, he said ...

The Kindly Ones
If one had glanced down from the upper windows of St Martin’s Lane to the street opposite during the morning of Saturday 14 June one might have noticed a solitary figure standing, apparently dissolute, outside The Salisbury Public House sometime before opening hour. The middle-aged man glanced expectantly toward the saloon door before turning to peer somewhat short-sightedly up the street either side, first to the left, then to the right, as if anticipating the arrival of others. Before long those he appeared to be expecting, men and women of similarly dubious aspect, began to gather outside the as yet un-open hostelry.

After shuffling unceremoniously back and forth for some time, the majority, clearly now without hope of breaching The Salisbury’s still barricaded doors, departed to a nearby American-style coffee shop, leaving the original dissipated figure, vaguely reminiscent of a Roman legionary posted to the outer bounds of empire, to once again stand solitary guard. It started to drizzle, just a spot or two, but sufficient to encourage the man to step back into the meagre shelter of the doorway.

After some time, others joined the ranks of the un-watered in ones and twos, men and women of distinctly Powellian disposition, who could be seen scuffing to and fro as if in some intricate but unnamed dance. The faint suggestion of rain persisted; this encouraged one indubitably heroic couple, believing no doubt that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, particularly in regard to the vagaries of the English summer, to scuttle across the road to purchase an umbrella; once equipped with this totem, the rain gods then withheld further benediction.

Somewhat perversely, once the doors of the public house were opened, those involved in the dance, now some seventeen in number, moved away down the street, hardly affording a glance into the saloon of the hostelry as they passed. This is unfortunate, as the bar is remarkable for retaining a timber and glass screen that was once typical of the high Victorian London fashion. The best surviving example of such practice is to be seen in The Prince Alfred in Maida Vale. It is said that many of the same people to be seen outside The Salisbury this Saturday morning also visited the Alfred on a previous occasion, which brings to mind the activities of X Trapnel and Moreland, both of whom, in their own inimitable way, were renowned to regularly frequent such establishments.

If one were to have followed this large group of un-satiated souls, one would have seen them wend their way through the back lanes of Soho, a district of ill repute but one that has long held fascination for writers, not least Anthony Powell, who set scenes in Soho locations in half or more of the Dance novels, locations that include Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant, Foppa’s, and Umfraville’s Night Club.

It was Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant that they were now in search of, a search that led them to Gerrard Street. This street was once the abode of Edmund Burke (1729-97), considered by many to be the founder
Chinese Restaurant was opened as early as 1908, by a Chinese chef who formerly worked for the Red Funnel Line, to serve the West End theatre crowds. It might be argued that by locating Casanova’s in Soho, AP is not only being historically accurate but looking back at a significant moment of change – the first time when people such as Jenkins could have eaten such cuisine in the West End. Such musings explain why this Powellian group gathered to hear a reading of an extract from the novel of the same name.

Members of the group could be seen gazing up at the ornate edifice of an eighteen-century building at the Wardour Street end of the road, no doubt speculating whether its regency façade cloaked such associations.

The Powellian group now moved from the decadences of Soho to Regent Street and another location favoured by AP – the Café Royal on Regent Street. The café was the creation of Nicholas Thévenon in 1865. Thévenon, a French wine merchant, had earlier fled France due to bankruptcy. At one point his café was said to have the greatest wine cellar in the world and by the 1890s it was the place to see and be seen. Over the years its notable patrons have included Oscar Wilde, Aleister Crowley (the model, at least in part, for Dr Trelawney, and a character whom the group was to hear more of later), Virginia Woolf, Winston Churchill, Noël Coward, Brigitte Bardot, Sir Max Beerbohm and George Bernard Shaw. Among the artists who met here were James McNeill Whistler, Augustus John, Jacob Epstein, William Rothenstein, and Walter Sickert and his colleagues of the Camden Town Group. In other words, rather like Gerrard Street, the Café Royal is exactly the sort of location that suited AP’s purposes – one
both cosmopolitan and a touch bohemian, where unlikely meetings were almost predestined.

Interestingly, like Gerrard Street, Regent Street was in the vanguard of the modern London of the 1920s and 30s. Though its original construction dates back to the early nineteenth century, the entire street had been redeveloped between 1895 and 1927; none of the original buildings survive. When Hilary Spurling says,

*Quiggin and Members occasionally to be found skulking there between the wars; scene of some curious exchanges between Priscilla Lovell and her lover Odo Stevens when Jenkins dines there on the same night as the raid on the Madrid*

she is talking of *Dance à la mode.*

Down a back alley and cutting across Piccadilly, the vaguely praetorian party could then have been spotted once more as they crossed to Jermyn Street, one of the West End’s better known addresses, where luminaries such as the First Duke of Marlborough (the ancestor of Winston Churchill) and Isaac Newton once lived. Subsequently, it has been famous for gentlemen’s outfitters such as Turnbull & Asser, Harvie & Hudson, and John Lobb. It is hard to imagine that Stringham and his set did not frequent such establishments. One person who certainly did is Aleister Crowley (1875-1947). Crowley, occultist and ceremonial magician lived at number 93. Ceremonial magic (or high magic) was popularized in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a name with resonances in *Dance.* Crowley was responsible for founding the religion and philosophy of Thelema, in which he identified himself as the prophet entrusted with guiding humanity into the Aeon of Horus. Murtlock would no doubt have approved.
Once more onto Piccadilly the group pause for a reading in front of The Ritz. This is the location for several important scenes in *The Acceptance World*, set in 1931-33 (some twenty years or more after the hotel first opened). Notable among these are Jenkins’ encounter with Mark Members as well as Le Bas’s old boys reunion, notorious for Widmerpool’s portentous and largely unwelcome speech on the prevailing business outlook. There are also mentions of The Ritz in *The Soldier’s Art* and *The Military Philosophers*. Though the Ritz might not be the setting for interactions of the demi-monde, in Powell’s hands it accommodates far more than mere aristocracy and landed gentry.

Leaving The Ritz behind, the now worn and weary excursionists could have been observed skirting Berkeley Square, passing the well-known Heywood Hill Bookshop on Curzon Street and weaving their way down to Shepherd Market. It was here that AP lived (at 9 Shepherd Street) from 1926-29 when he first came to London. In one of those coincidences mirroring *Dance*, Jenkins also had his abode here when he first came down to London, taking rooms between an all-night garage, a sandwich bar and a block of flats inhabited by peculiarly rowdy and aggressive prostitutes.

Even today, despite the area’s current affluence, it is easy to imagine Jenkins bumping into Uncle Giles in these environs, as described in *A Buyer’s Market*, and to hear him dissimulating as he explained why Jenkins found him there, answering that vital but unarticulated question that all long to know the answer to.

It is appropriate that the desultory meanderings of the Powellian group ended with a midday feast at the Da Corradi Italian restaurant, reputedly one of this London group’s regular haunts. Here the literary indulgence of the demi-monde blends seamlessly with the restraint of the ascetic à la AP.

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On this page are shown commemorative plaques to Sir Isaac Newton, who lived in Jermyn Street and to Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel (in Jermyn Street/Duke Street) who is mentioned by both AP and Evelyn Waugh.
“By the Book” in the *New York Times Book Review*, 25 May 2014 features author Alan Furst’s ‘favourite novelist of all time’:

Years ago, I developed a grand passion for the novels of Anthony Powell. I tried, at a friend’s insistence, *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Couldn’t do it. Then I tried again, still couldn’t. But then, a year later, poking aimlessly about in my library, I paged through the books and came upon the “Autumn” section ... which includes the World War II novels: *The Valley of Bones*, *The Soldier’s Art* and *The Military Philosophers*. Now the hook set. Going back to the beginning after reading “Autumn” it all made sense: the interwoven lives of cosmopolitan British men and women, tossed about by the times they lived through. Powell does everything a novelist can do, from flights of aesthetic passion to romance to comedy high and low. His dialogue is extraordinary; often terse, pedestrian and perfect, each character using three or four words. Anthony Powell taught me to write; he has such brilliant control of the mechanics of the novel. Somewhere in his autobiography, he remarks that a character, when asked a question by another character, need not answer it. I remember sitting there for a long time and letting the stylistic implications of this sink in.

Spotted by Linda Nelson. ■

While mentioning Alan Furst, the *Daily Mail* on 5 July 2014 asked a variety of people about their choice of “recently published” and “timeless” books as holiday reading. Furst’s “timeless” choice is:

*Anthony Powell’s 1932 novel Venusberg (out of print, second-hand copies available) is amusing and easy to like. The story takes place in an unnamed country in the Baltic, seen through the eyes of a British journalist.*

Spotted by Thomas Paul. ■

The *TLS* of 18 July 2014 on its back page reported the death at 92 of Anthony Hobson, sometime Director of Sotheby’s and historian of books. Hobson was a long-time friend of Anthony Powell, Cyril Connolly and many others of their world.

Anthony Hobson spoke at the AP Centenary Conference about the friendship between Powell and Connolly. However Powellians owe him a greater debt for it was he who introduced George Lilley to Powell as a potential bibliographer.

For those who are interested there was a full obituary in the *Independent* on 22 July 2014.

Spotted by, *inter alia*, Jeanne Reed and George Lilley. ■
There seems to be a fashion at the moment for articles on lists of the best of everything. On 27 June 2014 Publisher’s Weekly listed novelist James Browning’s “10 Best Boarding School Books”. A Question of Upbringing slots in at number six:

The worst part of most books about boarding school is, for me, the epilogue, in which characters’ ultimate fates are tossed off in a line or two – a problem you will avoid by reading A Question of Upbringing and the other eleven novels in Powell’s A Dance To The Music Of Time cycle. Like the Toad, the mad dictator in Nabokov’s Bend Sinister, whose mind became unhinged while being bullied on the schoolyard, keep your eye on Widmerpool, the “slavish” boy who takes inappropriate pleasure in having an overripe banana smeared on his face.

Spotted by Ellen Jordan.

Jeanne Reed tells us that Paul Fussell’s Abroad: British Literary Travelling Between the Wars (OUP, 1982; reissued 2014) contains many references of Powell and particularly to What’s Become of Waring, including the first several lines of Browning’s poem which may have prompted the book’s title (see Michael Barber on page 4).

The University of Chicago Press are republishing Powell’s pre-war novels in both paperback and e-book form, although sadly, because of the way publishing rights are sliced up they aren’t available in the British Commonwealth (except Canada).

What’s Become of Waring, From a View to a Death and Agents and Patients were all released in March 2014 at $17 for both formats. Afternoon Men is due out in November 2014. No news of Venusberg however.

Awful dinner parties in fiction … from Edward St Aubyn to William Thackeray, novels have served up some indelibly appalling meals. The Guardian “Books Blog” on 10 July 2014 selects a few including:

More posh dinner parties come in Anthony Powell. A Buyer’s Market, the second in the Dance to the Music of Time series and set in 1928, is just one social event after another. There is a full-scale grand pompous dinner, after which the guests all troop off to “the Huntercombes’ dance” where now they are naturally in need of a solid supper of lobster salad. And it is here that Barbara empties the sugar castor over Widmerpool, a very significant event – you’d feel sorry for him if he wasn’t, well, Widmerpool.
A propos Stephen Lloyd’s biography Constant Lambert: Beyond the Rio Grande (see John Gould’s review on page 7) there are many newspaper reviews. Amongst those we have spotted are: Wall Street Journal, 27 March 2014; the Spectator, 24 May 2014; and one by Hilary Spurling in the Guardian, 5 July 2014.

All the reviews are complimentary of Lloyd’s work and all mention Powell and his use of Lambert as a model for Hugh Moreland in Dance.

In a review entitled “Music of Time” in the 1 August 2014 issue of the New York Times Review of Books the reviewer Christopher Benfey compares AP’s writings to those of British novelist Jane Gardam:

From colonial postings abroad, from buried love affairs, from the lists of the presumed dead (or “near-dead”, as they are called in one of Gardam’s ghost-ridden stories), a once-familiar figure suddenly looms. The unsettling appearance of such revenants – as in Proust or Anthony Powell’s A Dance to the Music of Time – brings about, in these deftly written tales, a shift, a re-evaluation, a fresh sense of what really happened in the past and an opening into a possibly altered future.

Our contributor, Jeff Manley, observes “I’m not so sure AP was using the unexpected reappearance for the same purpose as Gardam”.

Under the banner “When Ulysses was obscene” DJ Taylor reviews The Most Dangerous Book: The Battle for James Joyce’s Ulysses by Kevin Birmingham – a super-detailed biography of Joyce’s notorious novel (Guardian, 5 July 2014).

Nearly every literary memoirist born in the first decade of the 20th century has his James Joyce moment. Anthony Powell remembered smuggling back a copy of the original 1922 Shakespeare and Company edition of Ulysses from Paris, his view of the book forever after coloured by the circumstances in which it had been obtained (“Somehow one needs the grey paper, the French compositors, the under-the-counter transaction”). Orwell was haunted by the possibility that he had set eyes on Joyce in the Deux Magots cafe in 1928, a suspicion that could never be verified “as J. was not of distinctive appearance”.

As Powell’s account implies, these epiphanies were rendered all the more exquisite by the novel’s status throughout the long, censor-oppressed 1920s as contraband.

Spotted by Jasmine Metcalfe.
George Lilley, in sending us a couple of these cuttings, writes:

Re John Galsworthy [Newsletter #54, page 32]: AP wrote the article on Galsworthy and revised that on Firbank in Encyclopaedia Britannica, 14th edition.

Jonathan Kooperstein writing from New York alerts us to an AP mention in the Financial Times way back on 4 August 2012 by Simon Kuper in an article titled “The new British establishment”.

I’m currently reading Anthony Powell’s 12-volume novel A Dance to the Music of Time, and have just reached the bit where the establishment is riven by Neville Chamberlain’s appeasement of Hitler in Munich in 1938. Powell, an Old Etonian who knew half the establishment, describes a fictional dinner party soon after Munich at which two Conservative MPs on opposite sides of the debate treat each other with impeccable politeness. They “had evidently no wish for argument”, writes Powell. That’s the British establishment. Literally anyone can be accommodated: “God Save the Queen” by the Sex Pistols, the ultimate anti-establishment song, was played at the Olympic opening ceremony just before the Queen’s own comic caper.

Stephen Eggins alerts us to the Financial Times obituary (9 July 2014) for biographer and playwright Anthony Curtis. The obituary, by Gordon Cramb, concludes:

He [Curtis] also compiled numerous FT obituaries. One of his last to appear was on Anthony Powell, author of the cycle A Dance to the Music of Time, of whom he concluded: “While devoted readers mourn him, our thoughts must be of gratitude for all the pleasure he has given”. The same could fairly be said of Curtis.
DJ Taylor makes another appearance in an article on the trend that life stories seem to reflect social media’s message that nothing should be left unshared (Independent on Sunday, 15 June 2014). He comments:

[Everyone involved would probably admit that they have an agenda and that, however straightforward their intentions, the block of personal history has been sanded down, chipped away at and discreetly refashioned to prove a point. This is the way that reminiscence works, and even the redoubtable QD Leavis, the immensely combative and vendetta-prone wife of the celebrated literary critic FR Leavis, could be found towards the end of her life telling the Cambridge Evening News that “We never quarrelled with anybody”. No doubt, Mrs Leavis sincerely believed this bromide, just as the novelist Anthony Powell, an Eton-educated colonel’s son who married an earl’s daughter, imagined himself to be “a poor boy made good”. Both statements are examples of what Powell himself defined as the personal myth: the idea that, as the narrator of his 12-volume novel sequence A Dance to the Music of Time puts it, what happens to you in life is not important, it is what you think happens to you.]

Those in the USA can buy a case for their iPhone or iPod featuring Poussin’s painting A Dance to the Music of Time. The cases are available from Amazon.com.

Just a hurried note to let you know that I shall be in Copenhagen from the 14th to the end of the month. I suppose there is no chance of you coming that way is there?

Letters may be addressed to me at ‘the Kgl. Theater’ Copenhagen and marked English Ballet in the corner. They are bound to be censored so don’t send any photographs of some such everyday scene as 5 guards officers dressed as housemaids being flogged by 5 housemaids dressed as guards-officers.

I have just received my sailing directions and they read very like the more depressing patches in Venusberg. I go in a small boat which takes about 3 days and arrives in the small hours. The right Nordic note is struck, I think, by the sentence ‘Captain Nellemose – whom you will know by his scarred face – will meet you’.

SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Collected papers from sixth biennial conference at the Naval & Military Club, London.
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Jeff Manley et al.; Dance Music.
150-page guide to the musical references in Dance; compiled in the style of Spurling’s Handbook.
UK: £7, Overseas: £10.50

Centenary Conference Proceedings.
Collected papers from the (third, 2005) centenary conference at The Wallace Collection, London.
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Papers from the first Eton conference. Copies signed by the Society’s Patron.
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Writing about Anthony Powell.
Talks given at the 2004 AGM by George Lilley, Michael Barber and Nick Birns; introduced by Christine Berberich.
UK: £4, Overseas: £7

The Master and The Congressman.
40-page monograph by John Monagan describing his meetings with Powell.
UK: £4, Overseas: £7

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Violet Powell; A Stone in the Shade.
Fourth & final volume of Lady Violet’s autobiography covering mostly the 1960s. Includes many of Lady Violet’s coloured travel sketches. Hardback.
UK: £24, Overseas: £29

Paperback: UK £16, Overseas £19.50
Hardback: UK £26, Overseas £32

Anthony Powell, Caledonia, A Fragment.
The 2011 Greville Press reprint of this rare Powell spoof. Now publicly available in its own right for the first time.
UK: £8, Overseas: £10.50

John Gould; Dance Class.
American High School student essays from John’s two teachings of Dance at Philips Academy. Many fresh and perceptive insights.
UK: £12, Overseas: £17

JOURNAL & NEWSLETTER

Secret Harmonies: Journal of the Anthony Powell Society. Back numbers of most issues are available.
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BBC Radio Dramatisation of Dance.
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Wallace Collection Poussin Postcard.
The Wallace Collection’s postcard of Poussin’s A Dance to the Music of Time. Pack of 5. Picture on page 32.
UK: £3, Overseas: £4

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