



In Loco Parentis

I admit I didn't know what to expect. I've never edited a paper before, unless one includes the comics I used to draw for my own amusement at the age of eight. I suppose I expected some sort of common theme to emerge from the various essays submitted by our selfless contributors. Wrong. All of our writers have come up with a different take on Burgess, and while that might make it difficult for me to present myself as The Man With The Plan, it says a lot about our favourite writer, about his multiplicity, his polymathy. After all, we're talking about a man who wrote over fifty books, on very varied themes. He could do the end-of-empire novel (*The Malayan Trilogy*), the provincial English novel (*The Right To An Answer*); he could do science fiction (*A Clockwork Orange*; *The Wanting Seed*); he could do the historical novel (*The Kingdom Of The Wicked*, *Nothing Like The Sun*, *A Dead Man In Deptford*); he could also do the boundary-pushing modernist novel (*MF*, *Napoleon Symphony*). He could do anything. He was a genius, and it's impossible to think of another 20th century writer who so effortlessly straddled so many genres.

So, the various essays presented for your delectation all focus on different aspects of a very complex man. We have Christine Lee Gengaro's delightful piece on her first teenage encounter with *A Clockwork Orange*. We have Rob Spence – Manchester's answer to Iain Sinclair – on the contrast between Burgess's Cottonopolis, so wonderfully evoked in *Little Wilson and Big God*, and the rather harsher conurbation that has taken its place. We have Ákos Farkas bringing his usual astonishing erudition to bear on just one (highly significant) word in *A Clockwork Orange*. And, out of left-field, a newcomer, Norman Ball, with a witty and wicked essay applying Burgess's theories about Pelagianism and Augustinianism to the current Bush administration. And to round it off, a piece by Andrew Biswell hammered out amid, I'm sure, great clouds of tobacco smoke in the limited time available to him during the run-up to the publication of his eagerly-awaited biography of the man himself. So...a pretty good issue, I hope, and all thanks to the selfless efforts of our contributors, two of whom stepped in at the very last moment working against a grim deadline.

Thanks to all of you.

Other acknowledgements are owed. I'd like to thank Alan Roughley for putting his faith in me and letting me take a turn at the steering wheel. I'd like to thank Patrick McDonagh for technical help. Thanks to CLG for being a rock in times of trouble. Thanks to Andrew Biswell for just being a damn good friend and for making me laugh so much (if you haven't heard his Tom Paulin impersonation you haven't lived). Thanks also to the people at Angers, Ben Forkner, John Cassini, Valérie Neveu and Graham Woodroffe for accepting my early essays about Burgess and for encouraging me to keep pounding the clavichord. And thanks to Liana Burgess for her many kind words. I hope you all enjoy this issue of The End of the World Newsletter. A la prochaine! ■

Douglas Milton

A Vision through Clockwork's Prism

By Christine Lee Gengaro

I came to Burgess, like so many others, through *A Clockwork Orange*. When I was in my teens, my father pressed the orange paperback book into my hands and told me to read it. As a musician and avid music-lover, I identified with Alex. Like him, classical music was my pleasure alone to savor. On the inside cover of my father's copy of *Clockwork*, there was a list of eleven other works of fiction written by the author and six works of non-fiction. I wondered, even then, if music found its way into Burgess's other books. The only other novel by Burgess that my father had in our library was *M/F*. I was delighted to find the lines of music in the book and sat at our piano plunking out the notes with my right hand while I held the book open with my left. Even though I was pleased that music was a part of the story, I was ultimately disappointed because the music in *M/F* did not form a structural throughline essential to the narrative, the way it did in *A Clockwork Orange*.

Years later, as I was considering *A Clockwork Orange* in its various forms as the subject of my doctoral dissertation, I wondered what kind of author would use music in his novels

in such a fascinating way. After a few interesting diversions, most notably into the Enderby series and *This Man and Music*, I decided to start at the beginning. *A Vision of Battlements* is Burgess's "self-portrait" of his time in Gibraltar. The hero of the book is Richard Ennis, a sergeant in the Army Vocational and Cultural Corps. Ennis is, for all intents and purposes a teacher in the corps, but he is first and foremost a musician and composer. The novel puts forth a memoir that is, at times, a more eloquent statement of Burgess's compositional process and feelings about the craft of composition than is *This Man and Music*. The latter book, a non-fiction account of Burgess's experience with music, is sometimes contradictory and frustrating. It is as if Burgess started with the first chapter and kept writing through to the end, never looking back, never double-checking, simply getting all of his thoughts down on paper. By telling Ennis's story, Burgess tells his own, and does so in a slightly less self-conscious (and perhaps more honest) way than in a straightforward memoir. In chapter nine of *A Vision of Battlements*, Ennis finishes his Passacaglia and assembles work for a concert of his music. Burgess's account of the

composition and the ensuing rehearsals paint a vivid picture of Ennis's artistic inner life. As is the case with much of Burgess, there is more truth in the fiction than we may first realize.

I saw *A Vision of Battlements* through *Clockwork's* prism and I noticed some similarities between them. There are musical seeds planted in *Vision* that come to full flower in *Clockwork*. The two books differ in very important respects like point of view (first person in *A Clockwork Orange*, third person in *Vision*) and tone (*Vision* is realistic and *Clockwork* is futuristic), but the works are linked together by music and I envision them almost as companion works. Ennis is not like Alex, but Alex grows to be like Ennis. In the twenty-first chapter of *A Clockwork Orange*, Alex starts to think like the older man. When Alex contemplates the works of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Britten, not only as compositions, but as constructions, works of creation, he begins to see his own destructive tendencies in a new light. Ennis arrives in Gibraltar perceiving all enemies—"time, the sea, the state, war"—as destroyers, "anti-builders"; in contrast, Burgess calls his main character, "Ennis the builder."

Alex and Ennis see everyday events in musical terms. For Alex, a fight with Billyboy is a waltz. For Ennis, the incessant repetition of a verbal phrase is the thematic material of a "complex subterranean fugue." Both characters crave Mozart: Alex wants to hear it when he is released from the Ludovico treatment center, Ennis is "thirsty for the sound" of the composer after being force-fed visual aids to learning. Both characters decry the use of Beethoven for something beyond the simple enjoyment of his music. For Alex, the composer's music should not be used as a tool of the government: "He did no harm to anyone. Beethoven just wrote music," Alex cries. When Ennis plays the opening motif from the Fifth Symphony, his students

proclaim it to mean victory, but Ennis tells them: "Beethoven was a musician, not a fabricator of slogans in sound. Music was his life, he cared nothing for politics."

The moment at which Alex and Ennis truly meet in their parallel universes is the moment at which they are compelled by almost primal forces to defend music from the disparagement of the ignorant. Alex does so in the Korova Milkbar, Ennis in a café. Alex and his droogs hear a woman singing from the fictional opera *Das Bettzeug*. Dim makes a rude noise and Alex punches him in the mouth saying, "Bastard. Filthy drooling mannerless bastard." Ennis, sitting in a café with dockers, hears a Flamenco singer perform two lines of a Lorca poem set by Ennis himself. She is interrupted by a rude noise and Ennis leaps wildly on the man saying, "You mannerless bastard. You moronic imbecilic animal sod." The similarities between them, at these moments, are unmistakable. Alex and Ennis, different though they may be, share a passion for music and a fierceness to protect it from harm.

A Clockwork Orange, because it was my first experience with Burgess, will always be the prism through which I view the rest of his art, both music and literary. Some might find that limiting, but I find the musical underscore of his works a powerful tool for analysis of characters and allegory. Both Ennis and Alex (and Burgess too, it would seem) may exist in different times and places, but transcend their differences through music and they live out their lives in a dimension of sound that deepens our experience of their stories. ■

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Enduring City

By Rob Spence

Walk north from Shude Hill, in what the City Council is now pleased to call Manchester's Northern Quarter, and you will soon be travelling along Rochdale Road, the main artery from the north into the city. Very early in your journey, the consumer palaces of the new shopping centre of Manchester, revitalised courtesy of an IRA bomb, are replaced by a landscape not too different from that which would have been familiar to the young John Wilson. The old bus depot remains from his time, now on to its umpteenth post bus depot usage, and some of the familiar brick buildings from nearly a century ago are still in use. What used to be a spit and sawdust pub now markets itself as a gastronomic experience, the beer with pie and chips of Burgess's day replaced by "wholesome" food and a microbrewery. As you continue north, though, you will not see many of the landmarks of Burgess's youth. The Luftwaffe and the post-war slum clearance created a new cityscape, where modern blocks of flats were built on the site of the nineteenth century

terraces. You will soon find yourself in Collyhurst, where the slum houses of the pre-war era have been replaced by warrens of box-like houses, now themselves becoming slums, and where the old streets have been supplanted by pedestrian walkways, themselves called "walks" rather than streets, named after long forgotten local worthies.

As you travel further north, passing over Queen's Road and entering Harpurhey, you arrive at the centre of the infant Burgess's universe, the three quarters of a mile or so of Rochdale Road between Harpurhey Road and Moston Lane. Carisbrook Street, where Burgess spent his very early life, is still there. The house he lived in is not, though. Now a street of modern terraced houses has replaced the Victorian artisan dwellings in which the Wilson family and their neighbours lived. No plaque records that this is the site where Manchester's most pre-eminent literary figure lived: we will have to wait until 2013 for that, since these memorials, according to an arbitrary rule, cannot

be placed until twenty years after the subject's death.

It is undeniably depressing to witness the depths to which the area has now sunk. In Burgess's youth, Harpurhey was a working class district, and a fairly respectable one. To be sure, as the autobiographical volumes point out, it was scarcely genteel, but it was a vibrant, self-sufficient community. Now the traveller looks out on a scene devoid of life, dominated by the steel shutters of boarded up shops, patrolled by vicious looking dogs, and populated by a few chain-smoking pasty-faced individuals with the vacant stare of the habitual drug-user. In *A Clockwork Orange*, the urban landscape clearly recalls the utilitarian workers' housing blocks of communist eastern Europe, though Burgess might have had in mind the fifties and sixties high-rise developments he will have seen in Manchester and elsewhere in Britain. Then, though, those developments were still new, and must have seemed infinitely preferable to their new inhabitants when

compared to the slums they replaced. Now, those blocks are themselves the new wastelands of the modern city, where deprivation and crime are the major factors in the lives of the inhabitants. Whole streets are now boarded up, communities have dispersed, and an air of menace permeates the atmosphere.

In a case of life imitating art, Burgess's dystopian vision now seems much more realistic than it was in 1962. The streets of north Manchester are becoming as dangerous as those of Burgess's other old stamping ground, Moss Side, where drug-related crime is endemic, and street gangs routinely tote military hardware to enforce their control. Alex, one feels, or at least the youthful Alex, would have felt at home here. Plenty of opportunity for some horror show action on these streets.

In recent years, Manchester has reinvented itself. The city centre has been refashioned as a lively and chic venue

for clubs, bars and upmarket retailers. Previously moribund districts – such as Chorlton and the now pretentiously renamed Northern Quarter – have become reinvigorated as new uses have been found for old buildings, and whole areas have been completely reshaped. Even so, in some of the districts that Burgess knew best, a generation of semi-feral young people is experiencing the kind of nihilistic existence so graphically evoked in *A Clockwork Orange*. Forty two years after its publication, and thirty six years after Kubrick's film, it might be argued that Burgess's vision is being enacted on the streets of Manchester.

Despite the grimness of certain areas, Manchester's regeneration, and its emergence as England's second city, has also been associated, of course, with the establishment of a gay district, around Canal Street. This development, supported by a council committed to a wide-ranging equal opportunities agenda,

has created a vibrant street culture in an area previously derelict and dominated by the decaying shells of former warehouses. The movement has been so successful that Manchester is now routinely referred to as the gay capital of Britain. It seems unlikely that Burgess would have welcomed this transformation, but it is one that is indicative of the distance Manchester has travelled from the time when John Wilson first saw the streets of Harpurhey and Moss Side. On the one hand, Manchester may be characterised in the news as a city of violent gangs and sudden death, but on the other it is now a vital, culturally diverse, sophisticated city, with a lively cultural scene. And it still has the best chips and pies. ■

Rob Spence lectures in English at Edge Hill College. He is an acknowledged expert on the topography of Manchester and a good man to have by your side when you're looking for a decent pub.

All the World's a Phase

By Norman Ball

“...the American publisher's argument for truncation was based on a conviction that the original version, showing as it does a capacity for regeneration in even the most depraved soul, was a kind of capitulation to the British Pelagian spirit, whereas the Augustinian Americans were tough enough to accept an image of unregenerable man.. I was in no position to protest, except feebly and in the expectation of being overborne: I needed the couple of hundred dollars that comprised the advance on the work.” - Anthony Burgess, from *“A Clockwork Orange: A play with music”*

Maybe we shouldn't be too hard on the Democrats. America's Augustinians have vanquished more formidable opponents than the befuddled donkey. Take Anthony Burgess, for example. In the above quote, Burgess explains his acquiescence to excising the final chapter of *A Clockwork Orange* from the American edition. When we last left you dear reader, this chapter had Alex admitting to his youthful indiscretions and planning for an uneventful adulthood. And so there it was, raked, bundled, all so neat and tidy like a well-tended English garden. Opting in this instance for the sunnier side of his lifelong preoccupation with good-versus-evil, Burgess regenerates Alex in the best tradition of British Pelagianism. But to the American publisher's sensibility, this was a too-cheery resolution, perfunctorily redemptive in tone. After all, the electric chair was invented for the likes of Alex. So why not use it on the little git? Should man's vengeance overreach, God is there to sort the confusion on the other side, or so St. Augustine might say.

A cognitive behaviorist, George Lakoff proposes his own secularized bipolarity in *Moral Politics: How Liberals and Conservatives Think* and its synopsis version, *Don't Think of an Elephant: Know Your Values and Frame the Debate* (the latter being a sort of 2004 electioneering handbook for erstwhile Democrats.) Reading both, I was immediately struck by the parallels to Burgessian dualism. For those that haven't, I urge them to read *The Wanting Seed* for the most complete treatment of his Pelagian/Augustinian cycle. To paraphrase here, Burgess argues that societies continually veer between two extremes. First, there is the permissive Pelagian phase, named after the fifth century British monk who drove St. Augustine to distraction with the audacious notion of man's perfectibility.

During this period, society basks in the inherent goodness of mankind. It's a wondrous, magical time when floral motifs abound and people slip daisy stems into gun barrels.

Then, just when it seems geraniums have forever trumped gulags, a growing licentiousness threatens the social order. Security concerns eclipse libertarian prerogatives. Emboldened during the pendulum's reactive arc, Augustinians find their true vocation as storm troopers. Himmler-esque Attorneys General rise to power. Patriot Acts pass with virtual unanimity. Flower power withers on the vine. The periods between these two extremes, Burgess called 'interphases.' During these interphases, society, sensing it has veered off in one direction, takes steps to reclaim the happy middle.

But where Burgess merely consigns us to a perpetual sine wave, Lakoff is out to steal all our fun. For Lakoff, we are yesterday's Red Barons in an auto-pilot world, hopelessly shackled to one of two determinative orientations: the stern father or the nurturant parent. Rather fortuitously, these 'cognitive frames' acquit to conservative and liberal, Republican and Democrat.

In the deep, dark recesses of his cognitive framework, Lakoff is a full-blown Augustinian. For him, politics is something like Original Sin meeting The Manchurian Candidate. Not only are we yoked to our frames (a sort of secular predestinarianism), we're shockingly susceptible to well-crafted language cues. Lakoff, clearly a Grover-Norquist-of-the-left aspirant, suggests Republican excite

Listening for Birdsong with Bakhtin and a Young Berliner: Loanshifts in *A Clockwork Orange*

By Ákos I. Farkas

It's Russian for bird, you know. And a bird, as you may remember from your days in London, is another word for girl. As there are two kinds of bird-watcher. I'm of the second category, with little interest in the feathered class. It's you I'm after.' No, Gretel, a backpack tourist about to end her stay in Budapest and return to her native Berlin – West Berlin as it was all important to emphasise at the time – was not amused. Not that her functional English prevented her from appreciating Burgess's bilingual pun, but because of her offended pride as a young woman. A girl? Not her! And as for my convoluted and increasingly flustered lecture on English phonetics and Russian lexicology, that did even less to conjure up the hearty peasant smile on Gretel's speckled face, which I'd fallen for in the first place. Most weiblich to look at, Gretel had every right to regard herself as a woman, not a girl, far less a bird, and least of all a ptitsa. And if the English, ridiculously uneducated by this pretty Berliner's staunch Prussian standards, carelessly dropped their p's when stumbling into such ptitsa-like, or pterygoid, words as, say, ptarmigan, or even psychology or pneumatic, that was their problem. And if she was not amused, she was not impressed either on hearing my theory concerning little Alex and his droogs. I boldly went on, though, theorizing about the proper natsat pronunciation of the word ptitsa, explaining how it would likely come out as a short and rude English colloquialism describing a pair of mammal glands and hence, by metonymic extension, denote a young woman of frontally enhanced sexual appeal. Before I could reach the end of my disquisition, Gretel threw some more cold water on my already cooling enthusiasm. If her years of sound German training in English as a foreign language were anything to go by, she had her serious doubts. No, not that at all! Teetsah, more likely. But then, relenting at the sight of those beads of perspiration on my temples, she suggested that if I insisted on discussing irrelevances like that, the matter could be easily settled. Why didn't we go to the nearest video-store to check-out a copy of Kubrick's legendary *A Clockwork Orange* and see, or hear, how Malcolm McDowell got his tongue about ptitsa? The nearest video store being hundreds of miles from my friend Zoli's Budapest apartment where Gretel was putting up during that summer

of 1987, the dispute had to be abandoned for the sake of a visit to a beer-place within a hundred yards of that nest of learning.

All this was later followed up by a bout of intense but rather short-lived correspondence between Gretel and I on issues unrelated to Burgess's multilingual tour de force. As for our little dispute about the proper English pronunciation of the Russian word ptitsa, conclusive evidence came my way years later in the form of a tape, recorded by a student of mine from some obscure source. The ten-minute audio-material featured none other than Anthony Burgess himself reading out the first few passages of *A Clockwork Orange*. I could hardly wait for the recitation in the master's robust voice to reach the part, near the bottom of page one, where Alex rather uncharacteristically dismisses the idea of doing 'the ultra violent on some shivering ptitsa in a shop' (ACO 5). What's it going to be then, eh? I asked myself. Not teetsah, I hope. No way, I cried, it cannot possibly be, as Burgess's cigarette-hoarsened voice reached paragraph's end where Alex concludes that money isn't everything.

Oh, gosh, money certainly wasn't everything! How much I myself would have given of my scanty dollars or scantier pounds to prevent my hero from not only legitimising but in fact outdoing the Teutonic pedantry of my one-time girlfriend! But no, Burgess proceeded most clearly to enunciate the word as, horror of horrors!, pteetsah. How could that greatest of modern-day Rabeleisians possibly sacrifice to some ill-conceived linguistic pedantry, or simply overlook, out of sheer absentmindedness, that precious additional layer of significance that could so easily have made that phonetically correct Russian pteetsah into a full-blooded translingual bird with cocknified implications of a mammalian sort? True to the letter but false to the spirit, was my melancholy conclusion.

It took decades devoted to studying Burgess in a more formal environment than described above, before I came to discover what I now believe to have been the real reason why he had left, in his reading of *A Clockwork Orange*, the full paronomastic potentials of the Russian word ptitsa unexploited. Despite, or because of, his accomplishments as an entertainer in the music-hall tradition, so

well known to those who had the privilege of meeting him in the flesh, Burgess, the John-Wilson part of him, must have been a fundamentally decent person. More importantly, he was also an artist with a strong Joycean distaste for unnecessary explicitness when it came to being his other, Anthony-Burgess, self. He certainly had no inclination to ram down his reader's throat all the possible meanings of this or that aspect of his work. He was happy to leave it to his interpreters to discover that there was something both robot- and hare-like about the lifestyle of Alex's rabbiting parents (Aggeler 171), or the fact that the ruddy rotundity of those yarbles hiding in the crotch of Alex's tights had as much to do with the fabled apples of a Russian folksong (yarbloki) as they did with an English schoolboy's toy marbles (ACO 16 ff). Precious as the apple of Alex's eye, those yarbles were just as fragile as the colour glass spherules had been before he exchanged them for some less innocent forms of entertainment.

All this is guesswork, of course. Burgess wisely chose to leave unexplained most of his 'loanshifts', as professor Aggeler happily named multilingual words like horrorshow, gulliver and others (ibid). If the carnivalesque nature of Burgess's work allowed for the always functional and usually understated crudity of expression, the also Bakhtinian heteroglossia of his voice had little use for the monody of authorial explicitness. If it had been any different, then his best work, of which I believe *A Clockwork Orange* to be a major representative, then the editors of the End of the World Newsletter would hardly have come up with the idea of devoting a full issue of their journal to Burgess's poli- and heteroglot classic. For a work to qualify as such, as Burgess's favourite English critic Frank Kermode has taught us, freedom of potential interpretation is essential. Openness is all. ■

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ANTHONY BURGESS – “A TERRIBLE CORRESPONDENT”

By Tim Lucas

Twenty-seven years ago, in 1978, when I was still a young and unpublished novelist, I had the good fortune of a brief correspondence with Anthony Burgess. Whenever I mention this to fellow Burgess fans, they ask for a peek or a scan or a handy quote, but I have kept his replies to my fan mail – two return letters and a hastily scrawled postcard with a view of Monte Carlo – safely filed away with other important papers in my attic. Until I pulled them down as handy reference for this article, I doubt I had re-read his letters in at least a decade, not since I paid them a salutary revisit on the day the news of his death reached me. I'm not one for framing or memorizing such treasures; there is always the superstition that too much familiarity will diminish the power that memory has invested in them. Re-reading them now that I'm a middle-aged, published novelist, I find Burgess's letters read somewhat differently than I remembered them, but they are no less important or endearing.

Why did I write to Burgess in the first place? What corner is it that a reader turns when he resolves to send his own words back whence such inspiring words have come? I can only answer that Anthony Burgess was my earliest and most lasting literary hero, the author I chose as my own professional template. As I take stock of myself in this, in the last year of my forties, I have failed to emulate my Master miserably: I have published only two novels, *Throat Sprockets* and *The Book of Renfield*, in eleven years (I can hear Burgess muttering something about E. M. Forster as I type this); I tend to excuse myself shyly from invitations to speak publicly; I speak only one language; and there are only a limited number of subjects about which I can speak with any fluency, much less panache. (I know a lot about a little, rather than a little about a lot.) I can't even smoke in the same league as he; I limit my cigar intake to maybe one per week and have never been anywhere near a bowl of opium. But Burgess has always been my North Star, so to speak; one follows the North Star – one never catches up with it.

I first discovered Burgess as a television talk show guest circa 1971, when I was about fifteen years old. I had long been a collector of pulp/sci fi paperbacks and the odd thrift store dime hardcover, but I collected rather than read them – like my grandmother with her *Readers Digest*

omnibuses – until my fourteenth year, when my class was assigned *Great Expectations* and I surprised myself by falling in love with it. It's hard to explain why we connect to names and personalities that become important fixtures in our creative or interior lives, but with Burgess – his bird's nest hair, his color-blind wardrobe (brown jacket, blue trousers, lime green socks), the world of smoke he wove about himself with his Schimmelpenninks and his sorcerous hand gestures, and above all, his absolute mastery of language in conversation – I felt an immediate kinship, though he could not have been a more alien apparition to set before a provincial Ohio teenager. A note of irony was introduced to this matter of kinship when I later found out that Burgess was born John Wilson, because – in a real life coincidence not unlike the proliferations of Llews and Llewellyns and other doppelgängers conjured in Burgess's books – I am the son of a woman whose maiden name was Juanita Wilson. (I can remember wondering, while reading Shakespeare, if Burgess had ever mused on the notion that he, as a Wilson, might be Will's son, if only spiritually.) I found Burgess as galvanizing as any Shakespearean actor or punk rocker; his erudition came across as stimulating and entertaining rather than excluding or condescending (those qualities which most teachers I had known had brought to bear on my own education), and he lent his erudition to subjects I didn't associate with higher learning: food, sex, violence, the cinema. To listen to him made my theretofore small world open up into something infinite, and I resolved to read *A Clockwork Orange* before the movie came out.

As intoxicating as I found my first reading of *A Clockwork Orange*, it did not lead to stronger stuff. There was an unhappy disruption in my life that impelled me to leave home at the age of sixteen, which also meant leaving high school prior to graduation, and my life didn't settle down again until after I married the woman who is still my wife today at the age of eighteen. It was during our first year of marriage that I found my way back to Burgess with *The Clockwork Testament*, or *Enderby's End*. I was fortunate enough to have some articles in print, and I had resolved to educate myself, as best I could, through a continuous program of reading. Whenever I discovered a writer I really liked, I would embark on reading their work in full. I enjoyed *The Clockwork*



Testament so much that I followed it with another Burgess, and another, and before I knew it, I had read everything by Burgess that could be found at my local library. Once that supply was exhausted, I began ordering the remaining titles from my neighborhood bookseller. (I can remember ordering *Enderby* in hardcover, seven or eight years after its 1969 publication date, for the princely sum of only \$5.95 – and receiving a First Edition copy.)

Reading Burgess in the altogether like that, I became aware of his novels as something more than individual, self-contained narratives; I found I could discern a continuum of consciousness that, when the books were read sequentially, could be followed from one book to the next and beyond. When I finally succeeded in reading everything he had published up to that point (with the exception of *The Worm and the Ring*, which has escaped my net to this day), I was left feeling in possession of a lot of knowledge and perspective and very grateful for the gift. I dealt with my gratitude in two ways.

The first was by sitting down and writing a letter to the author.

I didn't keep copies of the letters I wrote to Anthony Burgess, but I remember that the first was a long one – two typed pages. I told him that I was writing him in celebration of having read all but the one book, expressed my appreciation for his achievement, talked enough about the books so that he would know I was being absolutely sincere in my claim, and told him a bit about myself and my own aspirations as a novelist. I mentioned that I shared his early fascination with Christopher Marlowe and that, having read about his own (then) unsuccessful attempts to get a Marlowe novel rolling, I had resolved to tackle such a project myself. I closed – much too audaciously – by telling Burgess that I had always admired him, but that now I had concluded my reading of his oeuvre, he had won my love as well. Now this was absolutely true, but it's not wise to risk such candor on first acquaintance.

44 rue Grimaldi
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(Monte Carlo)

January 28, 1978

Dear Timothy Lucas,

I'm sorry this letter is so late, but yours had to be forwarded, and that takes time. I'm sorry too that this can't be a long letter, but you'll know the reason for that - resentment at using the typewriter for anything other than making a living. But at least I can say thank you for reading me and for making me aware that the age-gap they talk of so much nowadays can be bridged. When I was your age I wrote my degree thesis on Marlowe, and I've often dreamed of writing a novel on him. If you can do the job for me, I shall be delighted. Let me know what the response is like to your work at Random House and, when the work's in proof, have a copy sent to me.

It's a few years since I was last in Cincinnati and I remember it best as a great town for restaurants - is it still so? I've just finished a book which is half assessment of Orwell's 1984 and half a novella called 1985, which is a different kind of prophecy. A Clockwork Orange I hate, book and film. Both have been taken too seriously, and I've been elevated into a high priest of violence, not fair to one so unviolent as myself. I'm going to write a little novel on the later life of Freud, then resume my BIG novel on a kind of Pope John. So there's plenty to do.

Thank you again for writing, and don't hesitate to write again. But please remember I'm a terrible correspondent.

Every good wish
Sincerely

Anthony Burgess

He was kind enough to overlook my confession of heart when he responded to my letter, (see above) warmly and cordially, some time later.

What amazes me most about this letter today (as I hold the twice-folded sheet to the light, I can read a watermark that says "Extra Strong") is the extent to which I have unintentionally absorbed its professional wisdom into my own professional correspondence. Over the years, I have been on the receiving end of some overly warm letters from persistent readers, and in such cases, I have parroted to some extent Burgess's two central apologies - his resentment at using the typewriter for ungainly purposes (which is absolutely true, once one actually begins making money at writing), and his inadequacy as a correspondent. In retrospect, I can appreciate that Burgess needed to limit the time he spent communicating with readers eager for his personal attention, but I have no doubt that he found the time to correspond with quite

a few people, mostly about business, but also to keep in touch with far-flung friends and colleagues. Not everyone lives in Monaco, after all. To belittle himself as "a terrible correspondent" was his way of telling me, "I appreciate your enthusiasm, young man, and I would enjoy hearing from you again - as long as our contact doesn't place undue demands on me and my time." I was happy to sign such a covenant, because I intended to write a novel that would not only "delight" the Maestro but impress him.

To make a long story shorter, I didn't. I don't want to say too much about my fledgling Marlowe novel, which I called *The Devil's Good Looks*, because it had promise and a central concept I may pursue again someday. But I can say that my manuscript ended up having as much to do with me and my ruminations on stupid meaningless things in my own past as about Marlowe, whom I depicted as living (and dying) as himself during the Elizabethan era in half the chapters, and

in modern times as a spy on the run in the other half. One entire chapter, about Marlowe's confronting his dual existence, was written in iambic pentameter. There were Greek gods in there too; I'm not sure why. Something impertinent, regrets about an adolescent relationship, began to obsess me as I was writing this novel and, instead of developing those preoccupations into something separate, I gave these feelings to Marlowe and wove them into the tapestry-in-progress, undoing it in a way that would have made only Penelope proud. I worked hard on the book - rewriting individual pages endlessly, but never seeing it clearly enough to purge its schizophrenia into something less inchoate - and I couldn't understand why publishers responded to my queries so urgently, eager to read my spy novel, only to rush my manuscript back to me, incompletely read, with a cold form letter rejection attached.

One day, after receiving a particularly disappointing refusal, I sat down at

April 24, 1978

Dear Timothy Lucas,

Beware of reading your own work with pleasure; leave that to the cash customers. Historical novels do get published in the States - witness George Garrett's long book on Raleigh [sic]. A very inferior writer has also published a book on Marlowe, which I've read. [I presume this refers to *The Overreacher*, a study of Christopher Marlowe, a 1952 novel by Harry Levin.] The English market hardly exists for anything that has not first been published in America. Do you have an agent? I should properly ask to look at your book, but you can see the impossibility of this. I can only counsel what I had to do - keep sending it around.

PTO

How about, while you do that, publishing a chapter or so in one of the many literary magazines you have over there? I'm sorry I can't be more helpful. Alas, it's a hell of a struggle.

Good luck
From

Anthony Burgess

my typewriter and cried a little on the shoulder of my Maestro, mentioning my enthusiasm for the pages I had turned out, how this enthusiasm wasn't being returned by the editors who were reading it, and wondering if the English market might be more receptive. I closed by asking for a short note of encouragement, something to help me push on. My wish was granted, typed on a strip of paper folded in half.

I didn't know what "PTO" meant, but I assumed it meant "Please Turn Over." I opened the fold and found more typing inside. (See above).

There is most excellent advice in that first sentence, not that I'm sure either of us ever heeded it, but it was that closing "Alas, it's a hell of a struggle" that offered precisely the encouragement I needed. Whenever I felt my spirits diminishing, I could unfold that little piece of paper and re-read those lines of commiseration and their implicit avowal that Burgess himself had fought these same battles for recognition before me, and feel uplifted.

I must confess to later sending Burgess the typescript of *The Devil's Good Looks*, hoping to press past his polite demurrer. I received no acknowledgement of my presumption on his time, which proves his essential kindness. (When I read the detailed description of Burgess' working environment at the end of *You've Had Your Time*, I was relieved to discover that I was far from the only hopeful to send him an unsolicited manuscript.) I didn't fully understand what Burgess had meant about "the impossibility" of asking to see my book, but now that the shoe is on the other foot, I can fully appreciate the hazards of exposing oneself to unsolicited, over-the-transom writing, especially on a topic you may someday wish to write about yourself. I should mention that I have still not read *A Dead Man in Deptford*, but when it appeared as Burgess's first posthumous novel, I was moved to learn that he had "done the job for me" - but, most of all, because he had closed his career by finally succeeding at something he'd so

long wished to do. I do plan to read it someday, and hope to discover some wink within its pages to indicate that I may have crossed his mind as he toiled on it.

The postcard I received from Burgess is extremely minor in terms of content, but it was sent in response to a minor missive from me, inquiring "What is ABBA ABBA?" (a title I had seen in *Forthcoming Books in Print*) while sending along my best wishes for his forthcoming birthday. The card, which misunderstands my question, is undated but probably hails from sometime in March or April, 1979:

ABBA

ABBA is the rhyme scheme for the octave of the Petrarchan sonnet.
Thanks for needed good wishes and regards -

Anthony Burgess

There was no more correspondence, though I did write to my Mancunian mentor once more, after seeing his postscript to a BBC telecast of *Henry VIII* as part of *The Complete Shakespeare Plays* on PBS. I don't know what I was up to, probably trying to engage his attention once again, but I took issue with Burgess's view that the play was likely not written by the same hand that penned *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and so forth. Was the student, as inevitably happens, daring to cross swords with the teacher before tearing out on his own path? Perhaps, but my short, oblique note (which I carbon-copied but won't offer here) embarrasses me today. Nothing there worth responding to.

But I digress. As I wrote earlier, I responded to the emotion of completing my reading of Burgess in two ways. The first was by engaging him in correspondence. The second way was revealed to me a couple of years later when I noticed, in the pages of Purdue University's literary journal *Modern Fiction Studies*, that papers were being solicited for a forthcoming special issue devoted to Anthony Burgess. I would formalize my debt to Burgess by pooling what I had learned into an essay. The deadline, however, was only a week away.

In the space of that week, I managed to produce an article called "The Old Shelley Game: Prometheus and Predestination in Burgess's Works," about the aforementioned "continuum of consciousness" I had noticed in my

readings, which I described in the piece as “a revealing and, I think insufficiently studied transparency in the borders of his fiction... areas wherein the inspirations behind each novel visibly overlap, mutate and stream out in new areas of pursuit...” Being a high school dropout, I had never written a paper like this before (nor have I written anything so in depth on a literary subject again), but I can remember being on fire for the whole of that week – which gave me the nerve to submit my humble offering to an academic publication of one of the country’s leading universities.

To my astonishment, not only was the essay accepted, my letter of acceptance was addressed to Dr. Timothy R. Lucas.

(I jokingly refer to this envelope, and the letter within, as my honorary doctorate - from Purdue University.) When my essay appeared in print, in *Modern Fiction Studies* Vol. 27, no. 3 (Autumn 1981), I was the only contributor whose biographical notes made no mention of a PhD. The editor kindly informed me that A.A. DeVitis, the guest editor of this special issue and the author of the first book about Burgess, had liked my contribution best, and it was later selected by Harold Bloom for inclusion in his collection *Modern Critical Views: Anthony Burgess* (Chelsea House Publishers, 1987), described by Bloom as “a representative selection of the best criticism available on the novels of Anthony Burgess.”

As I look back on this miraculous arc of events, I find that I can boil it all down to simple cause and effect. I was first drawn to Burgess as a public speaker because he was, in addition to everything else he was, a superb teacher. And the effect of my prolonged exposure to his voice, his words, and his books was that my “terrible correspondent” taught me well. ■

Tim Lucas is the author of the cult novel *Throat Sprockets*, published by 4th Estate. His latest novel *The Book of Renfield*, based on the Dracula myth, has just appeared in the US. Rumour has it that Tim has just taken up the bass guitar.

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Report on the ‘Anthony Burgess and Modernity’ symposium

Manchester Metropolitan University, 7-9 July 2005

by Andrew Biswell

A distinguished collection of scholars, authors, translators, bibliomanes and readers converged on Manchester in July of this year for the International Anthony Burgess Foundation’s inaugural symposium. Most of the events took place on Oxford Road, a few streets away from John Burgess Wilson’s former address on Moss Lane East. Liana Burgess (the Contessa Pasi della Pergola) travelled from Monaco to hear the papers and participate in the discussions which followed. Her presence did much to animate what had always promised to be a lively series of talks and events.

Professor Geoffrey Aggeler, the author of *Anthony Burgess: The Artist as Novelist* (1979) and editor of *Critical Essays on Anthony Burgess* (1986), opened the symposium with his keynote lecture ‘Is Burgess a Classic?’. His answer to this question was a resounding yes. Drawing on T. S. Eliot’s essay ‘What Is a Classic?’, Aggeler argued that Burgess meets Eliot’s definition of a ‘classic’ writer whose works are likely to endure for at least a hundred years.

Aude Haffen from the Sorbonne spoke about Burgess’s ‘biofictions’, with reference to his fictional representations of Shakespeare, Keats, Freud, Napoleon and Marlowe. These biographical subjects were said by Haffen to be doubles of Burgess himself, and she ended by identifying fruitful correspondences between AB’s novels and Virginia Woolf’s fictional biographies. Jochem Riesthuis provided a deft examination of the double bind of Englishness and Catholicism in a paper which considered Burgess’s interest in outsiders, exiles and émigrés. Andrew Biswell gave a brief introduction to a number of ‘lost’ and forgotten works by Burgess, including a long unpublished poem, ‘An Essay on Censorship’ (1989), the proposal for an unwritten book, ‘Modernism and Modern Man’ (1992), and the two-volume literary history and anthology, *They Wrote in English*, published in Milan in 1979.

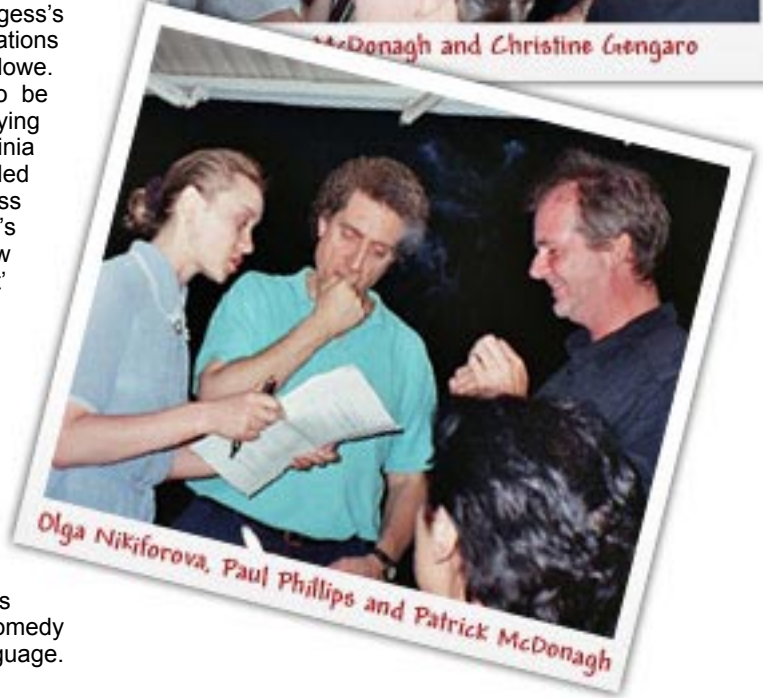
The final keynote lecture of the first day was delivered by Professor Oswyn Murray of Balliol College, Oxford, who gave a suave and informed account of the comedy of misunderstanding in *The Malayan Trilogy*. ‘Evelyn Waugh lacks the linguistic inventiveness of Anthony Burgess,’ said Murray. ‘Waugh makes comedy out of character and situation, Burgess out of language.’



Andrew Biswell and Grace Vergata



McDonagh and Christine Gengaro



Olga Nikiforova, Paul Phillips and Patrick McDonagh

The comedy of the trilogy is almost entirely linguistic.' In the evening Dr Alan Roughley introduced a screening at the Cornerhouse cinema of *The Burgess Variations*, the BBC documentary written by Kevin Jackson and directed by David Thompson, which included rare interviews with Liana and Andrew Burgess Wilson.

The following morning Max Saunders of King's College London, author of the standard biography of Ford Madox



Liana Burgess

Paul Phillips's lecture on the elements of modernity and postmodernity to be found in Burgess's songs and orchestral music. Phillips, who has recently completed a book on Burgess as composer (to be published by Manchester University Press in 2006), gave a detailed account of the tenth movement of 'Mr Burgess's Almanack', completed on 24 February 1987, which he described as Burgess's 70th birthday present to himself. He illustrated his talk with a wealth of musical examples from Purcell, Hindemith, Schoenberg, Stravinsky and Burgess. He also announced his discovery of the unperformed overture from *Blooms of Dublin*, which exists in score but was deleted from the BBC radio production in 1982. He ended with the bold claim that Burgess was 'in the foreground of postmodern and polystylistic music.'



Diane O'Hara

Patrick McDonagh's paper on intelligence and authority in Anthony Burgess was a true performance, and certainly one of the most entertaining contributions to the symposium. 'Dim is a keyword in *A Clockwork Orange*,' he said, 'because it identifies Alex as one of the people who have attacked F. Alexander's wife. Dim is no good at sarcasm and the taunts which precede a beating, but he is all right with a chain.' He concluded: 'But who are the dim in *A Clockwork Orange*? They are the unthinking representatives of authority.'

Nuria Belastegui from Liverpool Hope University argued in her paper on *Nothing Like the Sun* that 'negativity and dialogue produce the tension which stabilises and generates meaning'. Re-interpreting the novel's title, she said that 'nothing' is the female sexual organ through which WS contracts a burning case of syphilis ('a dim hell of my own making'). But the destructive spirochaete is also the creative source of 'a poesy

Ford (2 vols, Oxford University Press) lectured illuminatingly on the connections between Burgess's *Confessions* and Ford's volumes of autobiography. Speaking of *Little Wilson and Big God*, Professor Saunders said: 'Burgess's thesis on Marlowe was a symbolic autobiographical utterance. Pretending to be examining Marlowe's spiritual crises and subconscious desires, he may also have exposed his own.' He went on to claim that in *One Hand Clapping* Burgess combines Ford's literary technique with that of James Joyce's Molly Bloom.

In the afternoon Christine Lee Gengaro spoke about the intersection of literature and music in *Napoleon Symphony*, *Nothing Like the Sun* and *A Clockwork Orange*. Drawing comparisons with Thomas Mann's musical novel *Doctor Faustus*, she examined Burgess's Faustian pacts in *Earthly Powers* and the *Confessions*. Randall Hooper's paper on Burgess's choral music, which he has conducted in the US, provoked a heated debate about the orchestration of 'Bethlehem Palmtrees', a setting of an Ezra Pound poem. Although Hooper maintained that the top line of the score was supposed to be a flute part, others questioned this interpretation. The musical theme continued into the evening with a memorable performance by Maureen Turquet of Burgess's Preludes for piano and Sonata for Piano and Great Bass Recorder. This was the first large-scale public performance of Burgess's music in the city of his birth. The recital took place at the Cosmo Rodewald Concert Hall at Manchester University, and was followed by a lavish buffet supper and wine reception.

One of the highlights of the symposium's third day was



Paul Phillips and Alan Roughley

which might be shouted at the world in place of truth.'

The novelist and poet Erica Jong gave the final keynote lecture, in which she reminisced

about her friendship with Burgess and his strong advocacy of her writing. He read her historical novel *Fanny* before publication, and later wrote in the *Saturday Review*: 'Jong has gone further than James Joyce. *Fanny* is a tower of linguistic strength. It had to be written, and Jong was the person to write it.' Speaking of her large enthusiasm for Burgess's novels, she said: 'I loved his excremental Enderby books. Nobody since Swift had dared to bring poetry and excrement together. He had an expansive imagination, and yet he had an interest in language which only poets have. I think he was under-rated as a writer simply because nobody else could fathom his brilliance.'



Yves Bulens

The other Burgess scholars who read papers were [Erico Hayashi](#) (Gifu University, Japan), Peter Hughes Jachimiak (Glamorgan), [Barrie Leahy](#) (Liverpool Hope), Anthony Levings (Kent), [Jonathan Mann](#), Tamar Mebuke (Tbilisi Technical University), [Olga Nikiforova](#) (University of Tomsk), Carla Sassi (University of Verona), [Beryl Schlossman](#) (Carnegie Mellon University) and Rob

Spence (Edge Hill). A volume of essays from the conference, edited by Alan Roughley and with a foreword by David Lodge and an After Word by A J Cronin will be published by Manchester University Press.

After the formal business of the symposium was over, there was a reception at the Foundation house in

Withington, followed by a curry banquet in Rusholme, not far from Xaverian College and the house on Leighbrook Road where Burgess's father died in 1938. Many of those who had taken part in the symposium went on to the Cornerhouse and Via Fossa, where they drank deeply, danced inexpertly, and talked enthusiastically until after the sun had come up. ■

Andrew Biswell is an English lecturer at Manchester Metropolitan University as well as being a prolific reviewer for the UK and US press. His biography of Anthony Burgess has recently been published to much acclaim by Picador

Paying Burgess the “Attention he Deserves”: A Review of Andrew Biswell’s *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess*

By Alan Roughley

This review may well be redundant: everyone who has read the literary section of a quality British newspaper or magazines since the publication of *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess* will be aware that Andrew Biswell has written a very successful biography. Biswell's book provides a balanced, well-researched, thoughtful and sensitive portrait of its subject. The limited review space afforded by this number of the Newsletter is insufficient to fully assess Biswell's achievements, but anyone who is familiar with Burgess's life and art will appreciate this attempt at the balanced comparison between the two. Biswell makes a judicious use of the former to highlight and explain the latter.

Comparisons are odious, so let us dispense with the essential one immediately: It is Biswell's biography and not Roger Lewis's unbalanced, adolescent, narcissistic, and often self-obsessed, distasteful public ranting about Burgess's failings that provides the scholarly, biographical attention Anthony Burgess's work demands. *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess* is not as entertaining as Lewis's pseudo-biography, but biography is not supposed to be a medium for its the author to make puerile jokes at the expense of his or her subject in order to try and obscure that subject's achievements. In a perverse sort of way, Biswell's biography can be seen as owing a debt to the confessions of Roger Lewis because the latter acts as a foil against which Biswell's achievements seem even more accomplished than they might without that foil.

The first half of Biswell's study is meticulous in its sifting through existing documents and records to provide a balanced and convincing depiction of Burgess's early years in Manchester, but it stands back critically in assessing

Burgess's own accounts of those years and the lives and achievements of his forebears. The Burgess family tree, Biswell cautions, “is a characteristic Burgessian production in that it is largely based on family legend, rumour, speculation and wistful sectarian yearnings.” Where other, lesser, biographers might use such recognition to engage in unnecessary and histrionic diatribes about an author's deviation from historical “fact” (what curious things we demand from our fictional writers), Biswell sets about offering explanations for such deviations and considering them within the important context of Burgess's artistic creation.

This careful scholarly treatment of Burgess's willingness and ability to subject his life and work to the same creative fictionalization characterizes Biswell's consideration of the infamous medical diagnosis which marked the writer's return to London in 1959. To investigate the phenomenon he describes as the “disappearing tumour,” Biswell sifts through all of Burgess's own accounts of the episode and compares these with later interviews and with accounts from several people who were in contact with Burgess during his stay at the Neurological Institute in Bloomsbury to which he was referred by the Hospital for Tropical Diseases. The simple fact of this referral reveals serious medical concern about Burgess's health at the time, but little else is clear about this pivotal period in his life. After using his considerable skills as a biographical and documentary detective, Biswell concludes that while “*something* was wrong with Burgess in 1959 ... it clearly wasn't the inoperable cancer that he claimed it was.” It is characteristic of *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess* that Biswell follows his thorough analysis of this medical episode in Burgess's life with a skilful literary analysis of the book

to which it led. His biographical analysis of *The Doctor is Sick* reveals Biswell's effective skills in this area. It allows him to set aside the compulsive biographical desire for unequivocal answers and accept the “curious and vexing way” in which Burgess's novel capitalizes on the “narrative ambiguities of Burgess's own illness and hospitalization.”

Biswell demonstrates a considerable talent for using detailed research to illuminate the biographical elements in Burgess's writing, and he illuminates these elements with considerable sensitivity. In the chapter, “I Wish My Wife Was Dead,” Biswell concentrates on three relatively unknown short stories, “A Pair of Gloves,” “An American Organ,” and “I Wish My Wife Was Dead.” He locates the genesis of these stories in the period between Burgess's first wife, Lynne's “portal haemorrhage and her death” in 1968. He locates his convincing literary analysis of the stories within the context of Burgess's intense and complicated feelings about his first wife's death and the very strong Catholic sense of guilt and responsibility for it. Examining these stories through Burgess's knowledge of Freud (Biswell reminds us that Burgess claimed “Freud and Jung made regular appearances in his dreams”), he offers a persuasive and sensitive account of how these three stories helped Burgess as he “prepared for Lynne's death.”

Unfortunately, *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess* offers much more of the first half of this real life than of its second. This is true of both Burgess's life and work. There is, for example, a very large imbalance between the detailed analysis we get of John Wilson's marriage to his first wife Lynn and the scant attention paid to Anthony Burgess's marriage to his second wife Lilitana Macellari. Biswell's exuberant fondness for Burgess's early

fiction critical threatens to overshadow his ideas about the later, more complex fiction. The infamous *A Clockwork Orange* receives the most attention, justified, perhaps, by the controversy it caused and the fact that it is Burgess most well known novel. Burgess's later novels such as *The End of the World News*, *A Dead Man in Deptford* and *Byrne* receive much less of Biswell's attention than the novels of the early period. Biswell offers insightful and informative biographical readings of *Time for a Tiger*, *The Worm and the Ring*, *A Vision of Battlements* and

the Enderby novels and convincing (if occasionally nostalgic) interpretations of their characters and themes. He places them convincingly within the atmosphere of a decaying England that knows it has lost, or is losing, its status as a major imperial and colonising power. Of places such as Malta, Lugano, Bracciano and Monaco where Burgess lived, wrote and shared the bulk of his life as a major creative force with his second wife, Liliana, we learn comparatively little. Kevin Jackson's review of such "sins of omission" makes the obvious point:

Biswell's "400-odd pages is not a lot of room for a life of 76 years crammed with incident and creation" (*Sunday Times*, 06/11/2005). The obvious hope is that Andrew Biswell might find the time and energy to develop and expand the tantalising glimpses of the latter half of Burgess's life work he offers us here into a second volume of *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess*. ■

Andrew Biswell's *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess* is published by Picador (2005)

News from the Foundation House

There have been some exciting developments at the IABF house during the past 12 months. The refurbishment of the Foundation house is now almost complete. We still have to install more bookcases to hold the part of Anthony Burgess's libraries that we are cataloguing, but we are now alarmed and as protected as we can be against theft and fire. There is still some minor work to be completed, but for the most part the major refurbishment is complete.

East of England

In December of last year, the centre at Angers held another of its very successful Symposia. Graham Woodroffe did an excellent job of organising the program and ensuring that it ran like a well-lubricated clockwork symposium, and John Cassini arranged a very impressive concert. The papers were of a very high calibre, and the informal social events allowed the participants ample opportunity to discuss their favourite author, composer, linguist and journalist. Liana Burgess graciously asked me to represent her at the gathering, and I had the opportunity of meeting the remarkable man and Burgess scholar, Ben Forkner for the first time. Many thanks to all of the staff and students at Angers who made the symposium such a success.

In Manchester

Back in Burgess's home city, we were very busy organising our inaugural Symposium. Katherine Harrison and Kayalicia Winnard deserve many thanks for the hard work that they put into running the symposium, and the Foundation made some very practical and helpful links with the University of Manchester, Manchester Metropolitan University and the University of Salford. All three institutions helped to host the conference, and Liverpool Hope University hosted an elegant lunch and a recital of AB's work by Dianne O'Hara to welcome Liana Burgess to the Northwest of England for the Symposium. Particular thanks should go to Dr Terry Phillips and Professor Gerald Pillay of LHU, Professor Sue Zlosnick of MMU, Dr Howard Booth of the U of M and Dr Carson Bergstrom of the University of Salford.

Andrew Biswell provides a very good summary of the Symposium elsewhere in this Newsletter, and many of the very good papers given at that event are now being edited for the book, "Anthony Burgess and Modernity." Unless you have not been reading any quality English newspapers, journals or magazines over the last month, you will be aware of the publication of Andrew's new biography, *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess*. The reviews have all been very positive about this study of AB's life and work, and several have intimated that this is the first proper biography of him. Many congratulations to Andrew.

Music, Maestro!

In December of last year, the Canadian concert pianist, Lisa Godwin, performed a recital of Anthony Burgess's music as part of the Cornerstone Festival held at Liverpool Hope University's Everton Campus in Liverpool. I presented a paper on AB's musical education and his stay in Liverpool during the time when he was stationed there shortly before being posted to Gibraltar.

The Immediate Future

In February of next year, Liverpool Hope University will host an enrichment day for senior students of secondary school who will be able to explore AB's literary work and experience a recital of his music by the Liverpool classical pianist Dianne O'Hara. Dianne and I are also putting together a program of readings of AB's work and a performance of his music that we hope to take to schools, colleges and universities in order to draw more attention to that work.

Thanks yet again to Liana Burgess's generosity: there are three PhD scholarships available to students who wish to study AB's work at a doctoral level. Liverpool Hope University will soon be advertising these PhD studentships. Two will be for students who wish to complete a PhD on Anthony's fiction and one for a student interested in studying his work in Linguistics. The studentships are for a three-year period and will allow the students to gain experience teaching at a tertiary level.

I am in the process of writing the program for a one-year, senior level undergraduate course devoted to Anthony's work and that of some of his contemporaries. The working title for the course is "Clockwork Fictions: The novels of Anthony Burgess and his Contemporaries." I would welcome hearing from anyone who is already teaching his work or planning to do so. Getting his work onto the curriculum for schools, colleges and universities is one of the Foundation's major aims.

Acknowledgements

I would personally like to thank Douglas Milton for his excellent job of editing this second issue of the End of the World Newsletter. I think I can join most Burgessians in also expressing a very sincere gratitude to Liana Macellari Burgess without whom there would be no Foundations or Centres (or certainly much smaller and more limited organisations) to enable us to study, research, teach and celebrate Anthony's work.

We hope you will join us in thanking Katherine Harrison for her very good work during her year as the Secretary of the IABF. Katherine was awarded a research scholarship to help her complete her PhD, and she left the IABF at the end of August. We wish her every success in her studies. We also congratulate Kay Winnard who helped to organise and catalogue the books we have here and who proved to be such great help during the symposium. Kay left us at the beginning of August to give birth, and she is now the proud mother of a new daughter, Faith.

Submissions to the Newsletter

If you would like to share information or news about anything related to AB and his work, please send it to info@anthonyburgess.org and we will make sure it gets into the next issue. If you would like to submit an article on any aspect of AB's work please submit it to us at the same address. We will consider all articles for publication, but we reserve the right to refuse publication for unsuitable material and to edit for length. We would really like to help you to find a space for your ideas on Anthony and his work. If you would like to submit an article, please use an appropriate scholarly style and format. Include author, year (where necessary) and page references in parentheses within the body of the article and list references in alphabetic order at the end. We hope to have a much more active discussion forum on the website in the next month.

Alan Roughley
Acting Director