

THE PLANETARIUM

IT stands beside the Zoo, a dingy and modest building with a domed roof; you can see it from the windows as the train slips into Berlin. A single word indicates its purpose, a clumsy bastard of a word, neither quite Greek, quite Latin, nor quite honest German, but with something of the mouthful-quality of German: Planetarium, it says, disdaining any further elucidation. Few residents in Berlin (naturally) have visited it. "Have you been to the Planetarium?" you ask. "No," they reply; "what's that?" The bison who leads his sulky existence next door, and the insects who can turn themselves into dead twigs, attract much more attention. Yet here is a place where the vaster and remoter marvels of Nature will perform their tricks, at an unusual and obligingly demonstrative speed, in obedience to an electric switch, and nobody troubles to visit it. Here—but come: let us proceed in order.

You pay a mark, and take your seat. There is no stage, and apparently no performers. But there is apparatus. In the middle of the circular hall, with its white canvas dome, is a complicated and formidable piece of machinery, resembling two gigantic divers horizontally mounted feet to feet across a steel carriage. The helmets of the divers are pierced by many eyeholes, and it presently becomes evident that the whole of this contraption is worked from a distance by a black-coated gentleman seated at a desk. He touches a button, pulls a lever, does something incomprehensible, and the machine, so clumsy yet so delicate, begins to move; any part of it can be made to move in any direction, or so it seems; he manoeuvres it, sees that it is in working order; but still nothing else happens; the hall is silent save for the gentle whirr of the machinery; a few more people drift in; we wait in silent expectation. That is the thrill of a first visit to the Planetarium: you do not know what you are going to see. You then become aware that the lights are going down; the hall dims into shadow; the lights go out suddenly; and the midnight sky is upon you at a leap.

Yes, there is the midnight sky, black, cloudless, starry, motionless, with the familiar constellations in their and cloud-streaked Jupiter with his eight guardian moons. No summer night ever showed us such a galaxy. They rise steadily with the sun, at their respective distances; but there is something wrong, surely? for these are the wandering stars? But see, see

TELEGRAMS: "HEALTH," PIDDINGTON.
TELEPHONE: HARDINGSTONE 6.

PRESTON DEANERY HALL,
NORTHAMPTON.

200.6.

My dear Evelyn.

I don't think

"David Graham" at all good: you
must be taking any number of
people's name in vain with that.

"Roger Stoneleigh" (pronounced Stonely)
or "Wilfrid Stutterton" would be
much better. Do change!

Behold me in the bed more
graced by lady Muriel Paget,
drinking 24 glasses of milk a
day, accompanied by 24 prunes,
having steam baths & stomach



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LES BAUX DE PROVENCE



Texte par
ANDRÉ CHAGNY

Illustrations par
G. L. ARLAUD

ÉDITIONS
G. L. ARLAUD
3, Place Meissonier
LYON



From the Printing by the late William Strong, N.Y.

Down to the lake in winter moonlight
We ran on frozen turf;
Friends, with the wild duck crying
Above the shallow surf.

Strange, to be friends in the moonlight,
Blown by the same north gale;
Did the wild duck cry in shallows and willows
— No summer nightingale, —

Part us again into strangers,
Frozen within our hearts,
And track our course like the albatross
Through seas with different charts?

The north wind blew us together,
The cry of the wild duck came
And blew us apart into strangers
With a different aim.

SEVENUAKS

—KENT—

7. 15 PM

31 DEC 31

+



SEVEN

—KE

7. 15 PM

31 DEC 31



Miss Evelyn Lewis

80 Royal Hospital Road

Chelsea

London S.W. 3



Sissinghurst Castle Kent.

With best wishes from
Gott Vita & Gwen.



WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

LADY WITH A RED HAT

GLASGOW ART GALLERY

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.



PRIMROSES AT SISSINGHURST.

From Evelyn Irons, 172 Clifford's Inn, London E.C.4.

FEMININE PROFILES

V. SACKVILLE-WEST, C.H.

You journey 75 miles from London, and deep in the orchards and hop gardens of Kent, at the end of a narrow private road, you come suddenly upon a centuries-old castle with a tall rose-red tower springing up from it.

The castle has a garden which is remarkable even in this county of lovely gardens, and in the garden you will find a woman working with shears or trowel - a tall, handsome woman ~~with greying hair~~, dressed in khaki drill knickerbockers and high canvas-topped boots, with rough gardening gloves on her hands.

She will probably not be very pleased to see you, because she dislikes having her gardening interrupted,



SISSINGHURST CASTLE

April 18

1959

V. Sackville-West,
Sissinghurst Castle, Kent.

Darling,

I ought to have answered your letter before now, but I have been (and still am) ill with a beastly thing called Virus pneumonia. It doesn't seem to have any connection with pneumonia as one usually thinks of it, but just gives you a raging temperature and makes you feel awful.

With any luck I ought to be better by middle of May and hope you may still be here by then because I should love to see you. Perhaps you could come for a night?

It is maddening missing all the spring. People come and tell me the garden is looking lovely - and I can't get out to see it!

I give perit, but I can't find my pen - and your stupid letter but I really am ill -

Love love V.

I see it now - the devotion
of a strong woman to a
basically weak - even a
silly - man. They both
have it. They would
rather have a feminine
man than a masculine
woman. (In a way).

found
in Harold's diary -
page 414 - 415
May - June 62

THE
NEW YORKER

No. 25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, 36, N. Y.



Received
29 m/62

OXFORD 5-1414

Dear Miss Irons:

We like the Virginia Woolf piece
very much and want to publish it.

Yours,

William Maxwell

So now who's afraid?

QUESTION I.....The Chronology.

Yes, I did lunch with Vita at King's Bench Walk on the 4th March, 1931. I have very few letters of that month - must have lost some - so I have only my memory to rely upon about the first night at Sissinghurst, and I expect you have the right date (not that it matters much for the purposes of your book). Vita came to a small party at Royal Hospital Road just after that, making a grand entrance bearing, not a ~~bottle~~ bottle, but a cask of olives as her contribution. As I handed her a drink or a plate or something I said to her, "I suppose you ^{know} ~~that~~ that I'm desperately in love with you;" I remember the words because ~~it~~ ^{they} became ~~my~~ one of her little jokes.

I used to go either to Sissinghurst or to Long Barn about once a week, usually on Fridays. Olga's reaction was not easy to understand. You know that she had TB and that she was often ill and inclined to be hysterical, but she went to great lengths to encourage this affair. When I was in Paris on a job once, she wrote to me that I mustn't leave Vita's letters lying about for just anyone to see, and she bought me a leather writing case with my initials on it, and a lock, to keep them in. ~~drove out to join us there.~~ There were

Sissinghurst in those days was a shambles. The moat was full of old bedsteads and rusty bicycles, and we spent a lot of time fishing them out. I was not allowed to work in the flower-beds - Vita did all that, because then ~~in those days~~ I didn't care about gardening and in my ignorance might have dug the wrong things up. My job was to weed a long brick path, or I fetched and carried things.

Sometimes Mrs Staples was there to "do" for us and sometimes we did for ourselves. Vita was like Rose Macaulay - could hardly accomplish the cooking of an egg in its shell - but I arrived one summer evening to find that she had cut the first Sissinghurst asparagus and was steaming it in a syrup tin of boiling water over a primus stove in the scullery.

I needn't tell you how romantic it all was that summer, with the nightingales singing in the thickets all round and the lake ~~was~~ shining in the dusk and the rose-red tower springing straight up into the sky.

I hated ~~feminine~~ wearing feminine clothes, and Vita teased me about that. I stayed with her at Long Barn the night before I had to go and cover Ascot, an assignment I loathed: Vita helped to get me up in my horrible long dress and garden-party hat and she simply gaped, while I felt and looked an idiot.