It was with great sadness that we learnt of the death of Leatrice Fountain, one of the earliest Society members and Trustees.

Leatrice Fountain, 1924-2015
Obituary, page 21

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Anthony Powell Annual Lecture
The Curious Case of Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant:
Constant Lambert and his Friendship with Anthony Powell
postponed from November 2014
Now on Friday 10 April
Full details on page 18
From the Secretary’s Desk

This Newsletter brings both good and bad news. Let’s start with the good news …

Following negotiations between Vice-President Patric Dickinson, Stephen Lloyd and The Wallace Collection, we are pleased to have been able to reschedule Stephen Lloyd’s Anthony Powell Lecture which was postponed from last November. The new date is Friday 10 April. Full details are on page 18 and tickets are still available.

The bad news is that we learnt recently of the death of Leatrice Fountain at the age of 90. Leatrice was one of the very earliest members of the Society, a moving force behind the NE USA Group and for several years one of the Society’s trustees. I last saw Leatrice in September 2009 at the Society conference in Washington, DC, where, despite being in a wheelchair because she found walking any distance difficult, she was still as bright and charming as ever. Sadly not long afterwards she suffered a fairly severe stroke and was forced to withdraw from life.

Leatrice was a delight to know; kind, thoughtful, knowledgeable and prepared to stand up and be counted for what she believed to be right, however unpopular. It was a great pleasure and privilege to have known her. As Nick Birns says in his obituary (page 21) Leatrice’s “wise perceptions about Powell’s world will remain alive among the many friends who shared them with her”.

We send our condolences to all Leatrice’s family and friends.

Keith Marshall
secretary@anthonypowell.org

A Letter from the Editor

2015 is the 15th anniversary of AP’s death and the founding of the Society. We are fortunate to have a piece from Prue Raper who sang at AP’s memorial service, and the prize-winning entry in the NE USA Group’s annual competition for the Lady Molly Award. for which Robin Bynoe was crowned Temporary King. Bernard Stacey was also honoured – his entry will be in the next issue.

In this issue there are two new features:

- **Uncles Giles’ Corner.** Uncle Giles dispenses advice on urgent matters of correct behaviour. Questions, responses and comments on responses are invited.

- **Just a Thought.** These are one-liners, aphorisms and epigrams, which readers want to share. They should be original coinages or pre-loved ones with an original comment or aside. Anonymity can be guaranteed.

We are also planning two new features:

- **Worth A Footnote.** This is for those random aperçus, which are not meaty enough for an article but should not be lost. The maximum is 175 words. Gibbon’s footnotes in Decline and Fall have been mentioned as a model. I look forward to reading the contributions.

- **A blog from an intrepid re-reader of Dance.** Of left wing persuasion he is by way of build-up training reading Olivia Manning and Patrick Hamilton. If any readers are similarly inspired please contact me.

Given the two anniversaries, contributions of reflection, reassessment or recollection of either AP and his work or the Society and its work are particularly welcome.

Stephen Walker
editor@anthonypowell.org
Singing at Anthony Powell’s Memorial Service

By Prue Raper

If one works as a freelance singer, as I do, it is not at all unusual to be contacted at short notice to fill in at a church service. So it was no surprise to get a call from the Director of Music at the Grosvenor Chapel on the evening of 3 May 2000, to say that his alto singer had laryngitis and was I possibly free to stand in for her at a memorial service the following morning? I was indeed free and agreed to turn up at the Chapel at 10.30 to rehearse. It did not occur to me to ask whose service it was, as one very seldom turns out to know the individual concerned.

As I walked up South Audley Street, it suddenly occurred to me that I must keep an eye on *The Times* to see when and where AP’s memorial was due to take place, he having died just over a month before, on 28 March. I reached the Chapel and climbed the stairs to the organ gallery at the west end, picked up one of the service sheets laid out on the choir desks and saw the magic name “Anthony Dymoke Powell CH CBE”. My cry of astonishment and delight startled the other singers: they had never heard of him and could not understand my excitement. But I could not believe my luck. I had even been reading his *Journals 1990-1992* in bed the night before.

Because we were at the west end we could not really see the faces of the congregation as they trooped in, but I managed to recognise a few. As they took their seats, a pianist played the grand piano in the south aisle, and a cabaret singer, Karl Daymond, sang a selection of night-clubby songs. I cannot remember now what they were – certainly not of the Max Pilgrim ilk – though later in the service he sang *If you were the only girl in the world*. Then, after the Vicar’s introduction, it was our turn to lead the singing of the first hymn, *Immortal, invisible, God only wise*, which the author of the *Penguin Book of Hymns* describes as:

*A particular favourite of the Queen, sung … at the service at the Chapel Royal, Windsor Castle, on 21 April, 1986, to mark Her Majesty’s sixtieth birthday.*

This was followed by the lesson (Ezekiel, Chapter 37, verses 1-14) read by Harold Pinter. Yes, you have guessed it: the valley of bones. Worth refreshing your memory on that passage.

After that, Psalm 67, *God be merciful unto us, and bless us*, sung to Anglican chant.
Next, a reading by Emma Fielding from *The Garden of Proserpine* by Swinburne. I am afraid my library does not run to a copy of that, so I cannot remind myself of its content. Emma played the part of Isobel in the Channel 4 production of *Dance*.

The choir’s turn came next, with a well-known anthem by Grieg, *Ave Maris Stella* — unfortunately misprinted in the service sheet as “Ave Maria Stella” — I hope AP forgave the proof-reader for that slip. It is a delightful piece for both singers and listeners. A few moments to draw breath, then another hymn, *Let all the world in every corner sing*, a setting of the great poem by George Herbert, and the first of his poems to be turned into a hymn, shortly after his death. We sang it to what has today become the most popular tune, *Luckington* by Basil Harwood, first used in 1908.

The address was given by AP’s friend, and a supporter of the Society from its earliest days, Hugh Massingberd. I wish I had the text of this, as he told some wonderful anecdotes, including one — if I remember rightly — about the vicar who misguidedly tried on the helmet from a suit of armour he found in the church where he was about to take a funeral, quickly discovering that he was unable to remove it before the service.

To calm us down after that we were treated to a Chopin Nocturne (No. 4 in F) played by Christopher Ross. Then a reading from *Measure for Measure* from the actor Jonathan Cecil – the Act III speech about death. Here comes the next Powellite coincidence: Jonathan Cecil was a great friend of my brother Mitch, and was to have read at his funeral and was prevented from doing so only because he was on tour at the time. His wife, Anna Sharkey, read at my brother’s funeral instead.

After that came the song mentioned before, *If you were the only girl in the world*. And then a final reading from *Dance* by Simon Russell Beale – Widmerpool in the Channel 4 serialisation. He read the opening and closing passages of *Dance*. Needless to say it was given in style by one of our greatest contemporary thespians, and the perfect choice to round off the spoken items in the service.

The prayers and blessing followed, then the final hymn, sung in our lustiest Welsh chapel style: *Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah* (*Cwm Rhondda*). The congregation left the Chapel to the jaunty accompaniment of the Toreadors’ March from Bizet’s *Carmen* played on the organ.

I noted in my diary: “Felt completely bowled over for the rest of the day”.

I had thought of writing to Lady Violet after AP’s death, but decided not to as I felt she would already have been overwhelmed by correspondence. However, after such a memorable service I felt moved to do so, particularly with all the *Dance*-type coincidences. I received a charming reply a couple of days later:

> Your letter was more than just “kind”, and will be a delight to all the family. Joanna Lumley tells me that she never had heard *Ave Maria Stella* by Grieg before, and that her husband, a musician (the conductor, Stephen Barlow), has gone to get the sheet music in consequence of the performance at Grosvenor Chapel.

I hope that he managed to find the right one (I did not mention the misprint).

Hugh Massingberd’s memorial service address is on the Society’s website at [www.anthonypowell.org/reflib/hmmapmem.htm](http://www.anthonypowell.org/reflib/hmmapmem.htm).
My favourite first novel is Anthony Powell’s *Afternoon Men* (1931) – not because it is categorically ‘the best’ but because, while a slender book written by a young man about his contemporaries, it contained the seeds of a multivolume epic that chronicled the tumultuous social history of Britain in the twentieth century.

Anthony Powell (1905-2000), educated at Eton and Oxford, like so many young men of his generation entered “Literary London” after graduation, in his case working at the publisher Duckworth’s, famous for the family’s being intermarried with Virginia Woolf’s. He set up residence in the quasi-bohemian neighbourhood of Shepherd Market, inspired by Michael Arlen’s novel *The Green Hat* – a very different sort of first novel, which made much more of a splash at the time but which, unlike Powell’s, was not followed up by a novelistic career of sustained excellence.

The geographical setting of Shepherd Market – within spitting distance of posh Mayfair, but of a far more raffish and bohemian mien – captured precisely the tone of Powell’s fiction, engaged with a world at its upmost edges, polished and aristocratic, but with more than enough room for clowns, mavericks, failures, tone-deaf retired colonels, and women (and men) of little or no reputation.

The novel takes its title from a quote found in the seventeenth-century Robert Burton’s unclassifiable *Anatomy of Melancholy* – the same work that plays a key role in Powell’s great novel-sequence *A Dance to the Music of Time* (1951-1975) and provides the torrential quotation that ends the sequence’s final novel. Burton’s book thus anchors Powell’s oeuvre from beginning to culmination, and its tone – erudite, slightly self-spoofing, and ruminative; digressing, whimsical, yet having at its core a deeply human sadness with respect to what life can bring – is *mutatis mutandis*, Powell’s own.

Though the style of *Afternoon Men* is spare and Hemingwayesque, far from the Latinate complexity of the *Dance* sequence, and even though a good part of
the novel is, as per Hemingway and Ivy Compton-Burnett, in dialogue, *Afternoon Men* contains touches that will be present throughout Powell’s long career. Atwater, our nominal protagonist, is a young man trying not to be totally preposterous, courting the beautiful Susan Nunnery, whom he knows he will lose, but not yet just how humiliated the identity of her successful suitor will make him feel. There is also Pringle, a man so superfluous even his supposed ‘death’ does not make much of a difference to his familiars, the perennially downbeat Nosworth, and the comically sinister Undershaft. All these hover between constituting a gathering of gilded youth and a rogues gallery.

In other eras, these would be young men in a hurry, but the onslaughts of modernity and, particularly, the latent presence the First World War, which has killed or maimed the generation that preceded this one, has made this generation aimlessly drifting, as if a world of unprecedented opportunities staring them in the face would be enough. As compared to Dickens’ or Gissing’s London, Powell’s London is gentrified (in the contemporary sense) and sophisticated, but the ragged edges of urban life have not been smoothed. In this, and in its simultaneous lightness of tone and seriousness of artistic purpose, *Afternoon Men*, a book close to being eighty-five years old, speaks to the twenty-first century.

Dr Nicholas Birns teaches Literature at Eugene Lang College of the New School, New York. His books include *Understanding Anthony Powell* and *Barbarian Memory*. ■

### Bonhams Sale – June 2015 Powell Books

An important collection of presentation copies inscribed to Anthony Powell by Evelyn Waugh (upwards of 20), George Orwell, Dylan Thomas, and others, with some related manuscript material, and miscellaneous books reflecting Powell’s literary friendships and interests.

To be included in Bonhams Fine Books and Manuscript Sale, on 24 June 2015, held at their London Knightsbridge saleroom. The catalogue will be posted online in late May and viewable on the web at [www.bonhams.com/22714](http://www.bonhams.com/22714). For further enquiries please contact Matthew Haley on 020 7393 3817 or matthew.haley@bonhams.com.

Thanks to Tristram Powell for the alert.

### Mark Boxer Exhibition

**Cartoon Gallery**

35 Little Russell Street, London, WC1

[www.cartoonmuseum.org](http://www.cartoonmuseum.org)

An exhibition of cartoons by Mark Boxer (who died as long ago as 1988). We’ve not yet been to see this but apparently some of his *Dance* covers are included, although possibly as the books rather than the original designs.

Nevertheless it might be interesting to see the covers in the context of Boxer’s other work.

The exhibition runs to 22 March.

Thanks to Patric Dickinson & Tristram Powell for alerting us to this.
Anthony Powell and MIL – Further Insights, I

*John Powell* adds more background to Nigel West’s article “Anthony Powell and MI(L): The Baron Mystery” in *Newsletter* #51.

A last visit to France by my parents in August 1939 was cutting it fine as Nazi tanks were gathered on the Polish border.

Intercepted radio messages to the USSR from 1940 onwards, some only partly decrypted many years later, reveal or hint at treacherous activity. However the *Daily Telegraph* at the time and, for example, the teleprinter in The Military Philosophers provide intelligence showing that, eighteen months after the outbreak of war, liaising with and sheltering exiled allied armies is beginning to bear fruit.

The advantage of hindsight provided by recent official histories gives an enhanced idea of what was happening behind the scenes: troop movements, code breaking, earlier intelligence cooperation among invaded allies and planning for a post war future of the war not yet won.

**Two short holidays in France in 1938 & 1939 were for my parents a last chance to savour pre-war French life.**

In September 1938 at the time of Munich my parents took a short holiday by train in France. My mother was resting after a miscarriage. Any future plans were already influenced by the approach of war. AP writes

> During meals that were delicious without being as a rule either heavy or expensive, the radio would sometimes be switched on by the restaurant proprietor to hear the latest regarding threats of war; sometimes releasing over the air Hitler’s own horrible shrill screech. [Faces, 86]

He also mentions that French call up posters, their crossed flags and antique lettering scarcely altered since the 18th century, began to appear on walls, announcing categories of conscripts mustered to the Colours.

While looking at the castle at Nantes, a workman appeared to be installing electric light in one of the dungeons. At that moment a gendarme appeared. He had a word with the workman who immediately collected his tools. An old woman who had been chatting to the workman, said ‘On appelle le fascicule huit’. The man’s call up had been issued by the gendarme. We all wished him a word of luck. He went on his way, leaving the dungeon in darkness.

My parents reached Dieppe from Nantes at midnight on an autorail, a kind of express tram. This was 29 September 1938, the day of Neville Chamberlain’s return from his talks with Hitler about Czechoslovakia. There was not going to be a war.

In August the following year my parents spent a final short holiday in Northern France. They intended to cross the border into Switzerland for a day to see pictures from the Prado in Madrid taken to Geneva to avoid the risk of destruction by bombardment in the Spanish Civil War. That summer in France had been very hot. They therefore moved up to the mountain lake of Nantua for cooler weather, the quenelles and Arbois wine. In the hotel my father twice noticed girls of similar appearance to my mother’s sister Mary Pakenham. ‘It is extraordinary how all the
girls in Nantua look like your sister Mary. I saw one this afternoon. There’s another one over there.’ My mother replied, ‘that particular one not only looks like Mary, she is Mary’.

Mary Pakenham had suddenly decided to set off from England on a solo bicycle trip across France also to see the Spanish pictures – probably aware like my parents that the opportunity might not be repeated for some years with war imminent. After seeing off Mary the following morning they returned to Bourg-en-Bresse, the sweltering heat and more disturbing news in the papers. AP noted:

_In Bourg’s vast church, the Eglises de Brou, Burgundian accomplishment in sculpture, a regional tradition, reaches peculiar splendour in the attendant figures, Les Pleureuses, on the tomb of Philibert, Duke of Savoy. They were only too appropriate for that moment of European History._

[Faces, 90]

**Russo-German pact is revealed; it was time to return home**

News of the Molotov/Ribbentrop pact burst one afternoon (23 August 1939). It was agreed that if Parliament were recalled they would start for home; if not stay to finish holiday. Parliament was recalled, they returned to England on 24 August 1939, St Bartholomew’s Day.

The _Daily Telegraph_’s Clare Hollingsworth that same week in late August 1939 took the night train from Warsaw to Katowice where she borrowed the UK Consul General’s limousine with Union Flag. Crossing into Germany briefly, north of Katowice on the road from Beuthen, she caught sight of von Rundstedt’s 10th Army and Panzer Corps.

She told _DT_ journalist Robin Gedye in August 1999 when she returned to the scene of her scoop:

*Just as I was leaving Gleiwitz, 65 motorcyclists bunched together and riding hard overtook me. As I glanced to the side a gust of wind lifted part of the hessian covering hundreds of tanks parked in ranks in the valley below. I guessed that the German command was ready to strike to the north of Katowice and its fortified lines, and this is exactly what they did.*

Hollingsworth had difficulty in persuading Consul General Thwaites that she had actually been into Germany. She eventually convinced him by showing newspapers and goods purchased in Beuthen. He sent an encrypted message to the Foreign Office while Clare Hollingsworth’s report was filed, appearing in the _Daily Telegraph_ with the headline ‘1000 tanks Massed on Polish Border’ on 29 August 1939.

**A pair of spying ‘Barons’ (1st & 2nd)**

From Spring 1939 according to Keith Jeffery’s _MI6: The History of the Secret Intelligence Service 1909-1949_
an SIS agent, code named Baron (1st), with good contacts among the Junkers of East Prussia and run by Harry Carr from Helsinki, had first reported secret German-Soviet negotiations. The report was so unexpected that the desk officer at first refused to circulate the information disbelieving that the Baron (1st) could have had such high level German contacts in the German Foreign Office. Carr, the M16 History says, 

discovered afterwards (and too late) that his agent had got the information from close friends in East Prussia who themselves had been visited by officials involved in the negotiations and had talked freely among such trusted company. [M16 History, 312]

How the details of the German-Soviet negotiations were relayed to Carr in Helsinki is not revealed although presumably the desk officer in London would have received the Barons’ (1st) message from Helsinki on the teleprinter. This June report emerged just as Sir William Strang of the FO was visiting Moscow to secure an Anglo-Russian agreement which was one of several agreements involving European states much mooted by diplomats but which came to nothing.

In his piece “Anthony Powell and MI(L): The Baron Mystery” Nigel West refers to the existence of a spy also code named Baron (2nd) who only became publicly known in 1996 after the declassification of the Venona decrypts of Soviet communications between New York and Moscow. In Newsletter #51 Nigel West says some of the most interesting of the Soviet traffic messages exchanged by the GRU in London and Moscow between March 1940 and August 1941 concerned the spy code named Baron (2nd).

Nigel West focuses on one message dated 3 April 1941 from Moscow to the London rezidentura indicating that Baron’s (2nd) data has been confirmed by an Enigma decrypt, which would be routine for an analyst or cryptographer at Bletchley Park; and there is a strong indication of this delicate source’s possible connection to Czech Military Intelligence. West emphasises the implications of this message from 1941 indicating penetration of the most secret activities of Bletchley Park. To this day Baron (2nd) remains unidentified. However, in the book Colossus; the Secrets of Bletchley Park’s
Before the Nazis began Operation Barbarossa Stalin is reputed to have kept intelligence about Hitler’s intentions to himself as if he was prepared to lure his opponent into a vicious conflict with an apparently unprepared army in which 400 divisions and 12 million men together with the Russian winter would eventually prevail, after millions of casualties on both sides.

Late thirties liaisons between Czechs, Poles, French & UK gives allies the edge in Enigma decoding and continental intelligence

Czechoslovakia, Poland and France were already making vital advances in signals intelligence and code breaking well before 1939. In the early 1930s Britain and France exchanged information about Russian ciphers but according to the former army signals expert Michael Smith, writing in *Colossus*, it was not until 1938 that the Enigma machine was discussed in detail between the Poles, the French and the British; co-operation at first was not harmonious.

However, the signing of the Molotov/Ribbentrop pact on 23 August 1939 left little doubt that war was imminent – two days later the code breakers moved from Broadway to Bletchley Park. It was realised that the classicists who formed the bulk of code breakers needed new talent with mathematical skills. The move to Bletchley heralded a revolution in the British Signals/Intelligence operation. Not a moment too soon as the roar of Nazi tanks drowned the cries of “We’re still negotiating” from the diplomats in London, as reported by Clare Hollingsworth on the Polish border.

In 1938/9 the French Deuxième Bureau had an unusually large amount of
information on Enigma codes from an agent called ‘Asche’ who as Hans Shilo Schmidt worked in the German Defence ministry cipher centre. It transpired that the French had contact with Polish codebreakers, which led to an important three-way meeting at the Bureau Szyfrow, Polish cipher bureau, in the Pyry Forest outside Warsaw in July 1939. The officer in charge of the bureau Colonel Stefan Mayer said,

\textit{As the danger of war became tangibly near we decided to share our achievements regarding enigma, even not yet complete, with the French and British sides, in the hope that working in three groups would facilitate and accelerate the final conquest of Enigma.}

In October 1939 the Polish Intelligence made its headquarters in Paris, only to move yet again to London on the fall of France in early summer 1940. Paris SIS station chief Wilfred ‘Bill’ or ‘Biffy’ Dunderdale (Wilski to the Poles) continued as SIS contact with the Polish intelligence and its network of agents in occupied Europe.

**Czech Intelligence officers and files are spirited out of Prague to London hours before the Nazi takeover in March 1939**

Czechoslovakia was approached by Harold Gibson, head of SIS station, to establish liaison with Czechoslovak Military Intelligence, Colonel Frantisek Moravec. This was to acquire information on German targets; this cooperation was so successful that even in the midst of the 1938 Munich crisis Gibson was assured that this would not interfere with ‘our collaboration’. Moravec is said to have provided warning of the full invasion of the rest of Czechoslovakia through a High Command German contact on 15 March 1939. On the previous day with Gibson’s help Moravec and ten senior officers were flown to London on an SIS chartered plane. No trace of this dramatic operation survives in SIS archives although Gibson requested an emergency reserve of $1000 and £200, and reported the same day that he had taken custody of Moravec’s most important intelligence archive in his office. The Germans indeed entered Prague on 15 March. Gibson was able to get the archive papers out by deft use of King’s messengers and Diplomatic bags – he and his staff left for London on 30 March 1939. The Molotov/Ribbentrop pact was still five months away while the Nazis would not invade Russia until August 1941.

According to Nigel West writing in Newsletter #51 Moravec while exiled in London had reported that he had been approached for information by his NKVD counterpart, Colonel Ivan Chichaev. This alleged NKVD/Czech connection prompted General Pavel Sudoplatov, then the NKVD’s director of counter intelligence to claim in his 1994 memoirs that Moravec had been a long-time Soviet agent. West says that there was no NKVD traffic from the London rezidentura to back this up.

(To be continued) ■
‘Life imitates art’, wrote Oscar Wilde, though even he might have been surprised how apposite was this statement as regards my first reading of *The Valley of Bones*, indeed the whole of the third movement of *Dance*. 1992 was drawing to a close and after nearly a whole year of pleasant, though undemanding regimental duties with my Royal Engineer battalion in Germany, we were now on notice to move to go to the former Yugoslavia as a part of a UN peacekeeping force. In preparation we had been dispatched to a training camp for further instruction and to take part in a field exercise, so just as Nick, Gwatkin and Co. embarked on their 36-hour exercise in Northern Ireland, so I was doing the same in the barren stretches of northern Germany that had been given over for military use.

The main room of the building that housed the officers’ mess was a vast stone hall with a fire at one end and armchairs liberally dotted about, each one in its own pool of light, so it was inevitable that the evenings should, at least in part, be devoted to reading. As with much of military life, time is divided, almost equally, into frenetic action and inactivity. This latter category has to be filled and immersion in a novel is one perfect solution. Thus it was that each evening, after a day of changing Land Rover tyres on rocky hillsides or setting up a field dressing station in the basement of a shored up house (neither of which were skills that we ever needed in the subsequent tour) I would settle myself into one of these inviting armchairs and follow the adventures of Bithel and his comrades, inevitably trying to match characters from the books to those in my everyday life.

Certainly we had a Gwatkin. Our own company commander, sadly not a bank manager but of that phenotype, had the same ‘unilitary militariness’ that combined periods of friendliness with frenzied spells of spraying around an excess of over-severe orders. Brian, for that was not his name but might as well have been, had not seen ‘action’ before but felt nonetheless that as ‘OC’ he should know best and would intermittently issue commands of varying practicability and relevance.

Amongst the men, one could find the over-zealous storeman (Gittins), reluctant to release any equipment whatever without paperwork correct to the last letter as he jealously guarded his private hinterland, as easily as one came across the battalion’s resident wit and songster (Gwylt). We even had our own version of Sayce – as I came to know the army better I realised every unit does – unable to remain out of trouble with one or other officer or NCO for more than a day or two and continuously ‘losing’ kit. In fact, the only
thing we seemed to lack was an alcoholic fake-VC toting non-ex-rugby international with alternative sexual tastes, which was a blessing.

The double illusion of similarity and contrast between my daytime (and occasional nocturnal) army exertions and my other life lived in the pages of *VB* created a kind of protective shield so that whatever unreasonable demands might have been made of me were to a greater extent buffered by such knowledge that at least I would not, for example, be prodded in the chest by General Liddament and made to eat porridge. This life-art parallel was much stronger than the more insipid version I had experienced whilst reading *A Question of Upbringing* shortly after leaving school, at an age where the immediate anxieties of adolescence were fading, not yet replaced by the responsibilities of adulthood, with the resultant carefree mindset not allowing of sufficient critical appraisal of works of literature as applied to ones own condition.

The days wore on and, just as Nick met Pennistone on the train, I met Barnaby – even his name forcibly recalling the *Dance* – who had been attached to our unit as a liaison officer having taken a crash course in Serbo-Croat. We struck up one of those military friendships that are so important for the duration of the action but fade almost immediately once normal life resumes. I like to think however, that he reads AP even now.

I had only the three wartime novels of the sequence with me in my hold-all and so that by the time we did finally deploy to the Balkans shortly before Christmas I had finished these and had to cast about for other, more readily available reading material. Ironically, and as a shining example to Nick, several volumes of Trollope accompanied me on my tour. But then, I don’t find Trollope hard to read.

Dr Bernard Stacey is a Consultant Gastroenterologist at University Hospital Southampton.

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**Worth a Footnote …**

**Tokenhouse Yard**

Tokenhouse Yard is a small City of London street. The derivation of the name is fairly straightforward: there once stood in the yard a house where tokens were issued.

These tokens were given by tradesmen to provide a means of offering currency in small amounts (halfpennies and farthings) as until the time of Charles II England had no legal copper coinage.

Tokenhouse Yard features in Daniel Defoe’s fictionalised account of the Great Plague of London, *A Journal of the Plague Year*. Defoe was only three when the plague broke out and it is assumed that he based much of the work on the journals of his uncle, Henry Foe. Defoe’s account is so believable that his novel is argued to be more non-fiction than fiction and to be more detailed than Samuel Pepys’s contemporary, first-person account.
Richard Bush

In front of me, as I am writing this, is the complete, twelve volume, paperback edition of *A Dance to the Music of Time*, published in September 1977 with Marc Boxer’s wonderful drawings on the covers. The paperbacks are a bit foxed, but still in good condition. I notice that some are priced at 85p and the rest at 95p, though they all appeared at the same time.

I can remember devouring them, one after the other, over a period of about a week. Narrative fiction observing and following the long term fortunes of a family or a social group is a substantial genre, and there are many examples, from Thackeray and Balzac onwards, although the middle decades of the twentieth century seem to have been a particularly fertile time. As well as Powell, there was Simon Raven, Waugh, Patrick Hamilton and, more recently, Edward St Aubyn, as well as single volumes, such as William Boyd’s *Any Human Heart* that are in the same tradition. When I was first reading Powell was also the time of the great TV drama blockbusters of Galsworthy and Trollope.

Above all, Powell was funny; “who is Round and to what does he object?”; his observation of social mores and foibles was pointed and languidly disinterested, as well as being in many ways sympathetic. It rang true to life, the characters were plausible, you could, horror of horrors, imagine meeting them, and some of the descriptions in Powell’s autobiography – for example the Hypocrites Club – show where they came from.

I was working at the Medical Research Council (MRC) in London, and life there seemed almost like a throwback to Powell’s world. The noble Earl who was Chairman of the MRC’s Council used to conduct meetings using his long, and ever-present, cigarette holder as a baton, flanked by two of the MRC’s senior officers who puffed continuously on pipes, so that the whole performance took place in a blue haze.

Powell was an acute observer, wry, understated, and reading him now makes me realise just how far removed his world is from the hyperbole ridden, jargon encrusted modern business and political world. The current angst over “British values” perhaps reflects this loss of confidence and continuity, and Powell captures the supercilious English establishment to perfection; the default setting of mild disapproval combined with wonder that “they”, or someone at any rate, can have allowed something to happen. These days, perhaps it all seems remote and old fashioned; a recent article asking people about books they had started and not finished produced this response:

> A Dance to the Music of Time – *I can’t remember if I finished the first, but as I couldn’t give a shit about anyone in it the prospect of 11 more was horrific.*

I somehow doubt, though, that the Chipping Norton set will provide similarly fertile ground.
The highlights of the year are probably the first publication of Lewis Carroll’s *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* in 1865; the founding of the William Heinemann publishing house in 1890; and the bombing of London in 1940. But let’s start old and get younger …

**750 Years Ago (1265)**
**Birth:** Dante Alighieri

**625 Years Ago (1390)**
**New Work:** John Gower, *Confessio Amantis*

**425 Years Ago (1590)**

**400 Years Ago (1615)**
**New Works:** Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote* Part 2; Ben Jonson, *Mercury Vindicated from the Alchemists* (play)

**350 Years Ago (1665)**
**New Work:** Robert Hooke, *Micrographia* (his observations using the new-fangled microscope)
**Other Events:** 15-year-old Nell Gwyn makes her first definitely recorded appearance on the London stage in John Dryden’s *The Indian Emperour*. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*, the first scientific journal in English, begins publication. *The London Gazette* is first published.

**275 Years Ago (1740)**
**Births:** Marquis de Sade; James Boswell
**New Works:** William Stukeley, *Stonehenge: A temple restor’d to the British Druids*; Emanuel Swedenborg, *Economy of the Animal Kingdom*

**250 Years Ago (1765)**
**Death:** antiquary William Stukeley
**New Works:** Laurence Sterne, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (vols vii & viii); Samuel Johnson & George Steevens, *The Plays of William Shakespeare*

**200 Years Ago (1815)**
**Birth:** Anthony Trollope
**New Work:** Jane Austen, *Emma*
**Other Event:** Lord Byron marries Anna Isabella Milbanke

**175 Years Ago (1840)**
**Births:** Émile Zola; Thomas Hardy
**Death:** Fanny Burney
150 Years Ago (1865)
Births: WB Yeats; Rudyard Kipling
Death: Elizabeth Gaskell

125 Years Ago (1890)
Births: Karel Čapek; Boris Pasternak; HP Lovecraft; Ivor Gurney; AP Herbert; Agatha Christie
Death: translator and explorer Sir Richard Burton
Other Event: William Heinemann founded his publishing house

100 Years Ago (1915)
Births: Saul Bellow; Arthur Miller
Deaths: James Elroy Flecker; Rupert Brooke
Other Event: American publishing house Alfred A Knopf founded

75 Years Ago (1940)
Births: Jeffrey Archer; Angela Carter; Bruce Chatwin; Maeve Binchy
Deaths: John Buchan; EF Benson; poet WH Davies; F Scott Fitzgerald
Heavy bombing in London on 29 December causes the fire which destroys Simpkin, Marshall the UK’s largest book wholesaler – this fire probably included the unsold copies of AP’s *What’s Become of Waring*
50 Years Ago (1965)
Birth: JK Rowling
Deaths: TS Eliot; Arthur Schlesinger; W Somerset Maugham
New Works: Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tarzan and the Castaways; Margaret Drabble, The Millstone; Ian Fleming, The Man with the Golden Gun; Graham Greene, The Comedians; David Lodge, The British Museum is Falling Down; HP Lovecraft, Dagon and Other Macabre Tales; Norman Mailer, An American Dream; Peter O’Donnell, Modesty Blaise; Kurt Vonnegut, God Bless You, Mr Rosewater
Other Events: Mikhail Sholokov awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Philip Larkin receives the Queen’s Gold Medal for Poetry.

25 Years Ago (1990)
Deaths: Alberto Moravia; Patrick White; Lawrence Durrell; Anya Seaton; Roald Dahl.
New Works: William Boyd, Brazzaville Beach; Louis de Bernières, The War of Don Emmanuel’s Nether Parts; Elizabeth Jane Howard, The Light Years; PD James, Devices and Desires; Ian McEwan, The Innocent; Thomas Pynchon, Vineland
Other Events: AS Byatt wins the Booker Prize for Possession: A Romance and William Boyd wins the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for Fiction for Brazzaville Beach.

Christmas Competition Winner
The Christmas Competition this year asked entrants to give a name to a character in Dance who was not named by Powell. The winner, whose entry most amused the Editor, is Elwin Taylor for suggesting:

The two ‘Soho Italians’, ‘neighbouring head waiters’, who observe and comment on Jean’s play at Russian billiards in AW chapter 4 were Rodolfo Pomposto and Luigi Spettabile

Other notable entries included:
The suggestion that the tall and sallow of the above waiters was called Zeno Penitente.
The fat luncher at Widmerpool’s club (LM, chapter 2) was Major-General “Splosh” Hades.

Many thanks to all those who entered.
**Dates for Your Diary**

**Anthony Powell Lecture**
(rearranged)
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 10 April 2015**
1830 hrs

**Tickets £14**
(includes a glass of wine after the lecture)
from Society Online Shop,
Hon. Secretary on 020 8864 4095,
secretary@anthonypowell.org
or the usual address (back cover)

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.

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**Summer Saturday Stroll**
Further Meanderings in the Footsteps of Milly Andriadis and Charles Stringham

**Saturday 27 June 2015**
1030 for 1100 hrs

**Meeting Point:** tba

The route, a largely green one this year, will encompass both Green Park and Hyde Park, where we will rest in the shadow of the Achilles statue.

As last year, we will end at Shepherd Market, for lunch at Da Corradi, the now well-known family-run Italian restaurant.

Lunch is booked for 1300 hrs.

No need to book for the walk, but if you wish to join the lunch party please let us know so we can book a large enough group table.

There is no charge for the walk itself (although donations in the Hon. Secretary’s top hat will be welcomed) and lunch will be pay on the day.

Non-members will be welcome.

For further details and booking please contact Ivan Hutnik, ivanhutnik@gmail.com, or the Hon. Secretary.

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We hope to have more events in the Summer & early Autumn

Details in the next *Newsletter*
Courses for Your Diary

Course: Dance, Vols 1 to 6
Thursdays 19 March, 16 April, 14 May and 4 June 2015
New York Society Library
53 East 79th Street, New York, USA
1100 to 1230 hrs

Nick Birns, author of Understanding Anthony Powell, and world expert on Powell's literature, is teaching a course on the first 6 novels of Dance at the New York Society Library.

Anthony Powell's A Dance To The Music of Time is one of the longest and most absorbing novels in the English language — with twelve books, hundreds of characters, and an astonishingly broad coverage of British and world culture from 1914 to 1971. Participants will read the first six books of the series taking the story from Eton in the 1920s up to the beginning of WWII, and meeting such unforgettable personages as enigmatic, aristocratic Stringham, the hearty businessman Templer, the promiscuous bohemian Gypsy Jones, and the saga’s two major characters — our astute, sophisticated narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, and his nemesis, the obtuse, ambitious Kenneth Widmerpool. We will immerse ourselves in the social history of England in the 20th century; life, love and loss in these changing times; the tragedy of two world wars; and a philosophical perspective that embraces both the merriment and melancholy of the human condition. Reference books by Hilary Spurling and instructor Nicholas Birns will help make sense of Powell’s tragicomic epic increasingly valued as one of the great masterpieces of world literature.

Cost: $50, plus Library membership. Further details and booking from Katie Fricas, kfricas@nysoclib.org.

London Quarterly Pub Meets
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 (address on back cover).

2016 Conference
Anthony Powell, Shakespeare and Other Literary Influences
Friday 8 to Sunday 10 April 2016
King’s Manor, York

King’s Manor, part of the University of York, is a glorious medieval house in the centre of one of the jewel cities of the UK and very close to York Minster.

Travel to York couldn’t be easier with trans-continental flights to Manchester and a direct train connection, or a regular fast train service from central London. York has abundant accommodation to suit all pockets.

Although we are still building the plans a “Call for Papers” (and early information) is included with this Newsletter.

So how about submitting a paper?

More details as they become available.
Welcome to New Members
We extend a warm welcome to the following new members:
Paul Camp, Norwich
Christopher Goulding, Jesmond
Robert Maples, London
Patrick O’Connor, Maynooth, Ireland

Subscriptions
Subscriptions are due annually on 1 April
(for rates see back page)
Reminders are sent during March to those whose membership is about to expire
Please help us to keep costs down by renewing promptly
Anyone whose membership is expired will be removed from the membership list at the end of June
To keep costs down we will be using email wherever possible, so please look-out for emails from the Society
Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, at the usual address (on the back page)

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
Contact: Nick Birns
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Great Lakes Group
Area: Chicago area, USA
Contact: Joanne Edmonds
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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.

Newsletter Copy Deadlines
Newsletter #59, Summer 2015
Copy Deadline: 15 May 2015
Publication Date: 5 June 2015
Newsletter #60, Autumn 2015
Copy Deadline: 10 August 2015
Publication Date: 4 September 2015
Remembering Leatrice Fountain (1924-2015)

By Nicholas Birns

Leatrice Gilbert Fountain was one of several major American readers brought to the work of Anthony Powell by his obituary in *The New York Times*. It took a certain sort of curiosity, though, for someone who had never before heard of the series to pick it up, read all twelve volumes, and become a devoted Powell fan. When Leatrice began this new readerly adventure, she was 76, the same age as Powell himself when he began to compose his *Journals*, and, like Powell, Leatrice used her final years to read widely, appreciate droll stories and applaud admirable values.

Leatrice was the daughter of John Gilbert, the silent-movie actor whose career never recovered after the turn to the talkies, and Leatrice Joy, a prominent actress of that era. Her parents divorced early, and Leatrice’s childhood saw her shuffling between parents and schools, but learning a lot about life early. Leatrice lived in Ireland after 1945, and was unhappily married, but then returned to the US, marrying John Fountain, who she described as “the nicest and smartest man there ever was”. In the 1980s, Leatrice wrote a biography of her father, *Dark Star*, and was frequently in demand as a speaker among aficionados of the silent-movie era. But her scholarship ranged widely: she took courses at Cambridge on medieval history and had a rigorous knowledge of the era that stretched from Alfred the Great to Richard II.

When I could not go to the 2001 Eton conference, Leatrice totally unexpectedly called me up and invited me to a meeting at her house, where I gave the paper I failed to give at Eton. Also invited was Tom Wallace, AP’s former American publisher. This was the genesis of the NE USA chapter of the Anthony Powell society, of which Leatrice was the godmother and presiding spirit, the jovial cynosure of our company at the beloved Silvermine Tavern.

Leatrice, also like AP, was a great lover of cats and a sage observer of people and their quirks. She applied this wittily to the characters in *Dance*, showing especial insight into Stringham. Many of her gems were written down in a notebook, which she lost at one of our gatherings. But her wise perceptions about Powell’s world will remain alive among the many friends who shared them with her.
Sixteen members toasted AP at the annual birthday lunch, held on 6 December 2014 in the Coffee Room of the Oxford and Cambridge Club at 71 Pall Mall. There were 6 ladies, 9 gentlemen and the Social Secretary – 2 tables of 8 tucked into a choice of 2 seasonal menus.

Menu A had gravadlax, cracked black pepper, olive oil, dill mousseline and baby leaves, followed by rosette of Scotch beef, herb beignet and chasseur sauce with a selection of vegetables finishing up with dark chocolate tart, with black cherries and kirsch cream.

Menu B was more traditional with smoked salmon and quails egg salad, roast turkey with seasonal trimmings and cranberry sauce, roast potatoes, Brussels sprouts with chestnuts, finishing up with Christmas pudding and brandy sauce.

Menu B won on the starters, Menu A on the main course and the desserts were a draw.

The Club’s claret and white burgundy were sampled with the claret winning by a nose.

Before luncheon, as AP would have said, there were lively drinks in the Morning Room under the gloomy gazes of Clement Attlee and Edward Grey. The Club’s Gin and French received accolades from Rob Tresman.

Once ailments and Christmas presents had been cleared out of the way, and the claret took hold, the conversation became lively and varied. A revived feature for the Newsletter was promulgated: the Widmerpool Award – to be awarded to whichever public figure receives the most votes for being the most self-satisfied, smug, bumptious and boring personality. Politicians are excluded because they would scoop the pool.

Nominations received at table included Stephen Fry, Richard Dawkins, Russell Brand and Tracy Emin. The last one caused some disagreement. Could you have a female Widerpool? Prue Raper suggested that Ms Emin could be nominated for the Gypsy Jones Award instead. A suggestion toasted by the claretiers and adopted.

The Secretary under the influence of seasonal conviviality lowered his objections to the proposed feature of “Uncle Giles’s Corner” where advice will be offered on modern dilemmas. The first dilemma to be covered (see page 28) is “When is it permissible for a gentlemen not to wear a tie in mixed company?” There are clearly decided and different views on this amongst the membership, the forceful expression of which was not entirely due to the aforesaid and much quaffed Club claret.

More than one luncher said how appropriate the setting was for the AP luncheon. The Coffee Room is a an elegant well decorated room.
The post Christmas gloom was brightened by this annual beacon of good cheer, chat and food. For 2015 our Secretary made the inspired choice of Patisserie Valerie in Brompton Road, opposite Brompton Oratory and just along from the V&A, where the Society’s Hon. Archivist worked for many years.

Twenty-two members gathered to wish each other a belated Happy New Year, swap news and test their New Year resolutions in the face of Pat Val’s temptations. With regret I report that many were broken but promptly reinstated by the more conscience stricken and resolute. This is not surprising as Pat Val has been tempting people with lovingly handcrafted cakes since 1926 when a Belgian exile, called Madam Valerie set up the first shop in Old Compton Street, Soho.

A year ago there were 89 shops and the now Birmingham based company was floated last May on the Alternative Investment Market. This was to such good effect that it won the IPO of the Year award at the Grant Thornton Quoted Company Awards 2015. This is not a spoof – the award ceremony actually took place and one half expects to hear that Lord Widmerpool handed out the award.

Looking around the Knightsbridge Pat Val we saw several Widmerpool figures accompanied either by a Pamela Flitton or a Gypsy Jones. In fact one of the main topics of conversation was again nominations for a revived Widmerpool award. There was much discussion and even dissension over the hot chocolates and croissants. There was palpable tension on some tables. Some members even had to resort to a Full English to restore their equanimity. Apart from the Widmerpool Award it was proposed that there should be a Pamela Flitton award as opposed to a Gypsy Jones award. What do the members think?

The other main topic was suggestions for social outings. Ivan Hutnik is heroically organising another of his much treasured walks (see page 18) and John Blaxter and Clive Jenkins are continuing to examine the feasibility of a visit to the Powell heartlands of Radnorshire, probably to be based around Hay on Wye.

Lunch approached. Pat Val wanted their tables back. Cakes were purchased and we made our way to pubs, museums, tubes and galleries. All of us feeling that the New Year had got off to a thoroughly good start.

What a thoroughly enjoyable and civilised way to spend a Saturday morning. Long may the Secretary’s Brunch continue.
Thirty-one AP birthday celebrants, who were whooping it up, quieted down instantly in New York on 19 December, when three Olympian blows on the doors of the Grolier Club’s Council Room signaled the arrival of the 2014 Temporary King. As the doors were opened by the two 2013 Temporary Kings, John Gould and Gerald Ruderman (in top hat and tails), there entered Robin Bynoe, London E13, the winner of the 2014 Lady Molly Award. Less than 24 hours after landing in America, Robin exuded mild democratic affability as he was seated at the center of the long table by Herald Cheryl Hurley and as he was proclaimed, loyally addressed, and loyally toasted.

The set topic for the Award was “What Nick Jenkins Omitted about Me and My World”. Robin’s entry was titled “Lady Molly and the Sport of Kings” (see page 25). It imagined Lady Molly, in 1929, being taken to a private boxing club in Poplar by colorful, man-hunting Lady Nancy Cunard, a familiar guest at the Jeavons’ South Kensington home.

A second outstanding entry, highly esteemed by the judges, was Dr Bernard Stacey’s “Dog Days and Dicky”, which described Lady Molly’s vivid memories of an affair with Umfraville that began at Dogdene. It was read aloud by novelist Annabel Davis-Goff with a sympathy that appeared to move many at the table. Dr Stacey, whose entry for the 2013 Umfraville Address won him a Theophrastus Award, received a special 2014 “Ovid – Heroines Prize” for “Dog Days and Dicky”.

During lunch, diners were updated on the doings of the AP Society by Jeff Manley, who had flown in from Austin Texas with wife Maria.

With dessert came the Noel-Poël Players’ Bumping Gypsy, a dramatized version of Widmerpool’s encounter with Gypsy Jones and Mr Deacon after the Huntercombe’s dance. The AP dialogue, from A Buyer’s Market, was extravagantly embellished with sound effects, period costumes, and bravura performances. Beth Williams, a powerful actress who could act Medea, starred as Gypsy Jones. First, she mercilessly harangued Widmerpool (a fraught Gerald Ruderman) into buying a copy of her “War Never Pays” pamphlet. Then, carrying her pamphlet-peddling off the ‘stage’, she accosted startled luncheon guests with demands for a penny. In the second scene, at Hyde Park Corner, Eileen Kaufman pantomimed a crotchety Coffee-Seller who waddled to her stall and resented Deacon’s rejections of unsanitary coffee cups. John Gould, the Players’ accomplished character actor, masterfully brought Mr Deacon to life in his oracular conversations with Jenkins (Nick Birns) and Stringham (Robert Mabon). During the long curtain call applause, Jonathan Kooperstein, as a stage-door Jonny, presented a bouquet of red roses to Beth, who then graciously offered one to Widmerpool, to Deacon, and to each audience member she had earlier harangued.

Guests departed at 3 pm, refreshed in spirit and calories, each carrying one of Arete Warren’s gorgeously designed souvenir luncheon programs, instantly a collector’s item.
Aren’t writers the end?
Almost anyone is welcome when we are At Home in Kensington. There was something nasty, which one couldn’t quite put a finger on, about that Mr Widmerpool, but even he was allowed across the threshold more than once. Nicholas Jenkins, though – nice wife, proper education, indirectly Family of course – what I mind about Nicholas is the scribbling. I appreciate that writers need what I believe they call ‘copy’, but can’t they remember it when they get home? Do they have to write it down in front of you?

Once, Nicholas was sitting on the chesterfield with what he had entitled his ‘Commonplace Book’. Exercising the privileges of age, sex and home advantage I marched over and took it from him.

“Uncle Alfred is bored,” I said. “Go and amuse him.”

And I took the Commonplace Book to the kitchen and, before casually returning it to the chesterfield, read it.

Character. [he had written] Like Lady M. Noisy, kind, infinitely generous. Would give you her last £ but never the window seat on the train. No imagination, humour, inner or private life. H1 dec’d. Remote peaks of peerage; infinitely dull. H2 in all respects very much otherwise …

I thought that novelists were supposed to make things up.

I bought one of Nicholas’s novels, a spiky account of life among modern young people. It was quite funny. (I do have a sense of humour, though he would call it ‘boisterous’). There was no sign of ‘Character’: no doubt he’s keeping her for when I’m dead.

Pique at Nicholas’s characterisation of me – ‘No imagination, humour, inner or private life’ – probably sparked what happened next. Emerald Cunard visited, with her daughter Nancy. Emerald was pursuing some big political beast, and the trail happened to cross my drawing room. Why Nancy was there I can’t say: they usually didn’t hunt as a pair; in any event she was soon on her way again.

“On to dinner?” I said, handing her her coat, the staff being otherwise engaged.

She leant forward conspiratorially.

“No, pugilism.”

I looked blank.

“Boxing. Poplar. Divine young men. I have my eye on a gorgeous pugilistic blackamoor.”

“Goodness,” I said.

“Come too, next time. You can behave yourself. Why don’t you?”

2014 Lady Molly Award Winner
Lady Molly and the Sport of Kings
By Robin Bynoe
I didn’t stop to think.
“You know, I will.”
“What fun!” she said, and named a date
and a rendezvous. “Lady Molly and the
sport of kings. What chuckles!”
I thought of something as she passed
through the front door.
“What does one wear? For pugilism?
Something sturdy?”
“No. Glad rags.”
Disguising the glad rags turned out to be
the hardest thing. I told Ted that I had an
errand of mercy to make. He was sitting
on the chesterfield with Nicholas. What a
couple! Ted was humming old music hall
songs and Nicholas was muttering, no
doubt trying out dialogue to himself, both
staring into the middle distance. Thank
God I have no imagination.
“Doris. My lady’s maid from Dogdene
days, fallen on hard times. Remember?”
“Mm,” said Ted.
“Poplar.”
“At this time of night?”
“Mm,” I said.
I donned my evening best and a cape to
cover it. Nancy was waiting with the cab
and off we went, Poplar-bound.
“The thing to remember,” she said, “is that
this is boys’ games. We’re there on
sufferance. We watch the fighting. It
takes place in complete silence: that’s
important. Absolutely no cheering; no
applause. Then we mingle. If I mingle as
I hope, you can find your own way home.”
The outside of the building was grim
beyond imagining, as generally was Poplar
by night, but inside I felt at home. It was
wood-panelled like the gun room at
Dogdene, and smelt of much-stropped
leather. Comfortable chairs surrounded a
dais, which was roped off. The room was
half full of men, impeccable in evening
dress – not a black tie, of course, to be
seen – and too preoccupied to pay any
attention to us. Sometimes when we are
At Home there are those who fix you with
a glare, tell you that war with Germany is
inconceivable and hint at international
conspiracy. These seemed to be of that
sort. Nicholas would not have felt
comfortable, but, then, he has imagination
and I apparently don’t.
At a bell the fighting started. Each pair
fought for five rounds, unless one was
knocked out first. The silence was broken
only by the thud of leather on flesh, the
different sound of leather on blood and the
voluptuous sighs of the gentlemen. The
fighters were white and skinny until the
fifth fight where one of them was tall and
black: Nancy clutched at my leg and when
he struck home her nails went into me,
permanently marking my Schiaparelli.
(My Schiaparelli: that’s another story.)
At another bell it was over. We repaired to
an adjacent room and manly drinks.
“On your own, Lady Molly,” said Nancy.
Later I saw her leave with her blackamoor,
both in ankle-length fur coats. As I was
wondering whether to leave too, one of the
pugilists rescued me.
“Reggie,” he said.
“Molly Jeavons.”
“On your own, Lady Molly?”
“You know me?”
“Me mate Alf said about you. Alf Watson,
the flute-playing boxer? Came to yours
with a Mrs Lucas?”
A tiresome woman, I remembered.
“Showing him off, he told me. Now, that Mrs Lucas wouldn’t be trusted here. Unlike you. Couldn’t keep her bleeding mouth shut. You sounded nice, mind.”

The things he told me! He indicated his brother (“Ronnie: our youngest”). Ronnie was across the room with Lord H-, who had apparently forgotten, since he ignored me, that he had taken cocoa with us a week before. He was showing a keen interest in the boxer’s satin shorts. When his investigation proceeded to the inside of the shorts, Reggie said, “Take you home, Lady M?”

What a thoughtful lad! In the cab he made as if to approach me.

“I suspect,” I said “that you are not that way inclined; nor for different reasons am I. But you have been so kind. Please hold my hand.”

Kensington was upon us all too soon. I rang the bell. No one came. Then up the road waltzed Ted, singing quietly, his clothing dishevelled. I gestured to Reggie to be gone. “It’s my husband,” I hissed, for the first time ever – and perhaps the last.

“No keys,” I told Ted. “And Smith is evidently drunk.”

“I have keys,” said Ted, “but no coordination. War wound.”

Between us we achieved entry.

“What a couple we make,” he said. His complacency was, I thought, endearing.

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**Just a thought …**

The purpose of literature is to teach one how to live.

John Bayley
Dear Uncles Giles: I am an avid reader of the works of Anthony Dymoke Powell and a member of the Society established in his honour. I have attended several functions and noticed that some members do not wear ties even when the invitation specifically says smart casual or is held in a London Club.

Could you give advice on, when, if ever, is it permissible not to wear a tie in mixed company?

Uncle Giles replies: Rum chaps, ties. Necessary of course, can give one an edge, but they have hidden depths. Recently I donned, for reasons of commercial advantage, an Old Wykehamist tie. Fellow choked and jabbered the most frightful schoolboy slang. I made an excuse and left.

So, standing orders:

1. Always have a neutral spare, in case of jabbering, or challenge.
2. Likewise, always have a plausible fallback: eg. “The House? An easy tie to confuse. No, no, it’s my City Guild. Not one of the well-known ones …”
3. The Garrick and the MCC should be avoided. Even if entitled.
4. A tie should always be worn in Town.
5. Your tie should never look new. Rule of thumb: more worn than your tweeds.
6. In mixed company it is permissible to loosen the knot. It suggests suppressed passion, which the Sex appreciate.
7. But not to the extent of suggesting artistic endeavour. A floppy tie is an abomination.
8. When engaged in amorous activity, even briefly, the tie should be entirely removed.
   Tip: On these occasions, place your collar studs where you can find them in a hurry. Ditto teeth.
9. In the Country it is permissible to substitute a jersey beneath your coat, but never after tea.
10. An open-necked shirt worn with a coat is another abomination. If, as I trust, you wear a stiff collar, the point becomes academic.

Hope this is of assistance. Must go and select a tie m’self for a meeting with the Trustees. Rather counting on them on making an accommodation so I could practice what I preach at point 8 above.

Just a thought …

Opera is for those who cannot cope with theatre or music but like to go out in the evening.

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Simple-lifers, utopian socialists, spiritualists, occultists, theosophists, quietists, pacifists, futurists, cubists, zealots of all sorts in their approach to life and art … were then [1914] thought of by the unenlightened as scarcely distinguishable from one another.

The Kindly Ones
Letter to the Editor

Cricket’s Bounty

From Mr John Powell

A mention of Dance in an unusual quarter, a collection of prose and poetry by Hubert Doggart – revered cricketer (Cambridge, Sussex & England) and master in charge of cricket at Winchester College for many years – in a lament for a lost autograph book.

Loss and Joy

Autograph books become very close friends of those who collect. This piece tells the poignant story of one such book – a book which began, so full of hope, with a request to Mr Woodfull, the Australian (Cricket) Captain, at Wembley Stadium in 1934, but ended sadly, in Chichester over six decades later.

Loss and Joy are self-evidently two of the shortest words in our language, but, like their relatives, Life and Death, carry more weight than their brevity suggests. They are, of course, themes that appear regularly in both prose and verse – a fact confirmed by even a cursory glance at, say, The King James’ Bible, or Paradise Lost or A Dance to the Music of Time. This reflective piece is primarily about Loss, though the Joy that preceded still lingers …

The year is 1934, shortly before a Cricket season in which Hedley Verity … took 15 wickets in a match at Lord’s – 14 of them in the same day – to win a famous victory against the Australians.

Beating Australia at Lord’s, Cricket buffs need no reminding, had not happened since 1896 … and wouldn’t happen again until 2009 … It seemed an important year to me since it was the year when my great-aunt Grace, on one of our visits to her in Ealing, surprised and delighted me with an unexpected present. It was an Autograph Book, which became ‘my pride and joy’ as the pages were gradually filled with signatures of men and women we would now call ‘Celebrities’ …

Thus it was at Wembly, in an Ashes series year, – when Manchester City beat Portsmouth 2-1 … that page two became a treasure trove. More about that Joy anon; I need first – Proteron Husteron, as it were – to describe the Loss …

I know that my father would have sympathised with Doggart about the lost Autograph Book having himself kept his Birthday Book going throughout his life from a young age. As a long-time friend of Alan Ross AP would have been interested in the poetry, described by John Woodcock, former Times Cricket Correspondent, as ‘After dinner speeches, light verse, sonnets, limericks, acrostics, reflections (and match reports) …’ in his Foreword.

Anthony Powell turns up in the least expected of places. The Catholic Herald, 16 January 2015, includes the following in an article “How to eat with the relish of Dr Johnson” by Andrew M Brown.

In Anthony Powell’s A Dance to the Music of Time, a lack of interest in the pleasures of eating and drinking is pinpointed as the mark of an egomaniac (though Powell prefers the word “egotist”). The real egotist is only interested in his ambition to succeed, crushing all opposition; anything else is a distraction. So the socialist peer Erridge is an “egotist who dislikes the taste of food and drink” and “was probably actively opposed to such sensual enjoyments, which detracted from preferable conceptions of pure power”. The same is true of power-hungry Widmerpool.

Spotted by Christopher Francis.

Congratulations to Society Vice-President Jeremy Warren whose three-volume work Medieval and Renaissance Sculpture in the Ashmolean Museum (ISBN 9781854442314) won the 2014 Apollo Book of the Year:

This is a major work of scholarship, and the entries on the individual items are both judicious and – where appropriate – highly original.

The end-of-year double issue of the TLS (19/26 December 2104) offered up the following quiz question: Romans à clef. Who are the following fictional characters based on?

- a. Mark Members
- b. Mr Feathernest
- c. Lord Merlin
- d. Sir Joshua Malleson
- e. Alroy Kear

The answers were in the 2 January 2015 issue:

- a. Peter Quenell: Anthony Powell, various novels
- b. Robert Southey: Thomas Love Peacock, Melincourt
- d. Bertrand Russell: DH Lawrence, Women in Love
- e. Hugh Walpole: W Somerset Maugham, Cakes and Ale

Spotted by William Denton and several others.

Peter Kislinger alerts us to a new volume, Delius and his Music, by Society member Paul Guiney and Martin Lee-Browne.

Peter comments: In CCR at the Mortimer, Maclintick and Gossage are discussing a music festival. In the parallel non-Dance universe this was probably the 1929 Delius Festival, organised by Sir Thomas Beecham at the Queen’s Hall, London.
This is from a review by DJ Taylor, of Stephen Lloyd’s *Constant Lambert: Beyond the Rio Grande*, in the Literary Review, December 2014/January 2015:

One of the most poignant moments in Anthony Powell’s novel sequence, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, comes in the last pages of *Temporary Kings* (1973) when the narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, goes to visit his friend the composer Hugh Moreland in St Thomas’ Hospital. ‘That morning was the last time I saw Moreland,’ Jenkins notes, before breaking into the briefest of elegies: ‘It was also the last time I had, with anyone, the sort of talk we used to have together.’ Moreland is Constant Lambert, though the novel is set in the later 1950s, whereas Lambert died in 1951, leaving Powell, his exact contemporary, to survive him for nearly half a century.

It would be a mistake to suggest, on the strength of this new biography, that Powell ‘gets’ Lambert’s personality, the breadth of his interests and highly distinctive angle from which he observed a world he had a certain amount of difficulty coming to terms with. Biographers work in peculiar ways: it is perfectly possible that Stephen Lloyd came to Lambert by way of Powell and that his judgements are calibrated against a pre-existing scale. At any rate, both treatments offer evidence of Lambert’s pronounced whimsicality, his tremendous high spirits (alternating with periods of black despair), the lowish water into which he regularly drifted, and his capacity to delight and to infuriate almost from one day to the next ...

Lambert’s war years were spent keeping the Sadler’s Wells company going in sometimes rather grim circumstances. The third volume of Powell’s memoirs (*Faces in My Time*, published in 1980) offers glimpses of the ‘shaky’ condition into which he then lapsed – incoherent appearances at dinner parties and late-night calls to discuss Sunday newspapers – and the strange incident in which on the Sunday after Lambert’s death the telephone rang as usual at a quarter to midnight and then went dead.

Spotted by Ivan Hutnik.

In *Newsletter* #57 (page 30) Eddie Hathaway told us of a baffling crossword clue:

*Books disco with Timothy Edwards DJ? (1,5,2,3,5,2,4)*

**Answer:** *A Dance to the Music of Time*

Barry Pike provides the keys to unravelling it:

*disco = a dance  
DJ = provides the music*  
*plus Tim(othy) E(dwards) who is the DJ.*

*The book is rescued by its cast, providing what amounts to a portrait of British music and related arts in the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s. Lambert appears as the composer Hugh Moreland in Anthony Powell’s Dance to the Music of Time* (Lloyd gives details in one of many useful if cluttered appendices), and one sometimes feels that most of his friends could have popped up in the pages of Powell’s novel as well. In fact, some did. Powell was an intimate friend, especially early on, and Lambert was also close to the Sitwells.

Spotted by Martin Caine, who wonders if we now have Anthony Powell’s “Enigma Variations”.

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**Worth a Footnote …**

We should mark, at least in passing, the death on 12 January 2015 of John Bayley at the age of 89. Bayley was Warton Professor of English at Oxford University and married to novelist Iris Murdoch until her death in 1999. A noted academic and critic Bayley was also a champion of, and insightful writer on, AP.

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The ‘Freelance’ column in the *TLS* Christmas edition (19/26 December 2014) written by Alan Taylor, editor of the *Scottish Review of Books*, discusses the joint career of the Scottish artists Robert Colquhoun and Robert MacBryde, talented, homosexual and alcoholic.

On their move to London from Glasgow he comments

*They arrived on the metropolitan scene like a brace of the more outré characters in A Dance to the Music of Time.*

Later in the article he reports

*Julian Maclaren-Ross, on whom Anthony Powell modelled X Trapnel, once asked MacBryde what he thought about when sober. “Do you prepare apologies for the people you’ve been rude to the night before?” MacBryde paused for a moment. “Maybe I’m thinking up a lot of rude things to say next time I’m drunk”.*

Spotted by Steve Loveman and Jeanne Reed.
This reference to AP and Dance is in Terry Charman’s The First World War on the Home Front (Deutsch, 2014) in chapter four “Sex, Drugs, Drink and Ragtime”:

In March 1918, Christopher Millard, [Oscar] Wilde’s bibliographer and the model for Mr Deacon in Anthony Powell’s A Dance to the Music of Time, received a year’s imprisonment for an act of gross indecency that had taken place on 18 December 1915. Millard, who in the early Twenties was to casually remark to the teenage Powell, ‘You know, you’re a great temptation’, had already served three months hard labour for a similar offence back in 1906.

Spotted by Robert Beasecker.

DJ Taylor (Guardian, 16 January 2015) reviewed David Lodge's memoirs (Quite a Good Time to Be Born) and drew a comparison of Lodge's “middle-class literary autobiography” with memoirs of other novelists including AP:

The key feature of the old-style upper-class English literary autobiography of the Anthony Powell/Michael Holroyd/James Lees-Milne type was self-deprecation amounting, at times, to outright concealment. No personal trumpets were blown; if pain was felt then it tended to be disguised as something else; and even professional jealousies came wrapped up in a kind of resolutely encrypted obliquity ... The middle-class literary autobiography is much less discreet. If not exactly immodest, it is never shy of acknowledging its subject’s successes, particularly as there is a social battle going on that gives the presence of a Lodge and a Bradbury in Birmingham University's senior common room quite as much solidarity as Powell’s understated accounts of the boys he messed with at Eton.

If you sent us cuttings and they’re not included here, our apologies! As so often, we received many more cuttings than it is possible to accommodate in this issue.
Christmas Quiz Answers

Pre-War Novels Quiz

Afternoon Men
1. He catches Harriet in a clinch with Barlow
2. Fotheringham
3. Atwater’s seduction of Lola
4. Marquis
5. Wauchop and Verelst
6. Mr Nunnery throws down a door key which
   bounces off the blind man’s head
7. Vietnamese
8. Naomi Race

Venusberg
1. Estonia, part-owned by Germany, several
   outbreaks of revolution in neighbouring
   countries, Reval
2. Baroness Puckler
3. Flosshilde, the hotel receptionist
4. She was thrown in the river by members of the
   Social Democratic Party
5. She would have caught the first stone and
   thrown it back
6. ADC to General Kuno
7. Three night watchmen dancing round a fire
8. He tells them he is entertaining a woman in the
   next room

From a View to a Death
1. Mr Fosdick reads it after changing into his
   dress and picture hat
2. North Copse
3. Bianca, Betty’s daughter
4. The Way of All Flesh, Moby Dick, The Four
   Just Men
5. Spot and Ranger
6. One of the Orphans has attempted to kiss
   another guest [Gertrude Braby]
7. That Mr Passenger has deliberately chosen an
   unreliable horse [Creditor] for Zouch
8. Fischbein

Agents & Patients
1. Studying to be a barrister
2. La cattleya
3. Clerkenwell
4. Montparnasse
5. The blood of Bayard
6. Colonel [Algy] Teape
7. He thinks it will smooth negotiations for the
   purchase of the Marquis’s pictures and
   furniture
8. John Heygate

What’s Become of Waring
1. Little Brown Jug
2. Ceylon
3. Inez Holden
4. Jay walking
5. Mrs Cromwell’s yacht, moored at St Etienne
6. Westmorland Fusiliers
7. To negotiate sale of his stamp collection and to
   return Beryl’s golf club
8. His tract, Reflections on Violence, inspired the
   title of the narrator’s work in progress,
   Stendhal: Some Thoughts on Violence

Cats in Music & Literature
1. Bosola, Paris, Albert, Smoke, Kingsplay
2. Christopher Smart
3. Ralph Vaughan Williams
4. TS Eliot
5. Paul Galico
6. John Lennon
7. Lewis Carroll, Alice’s Adventures in
   Wonderland
8. Berceuses du chat (Cat’s Cradle Songs)
9. Owl and the Pussycat (Edward Lear)
10. Felix
11. Dr Samuel Johnson
12. Peter and the Wolf by Sergei Prokofiev
13. Hermione in Harry Potter
14. Dick Whittington
15. L’enfant et les sortilèges
16. Dr Seuss
17. Orlando, the Marmalade Cat
18. Gobbolino
19. Beatrix Potter
20. Garfield

Crossword

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SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

2011 Conference Proceedings  
UK: £8, Overseas: £14

UK: £11, Overseas: £17

UK: £7, Overseas: £13

Eton 2001 Conference Proceedings  
UK: £6.50, Overseas: £10.50

Jeff Manley et al.; Dance Music  
150-page guide to the musical references in Dance; in the style of Spurling’s Handbook.  
UK: £7, Overseas: £10.50

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.  
UK: £8, Overseas: £10.50

John Gould; Dance Class  
American High School student essays from John’s two teachings of Dance at Philips Academy.  
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JOURNAL & NEWSLETTER

Secret Harmonies: Journal of the Anthony Powell Society  
Back numbers of issues 1, 2 & 3 are available.  
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BBC Radio Dramatisation of Dance  
Originally broadcast on BBC Radio 4 between 1979-82. 26 one-hour episodes. Single CD containing 26 MP3 files. For copyright reasons available to Society members only.  
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