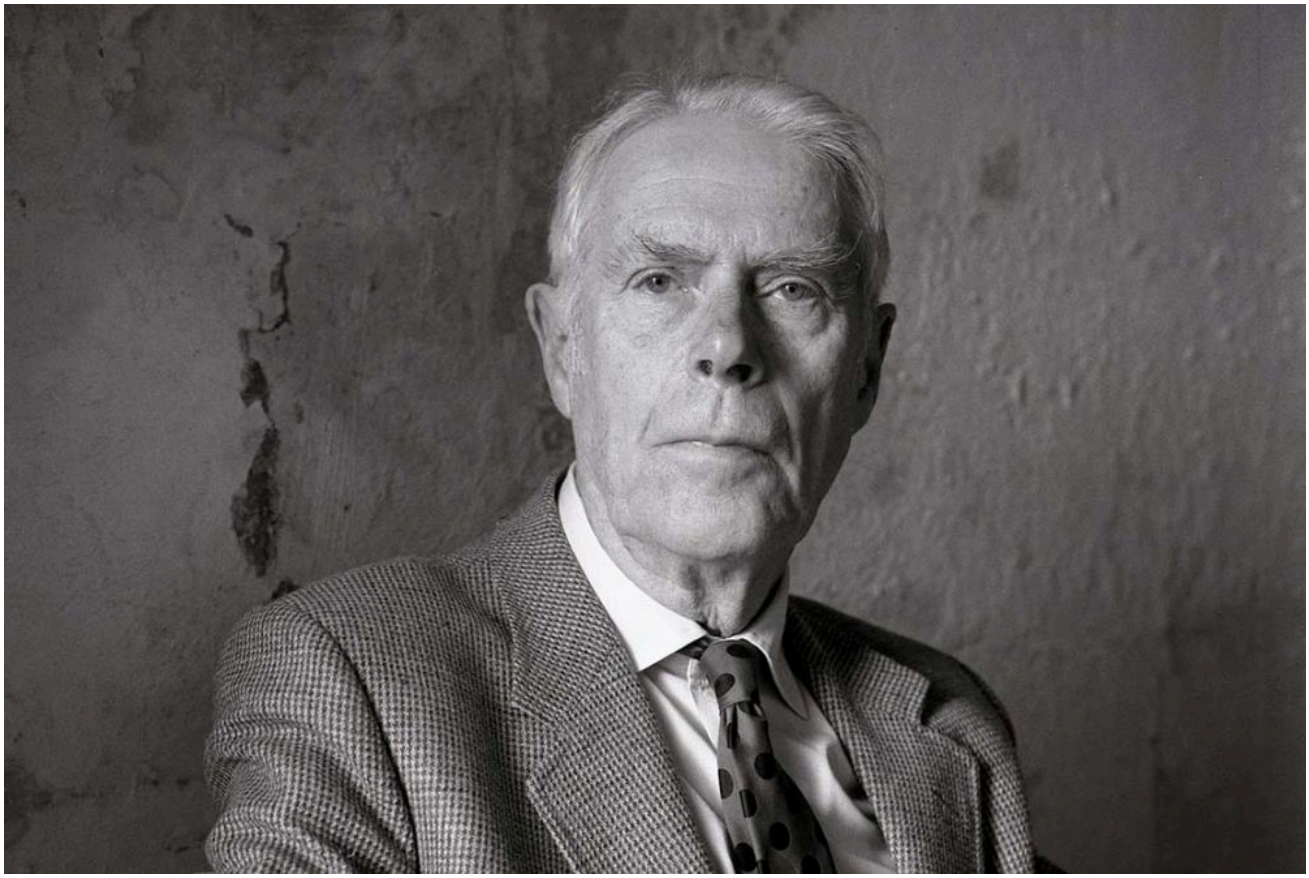
OUCH! – Anthony Powell

collected by Reg Green



This is how the concept of dying became familiar to Anthony Powell, as he grew older:

“As the eighth decade gradually consumes itself, shadows lengthen, a masked and muffled figure loiters persistently at the back of every room as if waiting for a word at the most tactful moment: a presence more easily discernible than heretofore that exhales undoubted menace yet also extends persuasive charm of an enigmatic kind.”