THE PLANETARIUM

TT 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 nobcdy troubles to visit

it. Here—but come : let us proceed in order.

There is no You pay a mark, and take your seat. 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 manœuvres 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 Panetarium: 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 as such a galaxy. They rise steadily with the sun, at their respective distances; but there is something wrong wirely? for these are the wan-

PRESTON DEANERY HALL, NORTHAMPTON. 200.6. my dear Evelyn.
2 Nan Hink Favid graham at all good: yn must be taking any number of kelple 'a name in vain with that. Roger Stoneleigh (prononnisch Stonely) or "Wilfrid Stuttertin' would be much better. Do change! Behold me in the hed me graced by dady huniel Paget, drinking 24 glasses of milk a day, accompanied by 24 prunes, having steam baths & stomach



Signification des principales indications de service taxées pouvant figurer en tête de l'adresse

D. . . . = Urgent.

AR . . . = Remettre contre reçu
PC . . . = Accusé de réception.
P. Pxfrs . . = Réponse payée.
T. . . . = Télégramme collationné.

Indications de service. MP . . . = Remettre en mains propres.

XPxfrs . . = Exprès payé.
NUIT . . = Remettre même pendant le jour.

OUVERT = Remettre ouvert.

DE MOTS

Dans les télégrammes imprimés en caractères romains par l'appareil télégraphique, le premier nombre qui figure après le nom du lieu d'origine est un numéro d'ordre, le second indique le nombre de mots taxés, les autres désignent la date et l'heure de dépôt.

Dans le service intérieur et dans les relations avec certains pays étrangers, l'heure de dépôt est indiquée au moyen des chissres de o à 24.

L'Etat n'est soumis a ancune responsabilite à raison du service de la correspondance privée par la voie télégraphique. (Loi du 29 novembre 1850, art. 6.)

DATE.

HEURE

DE DEPÔT.

MENTIONS DE SERVICE

Timbre

à date

89 WEALD 238 10.339 11,42 =

NUMERO.

VERY MUCH BETTER LOVE

ORIGINE.

723.)

701

Charges to pay
s. d.

TIME OF
RECEIPT
at Central Telegraph Office, E.C.1

POST OFFICE

Telegrande 6000 + : er
The accepts

TELEGRAPHS.

addresses may be who delivers this form. accepts telegrams by telephone.

This form, and if possible the envelope, should accompany any enquiry respecting this Telegram:

Prefix. Time handed in. Office of Origin and Service Instructions. Words

To MARK

Office Star

No.

41 3.56 WEALD SV 17

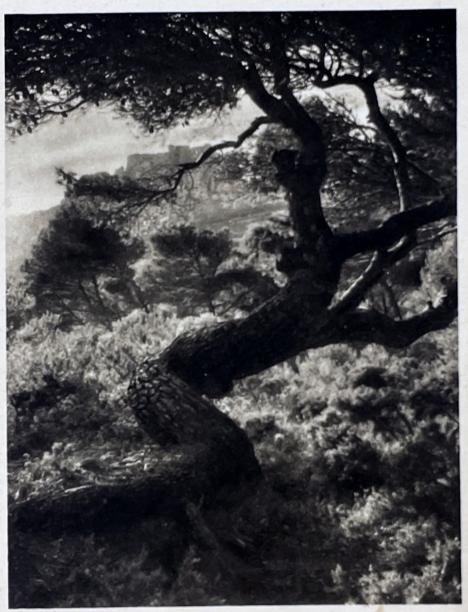
THE INFORMATION OVERLEAF WILL INTEREST YOU.

IRONS CENTRAL 6000 LONDON =

TICKET ROW PLEASE TAKE SINGLE ONLY AS WILL MOTOR YOU UP TOMORROW = ORLANDO +

VISIONS DE FRANCE

LES BAUX DE PROVENCE



Texte par ANDRÉ CHAGNY Illustrations par G. L. ARLAUD

ÉDITIONS G. L. ARLAUD

3, Place Meissonier LYON



-beste Wills m Strange te s

Down to the lable in writer moonlight be ran on fragen try; friends, with the wild duck crowing Brove the shallow sung. Stronge, to be friends in the mornlight, Blown by the same north gale; Did the wild duckey in shallows and willows - No summer nightingale, -Part us again unto changers, Loger within our beasts and trick our course like the alkations Through seas with different charts? The north and bley us logether, The cry of The wild duck came and their us apart into strangers With a different own. -KE E SEVENUAKS -KENT-7. 11 PM 7. 15 PM 31 4 51 31 DEC 31 Ries Evelyn Lons 80 Roral Hospital Road Chelsea London Sh. 3



Wilt best wishes from 6dt Vita + Swen.



WILLIAM STRANG R.A.

LABY WITH A RED HAT

GLAS ART GAL

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 graying hele, 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,



april 18

V. Sackville-West, Sissinghurst Castle, Kent.

Darling Dongerto la anenered four letter before now, but stare been (and still am) ill wited with a bearty they alled Virus preumonia. It doesn't seem to have any connection with foreumonica as one would that of it, bet inst gives to a raging temperature and makes or feel author. witham buch Jargue to be bretter by middle of They and hope is may still be here of then be course I should live to see for - Perhaps we could come to a then. It is maddening missing all the spins. Perply com and the me The garden it looking levely. and Don't get out to see it! Fregue famil, bet I can't find my ben and frie stifed letter het Deadly am ill-Jan lai V.

I see it now - the devotion

I sically weak - even a

silly - man. They both

have it. They would

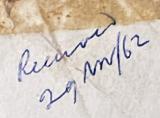
rette han a ferminine

man than a masuline

women (Iva way).

Hound thousand diames page 414-415 May-Tune 62







OXFORD 5'1414

Dear Miss Irons:

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

Yours,

Weem Marwell

So wow whose apart of

QUESTION I The Chronology.

more than a very

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 en rance bearing, not a battlibax bottle, but a cask of clives as her contribution. As I handed her a drink or a plate or something I said to her, "I surface you had that I'm desperately in love with you;" I remember the words because it became expi one of her littlej 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.

Sissinghurst in those days was a shambles. The most 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 inxthesexdayexI didn't care about gardening and in my ignorance might have dug the wrong things up. My job was to week 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 tim of boiling water over a primus stover 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 mining in the dusk and the rose-red tower springing straight up into the sky.

I hated feminimerelethers 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 gloated, while I felt and looked an idiot.