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EDITOR’S LETTER

On 1 November 2018 the unthinkable happened: Keith Marshall stepped down as Secretary of the Society. Paul Milliken took over and in his first Secretary’s Letter Paul explains what he intends to do. Let us all support him.

The other big news is that the biennial Conference took place at Merton College Oxford. Several pieces convey both its content and the ambience. Your editor gives an overview, Alf Ellis assesses the food, Stephen Eggins shares the seasoned conferencer’s perspective and Colin Donald describes the view from the podium. Elwin Taylor waxes lyrical about the Broughton Castle trip.

While the quality of the presentations at the conference was up the numbers were down. With the change in the Society’s management perhaps now is the time for the trustees to reassess the conference. How do we attract more people? What is it for? Who is it for? Where should it be held? Do we need two full days and a half-day additional trip? Several loyal members did not attend this year because of the expense and the time.

Elsewhere Keith Marshall investigates PLUTO, Uncle Giles describes Christmas in L.A. and Gerald Parsons, a new contributor, tells us about his First Time. We have three book reviews: one by Michael Barber on Soho in the 1980s - particularly relevant given AP’s penchant for the louche, literary demi-monde; Jeff Manley’s overview of the Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh, and one by Philippa Fawcett on Additional Materials, a novel by your Chairman, Robin Bynoe. Beautifully produced and written it makes an excellent Christmas present. Look for the great jeu de mots on page 296 for some festive mirth. An interview with Robin will appear in the next issue.

As ever many thanks to all contributors- which your Publisher and Editor express in more detail at page 3. Some old faces have re-emerged as well as several first-timers. Intriguing new pieces for the next year have been promised which augurs well for 2019. Keep them coming- they are much appreciated. In the meantime Festive Greetings and Happy Reading

Stephen Walker
A THANK YOU FROM THE EDITOR AND THE PUBLISHER TO ALL OUR CONTRIBUTORS, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

We have enjoyed another bumper year of contributions both to the Newsletter and to Secret Harmonies. Members have been very appreciative but without our contributors we could not do anything. Thank you all very much.

The quality and quantity of pieces sent in continues to rise. Long may this continue. We are always pleased to receive any contributions no matter how long or short. By all means contact Stephen if you are thinking of putting something together; feel free to discuss it and sound him out. If you have a piece prepared just send it in. We do not reject unsolicited items and we do not have a slush pile. Everything received is read, acknowledged and if at all possible eventually used. Criticism, reviews, comments, parodies, limericks, images, cross-references, news and gossip provided that they are related to AP and his world are all gratefully received.

To help you here are the updated notes to contributors.

1. Email your piece as a Word document.
2. For the Newsletter the maximum length is 2500 words.
3. For Secret Harmonies there is no maximum. The minimum is 1500 words.
4. Footnotes are absolutely not allowed for the Newsletter. They are encouraged for Secret Harmonies.
5. Images are always welcome subject to copyright.
6. Copyright in all original material submitted belongs to the author but the Society has an unrestricted licence to use it. Please say expressly if you want your copyright to be acknowledged.
7. We reserve the right to make changes to any piece for reasons of length, style, tone and content. Any material changes will be discussed with you before publication.

Stephen and Alison Walker
FROM THE SECRETARY’S DESK

You will be aware (I hope) that I have the privilege of taking over from Keith Marshall as Secretary and Trustee. Fortunately Keith has agreed to continue as Membership Secretary and to assist with payments, mailing etc to ease the transition.

What is my background? I am married with 2 children, retired and living near Stratford Upon Avon. I spent 36 years with Royal Dutch Shell. I took *Dance* with me to Borneo in 1985 (“going on a long sea voyage?” enquired the bookseller). I have been a fan of AP ever since.

The Trustees have agreed that we need to share Keith’s workload and several members have stepped forward including John Blaxter, Ivan Hutnik and June Laurenson. As Secretary, I will focus principally on supporting the Trustees to ensure that the Society is well run, stays solvent and meets its charitable objectives. I will also be the main point of contact for enquiries from external bodies, the public and members. I am also keen to enlarge and diversify our membership. This includes supporting our existing members to promote and publicise the Society. If you have ideas or views on this please let me know.

Keith as Secretary was the ‘go to’ person for Event organisation and/or support. This will change and in future our events (lunches, pub meets, lectures, conferences) will be managed by the event organiser (with support where appropriate) so please take note of who the relevant contact is when replying to invitations. If in doubt please contact me. I am sorry that the Secretary’s New Year’s Brunch in London will not take place in 2019 as I have family commitments during January.

I have met many members, most recently at our successful Oxford conference and will be at the Birthday Lunch on 8th December and the Annual Lecture on 17th December so if you are attending and have not met me please introduce yourself. I will also contact our Groups outside the UK during 2019 to see how we can support and develop our overseas membership. Finally, enjoy Christmas and New Year accompanied ideally by AP’s favourite tipple: a bottle or two of red wine. Cheers!

*Paul Milliken*
"There is a bacon crisis." This alarming news was received by those of us staying in Christ Church. A lengthening line of disconsolate breakfasters waited by the hot table in Hogwarts (aka Christ Church hall) as tray after tray of eggs, toast and beans emerged from the kitchen. "You can’t eat breakfast in England without bacon," declaimed a Japanese professor of medieval English. "They know that breakfast is at 7.30. It wasn’t unexpected." grumbled an irritable Cambridge academic before quoting some consoling lines from Betjeman about Christmas. To loud applause a blushing, smiling bacon bearer eventually appeared with a laden tray. Happiness all round.

That was the only obvious crisis - although no doubt there were other near misses behind the scenes that were skilfully concealed by Keith and Noreen Marshall - at a well-run conference. It wasn’t just the logistics that were good; so was the conference.

Held this year, thanks to the good offices of Jeremy Warren at Merton College - alma mater of J R R Tolkien, T S Eliot, Theodor Adorno, Robert Byron, Max Beerbohm and Mark Haddon. Its library, which we were able to visit, is the oldest continually used academic library in the world. Merton is also the college where, many students say, fun goes to die.

This year’s theme was AP and the Visual Arts. If you have any doubts about the importance of the visual arts to AP dip into Hilary Spurling's biography. Early in his life AP thought that he would become an artist rather than a writer. As the Society's Chairman, Robin Bynoe, explained in his opening remarks AP was obsessed about art in a way that he was not about music and was able to be relaxed about painters in a way that he was not about writers. When thinking about writing and other writers an inevitable element of competition crept in.

The Conference Proceedings will be published next year. They will make very good reading indeed. To give you a flavour we heard 16 presentations over two days. These included the following:

Jeremy Warren’s Keynote paper analysed AP’s collection of paintings, sculptures and prints. He explained that AP was not an assiduous or obsessive collector like Gerald Reitlinger but was methodical, keeping a notebook of his
purchases and sales that was updated by his son, John. The artist best represented in the collection at the Chantry was Charles Condor, an Australian painter (also keenly collected by Barry Humphries) who led a colourful personal life, contracting syphilis from his landlady but then marrying a wealthy widow. No doubt this reflected AP’s taste for the louche and bohemian. But the painter who had the greatest impact on AP was Sickert, judging by the references to him in AP's memoirs and journals. After his father’s death in 1960 AP embarked upon a buying spree of family portraits. Despite his interest in portraiture he significantly barely mentions, in either his memoirs or journals, that he was a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery although there is a delightfully tetchy reference in the Journals to a visit by John Hayes the then director of the NPG (26 November 1984).

By contrast, Gerald Reitlinger was an exceptionally specialist collector of Oriental porcelain as was explained to us by Prof Shelagh Vainker & Dr Clare Polland in erudite and informative presentations about his collection in the Ashmolean.

An entertaining trio of papers by Jonathan Black on Wyndham Lewis, Jane Stevenson on Edward Burra and Robin Bynoe on Adrian Daintry made us all more aware of the influence of these artists on AP’s life and work. They also introduced us to the acrostic FITGO as in “What the FITGO?”, the idea that an artist can still be good without being original, and the riveting suggestion that by writing a lampoon of London intellectuals entitled The Apes of God you could end up as Maisky the Monkey.

Every AP conference seems to need a presentation on John Aubrey. Why? What is the relevance? Yes, AP wrote a book about Aubrey, which Graham Greene described as “a bloody boring book”; but apart from that? Professor Peter Davidson gamely tried to show some relation between Aubrey’s autobiographical drawings and AP’s writing on Aubrey.

John Roe delivered a tour de force talk on Gyges and Candaules under the ceiling frescos in the Palazzo Labia at the 2014 Venice Conference. Now, continuing his theme in Oxford he, as Stephen Eggins says in his piece about the Conference on page 11, startled the room with his explication of the Magritte painting The Giantess and its relevance to how AP dealt with his anguish at Lady Violet’s wartime adultery. Truly, the show-stopping moment of the Conference. Michael Jay rounded off the first day with aplomb in taking us into the story behind Poussin’s painting A Dance to the Music of Time.
Light relief was provided on the Friday evening by Dr Dr Nina Kruglikova (Yes, she really does have two PhDs) who escorted the “Not the Novichock” tour around Oxford providing a different perspective to even seasoned visitors and alumni. And a dedicated band of brothers and sisters celebrated AP in an alcoholic and piscatorial haze at the Cuttlefish restaurant.

Saturday kicked off with the eagerly awaited presentation by Didier Girard on the collages. Less scandalously than in his talk at 2016 York Conference, Professor Girard entertained, stimulated and informed. AP’s collage is significant to the Society, which has funded Hugh Gilbert’s photographic record of it. Members speculated on why AP spent so much time and effort climbing ladders, lying on planks and pasting cut outs from the Sunday Times colour magazine onto every inch of the walls and ceilings. Didier Girard had assured us that there is no pattern to AP’s choice of images. Was it relaxation from writing Dance? Remission from the weekly slog of reviewing books? Possibly, but …? A senior female academic wondered whether AP liked getting high on the glue.

After coffee we were treated to three bravura presentations. Professor Nigel Wood recalled that when he asked his tutor if he could do his thesis on AP was told “probably not”. He made up for this with a fascinating consideration of modernist techniques and influences in Dance. Dr Richard Rosenbaum, who is a medical doctor and also the Curator of the “Pictures in Powell” website, examined AP’s satirical treatment of Isbister, Deacon and Tokenhouse in a meaty, well-structured and punctual presentation. June Laurenson, a recent Society member, just starting her academic journey, perceptively explored how AP’s carefully worked choice of pictures in Dance prefigures not just the fate of country houses but the societal changes in AP’s revered upper classes.

The graveyard slot at any conference is after lunch on the last day. Especially at a weekend. But this slot was not filled with corpses. Nicholas Birns, John Blaxter and Colin Donald woke us up with their re-examinations of Stringham, Modigliani and Mona Templar. All were original, stimulating and will be well worth reading in the Proceedings. Finally, Hilary Spurling took us
gently along the glide path to the finish with an insightful introduction to the people that AP encountered.

The finale was champagne on the lawn and dinner in Merton Hall. The menu divided the dinners. Our restaurant critic explains why on page 8. For those with time and energy a visit to Broughton Castle was arranged for the Sunday. Much enjoyed by all, as Elwin Taylor describes on page 13.

Epically, this was the last conference to be organised by Keith Marshall who retired as Trustee and Secretary at the end of October. Perhaps a general awareness of this explains the event’s rather low-key feel despite the glorious sunshine on golden sandstone and Oxford’s uplifting ambience. Numbers were slightly down and there wasn’t always the same energy and buzz as in previous years. The new management have some thinking to do if they want to keep the conference momentum going.

*Stephen Walker*

**CONFERENCE FOOD REPORT**

“Reverting to the university at forty, one immediately recaptured all the crushing melancholy of the undergraduate condition”. Cuisine must have been part of it: superior cuts of roast meat rendered unpalatably cold by the journey from the college kitchens to the tables in Hall, served by scouts at once subservient and patronising, to raucous undergraduates troubling the ancient hammerbeams and venerable portraits. Would Merton make us young again?

British Railways’ catering had its own melancholy, equally crushing. It was this of which we were reminded by the stale sandwiches served at lunchtime by staff some of whom had a Soviet-like demeanour. The sandwiches at York in 2016 were better. The Merton coffee was equally weak, but there was plenty of water and juice, unlike at York two years ago. Some outside tables would have been appreciated. Here indeed was the quintessential Oxonian dissonance of old: poor commons in grand surroundings, in this instance the sumptuous, if not marbled, T S Eliot Lecture Hall. But we still had the conference dinner to come.
Through the gates to the Fellows’ Garden, we found Champagne being served (and enjoyed, below, by Gabriella Walfridson, Keith and Noreen Marshall). Now here was a different order of things, effortlessly professional service and excellent wine. The same applied under George Gilbert Scott’s handsome roof, albeit without the benefit of hammerbeams. The next wine was a Pouilly-Fuissé which confirmed the reputation of the splendid 2014 vintage for white Burgundy, though accompanying a first course of little distinction comprising a small roasted fig and minute blobs of melted cheese and vegetable shards. This was redeemed by the delicious slow braised Cornish lamb which followed. The year of the accompanying claret, 2010, raised expectations which were not quite fulfilled. As Jancis Robinson tactfully puts it, the wines of Montagne-St-Émilion “... [make] up in satisfying solidity what they lack in finesse”. But this is too severe. The high standard of our wines was noted, and the anonymous donor who helped to finance them should rest assured that their generosity was greatly appreciated. Chocolate and orange mousse and cheese board were of an acceptable average. College port followed. High Table must often be as good as this, banishing for a time depressive symptoms aroused by the ineluctable genius of the place. Or is it academia generally that induces melancholy? Perhaps that is why the pleasures of the table often thrive in monastic communities.

The attendants at Broughton Castle’s humble tea room could teach the staff at the T S Eliot Lecture Theatre a thing or two about how to make coffee of decent strength, which we enjoyed on the lawn looking at the North Front, a quiet sunny idyll of half an hour, before being summoned to our tour. An adequate luncheon of cold cuts was provided afterwards by an outside catering firm.

The provision of refreshments at regular intervals during meetings, visits, and other events is by no means to be taken for granted, so congratulations are due to the organisers of this conference for not overlooking it when they finalised the schedule.

Alf Ellis
One of Oscar Wilde’s lesser-quoted profundities has it that “one’s real life is so often the life that one does not lead”. The Anthony Powell Conference is my biennial weekend break in that alternative, more meaningful, existence. As a chippy former Oxbridge candidate (BA, Exeter University), the chance to hold forth on a platform branded with the Merton College crest made this excursion all the sweeter.

I’ve had the privilege of speaking at Conference two times previously. Experience doesn’t make the preparation any easier, or the performance any less nervy. The view of a room full of fans, scholars and scholar-fans can be described on a spectrum between exhilarating and terrifying.

All three of my efforts have been different assaults on same question: “Why, exactly, is this writing so fascinating to us all?” Each time I’ve found the attempt to isolate communicable answers to this question to be like attempting catch river trout with your bare hands. Powell is as elusive as he is allusive, and his effects are strangely difficult to understand or describe. All the more reason, in my view, why the textual microscope should be wielded more than it is in Powell studies, and by people more professionally experienced than myself.

This year I was inspired by the conference theme sharing my thoughts on AP’s co-option of painterly techniques to create ‘Mona – a portrait in miniature’. I also chaired the session on Powell & Contemporary Artists, introducing three brilliant examinations of Powell friends and acquaintances Wyndham Lewis, Edmund Burra and Adrian Daintry, by Jonathan Black, Jane Stevenson and Robin Bynoe respectively. These were quite brilliant papers, and with hindsight deserved better framing from the chair, although the depth and the texture of the analysis, and the quality and revelations of the slides, spoke very eloquently for themselves.

This panel was one of many triumphs of programming over the two days of presentations, and my first inkling that the 2018 was almost too rich a brew to allow all of its goodies to be easily absorbed. At the end of this one, I found myself like a confused dog in field of plump and tempting rabbits, not
knowing which one to start chasing first.

Highlights of the weekend? Seeing old friends like Taichi Koyama (who kindly allowed me to film a Japanese language interview on AP) and making new ones like Jonathan Black, and Nan and Bob Mabon. Another vivid memory was a discussion with the contented tag-along husband of an AP devotee who confided “Yes, sure I like the books, but I don’t want to talk about them all the time”.

That however is exactly what the rest of do want to do. From the speaker’s position, and from the seats facing it, when contemplating the elaborate and ingenious explorations of others at the lectern, I admit I was prompted to ask: Why? I suspect it is because AP creates a more manageable, and marginally more ordered, reality than the one encountered in the lives we do in fact lead. Who wouldn’t want to spend as much time there as we can spare?

*Colin Donald, a long-time member of the AP Society, is an investment writer for Baillie Gifford & Co. in Edinburgh*

**A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE CONFERENCE**

The recent conference at Merton was extraordinarily interesting and successful. All the arrangements worked perfectly with typical Keith-type professionalism.

Oxford was bathed in early autumn sunshine. The University Rooms programme allows visitors to stay in colleges in very well appointed rooms.

The quality of the presenters was well up to the expected high standards of APSOC conferences. Didier Girard was the great panjandrum of York proceedings with his S&M insights. The role belonged to John Roe this year with his tantalising theory that the character of Jean Duport was used by AP to express the pain he felt when learning of Violet’s infidelity. As you can imagine this caused a tremendous stir of interest with the delegates at the conference. All the other sessions were excellent – some better than others of course.
Merton was a fabulous venue – faultless. The Society very kindly arranged for an add-on excursion to Broughton Castle – which was particularly nostalgic for this correspondent. My parents were friends with the current Lord Saye and Seale in Palestine after the war and the friendship continued when they returned to this country. I hadn't been back to Broughton Castle for 60 years and was delighted to be invited to sit at the kitchen table with Nat and Marietta Fiennes to reminisce.

AP’s collages featured quite prominently at the conference. Didier Girard gave us an excellent paper on AP’s collages and the wider concept of collage and assemblage as an art form.

Personally, I don’t think that APs collages were a particular form of artistic self expression – probably more something to do on a dull day. That said, they have a certain quirky interest. Hugh Gilbert has taken some excellent photos of the collages which of themselves are interesting and dare I say, artistic. And the Society has produced a top quality post card of some of them.

Although I am not persuaded that the collages themselves are intrinsically an art form, funnily enough, the derivative – i.e. the photos - are very aesthetically appealing and could form the basis of an exhibition – an actual exhibition, when mounted, or a virtual gallery.

My suggestion is that future AP conferences take place either in London or Oxford and we don’t bother with any other perambulations.

It only remains to thank Keith and Noreen and the presenters and everybody else who was involved in this tremendous conference.

Stephen Eggins
After two days in Oxford at the highly successful 2018 conference, about two dozen delegates wound down with a well-organized visit to Broughton Castle, near Banbury. The weather was perfect. And so too was the moated house and the landscape it stands in. Together they combined to present a sensation of England at its best, the famous ‘demi-paradise’, often imagined, more seldom discovered.

The Society group was privileged to be given a private tour of the house with an engaging guide who knew her subject thoroughly and conveyed the pleasure that she clearly takes in the castle. And like every country house that is still in family use, Broughton Castle has an ambience that is distinct from similar properties that have passed into public ownership.

The original construction dates to 1300, and since 1377 possession has remained in line of descent from the second owner, William de Wykeham. More a fortified manor house than castle proper (the license to crenellate was granted in 1406) the present building has evolved over the centuries from the
core of the great hall. There are interesting pictures, furniture and furnishings, as well as notable plaster ceilings, but it is the overall atmosphere of the place rather than particular pieces which stands out.

The house has interesting associations with the Civil War, some of the anti-royalist plotting that preceded it being co-ordinated by the 8th Lord Saye and Sele in a remote and attractive upper chamber. But whether this room really represents, as Stephen Eggins suggested, the birthplace of parliamentary democracy, depends on the view one takes of men like Hampden and Pym.

After the tour there was lunch under the shade of a beech tree on the lawn; talk among friends on and off the subject of Anthony Powell and the recent conference; and a chance to simply sit back and enjoy the genius loci.

A visit to the adjacent early 14th century church of St. Mary the Virgin, notable among other things for the painted effigy of Sir John de Broughton (d.1315), completed the excursion.

In short, an extremely enjoyable summer’s day and a perfect end to the conference.

Elwin Taylor

**Review: Men Behaving Badly**

*Michael Barber*


Forty plus years ago, in a modest motel in West Hollywood, I was joined at the bar by a rackety-looking English blonde with a voice seasoned by drink and smoke. She was, she told me, lucky to be alive. Not, it transpired, because of her punishing habits, but because she’d recently enjoyed a brief fling with a serial killer who unaccountably stayed his hand.
The blonde was Sandy Fawkes, the ex-wife of jazzman and Trog cartoonist Wally Fawkes, and one of the few women in the foreground of Christopher Howse’s grotesque landscape with figures. Reading about her treatment at the hands of Jeffrey Bernard and the other crapulous boors who frequented her local, the Coach and Horses in Romilly Street, it occurred to me that, if not a fate worse than death, this daily dose of verbal abuse constituted cruel and unusual punishment. Why did she put up with it? The only answer Howse gives is to quote Francis Bacon: ‘If you can’t be rude to your friends, who can you be rude to?’ Which prompts the thought that with friends like these, who needs enemies?

The Coach was also Private Eye’s branch office. Howse devotes several pages to its then editor, Richard Ingrams, who unlike the mag’s boozy ‘angel’, Peter Cook, swore off drink when it threatened to kill him. Ingrams disconcerted people by remaining silent when others would engage or respond, a technique he shared with the Paris Review’s George Plimpton. Paul Foot remarked on his melancholy, which may have stemmed from a series of private tragedies that were not common knowledge.

Having worked hard all morning, Francis Bacon drank champagne all afternoon. This he did at the Colony Room, a shady dive above a trattoria in Dean Street. It was here that he was heard to mutter, ‘When Pablo dies, I’ll be Number One.’ Habitués called the club Muriel’s, after its founder Muriel Belcher, a coarse-grained old lesbian for whom ‘cunty’ was a term of endearment. If she didn’t like the look of you she’d tell you to fuck off. Fortunately she took a fancy to me when I was introduced to her by my friend Leo Cooper, which was how I became a member.

Leo, I believe, was more at home at the Garrick than Muriel’s. Not so his publishing partner Tom Hartmann, reputedly an illegitimate grandson of Edward VII. In his hot youth Tom was known as ‘the love of two colonels’, and although he’d gone straight by the time I met him, he continued to relish the club’s seedy camp ambience and the scabrous gossip to be gathered there. It may well have been Tom to whom Muriel was referring when, on learning that one of her regulars had become a father, she said, ‘It’s amazing what a pouf can do when he tries.’

The barman in those days was Ian Board (pictured below with Muriel Belcher), who took over the club when Muriel died in 1979. Ian had a sharp tongue, the edge of which was felt by my first wife (as she then wasn’t) when,
at her urging, I took her to the club one afternoon. Without being offensive enough to warrant a physical response from me Ian made it very plain that she was not welcome. Appropriately, perhaps, it was thanks to her that my lost afternoons in Soho came to an end. About a year after our son was born she fell in love with someone else and I was left holding the baby.

Ian Board’s other singularity was his ‘great swollen pitted nose’. After his death, so I was told, a friend had to go to the morgue to formally identify him. To his amazement the nose had collapsed like a squashed tomato.

Howse did not join Muriel’s until 1981, shortly before my parental responsibilities took precedence. This may explain why, apart from Francis Bacon, whose portrait of Muriel behind the bar must even then have been worth many millions, and George Melly, who wrote the words for Trog, I don’t recall seeing anybody there that he mentions. I was, though, lucky enough to be at the bar when Christine Keeler walked in. Who brought her and what we talked about I’ve long since forgotten. But her allure, long after the Profumo affair, was still very apparent.

Howse insists that Bacon ‘would not have painted as he did if he had not fallen into Soho.’ But surely it was his ability to climb out every evening and be at his easel the morning after that really counts? Soho for him was not the Slough of Despond it became for so many of Howse’s subjects. His genius protected him from the mire. But what of Howse? How, to change the metaphor, did he touch pitch yet remain undefiled? Pass. But this is a mighty sobering book that will remind readers that we must always pay for our pleasures, no matter how long the bill takes to arrive.

The Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh project (“CWEW”) undertaken by Oxford University Press will, when completed, comprise 43 volumes. Of these, 10 will consist of “Personal Writing”, mostly letters and diaries, and 4 of collected journalism. Much of the material in these 14 volumes will be new or newly collected. Most of the other volumes will contain definitive annotated editions of previously published books. So far, a biography (Rossetti), a novel (Vile Bodies), the autobiography (A Little Learning) and Essays, Articles and Reviews 1922-1934 have been published, as well as the first volume of personal writings (Precocious Waughs) that ends just before Waugh matriculates at Oxford.

Each volume that is devoted to a book (both fiction and nonfiction) contains a historic narrative of the writing of the book, its publication history and critical reception, as well as an annotated text (based on the first UK edition). There is also an appendix, tracking in detail the preparation of the manuscripts, proofs, etc. as well as post-publication edits during Waugh’s lifetime (which in Waugh’s case were frequent). The journalism volume contains publication histories for selected articles. AP figures in the descriptive materials, notations and texts in four of these early volumes.

His role in the publication of Rossetti is fully elucidated and a newly published description by Waugh of his 1927 interview with Thomas Balston at Duckworths, arranged by AP, is quoted at length. It was at this interview that Duckworths commissioned Waugh to write the book. Waugh had already written and self-published in 1926 an essay called P.R.B: An Essay on the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, 1847-1854. According to Powell, Waugh “brought a copy of P.R.B. with him [to the interview] as evidence of literacy. Balston, on
the strength of the essay, immediately suggested Rossetti as a theme.” (Messengers, 22-23). In 1961, Waugh corroborated Powell’s recollection (without ever having read it) in a description he wrote for the sale of the manuscript of Rossetti: “…when I was seeking a commission to write a biography, I showed this essay [P.R.B.] to Mr. Balston of Duckworth’s (Mr. Anthony Powell introducing me) and since a centenary was imminent he very kindly set me to work on Rossetti” (CWEW 16, p. xl). This is, so far as I am aware, the first publication of Waugh’s version of this incident (unless it was reprinted in the sale catalogue). Since it was written from memory several years in advance of Powell’s description, it should be taken as Waugh’s definitive statement on the matter.

Oddly, information in both the introduction to the Rossetti volume and some background material in v26 (Essays, Articles and Reviews 1922-34) slightly confuses matters on this point. The editor of Rossetti writes (p. xxxv) that, after being contacted by AP, Waugh wanted to propose to Duckworths a book on the Mormons, but Powell (not Waugh) gave Balston a copy of PRB, and this inspired Balston to ask Waugh instead to write about Rossetti to mark the upcoming centenary. That same version is told in the EAR volume where there is a discussion of the publication and history of PRB itself (v. 26, p. 118). It is as though these editors are suggesting that AP intervened with Balston by putting the PRB volume into his hands behind Waugh’s back to pre-empt Waugh’s preferred Mormon book. This is contrary to what both AP and Waugh themselves wrote. It is not a critical point, but it seems there may have been an editorial oversight on this matter since both Waugh and Powell had independently and consistently described its circumstances from memory in a manner different from this variant version that has now appeared in two CWEW volumes.

In the Vile Bodies volume, AP appears as a friend of both Waugh and his first wife during their brief marriage. It was at this time that Waugh had begun writing the novel. It was also in this period, when Waugh was at work on the novel, that their marriage broke up and, according to editor Martin Stannard, this had a major impact on the text of the novel. When Waugh discovered his wife’s infidelity with their friend John Heygate, he was about halfway through his first draft of the novel. For this reason, Stannard devotes a substantial space (pp. xxxi-xxxv) to reconstructing Waugh’s movements at this time, as well as those of his wife and several others.
AP was very much at the center of things but says he missed or misinterpreted evidence of the breakup in its early stages. Stannard mentions, for example, AP’s “cocktail party in his basement flat in Tavistock Square;” at this point Waugh and his wife “arrived separately and left prematurely after Shevelyn had quarreled with Heygate.” But (although not mentioned by Stannard) AP confessed that he missed these early clues of obvious strains in the marriage.

Shortly after Powell’s party, Shevelyn confessed her infidelity in a letter to Hevelyn. A reconciliation period for the two Waugh’s was planned to start about 13 July, and it was apparently at or slightly before the start of this period that AP had accompanied John Heygate on a trip to Germany. Again, AP was as unaware of this attempt at reconciliation as he had been of the breakup itself. In his memoirs, AP recalls receiving a telegram when he and Heygate arrived in Munich with the following rather peremptory message: “Instruct Heygate return immediately Waugh” (Messengers, p. 128). That was AP’s first hard evidence that there was a serious problem in the Waugh’s marriage.

Martin Stannard’s history of the text describes AP’s position and includes a more accurate (and more polite) version of the telegram to AP in Germany recalling John Heygate to England: “please tell john return immediately imperative evelyn.” This version is found in a copy of the telegram that was among some papers from the Powell Estate that were recently sold at auction. Stannard spotted it in the auction catalogue and noted the differences from AP’s recollections in his memoirs (CWEW, v 2, p. xxxv). And, whereas AP thought the telegram came from “Shevelyn” (as does Hilary Spurling in her biography of Powell), Stannard makes the case that the telegram came from “Hevelyn.” His conclusion is based on his fairly detailed reconstruction of the movements of the parties in the days leading up to the telegram’s transmission on 26 July (p. xxxv). Shevelyn “presumably” had failed to appear at a scheduled reconciliation meeting on that date, and it was this that triggered Hevelyn’s sending of the telegram. After his break-up, Waugh took up the drafting of Vile Bodies again on about 20 August. Stannard can trace from the manuscript the actual point in the text (and the date it was written) where Waugh’s tone changes into a much darker key (pp. xlvii ff.).

In A Little Learning, AP is a subject of Waugh’s Oxford and immediate post-Oxford chapters and appears in both the text of the book as well as the descriptive introduction and annotations. One of the annotations is of more than usual interest. When Waugh wrote the draft of the post-Oxford section, he originally referred to “Tony Powell” as a guest at a drunken Belsize Park
party who is spotted “sitting on the stairs and eating [the hostess’s] face cream.” Waugh caught the error only in the final edits and changed the reference to Tony Bushell. The correction was not made, however, in time to stop its appearance in the first USA pre-publication excerpts in *Esquire* magazine, where it is AP who is consuming the face cream (pp. xlvii, 464).

The first volume of the *Essays, Articles, and Reviews (EAR)* contains a substantial number of Waugh’s publications in Oxford newspapers and journals. Many of these are collected and republished here for the first time and some make the first public identification of Waugh as their author. The later examples of this undergraduate journalism appeared in academic year 1923-24 when Waugh and Powell overlapped as undergraduates. It was during this period that Waugh was an editor on the staff of *The Isis*, and his journalism was particularly prolific. There is, however, no identification of AP having been mentioned as a subject in any of these articles. This is not surprising as both writers agree that, although they knew each other as undergraduates, they did not become friends until they both ended up in London in 1927.

As noted earlier, there is a description in this *EAR* volume of the role played by AP in the conclusion of his book contract with Duckworths. AP also appears later in this volume. This is in an essay by Waugh entitled “Farewell 1933” which was published in the New Year’s issue (4 January 1934) of the *Harper’s Bazaar* London edition. Unlike many of the articles in the collection, there is no description of the “genesis” of this one. It was probably written before Waugh left for Tangier on 28 December 1933 where he worked for several weeks on the novel *A Handful of Dust*. Most of the article is taken up with a fairly lengthy discussion of the impact of the continuing economic slump on social habits during the year. Waugh discerns a resumption by the upper classes of many regular aspects of the London social “season” after two years of more restrained observances due to financial constraints that had been imposed by the depression.

After that discussion, Waugh turns to artistic activity during 1933 and in this connection gives an apparently unsolicited boost to a new novel by AP that had been published in October:

> It is less cheerful to look back at the past year in search of any interesting achievement in painting or writing. Reputations, unless artificially inflated by the caprice of
some press-proprietor, spread slowly from a small coterie to the general public. It may very well be that I am not “in the know” and that some new comet is already gathering lustre outside my range. I hope it is so, for, looking back, I cannot name a single new painter or writer of any real promise who has emerged, or any established one who has added substantially to our debt to him. Except for Mr Anthony Powell, whose From a View to a Death delighted me, I cannot name any new novelist who seems really worth watching. The reviewers in the weekly papers remain consistently laudatory, but I have missed anything that shows real enterprise or individuality (CWEW, vol. 26, p. 546; footnote omitted).

The article continues with a brief reference to boxing, wrestling and theatrical events of note and the conclusion that the most ambitious new film of the year was King Kong, which was technically a success but was “contemptible as a dramatic work” (Idem).

Waugh’s praise for AP’s new book is all the more notable for the fact that the book is dedicated “For John and Evelyn”. This refers to the Heygates with both of whom AP had remained in close friendship after Waugh’s divorce. AP had, in fact, made another trip to Germany in summer 1932 to visit John Heygate in Berlin where the latter was working as a scriptwriter with the UFA film studio. There isn’t much if any contact recorded between AP and Waugh in these intervening years, but Waugh seemed to have borne AP no grudge, perhaps in recognition of AP’s having been instrumental in launching his publishing career. Ironically, the Heygates’ marriage was itself already in fairly deep trouble when FVD appeared, and AP’s dedication may have been part of an effort to save it. If so, he failed, because the marriage was effectively over and ended shortly thereafter. AP’s dedication was removed from later editions of FVD to avoid embarrassment to the parties.

The full text of Waugh’s article has not been included in any previous collections. Because it was published only in the British edition of Harper’s Bazaar, it has been unavailable in normal archives in the USA that were limited to the US editions of the magazine. The publication of this and other similar articles in the Complete Works will greatly facilitate scholarly access to such materials which were previously not available in normal archival sources.
The *EAR* volume is also notable for another reason. This is the inclusion of the full text of Waugh’s previously mentioned essay *PRB*. That essay was heretofore available only in limited, private subscription editions, originally in 1926 and later in 1982. The *CWEW* volume is the first time it has been available in a format that is sold through normal commercial book distribution channels.

There are no references to AP in the first volume of the *Personal Writings* series. It is primarily taken up with his schoolboy diaries and letters. It also includes several examples of Waugh’s drawings as well as more detailed annotations containing information that was not included in the original 1976 edition of the diaries.

The books are well produced on high quality paper and sturdy bindings. They appear to be well edited, but the print is small and can be a challenge to read - especially the numbers, due to the unusual typeface selected. The textual history appendices in the book volumes appear to be comprehensive but are not particularly user friendly. The volume of autobiography includes a 90-page appendix that reproduces most of the print and broadcast interviews in which Waugh participated. These are collected and, in some cases, transcribed here, many of them for the first time. The interviews also contain several mentions of AP, all of which are positive. One might hope for a similar compilation of Powell’s interviews in the fullness of time.

The three nonfiction volumes and the first of the *EAR* series come with detailed indices that are very helpful in finding references, given the complex structure of the books. Oddly, there is no index whatever in the *Vile Bodies* volume, apparently because it is a work of fiction. But half the book is descriptive narrative and notations, and the lack of an index to those parts is a serious flaw. Indeed, given the scholarly nature of these books, an index to the text of the novel itself would also be useful for future researchers, if only to facilitate the location of and reference to characters and plot developments by citation to standard page and line numbers. It is to be hoped that others will note this deficiency and that it will be reconsidered in future editions. The final volume promises to contain a “General Index”, and that will provide another opportunity to correct this apparent deficiency.
**Review: Additional Materials**

ISBN 978 1 5272 1867 2 £15.00

*Philippa Fawcett*

A summary of *Additional Materials* by Robin Bynoe could go something like this. Glancing out of a window in his house, a man sees his Rumanian neighbour Maria in her garden. A few days later the man goes with his friend Amy to an exhibition of drawings by Egon Schiele. One of the drawings reminds him so powerfully of Maria that he is convinced there must be some connection between her and Schiele’s model, almost in fact believing they are one and the same. In his attempts to get to the bottom of this mystery, which involve scenes in 16th century Montenegro and early 20th century Vienna, he is helped by Amy, a student called Biscuit, Maria herself and a form of the fermented-milk drink *kefir* capable of very special effects.

Reviewing a book by the Society’s chairman for the Society’s Newsletter is a task fraught with risk. I was concerned when I took it on that if I hated the book and trashed it in the review I would be cold-shouldered by the membership or even struck from the register of members. It is therefore a relief to be able to report that *Additional Materials* is a good read.

The characters are an engaging bunch, and are presented with sympathetic and perceptive wit. The story’s offbeat beginning, and the ensuing twists of the plot, absorbed me on the evening I started the book until I reached its surprisingly elegiac end in the small hours. The writing is elegantly economical and the dialogue is a particular treat - it has a poetic brevity, with the rhythm and pace of stichomythia.

So is there anything negative to say? Well, possibly. You see the summary above is guilty of fundamental *suppressio veri* and some people might take issue with what was suppressed. In the first paragraph above there is a phrase so appropriate it more or less typed itself and is a clue. What the man (who is
given no name but is referred to simply as ‘the man with the Astra’) sees from his window is dramatically specific. Maria is bending over to smell a flower, her dress has ridden up, she is wearing only a thong underneath it and therefore what the man sees is her naked bottom. The Schiele drawing is of the rear-view of a naked woman, and the uncanny similarity by which the man is transfixed is between the respective bottoms of Maria and Schiele’s model. The investigation into the link if any between the two bottoms involves the photographing of bottoms and vulvas (to follow Robin Bynoe in his avoidance of euphemism), together with the collection of data by a pygometer (a machine which unintrusively registers bottom dimension and contour, seems to be an invention of Robin Bynoe’s and is described by him with fascinating detail).

I imagine a range of responses to this additional material, with unquestioning hilarity at one end and unquestioning outrage at the other. For my part, a swarm of questions whirred round me as I read. In 2018 a book whose storyline is so intently focussed on the most intimate parts of the female body must be prepared for attack, specifically for accusations of objectifying women. Was Robin Bynoe aware that he was open to attack on these lines? Did he intend to provoke an attack? If an accusation of objectification is justified in this case, is any interest shown by a man in a woman that is expressed in terms of her body now to be condemned? Would these questions be so urgent, indeed would they arise at all, if the book had been written by a woman? Would a woman write such a story? In its extreme choice of body part, is the book about how women are objectified? Is the joke not against women but against those who miss the book’s purpose?

The review at this point seemed in danger of disappearing up its own fundament. Yes, the story involves much discussion and study of women’s bottoms and vulvas, but the first attempt above at a summary of the book does convey its essence correctly. The man with the Astra, Amy and Biscuit are respectful of the women who become subjects of the investigation, obtaining their free and informed consent. Although it is a man who initiates the project, Amy and Maria are in no sense his tools; they take part for their own
purposes and are as much in control of what happens as he is. Importantly, there is no prurience or titillation in the writing. Indeed, a significant part of the book’s comedy comes precisely from the contrast between the intimately physical subject of the investigation and the matter-of-fact, serious manner in which the characters pursue and discuss it. Robin Bynoe presents the investigation, and presents the characters, without any knowing, nudge-nudge glances at us as readers, without the sniggering embarrassment which would be audible between the lines if, intentionally or unintentionally, the book embodied a joke at women’s expense.

So my verdict is: read and enjoy. And talking of jokes, there is an excellent one at the beginning of chapter 2 in the form of a confusion between poems by Kipling, Hardy and Tennyson. It is an entirely appropriate and understandable conflation which the writers of 1066 and All That would have been proud to have created.

THE CONUNDRUM OF PLUTO

Keith Marshall

Discussion of World War II often centres around daring military feats, aircraft (like the Spitfire and the Lancaster), Dunkirk, flying bombs and the Normandy landings. The military, of course, needed huge amounts of engineering to produce all the aircraft, armaments etc., but we forget the sheer amount of civil engineering that had to be done to support the military, as well as protect the population.

In The Military Philosophers, near the start of the tour of Military Attachés to the recaptured areas of France and the Low Countries, Colonel Finn (Nick Jenkins’s commanding officer at MIL) is worrying …

“They’re not to be shown Pluto,” said Finn. “I bet one and all of them make a bee-line for it. They’re as artful as a cartload of monkeys when it comes to breaking the rules.”

Pluto – Pipe Line Under The Ocean, appropriately recalling the Lord of the Underworld – was the system, an ingenious one, by which troops in a state of mobility were supplied with oil.

[MP, 155-6]
Another of those throw-away lines AP used to add verisimilitude, one thinks? But no. As usual with Powell it is not fiction and there is a whole wealth of truth behind it, although how much AP would have known at the time about the highly secret PLUTO project is hard to know.

PLUTO – the name appropriately redolent of darkness and the underworld – is a good case in point when one thinks about the engineering efforts involved in supporting the military. Although Pipeline Under the Ocean was a military necessity, it required huge amounts of industrial and civil engineering to bring it off.

The idea of delivering fuel to France via a submarine pipeline is credited to Lord Mountbatten in 1941 when he was put in charge of planning what were to become the Normandy landings. (The original idea was to invade Europe via Calais, but this was abandoned as it was what the Germans were expecting and planning fortifications against. But Allied subterfuge – including a complete 3-mile dummy harbour at Dover which was opened by King George VI – ensured the Germans continued expecting the invasion to be via Calais/Boulogne.)

Mountbatten realised the military front line in France would have a long supply chain and one of the most critical elements was to provide them with vast quantities of fuel – petrol and kerosene – until harbours and anchorages could be secured for supply by tanker ships.
Hence PLUTO was born in 1941. There was soon a close and very willing collaboration between of a plethora of engineering firms (who would in peacetime have been deadly rivals), the War Office, Department of Petroleum Supply, the Army and the Navy. Often everyone was so keen they went ahead without waiting for official orders to be placed.

The original concept was to pump fuel across the Straits of Dover as this was the shortest route, but not only were the landings moved to be much further west on the Normandy beaches, it was realised that the volume of fuel required needed more than one pipeline. Hence a second, much longer, pipeline from Isle of Wight to Cherbourg was initiated.

The work was built on the combined experience of Anglo-Iranian Oil in laying overground pipelines across Arabian desert, and the fairly new techniques of laying submarine telegraph cables. Nonetheless designing and building a submarine pipeline robust enough to resist leakage, especially when the waters in the Channel threw it against rocks, was a major engineering challenge.

PLUTO’s initial design was for two-inch internal diameter lead pipe wrapped in steel tape and made as a single 30-mile length – it was thought necessary to have an unwelded pipe in order to handle the pressures involved, and iron or steel could not be made in such a continuous length. The pipeline was eventually to be expanded to three-inch diameter pipe.

However, after initial testing it was realised that mild steel would be a better option as it could be made in short lengths which could be easily, and securely, welded on site – and this despite that the steel was expected to have a life of only 6 weeks in seawater before it fractured – but six weeks was all that would be required to bridge the gap between invasion and secure anchorages being available for tanker ships.

It also turned out that not only was lead difficult to make as a single length, but that every church roof in the country would have had to be stripped to supply PLUTO. Short, welded lengths of mild steel were much easier to fabricate, and curiously they were found to be flexible enough to be wound onto huge "cotton reels" (codenamed CONUNDRUM) which could be towed behind the cable laying ship.

Needless to say the enterprise needed some huge capacity pumps to even hope to reach the required throughput and pressure (up to 1500 psi). These were again built by civilian engineering firms. They were then installed behind the frontages and under camouflage awnings of bombed-out hotels on the
Shanklin and Sandown seafronts on the Isle of Wight, and some similarly camouflaged buildings near Dungeness. The installation work was done by a mix of forces personnel (Royal Engineers with their Navy and RAF counterparts) and civilian workers from the manufacturers.

Multiple pipes – both lead and steel; 2-inch and 3-inch diameter – were laid across the English Channel along the two routes from Dungeness to Boulogne and Shanklin/Sandown to Cherbourg. Once installed and commissioned the pumps had to be able to run 24 hours a day.

That in itself was a formidable achievement, but PLUTO wasn’t the entirety of the work. The fuel had to be delivered to the PLUTO terminals, and this required overland fuel supply pipelines from the oil terminals on the west coast to London and the major RAF bases. These too had to be built – at night to avoid enemy detection – and then extended to feed PLUTO.

All this was a huge challenge. Astonishingly it worked, although it wasn’t an unmitigated success. The pipeline into Cherbourg was delivered very much later than needed, in part because of inclement weather during the pipeline laying and partly due to problems and delays clearing the landing areas in France of mines and making them secure. But the two pipelines were installed, and worked (albeit not at the originally expected capacity). Nevertheless they were an essential supply line, with the Dungeness to Boulogne pipeline working for more than the first critical six weeks.

This was a huge, and innovative, feat of engineering, especially when one considers that it all linked up with oil supply pipelines across Britain and across the Low Countries, the latter being extended “on the fly” as the Allied Forces advanced into Germany.

Along with the prefabricated floating concrete Mulberry Harbours used following D-Day, PLUTO is still considered one of history’s greatest feats of military engineering. The pipelines were also the forerunners of all flexible pipes used in the development of offshore oil fields. In the years following the war, well over 90% of the pipeline was recovered as salvage and scrapped, the value of the scrap lead and steel being well in excess of the recovery costs.

So just another of those throw-away comments that AP includes to add verisimilitude!
Uncle Giles Plans a Marxist Christmas in Los Angeles

Some weeks ago, I was sent some press cuttings. The paper was a local rag in some unconsidered corner of India, the title was ‘Ask the Guru!’, but the text was mine. Normally I wouldn’t bother, but Mrs East did some research with her computer and discovered that the publisher was part of some behemoth based in Los Angeles. I wrote to the Chairman.

*Rule 1. Write to the Chairman, not some hack: you may just get his attention.*

Copyright theft, I said; irreparable damage to reputation; my man of business in Lincolns Inn; punitive damages; of course, would not dismiss regularised licensing arrangement out of hand. To my considerable surprise I got a prompt reply from the great man himself: apologies; act of a subordinate no longer in my employ; would very much appreciate discussion of licence; syndication fees; cable; social media; fantastic future together; telephone number. Proffering 20p to Mrs East I called the number. I didn’t tell her that it was in Los Angeles.

‘His nibs said you’d call. He’d love for you to visit with him. His diary is insane, but he has a window at Christmas. Could we fly you in? Are you engaged then?’

Christmas! That would be an improvement on last year.

‘I always stay at the Chateau Marmont.’
Rule 2. *Don’t be shy with your demands. They’ll take advantage otherwise.*
*I’d read about this hotel; never actually visited LA.*

‘No, no. You must stay in his nibs’s chateau, as his guest.’

‘And I can’t fly steerage. Leg. Old war wound…’

‘No guest of his nibs flies other than First. Will you be tweeded? I love your stuff.’

Of course I would wear tweeds! Did he think I would black my arse and go naked? I said nothing.

Rule 3. *Avoid obscenity with Americans, unless necessary.*

This was going well. I could envisage me and his nibs talking numbers by the pool; in another screen Mrs East, passed out drunk and alone over the mince pies.

‘I should tell you,’ said the young man, putting on a sanctimonious voice, ‘that his nibs maintains a Marxist establishment, and asks that you respect that.’

‘Marx: twinkling eyes, fluffy beard, wanted to exterminate the bourgeoisie?’

‘That’s him. When it is ‘The Queen’s Speech’, for instance, your majesty will be ritually abused…’

‘‘The Queen’s Speech’? In LA?’

‘Cable. And there is another guest, a distinguished Professor, who will deconstruct the Christmas Story, per Marxian analysis, at very great length, I understand, employing sayings from other noted languages.’

‘No matter,’ I said. I could afford to be generous. ‘I shall watch the world go by from behind a very large Scotch.’

‘Orange juice,’ said the young man. ‘I’m sorry,’ said I.

‘You will watch the world go by from behind a very large orange juice.’
MY FIRST TIME

Gerald Parsons

The birth of my interest in AP took place in 1977, when I was living next to Westminster Cathedral. AP had been born two hundred yards away at 44 Ashley Gardens.

I was sharing a flat with Oxford friends, but already the paths had forked. Some were, like Templer, enterprising with women, consequently enjoying the glorious years between the coming of the Pill and AIDS. Some were, like Widmerpool, showing surprising determination and ruthlessness in getting ahead. (A flatmate, who went on to become a university vice-chancellor, warned me: “you’re marking time”). Some were, like Archie Gilbert, “in” non-ferrous metals, or the like. Some – usually the chartered accountants - were making money. Others had gone the unmaterialistic Morland way. When I read A Question of Upbringing, I identified with Jenkins, the spectator in a world that had suddenly become larger. Contemporaries were streaking ahead or, Stringham-like-, were falling by the wayside. We’d all started equal – after all, I’d been taught Latin at AP’s prep school by the son of AP’s own headmaster – but now we were no longer so. As in Dance, the threat of social mobility was all around.

Like Jenkins, I didn’t have to do very much to hang on socially. He didn’t have to give parties himself, but would find himself at the Huntercombes’ ball or at Mrs Andriadis’. Invitations still came from past connections. My Old Boy Dinner was exactly as described in The Acceptance World apart from the fact that the Le Bas’s successor did not have a stroke. Even hopes for new experience were suggested by AP. Perhaps somebody would invite me for the weekend to Stourwater and I could participate in dungeon activity. Perhaps, somewhere beyond Rutland Gate, the door of the flat would be opened by Jean.

My “first time” with AP was therefore one in which I identified with what was happening, delighting in the fact that in fifty years not much had changed for young men starting in London. Subsequent readings have been more about the pleasure of acquaintances from long ago unexpectedly resurfacing.
OBITUARY
Robert L. Selig 1932-2018

Nick Birns

I never met Robert L. Selig, author of *Time and Anthony Powell*, and indeed was surprised to learn he was a member of the Society. I would have loved to talk to him and see where he first read Powell and how his interest was generated. From the record online, one can make some guesses: he studied at Columbia at a time when Powell was on the recommended reading list for 20th Century literature, and then taught in the City University of New York system, in which Robert Morris, author of one of the other American critical books on Powell, also taught. He made his career in the Purdue University system in Indiana, in which Lynette Felber, who also wrote on Powell, also taught. These are just conjectures as to linkages: he may have discovered the author of *A Dance To The Music of Time* completely on his own.

In any event, Selig wrote a superb critical book on Powell which was really one of the first to use literary theory to explicate the work. Selig used the narrative theory of Gérard Genette, which in very rigorous and precise terms anatomizes narrative standpoint and the organization of story through time. Genette developed his method through reading Proust, so it is doubly appropriate for the study of Powell.

Selig, though, used Genette's methods lightly, and only when needed, making the book still very accessible to the general reader. For instance, he used Uncle Giles’s remark about Hitler, “rather like that little man...” as an example of the “pseudo-iterative,” the presentation of events that occurred only once as part of an ongoing pattern. Selig also provides a biographical sketch of Powell which pleased the author himself by presenting him, in Powell’s words as “a poor boy made good,” a line then used by Michael Barber in his biography. Selig also wrote on George Gissing and recognized the continuities between new Grub Street and Upper Grub Street, continuities which corroborate Powell’s belief in the suppleness and mobility of the British class system.
Robert Selig’s fine book on Powell will be of continuing use to the reader of *A Dance To The Music of Time*. Used copies are available affordably on Amazon, and I would strongly recommend snapping them up.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**


There were several mentions in Hilary Spurling’s biography relevant to the subject matter of the referenced article. These came to my attention too late to be included in the article. In addition, APS member Geoff Brown provided some interesting comments on the article. These matters are addressed below:

1. In her biography *Anthony Powell: Dancing to the Music of Time* (London, 2017), Hilary Spurling refers (p. 162) to a game of “literary leapfrog” between AP and Heygate in 1933 over their competitive parodies of each other in their novels. In a letter (est. date 20 Aug 1933) that he wrote to AP while he was probably writing *Talking Picture*, Heygate warns AP that he is “for it in the part when you come to Neubabelsburg” (p. 450). This would suggest that Heygate had seen or heard about some character or incident in an advanced copy or description of *FVD* (published in October 1933) somehow relating to him. See also pp. 188-89 where Rightlaw’s reappearance in Heygate’s next book *Motor Tramp* is discussed.

Spurling also includes several passages from Heygate’s letters to AP from Germany after he returned to Germany in 1935 (p. 202):

‘Nothing has changed. Nothing...Piety & prosperity. Americans shooting dice in the Eden bar. Same old storm over the Rhine where I am sitting.’ Unlike [AP], he still shared the widespread optimism peddled in those years by Oswald Mosley, and the credulous Mitfords. Heygate, who sat next to Unity Mitford at the Nuremberg Rally in July, now urged the Powells to join him, bombarding [AP] with postcards of Nazi stormtroopers, squads of Hitler Youth (‘the Hitler
Jugend are the boys’), photos of Horst Wessel and the vicious anti-semitic Julius Streicher, whose cartoon drawings of Jews even Heygate didn’t find funny…

Powell didn’t take up Heygate’s suggestion for another visit to Germany during this later period. Spurling also provides an interesting insight into the strains in Heygate’s second marriage based on Violet’s letters describing her stay with Gwyneth in Spring 1940 when she was living on the South Downs and John was stationed nearby (pp. 245-48).

2. Geoff Brown (whose article on John Heygate’s film career provides the basis for most of my discussion on that topic) has sent along the following comments:

“Please note a couple of errors that crept into your piece. The British film company involved is Gaumont British, not British Gaumont. Also the date of the first multilingual sound film feature (British International Pictures’ Atlantic) is not 1927, but 1929. Germany’s own multilingual films began to emerge only a few months later.

Regarding the identities of characters in Heygate’s book, I’ve cracked one more since I wrote my piece, and that’s the Prince, the friendly production assistant who threads through the novel. He always intrigued me. The answer came when I looked at the Ernest Thesiger papers at Bristol University’s Theatre Collection - papers that include a diary that he kept when in Berlin for The Only Girl (not all that revealing on the whole) and a jumbled manuscript of an unpublished autobiography. There was indeed a Prince on the production staff at Ufa - a member of the Swedish royal family, Prince Sigvard, Duke of Uppland, the son of the then Crown Prince of Sweden. Two years after these Ufa films, Prince Sigvard married a commoner, supposedly a film actress, and was excluded from the line of succession. One of his jobs on The Only Girl was to look after the cast and see that they were happy. Thesiger seems to have spent a lot of time dining in various restaurants and going to museums, partly because Lilian Harvey was off sick for some of the time with a sprained ankle, halting production…

Finally, if you want to read a recent and unconvincing thriller that riffs on these Berlin multi-linguals, features a Heygate-like minor character (‘Max Townsend’), as well as hijacking the Heygate-scripted film title Black Roses, read Black Roses the novel (published 2013) by the English ex-
journalist/novelist Jane Thynne, wife (and now, unfortunately, widow) of a better-known writer of Berlin thrillers Philip Kerr. For any one who really knows film history and its chronology the novel is an entertaining if infuriating example of all the mistakes a writer can easily get into if he/she knows a spattering of names and film titles but nothing else. Lots of anachronisms, misdatings, and some absurd dialogue. My favourite line comes from Magda Goebbels at a party in 1933 as she’s telling the English actress heroine about Hitler’s passion for films:

‘Grand Hotel is his favourite,’ Magda burbles, ‘and we hear good things of King Kong.’

Oh yes, I’m sure! At least Thynne didn’t try to slip AP into the novel as well.”

Sincerely,

Jeff Manley

**London Pub Meeting 3 November 2018**

“Life gets on your nerves sometimes.” One reflective member of the Society opined dolefully as they readied themselves in the Audley for the onslaught of the pre-Christmans offensive. “Like policemen the reindeers seem to get younger every year.” Certainly they appear earlier, even in Mayfair.

But this was no jaded gathering of bah humbug bookworms. Far from it. A very lively and numerous group of lunchers colonised multiple tables at the Audley on a glorious crisp autumn day. Anecdotes whizzed around – how one senior member entered the august portals of an illustrious Swiss bank in Mexico City thinking it was a launderette. Cue several jibes about laundry services, not being confined to shirts and sheets.

Gannex coats cropped up again. Why are so many Powellites so fascinated by them? Another member revealed that she had been at school with Joe Kagan’s daughter, Jenny, now a highly successful lighting designer. Speculation about Kagan, Harold Wilson, wrong overcoats (the Gannex putty mac was worn by
Harold Wilson), Widmerpool and Dr Belkin swirled around the tables. We had our own wrong overcoat episode. At a drinks do the previous week for those who had attended the spectacular Venice conference organized by Susan and Elwin Taylor, a black coat belonging to the most petite lady present was taken by the tallest lady there. An energetic bout of phone calls and emails eventually uncovered what had happened. Elwin retrieved it and brought it to the Audley for an exchange which was successfully concluded only after he, having forgotten it, returned to Putney and then back to the Audley. Can there have been a more supreme example of the discharging of a host’s duties?

The Audley pub meets are not just an opportunity for members to swap literary opinions — “Eliot was a modernist conservative. Yes he is pretty irritating” and enjoy badinage and gossip. You can also button hole the management. “We want social events with more zip.” demanded a long time member. “Yes”, echoed another. “You know when you visit your granny. You know what you are going to eat and what she’s going to say.” All taken to heart. Let’s hope the Trustees make it one of their new year’s resolutions.

Already plans are afoot for an intriguing visit masterminded by John Blaxter to see the Augustus John and Henry Lamb exhibitions. Watch this space.

Some radical souls suggested moving the venue from the Audley. Partly out of the “visiting your granny” syndrome. But also because the food and service continue to deteriorate. The gammon was off. Waiting an hour for fish and chips because there was a private lunch in the upper room is not really good enough. And when food did eventually arrive it was dry and skimpy - the bangers and mash approached a lifetime nadir for your Editor. But the Audley is a good location and their friendly staff efficiently allocate tables for us. Let’s give the Audley another chance. In the meantime, seasonal thoughts to you all. Until next year.

Stephen Walker
Thanks to everyone who battled through the huge crowds on the anti-Brexit march to attend the AGM. Full minutes will be circulated with the next Newsletter.

Our Chairman noted that despite many solid achievements and the Hilary Spurling biography our membership numbers actually showed a slight decline 2018 vs 2017 (292 vs 301). His conclusion was that we needed to give a more attractive ‘face’ to the Society and this would be a discussion item for the Trustees. This year is one of transition with Keith Marshall stepping down as a Trustee and as Honorary Secretary. To recognise Keith’s outstanding and exceptional contribution, it had been agreed to award him the title of ‘Founding Secretary Emeritus’.

Progress had been made in reallocating Keith’s work but there was still a need to identify candidates who in due course could take on the roles of Membership Secretary, Treasurer and Publisher. We would also need someone to start work early next year on planning the next Conference (likely to be held in Easter 2021 – location/theme to be decided).

Three new Trustees were elected: John Blaxter, Paul Milliken and Prue Raper. There was a Trustee vacancy left by the death of Tony Robinson in September 2017 and both Keith Marshall and Derek Miles were standing down. Tribute was paid to Derek who over 12 years as a Trustee had done much together with Keith to put the Society on a sound and professional footing. In addition, Patric Dickinson was confirmed as a Vice President for a further 5 years.

Our Treasurer confirmed that there had been a small trading loss during the year principally due to planned heavy expenditure on publishing (including clearing a backlog) and IT. The reserves however remain healthy. Thanks were given to George Warren for acting as scrutineer to the accounts.

Other highlights included two very well attended lectures in 2017 – Hilary Spurling in October and Alexander Waugh in December – and a successful 2018 conference which was very well hosted by Merton College Oxford. John Blaxter organised a weekend in Radnorshire which was well appreciated. In a
busy year for publishing, it was noted that *AP on Wine* had sold well and that the Newsletter was proving to be of excellent quality and good value.

After the formal conclusion of the AGM a number of questions were raised including subscription rates particularly given the increasing costs of postage. It was confirmed that the Trustees had discussed this issue and have decided not to increase rates but to keep them under review every year.

A ‘Pub Quiz’ followed ably hosted by Stephen Holden and Keith Marshall. Those who thought they knew *Dance* backwards received some nasty surprises. There was one contentious question: did *Dance* consist of 12 novels or just one novel in 12 parts? It was fitting that, at his last AGM as Secretary, Keith determined the correct answer as being the one that he had written down.  

*Paul Milliken*

For those who were unable to attend, the quiz is printed below. Answers will be published in the next issue of the *Newsletter.*

*Stephen Holden*

*The winning team: Pat Chambers, David Lovis, Ben Smith, Christine Apperley*
NEWSLETTER 73

Round 1 : Dance (1)
1. How many novels are there in the Dance sequence? **
2. Nick and Gen. Liddament disagree about which author?
3. Who, in SA, tells Widmerpool “The General bade me discourse fair words to you, sir, anent traffic circuits”?
4. Umfraville claims he once won a “monkey” at poker. What is a “monkey”?
5. In QU who walks out of Jenkins’s life for 20 years?
6. Who died chasing looters during an air raid?
7. In HSH, for what do Scorpio Murtlock and friends go fishing?
8. What cocktail was invented by Harrison Wisebite?

Round 2 : 1905
1. The author of The Darling Buds of May was born in 1905. Who is he?
2. Who, in 1905, published his theory now known as “Special Relativity”? 
3. Where in London was AP born? (Street-level required)
4. Who, on 4 March 1905, is sworn in for a full term as US President?
5. Which French existentialist, who died in 1980, was born in June 1905?
6. Who was Prime Minister of the UK when AP was born?
7. An operetta by Franz Lehár was first performed on 30 December 1905 in Vienna. By what title do we know this work?
8. Who was UK monarch when AP was born? **

Round 3 : AP Miscellanea
1. What was AP’s first published book? **
2. In FVD Bianca tells Zouch her mother thinks he is a what?
3. In AP’s play The Garden God, who is the Garden God?
4. What occupation did AP’s father follow?
5. On Desert Island Discs, what book did AP choose to take to his desert island?
6. How many copies of WBW were sold before the remainder were destroyed in the Blitz?
7. Of whom did AP write a biography?
8. In which regiment did AP serve at during WW2?

Round 4 : General Knowledge (1)
1. In what year was Evelyn Waugh born? (exact)
2. In Greek mythology who or what guards the gates of the Underworld?
3. Theravada and Mahayana are branches of which major world religion?
4. Nicolas Poussin’s painting “A Dance to the Music of Time” hangs in which gallery? **
5. Which planet in the solar system is closest to the sun?
6. Name the home of Cricket.
7. Which country in mainland Europe has the largest number of active volcanoes?
8. Gruyere is a type of what?
Round 5: Dance (2)
1. Who appears unexpectedly in SA as a Mess Waiter?
2. In which body of water did Pamela dispose of Trapnel’s manuscript?
3. The quote beginning “I hear new news every day …” at the end of HSH comes from which work? (Author and Title)
4. Hugh Moreland is said to be based on which of AP’s friends?
5. In MP what is Col Finn concerned the military attachés do not get to see?
6. In LM who tells of an encounter with a “great black maid”? **
7. Who died when run over by a horsebox at Lingfield?
8. “The Essence of the All is the Godhead of the True”.

Round 6: General Knowledge (2)
1. How many symphonies did Beethoven write?
2. In which year was the Battle of Hastings? **
3. What is the name of the light sensitive panel of cells at the back of the eye?
4. Who wrote The Green Hat?
5. To which country does Hawaii belong?
6. Who is the UK’s longest-reigning monarch?
7. How many old pennies were there in £1? (exact)
8. Colman’s of Norwich are famous for producing what?

Questions marked ** have a mark deducted if answered incorrectly

<< ... C U T T I N G S . . . . C U T T I N G S . . . >>

In the Spectator 13 October 2018, Philip Hensher’s article on Pamela Hansford Johnson compares her career to “Anthony Powell’s faintly dogged character Ada Leintwardine, whose imagined novels have precisely the same dustily tawdry titles as Johnson’s, the scandals of long ago; and as Johnson did, Leintwardine marries a dispenser of cultural values. Opening Johnson’s novels, one has the curious sensation of being allowed at last to read the real-world originals of Leintwardine’s Bedsores, The Bitch Pack Meets on Wednesday and I stopped at a Chemist.”

The Bitch Pack has of course appeared in print thanks to our own Bernard Stacey, and I Stopped at a Chemist has been honoured in the form of a Society tote bag (see p. 46).
Dates for your Diary

London Group Pub Meets 2019
The Audley, Mount Street, London W1 12.30 to 15.30
2 February, 4 May, 3 August and 2 November
A pint, a pie and informal conversation in a Victorian pub that AP would have known. Why not bring something AP-related to interest us? Non-members always welcome. No need to book.

Anthony Powell Lecture 2018
Prof. Perry Anderson ‘The Longevity of Anthony Powell’, The Travellers Club, 106 Pall Mall London SW1
Monday 17 December 2018.
Tickets: £13 may be booked via the Society’s online shop, at www.anthonypowell.org or by emailing membership@anthonypowell.org.
The ticket price includes a glass of wine before the lecture.

Grolier Club Birthday Lunch
A Chance to the Music of Time
or
BINGO GALORE
Birthday Luncheon Guests play
a game fashioned from
Anthony Powell's 12-Novel Series

Friday, December 14, noon at the Grolier Club, 14 East 60th Street, New York, NY 10022. For details, please email Arete Warren at ulubrae.aw1@verizon.net. All APS members are most welcome to attend.
Quarterly Newsletter Copy Dates 2019

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Copy for the Newsletter should be sent to the Editor
Contact editor@anthonypowell.org for further information

SOCIETY NEWS AND NOTICES

Subscriptions
Subscriptions are due on 1 April and reminders will be sent out to members needing to renew.
Where we have your email address, we will use it to send your reminder as it is quicker and a lot cheaper. Others will receive their reminder by post.
Subscription rates are:
Individual: UK £22, Overseas £28
Joint: UK £33, Overseas £39
Student: UK £13, Overseas £19

Why not save time and money with our “5 years for the price of 4” membership offer?
Valid for all grades of membership.
Anyone whose membership has expired will be removed from the membership list at the end of June. Subscriptions and membership enquiries should be sent to: Anthony Powell Society Memberships, 76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford, UB6 0JW, UK membership@anthonypowell.org
+44 (0) 20 8864 7993

Please help us to keep costs down by renewing promptly
Membership Updates

New Members
We extend a warm welcome to the following new and returning members:
Bob Coxhill, Dorchester
David Goldblatt, Bristol
Brenda Hawkins, Eastbourne
Elizabeth Powers, New York
Nicole Segre, London
Anthony Wigram, London

Condolences
With regret we have been informed of the death of the following members: Dr David Pattinson, Oxford, Georgina Pritchard, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Prof. Robert Selig, Denver, USA. We send condolences to all their family and friends.

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

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

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

SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

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

Venice 2014 Conference Proceedings (including recordings of the papers on a CD)
UK: £11; Overseas £16

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

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

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

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

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

Bernard Stacey, War Dance, a glossary of the military terms and references in the War trilogy novels
UK: £10; Overseas £14

Bernard Stacey, Poetic Dance, a glossary of the poetry references in Dance
UK: £10; 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

Writing about Anthony Powell
Talks given at the 2004 AGM by George Lilley, Michael Barber and Nick Birns; introduced by Christine Berberich. UK: £4; Overseas: £7

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

Violet Powell; *A Stone in the Shade*
Fourth & final volume of Lady Violet’s autobiography covering mostly the 1960s. Includes many of Lady Violet’s coloured travel sketches. Hardback. **UK: £24; Overseas: £32**

Anthony Powell, *Caledonia, A Fragment*
The 2011 Greville Press reprint of this rare Powell spoof. **UK: £8; Overseas: £11**

John Gould; *Dance Class*
American High School student essays from John’s two teachings of *Dance* at Philips Academy. **UK: £12; Overseas: £18**

**Hardback: UK £18; Overseas £24**

JOURNAL
*Secret Harmonies: Journal of the Anthony Powell Society*
Back numbers of issues 1, 2, 3, 6/7 &8 are available. **UK: £6; Overseas: £9**

AUDIO
*BBC Radio Dramatisation of Dance*
Originally broadcast on BBC Radio 4 between 1979-82. 26 one-hour episodes. Single CD containing 26 MP3 files. **For copyright reasons available to Society members only.**  
**UK & Overseas: £12 (£6 + £6 donation)**

SHOPPING BAG
*Society Shopping/Tote Bag*
Sturdy 10oz cotton bag approx. 38cm square with 10cm gusset. Each bag has *A Buyer’s Market* and Ada Leintwardine book cover designs.
UK: £8; Overseas £10  (If you want multiples please email us for a postage quote)

POSTCARDS

**Powell Ancestral Lands Postcards**
Set of four colour postcards from photos by John Blaxter of the Powell ancestral lands on the Welsh borders. **UK: £3; Overseas: £5**

**Society Postcard**
B&W postcard of Powell with his cat Trelawney. Pack of 5. **UK: £3; Overseas: £5**

**Wallace Collection Poussin Postcard**
The Wallace Collection’s postcard of Poussin’s *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Pack of 5. **UK: £3; Overseas: £6**

A5 colour postcard (pictured below) of part of Powell’s collage in the Chantry boiler room. Photograph by Hugh Gilbert for the Society. Pack of 5 **UK: £6; Overseas £8.**

ORDERING
The prices shown are the current members’ prices (revised June 2017) and are inclusive of postage and packing, hence the different UK and overseas prices. **Non-members will be charged the UK member’s price shown plus postage & packing at cost.**

Please send your order to:
**Anthony Powell Society Merchandise,**
48 Cecil Road, London, E13 0LR, UK
*Email:* merchandise@anthonypowell.org Payment by UK cheque, Mastercard, Visa or PayPal (to *secretary@anthonypowell.org*). You may also order through the Society’s online shop at [www.anthonypowell.org](http://www.anthonypowell.org).
Please tick below the membership required:

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* Any two persons at the same address.
** Please send a copy of your student card.

[ ] **Buy 5 years membership for the price of 4** (valid for all grades)

Gift membership & standing order payment also available. Subscriptions are due on 1 April; if joining on or after 1 January membership includes following subscription year.

Name:
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[ ] I enclose a sterling cheque drawn on a UK bank for £ and payable to Anthony Powell Society.

[ ] Please debit my Visa/MasterCard with £

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   Expires:
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[Delete if not required.] I am a UK taxpayer and I want all donations I’ve made since 6 April 2000 and all donations in the future to be Gift Aid until I notify you otherwise. You must pay an amount of Income Tax and/or Capital Gains Tax for each tax year (6 April one year to 5 April the next) that is at least equal to the amount of tax that the Society will reclaim on your donations for that tax year.

[ ] I agree to the Society holding my contact details on computer and using them to provide me with member benefits.

Signed: Date:

Please send the completed form and payment to:

Anthony Powell Society Memberships, 76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford, UB6 0JW, UK. Phone: +44 (0) 20 8864 4095 Email: membership@anthonypowell.org
Recent Society Publications

War Dance
A glossary of the military terms and references in the trilogy novels in Anthony Powell’s Dance to the Music of Time

Bernard Stacey

Poetic Dance
A glossary of the poetry references in Anthony Powell’s Dance to the Music of Time

Dearest; the night is passing Waneth the trembling moon Hark! how the wind ariseth Morn will be here so soon

A Robin Red breast Puts all Heaven

Anthony Powell on Wine
Six pieces by Anthony Powell and one by Violet Powell on the pleasures of food and drink

Introduction by John Powell Edited by Simon Powell

Bernard Stacey