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EDITOR’S LETTER

There is a lot of news in this Newsletter. Much of it in the loose inserts, so please read them as they fall out.

October is action packed. The AGM is on 21 October with a talk by your Chairman on Anthony Powell Off Duty: Collages and Wine, a lecture by Hilary Spurling on 28 October at the Wallace Collection on her new life of AP, followed by a rearranged Pub Meet at The Coach Makers at 88 Marylebone Lane from 17.00-19.00. Please see the announcements on page 34.

We have a new feature 'The Master's Voice' developed by Stephen Eggins, a long standing and loyal member known to many of you, from remarks made by Nick Birns at the York Conference last year on how important it was to hear AP’s voice. Stephen has selected a comic portrait of Chips Lovell and his sense of familial relationships.

On a sad note we report that Joan Williams, a long standing Canadian member, died on 3 July 2017 and Nick Birns contributes a short obituary on page 32.

Bernard Stacey tells us how he came to write War Dance, a compendium of military phrases and acronyms used in AP's three military volumes which the Society will shortly publish. We are very grateful to Bernard for his diligence and initiative in doing this. David Eldridge has designed an irresistible cover. You will want to buy a copy for yourself and friends.

Laurie Adams Frost contributes her correspondence with AP. We are very grateful to her. We are always keen to publish original material so that it is not lost to the world but preserved in the Society's archive.

We have a fuller Letters to the Editor in this issue, with contributions from Lady Antonia Fraser, Jonathan Kooperstein and Jeff Manley.

Continuing to widen the scope of the NL to encompass AP and his world, Jeff Manley follows up his piece in the last issue (§ 67) on V S Naipaul by discussing Penelope Fitzgerald. Prue Raper describes the annual AP walk. This was a reprise of the 2013 walk (see NL § 52) and clearly much enjoyed. Many
thanks to Ivan Hutnik for being cicerone and to Gerald Parsons for being orator.

Finally Uncle Giles provides topical advice on beach etiquette and John Powell updates us on the progress of the boiler at the Chantry.

Mrs Widmerpool is on holiday.

Thankfully summer is nearly over and we can bid farewell to sun and sand and say hello to books and crumpets. Happy reading.

*Stephen Walker*
editor@anthonypowell.org

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**FROM THE SECRETARY’S DESK**

First and foremost, we have two lectures. On 28 October Hilary Spurling will be talking about AP as a follow-on to her much anticipated biography (due out in early October). We are grateful to the Wallace Collection for agreeing to host this lecture as a one-off event, and to Vice-President Jeremy Warren for his help in setting this in motion. Secondly, we are pleased to be able to reinstate the annual AP Lecture. This year’s will be held on 6 December at the Travellers Club; and we are grateful to member George Warren for facilitating this. Powell was a member of the Travellers for around 70 years, and the Club has often been requested as an event venue. The lecture will be given by Alexander Waugh, grandson of Powell’s friend, Evelyn Waugh.

Yet again we must thank Vice-President Patric Dickinson for his hard work in arranging both these lectures.

Don’t forget to come to the AGM on Saturday 21 October.

Keith Marshall
secretary@anthonypowell.org
I can remember the exact moment I decided to first write Anthony Powell on August 11, 1987. It was the end of the third summer I had worked on my dissertation, and rounding a curve, it simply came to mind that Anthony Powell was the most important person in my life. Yes, I had a husband, friends, colleagues, but it was AP I spent my days with. He was nearly 82 and I thought, I cannot wait until I finish this dissertation; I shall write him today to thank him for *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Mine would have been a lesser life had I not read Powell. Simple as that.

This is what I wrote:

Dear Mr. Powell,

For the past three summers I have been working on a dissertation on *A Dance to the Music of Time*; for three years I’ve been living closely with your book, and I simply wanted to thank you for it. Each time I return to the book I fall a little bit more in love with Nick; he is such a gracious and generous man, such a loyal friend and husband, such a forgiving lover.

What I am working on more specifically are the two principles of organization I see operating in *Dance*: the one based on the internal reality of Nick, the mechanics of his memory, and the other on the patterns in the external reality he perceives. This is broad enough to allow me to write on many of the things I particularly like, for example, the portraits of Sir Magnus Donners and Dicky Umfraville (I was – and wasn’t – surprised to find that they are among the only four characters at least mentioned in each of the volumes: wasn’t because I remember them well, was because I couldn’t explain why). And Nick’s relationship with Jean: that is another of the work’s loveliest, and most bittersweet, stories to me. I find the book settling and reassuring; although it documents so many losses, it does so while affirming pleasure (I like Conyers, too, who carries on in strong style, in spite of his understanding of the
futility of human endeavors). In one chapter I argue that it is a better work than Remembrance of Things Past; not only are Dance’s theoretical premises unstated, subtle, implicit in the work rather than declared, but its tone and the behavior of its protagonist are much healthier, more appealing.

But you know all of this; all I can offer is my thanks. I am twenty-eight, and I can’t imagine in the rest of my life finding again such a marvelous world to live in as that that Dance offers me. I’ve found too that among those who have read Dance a special sympathy is common, and that a number of readers have named pets after various characters – strong evidence of the desire to be reminded daily of its charms. I, for example, carried home the scrawniest yellow tabby in the pound and named him Sir Magnus; he has thrived ever since.

Again, my sincere thanks,

Laurie Adams Frost

Just a week later I received my first letter from Powell, dated 19 August 1987, which ends with Powell passing along the Cornish Rex Trelawney’s greetings to my Sir Magnus.

The Chantry, Nr Frome, Somerset. 19 August 1987

Dear Miss Frost,

Thank you so much for your very charming letter about Dance. I was delighted with all you say about the novel, indeed I can imagine no more pleasing appreciation to be sent to a writer. I occasionally get asked specific questions about the events of the narrative, and always point out that the story is, so to speak, merely ‘told over the dinner table’, the Narrator only knows what he guesses or is revealed to him. I think this always important to bear in mind, and might help in your dissertation.

At the end of September Thames & Hudson (30 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.1.) are publishing An Album of AP’s Dance to the Music of Time, which might amuse you if it comes your way. It contains a lot of pictures etc, mentioned in the book, but unfortunately a publisher has not yet been found for it in the US.
Our Cornish Rex, named Trelawney, sends fraternal greetings to Sir Magnus.

Thank you again for your most cheering remarks,

Yours sincerely,

Anthony Powell

AP with his cat
Trelawney

I don’t have my cover letter for my second communication with Powell, a copy of my dissertation, in other words, an unbound box of several hundred pages of academic writing, which I imagine elicited a groan. Still he wrote a kind letter of thanks and encouragement on 24 February 1988.

The Chantry, Nr Frome, Somerset. 24 February 1988

Dear Mrs Frost,

Thank you very much for your dissertation, which I look forward to reading. I am so glad you liked The Album. If you are not successful in getting a publisher to take on your work it might be worth bearing in mind that there is an AP Society which produces Communications annually (Nancy Cutbirth, Dept of English, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Mich 49008), which might print an extract. Again thanks for your kind remarks.

Yours sincerely,

Anthony Powell

I remember getting a press-cutting from one of your state newspapers years ago saying ‘Alabamans will find the jokes provincial.’

Then in August 1990 I was able to send him my book, Reminiscent Scrutinies. I’d had my first child in November 1989, was working full time, and was sleep-deprived. I don’t remember packing up the book or mailing it or what note I
enclosed. It must have been handwritten because I still have some scraps of the “Steinlen writing paper.”

My book’s arrival is noted in the entry for Sunday 12 August 1990 in Journals 1990-1992, although his letter in reply is dated the 11th. The short note in Journals mentions two points from his letter to me, our mutual admiration of Spurling and my interest in the fictional Capt. Dru’s influence on Nick’s reading of Nietzsche and Kierkegaard, concluding, “That would greatly have amused Alick.”

The Chantry, Nr Frome, Somerset. 11 August 1990.

Dear Mrs. Frost,

Thank you very much for Reminiscent Scrutinies. As soon as I read that you thought most of the stuff written about me was poor, descending to awful, with the exception of Hilary Spurling (of whom you used the absolutely appropriate word ‘grace’) I saw you grasped the situation. I think the less one ponders the sort of things you deal with while one is actually writing the better, but other people’s views, if they are as bright as yours, are always fascinating to read about. I was much amused by your picking out Alick Dru, a man of extreme intelligence and great friend, though with a profoundly different shaped mind to my own. I had merely heard of Kierkegaard before I met him, but we used to laugh together about Nietzsche, whose style he thought ‘awful’ even while enjoying him, but I rather like. My heart always sinks when my name is coupled with Proust’s, as I have often said that any long book in which a Duke is mentioned is always called Proustian, but I think you do get the great differences well, as did a recent piece for a Festschrift by an academic here called Philip Thody, the first I ever read to hit off the contrast perfectly. As a matter of fact I have just finished a fourth or fifth reading, and I’m still not sure I really understand the ‘unconscious memory’ theory. It seems to me that when you’ve bitten into your madeleine or tripped over the kerb, it brings on ordinary memory, but I think your point is that eating the madeleine actually brings back childhood, you become a child again, that was what Proust meant, rather than remembering what it was to be a child in later life. Marvellous as the set-pieces are, I feel more and more that the homosexual physical relations do not properly assimilate with heterosexual ones, and Albertine never
wholly comes off. I am sure you are right in saying I have ‘fans in the US but not critics’, which is certainly true. I am often amazed at the number of the former. It would be an exaggeration to say I get an American fan letter every week, but it isn’t greatly short of that, while my sales there can scarcely be discerned with the naked eye. However, your fears for my survival did put me in mind of an incident which I think I put into Dance or my Memoirs. My very nice opposite number in the Free French, when I was a Liaison Officer, an elderly captain, had never heard of Proust, when I spoke of him, probably after my wartime visit to Cabourg, which I describe. Some days later he said to me: ‘You know that French writer you mentioned to me the other day, I enquired and he’s not taught in the schools.’ That was final.

Your Steinlen writing paper makes me think you share my passion for cats. Our present incumbent is called Snook, retaining the name of the people who lived in the Thomas Hardy farm near here whence he came, tabby with white shirtfront. Our wonderful Cornish Rex called Trelawney, the most intelligent, if also the wickedest, cat I have ever known, also the most affectionate, caught that wasting disease cats are subject to, and died just before his eleventh birthday.

Anyway, thank you again for an absorbing volume.

Anthony Powell

[Handwritten postscript]

My normal (if any typewriter can be called that) typewriter is in hospital. A volume of my recent writings Miscellaneous Verdicts (Heinemann) came out here a month or two ago, but alas as of yet no US publisher.

I never asked him to explain anything about the novel; I think novelists expect for each writer to have her own relationship with the work. Novels are closed universes.

I wrote him a brief note of thanks. I didn’t write him again because I imagined that his correspondence occupied much of his time. My book was finished; it said what I had to say, and so that seemed both polite and reasonable.
Penelope Fitzgerald (née Knox) (1916-2000) was a writer and schoolteacher. Her literary career shares certain similarities to that of Barbara Pym (1913-80), with whose works her early novels are often compared. They both were Oxford graduates for whom writing was interrupted by forces beyond their control for considerable periods—in Penelope’s case by the need to raise a family while also acting as its breadwinner and in Barbara Pym’s by unsympathetic publishers. Both were affected by actions of David Cecil, in Pym’s case positively, in Penelope’s not. Both made their reputations by writing short satirical novels based on their daily lives, and both were well-established writers by the time they died.

Although Barbara Pym died before Penelope’s reputation was established, Penelope wrote an essay about Pym’s writing on the occasion reviewing her last novel that was published posthumously. Penelope described Pym’s writing as “high comedy” about

a settled world, ready to resent disturbance, and in her nine novels, Barbara stuck serenely to the one she knew best: quiet suburbs, obscure office departments, villages where
the neighbors could be observed through the curtains, and, above all, Anglican parishes... As might be expected, however, of such a brilliant comic writer, the issues are not comic at all. Three kinds of conflict recur throughout... the novels: growing old...; hanging on to some kind of individuality, however crushed, however dim; and adjusting the vexatious distance between men and women. Penelope Fitzgerald, *The Afterlife: Essays and Criticism*, New York 2003, pp. 275-76. (In the UK entitled *A House of Air: Selected Writings*).

Similarly, Penelope in her first four novels wrote about the world she knew from experience: a village bookstore, the BBC, teaching in London, and a family of reduced means on a houseboat. She later wrote several historical novels.

Pym was an avid fan of Powell’s novels, but she never met him. He discovered her writings only after her death, due in part to actions of David Cecil. (See my article “Mrs. Widmerpool’s Bridge-Coat,” *APS Newsletter* #39, Summer 2010, pp. 6-13.) Fitzgerald has left no record of having been a Powell fan, but she did meet him and his wife at one point, also due indirectly to actions of David Cecil. Powell wrote about his admiration for Pym’s novels in his *Journals* but leaves no published record of having ever read any of Penelope’s works.

Penelope was from a distinguished intellectual family. Her father was E.V. Knox, poet and one-time editor of *Punch*. One of her uncles was Ronald Knox--Old Etonian, theologian and writer--who spent his last years as a guest in the Manor House at Mells where he became acquainted with the Powells, who lived in the neighboring Somerset village of Chantry. Penelope began her writing career with literary journalism at *Punch* and after the war (during which she worked at the BBC) she and her husband, Desmond, became editors of a literary journal known as *World Review*. This ceased publication about 2½ years after they took over but during their tenure, she made valuable contacts with many literary figures active in the early 1950s, including novelist L. P. Hartley.
Her husband, a barrister, tried to return to a legal practice after the magazine folded but was unable to thrive, perhaps due to the stresses to which he was exposed during extended active combat duty in the war. He also had a serious drinking problem. After being forced out of his chambers, he was able to secure steady work in menial clerical positions at travel agencies but was unable to earn enough to support his wife and three children. Penelope was forced to work in various low-paying teaching positions in private schools and crammers, but middle-class housing in London proved beyond their means. At one point they were living in a houseboat anchored off the Chelsea embankment. After that sank, they moved into public housing in a South London council estate (between Streatham and Clapham). Despite their financial difficulties, all of their three children managed to graduate from Oxford. Once their educations were safely launched, Penelope returned to her literary career. In the 1970s, she began by writing biographies of the artist Edward Burne-Jones and then of her father and his three brothers. She also produced a mystery novel (*The Golden Child*). Her husband had in the meantime died after a botched cancer operation. It was about this time that she embarked on a biography of novelist L. P. Hartley who had died in 1972. This was undertaken with the support and encouragement of her editor (Colin Haycraft) at her then current publisher, Duckworth.

It was this project that brought Penelope into contact with AP. In the account as told by her biographer, David Cecil had become *de facto* executor of Hartley’s literary estate after the original appointee had retired. When Penelope approached Cecil, the latter “wrote off-puttingly: ‘I see no point in our meeting—I am firmly opposed to any biography of him being written for many years to come and am prepared to do nothing that could assist such a project.’” Hartley had been in a “close male friendship” at Oxford with the young Cecil, whose marriage left Hartley bereft. By foreclosing Penelope’s
project, Cecil was “presumably protecting the secrets of his own past, as well as the posthumous life of his friend.” Hermione Lee, *Penelope Knox: A Life*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2014, pp. 250-51 and *passim*.

Penelope continued to pursue the projected biography, however, with added encouragement from Francis King, a friend of Haycraft. King referred her to “other key figures” in Hartley’s life and told her, “You must write it even if not for years & years.” Among those to whom King referred her was AP, who was known to be a friend of Hartley’s.

Both of the Powells recall Hartley in their memoirs. AP first encountered him at a party at Garsington, at which David Cecil was also present. This was before Hartley had become a major novelist. AP remarked that Hartley subsequently, as a critic, gave my early novels encouraging notices, and twenty years or more later, as a country neighbor we saw a great deal of him...He loved entertaining—and being entertained—and was the most generous of hosts, but would go out of his way to find cooks or butlers of literally alarming eccentricity. *TKBR*, Penguin, p. 104.

Lady Violet refers several times to meeting Hartley socially at The Chantry, at Hartley’s house near Bath or at other venues of mutual friends. On one visit, Hartley arrived at The Chantry in his car, with an eccentric butler/driver as well as Alan Pryce-Jones and Christabel, Lady Aberconwy, in tow. They had stopped at Mells Manor on the way and were surprised to have been received by Katharine Asquith alone. This was at the time that Penelope’s uncle, Ronald Knox, was in residence. Violet later learned from Katharine the reason for Knox’s absence:

Katharine had been apprehensive that Evelyn Waugh [also visiting] would be impolite to Alan Pryce-Jones for a number of absurd reasons. To avert a social disaster, Ronnie had firmly taken Evelyn out for a walk, and kept him looking at the pigsties till the coast was clear. *The Departure Platform* (1998), p. 96.

AP, for his part, had reviewed six of Hartley’s books, including both novels and short stories. He didn’t, however, consider any of the reviews worthy of
inclusion in his collected journalism. The books he reviewed included both of those generally considered Hartley’s best. The Go-Between (1953) was described as reflecting “ingenious and somewhat Jamesian themes...providing plenty of play for [Hartley’s] skill in examining social and family relationships.” Punch (v. 225), 14 October 1953, p. 471. Eustace and Hilda (1958) was Hartley’s “most impressive work to date.” This was a reprint of three novels, and the middle (The Sixth Heaven), about Oxford in the 20s, “shows Mr. Hartley at his most brilliant...achieving with extraordinary success his portrait of his hero, Eustace, quiet and unassuming yet invincibly firm in his own manner.” Punch (v. 234), 14 May 1958, p. 652.

In furtherance of her biography of Hartley, Penelope made a visit to the Powells in 1979. She describes this in her notebooks:

Her visit to Anthony and Violet Powell got off to a bad start, as the taxi driver taking her to the house asked if she had “come down for a housekeeper’s job, which made me wonder if I’m wearing the right clothes.” But Powell, handsome in tweeds in his lovely country house with five thousand books “none of which AP says he feels like reading” was funny, forthcoming and helpfully free with anecdotes, like the one about the servant-boyfriend “lying naked on the bed while LPH read to him from the Bible.” Powell at once got in touch with David Cecil and told him to “come off it, as Leslie’s biography was sure to be written some time.” (Lee, supra, 251-52, n. 20).

Penelope’s memorandum of her visit to the Powells is written in meticulous small script on the back and front of the letter AP sent her dated 24 January 1979 agreeing to be interviewed. In addition to the foregoing summary in Lee’s biography, Penelope also noted that AP liked Hartley and thought that he was less depressive than most others seemed to believe and doubted he was an “active homosexual.” He thought Cecil had insured himself by blocking her project and inventing his own memories of Hartley. AP himself is described by Penelope as

White hair, blue eyes, nice looking but queerly stooped, nice new [classic?] soft-hide shoes...We have sherry liberally poured by AP in study. Coal fire only just lit by AP as we came in...Lunch just a ‘cafeteria’ lamb stew, turnips on hot
plates, lovely wine in flask-shaped green bottle, ‘I thought you might like this,’ then shop eclairs. AP childishy excited, he makes the coffee, totters with bent back in and out of kitchen.

Most of Penelope’s memo summarizes the Powells’ discussion about Hartley and his complicated relationships with his servants and between the servants and his friends. (University of Texas, Additional Papers of Penelope Fitzgerald, Box 4, Folder 5, notebook entry dated 28 February 1979.)

Based on AP’s intervention, Penelope scheduled another meeting with Cecil. This time he was no more forthcoming than previously. She took note of his vague, shabby, charming ways, his dependency on his wife for all practical matters, his knocking back the sherry, his piles of yellowing papers he wouldn’t let her look at, his disapproval of things he thought “common” (the TV version of Eustace and Hilda, the film of The Go-Between), his refusal to be drawn on Leslie’s reaction to his marriage and his bewilderment at any suggestion that Leslie’s life might have been dark or difficult. “Lord D clearly wants to present a happy blameless life…[he] is like the sun coming out and saying, ‘What’s all this about darkness? I don’t see any.’” (Lee, supra.)

AP recalled her visit in his Journals, reminded in 1982 when he met a retired faculty member at the University of Bristol who had been Hartley’s friend. This was Dr. Closs, “an Homeric bore,” who proposed that AP join him in producing a volume of Hartley’s letters:

I tried to explain that I never had more than a half-dozen of these, if that, all of which I had handed over to Penelope Fitzgerald, who is writing Leslie’s biography. Closs said David Cecil was against a biography for twenty years, which I could well believe, as revelations likely to be, to say the least, picturesque. (J82-86, p. 28.)

AP had also mentioned to Penelope that Hartley had been bored by Closs and hoped that he would marry some one named Ursula,
presumably to distract his attention away from Hartley. (UT, Additional Papers, *supra*)

In the end, Penelope gave up the project. She blamed the opposition of Hartley’s sister and David Cecil, a pending lawsuit and general difficulty of access to some materials. Her research and drafts remain among her papers at the University of Texas. (Additional Papers of Penelope Fitzgerald, Box 4.) Eventually, Adrian Wright was granted the necessary access and published a biography in 1996 (*Foreign Country: Life of L.P. Hartley*). Penelope reviewed it and found it was less than forthcoming on some of the more “Freudian” issues, especially the rough trade he found more amusing than did his visitors, but concluded that’s the way Hartley would have wanted it. *The Afterlife*, *supra*, pp. 229-31. AP had given up book reviewing by that time, as well as his journal, and leaves no known record of his reaction to Wright’s book or how it might have differed from Penelope’s.

Meanwhile, after dropping Hartley’s biography, Penelope changed publishers (she never had an agent), eventually retired from teaching and wrote several novels, to increasingly successful popular and critical receptions, especially after she won the Booker Prize in 1979 for *Offshore*. By the time of her death (a few months after AP’s), she was living comfortably off her earnings and was much in demand for lecturing, literary prize judging, interviews and reviewing. By the time Barbara Pym died in 1980, she had also achieved a similar status but enjoyed it only for a few years after her comeback in 1977. Both writers’ works have continued to appear after their deaths and to receive positive critical recognition.
WHO WERE THE DEDICATEES OF POWELL’S WORKS? II. NON-DANCE WORKS

Keith Marshall

In Newsletter #50 Mike Jay looked at the dedicatees of the 12 volumes of Dance. To complete the story this article looks at the dedicatees of all Powell’s non-Dance work – both fiction and non-fiction. As with Dance the assembled company is a disparate array of Powell’s family and friends. However, unlike Dance, quite few volumes carry no dedication at all: these are listed by title only. Here is a brief look at who the dedicatees were.

Fiction

Afternoon Men (1931), Venusberg (1932), From a View to a Death (1933)

Caledonia (1934)

Dedicatees: A Welch Gentleman sometime Mayor of Montgomery in the County of Montgomery in the Principality of Wales, one of His Majesty’s Commissioners for the Peace and also to His Worship’s younger brother, a Gentleman residing in London, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians

John Davies Knatchbull Lloyd (1900-1978). ‘The Widow’ Lloyd as Powell refers to him. Friend of Powell’s from his Oxford undergraduate days. Homosexual, like his brother Wyndham. He spent much time championing the Montgomeryshire heritage.

Wyndham Edward Buckley Lloyd (1901-1980). Younger brother of ‘The Widow’ Lloyd; studied Medicine at Cambridge; also an accomplished photographer. Wyndham Lloyd was one of the party AP joined in Toulon in the early 1930s and the Best Man at the Powells’ marriage. His One Hundred Years of Medicine was published by Duckworth in 1936 at Powell’s suggestion.

Agents and Patients

(1936)

Dedicatee: Violet Georgiana

Lady Violet Powell, née Pakenham (1912-2002). Wife of AP. Third daughter
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of Thomas Pakenham, 5th Earl of Longford (1864-1915), and Lady Mary Villiers (1877-1933); sister of Edward (6th Earl of Longford) and Frank (7th Earl of Longford).

*What’s Become of Waring* (1939)
**Dedicatee**: Edith

**Edith Sitwell** (1887-1964). Poet and critic and the eldest of the three literary Sitwells (Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell) whose circle was by some considered a rival to the Bloomsbury group. She is perhaps best remembered today for her poem *Façade* which was set to music by William Walton and first performed in public in 1923.

*Two Plays* (1971)

*O How the Wheel Becomes It!* (1983)
**Dedicatee**: Hilary

**Hilary Spurling** (b.1940). Biographer and critic. Author of *Handbook to Anthony Powell’s Music of Time* and, at the time of writing, engaged on an official biography of AP. Her other biographical subjects include Paul Scott, Pearl Buck, Sonia Orwell and Matisse.

*The Fisher King*
(1986)
**Dedicatees**: Anthony and Tanya

**Anthony Hobson** (1921-2014). Close friend of AP’s who, according to his obituary in the *Daily Telegraph* (23 July 2014), was “a gentleman scholar of the old school, the world’s greatest expert on Renaissance bindings and an all-round bibliophile of great distinction”. For many years he was head of Sotheby’s (where his father was sometime Chairman) book department. In 1959 he married **Tanya Vinogradoff** (d.1988).

**Non-Fiction**

*Barnard Letters* (1928)

*John Aubrey and His Friends* (1948)
**Dedicatee**: Malcolm

**Malcolm Muggeridge** (1903-1990). Journalist and author who became a religious and moral campaigner. Another close friend of Powell’s from the immediately pre- and post-WW2 period until AP took exception to Muggeridge’s 1960 review of *The Valley of Bones*. Muggeridge was Editor of
*Punch* from 1953 to 1957 and it is he who appointed AP as its Literary Editor.

*John Aubrey’s Brief Lives* (1949)

*Infants of the Spring*  
(1976)  
**Dedicatees**: My Grandchildren  
**Georgia Powell** (b.1969) and **Archibald Thomas Llywelyn (Archie) Powell** (b.1970). Children of Tristram Powell, so AP’s grand-children.


*To Keep the Ball Rolling* (Penguin paperback, 1983)  
**Dedicatees**: My Grandchildren (as above)

*Miscellaneous Verdicts* (1990)  
**Dedicatee**: Roy Jenkins  
**Roy, later Lord, Jenkins** (1920-2003). Politician and friend of AP’s. Served as Chancellor of the Exchequer and as Home Secretary in both Harold Wilson and James Callaghan’s administrations; latterly President of the European Commission, Leader of the Social Democratic Party and Chancellor of Oxford University.

**Dedicatee**: Kingsley Amis  
**Kingsley Amis** (1922-1995). Novelist, poet, critic and teacher. One of the “angry young men” of the 1950s who also included John Osborne and Harold Pinter. Friend of AP’s.

*Journals 1982-1986*  
(1995)  
**Dedicatee**: Tessa  
**Tessa Davies** (b.1938). Close friend and neighbour of the Powells who shared a birthday with Lady Violet. Sometime director of Frome printers Butler & Tanner (to whom she was related), printers of Kingsley Amis’s *The Old Devils*. Tessa also transcribed all three volumes of Powells *Journals*.

*Journals 1987-1989*  
(1996)

18
Dedicatee: My niece Antonia

Lady Antonia Fraser Pinter (b.1932). Daughter of Frank Pakenham, 7th Earl of Longford, and his wife Elizabeth, so AP and Lady Violet’s niece. Author of history, novels, biographies and detective fiction. Married in 1956 to Conservative politician Sir Hugh Fraser (they divorced in 1977) and then to playwright Harold Pinter from 1980 to his death in 2008.

Journals 1990-1992
(1997)
Dedicatee: Hugh Massingberd


A Writer’s Notebook
(2001)
Dedicatees: Harry & Hope Coke

Harry Coke (b.1997) and Hope Coke (b.1998). Children of AP’s granddaughter Georgia Powell and Toby Coke, so they are AP’s great-grandchildren.

Some Poets, Artists and ‘A Reference for Mellors’ (2005)
Dedicatee: John Bayley

Prof. John Bayley (1925-2015). British literary critic and writer who was Warton Professor of English at the University of Oxford from 1974 to 1992. Married to author Iris Murdoch from 1956 until her death in 1999. Bayley was not just a friend of AP’s but a great champion of his writing.

The author is grateful for invaluable assistance from John Powell.
It's a seasonal thing. Every September, as the schools restart and there is the start of a chill in the evenings reminding us that summer's lease hath all too short a date, I have an urge to dip into a bit of Powell. Something of an academically atavistic longing to starting the academic year with a dose of The Master.

Last year was no different. I reread Venusberg - my favourite of AP's non-Dance novels - and simultaneously drove to work listening to instalments of Simon Vance's superlative reading of the canon. But at the beginning of The Soldier's Art I was brought up short by the phrase 'shot at dawn cut' of the greatcoat that Nick was buying. I’d read/heard it so often but never given it much thought. Now it rankled and nagged like a tiny pebble in one's shoe. (Moreover, on listening to the whole war trilogy, I had to confess my ignorance on what a button stick actually was, and where on earth Lofoten could be found on a map).

Shuddering at my recollection of the time I had inadvertently addressed a Royal Artillery corporal as 'Bombardier' during my time at Sandhurst, I mused
on how important military titles and terms were within the army environment. I chafed that no civilian reference tome existed to help me navigate Dance's army terms - for although I was quite at home with the idea of ranks and mess etiquette, the more I reread the novels, the more I found military references that eluded me, either in detail or in their entirety. And my military history, I concluded, was patchy at best. I resolved to create a glossary of all these terms - initially for myself, but as the project grew I wondered if there were other uninformed duffers like me hidden in the ranks of the AP Society or elsewhere, and so I extended the print run from one, to an expansive six copies.

Armed with a pencil and three old paperbacks of the trilogy I went through them line by line marking any phrase that seemed to me at all connected with the military life. Then, iPad in hand (for I like writing on this more even than a typewriter) and a combination of dictionaries, encyclopaedias, and the internet at hand, I began - Johnson-like - to create War Dance. With over 250 terms or phrases I anticipated that this would take months but the thing quickly became an obsession and every spare minute - before breakfast, late at night - was poured into the research and the writing.

Most entries were easy enough. Lofoten - in Norway in turns out - is well catalogued and the only skill required was composing a précis for the entry. Others, like the Light Bobs, took a little more finding; some, like pipes of port, led me down interesting though irrelevant byways. Ironically, it was the one that started it all - the shot at dawn cut - that took the most researching. After much work, questions on Army Internet forums, and finally a visit to my old military tailor, I'm still not one hundred percent sure of the right answer but am prepared to believe the tailor as a genuine expert. For what he and I concluded - you'll have to buy the book!

In all, it was a most rewarding experience. The educationalists call it 'unconscious incompetence' and it is remarkable how much a detailed knowledge of references within a work can add to one’s enjoyment of it. The project inspired me to do the same for another hitherto uncatalogued aspect of Dance and I am confident that come the end of this year’s Powell season (or autumn, as some call it) a sister booklet to War Dance will exist. Meantime, I hope my military explanations amuse or inform those who care to read it.
IN 1969 I smuggled my first AP novel into school in a hollowed out copy of *The Naked Lunch*. This was an act of testosterone-fuelled rebellion and generalised ennui designed to shock my sister-in-law who had described AP as an even more snobbish writer than Evelyn Waugh. Being a boarder at the Holland Park Maoist-Leninist Academy had made me highly tuned to political hypocrisy, status anxiety and social insecurity.

*Agents and Patients* is a humorous *tour d’horizon* of the Thirties that satirically investigates two of its leitmotifs: film and psychoanalysis. I was immediately attracted by the names of the characters - Maltravers, Chipchase, Mendie Mendoza; names worthy of Dickens or Shakespeare. Although AP described it as "a frivolous novel, even bordering on farce" I found it to be a much more sinister echo of *Decline and Fall* and infinitely sadder. What I found sadistic was the way in which Maltravers and Chipchase batten onto young Blore-Smith, just down from Oxford, and exploit his innocence, lack of self-confidence and private fortune.

Many have characterised AP's novels as *romans à clef*. *Agents and Patients* is one which AP expressly acknowledged as such. He reread it on Friday 8 July 1988 and recorded "What struck me, was...how astonishingly 'like' were the 'real people' there adumbrated, notwithstanding a fair sprinkling of private jokes". (*Journal* 1987-1989 p 121).

I agree with AP's own estimation of the book that it "was quite well put together" and was "not without 'serious' implications". He was absolutely spot on, as he was so often as a critic of others’ novels, when he says in his *Journal*: "When critics write about Dance they are apt to dismiss the pre-war novels as light-weight, which in a sense they are, but have bearing, I should have thought, on what came later.” Often people's first encounter with AP is through *Dance* and they read the other novels later. I am glad that I did it the other way round and that *A & P* was my first time with AP’s work.
Beach Etiquette

Which beach should I frequent? I'm told that nudist beaches are emptier. Certainly they are free of children. The drawback is German ganymedes, intent on interesting you in their male equipment. I find that a withering look works well: sometimes literally. Overall, though, I prefer the regular beaches.

Is a picnic advisable? No. If you have a sandwich it will attract mutts, which will then defecate. A hipflask is essential. If you expect to be hungry, get the Kitchen to prepare some mulligatawny in a thermos.

Should I take a mutt of my own? Only if on the nudist beach, where it will serve to keep the ganymedes, protective of their male equipment, at bay.
Should I take a child of my own? No.

Should I take my own personal entertainment? You should take neither wireless set nor gramophone onto the beach. It is for the perusal – the only sound the waves breaking on the sand - of a book of business tips, the distant horizon, the fillies as they saunter past with their long supple legs...

Nor should I jump up and down in the surf, shrieking? No.

What is correct beach wear? Your general rule is to wear tweeds unless that is out of the question. An Army pal once commissioned Huntsman to run him up half a dozen of swimming togs in ‘Speedo’ style, but of thorn-proof tweed. These drew comment, which a gentleman avoids. Khaki slacks and a short-sleeved shirt are best – no tie, exceptionally - a hat for the sun and dark glasses to be able to peruse the fillies undetected, as they saunter past, with their long supple legs, their curving hips, their...

Fillies in khaki slacks? No. The rules are different for girls. Thongs, preferably.

Tweed thongs? That’s an idea.

Finally, Uncle Giles, need I swim? No.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Jonathan Kooperstein writes:

Sir,

In his article on Dawn Powell (Summer 2017), Robin Bynoe says he is "not sure whether either AP or Dawn Powell had even heard of the other."

Dawn Powell had not only heard of AP, she even reviewed two of his novels, *The Acceptance World* (*Saturday Review, March 3, 1956*) and *At Lady Molly's* (*the Nation, October 25, 1958*).

Her review of *At Lady Molly's* makes for absorbing reading, perhaps because it makes AP's characters, especially Nick Jenkins, sound uncannily like characters from Dawn Powell's own novels.

Nine of Dawn Powell's novels are available in two volumes from the Library of America (President, Society member Cheryl Hurley), which seems to keep the books it publishes in print indefinitely.
Dear Stephen:

Thank you forwarding the email from Antonia Fraser, dated 7 June 2017, regarding the referenced article about V S Naipaul. She points out an error in the text of the article:

“Reading Issue 67 I feel bound to point out a mistake- minor but AP would have wanted me to correct it. I was at Oxford with Vidia and Pat Naipaul (not yet married) and knew them both. I was not therefore introduced by Francis Wyndham. I am happy to say that I remained a friend of Pat till her death and am still a close friend of Vidia as well as Nadira. Vidia and I now go back 65 years. No need for a correction. Just for the record.”

I apologize for this error. The statement was based on the biography of V S Naipaul by Patrick French: “Francis Wyndham unlocked the door, introducing Vidia to Antonia Fraser…” (p. 241). I cannot, however, blame him entirely. I was advised by one of the readers of the draft article that it might be a good idea to send a copy to both Antonia Fraser and Paul Theroux for their comments, and I am sorry to report that I did not follow through on this advice. Accordingly, the first two sentences in the last paragraph beginning at bottom of page 7 of the article in Newsletter #67 should be amended to read as follows:

According to French, Naipaul received introductions through the collective of Francis Wyndham, the Powells, and Antonia Fraser (who knew both Vidia and Pat from Oxford) to “a new group of privately educated, well-connected British people who were willing to accept him as a curiosity, particularly once he gained the imprimatur of literary success.”

Jeff Manley, Austin, Tx, USA
Long-standing Society member, Stephen Eggins, who has attended all but one of the Society’s conferences, would like to share with you his enjoyment of comic character sketches in *Dance*.

He was heartened and encouraged by Nick Birns, who praised the reading spot at the 2016 conference in York by saying that it is always good and always important to hear the author’s voice.

It is intended this will be a regular feature. Here is the first one.

*At Lady Molly’s*  Page 12  Describing Chips Lovell’s relations:

‘Lovell delighted in talking about his relations. His parents had eloped on account of family opposition to their marriage. There had not been enough money. The elder Lovell, who was what Uncle Giles used to call ‘not entirely friendless in high places’, was a painter. His insipid, Barbizonian little landscapes, not wholly devoid of merit, never sold beyond his own circle of friends. The elopement was in due course forgiven, but the younger Lovell was determined that no such grass should grow under his own feet. He was going to get on in life, he said, and in a few years make a ‘good marriage’. Meanwhile, he was looking around, enjoying himself as much as business permitted. Since there were few enough jobs going about for young men at that time, his energies, which were considerable, brought him temporarily into the film business; which everyone, including himself, agreed he had no particular vocation. Something better would turn up. The mystery remained how, in the first place, he had been accepted into an overcrowded profession. Our colleague, Feingold, hinted that the American bosses of the company dreams of some intoxicating social advantage to be read by themselves, personally, through employing an eligible young man of that sort. Feingold may may have been right: on the other hand, he was not wholly free from the strain of Jewish romanticism. Certain it would have been hard to think of any fancy too extraordinary for the thoughts of these higher executives to indulge.’
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF X. TRAPNEL

Prue Raper

Any AP devotee taking part in a “Mastermind” quiz, and asked to name the most famous denizen of Maida Vale, would have no hesitation in offering X. Trapnel. Apart from the BBC recording studios, there is little of interest in this part of London to bother those of us who live south of the river – or even the park. But the magic name was sufficient to bring together 21 like-minded souls on the morning of Saturday, July 1st, under the wise guidance of our Strollmaster-in-Chief, Ivan Hutnik.

We gathered at Warwick Avenue tube station, and at 11 a.m. set off at a brisk pace northwards and into Formosa Street. Here we gathered outside the Prince Albert pub. Built in 1856 and Grade II listed, it is one of less than a dozen pubs in England (seven of which are in London) which retains its original “snob screens”. These were designed to shield the middle class clientele from their unsavoury working class fellow-drinkers. X. Trapnel’s death’s-head swordstick would undoubtedly have placed him in the former class.

Maida Vale itself is supposed to have got its name from an inn called the “Hero of Maida” which once stood on the Edgware Road. It seems more than a coincidence that X’s favourite watering hole in Soho was called the “Hero of Acre” – frequently referred to simply as the “Hero".
Retracing our steps and walking past the tube station, we continued down Warwick Avenue to the Regent’s Canal, along the Blomfield Road tow path. Here we stopped to look at 12 Blomfield Road, once Nancy Mitford’s residence. One of the famous Mitford sisters, and known today particularly for her novels such as *Love in a Cold Climate* and *The Pursuit of Love*, she was parodied in her day by both AP and Julian Maclaren Ross. AP recounts an anecdote told him by Nancy of being invited to lunch in Paris after the war by General Montgomery. She was somewhat surprised and intrigued to find that he showed a sound knowledge of her novels.

Our route took us along the tow path to the tunnel, where we crossed over the A5 footbridge to the Maida Avenue side of the canal. We returned along this side until we turned into Park Place Villas, and outside No. 19 Gerald Parsons gave us our first reading from *Books Do Furnish a Room*, the passage where, during Nick Jenkins’s visit to Trapnel and Pamela’s love nest, Widmerpool makes his dramatic entrance and Trapnel threatens him with his swordstick. It is clear that Trapnel’s flat was inspired by the one in this area where Maclaren Ross lived, as described by Paul Willetts in his biography, *Fear and Loathing in Fitzrovia*, which we discussed at some length.

Doubling back on the same side of the canal we followed the tow path towards Little Venice. Here Gerald gave us the next reading: the account of Trapnel’s discovery of the sodden MS of *Profiles in String* floating in the canal – one of the most dramatic and memorable sequences in *Books*, if not in *Dance* as a whole. Again, in the Willetts biography he describes the many excuses Maclaren Ross provided for not producing his MS of *Until the Day She Dies*. Apparently on one occasion he even claimed that Diana (Bromley), in the course of a furious row, had tossed the MS into the canal.

After all this excitement, we continued soberly, crossing to the far side of the Grand Union Canal by the footbridge, then across another footbridge; and having by then worked up a good appetite for lunch we proceeded to The Waterway restaurant for an excellent lunch.

Very many thanks to Ivan for having planned such an interesting and original stroll for us: one of the many excellent benefits of membership of the Society. Thanks, too, to Noreen Marshall for acting as whipper-in when stragglers were likely to be left behind; and our good wishes to Keith, who was unable to join us, for a swift return to health.
Half of The Audley was reserved for a Chinese tour group. So space for we AP lunchers was a little more constrained than usual. But that did not stop the flow of challenging enquiries, bons mots, bright ideas and general badinage.

But first the food report. Fish and chips remain the most popular dish. Verdict: fish up to scratch, chips fallen off slightly. The Ultimate Fish and Chips was still devoured with élan and ecstasy by the only medically qualified member at table, each sensuously savoured mouthful producing a madeleine moment for RT. A rival dish emerged - The Cow Pie. Officially it is a lamb shank shepherds pie - very good if you are hungry and need comforting. The gammon was pronounced tough. But the idiosyncratic fusion dessert of Eton Mess Scone Cup was not Etonian enough. Too much airy cream and not enough meringue. Back to the drawing board for that one.

Who writes Uncle Giles' Corner? - a frequent enquiry. The answer was finally revealed under persistent close questioning and plying of spiritous liquor. The author is Mr. Hands, first name Divers.

What about ........ ? Self-proclaimed Thrusting, Urgent, Ideas Man, SE asked about a Newsletter feature based on Nick Birns' remarks at the York Conference panel reading of favourite passages from AP. After discussion a new feature- ‘The Master’s Voice’ -was approved.

Did AP ask Lady Violet what he should wear before they went out and whether his tie went with his shirt? Much speculation about the scope of women's influence over men's attire. Pervasive and for the good but unwelcome although justified was the general conclusion. Would AP have worn a Tootal scarf of the sort dashingingly displayed by JB on his way to the RA's Matisse exhibition? Sourced, he revealed, from a shop in Leighton Buzzard that specialises in apparel for aging Mods. So the consensus view was probably not; but we all eagerly await Hilary Spurling's new life of AP for answers to these and other pressing sartorial questions.

Finally a referendum was held on the venue for the AP Birthday Lunch. Oxford & Cambridge Club (2015) or the Malabar Junction (2016)? This time
the Remain vote prevailed. So Malabar Junction it is. Another fitting end to an enjoyable and convivial lunch.

**LAST DAYS OF A BOILER**

In Newsletter 67 Robin Bynoe wrote about AP’s collage in the boiler room at the Chantry. John Powell now reports on the replacement of the old boiler.

In early February three different heating engineers each warned that they could not service our 1950s oil fired heating boiler because of the presence of asbestos in the cladding on the boiler and adjoining pipes. However the last of these was intrigued that our ‘Grecian urn’ heating system was still functioning with water circulating via gravity after so long; he was therefore prepared to suggest a solution with the usual caveats. The way forward was to have a proper survey of the boiler and pipes which duly took place on 25 February 2017. The report established that the boiler and pipes contained Amosite Christolite asbestos with a material assessment of 10 or more requiring urgent attention. It should be removed or treated as soon as possible. The ancient purple carpet surrounding the boiler was also condemned scoring a material assessment level of 7.

There was also the question of AP’s large collage covering the room and in some places the pipes to the boiler and how much of this might be harmed.

18 April 2017 was the last day with the old boiler, which despite its many drawbacks had not missed a beat in the past twenty years, a fact eliciting feelings of nostalgia for Dave Barron the heating engineer, for whom such conversions used to be his and his brother’s bread and butter in former times.
24 April 2017 the contractors arrived to remove the boiler and pipes. A large white kiosk was parked in the drive, a decontamination unit for the workmen to wash off any dust. In the basement, meanwhile, the boiler room was sealed off with polythene with warning and keep out signs. A large air pump was also installed, effectively making the area airtight. The contractors insisted on cleaning and removing the furniture, in effect one large sideboard and large side table where AP’s avocado tree stood for many years. The downward sloping cobbled entrance to the basement at the Chantry was a particular boon at this time giving unimpeded access to the workmen. There followed five days of familiar builders’ noises drifting up from the basement which included ominous grinding sounds and the heavy breathing of the air pump.

28 April. The removal was finished. The room was revealed to be spotless with no trace of the pipes and boiler. The collage was intact in every respect except for the 8-9 inch gap running along the main wall, certainly the overall view of the collage was enhanced. The meticulous requirements for the removal of the asbestos had resulted in the minimum damage to our father’s handiwork – all the border lines were straight. Finally an official inspector signed off the site as being free of asbestos. An artistic assessment of the collage by Jeremy Warren was gratefully received by those involved in the boiler installation which is hemmed in by regulations, as is asbestos removal.

1-16 May. The installation of the new Condensing boiler began in earnest with welding of new copper pipes onto the old system. In some places in the house additional pipes were fitted but basically the old radiators are retained. The pipe system is now sealed with a water tank in the attic which replaces the old tank which needed topping every few months. Water will be circulated by a pump/valve. The radiators have had to be cleaned out with special chemicals several times to improve the circulation. The new boiler was fired up for the first time on 16 May. The connecting copper pipes which run in more or less the same place as the old ones reduce slightly the impact of the gap in the collage. An anticipated problem with lining the chimney did not
materialise; the chimney funnel at the top will be camouflaged soon to blend with the line of chimneys.

The advantages of a new boiler become immediately apparent - it is the size of a smallish refrigerator fitting just to the right of the fireplace with the exit flue ingeniously directed in and out of a cupboard thereby minimising the impact on the collage both on the wall and the cupboard door. Once fired up the system can be properly adjusted by the engineer for maximum efficiency using meters with dials. A certain amount of adjustment and fine tuning of the boiler and radiators is anticipated when it comes on later in the year. But with the flagstones properly sealed and a robust dark red carpet the room is open for business and sightseeing.

**IN MEMORIAM, JOAN WILLIAMS**

Joan Williams of Toronto, who died on 3 July, was one of the very earliest members of the Society, a great supporter and for many years convener of the Society’s Toronto Group. She will be much missed and we send our condolences to all Joan’s family and friends.

*Nick Birns*

Though Joan Williams lived in Toronto and was indelibly associated with it—her very email was “jwilliamsto”—she was not a part of the Powell Toronto fan club that is mentioned a couple of times in Powell’s *Journals*. She found Powell on her own through a lifetime of curious and omnivorous reading. But I always found her viewpoint on Powell distinctively Canadian—not intimate with the details of British school, military, bohemian, and aristocratic life present in *Dance* but not a total stranger to them either, unlike us Americans. Joan lived for many years with her sister in a capacious and comfortable house
in the beaches, an East End neighbourhood of Toronto. In 2004, she welcomed a few AP fans—myself, John Gilks and his partner, and Adam Bohnet, for drinks and dessert after an extravagant dinner at a nearby restaurant.

I had only first met Joan a couple of years before this visit, but by then she already seemed like an old friend. She worked as a flight instructor and would often fly herself down from Toronto to the White Plains airport to make New York area Powell conclaves most often hosted by our genial and inspiring doyenne, Leatrice Gilbert Fountain. Joan became an early core member of this group along with Jonathan Kooperstein, Ed Bock, Eileen Kaufman, John Gould, and the late Bill Warren. Joan’s wit and good conversation was given sinew by her authenticity; she was the real deal, and did not sidle up to people for the sake of self-ingratiation.

I had so many good times with Joan over the years, but the most memorable was the time we saw the Vorticists exhibition together at Tate Britain in September of 2011, just before the AP conference at the Army-Navy club. I have always had mixed feelings about just how close the aesthetic resemblance was between AP and Wyndham Lewis and his fellow Vorticists, and going through the exhibition with Joan very much enriched and refined my sense of this complex relation. Afterwards, we had to repair to the Rex Whistler Restaurant at the Tate, its murals designed by AP’s exact contemporary, the subject of his musings of art and the fashionable world in a long January 1986 entry in the Journals.

Afterward, Joan sent me an email containing a photo of her float flying, “hopping from lake to lake on a gorgeous fall day in Ontario.” It shows Joan at her most quintessential, and though I saw her a few more times—most recently at the Venice conference in 2014, which she really helped weld as a social occasion—this will be my abiding image of a wonderful woman and friend.

I always associated Joan with Miss Weedon, not out of any particular similarities of character, but because both were formidable and resourceful women, because I always thought Powell got the name Weedon from the Quebec village of that name, and most of all because Joan gave a memorable paper at the 2003 Oxford conference on whether Miss Weedon was a spy. It was always something of a surprise to be reminded that Joan’s favourite character in Dance was Matilda. She might not have intended the below statement (from APLIST, June 2014) as a comment on herself. But it certainly sums up the personal traits she so admired in Powell’s female characters.
“For me Matilda. For her tenaciousness in the face of possibly difficult girlhood and young womanhood, her organizing abilities, briskness in the face of difficulties, liked her friends to be successful, and, probably disconcerting to some, Nick comments about the fact that she quietly went away to die, she had ‘always been mistress of her own life’.”

**DATES FOR YOUR DIARY**

**In the Footsteps of Anthony Powell**  
A lecture by Powell’s biographer **Hilary Spurling**  
**Saturday 28 October 2017**  
**The Wallace Collection** Manchester Square, London W1 15.00  
**Tickets:** £10 may be booked via Eventbrite at **https://anthonypowell.eventbrite.co.uk** or by calling the Wallace Collection on 020 7563 9551. *Tickets are not available from the Society!*  

Hilary Spurling has said: “I write biographies because I am fascinated by people – by their infinite resourcefulness, by their mystery and power, by the strange patterns their lives make – and because they give me better plots than any novel I could invent.” To her masterly studies of English novelists and the French painter Matisse she has added **Anthony Powell: Dancing to the Music of Time**,  
In her talk she will reflect on her pursuit of an often elusive subject, placing Powell’s life firmly in the context of his celebrated twelve-volume sequence **A Dance to the Music of Time**.

Hilary will sign copies of her biography, **Anthony Powell: Dancing to the Music of Time**, after the lecture. We hope the book will be on sale in the Wallace Collection shop.  
The Wallace Collection restaurant will be open before the lecture for lunch and afterwards for afternoon tea – but you MUST book a table (phone 020 7563 9505) as Saturday is very busy.

**Anthony Powell: Dancing to the Music of Time**  
**Hilary Spurling**  
Due out 5 October 2017 Hamish Hamilton; £25 ISBN 9780241143834  
Pre-order now from Amazon or any good bookseller
London Group Pub Meet!!
Rearranged!! to coincide with Hilary Spurling’s lecture
Saturday 28 October 2017 17.00 to 19.00 hrs
Venue: The Coach Makers
88 Marylebone Lane, London W1
(very close to the Wallace Collection)
Non-members always welcome.

London Group
AP Birthday Lunch Saturday 2 December 2017 at 12.00.
Malabar Junction, 107 Great Russell Street, London WC1 3NA
Booking essential, contact editor@anthonypowell.org.

Anthony Powell Lecture
Wavian Reactions to Anthony Powell
to be given by Alexander Waugh

Wednesday 6 December 2017
18.30 for 19.00 Travellers Club 106 Pall Mall, London SW1
Tickets: £13 available via the Society’s online shop or from the Hon. Secretary
(except for Travellers Club members who should book through the Club)
The price includes a glass of wine before the lecture.
Alexander Waugh has worked as an opera critic and written books on classical music and opera as well as co-writing a musical (Bon Voyage!) with his brother Nathaniel. His other publications include Fathers and Sons (2004), an inter-generational portrait of his own family, which formed the basis of a BBC4 documentary in 2005. He is General Editor of his grandfather Evelyn Waugh’s Complete Works, a collaboration between the University of Leicester and Oxford University Press currently expected to run to 43 volumes. He will trace the relationship of Anthony Powell with Evelyn Waugh, Waugh’s brother-in-law Alec Dru and Waugh's heirs and assigns, particularly Auberon Waugh.
Please respect the Club’s dress code: jacket and tie for gentlemen (equivalent for ladies), no sportswear, trainers or denim
Hon. Secretary’s New Year Brunch  
Saturday 13 January 2018 10.00 to 12.00 Central London venue tbc  
Join the Hon. Secretary for brunch and chat to relieve the winter tedium. This is a pay on the day event, but please tell the Hon. Secretary if you are coming along so we can ensure we’ve reserved a large enough table.

Non-members welcome. Further details when available from the Hon. Secretary, 
secretary@anthonypowell.org

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Anthony Powell Conference 2018  
**Theme: Anthony Powell and the Visual Arts**  
Friday 31 August to Sunday 2 September 2018  
Merton College, Oxford  
Call for Papers and Preliminary Information included with this Newsletter  
Further details when available from the Hon. Secretary,  
secretary@anthonypowell.org

SOCIETY NEWS AND NOTICES

Membership Updates  
New Members  
We extend a warm welcome to the following new members:  
- Mark Gourley, Brighton  
- Jon Kevin Koplin, Cornelius, USA

Subscription Reminder  
Reminders are sent out in March to those whose membership is about expire. Where we have your email address, we will use this to send your reminder as it is much quicker and a lot cheaper. Others will receive their reminder by post.
Why not save time and money with our “5 years for the price of 4” membership offer?
Anyone whose membership has expired will be removed from the membership list at the end of June.
Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, at the usual address.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the 17th Annual General Meeting of the Anthony Powell Society will be held on Saturday 21 October 2017 at 14.00 in the Conference Room of St James’s Church, Piccadilly, London W1

The AGM agenda and voting papers are included with this Newsletter. If you are intending to be at the AGM, it would be helpful if you let the Hon. Secretary know – and if you can’t attend the AGM, please use your proxy vote, which must reach the Hon. Secretary by Monday 16 October 2017.

The formal business of the AGM will be followed by a talk *Anthony Powell Off Duty: Collages and Wine* by our Chairman, Robin Bynoe

Members only at the AGM. All welcome at the talk ■

LOCAL GROUP CONTACTS

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

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

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

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

Toronto Group
Area: Toronto, Canada

German Group
Area: Germany
Contact: Theo Langheid
*theo@langheid.de*
Society Merchandise

SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

York 2016 Conference Proceedings
UK: £8; Overseas: £14

Eton 2013 Conference Proceedings
UK: £8; Overseas: £14

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: £13

London 2011 Conference Proceedings
UK: £8; Overseas: £14

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

Centenary 2005 Conference Proceedings
UK: £11, Overseas: £17

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

Oxford 2003 Conference Proceedings
UK: £7; Overseas: £13

Eton 2001 Conference Proceedings
UK: £7; Overseas: £10

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: £32

Anthony Powell, Caledonia, A Fragment
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