My Day at Lady Molly’s

by Colin Donald

Fifteen years of failure to convert literate friends and loved ones have made me philosophical; people either take to Anthony Powell or they don’t (and extreme reactions are more common than not). I no longer give or lend copies of the books. Why risk being a literary Jehovah’s Witness hovering on the doorsteps of your acquaintance and leaving samples for further discussion?

For the same reason, on hearing in 1995 that Dance was, at last, to be expensively filmed by Channel 4, I was never very hopeful that it would greatly popularise the books. Other feelings were also mixed. Like anyone who has read of the constant false starts and disappointments of Anthony Powell’s hopes to see the series filmed, I was delighted that it was finally happening in his lifetime. But I was also strongly wary of how a TV version might fix an erroneous interpretation on these dynamic and subtle texts.

Anyway, as a journalist writing about the arts for The Scotsman newspaper, this was something I had to write about, if only to prevent some jobbing writer from taking it on as routine TV “preview” and regurgitating the usual half-baked received opinions about Anthony Powell.

Also, flattering to journalistic vanity, Town House Publicity, the PR company attached to Channel 4 for the series got in touch with me. Having interviewed Powell at The Chantry, I was on a list of Powellite journalists submitted by Mr. John Powell as potential soft touches for appetite-whetting articles. That is how I found myself on a wet autumn day in an unfamiliar, excited state at Breakspear House in the depths of Middlesex, dreary semi-countryside on the outer fringes of London.

Breakspear House is an uninhabited 17th century mansion often used as a location by film crews, which explains its state of advanced dilapidation. At the time of my visit, shooting had progressed to the middle of the third of the four films, depicting scenes from The Soldier’s Art.
The dining room was set up as F Mess, Northern Irish home of the “seedy and bad mannered middle-aged officers” whose contribution to the war effort was to tell dirty jokes and bully the mess waiter, Stringham. Another large downstairs room served as the bombed out drawing room of Lady Molly Jeavons’s Kensington house, though by this time the hostess was dead, killed in an air-raid whose effects were in evidence in the set’s authentically rusty wartime-era scaffolding, and plaster cracks carefully painted in the wall.

At Lady Molly’s is a key book in my life, and I doubt I will ever forget its initial impact on me. Actually to be “there”, rubbing shoulders with the wartime vintage of its odd-assorted and transient inhabitants was disorienting and wonderful, the same rush of emotions a Dickensian might feel in Fagin’s kitchen or a “Janeite” at Mansfield Park.

Upstairs in this makeshift studio, littered with bits of carpentry, cables and coloured fixtures for lights, was a room which served as a blanched asylum cell where Mrs Taylor (or was it Porter?) was seen in a brief shot after Templer drove her crazy.

Anyone who, unlike me, is well-acquainted with film shoots will know that a half a day’s visit to a set won’t yield much in the way of action. In the several hours I was there I saw two lines from two different scenes being shot over and over again, though most of that time was spent in the slick but still arduous commotion that goes on between takes.

These chores comprise obsessive tinkering with hair and makeup, photographing the position of drinks on a tray so they don’t “jump”, blowing atmospheric steam, getting everyone to shoosh, and - surprisingly infrequent and low key - giving performance notes to the actors.

To digress on the subject of actors, it should be noted here that Dance scored high as “fantasy casting”, in that it featured the best performers you could possibly think of for the roles, even if they were effectively “cameos”. There was a combination of long-established stars like Sir John Gielgud (St John Clarke), Edward Fox (Uncle Giles) and Alan Bennett (Sillery), combined with the pick of up-and-coming talent like James Purefoy (Nick Jenkins), Jonathan Cake (Peter Templer) and Claire Skinner (Jean Templer).

With hindsight this starriness seems a good example of what pompous critics call “over-casting”. Audience involvement in the story - theoretically ensured by hiring the best interpreters of character in the business - is in practice impeded by a recurring reaction: “oh look, he/she got to be in it as well!”

That said, who but a major star like Miranda Richardson would be capable of bringing Pamela Flitton to life? Seeing her work was a highlight of the day.

Richardson is a unique actress, equally at home with comedy and serious roles, usually conveying that total insanity is just a step away. Merely watching her walk down the Jacobean staircase to begin filming was an experience stamped on the memory.

Already in character, with a kind of all-over sneer, she gave the impression of
trailing a kind of retinue of make-up girls and assistants, in a brown ripped jersey and an unforgettable beautiful brunette 1940s film star perm, she looked as formidable as any of Powell’s awed descriptions. I have never seen a more dramatic entrance, and that was just her arriving at work.

“Miranda is a nightmare for directors,” someone told me afterwards. “She will give them the choice of 10 different readings of a line in 10 takes, and they will all be amazing, but they will take you in completely different directions and the director has to choose.”

For different reasons I am just as glad to have witnessed a Ted Jeavons scene, he being one of my own favourite characters, and played in the series by that specialist at understated bumbling characters Michael Williams. A shy, blinking presence in an ARP boilersuit and Hitlerian moustache, Williams (husband of the actress Dame Judi Dench) was giving what must have been one of his last performances, as he died of cancer a few years later.

The lines from Hugh Whitemore’s adaptation that are fixed in my mind - probably inaccurately - were Pamela’s graceless reply to Ted’s offer of a gin and orange (a drink always associated with wartime Anthony Powell tells us). She muttered this line while tossing her head back towards Jeavons “like an angry horse” I noted at the time: “Not too much orange. Peter always drowns it.”

The other line was the egregious Soper’s whimsical announcement of the suicide of Biggs.

“Poor old Biggsy. Who would have thought it? In the cricket pav [pavilion] too. And him so fond of the game.”

TV acting is an understated craft, and what the actors are actually doing is not clear until seen on the small screen. Professionals won’t be surprised to hear that the director - a distinguished-looking Canadian with specs on a chain called Alvin Rakoff - was heard from far less than the first assistant director. She was a youngish woman in a black puffy anorak, clipboard, loud voice and an air of not anticipating disagreement.

Rakoff, who reminded me a bit of Gore Vidal, hovered almost in the background, like a liberal parent who was aware that he might have to step in eventually, but who knew that letting things run their own thing might be quite interesting.

I chatted a bit with the urbane Mr. Rakoff during the lunch break, but didn’t get much out of him. What sticks in my mind was an air of immense experience and confidence, and the fact that he wasn’t a paid-up Powellian. In fact I think he told me he hadn’t read the books before.

I can’t remember if this fact shocked me or not, but now I am convinced that lack of long-ingrained preconceptions would be an advantage in choreographing a project of this scale and complexity.

The only actual directing I heard from the director was a laconic note to James Purefoy, who he obviously thought was taking Jenkins’s habitual coolness a bit too far in his reaction to Soper’s news.

He asked for a bit more reaction. “You
know,” he drawled, “‘every man’s death diminishes me’, that kind of thing”.

When they arranged the visit, the PR staffer apologised that the day I visited would be a day without Widmerpool. This was certainly regrettable, as Widmerpool (despite Anthony Powell’s protestations that he was one character among many) would be a key to how the adaptation would turn out. In any case the Cambridge-educated Simon Russell Beale who was playing him is a fascinating actor, who I had seen effortlessly and mysteriously, upstaging everyone in minor parts in Royal Shakespeare Company productions at Stratford. Widmerpool was his first major TV role, an enormously difficult one, given the character dwells in what Ferdinand Mount calls “fictional Valhalla”.

Widmerpool is memorably described in Dance as having a “piscine countenance”, giving “the impression that he swam rather than walked through the rooms he inhabited”. Russell Beale is more toad or frog than fish, but still, most viewers would probably agree that he got the character’s aggressive discomfiture very well.

“I feel quite sorry for Widmerpool in a way.” Russell Beale told me on the phone; “He’s doing his best; everything that he does can be explained by what happens to him. I don’t see him as a monster, and I certainly haven’t played him as one.”

In another telephone interview, Hugh Whitemore who adapted the books described to me how he “sat like a schoolboy” while he awaited the verdict of the 90-year-old Anthony Powell on the TV treatment of his magnum opus:

“He was very nice about it, which was a relief, although he is only able to watch a bit at a time [because of age and infirmity]. His son Tristram, who is a well-known TV director, tells me he is pleased with what he has seen of the tapes.”

“The trick of adapting novels for TV is to aim to give the audience the same kind of experience that has affected you. Something may be lost and something may be gained, but you have to be true to the Powellian vision. If you’re making a film you interpret it for a different audience, not by coarsening it, but by giving it an equivalent visual impact; I didn’t want it to be too ‘literary’ or slavish, and I didn’t want some Brideshead voice-over intoning away.

“An adapter has to treat a story like a child; you can’t fuss over it too much but give it its own life and the freedom to make a fool of itself.”

“What is noticeable from the finished films is that distilling the books down to eight hours of television, shows you the pattern of the Dance very clearly. All those sudden deaths, and sexual acts; the way the saga is put together becomes much more apparent when you see it on film. Also, when you see Simon as Widmerpool, you feel the pain of the character far more than you do in the book.”

That passing reference to Brideshead Revisited begs some questions, ones that have recently been much exercising
APLIST members on the web. An Evelyn Waugh novel that Anthony Powell particularly disliked, *Brideshead* was adapted by Granada TV in 12 episodes in the early 1980s that set a tough benchmark for quality literary adaptation. It was a more financially lavish age in the world of TV drama (other serial adaptations admired by Powell were of Paul Scott’s *The Jewel in the Crown* and Olivia Manning’s *The Balkan Trilogy*). Naturally the elevation of these admired, but relatively obscure works for a mainstream audience must have raised the hopes of Waugh’s old friend, who by his own admission had never been a mass market player.

Comparisons are particularly odious of course because *Brideshead* is single - admittedly quite fat - novel spread over 12 nearly hour-long episodes, and the TV *Dance* was 12 entire novels compressed into four two-hour films. *Brideshead* could afford to dawdle, to stretch its legs. Adapter John Mortimer and director Charles Sturridge had space to embellish, to indulge an indisputable televisual genius, and not be compelled to chop out entire strands and important characters as were the *Dance* team.

Random examples of that genius for the image in *Brideshead* might include the sepia-tinted sequence of Julia Flyte in her 1920s wedding dress taking a hurried drag from a cigarette before her “sordid, hole-in-the-corner” marriage to Max.

Or a shot of the sick Lord Marchmain’s opulently well-shod foot poking tentatively out of the Rolls on his return from exile to die at Brideshead.

*Dance* of course abounds in opportunities to visualise offstage activities - Mrs Taylor/Porter’s sad fate is one example. But with so much plot to cram in, such moments of resonance that are the making of adapted literary works were a luxury that the series seemed not to be able to afford to indulge. One that does spring to mind in the TV *Dance* is Nick’s return from the war, to the strains of Vera Lynn, embracing Isobel and child (the latter notoriously offstage in the novel) on a station platform. This is an irresistibly touching scene (it got to me anyway) but in retrospect too hackneyed to count as authentically Powellian.

If this is all beginning to sound defensive it is because, despite many good things, I think I speak for many if not most Powell-enthusiasts in conceding that the TV *Dance* was not the triumph that my day at Lady Molly’s led me to think it might be. Or that the author and his friends and supporters must have hoped it would be.

Readers of this newsletter will have their own views about this of course, but to this fan, despite some magnificent performances and excellent production values, the screening of the Channel 4 *Dance* was not the resounding ending that the tortured history of the project invited. To this viewer, heavily freighted with expectations but armed with the best will in the world, the series didn’t quite “work”. But I would never discourage anyone from seeing it.

Those friends I had tried to proselytise taunted me that it confirmed their worst prejudices about Powell: a load of smart people in evening dress who keep meeting each other by coincidence.
Unsurprisingly, the TV critics weren’t particularly kind, pouncing on its weaknesses, grist to their gag-writing intentions.

But that, as they say, is showbiz. The English playwright and director David Hare once said that he gave up directing films because the sheer randomness of it bothered him. Even with long experience, he couldn’t stand not having any inkling if he was arduously in the process of making a masterpiece, or a turkey. The atmosphere of the shoot, and even the production ingredients themselves, he said, seemed to have so little bearing on the results.

But why end on a negative note, just because the films didn’t herald a mass conversion? As well as the imprimatur of literary status and consequent sales that Powell had a short time to enjoy, the films, accompanied by “TV tie-in” books must have brought thousands of readers to the door of one of the great multi-faceted mansions of modern literature. Admittedly some won’t have got further than the outer hall before turning back, but others will walk right in, make themselves at home, and never move out.

Colin Donald lectures in international relations in the Department of Modern Communications at Baiko University, Shimonoseki in Japan. From 1994-1998 he was an arts editor and critic for The Scotsman newspaper, Edinburgh, UK.

Widmerpool’s World

A review of the cassette recordings of A Question of Upbringing and A Buyer’s Market from Anthony Powell’s A Dance the Music of Time. Published by Cover-to-Cover at £21.99. Available from booksellers, record shops and www.talkingbookclub.co.uk who also rent them at £7.80 per volume.

by Julian Allason

The world according to Widmerpool? That was the risk the producers of the recent recording of the first two books of A Dance to the Music of Time took when they commissioned Simon Russell Beale to read. For Russell Beale’s portrayal of Kenneth Widmerpool in Channel 4’s film of the novels is the definitive interpretation of the character, and likely to remain so for the foreseeable future. The danger of the story, told in that familiar voice, being seen from the point of view of the great beast was a very real one.

Powell himself was all too aware of the difficulties posed by an overly intrusive narrator, sketching his alter ego, Nicholas Jenkins, with the lightest of crayons. Nor is his most monstrous creation permitted to take the stage too often. Beale and his director seem to have been conscious of this balancing act as they set out to make the first unabridged British recording (one narrated by an American having proved unsettling to those used to BBC English, let alone the Received Pronunciation of Powell and so many of his characters).

All praise then to Cover-to-Cover for avoiding the funny voices trap into which
Simon Callow fell headlong in his own recording. Even with the reduced cast of characters in the latter, abridged version it amounted to a one-man show by Callow, a tour-de-force heroic in its energy but cavalier with the sly wit of Powell’s text. Take the following passage in which the young Jenkins encounters Widmerpool at the Walpole-Wilson’s dinner party: “I did not as yet see him as one of the symbolic figures, of whom most people possess at least one example, around whom past and future have a way of assembling”. Excised in the Callow version; read straight by Beale.

Allowing for the inevitability of such losses the editing of the abridged recording of the whole sequence is acceptable to all but the most committed Powellite, who are perhaps amongst those least likely to buy it. So, for all the fruitiness of Callow’s performance, it can still be recommended, if only as a way of encouraging those with a short attention span - and less ready cash - to enjoy one of the greatest classics of twentieth century English literature. In the car. Jogging. In bed. Anywhere, really.

If that sounds like a lukewarm endorsement, it is. For the full text sparkles with insight and that oh-so-dry humour that stops a shade or two this side of black. And the characters take on a life of their own in Beale’s reading that is subtly different from that formerly assigned them inside my own head, and the better for that. His is an intelligent, at times provocative interpretation, but not in the sense of Shakespeare in modern dress. It expresses itself in the presentation of a different, more complex, and ultimately more sympathetic characterisation of Widmerpool than he essayed on screen. Jenkins, too, comes over as more convincingly real on tape than on TV. As X Trapnel might have remarked, “It is what’s between the ears that fills in the detail.”

So far the first two volumes are the only ones to make it to market, each taking up six cassettes and running to some eight hours recording. But then it took Cover-to-Cover years to do justice to Trollope’s Barchester series of novels, and Timothy West later told me that narrating them practically killed him. So perhaps a renewed interest in Powell and a resting period in Beale’s busy theatrical life will encourage them to complete the Dance. I, for one, am saving up.

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Contact the Editor or Secretary for more details
A Villanelle for Charles

by John Gould

Never would the Dancers feel the same;
Seeking peace in some sad futile quest,
Childe Stringham to the darkened tower came.

At school he neatly changed the Gallic name
Le Bas to Braddock alias Thorne in jest:
Never would the Dancers feel the same.

Awash with gin and old boy’s best champagne,
He staggered home. He roughly was undressed.
Childe Stringham to the darkened tower came.

He turned the sour sweet, Bo Peep made tame,
Yet, faced with Weedon iron, he failed the test.
Never would the Dancers feel the same.

The F-Mess salt forgot, he took the blame
While serving at the subalterns’ behest:
Childe Stringham to the darkened tower came.

They shot him off to Singapore (and fame):
His death would finally seal up all in rest:
But never would the Dancers feel the same.
Childe Stringham to the darkened tower came.

Donations to Charity in Memory of Lady Violet Powell

Thanks to the generosity of members we raised £560 for charity in memory of Lady Violet Powell.

In accordance with members’ wishes the monies have been divided between Chantry PCC (for the upkeep of Holy Trinity Church, Chantry) and The Blue Cross (an animal welfare charity which does a lot of work with cats and horses – both beloved of Lady Violet). Chantry PCC received £310 and The Blue Cross received £250.

Both Chantry PCC and The Blue Cross have expressed their appreciation and send their thanks to those members who made donations.

EGM -- 24 April 2002

The Society EGM was held on Wednesday 24 April to consider the Society’s revised Constitution. Although attendance at the meeting was disappointing, a pleasing number of members returned their proxy voting forms.

After some interesting discussion the revised Constitution was approved with 50 votes in favour, none against and two spoilt papers. This now enables us to prepare a submission to the Charity Commission for recognition as a registered charity.

The full minutes of the EGM are enclosed with this Newsletter.

Dates for Your Diary

Saturday 14 September 2002
Society AGM
Eton College; 1430 hrs
Details elsewhere in this issue

Monday 7 & Tuesday 8 April 2003
Second Biennial Anthony Powell Conference
Anthony Powell and Oxford of the 1920s
Details elsewhere in this issue
From the Secretary’s Desk

A small and unexpected delight dropped on my desk the other day. It was one of those strange creations of mankind to which we seem so attached: a book.

Not so unusual for the Secretary of a literary society, you think. Indeed so. But what was special about this particular book was the author: our very own former Senator John Monagan – “the Congressman” of Anthony Powell’s Journals.

The volume in question, A Pleasant Institution, is Monagan’s autobiography. It follows him from his childhood in Waterbury, Connecticut; through Dartmouth College and Harvard Law School; his unexpected elevation as Mayor of Waterbury in 1943; entry to Congress in the late-50s; and finally retirement and introduction to his first personal computer.

Along the way, of course, “the Congressman” talks of his friendship with Anthony Powell – a friendship which lasted some 30 years – and their correspondence (now at Georgetown University). Delightful though this is, it is sadly only a 3 page cameo in 400 pages.

This is an interesting insight into Middle America and the American political scene during the 40s, 50s and 60s – a very personal account (no worse for that!); quietly, expertly and readably written.

But, dear John, a longer memoir of Anthony Powell would be a treasure.

A Pleasant Institution, by John S Monagan was published this year by the University Press of America. ISBN 0 7618 2152 X

Second Biennial
Anthony Powell Conference
2003

Anthony Powell and Oxford of the 1920s

Monday 7 & Tuesday 8 April 2003
Balliol College, Oxford.

All members should have received a copy of the Call for Papers. An additional copy is included with this Newsletter; please pass it on. If anyone can distribute further copies to likely speakers or delegates, please contact the Secretary.

Provisional delegate bookings for the conference are being accepted by the Secretary. The conference will be strictly limited to a maximum of 100 delegates.

We are still in urgent need of a philanthropic organisation or individual to make the conference viable! Without some external funding the Executive and Conference Committees will have to make some tough decisions and cancellation of the conference is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Time is limited; irrevocable decisions are likely to have to be made before publication of the next Newsletter.

Small Ad Space to Let

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Appropriate Display Small Ads (like this), 15p/word, minimum £3
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Full rates on page 7
Meet the Committee: Leatrice Gilbert Fountain

I was born in Los Angeles, the only child of two silent film actors, John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy. After a colourful childhood, not without its stresses, I fled east and have remained in the New York and Connecticut area ever since.

I had one novel published by Doubleday, have written for various magazines, and wrote a biography of my father that was published in 1985 by St. Martin’s Press.

I was married for 36 years to John Fountain, a financial analyst, who was the most intelligent man I ever met. Also the funniest. I have five children, seven grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

I met Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich’s daughter, recently for the first time in many years. We embraced and said to each other in unison, “We survived!”

Discovering Anthony Powell in my later years has been an endless source of delight.

Save Money & Help the Society
Another Opportunity

In the last issue we reminded members that the Anthony Powell website is affiliated to both Amazon.com and Amazon.co.uk, the discount Internet bookshops.

We are pleased to announce that the website now also has an affiliation with Abebooks -- www.abebooks.com -- one of the largest internet used book stores.

The arrangement with Abebooks works exactly as that with the Amazon stores: follow the link to Abebooks by clicking their logo in the top right of the website homepage and any books ordered in that session will earn a small commission for the Society.

Newsletter Copy Deadlines, 2002-3

The deadlines for receipt of articles and advertisements for the Newsletter are:

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Books for Sale

A small selection of Anthony Powell and other miscellaneous volumes

Private sale at competitive prices

For full list contact: Keith Marshall
Phone: 020 8864 4095
Fax: 020 8864 6109
Email: kcm@cix.co.uk
Society Merchandise

Postcards
There are two postcards available, both illustrated below:
- B&W card of AP with his cat Trelawney.
- The Wallace Collection’s colour postcard of Poussin’s painting of A Dance to the Music of Time.

The two cards are slightly differently priced but both are post free in the UK; non-UK members are asked to pay a small contribution towards the cost of airmail postage and packing.

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Eton Conference Proceedings
The proceedings of the first AP Conference (2001) at Eton are still available. This first (and almost certainly only) edition is limited to just 250 numbered copies each signed by the Society’s Patron John Powell. Copies, post free to members, are £15 each. [Non-members please add P&P: UK £0.95, Europe £1.90, Rest of World £2.80 per copy.]

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

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

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

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Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK.

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Annual General Meeting 2002

Notice is hereby given that this year’s Annual General Meeting of The Anthony Powell Society will be held on Saturday 14 September 2002 at Eton College commencing at 1430 hrs.

The meeting will be followed by an opportunity for members to see some of the Powell manuscripts in Eton College Library.

Nominations for the honorary Executive Officers (Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer) and up to four Executive Committee Members must be received in writing by the Secretary no later than noon (UK time) on Monday 29 July 2002. All nominations must bear the name & signature of two proposers as well as the signature of the candidate (as shown in the form on right). Electronic signatures will be accepted in the form of an e-mail from the proposer/candidate to the Secretary. Normal mail and faxes will also, of course, be accepted.

Please note: The members of the Executive (officers and committee members) will be the Society’s trustees when we are granted status as a registered charity. This means that those elected must not be barred from being trustees under English law and a majority of the Executive must be ordinarily resident in England and Wales.

Motions for discussion at the AGM must also be submitted to the Secretary no later than noon (UK time) on Monday 29 July 2002. They must be clearly worded, proposed by at least two members and contain a statement (to be sent to members) in support of the motion.

The formal agenda for the meeting together with proxy voting papers will be sent to all members in early August. Proxy votes must reach the Secretary no later than noon (UK time) on Friday 06 September 2002.

The Anthony Powell Society Officer/Committee Proposal Form

We the undersigned wish to nominate

___________________________________________________________
for the post of

___________________________________________________________

----- -----

Proposer:________________________
Signed:_______________Date:_______

----- -----

Seconder:________________________
Signed:_______________Date:_______

----- -----

Candidate’s Declaration

If elected I agree to serve as

___________________________________________________________

and to act at all times in the best interests of the Society. I am not barred from acting as the trustee of a charity under the laws of England & Wales.

Name:___________________________
Signed:_____________________Date:_______
Officers & Executive Committee

Patron                   John Powell
President                Hugh Massingberd
Chairman*                Maggie Noach
Hon. Secretary*          Dr Keith Marshall
Hon. Treasurer*          Prof. Ian Young
Committee Members*       Stephen Holden
                        Dr Nicholas Birns (USA)
                        Leatrice Fountain (USA)
                        Tony Robinson
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                        Catherine Mansel Lewis
2003 Conference Organising Committee
                        Keith Marshall
                        Christine Berberich
                        Sue Frye
                        Stephen Holden
                        Catherine Mansel Lewis
                        Noreen Marshall
                        Tony Robinson

* Members of the Executive Committee. All officers are resident in the UK unless stated.

Please send all correspondence to:
Hon. Secretary
The Anthony Powell Society
76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford
Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK

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Fax: +44 (0)20 8864 6109
Email: secretary@anthonypowell.org.uk

Solutions for Crossword No. 5

Across: 8 Façade; 9 Acidosis; 10 Ward; 11 Tokenhouse; 12 Dean; 13 Sunderland; 17 Font; 18 Uncle; 19 Came; 21 Grenadiere; 23 Lady; 24 Stonehurst; 28 Eros; 29 Concerto; 30 Robert

Down: 1 Sarajevo; 2 Paddington; 3 Deathsquad; 4 Mark; 5 Finn; 6 Soho; 7 Gibson; 14 Niche; 15 Elementary; 16 Local Derby; 20 Mediocre; 22 Ration; 25 Nick; 26 Hero; 27 Riot

An Apology

The Secretary would like to apologise to anyone who tried to communicate with him by fax during April and early May. Installation of a new PC and conversion to broadband internet access succeeded in throwing an unusual number of gremlins in the works, displacing the normally reliable mice on their tread-wheel. Happily the gremlins have now been evicted, the mice are rested and well-fed, and normal service is restored. The Secretary offers apologies for any inconvenience this has caused.

Contributions to the Newsletter are always welcome and should be sent to:

Newsletter Editor, Stephen Holden,
The Anthony Powell Society
76 Ennismore Avenue
Greenford, Middlesex, UB6 0JW, UK

Fax: 020 8864 6109
Email: sjholden@hotmail.com.
Essay Competition

jointly sponsored by
The DT Charitable Trust and the ALS

First prize £100
Special second prize £25 book token

The David St John Thomas Charitable Trust is combining with the Alliance of Literary Societies to sponsor a competition for which you are invited to write an essay (maximum 1000 words) on the subject:

Does 19th century fiction still have anything to say to a 21st century audience?

You may feel that such 19th century authors as Jane Austen and Charles Dickens were writing in a time and on subjects that no longer have any relevance to the world in which we live. Or you may believe that the 19th century greats have a timeless message, and that we can still learn both from what they have to say and from their writing techniques.

Whatever your view, argue your case in up to 1000 words and mail your essay (which must be postmarked by 15 October 2002) to:
ALS Joint Competition, DT Charitable Trust, PO Box 6055, Nairn, IV12 4YB.

There are no entry fees or entry forms for this competition, and the rules are set out below.

In addition to the prize, the winning entry will be published in a future issue of Aspire (the DT Charitable Trust magazine) and also in The Open Book (the ALS Journal).

Competition Rules

1. Entry: Entry is open to Friends of the David St John Thomas Charitable Trust and to members of those literary societies in membership of the ALS.

2. Manuscripts: Entries must be typed in double spacing on single sides of A4 paper, accompanied by a front sheet stating entrant’s name, address and daytime telephone number. If you can also give an email address, please do so. Entries cannot be accepted by fax or email or on computer disk. Entries to this competition cannot be returned, and entrants are therefore advised to retain their own copies. Receipt of entries will be acknowledged if accompanied by a suitably worded stamped and addressed postcard.

3. Judging: Competition judges will be appointed by the Charitable Trust and the ALS. Judging decisions will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. Prizes: A first prize will be awarded of £100 and a second prize of a £25 book token. The winning entry will be published in Aspire and in The Open Book. The competition sponsors also reserve the right to publish the second prize entry.

5. Rights: Copyright of winning entries remains with the authors, but the Charitable Trust and the ALS acquire the rights to publish the winning and second place entry in any publication issued by them, either jointly or separately, before 31 December 2005.

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The Alliance of Literary Societies is a federation of literary societies. It has around 100 members including The Anthony Powell Society.
### Section A : Member Information

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

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

Member’s Name  
Address

Postcode/Zip  
Country  
Email

Number of years membership being paid:  
1 / 2 / 3

Is this membership a gift?  
Yes / No  
If Yes please complete Section B

### Section B : Gift Membership Information

<table>
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<tr>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Postcode/Zip  
Country  
Email

Where shall we send the membership?  
Direct to the recipient  
To me to give to the recipient personally

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

### Section C : Payment Information

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Total amount payable</th>
<th>£</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>No. of years x membership rate</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I enclose a sterling cheque drawn on a UK bank. Please make cheques payable to The Anthony Powell Society.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Please debit my Visa / MasterCard  
Card No.:  
Valid from:  
Expires:

Name & address of cardholder, if different from above.

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

### Section D : Mailing Information

Please send the completed form and payment to:

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

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