

AP  
THE  
ANTHONY POWELL  
NEWSLETTER

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ISSUE  
79

CONTRIBUTORS:  
MIKE JAY  
ROBIN BYNOE  
TOM MILLER  
STEPHEN EGGINS  
NEVILLE KEERY  
JEFF MANLEY

SUMMER 2020



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All correspondence should be sent to:  
[secretary@anthonypowell.org](mailto:secretary@anthonypowell.org)

Website: [www.anthonypowell.org](http://www.anthonypowell.org)

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## CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE



First, I hope that you and your families are managing to cope with the virus restrictions in place in many countries. A good opportunity if nothing else to cheer yourself up by re-reading some of AP's work. Rest assured that the Society continues to plan for events later this year (and next), even though our normal social programme in the UK is suspended. I am pleased to see that many members have subscribed to our new discussion group – [apgroup@apgroups.io](mailto:apgroup@apgroups.io) – and that our membership remains healthy at around 300 members.

Second, I would ask each member to consider whether you might help the Society by doing some volunteer work. I have a real concern that we have been and still are relying on a small number of Members to handle the running of the Society. Graham Page as Treasurer, Stephen Walker as Editor and Social Secretary and Alison Walker as Publisher have all done their bit and it is only fair to them that other members now step forward to take on these roles for a period. Keith Marshall as you know has continued as Membership Secretary and Shop Manager after stepping down as Hon. Secretary but also now richly deserves a break.

We have well established procedures and processes in place for all these roles so they can be done by any member with some spare time and a laptop. There is plenty of support available from the existing team. The new Treasurer would become a Trustee but there is no such requirement for the other roles. So please let our Secretary Paul Milliken ([secretary@anthonypowell.org](mailto:secretary@anthonypowell.org)) know if you are interested and he will ensure that you get further information.

Finally, we are planning our next Conference to be held in Central London over the weekend of 16/17/18 April 2021. Further details will come via the Newsletter and our website. If you are based in or around London and would be able to help with the organisation and running of the Conference then again please contact Paul. Given the Covid-19 restrictions in the UK the Trustees will be keeping the feasibility of running the conference under constant review. Please visit the website on a regular basis for the latest information.

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We can be proud of our Society but it will only be able to operate if we can share the load amongst members. I look forward to your continuing support.

Best wishes  
Robin Bynoe, Chairman

### EDITOR'S LETTER



Welcome to the Lockdown edition, slightly slimmer than usual. Paradoxically contributors have not used their leisure time and solitary confinement to swamp me with material. What are you all doing if not rereading *Dance* and writing updated versions of Camus? Has inertia and ennui set in so soon?

Many thanks to this issue's contributors. Part of AP's attraction is how his life and work intersected so many orbits. Mike Jay explores the Powells' friendship with the d'Avigdor-Goldsmids. Your Chairman in a characteristically witty and provocative piece asks: What do readers want from fiction? Long-standing members Stephen Egging and Neville Keery share thoughts about rereading *Dance*. Two retired lawyers Tom Miller and Jeff Manley provide more insightful information into two other orbital figures, Kingsley Amis and Eileen Orwell, George's first wife. Finally, Uncle Giles provides yet more advice on Social Distancing.

In case you missed last week's *Sunday Times* (24 May) Culture section, Simon Russell Beale recalls being Widmerpool in the 1997 TV adaptation of *Dance*. And yes, for his characterisation he did draw on other people, his grandfather with high-rise braces and Herbert Morrison with his round glasses and slicked-back unruly hair.

No doubt as AP intended Widmerpool is not someone to admire - being as SRB says 'a man of limited talent and imagination who climbs to the top of the greasy pole through a steely willpower and an unshakeable self-belief'. But like many of us SRB ended up having a grudging admiration for Kenneth. Indeed, and right now would we all not be better off with Widmerpool, the efficient man of affairs, than with the current old Etonian with unruly hair?

Stay Well.  
Stephen Walker  
Townshend25@gmail.com

# VIOLET, ROSIE, SARAH AND CHAGALL

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*Mike Jay*

When researching the ‘*Dance Dedictees*’ (see *Newsletter* 50) I learnt that Violet Powell had been friends with Rosemary d’Avigdor-Goldsmid (née Nicholl) ‘since deb days’ which must have been from around 1930. Rosie married Sir Henry (Harry) Joseph d’Avigdor-Goldsmid 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet (1909-1976). After Harrow and Balliol, Harry became a ‘profusely’ decorated British officer, then a Conservative M.P (Walsall South) and a senior company director in Banking (Chairman of the Anglo Israeli Bank) and publishing (Pergamon Press). He was also on the board of the TOTE (horserace betting).



Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid

After WW2 the Goldsmids became strong friends of the Powells and Harry is credited with being very helpful to AP by offering incalculable advice on the complex dealings in the world of finance, especially on the comic side, during the creation of *Dance* despite at one point suggesting the early killing off of Widmerpool! Indeed, we can find elements of Harry within the character of Sir Magnus Donners. While Powell valued Harry’s input, Goldsmid credited AP’s handling of the chromite story with ‘the trained negligence of the *Financial Times* commodity report’ which I take to be a back handed if witty compliment. Harry had gifts of courage both physical and moral. He was generous and a rare friend. AP dedicated *Casanova’s Chinese Restaurant* (1960) ‘for Harry and Rosie’. The Goldsmids were blessed with two daughters, Sarah Venetia and Chloe. Sarah, a ‘deb’ in 1960, ‘fascinatingly attractive’, had been educated in Italy and Switzerland where she had studied Russian. She was also an accomplished sportswoman, excelling as a skier and as a horsewoman.



Lady Rosemary d'Avigdor-Goldsmid

As we learn from *To Keep the Ball Rolling*, in 1948 the Powells 'took' Evelyn Gardner's cottage in Kent for a few weeks which enabled them to visit the Goldsmids at their huge Jacobean house Somerhill near Tonbridge (eclipsed only in size by the Sackville-Wests at nearby Knowle as Spurling puts it). This was the beginning of a long series of visits where 'Hospitality was already on a heroic scale...after 6 years of wartime austerity one could feel very grateful for a bucket or two of champagne'.

Somerhill had been purchased by Sir Isaac Goldsmid in 1849. The distinguished family continued to acquire surrounding land to the East of Tonbridge. Harry's father was Osmond the 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet who had been President of the Board of Deputies of British Jews and Chairman of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. Osmond was the grandson of Henri d'Avigdor and Rachel Goldsmid. Harry was therefore descended from two great Jewish banking dynasties. That the friendship was strong was evidenced when the Goldsmids were among a select group invited by AP to the Ritz to celebrate his investiture as a C.B.E. in November 1956. The Goldsmids were also early visitors to the Powells' then new home The Chantry.



Somerhill nr. Tonbridge. Formerly home of the Goldsmids, now a school.

Tragedy struck on 18 September 1963 when the Goldsmids' elder daughter Sarah and her boyfriend David Winn were drowned after a sailing accident just

off the coast near Rye, East Sussex. The sole survivor and owner of the capsized dinghy was Paddy Pakenham (Violet's nephew) who swam 4 miles after the accident to the coast at Fairlight near Hastings before raising the alarm and being taken to hospital. David Winn's body was later found by helicopter while Sarah's was recovered by the Hastings lifeboat. The Pakenhams owned a house close by at Hurst Green near Rye. Suffice to say, the tragedy left the Goldsmids' lives 'utterly and irretrievably laid to waste...it was a wound that time was powerless to heal'. Sarah was just 21 years old, David Winn was 25.



Sarah Goldsmid photographed by Cecil Beaton who lived near Somerhill and had painted Harry.

Harry and Rosie both wanted to commemorate their daughter in appropriate and permanent ways. As a politician, Harry had been a PPS to the Ministry of Housing 1955-56 and as Walsall South MP he created the Sarah Goldsmid Housing Association on local council owned land in West Bromwich on a 75 year lease.

Rosie and Sarah had visited Paris together in summer 1961 and while there they had visited the Louvre where they had seen

an exhibition of Marc Chagall's stained-glass windows destined for the Synagogue at the Medical Centre of the Hadassah Hebrew University in Jerusalem. This was a series of 12 stained glass windows representing the 12 tribes of Israel. This stunning work was so memorable that the Goldsmids determined to see if they could get Chagall to produce a window for the local parish church near Somerhill at All Saints Church, Tudeley where Rosie, Sarah and Chloe worshipped. While Harry was Jewish (as was Chagall), Rosie was Anglican. They had agreed on marriage that any male children would be brought up in the Jewish tradition while any girls would become Christian. Sarah had already shown she was a discerning lover of art by being one of the first to purchase (for her mother) a Hockney.

Another occasional visitor to Somerhill was Gérard Bauër who was Secretary to the Académie Goncourt and through him, Rosie was able to meet Chagall in



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Paris in 1965. Only two years later the new East window at All Saints was unveiled and dedicated.

Marc Chagall (1887-1985) was born as Moishe Zakharovich Shagal in Vitebsk in what is now Belarus (the Russian Pale) and was then part of the Russian empire. He was the eldest child of nine. His father was a herring merchant and his mother sold groceries. He was educated in a Jewish school (Jews were then not allowed to be taught in Russian schools). Despite there not being any tradition of art in his family Chagall managed to get training in St. Petersburg between 1906 and 1910 before going to France 1910-14 then back to Russia 1914-22 and again to France 1923-41. He was exhibited at the notorious 'Entartete Kunst' show in 1937 and luckily escaped to USA 1941-48 before settling in France 1948-85. He was 98 at death.



Marc Chagall

Chagall worked in many artistic media and only came to stained glass when he was 70 years old when he produced a window for the chapel in Assy, Savoy in 1957. He appears to have been an outsider type, possibly because of his permanent exile status. He was always on the periphery of the French artistic scene and perhaps untypically for an artist he was devoted always to his wife Valentina 'Vava'. While Jewish he can't be pinned down as slavishly Orthodox or Hassidic. Rather he chose his own unique path in faith showing much appreciation of the Bible whose poetry he particularly appreciated. His surreal, idiosyncratic, poetic and lyrical voice is found in the changes of colour, his repertory of symbols and shapes (e.g. a fish to represent his father's trade), tonal delicacy and generally painterly style which somehow builds bridges and captures the human journey.

The French Ministère des Beaux Arts & Bâtiments Anciens were tasked with preserving medieval stained glass and they assigned the Ateliers Maître Simon-Reims and later his daughter and her husband Charles Marq to continue using their skills in stained glass. Chagall therefore worked closely with Charles and Brigitte Marq on the production of his stained-glass work from 1957, Chagall's ideas and sketches being transferred through maquettes, grisailles, pecking, lead work and greasing to glass by the Marqs. Chagall's work in stained glass can be

seen in Metz, Mainz, New York, Chicago and of course in Jerusalem while in the UK we can see his windows in Chichester Cathedral as well as Tudeley.



Marq , Rosie, Chagall , Rev. Forbes and Harry dedicating the East Window All Saints, Tudeley, 1967.

Sir Henry's commission for Chagall's East window to replace the existing plain glass also required a restoration and refurbishment of the entire church. These works were supervised by Robert Potter and John Piper. Chagall declared himself satisfied with the result and announced 'C'est magnifique, je les ferai tous!' (Great, I shall do them all). There were another eleven windows in the church. The seven in the nave (also plain glass) would present less of a problem than the four in the chancel where there were already four Victorian (1875) stained glass windows made by a local artist Mabel Boscawen. After ten years of heated debate Sir Hugh Casson (no less) suggested the Boscawen windows be relocated to the vestry to allow the Chagall windows to replace them and thereby complete the set.

Harry died in 1976 and was unable to see the end of the project but apparently Rosie proved formidable in ensuring their commissions were completed. Therefore, there were three dedications, in 1967 for the Sarah East window, in

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1974 for those in the nave and finally 1985 for the chancel. A new organ was dedicated in 1990 to complete the entire refurbishment.

You can see the windows in all their beauty at  
<https://www.tudeley.org/chagallwindows.htm>

Here you will see and learn far more on the Goldsmid commissions. And so from the gravest tragedy came great art which we can appreciate all the more now we know the source of the work. Tudeley is an hour from London and well worth the visit, just make sure you choose a bright and sunny day to get the full effect.

## WHAT IS FICTION FOR, AND HAS THAT CHANGED?

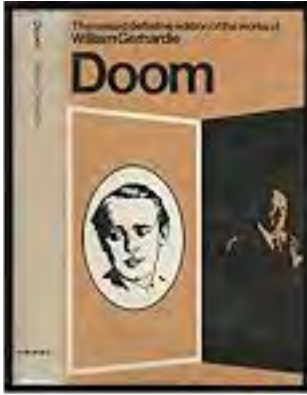
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*Robin Bynoe*

One issue divides the Society and the APList more than others. On the one hand, are the characters in *Dance* projections of real people known to AP – the phrase is ‘character models’ – so that the work enables us to discover what really happened in their lives? Or, on the other, does the novel take place in a world that obeys its own rules, which is not a perfect fit with the real world, and where its people and situations are of course inspired by what happened in AP’s life, but stand or fall by their independence in the novel’s own imaginary world? I am in camp two. I believe that to identify ‘character models’ is usually wrong and always unhelpful; that *Dance* works, not because (for example) AP had a friend who was a composer and looked a bit like Beethoven, but in spite of that fact: Moreland works as a character or he doesn’t.

This disagreement about *Dance* is not of universal application. This is not, for once, about *Dance*. It is about us, the reading public.

People *do* write *romans à clef*. One thinks of Barbara Skelton (the alleged character model character-modelling), Olivia Manning, William Cooper and in our own time Lisa St Aubin de Terán and Edward (are they related?) St Aubyn.



One thinks, considerably against one's better judgment, of Sybille Bedford. The most striking instance of all is possibly *Doom*, by William Gerhardie, of whom his contemporaries AP and Evelyn Waugh thought very highly. Waugh wrote that he himself had talent, but Gerhardie had genius. Lord Beaverbrook took Gerhardie under his wing and paid for him and cajoled him to write *Doom*. He wanted to serialise it in the *Daily Express*. The novel features a press lord called Lord Ottercove (Beaver/brook: Otter/cove), who has paid for the author, and cajoled him, to write the novel. Indeed, the first

few chapters consist of the author-character reading to Ottercove what he has written so far, about their mutual fictional friends. It is character-modelling raised to the level of incest. It works perfectly, because the world imagined is consistent, believable and extremely funny, even when towards the end of the book an evil scientist brings it, the World, to a premature and catastrophic end (which didn't really happen).

*Doom's* reputation has faded, but you can get copies online, and it repays the effort enormously.

(Curiously, given modern sensitivities, there is a character, a woman nicknamed 'Me-Too', who is desired by a number of the others, including Ottercove, who eventually – but to tell you that would spoil your reading. Anyway, she remarks at one point that she has allowed the mad scientist, who in due course causes the end of the World, to have his way with her. 'It gives him so much pleasure, and me so little trouble.')

The much-fêted Rachel Cusk is the brand-leader in what they call 'autobiographical fiction'. It says on Wikipedia, in terms that she presumably wrote or at any rate sanctioned, that she 'after a long period of consideration, ... began working in a new form that represented personal experience while avoiding the politics of subjectivity and literalism and remaining free from narrative convention.' I am not sure what the 'politics of subjectivity and literalism' is, but it is clear that she no longer really puts her back into making things up.

People use novels to get their revenge on thinly-disguised exes and bosses. More subtly, writers insert real people into otherwise richly imagined worlds.

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Evelyn Waugh did that, usually to tease. The question is whether they stick out like a sore thumb. More often than not, they do. In Waugh's case this started to happen about the time of *Sword of Honour*.

The point of all this is not whether *romans* have *clefs*, but that concentrating on the *clef* blinds you to the qualities of the *roman*. This informs a more general question: what do people want from novels, and has that changed? Indeed, we now have one provisional answer:

### **1. People read novels to discover stuff that really happened.**

A few generations back, however, what readers wanted was writers like Dickens, his fictional world teeming with characters of his own devising, all twinkly-eyed, nearly all made up. His world, like AP's, was not a perfect fit with the real one; there was no sex, the money didn't work, and heroines talked posh despite having parents and brothers who didn't. But, like AP's (where for instance there is only one university and only one doctor) it all hung together. Dickens said, 'Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London'. By and large, people said, 'Oh, yes please'. Now I think they're less likely to want to be dazzled.

On the other hand, some contemporary writers still write novels that teem. Philip Hensher, an enthusiast for AP and in some ways a Victorian-type novelist, has casts of thousands, intensely imagined worlds and much wisdom. Unlike Dickens, he has sex and a perfect ear for dialogue, but the money is still a bit broad brush.

### **2. One thing people increasingly want is a good moral with which they already agree.**

The books pages of the *bien-pensant* periodicals seem to be full of reviews of novels written by women who have suffered grievously at the hands of men, about women who have suffered grievously at the hands of men. The conclusion to which the reader is urged, by both novel and review, is that the Patriarchy is Real and the Patriarchy is Bad. The reader, having in the first place accessed the books pages of the *bien-pensant* periodical, so agrees.

There were the twin winners of the most recent Booker. Bernardine Evaristo's *Girl Woman Other* is a breathless checklist of people of all pronoun-choices badly treated by the Patriarchy. I haven't read Margaret Atwood's sequel to *The Handmaid's Tale*, but I have noticed an increase in the frequency with which, if

someone ventures something heterodox, women (particularly) nod sadly and say - or, in these days of lockdown, tweet - 'Ah, Gilead!'

One can almost hear the sound of contented intersectional harrumphing. To be fair, there is a debit balance established over many years by works such as Kingsley Amis's *Stanley and the Women*, a rude assertion of the Patriarchy if ever there was one. Furthermore, the odds are that the Booker will be won this year by Hilary Mantel, and no one could call her three-decker a tract.

The obverse is the way that novels are criticised these days for their *lack* of generally accepted morality. Amazon reviews of books that were written more than, say, ten years ago often rail against the writer's lack of contemporary sensibility or wording, or, worse, take smutty pleasure in the 'lack of PC'. Characters are 'called out' for their immorality as if they were real. This seems new. When I was a child, we could enjoy old adventure stories whilst realising that they were horribly disrespectful to Irishmen, say, indigenous Americans or women. We knew that villains were there precisely to do and say bad things. We knew that things had changed since the books were written. It's not complicated.

Ah, to coin a phrase, Gilead!

### **3. Something people like is to be told how things work.**

A man came up to me and said, 'You will agree that John Le Carré is a good novelist because of his intimate experience of the running of MI6.' My response, had I been quicker, would have been, 'No, I don't think that matters. Ian Rankin never set foot in a police station until halfway through his wonderful Rebus series, and they are no worse for that. Indeed, every word convinces. Le Carré's problem is that he lives in a cartoon, not one as coarse as those inhabited by, say, Jeremy Corbyn or the Mr Men, but unsubtle enough to make his imaginary world unconvincing – you keep putting the book down and thinking, 'Really?' And that is a much more serious matter than getting the practical details right.'

There are detective stories where knowing how a particular milieu works enables you to identify the murderer. Those of Emma Lathen's wonderful John Putnam Thatcher series are a great example. But that's not quite the same thing.

### **4. Sometimes the structure of the novel itself is the thing.**

Think of Nabokov's *Pale Fire*. The novel comprises a long poem with explanatory notes. As you read the notes you become aware that something very different is happening from what the poem suggests. *Pale Fire* is brilliant, but it has had some grisly progeny, especially in America. What people love about it is not by and large what it discloses but how it does so. The main emotion that it elicits is admiration.

### **5. Novels stand or fall by the integrity of their own imaginary world.**

This (to go back to the beginning) is camp two. What matters is that the characters, the story and so on 'come off' in AP's vague but unforgiving phrase. He was keen on writers whose imagination took them far from the day-to-day world. Ronald Firbank's books convince unless you think analytically about them; *Orlando Furioso* likewise; in Shakespeare, whom AP read every day, the characters don't even talk in prose. Having established that bridgehead, and only then, the work feeds back into the reader's own imagination and everyday life, in ways that are trivial (Cold tongue and a glass of water: just like Widmerpool!) or illuminating (OMG, I've just married Pamela Flitton!). They can also be life-changing.

No doubt there are other principles than these five that one could assert. My purpose is not to establish which is right but to question whether there has been a sea change in what readers want.

For the reasons hinted at above, I think that there has. Curiously, however, it doesn't extend to what is rudely called genre fiction. Science fiction and fantasy fail utterly if the imaginary world doesn't convince. Autobiographical intrusions are not permitted, let alone encouraged. No one suggests that Daenerys Targaryen, the Mother of Dragons, is 'really' George R. R. Martin's geography teacher. In classical science fiction, the science had to convince; though less so now: a scrap of Heisenberg plugs many a plot hole.

It's the same with mainstream films. Half of them are fantasy: the great space franchises, *Star Wars* and *Trek*, Marvel heroes, *Sherlock*, *Avengers*. The other half seem all to be 'inspired by a true story', as if away from fantasy the rude intrusion of the real world were a touchstone of quality; likewise television. Are we losing our touch for the imaginary? Are we spooked by it? Is there, as I say, a sea-change in what we want?

These thoughts were triggered not by AP's alleged 'character models' but by reading Georges Simenon. Simenon seems to me to be everything that a novelist should be. He published five novels a year, each about two hundred pages long - like AP, as opposed to the one every two or three years four hundred pages long which publishers these days favour and, one suspects, persuade their writers into. His books divide between the Maigret *policiers* and the non-Maigret *romans noirs*. Anyone can read them: Simenon restricted himself to a vocabulary of two thousand words. They are sharp, weird, funny and infinitely wise. You learn little that's interesting of police procedure, although Mme Maigret's cuisine is always worth pausing over. There are no post-modern tricks. You just are amazed at the man's imagination, the human beings brought to our attention fully formed, and new ones five times a year, in all their glory and sadness.

All writers have different imaginations. Simenon's is darker than AP's. Then I had a happy thought, which seemed to clear things up: What would Simenon have made of Dicky Umfraville?

## THE MANY FACES OF KINGSLEY AMIS

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*Tom Miller*

Novelists lead lonely lives.

They have to spend long hours at their desks, composing and revising, so they may not meet many new people. They may however meet each other (though there is no certainty about this: Kingsley Amis, for instance, never met Graham Greene or Evelyn Waugh), and, because a novelist may possess a strong or interesting persona, one writer may use a second's personality as the base of a character.

On October 8, 1983, over lunch at the Dorchester, Kingsley Amis and I discussed an article that I had written about what I believed to be appearances by him in the novels of other people. He did not like the piece, so I promised to suppress it. Thirty-seven years later, however, no harm can be done by letting a rewritten version see the light.

Kingsley's reservation was probably associated with the fact that he did not like his name being taken in vain. He was mildly irritated, for instance, when in



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Anthony Burgess' dystopia, *The Wanting Seed* (1962), in which Britain reverts to cannibalism, a man named Amis loses an arm. (This Amis does better than Miss Joan Wayne, who is fried in segments.)

His first appearance in fiction came quite early on. Kingsley's close friend Philip Larkin, despite his masculine appearance, entertained doubts about his sexuality and invented a female alter ego, Brunette Coleman. With her help, he wrote a novel, *Jill*, (1945), partly set in a girls' school. We read about one Patsy Hammond,

Patsy was indeed Jill's only friend. They were roughly the same age and had been new girls in the fourth form, which was rather late to enter the school. Patsy was smaller than Jill, with a pale, doleful face, dark hair and expressive hands, and could make Jill sick with laughing. She could imitate almost anybody. Together, they had formed an alliance against the rest of the world.

Jill is upset when Patsy is taken away from the school, much as Larkin was distressed when Kingsley was called up and obliged to leave Oxford.

Kingsley knew C. P. Snow slightly, and he appears as Lester Ince in Snow's *The Affair* (1959), as was pointed out by William Amos in *The Originals: who's really who in fiction* (1985). I cannot find any striking quotation to illustrate this point, and I am clear that Kingsley never read the book.

There was little love lost between Kingsley and another Oxford contemporary, John Wain. At the White House, Regent's Park, on March 19, 1981, I reported having read *Wain's A Winter in the Hills* (1970), a novel set in Wales, and noticing a superfluous character, Donald Fisher, a minor literary figure, about whom a character says, '... that false face of his makes me sick', and, '... his defensiveness caused him to drawl more heavily than usual, but the vowels of South-East London came through more strongly than ever'.

Kingsley replied that the identification of Fisher with himself had been noted at the time. He added that Wain anyway misunderstood his feelings about the Welsh, and that he came from South-West, not South-East London. Kingsley refused to retaliate. A dignified man, he declined to engage with others in public.

At the White House on February 19, 1982, he referred to an unfortunate interview about their late marriage by his former wife, Elizabeth Jane Howard,

with Catherine Olsen (*Standard*, November 26, 1981). Kingsley recorded having been reached by a reporter by telephone at the bar of the Garrick, and being asked for a comment.

'Yes, I've got a comment', he replied. 'No comment'.

A sympathiser added, 'What you need is a gin!'



At one point, I thought that Kingsley (left) appeared in Anthony Powell's *Hearing Secret Harmonies* (1975) as Gibson Delavacquerie: 'Gibson' sounds a bit like 'Kingsley', and the surnames have French origins. Moreover, the fictional and the real men both served in the Signals in World War II. However, I now think that Powell was deliberately misleading us. One would not find a fairly neutral character like Delavacquerie on an emphatic person like Amis. I now share the orthodox view, put forward by Julian Allason and Keith Marshall, that Delavacquerie is a composite, based on Laurence Cotteril, Roy Fuller and V. S. Naipaul.

Kingsley knew and liked fellow-novelist John Braine, but did not take him altogether seriously. However, Braine was an acute observer. In his novel *One and Last Love* (1981), Braine's central character, Tim Harnforth, who, like Braine, happens to be a Yorkshire novelist living in Woking, engages in an extra-marital affair. Harnforth describes at perhaps excessive length another character, a financier named Peter Rugeley, who invites Harnforth to a party at his red-brick Edwardian house in Hampstead ('... nicely mellowed, an acre of garden at the back - like mine, mostly lawn...'), not very far from Gardnor House, where Kingsley lived with Jane Howard.

Rugeley, whose only contribution to the plot is to possess a wife with whom Harnforth has a very unsatisfactory affair, has written an autobiography. This was '... honest most of the time -- though not all of the time, as the blurb implied'.

Rugeley looks a bit like Harnforth: 'He's taller than me, and has my build, but it isn't the Irish navy's build, more the English gentleman's, the rugger player's: it's all put together better, he moves with far more grace'. (This seems all too

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credible.) 'His face is large and pink and smooth and he smiles readily...' After greeting Harnforth warmly, '... it's a terrific PR job, an express package of personal charm...', Rugeley introduces him to his wife, but, a little later,

"Nay, lad, we'll have none of those dirty southern goings-on here," he says, mimicking a Yorkshire accent rather well. "This is a decent household, I'll have you know". He looks at my glass censoriously. "Nay, that's enough of that stuff now. There's champagne". After pouring it out, "You like it?" He's watching my face. I realise that he never relaxes, he's always watching everyone's reactions'.

This is an accurate pen-portrait of Kingsley, though he preferred red wine to Champagne.

In the 1980s, I nourished the perhaps cruel opinion that Iris Murdoch, when searching for a story, read the latest Kingsley Amis novel and then rewrote it. I was thus on the lookout for a contribution from Kingsley's *The Old Devils* (1986) when I read her *The Book and the Brotherhood* (1987). One important character in the book is Duncan Cambus, whose wife Jean Kowitz leaves him. We are told that 'Most evenings... Duncan was alone and spent the time drinking whisky... Duncan was becoming more and more out of sympathy with his body, he hated the bulky graceless mound that he had to move laboriously about... his stout bulk, his flushed plump wrinkled face... Duncan had become heavy, cumbersome, wrinkled and old...'

Kingsley and I discussed the matter at Bentley's on November 11, 1988, and the conversation (I invite the reader with the mind's eye to follow Kingsley's expressions as I declaimed) ran as follows:

TM: I took *The Book and the Brotherhood* with me to Venice, and, sure enough, it's the old devils meeting up again, this time at Oxford.

KA (amused): You have the advantage of me. I haven't read it.

TM: Well, there's a frightfully tiresome intellectual called Crimond, quite obviously based on Wittgenstein. (KA thought very likely.) There's a chap whose wife leaves him, and he drinks too much and puts on weight. (KA caught reference to himself immediately.) His wife is called Jean Kowitz. I wonder if that name reminds you of anyone? (KA a little slow to connect Jean Kowitz with Jane Howard.) The author has given herself a leg up the social tree, and appears as Lady Rose Curtland. (KA a bit shocked.) At one point, Crimond proposes marriage to her. I should love to have been a fly on the wall if Wittgenstein ever

proposed to Iris Murdoch, but I doubt whether it could possibly have happened... On another occasion, Crimond tells Jean Kowitz that he wants to commit suicide, so he tells her that they are to crash their cars in the middle of a straight road. At the last moment, Jean loses her nerve, and goes into a field, injuring herself quite badly. Crimond tells her that she's failed him, and leaves her. (KA shocked by all this.)...

## DANCE REDUX

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*Stephen Eggins*



*Stephen Eggins is a very long-standing member of the society – not a founder member, but very nearly!*

*He has contributed to the newsletter on several occasions and gave a talk on the first three books of *Dance* at the Society's introductory series of talks at the Wallace Collection.*

*He prides himself on having attended every AP conference except Washington.*

My audiobook snoozer is *Dance* or PG Wodehouse – so I'm pretty familiar with both oeuvres. I've got Simon Vance on download and the excellent radio play on disc (courtesy of the distinguished former Hon Sec!)

So I'm pretty well provided for *Dance* wise. However, I've had a recent lockdown excitement. . . . I have discovered the television series of *Dance* on the All 4 streaming app! With a mixture of trepidation and excitement, I have very much enjoyed revisiting the series. Could I say I was a little disappointed first time round but absolutely thrilled second time round. The sainted Editor has asked me to say a few words about *Dance* revisited:

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The cast is outstanding, led by the always satisfying Simon Russell Beale (left) as Widmerpool. The Nicks are also excellent. Edward Fox as Uncle Giles, Nicholas Jones as Bob Duport, Jonathan Cake as Templer etc. Miranda Richardson is a show stealer as Pamela Flitton. The cup is brimming to overflowing. Brilliant mise en scènes, most of which are entirely satisfying –

Widmerpool struck by Budd's banana, Braddock alias Thorne, visit to the Templers (no La Grenadiere!) – rock buns with Sillers – Mrs Andreadis's party etc etc etc.

Any adaptation of an art work is always going to differ from the original and I have expanded on this theme before in an earlier newsletter. The adaptation is an art form in its own right – take the two standard translations of Proust, Scott Moncrieff and Kilmartin - both are so excellent that its hard to believe the books would be better in the original French!

And so it is with the televised *Dance* - any adaptation has a life of its own. For example I got the feeling that Jenkins basically loathed Widmerpool in the books, but in the TV programme he has a sort of benign tolerance – even when being persecuted. Some of the great characters are missing – no Gwatkin, no Professor Trelawney and no Bithel – no Bithel! Stringham and Templer both die in unnecessarily exaggerated, TV crowd pleasing circumstances.

But let's not carp - as a work, in its own right, it is entirely satisfying. I suppose the principal emotion is nostalgia, if nostalgia is an emotion – it's wonderful to see all those familiar characters writ large on the screen – brilliantly scripted by Hugh Whitmore and directed by the great Christopher Morahan.

Press source on your smart TV remote, scroll down to apps, scroll across to All 4 - go to search - type in *a Dance to the...*press enter and Robert's your mother's brother!

Happy viewing!

# ALL HUMAN LIFE IS THERE

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*Neville Keery*

For me recent months have at times seemed to mirror the extraordinary processions of events in each of the twelve volumes of *A Dance to the Music of Time*. The Covid 19 pandemic has arrived with a sense of wartime emergency. I turned 80 last year, and in August had the joy of marrying again, since when I have had the well known challenge of re-organising collections of books, files and documents from one home to another, handicapped by Ireland's five week discipline of cocooning, when my wife and myself were not allowed outside. On 5 May, my birthday, this restriction was eased and we can now go out for exercise, wearing masks by our own choice.

Anticipating the likelihood of a shut-down that might provide more reading time than usual, at the end of March I transported to my new home a key part of my Powell collection, namely the Fontana paperback edition of *Dance*, as published over ten years with wonderful cover illustrations by Marc and carefully selected back cover recommendations. The author's friends Kingsley Amis and Evelyn Waugh feature on the first volume and the verdict of the late-lamented *Listener* magazine on the twelfth volume also speaks for myself:

With *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, Powell has carried 25 years' work to a triumphant conclusion. One of the things that makes this final novel so successful is that it firmly establishes Widmerpool, not as just one of the book's most fascinating characters, but as one of the poles on which the whole book turns. The other pole is Nick Jenkins, the narrator...Nick, the artist, who sees Widmerpool's story through to its end, is finally, silently, trumpeted as the book's hero.

AP has been one of my heroes since 2005, when with my then wife, as regular visitors to London and the Wallace Collection, we saw the exhibition to mark the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his birth. The content of that exhibition, linking the author to several authors and painters I already admired, led me to start reading *Dance* and to joining the Anthony Powell Society. That initial reading was in hardback editions, often library copies, of the novels. Particularly after participation in a Society Conference in the Army and Navy Club in London and - following my first wife's demise - in the Venice Conference reproducing the famous conference of *Temporary Kings*, I felt able to give a talk on AP to

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my own Dublin Club, the Kildare Street and University Club, a reciprocal Club of Powell's Travellers.

My personal summary of *Dance* borrows from a poster used to promote sales of *The News of The World* in Ireland in the 1950s: 'ALL HUMAN LIFE IS THERE'. For example, Irish readers note there is the loss of an army rifle in Northern Ireland in *The Valley of Bones*. I wondered if in my new re-reading I would find a reference to a pandemic? What I found is about the Tolland family in *At Lady Molly's*:

Of course the Tollands were really nobody much at the beginning of the fourteenth century...That is when they first appear. Lesser gentry, I suppose you might call them. I think they probably made their money out of the Black Death.

We have already heard of people making money out of today's pandemic.

*Dance* ends with a graphic account of life in Murtlock's cult in *Hearing Secret Harmonies*. By an extraordinary coincidence I have just come across the cutting I made of a review from *The Guardian* of 2 November 2015 of books on forgotten youth movements by Jon Savage. The review is accompanied by photographs by Angus McBean that serve brilliantly to confirm the accuracy of AP's description of cult participants and actions.

A couple of remarks by way of conclusion. First, my just completed re-reading of *Dance* suggests to me that it is above all a comic masterpiece. I say this in the context of my own broad reading taste, where I see Samuel Beckett as above all a great comic writer. Secondly, is there an art historian in the Society who might tell us why the famous Poussin picture in the Wallace Collection is called 'A Dance to the Music of Time'?\* I understand that Poussin titled his picture 'La Danse de la Vie Humaine', a title that in spirit and translation might have been equally appropriate to Powell's vision for a major fictional work.

My wife and I had looked forward to the Society's visit to The Chantry this month and are sad that, among other hoped-for expeditions, Covid 19 seems to have knocked travel off our agenda for a long time to come.

Neville Keery, Dublin, 10 May 2020

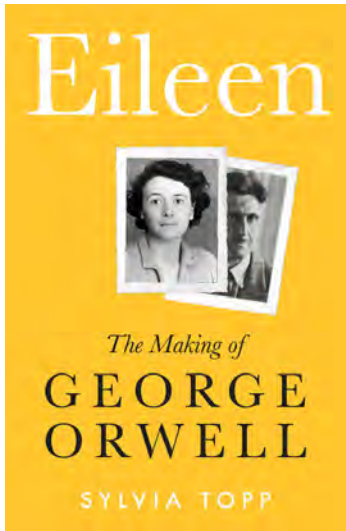
\* This title for the Poussin painting seems to have appeared first in a Wallace Collection catalogue of 1913, but further detail would be welcome. Ed.

## BOOK REVIEW

*Eileen: The Making of George Orwell*, by Sylvia Topp, London/New York:  
Unbound, 2020, 512 pages, £25.00/\$32.95

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*Jeff Manley*



After dozens of books tracing the life and career of George Orwell, this is the only effort so far to do the same for his first wife Eileen, nee O'Shaughnessy. Their marriage lasted less than 10 years due to her untimely death in 1945. In that period, Orwell wrote five books as well as numerous other essays and reviews. The marriage withstood the difficulties of the Spanish Civil War and WWII as well as uncertain income during years that Orwell was struggling for success from his writing. Both of them worked in relatively un-remunerative jobs with no futures. It is also fairly clear that, but for Orwell's own insistence upon living in remote and primitive circumstances, Eileen's ability to improve her own career in

London would have met with greater success sooner than it did. But this produced no noticeable resentment on her part.

Sylvia Topp had an obvious agenda in writing this book. She began by suspecting that Eileen sacrificed what might have been her own successful career in writing or psychology to support Orwell's writing through his struggles with bad health and relatively poor sales. Although Topp seems to have set out with this assumption, what she finds and describes is something more complicated and nuanced.

The early chapters are mostly unfamiliar since not much attention has been devoted to Eileen's pre-Orwellian existence. She was born in October 1905 and educated in South Shields where her father had a position as Collector of Customs in what was then a busy commercial port. Although the family name



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is Irish, her father was not a practicing Roman Catholic and her mother was Anglican. Eileen was educated at home and for a year in South Shields High School before attending Sunderland Church High School a few miles south. She was not a boarder but commuted daily. Topp has researched school records that show an excellent student who was also a keen participant in school activities, especially writing. Her family were more securely upper-middle-class than Orwell's, which he famously described as 'lower-upper-middle-class'.



Eileen Orwell

Eileen was admitted to St Hugh's College, Oxford, in 1924. Again, Topp has researched school records, student memoirs and correspondence. She was a very ambitious student and aggressively pursued a first-class degree in English. She was also active in college journalism, serving on the staff of the college's literary magazine, *The Imp*. Among her instructors were JRR Tolkien (who was also one of her degree examiners) and CS Lewis. Her tutors recognized her talent and hard work. But she did not obtain the first-class degree that

she needed to pursue an academic career. To put this in perspective, Topp notes that during the entire period Eileen was at St Hugh's, only one woman in all of Oxford's four women's colleges obtained a first-class degree.

Although 'bitterly disappointed' for failing to receive a first, Eileen graduated with a second and an uncertain future. According to Topp, with a first she would have found a place in academia and with a third, a good marriage, but with a second, a woman's career path was less clear. Topp summarizes Eileen's situation upon graduation as follows (p. 70):

...Eileen was an attractive, brilliant, humorous, captivating young woman at a time when those qualities were often valued only as attributes to flaunt in an auspicious marriage. And Eileen wanted more. She had made influential friends during her three years at Oxford and

she would soon realize how important those friendships would become in her search for a fulfilling future.

Her career after Oxford and before she met Orwell spanned the years 1927-1935. She began with the obvious choice of teaching in a girl's school, but quit after her first year. She gravitated into secretarial work and, when her father died in 1929, moved into London with her mother. After working for a secretarial service, she set one up on her own, hiring out typists and stenographers. In 1934 she signed up for a two-year MA course in Educational Psychology at UCL. Topp sees this as a signal that she planned to change careers. What doesn't seem to be evident is any sign of seeking a career as a writer. She does write a poem for her school's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary entitled 'End of the Century: 1984' which looks forward 50 years to its centenary. Topp also identifies anonymous work in the *Evening News* by an un-named Oxford woman student and later work by 'A London Typist' which she suspects may be attributable to Eileen.

It was through a fellow student at UCL that she met Orwell. Her student friend was giving a party in Hampstead. Orwell lived in one room of her flat and, uncharacteristically, agreed to co-host the event. This took place in spring 1935 while he was working in the Hampstead bookshop described in *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*. He seems to have been immediately attracted to Eileen by her physical beauty as well as her lively wit. She was attracted to him because he was a published writer.

From this point, the story is more familiar, although Topp tells it from Eileen's perspective to the extent she is able. After a brief courtship, they marry and settle in a disused shop vacated by an aunt of Orwell and located in the remote village of Wallington in NE Hertfordshire. During their residence, Orwell maintained a garden but absented himself while doing the final research for *The Road to Wigan Pier*, leaving all the house and garden work to Eileen for extended periods. Their existence as proto-Hippies is like the self-sufficient couple in the 1970's TV series *The Good Life* but without mains water, central heating, electricity or transport.

Their life in Wallington is interrupted by the Spanish Civil War. Orwell signs up with a Socialist brigade stationed near Barcelona and Eileen later joins him. She finds work in the Barcelona office of a British Socialist representative and has an affair with Orwell's commanding officer George Kopp. Topp makes rather a meal of this affair as Eileen's contribution to their 'open marriage'

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arrangement. Both she and Orwell maintain contact with Kopp from his imprisonment in Spain, through service in WWII, and afterwards when he marries and becomes their neighbour in Canonbury Square, N6. Meanwhile, Orwell pursued women, seemingly one after another, on the strength of a single fling by Eileen.

They return to Wallington after their narrow escape from Barcelona. Topp describes in some detail what she sees as Eileen's contribution to Orwell's book *Homage to Catalonia*. He writes this on their return to the village shop. After a few months, Orwell suffers a health breakdown as his lungs fail; Topp thinks that he neglected to warn Eileen of his previous lung problems before their marriage. This latest attack required an extended stay in a sanitarium. They are advised by Eileen's brother, Eric, a practising physician living in Greenwich, to spend the winter in a Mediterranean climate. They settle on Morocco, but this is not particularly successful as it is cold and dusty in the cheap lodgings they select. It is while living in Morocco that Orwell writes most of his novel *Coming up for Air*.

Eileen did not want to return to the village shop. She decided to look for work in London as the war heated up. Orwell agreed, but remained in the shop while she made alternative living arrangements. Unfortunately, neither Orwell nor Eileen saved the letters they wrote during their absences from one another. Eileen first finds work as a secretary/assistant at the Ministry of Information. Her job was in the University of London's Senate House on which Orwell later based his Ministry of Truth in *1984*. She later worked as a project manager for the Ministry of Food's radio productions broadcast on the BBC. According to Topp, she seems to have finally had work that she enjoyed and found rewarding. After he joined her in London, Orwell free-lanced for a while, eventually ending up with a full time job at the BBC.

It was while Eileen and Orwell were pursuing their wartime jobs that they met the Powells. This was through the agency of Inez Holden who met Orwell at the BBC. Topp mentions Holden and her brief affair with Orwell in this period, but doesn't mention her contact with the Powells. AP, who didn't know Orwell at Eton, had written to him in 1936 at the suggestion of Cyril Connolly, who knew him fairly well. AP wrote praising *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, enclosing a copy of *Caledonia*. Orwell answered on 8 June 1936 from Wallington thanking AP and expressing his approval of the poem's dismissive attitude to 'Scotchmen' but did not specifically invite further contact (Orwell, *Collected Essays, etc.*, v. 1, Penguin, 1970). Powell took this as a snub.

The Powells were introduced to the Orwells in Autumn 1941 while AP was on leave in London. This meeting took place at the Café Royal where the Orwells were dining with Inez Holden. When Inez saw the Powells, she came over and offered to introduce them to the Orwells. AP was somewhat reluctant because he was wearing an army uniform at which he feared Orwell might take offence. As it turned out, that became a source of inspired conversation as Orwell recalled favorably wearing similar kit during his colonial police service in Burma. AP doesn't mention his impression of Eileen at that meeting. This is a pity since it may well have taken place a day or two after Orwell made his unexpected romantic approach to Inez (which she described in her diary as a 'pounce'). She also recorded that she had accompanied the Orwells to dinner the day after that event.

AP goes on to write about a discussion with Eileen at a dinner to which both Powells were invited at the Orwells' flat in Kilburn. This was at 10 Mortimer Crescent, NW6 where they lived in a basement/ground floor maisonette from summer 1942 until they were bombed out in June 1944; AP recalls sleeping in the basement during what was an overnight stay due to the uncertainties of public transport. Eileen explained to AP in the course of the evening how she had to cover up the fact that they sold the Blair family silver to provide pocket money to cover Orwell's expenses in Spain during the Civil War. She told Orwell's mother, who came on a visit while he was in Spain, that they had sent the silver out to have the family crest inscribed during his absence.

AP goes on to write:

I never knew Eileen Orwell at all well. My impression is that she did a very good job in what were often difficult circumstances. At the same time it was, I think, an exception for her to tell a story like that. She was not usually given to making light of things, always appearing a little overwhelmed by the strain of keeping the household going, which could not have been easy. Possibly she was by temperament a shade over serious for a man falling often into a state of gloom himself. Orwell might have benefited by a wife who shook him out of that condition occasionally. He was fond of emphasizing his own egoisms. (*Infants*, London, 1976, p. 136).

AP also mentions a day trip the Orwells made to see him and Violet while the latter was living in Dunstall near Shoreham. He describes a country walk in

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which Orwell was somewhat obsessive about local vegetation but mentions nothing about Eileen.

Topp cites Powell's memoirs several times but does not mention the circumstances of his introduction to Orwell and Eileen. Powell's assessment of Eileen, which is likewise unmentioned by Topp, seems to differ from those Topp provides. She stresses Eileen's usual gaiety, wit and outgoing nature in social circumstances, at least in the pre-war years. Given Powell's admittedly limited acquaintance and the obvious stresses of wartime London, his own assessment may have been deemed of limited utility in forming a general description of Eileen's character.



Orwell with his adopted son (Richard Blair)

Topp offers detailed analyses of the profound impact on Eileen of her brother Eric's death at Dunkirk, the influence of the Orwells' childlessness on their decision to adopt a child (Richard) in 1944, and the contribution Eileen made to the writing and editing of *Animal Farm*. She also suggests that Eileen may have posthumously contributed the title of *1984* from her poem mentioned above as well as the setting for that book's Ministry of Truth.

Topp also provides quite a convincing record of the background to Eileen's own untimely death in the final days of the war. She had for some time been suffering from an apparently undiagnosed gynecological problem causing excessive vaginal bleeding. Orwell would have been well aware of this but neither he nor Eileen herself appeared to consider it 'serious'. After Richard's

adoption, she concluded an operation was necessary. There has been much speculation about Orwell's motivations in accepting an overseas reporting assignment for *The Observer* just at the time that Eileen's situation had become critical. Some have viewed Orwell's trip as rather selfish and neglectful, especially given the added burden on Eileen of providing care for Richard.

Topp provides enough information to make it apparent that it would be unfair to impute such neglectful motivations. After his departure, Eileen made final arrangements for the publication of *Animal Farm* in the preparation of which she played an active part. She was then advised by doctors she consulted in London that she needed an operation with at least one month of regular blood transfusions beforehand, to gain back strength after loss of blood over an extended period. Whether she shared that information with Orwell is unlikely. She found a surgeon in Newcastle who was prepared to do the operation without resort to this preparatory procedure. Care for Richard was also easier and safer there in a house her sister-in-law Gwen had inherited and where Gwen's own children were being cared for. Topp thinks this Newcastle surgeon may have been a bit of a cowboy.

In any event, both Orwell and Eileen seem to have convinced themselves that the operation would be minor, and Orwell proceeded with *The Observer's* assignment. In the event, the London doctors were correct. The surgery turned out to be a hysterectomy, hardly a routine operation in 1945. This was known only to Eileen and two others: her sister-in-law and a close friend. She died on the operating table, 29 March 1945. Orwell learned of her death while he was himself hospitalized in Cologne. He released himself from the hospital to return immediately and was quite evidently distraught. *Animal Farm* was published to great success 4½ months later.

The book is well written, produced and edited (no glaring typos) as well as attractively laid out and organized for easy reading, one chapter at a time. It was published under a crowd-funding scheme but seems none the worse for that. There are several high quality photos, many of which I do not recall seeing previously. The printing is good and the 'perfect' binding adequate. It has endnotes where needed and a helpful index.



## *Uncle Giles' Corner*

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### Uncle Giles on Social Distancing

'This social distancing malarkey,' said Mrs Erdleigh, 'You'll be all right, in these troublous times. For you are the cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to you. You have nine lives. You won't die.'

She expanded on 'these troublous times' at some length, referring to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and to one in particular.

It's true that I am a solitary fellow, but the reference to the cat is to a story by the writer Kipling. I met him in other troublous times, the 1930s, when we were both in Sussex. He was in Sussex society; I was passing through. I commented favourably on an uptick in the German economy. He went into a rant, eyes bulging, moustache at ninety degrees. I remember the words 'nun' and 'potato' featuring. But I digress.

#### ***Uncle Giles, should I keep to myself?***

Yes, of course. Be the cat that walks by himself. Even better, be the dog in his kennel, keeping his powder dry.

#### ***But Uncle Giles, what about food and so on?***

My private hotel has closed its dining room. One can still shop, of course, but there seems to me little connection between the stuff on the shelves and a plate of food. I left cooking, all that sort of thing, to my soldier-servant aeons ago, and I just never got into the habit. The Ed kindly sends me round a bun and a bottle of wine from time to time (in fact I suspect it's Mrs Ed, your publisher) so I shan't starve. You, on the other hand, are on your own.

***What about when the short back and sides grows out?***

My barber is a splendid Australian called Victor Trumper. I checked with him on the 'blower': it seems centuries ago now, but what he said is pertinent. 'Sorry,' he said. 'Shutting up shop. Some of my heads are positively viscous with infection. Not yours, Sir, of course, but we can't discriminate in this day and age.'

His advice: don't attempt the SB&S at home. Sweep the hair back from the forehead: long on the collar. 'Like one of those poet johnnies?' I said. 'A creative, you mean?' said Mr T. 'No, think more Victorian adventurer.'

***Uncle Giles, is this the end of intimate encounters?***

I am surprised that our PM, of all people, hasn't gone into this more thoroughly. No is the answer, but you must be prepared. Fortunately, your regular tweeds are the best prophylactic against the virus. If you intend an intimate encounter - on your permitted way to the supermarket, ha ha - go provided with face mask, gloves and a stiff wire brush. Don mask and gloves and unbutton yourself to the minimum necessary, even if your inamorata behaves more generously. Keep your coat on; undo a collar stud to prevent apoplexy. Your tweeding will keep you secure; in the Highlands and Islands they cope with worse than plague every day of the week. When you have finished, brush your suit vigorously. Do not do this in the lady's presence; that would be bad manners. Outside on the landing is fine.

Note: The views expressed are those of the author and not of the Editor or the Trustees of the Anthony Powell Society. Members seeking sentimental refreshment should consult the regulations to be found at [www.gov.uk](http://www.gov.uk), and remember that they are subject to change.

**DATES FOR YOUR DIARY**

<b>Quarterly Newsletter Copy Dates 2020</b>	
<i>Copy date</i>	<i>Publication date</i>
21 August	4 September
13 November	27 November

Copy for the *Newsletter* should be sent to the Editor  
[editor@anthonypowell.org](mailto:editor@anthonypowell.org)



## London Pub Meets in 2020

**Due to the Coronavirus pandemic we have decided that the London Pub Meet scheduled for Saturday 1 August will not go ahead.**

For up to date information please watch the website 'Latest News' or contact Keith Marshall, *kcm@cix.co.uk* or 020 8864 7993.

The remaining scheduled date for this year is:

**Saturday 7 November**

Market Tavern, 7 Shepherd Street, London W1J 7HR  
1230 to 1530 hrs

The Market Tavern is literally next door to AP's late-1920s rooms in Shepherd Market. As it has been a pub since at least the 1880s, it's a good assumption AP would have downed a few pints here. The pub has a good selection of beer, including several real ales; and serves good food – the Society members' favourite of fish & chips is recommended. For more information see their website at <https://www.themarkettavernmayfair.co.uk/>.

**Further details from Keith Marshall, *kcm@cix.co.uk***

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## London Anthony Powell Birthday Lunch

**Saturday 5 December 2020**

12:00 for 12:30

Ciao Bella, 86-90 Lamb's Conduit Street, London WC1N 3LZ  
<http://ciaobellarestaurant.co.uk>

We've already booked the London Group's AP Birthday Lunch, and we're going to a busy "old-school Italian restaurant".

Ciao Bella is in the heart of Bloomsbury, near the Brunswick Centre, Coram's Fields, the Foundling Museum and next door to the historic Lamb public house – oh, and it is just round the corner from the Powell's erstwhile Great Ormond Street flat.

This will be a "pay on the day" event: you pay me and I settle the bill centrally. Non-members welcome.

Booking essential; the group will be limited to 30 persons.

For booking and further information please contact Keith Marshall  
*kcm@cix.co.uk*

## Visit to the Chantry

16 May 2020

Sadly could not take place....but we hope to visit in May 2021. Please email Stephen Walker at townshend25@gmail.com if you are interested.

## SOCIETY NEWS AND NOTICES

### Membership Updates

We extend a warm welcome to the following new members:

Jan-Joost de Man, Netherlands

Mark Meynell, Maidenhead

Robert Pyper, Prestwick

David Suratgar, Oxford

### Subscriptions

**Subscriptions are due on 1 April. Reminders will be sent in March to members needing to renew.**

Where we have your email address, we will use it to communicate 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**

## 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*

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

Nordic Group  
Area: Sweden & Finland  
Contact: Regina Reh binder  
*reginarehbinder@hotmail.com*

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.

### **Anthony Powell, *King Arthur and Other Personages***

**Edited and Introduced by Robin Bynoe**

Additional contributions from John Powell, Nicholas Birns,  
Patric Dickinson and Rachel Bynoe

Volume 2 of the Society's publication of Anthony Powell's uncollected journalism contains AP on the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, the Romans; the interpretation of dreams; heralds, witches; the builders of megaliths and, later, castles; the Holy Grail; King Arthur, his Knights and others to be found at his Round Table.

Copies may be ordered from the Society's online shop or by post from *Anthony Powell Society Shop, 76 Ennismore Avenue, Greenford UB6 0JW, UK*. Prices (which include shipping) are: UK Members £18; Overseas Members £23; UK Non-Members £22; Overseas Non-Members £27.

## SOCIETY MERCHANDISE

### SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Oxford 2018 Conference Proceedings  
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40-page monograph by John Monagan describing his meetings with Powell.  
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## OTHER PUBLICATIONS

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### **\*\*\*LAST FEW COPIES\*\*\* Anthony Powell, *Caledonia, A Fragment***

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American High School student essays from John's two teachings of *Dance* at Philips Academy. **UK: £12; Overseas: £19**

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Kooperstein; 2011.

Fascinating letters between Powell and his friend and first American publisher Robert Vanderbilt.

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