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About the Institute
The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Sept 1952 →

Commonplace Book

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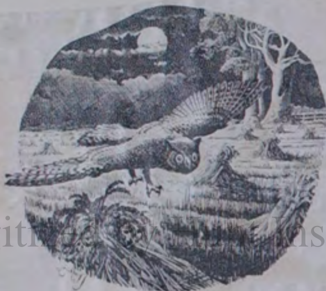
A.A
FWO

September
1952



September

"The Nile," reproduced in *Classic Art*, by Hein
for which Michael Angelo prepared a place of
light" on Michael Angelo's own style.

dergoes a change. Up t
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THE TIMES FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 12 1952

SS AUSTEN'S HOUSE AT CHAWTON

ORE ROOMS TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

Admirers of Jane Austen will rejoice to now that more rooms in the house at Chawton, Hampshire, where she lived from 1809 to 1817, are to be open to visitors, and that there is a possibility that all the rooms which constitute the Jane Austen museum will be open daily, probably by the end of the year. At present only one room, the Austen family drawing room, is reserved as a museum, where Jane Austen's desk, an escritoire bookcase, a kerchief she embroidered, some locks of her dark brown hair, and other relics may be seen. Her donkey carriage is in keeping outside.

In 1817 Miss Austen moved to Winchester in search of the good health that never came to her. From the day of her departure from Chawton to the day of her death she never saw her old home again. So little notice did Winchester, or some of its folk, take of her, that years afterwards, when a visitor to the cathedral asked to be shown her tomb in the north aisle, the verger replied: "Pray, was there anything particular about the lady?"

The association of the house at Chawton with Jane Austen was for a time little better recognized. While the disciples of the Brontë sisters had full possession of the parsonage at Haworth (save for a few top rooms), Janeites had little pleasure in knowing that the house at Chawton was in deplorable disrepair. It had been divided into three separate tenements, the wooden sills of some of the windows were broken and rotting, and the strip of front garden was overgrown with grass and weeds. Happily, the wash-house, with the original grate and copper, remained. A little longer and wireless, television, and other anachronisms might have been found there.

Mr. T. Edward Carpenter bought the house for £3,000 and presented it to the nation in memory of his son, a lieutenant in the East Surrey Regiment, who was killed in Italy in the late war, and added to his gift a number of valuable relics and letters of Jane Austen. The whole of the property was vested in trustees as a national asset. Mr. Carpenter has now obtained Jane Austen's bedroom and the family parlour, by purchase from one of the occupants in possession, and these rooms are being restored as near as possible to the condition in which they appeared in 1809, when Jane, her mother, her sister Cassandra, and Martha Lloyd began to occupy them on the invitation of Jane's brother Edward. They can be seen at any time as they are at present, on application to the caretaker, but until they are fully restored they will not be open to the public generally.

The house opens directly on to the cross-roads where the stillness of the night, and even of the day, was often broken by the jangle of the coaches going to and from London. Not long after the Austen family had settled there, a traveller passing their door in a post-chaise noted them through the parlour window "looking very comfortable at breakfast." Jane and her sister Cassandra had their breakfast at nine; their mother often preferred to go into the garden by that hour, where, clad in a green smock, she dug the potatoes or did other work according to the season, until, perhaps, it was time to take another spell on that wonderful patchwork quilt which is now among the Austen treasures preserved there.

The drawing room is not as it was. It had a window giving out on the road, but as it was likely to be overlooked by passers-by—none of the Austens welcomed public scrutiny—it was bricked up by brother Edward, and another window cut, overlooking the garden. The family parlour, into which the public will soon be able to go, is the room where, according to well authenticated tradition, Jane often wrote at her desk.

How different she was from George Eliot, who always waited for "inspiration" and could not bear to hear the scratching of her husband's pen in the same apartment. Miss Austen had no separate room, as she had at Steventon, and the scratching of a pen was as naught. She had to write in a living room overlooking the road—quiet maybe in her day—and was subject to interruptions from the servants and from visitors. The children from Steventon would burst in. She would not have the creaking door repaired because the screeching of its hinges warned her of any visitor who might not be welcome at the moment and gave her time to slip her sheets of manuscript under the blotting paper. Here, in such disturbing conditions, Jane Austen wrote all her novels except one. Were the characters drawn from life? Are they to be seen only in fancy in the museum to-day? The answer is surely contained in her remark to a friend that she was too fond of her created characters, the work of her imagination, to portray people actually known to her.

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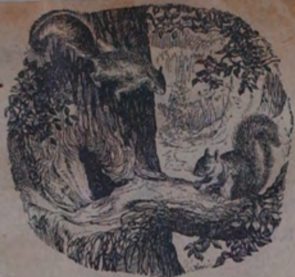

October

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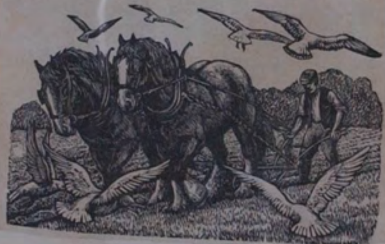

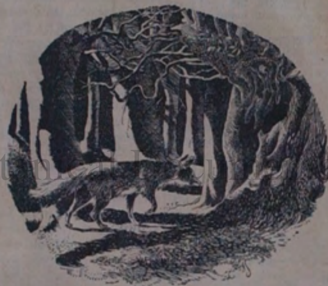

November

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY OCTOBER 24 1952

Meditation in August

ON that bright windy August morning
A devil spoke to me, he said:
Everything will fail,
It's all useless, all stale,
Very soon you'll be old and helpless,
Then dead,
And everyone you know will be dead
And rotten and forgotten;
You're only insects on a shrivelling orange,
An hour, a day, it will soon decay
And become ashes and dust drifting in infinite space,
Then there will be nothing, nothing, nothing,
Eternal emptiness.

I saw the yellow cornfield brilliant in the sun,
I saw the piled sheaves and beyond them the dark blue sea
And the pure, pale sky,
And the racing blood in my veins
Leaped up to greet the vivid light and colour with a cry;
I was clothed and crowned with the sun,
I had broken out of the prison of my little I,
I knew beauty was truth, and the truth had set me free
For a moment from the devil's lie.

V. DE S. PINTO.

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TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 7 1952

On a Motion that the World Could Dispense with Man

BIRDS *would still sing their testament from fanes of twig,*
Perchance in language purer than our own;
Rivers run and flowers bloom and wavecrests nimbly jig;
Land grow, sea flow, and air with winds be blown.

Each living thing would render praise by being just itself—
No dog would have the sharp spleen of a cat,
No pack of sea-sharks would covet the prey of the wolf,
No mouse would emulate the deeds of rat.

Day would come bearing her torch of sunblaze, eyes clear of smoke;
Night would prowl with his hooded moon-lanthorn
Without pricking his feet on splinters of light, or with cloak
Over his head as metal mosquitoes swarm.

And love would be expressed by existing as conceived—
Grass would be green with it, rose would be red,
Winds would show it by blowing a cloud or mote, perceived
The worm's blind faith in his alternate head.

But if thoughts love their thinker it's because they have no choice,
And who but briefly would be charmed with that?
So shatter the mind, set each piece in wilful clay, and voice
It, each crystal chip of varying carat.

For worm could only tell of the taste of root and grain,
And wind dilate upon the taste of air;
Rose would know no other savour but of sun and rain,
And grass must bow at dewfall as in prayer!

And no creator surely could be satisfied for long
By an endless ordered motion of his thoughts;
He'd have to find a use for them beyond their passive song,
Make just one stubborn creature out of sorts.

To relate them to the mind that set them going,
And not just be contented with the dream
Of self alone, but seek the fount from which the love is flowing,
And freely render back that crystal gleam.

KEITH SPOONER.

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Received for Agnes Fry. Nov 15. 1952

ON GREEN THINGS IN GENERAL & GREEN DUST IN PARTICULAR.

Behold in Cairo in the early Spring
A crowd of urgent pilgrims, jostling,
Pushing and shouting, and with them they bring
A heavy carpet woven of thick green.
Dark in its folds and lustrous in its sheen,
An offering for any monarch fit
Or holiest shrine, and they will carry it...
Already see! the camels with slow feet
Pacing towards Mecca, and the shapeless stone,
The gaunt Ka'aba, over which is thrown -
Oh! lovely transformation - the green cloth
With all its sinuous folds.
Just so the Earth,
Bare, brown and barren, from the Sun receives
Yearly her vernal cloak and covering, -
The magic transformation of the Spring —
Fresh green grass and ferns, and tender forest leaves.

All these are loved and have their meed of praise
But there's one little piece of gentleness
No poet ever turned aside to bless
For all its lowly charitable ways
(Nameless except in high botanic phrase.)(I)
'Tis a green dust upon the bark of trees
And farmyard fences and old trellices,
In every country purlieu where the air
Is pure and damp; on every ancient shed
And crumbling wall this greenery is spread,
Covering and colouring what else were bare.

In winter evenings when the sun hangs low
Yet brightly shines, this dust is all aglow,
Like a green velvet, soothing to the eye,
That scarcely notices in passing by;
The simplest life you ever came across, —
Humbler than wayside grass or trodden moss,
Rootless, with neither flower nor leaf nor seed,
It is a very lowly life indeed,
Unnoticed and unthanked, but oh! if this
Should perish from our land you'd surely miss
Something that goes to swell your happiness.

Oh! lovely greenery, colour of hope and youth.
Colour of spring-time and new sappy growth
How vastly various in shade and hue,
From the bright grass blade when the sun shines through
To the dark cypress and funereal yew. —
And there's a small church window I have seen,
Ancient and rugged, where the Rood is green.

A.F.

(I)Pleurococcus
vulgaris.)

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THE TIMES FRIDAY AUGUST 22 1958

MISS AGNES FRY

Miss Agnes Fry, a daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, P.C., G.C.B., died on Friday at the age of 89.

Dr. Agnes Arber writes:—

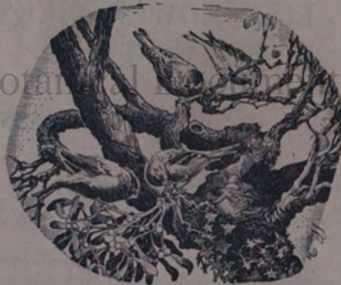
Agnes Fry's varied interests centred primarily in natural history, but her knowledge in this field was not only scientific and factual; she had a capacity for feeling herself into the life of animals and plants, which perhaps owed something to the mystical strain in the Quaker tradition. This capacity reveals itself in her verses (little known to any but her personal friends), and it finds perhaps its most vivid expression in the lines:—

"Dear Daphne turn again we pray
Once more a living maiden be
And in our human language say
Just how it feels to *be* a tree."

Received fr Agnes Fry. Nov 15. 1952

Dear Daphne turn again we pray
Once more a living maiden be
And in our human language say
Just how it felt to be a Tree.

A.F.



December

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WOLF MANKOWITZ: *The Portland Vase and the Wedgwood Copies.* André Deutsch. 30s. TLS Feb 20 1953

The present book is a most instructive one; from it the reader may learn how enormously a work of art can be magnified in importance by dealers, connoisseurs, scholars, and propitious circumstances. A hackneyed metaphor presents itself: even as mother-of-pearl accumulates around one tiny grain of irritant matter, so has the myth of the Portland vase gathered around one comparatively insignificant relic of antiquity, clothing it in a beauty and a brilliance not its own.

The thing is a small glass pot, very dark blue in colour and rather clumsy in appearance, having, in its present condition, a base far too wide for its height and handles which are both cumbrous and weak. It has been decorated in semi-opaque white glass laboriously cut away to leave an elegant decoration in low relief much like a cameo. This decoration, an affair of nymphs, heroes and other stage properties of classical mythology, is, one feels, more suited to a plane than to a convex surface; the artist seems also to have felt that it did not entirely accord with the given space, all the more so as it is confined to the belly of the vase; he has therefore attempted to achieve some kind of unity by a pattern of lateral rocks and spreading branches; but the result is not altogether satisfactory. It is a pleasant enough example of Hellenistic work, a thing of much charm if not of outstanding beauty. Any Moor in Spain could achieve greater unity of design, any Chinaman of the great dynasties could have supplied finer drawing.

Where and when it was found we do not know. Legend ascribes its discovery to the archaeologists of Pope Urban VIII (*Quod non fecerunt barbari id fecerunt barberini*). Legend added that it once contained the ashes of the Emperor Alexander Severus. Already it had acquired a certain celebrity before it came into the hands of Sir William Hamilton; from him it went to the Duchess of Portland. It appeared in a London auction room and at once excited the admiration of all cultivated people; it was declared to be a masterpiece. "Except the Apollo Belvedere, the Niobes, and two or three others of the first class marbles," wrote Sir William Hamilton, "I do not believe that there are any monuments of antiquity existing that were executed by so great an artist." One cannot share this view but one can, perhaps, understand it. It was a moment when the Greeks and the Romans were more easily and enthusiastically swallowed than ever before or since; and the vase does look so very refined, so polished, so highly finished, so expensive that no better addition to a gentleman's drawing-room could be invented. Moreover, the decoration is placid, it has a certain air of mystery, for no one has any clear idea of what it represents; but there is nothing in the least disquieting about those polite and rather lumpy figures; it is calm, serene, noble, and vaguely sentimental. It might have been made for the London market of the 1780s.

The Duke of Portland bought it back for 980 guineas and it was copied, with tremendous thoroughness and industry, by Josiah Wedgwood. That nothing might be lacking in the way of publicity, fate sent a drunken scene-painter to throw a stone carving at it, to smash it to pieces and to render it doubly famous. It has been glued together again and still has its modest place among the treasures of the British Museum. In cheap unworthy copies it has found its way into the homes of thousands of undiscerning people and it has been made the subject of innumerable articles and books of which this readable, though slightly jejune, monograph by Mr. Mankowitz is the latest.

Mr. Mankowitz has several claims to our gratitude. He has availed himself of the Wedgwood museum and of his own considerable learning to give a clear account of the making of the copies and to demolish several persistent legends, in particular that of the destruction of the original moulds. He has also collected, and most entertainingly describes, the extraordinary galaxy of theories concerning the symbolism of the vase. He has produced a scholarly essay and one worth writing, for the Portland vase has its place in the history of taste and in that of ceramics.

R: "Continuity in Mexican Art" T.L.S. March 6.53

It was during the thousand years or so before the conquest of Mexico in 1521 that the American cultures produced their greatest art. During this period Mexican art reached, in its various kinds, a highly advanced, unprimitive state. This 1,000-year period opens with the Old Empire culture of the Maya, which flourished from the late fifth century to the middle of the seventh century A.D., and ends with the culture of the Aztecs. It is often said that but for the arrival of the Spaniards the Aztecs would have brought pre-Columbian art to its highest point, and certainly some Aztec sculptors who were working in the years before the Conquest do seem to reflect, in their sensitive representations of the human face, the small humanistic minority which was trying to infuse a more rational note into the barbarities of the Aztec religion; but in the main the fanatically hieratic nature of the civilization demanded a religious art expressing the faith in visual terms. This faith was cruel, puritanical, inhuman and morbid, so that the idol of the goddess of Earth and Death, Coatlicue, with her pendant skulls and skirt of rattlesnakes, or the various representations, intentionally horrifying, of Xipetotec the Flayed God, reveal the Aztec nature more eloquently than the few humanistic masks. The enlightened minority might have become dominant and sanctioned a new art, but on the evidence of the Aztec remains it is difficult to believe that these artists would ever have produced work to compare with that of the greatest Maya period. The plates which Mr. Burland reproduces in his excellent King Penguin book give a revealing picture of the cruelty of Aztec life.

* * *

Indeed, the Maya form the antithesis to the Aztecs. Their civilization ended in a mysterious cataclysm after which their cities were abandoned; whether it was through the failure of the land to produce enough maize, through ideological wars or invasion nobody knows, but the remains show that before this disruption they had produced some of the most beautiful and affecting sculpture in the world—reaching, at Copán, a Baroque exuberance and intensity. So delicate a sense of the beauty of the human figure is shown in the stuccoes and carvings at Palenque and Piedras Negras, in southern Mexico, that one must lament that Maya art was hieratic and mainly used for the representations of gods, whose appearance had to be given the fantasy of symbolism. This fantasy, however, is rarely cruel, and until recent years the apparent benevolence of Maya art had led archaeologists to believe that the Maya were a peaceful people who did not practise human sacrifice. In 1946 an American photographer, Mr. Giles Healey, made an expedition into the jungle of the southern extreme of Mexico in search of the lost city of Bonampak (which means the "city of the painted walls"); he found the remains of the town and one well-preserved temple in which was a series of brightly coloured frescoes, each 20ft. high. No comparable frescoes had ever been seen before, but, apart from its great aesthetic importance, the find showed that human sacrifice was made even at the period of the Old Empire. But the attitude to the sacrifice was different from that of the Aztecs, who would slaughter a thousand men in a day to satisfy their religious ecstasy. At Bonampak the high priests stand solemnly, prepared to take part in a rare and necessary ceremony in honour of the gods; there is no hysteria or ecstasy in their ritual.

* * *

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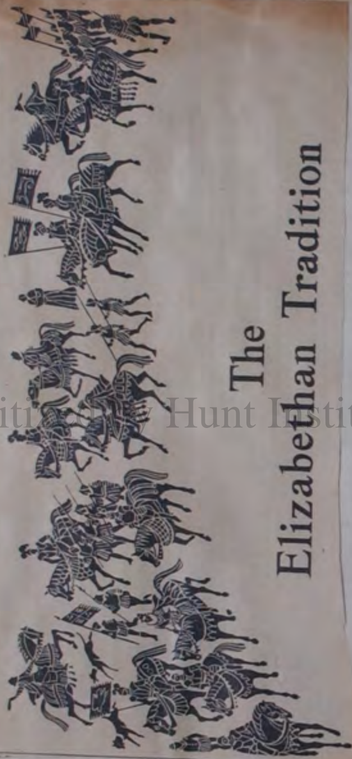

The Elizabethan Tradition

Harrod after
Times 1953

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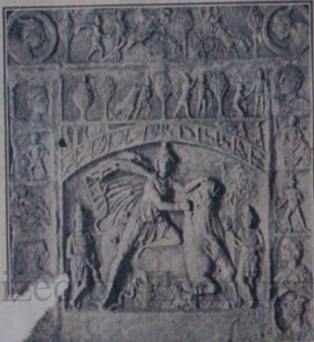
Times. Sat Oct. 2. 1954



MITHRAS slaying the bull—from a marble group at Heddenheim, near Frankfurt. The head of Mithras found at Walbrook and the smaller head probably formed part of such a group. An article is on page 7.

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A Country Walk in March

For R. H. and E. N. C.

A SUDDEN *mildness, like the heart of May,*
though two months early, set us on our way,
you, me, our friend the quiet botanist,
some small leaf aromatic in his fist;
and as we walked our resolution chose
the same gay round we'd paced in muddy shoes,
we two together, half a year before,
when windy autumn was a steady roar
of tossing treetops and bright squalls of rain
cuffed the last leaves and chattered down the lane.

But though the memoried colours of the fall
stood ready to be summoned at our call,
we found each instant, to our open eyes,
was lit with recognition and surprise,
for each side of the way the world was rich
field after field, with furrow, bush and ditch,
all brimmed with marvel to invoke our care;
the flowering currant warm upon the air;
the neat-foot trotting of the nimble sow
from our approach; the blackfaced mountain yowe
with the quick lamb that shewed its Leicester sire
in length of nose and tail; the squawking choir
of guineafowl with harsh pump-handle note;
and the horned ram with brambles round his throat;

We paused to watch and praise that yellow bird,
the yorlin, far less often seen than heard,
perched for a golden moment on the black
bare twigs of thorn before song called him back
to his high bush where, dark against the sky,
he scarce shewed feather you could name him by.

We plucked the nettletops and took away,
for flavour's sake, a single leaf of bay
over the low wall where the slope begins
to edge the tameness out with blossomed whins.
We passed stacked sacks of praties *on the sward,*
and loosed the last gate tethered by a cord,
and where, before, the jolted ruts were full
of lime-white water and a shallow pool
marked where tracks parted to the left and right,
our rutted wits were flushed with sound and sight;
hosted or singly each thing visible
rang for attention sudden as a bell;

the lonely droning bee; the talking crowd
of black rooks rising in a flapping cloud
from the red furrows; and the curlew, high,
calling for rain because the hills were dry;
close primrose tuft and loose dog-violet
on the sunned bank, and where the sheugh *was wet*
the hanging hartstongue with the rusted rim;
the last dark wrinkled haw that, tough and grim,
held up its head against the first green leaf;
the knotted ivy like a hieroglyph
round the bowed ash-bole; and above the burn
th'illusive wagtail that would not return
till we had gone; and, rusting in the briers,
strange shapes of metal, hooks and jagged shears
flung by, one summer, when the work was done,
and the lean sheep ran naked in the sun;
wallflowers in blossom on the gable top,
and sods with trailing stems, a shaggy crop,
along the gutter of a sagging roof;
the dry crisp mud that held the print of hoof
clean as a moulder's pattern. Each of these
was faced as facts or framed as similes,
as fancy offered or withdrew from each
the grace of silence or the gift of speech;
the trails of wool gave fingers itch to spin—
the tall pale reeds begged jars to posture in—
the throttling ivy wove a dance of death—
the lambs demanded cameras in a breath.

But still for me, of all the tangled sight,
the deepest implications came by right
from straggling beards torn off a heavy load
of scutched lint *which had joggled down this road,*
and left its Lear-sad tatters, wedge by wedge,
spiked on each dragging corner of the hedge,
since we were here before. At once they brought
the swift stiff memories of the aching thought
when we had stumbled out across the hill
and tugged the coarse lint, *beet by beet, until*
the field was cleared, and in the evening dew
with weary limbs we hunkered by the bru,
and gulped the brown stout down, with honour earned;
but in a wink the recollection turned
to the sad wonder if in any place
my passing leaves a more enduring trace
and if the verses that I rush to print
are worth as much as these stray wisps of lint.

JOHN HEWITT.

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Times Feb [?] 1.55

MR. LANGDON WARNER

Mr. Bernard Leach writes:—

Permit me to add a footnote to your obituary notice. Langdon Warner was more than an expert archaeologist or explorer; he takes a place among the small band of interpreters of Far Eastern wisdom and beauty such as Lafcadio Hearn, Okakura (his master), Fenollosa and Coomaraswami who have left us an incalculable legacy. I know, too, from recent experience how warm a regard is felt for him in Japan, not only for his knowledge and perception of enduring art, but also as the American to whom they attribute the saving of the ancient capital of Kyoto from destruction by atomic bombing. Your notice omitted mention of his last and perhaps most important contribution to human and cultural understanding between East and West, *The Enduring Art of Japan*, published in America last year. In its downright and Anglo-Saxon prose may be found not only the result of a lifetime's erudition and aesthetic perception but also the warmth and sanity of a rare and fine character. He was a maker of men too and there will be many who like me mourn the passing of an inspiring teacher.

LATEST WILLS

Today. Sept 3, 1956, I came upon a letter of Donald's written from Venice when he was there with Peter, on Sept 3 1937 — 19 years ago. It contains his sleep poem

"I worked so late my one night at Innsbruck the [?] I couldn't [?] [sic] to sleep till about 2 — woke up at 3.30 with a verse that I have since worked up to this:—

Sweet slippery moment, when the brain
Still clumsy-clear forgets to strain,
& slides from the stepping-stones of sense
And sinks in kind inconsequence.

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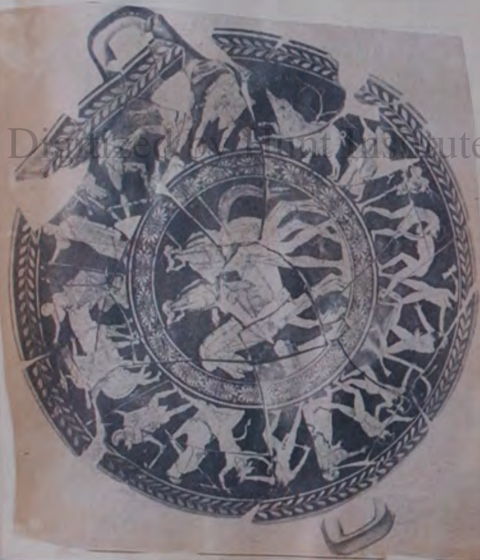
THE TIMES FRIDAY DECEMBER 28 1956

picts the struggle between Odysseus and Ajax for
Around the medallion are depicted the principal
is described on another page.



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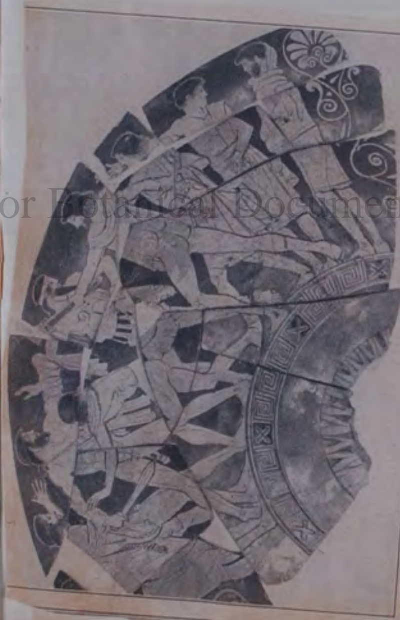

FOUND AT SPINA.—Outside decoration of a vase found on the site of Spina, the Greco-Etruscan city in the Po delta. It de[p]
the arms of Achilles. Right : Inside decoration. In the centre are two majestic ephebi, lowering their lances before an altar.
labours of Theseus, including the killing of the Marathonian bull and the killing of Sciron. The discovery

Full Vision

I broke the world upon my bended knee,
It barbed the sky and put the sun to flight,
But in that darkness there was more to see
Than in the large effulgence of day's light.

I saw Creation sundered from her scars,
Eternity unravelled its design.
'Twas but a moment. Now I beat the bars
And wonder when again the night will shine.

HERBERT PALMER.

T.L.S. Dec 14 1956

THE HEYDAY OF THE GEISHA

KIKOU YAMATA : *Three Geishas.* Translated by Emma Craufurd. Cassell. 16s.

This book re-creates, through the life-stories of three famous Geisha, the *Karyukai* or the Society of Flowers and Willows in its heyday—the world of the Geisha and courtesans of the great cities of Japan. The society presented is one of exquisite refinement, graced by fine art, governed by strict decorum, but based on the vulgar exchange of hard cash. It is greatly to the credit of the author that she writes of an old and highly attractive though morally suspect institution with no axes to grind either for or against it. It is indisputable that the Geisha are both themselves an expression of Japanese aesthetic sensibility and the *raison d'être* of some of its finest products. Yet Geisha are sold to the owners of tea-houses and they must pay back their price in earnings before they can become free to order their own lives. It is normally impossible for a Geisha to do this without becoming the mistress of a "patron" who may be distasteful to her. Thus Geishadom is a form of elegant, camouflaged slavery. Mrs. Yamata reveals with simple objectivity both sides of the medal: charm and misery.

To those who think of Geisha as pretty, giggling, ornamental creatures this book will be a revelation. Mrs. Yamata's three heroines were women of character, poise, and disciplined courage. Like the hetaira of ancient Greece, they moved in the highest spheres of commerce, politics, and the arts, and, though silent and discreet, they had great influence in their quiet way on the lives of important men. But they had their personal misfortunes and their lives bear the tragic imprint of some old Kabuki play; their world was, indeed, shot through with glitter and savagery, like that of the popular theatre to which they were so closely linked.

Okichi, a girl from a fishing village who became an apprentice Geisha or Maikko at thirteen, was chosen by the citizens of Shimada to become the mistress of Townsend Harris, the first American consul in Japan. Negotiations for establishing commercial and diplomatic relations between the United States and Japan were going badly and the irritable Consul, deprived of the company of women for nine months, refused to continue the negotiations until the Japanese provided him with "chamber maids." Okichi abandoned her fisherman lover on being urged by the mayor to serve her country by joining the Consul's household. Thereafter the treaty was signed, and four years after Commodore Perry, in 1853, had sailed into Yokohama with his ten "black ships," the links between Japan and the United States were firmly forged. But Okichi, who had come to love Townsend Harris and had also endured obloquy from the people of Shimada for consorting with a foreigner, was abandoned by him. She took to drink and committed suicide at the age of forty-seven.

O-Koi—"the Carp"—one of the great Geisha of Tokyo, a brilliant dancer and a famous beauty, wife of the great Kabuki actor, Ozaemon, mistress of the famous wrestler Araiwa, finally became the mistress of General Katsura, Prime Minister of Japan during the period of the Russo-Japanese war. Through years of nerve-racking strain and responsibility she sustained him, untiring, disciplined to endure great fatigue so that she might always be there when he needed her. Poised in the company of great men, discreet and loyal, she too was cast off when popular feeling turned against her. She ended her days as an abbess in a temple in the suburbs of Tokyo.

The story of Tsumakichi, the armless beauty, is the most moving of all. A brilliant dancer, she made her first public appearance at the age of four and at ten was a full-fledged dancing teacher. At fourteen she became a Maikko in the Tea-house of the Plum Tree. Manjiro, the owner, driven out of his senses by the defection of his mistress, went berserk one night and murdered all the occupants of the tea-house except Tsumakichi, but in his wild surge through the house with a flailing sword he cut off both her arms. She could not dance again but became a ballad singer in the smaller music halls. She learned to hold a brush in her mouth and became famous for her exquisite paintings of birds and flowers on silk, for her calligraphy, and for her poetry. For years she struggled on, supporting a worthless husband with her brush. She is still alive at sixty-seven and lives in a Buddhist temple near Kyoto.

The world these women belonged to is vanishing; Japanese women today have other means of earning their living and of making a place for themselves in society, but this book with admirable simplicity records it in all its charm and sadness.

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A BATTLE LONG AGO

LOBENGULA'S ROYAL PRAISER RECALLS SHANGAANI

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

Ginyeiliche means "the man who swallowed a stone." Probably when he was a very small boy, or even a baby, he swallowed a tiny pebble—as children do. I met him first eight years ago at his home at Inyati in Matabeleland. At 85 he had a clear eye and a straight back and rode about on a bicycle.

He told me his history which was, briefly, that his father had been Mzilikazi's Chief Praiser. As a child he learned that art—for art it is—from his father. His first appointment as a youngster was to be one of those who tasted the king's food as a protection against being poisoned. The king at that time was Lobengula who, hearing the young Ginyeiliche quietly intoning some of the great praisings as he went about his work, and knowing of his father's repute, appointed him to be one of his praisers.

The little group assembled and the quavering song of these old people began. As with the old man, so all their voices grew stronger as the song progressed, but it was one of the saddest sights imaginable. Eyes averted, heads nodding and shaking, dim eyes brightening with glistening tears as they lived again for a few brief moments, in intensity of memory, the mornings of their own glory.

AT AN UNSEEN SHRINE

Suddenly Ginyeiliche leapt to his feet and the others fell silent as if worshipping at some unseen shrine. Standing utterly erect on the terra cotta coloured ground, backed by a riot of Morning Glory in the richest blue of full bloom, with the evening sun full in his face, the old warrior intoned with a voice like a trumpet the greatest of the praisings as I have never heard them intoned before, nor as, in the nature of things, they will ever be intoned again.

"Among the salt pans there grows no grass.
You are the tall grass that grows among the salt pans.
The hills surrounding are too high to see beyond.
You are so high, your eyes can see the cattle thief at work
Beyond the highest hills."

There came an almost uncanny silence, held for a few moments only, and then the old man seemed to shrivel into himself and

The main purpose of the speech clearly to counteract the Eisenhow doctrine. This doctrine is based o the belief that a vacuum of power dangerous unless the countries co cerned are strong enough to look aft themselves. Mr. SHEPILOV suggests bigger and better vacuum. Not onl does he recommend "non-interferenc in the internal affairs of the Near an Middle East"—a region left undefine —but also the cessation of all arm shipments. This may hardly be welcome to some of Russia's more ardent Middle Eastern supporters, and in fact is inconsistent with the well authenticated reports of fresh deliveries of Russian arms to Egypt and the Yemen. Since these deliveries are also in defiance of the United Nations resolutions it is pertinent to wonder what guarantee there would be against any future infringement of an all-round arms embargo. It is of even greater interest to reconcile these proposals

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is the epitaph which Don Quixote wrote for himself, " Si no acabò grandes cosas, muriò para acometerlas ": if he did not achieve great things, he died in the pursuit of them.

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 8 1957

Evening Prayer

FRESH to the use of eyes,
When I was mother-near
The coast of ante-natal night,
I saw, and I saw clear.

Now—as I nearer sail
To the other, after, shore—
May eyes clouded with too much use
See clearly as before,

And feel, not now the stir
Of first-light innocence,
But rays that through the evening burn
More quietly intense.

Then last, when the wings of sleep
Settle on all things fair,
Fair be the images, I pray,
That wake from darkness there.

So may some revenant
To his once earthly home,
With not of-this-world-only sense,
On timeless tiptoe come

And see in scorn of change
Twin sunset and sunrise
In one co-instancy of light
Wash the unstarred skies.

Yet skies and hills and fields
In that transfigured scene
Still are the same, are more his own
Than ever they had been.

In him they live: they share
With him suspense of breath,
Alight with convalescent joy
After his years of death.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.

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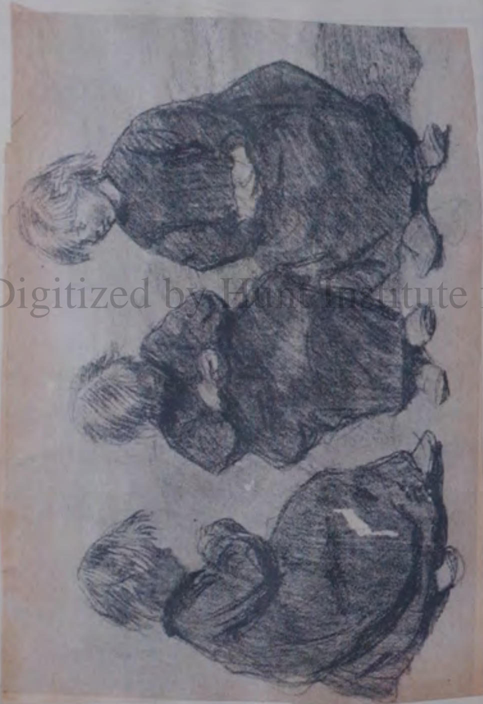
"Drei sitzende Kinder," by Alexandre-Théophile Steinlen (1859-1923), is reproduced in the February issue of *Du* (London: Barmerlea Book Sales, 7s.). This number continues a series featuring Swiss private art collections and is mainly devoted to an illustrated survey of the Stoll Art collection.



"Secular Trinity"

T.L.S. Jan 18 1957

TRINITY"

... an egalitarian and a sportswoman, I have long been worried by the fact that the rules of athletics do not accord with the principles which are dear to me and which, I am glad to say, are generally accepted to-day in this country. Everyone agrees that runners in a race should all start at the same time and place. But ought not the principle of equality to apply throughout? Should they not also finish at the same time and place? Otherwise the race will be to the swift, which is not fair.

FESTINA LENTE

THE SECULAR TRINITY

TLS Jan 25 1957

Sir,—Festina Lente makes a false assumption when she says "Everyone agrees that runners in a race should all start at the same time and place." She ignores the handicap event, *e.g.*, that classic of the proles—the Powderhall Handicap in which the most meticulous precautions are taken to ensure equalitarian capacity by giving starts according to the competitors' abilities; to the ideal purpose that they should all finish in line abreast, a purpose which in spite of these precautions is rarely if ever achieved.

This pursuit after the egalitarian ideal entails penalizing the runners with the highest abilities, a principle which if applied to the social contract as a whole calls for handicapping the brilliant in every walk of life to ensure they shall have no advantage over the dull. A good method would be to forbid the more intelligent to learn to read until the dunces have had the start necessary in the race of life.

MUNROE FITZ

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THE TIMES WEDNESDAY APRIL 3 1957

BIG STRIKES CALLED OFF

ustries were called ...

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E TIMES TUESDAY MAY 14 1957

CHILD IN A GLADE

BRIEF ESCAPE FROM THE TYRANNOUS MISS SIMPSON

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

The schoolroom party went for a walk always after morning lessons, the cruel governess, the eight-year-old child and her elder and younger brothers. To-day her sums had come out wrong again, she had been imprisoned in that coffin-like cupboard, was still blotched with tears, exhausted by the complex terror and rage that threatened to explode out of her while she waited for the door to be unlocked; and now she had been sent to Coventry, must walk 20 yards behind the others.

They crossed the lawn and went into the meadow, soon she was walking through Papa's big flock of St. Kilda sheep. She wore her homespun coat made from their wool—last year, she remembered, she had crawled into the meadow in this coat, baaing earnestly with a futile hope of luring the lambs from their mothers: the abysmal failure of this attempt had been a bitter disappointment, but now she could smile about it, as she watched the pretty clumsy things in their startling white and black curly coats cavorting round the passive ewes.

TOWARDS THE WOOD

Miss Simpson beckoned, and she went listlessly on, past the rookery, towards Papa's big wood. Near its fence she saw in the grass her favourite flower—the little speedwell, she knelt to pick a small handful—the minute size and intense blue gave her indescribable pleasure—looking up she saw the tall larches, green flares against the blue, their flowers like tiny licks of rosy fire. Farther on Miss Simpson and the boys were entering the wood: following them into its dusky gloom was like plunging into hell from the sunny paradise of the field. Among the close-growing trees and thick undergrowth she was assailed by the claustrophobic fears of that coffin-cupboard: when Miss Simpson beckoned to her and announced "I spy," a pain clawed at her inside, her heart thumped.

"Scatter!" shrilled her tormentor—"I'm He this time," and the child fled—she feared this woman's malevolence more in her playful moods than when she expressed openly that smouldering anger—she would risk a scolding later, if only now she could escape. Tearing her legs on brambles, her face on spiky larch-twigs, she stumbled on and on, breathless. Presently, before her she saw lightness, then stripey sun, and, breaking out of the larch wood, she found herself walking among tall oaks and beeches, the waving ash, and tranquil peace.

YOUNG BRACKEN

Here the bracken is just coming up, she stoops to pick a few fronds, crushing them greedily in her hand with the speedwell, she adores their likeness to a baby's fist. Suddenly, to her amazement, she walked into a narrow grassy glade, a sliver of brilliance in the shady wood: looking up she saw the sky, like an odd-shaped leaf, above her, in the midday sun the long grass was vivid emerald, spangled still with dew drops here and there. In the middle was a flat-topped stone. Moved by some obscure impulse, she knelt and laid on it her precious treasures of speedwell and bracken fronds. In this place of magical beauty she was flooded with inexpressible happiness—a kind of ecstasy she'd never known before.

But now the sounds of crashing feet and distant voices warn her that the others are approaching, she runs, hell for leather in and out among the trees, to meet them far from her secret glade. To Miss Simpson's angry "Where have you been?" "Oh, I sort of got lost I suppose," she said uncertainly. "Lying again," snapped the governess, venom in those pale blue eyes in the jaundiced-yellow face, "now you'll walk beside me and repeat French verbs."

KEEPER'S LARDER

Soon, on a grassy ride, they reach the gate on to a lane—passing a tree called the keeper's larder, he hangs his victims here, weasels and stoats, jays, sometimes a lovely cat, or a beautiful hawk, suspected of preying on Papa's young partridges; his little partridges are to be protected you see.

Walking down the lane by Miss Simpson, while the boys dart about the hedges for birds' nests, monotonously she repeats: "Je suis méchante, tu es méchante, il est——" and j'etais and then "je serai," all the tenses to the impossible, "il ne faut pas que je sois méchante——." But in spite of this melancholy occupation and the manifest disapproval of the governess, inside the child there's still a flicker of that inexpressible happiness, a feeling she can't understand or explain—something she will only recognize, many years later, as her first experience of pure, unattached worship.

Song On Reaching Seventy

Shall not a man sing as the night comes on?
He would be braver than that bird
Which shrieks for terror and is gone
Into the gathering dark, and he has heard
Often, at evening's hush,
Upon some towering sunset bough
A belated thrush
Lift up his heart against the menacing night,
Till silence covered all. Oh, now
Before the coming of a greater night
How bitterly sweet and dear
All things have grown! How shall we bear the brunt,
The fury and joy of every sound and sight,
Now almost cruelly fierce with all delight:
The clouds of dawn that blunt
The spearhead of the sun; the clouds that stand,
Raging with light, around his burial;
The rain-pocked pool
At the wood's edge; a bat's skittering flight
Over the sunset-colored land;
Or, heard toward morning, the cock pheasant's call!
Oh, every sight and sound
Has meaning now! Now, also, love has laid
Upon us her old chains of tenderness
So that to think of the beloved one,
Love is so great, is to be half afraid—
It is like looking at the sun,
That blinds the eye with truth.
Yet longing remains unstilled,
Age will look into the face of youth
With longing, over a gulf not to be crossed.
Oh, joy that is almost pain, pain that is joy,
Unimaginable to the younger man or boy—
Nothing is quite fulfilled,
Nothing is lost;
But all is multiplied till the heart almost
Aches with its burden; there and here
Become as one, the present and the past;
The dead, who were content to lie
Far from us, have consented to draw near—
We are thronged with memories,
Move amid two societies,
And learn at last
The dead are the only ones who never die.

(Space of one line between the sections
of poem on these two pgs.)

Great night, hold back
A little longer yet your mountainous, black
Waters of darkness from this shore,
This island garden, this paradisal spot,
The haunt of love and pain,
Which we must leave, whether we would or not,
And where we shall not come again.
More time—oh, but a little more,
Till, stretched to the limits of being, the taut heart break,
Bursting the bonds of breath,
Shattering the wall
Between us and our world, and we awake
Out of the dream of self into the truth of all,
The price for which is death.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

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TIMES WEDNESDAY APRIL 2 1958

LAMBS ON THE MOOR

TWO TOWNSMEN SPEND BUSY HOURS HELPING THE SHEPHERD

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

onsidering that we had been long in pent, we put up a fair show against the weather for a day and a half. The icy wind had battered us remorselessly hour after hour. To the east, whence it came, the sky was iron-hued. The river ran low, clear, and close to freezing point. There were more reasons than usual for giving up hope of catching salmon. At three o'clock we gave up. At the cottage a pint of hot tea apiece would thaw us out, and a telephone call would summon the station car. Four o'clock would see us en route for town. ... e it would be a pleasure to be in London instead of the West Country.

... the cottage the telephone remained ... its rest. Before the kettle could be ... the front door was opened without ... and a portly man with a purple ... even more wind-battered than ourselves, admitted himself. He was no ... from the storm; indeed, he had every intention of facing it again forthwith, and of taking us with him. He stated his business concisely. It was the "owes," he said, using the universal shepherd's pronunciation of the word the townsman knows as ewe. They were lambing out on the ham. Lambs were like to die in this weather; they were doing so, too. Hands were needed. Our hands.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

Thus came one of the oldest of all the calls for volunteers made by man on other men. I looked at my partner, a man learned in the law, insulated by the walls of his Inn from most of the world's realities. My partner looked at me, a similarly sheltered citizen. London could wait.

The shepherd had expected no other answer. To have refused would have been as unthinkable as a refusal to man a lifeboat. "You'm dressed right," the shepherd said in a matter of fact way. The words came back to me later. Still in waders and waterproofs, we were ready to go. "Warm up with some tea first," we invited. "Twerden du," said the shepherd, "the lady's ready." There was no time to wonder. We shut the cottage door behind us and were back in the tireless malevolence of the wind.

At the lane end a truck was waiting. At the wheel the lady of the manor sat, gum-booted, leather-jacketed, head-scarved. We had met her once previously, at cocktails. This was a different world. "Good of you to come," she said. "My husband's gone to Scotland salmon fishing and left me to cope."

It was no moment to comment on the flexibility, as well as the length, of the arm of coincidence. The truck pitched and rolled over what may have been a track. We pitched and rolled too, until it stopped at the place of alpha and omega, where birth and death were already scoring points against each other. "What a day to be born on," said the lady of the manor.

ROWS ON THE WATCH

... ham formed the floor of a combe ... which the wind volleyed with unbroken ... The ewes had gathered on some ... n ground where grass tussocks offered ... ope, though not the realization, of ... er. In the grey afternoon there was ... fusion of grey shapes. Some lambs ... ed in the lee of their dams. Others, ... for d in conditions which had over... ... even the maternal instinct, lay ... e scattered rags. Not all of them breathed. ... ows, ever seeking the tribulations of ... ers, came slanting through the wind ... hich would blow some good to them at ... A cluster of lesser black-backed gulls sat on the higher ground, eyeing the scene with horrid wisdom. The shepherd's son was doing with cheery confidence what little one man could do alone to save lambs which froze in the first minutes of separate life.

We already knew, from personal contact, that the truck contained poles, stakes, and tarpaulin. We, the unskilled labourers in this grim setting, plied beetle and crowbar to erect a shelter. "Light they hurricanes," called the shepherd. Darkness was far off; evidently there was to be no quick release. Meanwhile the lamps would give some small warmth, pitifully little but enough to save a lamb or two. We turned to the real work.

"I suppose I shouldn't be shaken by this," said the lady of the manor, already in expert action, "I trained as a nurse." We wrapped the new-born lambs in sacks, carrying some to the shelter, others to the truck. "Well, sirs," sang out the shepherd's son with irrepressible good humour, "you be seeing life now."

LESSENING TASK

Hours later the lady of the manor drove away with the first batch of rescued lambs. We were left with a lessening task. Some ewes, their moment of fulfilment over or yet to come, grazed unconcernedly. Some, apparently without realization of what had happened, seemed not to notice the absence of their lambs. Others bleated in bewilderment until their cries drowned the sound of approaching vehicles. The truck was back and with it a horse-box driven by a neighbour. With a growing perception of the waywardness of sheep, we loaded the mothers aboard.

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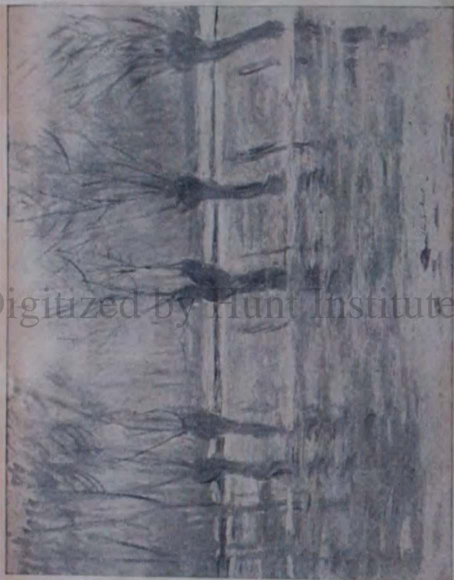
It was dark when the most that we could do had been well and truly done. Hurricane lamps in hand we waited for the truck to pick up us. Some of the remaining flock, which could not be moved yet, were lying up in the lea of the shelter. Out of the wind, any lambs born in the night would have a fair chance. No distress remained to be relieved. The two of us whose weekend's fishing had met so unexpected an ending told each other that we did not care if we never saw another sheep. The cottage, with its neglected kettle, awaited us; and in the morning, the London train.

Yet it was not to the cottage that we went first. In spite of all, we went to the barn behind the manor. There, in wind-less warmth, lambs lay in clean straw, motherhood had reasserted itself in the new calmness, and every ewe had found her own. Their pale eyes followed us as if we—including the shepherd and his son—had fell designs on their young. To us, tired and weather-beaten and with the recent scenes in mind, even the wind outside seemed to have a tooth less keen than ewe's ingratitude. To the shepherds, unsentimental in their mercy, no such th... would have occurred.

THE TIMES SATURDAY MAY 3 1958



The landscape by Claude Monet which has been acquired by the National Gallery.

TIMES SATURDAY MAY 17 1958

WATER OR SNOW?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—May I correct various statements in the *communiqué* relating to the painting by Claude Monet recently purchased by the Trustees of the National Gallery, a report on which you published on May 3?

This is not really a "snow scene," but a study of wintry light and reflections in water seen in the flooded water meadows of Giverny. Nor is it of 1884 but of 1896. This later date is obvious from the style of the painting, for to the experienced eye Monet's paintings are not as "difficult to date" as the official statement would suggest. However, it can be established beyond doubt by the existence of a finer, more elaborated, but almost identical version of the subject which is signed and dated 1896. Reproductions of this other painting will be found in the monographs by Claude Roger-Marx (Pl. 48) and Maurice Malingue (p. 133).

There is no evidence whatever for suggesting that the National Gallery picture is unfinished because Monet's hands became "too stiff," or because "the available time for supple manipulations" was "too limited." By 1896 it was Monet's habit to "work up" anything he found satisfactory in the studio after leaving the *motif*. Admittedly, when I last saw the National Gallery picture two months ago it bore a false signature (now removed?) as well as the *atelier* stamp. But I would emphasize that, although to some people the nation's new purchase may appear "an impression of unspoiled freshness," the fact that the artist did not sign this canvas indicates that Monet himself considered it to be both unsatisfactory and unfinished.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

DOUGLAS COOPER.

Château de Castille, Argilliers, Gard.

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TLS
Feb 13
1959

RALPH HODGSON: *The Skylark and Other Poems.* 96pp. Printed for Colin Fenton, distributed by Rupert Hart-Davis. £4 4s.

TIME

Spiralwise it spins
And twirls about the Sun,
Both with and withershins
At once, a dual run
Anomalously one;
Its speed is such it gains
Upon itself: outsped,
Outdistanced, it remains
At every point ahead,
No less at all points led,
At none with either strains
Or lapses in the rush
Of its almighty vanes
To mar the poise or hush;
Comparing it for speed:
Lightning is a snail
That pauses on its trail
From bank to underbrush,
Mindful of its need,
With dawn astir, to feed
Before the morning thrush;
Comparing it for poise:
The tops we spun to sleep,
Seemingly so deep
Stockstill, when we were boys,
No more than stumbled round,
Boxwoods though they were,
The best we ever wound
Or whipped of all such toys;
Comparing it for sound:
The wisp of gossamer
Caught in a squirrel's fur,
Groans like a ship aground;
Shadow makes more noise.

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Grey Twilight

One evening
I knew it was there.
The sky & the fields & the woods & the wind
All made me aware.

Long, long ago
I knew it was just out of reach
Not to be garnered or gleaned
Nor revealed by research.

Evanescent as fragrance of flowers
On warm summer air;
But somehow there every, there every [?]
I knew it was there.

Agnes Fry   An Elegy [?] & [illegible]
(Privately printed)

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