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Contributors

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UMĚLECKÁ POZŮSTALOST
VDP. BISKUPA
D^{ra.} A. PODLAHY

PRAHA 1932



pages 32 & 36.

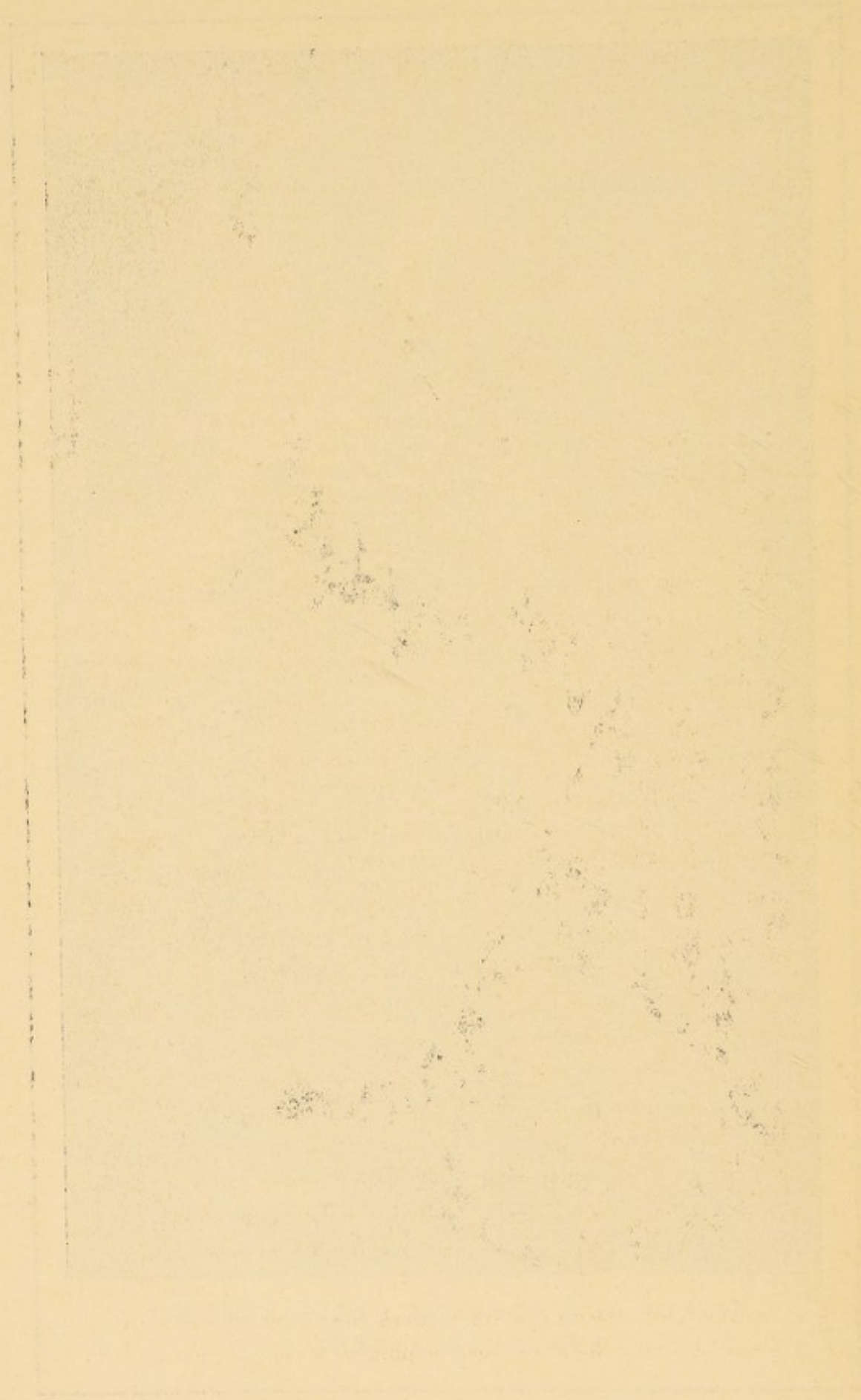


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BISKUP DR. A. PODLAHA, DRŽÍCÍ KORUNU
SVATOVÁCLAVSKOU.



DR. PODLAHA SBĚRATEL

Literární činnost dra Antonína Podlahy jest znáti v naší vědě na mnoha místech. Neúnavný a obětavý pracovník badal v tolika odvětvích, a všude přinesl nové poznatky, obohacoval znalost naší minulosti důležitými zprávami, objevoval významná díla, zabíral odlehlé a neprozkoumané úseky, jen aby celek českého umění vystoupil plastičtěji. Byl vzorem nenáročné lásky a pílě, měl zvláštní harmonické pochopení různých časů a slohů. Tyto rysy osobnosti najdou se také v jeho sbírce, která vyrostla organicky z jeho práce, a proto osvětluje příznačně vzácnou bytost šlechtitého kněze. Že byl kněz, pozná se na množství předmětů náboženského určení a obsahu. Ale je znáti také vroucího vlastence v podivuhodném souboru památek a obrazů národního patrona, svatého Václava, kde se odráží, v předmětech drobných i ve významných uměleckých dílech, stopa mytické světlé postavy, jdoucí staletími.

Také všude jinde je ve sbírce znáti, že veškeré Podlahovo citění platilo především domácímu umění a domácím dějinám. Jsou tu sice vzácnosti cizího původu, ale ty jsou jaksi výjimkou. Podlaha sbíral systematicky naše starožitnosti; ty, na něž neměla peněz ve chvíli objevení naše musea, nebo ony, které potřeboval pro svoji činnost literární. Ale často zachraňoval před zapomenutím a ztracením zvláštní drobné věci, kterých si nikdo nevšímal, a které přece mají cenu uměleckou, nebo jsou pozoruhodným dokumentem řemeslné dovednosti či historie. Jaká škoda, že tento celek, ve kterém skryto je stejně mnoho sběratelské práce a důmyslu, jako peněžních nákladů, se nyní rozejde! Vždyť jsou v něm bezmála všechny důležité pohledy na Prahu, v hojnosti, jaká se už od let neobjevila na uměleckém trhu. Jsou tu dále zajímavé příspěvky k poznání našeho baroku, a to hned po několika stranách.

Jestliže barokní umění a řemeslo dávají celé sbírce základní ráz, neomezuje se přece ani dobám starším, ani se nevyhýbá století devatenáctému a umění soudobému. Zase jsou tu zvláštnosti a vzácnosti grafické a kreslířské, ale také ty jsou doplněny v celkový obraz kultury

dily volného umění, spojeny v malebnou atmosféru nábytkem, ozdobami a dokumenty. Smírný a laskavý duch ukáže se ve výběru autorů, učenec projevuje se v tom, že všímá si zdánlivých maličkostí, které by jinak zapadly, zbožné srdce prozradí ve smírné pohodě a náladě toho, co tvoří jeho příbytek. Neboť hradčanský byt ve stínu katedrály dýchal podivuhodnou harmonii, tam spojovaly se předměty, vzniklé v protilehlých obdobích a šířily kolem onen zvláštní mír a jas, jimiž byla naplněna duše dra Antonína Podlahy. Zachránil mnohé před zkázou, vyrval zapomenutí a osvětlil. Nyní rozchází se tento svět, který si stvořil desítkami nepřetržité práce. Ale zdá se mně, že na těchto mrtvých objektech přece něco z jeho ducha zůstalo!

V. V. Š t e c h.

UMĚLECKÁ A AUKČNÍ SÍŇ
PRAHA II., NÁRODNÍ TR. 8.
POŘÁDÁ A ŘÍDÍ V. HOŘEJŠ.

DRAŽEBNÍ KATALOG

umělecké pozůstalosti

vdp. biskupa Dra A. Podlahy a. j.

I. DÍL

VÝSTAVA od 7. září do 26. září 1932 denně od 9-19 h.
V neděli jen dopoledne.

DRAŽBA v pondělí dne 3. října o 4. hod. odpoledne
čís. 1 = 270. V úterý dne 4. října o 4. h. odp.
čís. 271 = 556.

Před touto aukcí vydraží se ve dnech 29. = 30. září a 1. října t. r.
o 4. hod. odpol. prvá část vzácné KNIHOVNY z pozůstalosti vdp.
biskupa Dra A. Podlahy. Aukci tuto provede fa K. ZINK, knihkupectví
v Praze II., Ječná 43, rovněž v našich místnostech na Národní tř.

PODMÍNKY DRAŽEBNÍ

Dražba koná se proti okamžitému zaplacení vydraženého předmětu ve měně československé. Ke kupní ceně připlácí se 15%.

Draženo bude:

| | | |
|--------------|--------------|----------|
| | do Kč 100.— | o 5 Kč |
| od Kč 100.— | do Kč 500.— | o 10 Kč |
| od Kč 500.— | do Kč 1000.— | o 20 Kč |
| od Kč 1000.— | do Kč 5000.— | o 50 Kč |
| od Kč 5000.— | výše | o 100 Kč |

Příklepem stanou se předměty ihned majetkem vydražitelovým.

Správa aukce vyhrazuje si změnu v pořadu čísel, jakož i dělení neb spojování položek.

Předměty dražební jsou odborně prozkoumány, nelze však tyto údaje považovati za právní ručení.

Nedostatky a škody na předmětech jsou v katalogu vyznačeny, přesto se nikterak neručí, bylo-li nějaké poškození přehlédnuto.

Předměty prodávají se ve stavu, v jakém se v čas aukce nalézají a nelze bráti po příklepu zřetele na námitky, neboť byly veškeré předměty před aukcí k volnému prohlédnutí vystaveny.

Vzejde-li spor o příklepu, vydraží se předmět onen ihned znovu.

Zaplacené předměty budou ihned denně po ukončení aukci vydávány, musí však během 7 dnů po ukončení aukce býti vyzvednuty. Eventuelní úschova jich, transport, atd. děje se jen na útraty a nebezpečí majitele.

Nabídky přijímají se v místnostech aukčních v Praze II., Národní tř. 8, telefon 442-76.

Ceny v katalogu uvedené jsou vyvolávací a obnášejí asi polovinu cen odhadních.

UMĚLECKÁ A AUKČNÍ SÍŇ
V. HOŘEJŠ

OBRAZY

Č. katal.

Kč

1. ANGERMEIER J. V.,
 1674—1767:
Zátiší s květinami a hmyzem, 19×15 cm. Ol. na plechu. 500.—

2. BERCHEM, GLASS PIETERSZ,
 1620—1683:
Římská krajina při západu slunce s lidskou a zvířecí
stafáží. Olej na plátně, 94×70 cm, nezarámovaný . . 1200.—

3. BERENTZ J.,
 1883:
Zátiší s ovocem, 70×95 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 2000.—

4. BERGLER JOS.,
 1753—1829:
Nanebevst. P. Marie, 30×17 cm. Sig. 1812. Kresba tuší 300.—

5. BOUŠKA S.
 (básník a malíř):
Autoportrét, 33×26 cm. Akvarel 40.—

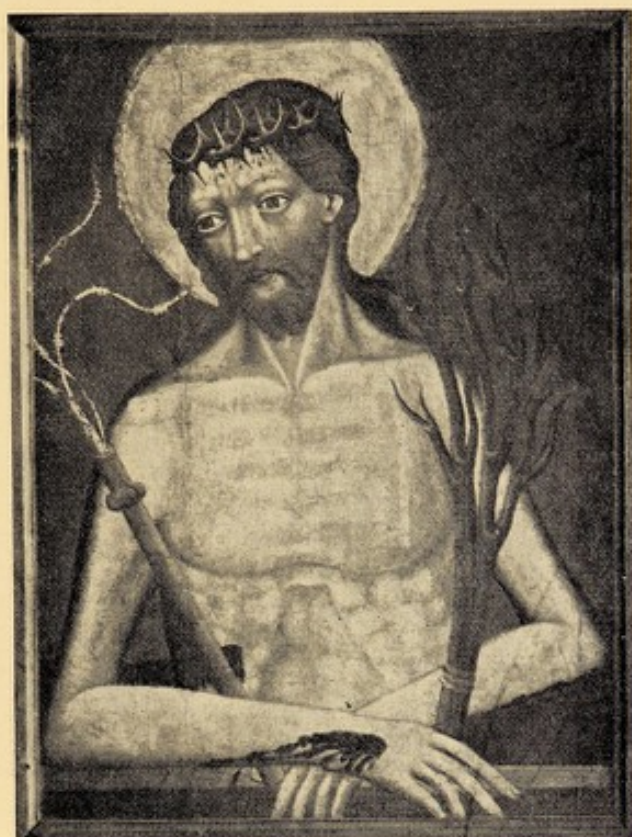
6. BRANDES L.:
Krajina z jara, 64×50 cm. Olej na lepence 200.—

7. BRANDL PETR,
 škola 1668—1735:
Zavraždění sv. Václava, 31×46 cm. Olej na plátně . 4000.—

8. BRUNNER V. H.:
Sv. Václav. Kresba tuší. Vystaveno v Mánesu r. 1928 300.—

9. BUBÁK A.,
1824—1871:
Česká krajina, 28×43 cm, akvarel, označený . . . 400.—
10. BUBENÍČEK O.:
Pahorkatá krajina, 34×24 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 350.—
11. BYS J. R.,
1660—1738:
Kozičky na pastvě, 10×15 cm. Olej na dřevě . . . 100.—
12. BYS J. R.,
1660—1738:
Ovečky na pastvě, 10×15 cm. Olej na dřevě . . . 100.—
13. ČESKÝ MALÍŘ BAROKNÍ,
XVII. stol.:
Sv. Václav v průvodu andělů; obraz z korouhve cechu
řeznického, na druhé straně Samson v zápase se lvem.
Olej na plátně, 140×110 cm . . . 400.—
14. ČESKÝ MISTR,
XV. stol.:
Bičovaný Kristus, 37×51 cm. Tempera na dřevě . . 10.000.—
15. ČESKÝ MALÍŘ
z II. pol. 18. stol.:
Sv. Rodina, 78×60 cm. Olej na plátně, v bohatě ře-
zaném rámu Louis XVI. 500.—
16. ČESKÝ MALÍŘ,
18. stol.:
Sv. Rodina, 58×40 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 300.—
17. ČESKÝ MALÍŘ:
Bechyňská Madonna, 28×20 cm. Olej na plátně . 200.—

18. ČESKÝ MALÍŘ,
18. stol.:
Zámek Bělá na panství Plasy. Kolorovaná kresba . 80.—
19. ČESKÝ MALÍŘ,
18. stol.:
Zámek Kačerov na panství Plasy. Akvarel . . . 50.—



Viz čís. katalogu 14.

20. ČESKÝ MISTR:
Větrný mlýn u Prahy. Kresba ze středu XIX. století 30.—
21. ČESKÝ MISTR:
Návrh dostavby chrámu sv. Víta. Tušovaná kresba ze
středu XIX. století 50.—
22. ČESKÝ MISTR,
15. stol.:
Sv. Václav, 48×19 cm. Tempera na dřevě. Vystaveno na
výstavě svatováclavské 1928 3000.—

23. ČESKÝ MISTR:
Sv. Alžběta, 25×9 cm. Akvarel 10.—
24. CLAROT:
Důstojník, 40×30 cm. Olej na dřevě 400.—
Vystaveno na výstavě, Praha 1750—1850 v r. 1916.



Viz. čís. katal. 40.

25. DIEPENBEECK ABRAHAM VAN,
1596—1675:
Pastýřská scéna, 36×26 cm. Olej na dřevě 400.—
26. ENDERS:
Krajinka, 10×15 cm. Olej na dřevě 100.—
27. ENDERS:
Krajinka, 10×15 cm. Olej na dřevě 100.—
28. FOERSTER VIKTOR:
V zahrádce, 23×28 cm. Olej na plátně 30.—

29.

GRUND NORBERT,
1717—1767:

Krajinka s figurální stafáží, 16×23 cm. Olej na dřevě 600.—

30.

GRUND NORBERT,
1717—1767:

Genrový obrázek, 14×16 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 2000.—



Viz čís. katal. 30.

31.

GRUND NORBERT,
1717—1767:

Genrový obrázek, 14×16 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 2000.—

32.

GRUSS JULIUS,
1825—1865:

Polabská krajina, 29×40 cm. Olej na plátně, sig. 1854 400.—

33.

HARPER AD. FRIDRICH,
1725—1806:

Antické zříceniny, 45×60 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 300.—

34. HAVRÁNEK BEDŘICH,
1821—1899:
Krajina s rybníkem z r. 1869, 35×40 cm. Olej na
plátně. Studie k velkému obrazu v Galerii vlasteneckých
přátel umění (číslo katalogu 758) 1000.—
35. HEEREMANS THOMAS,
1674—1692:
Na ledě, 40×58 cm. Olej na plátně, poškozený . . . 300 —
36. HOLANDSKÝ MISTR,
18. stol.:
Sodoma a Gomorha, 52×67 cm. Olej na dřevě . . . 200.—
37. HRADEČNÝ B.:
Kunětická hora, 33×24 cm. Olej na lepence . . . 90.—
38. CHITTUSSI A.,
1847—1891:
Krajina s řekou, 26×16 cm. Olej na dřevě. Signov. . . 2000.—
39. CHITTUSSI A.,
1847—1891:
Dům v Paříži, 6×10 cm. Olej na dřevě 80.—
40. CHITTUSSI A.,
1847—1891:
Francouzská krajina se zříc., 44×56 cm. Olej na pl. 4000.—
41. ITALSKÝ MISTR,
17. stol.:
Hřišnice před Kristem, 54×74 cm. Olej na plátně . . 400.—
42. JANSÁ VÁCLAV,
1859—1913:
Červená Řečice, 50×43 cm. Akvarel. Barevně reprodu-
kováno v díle Památky výtvarného umění v Čechách 500.—

43.

JAVŮREK KAREL,
1815—1909:

Podobizna muže, 37×22 cm. Olej na dřevě . . . 200.—



Viz čís. katal. 31.

44.

KECK PETR,
† 1730:

Apoštol, 66×43 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 150.—

45.

KIRNIG A.,
1840—1895:

Krajina, 27×40 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 200.—

46.

KOHL LUDVÍK,
1746—1821:

Skalnatá krajina, 43×28 cm. Kresba tuší, označ. 1786 100.—

47.

KOULA J.:

Arcibiskupský palác. Perokresba, označ. . . 50.—

48.

KOULA J.:

Arcibiskupský palác. Perokresba . . . 50.—

49. KUBA:
Vesnice, 28×52 cm. Olej na plátně. Sig. 400.—
50. KUBÍN J. K.:
Ukřižování, 64×126 cm. Olej na plátně 1919. Sig. . 600.—
51. LIDOVÝ MALÍŘ:
Sv. Václav, lidová malba na skle, poškoz. 20.—



Viz čís. katal. 66

52. LIEBSCHEROVÁ B.:
Velkopřevorské náměstí v zimě. Akvarel 40.—
53. LIEBSCHEROVÁ B.:
Velkopřevorské nám., 26×19 cm. Kresba tužkou. Sig. 20.—
54. LIPPI FILIPINO,
škola 1457—1504:
Madona s Ježíškem, 42×29 cm. Olej na dřevě . 1000.—

55. MAIXNER PETR,
1831—1884:
Sv. Václav, 31×25 cm. Olej na plátně z roku 1876,
poškozený, označený monogramem 200.—
56. MÁNES QUIDO (?),
1828—1880:
Genrová skupinka, 44×35 cm. Olej na plátně . . . 400.—
57. MAŘÁK JULIUS,
1832—1899:
Skalnaté pobřeží s řekou, 10×8 cm. Olej na lepence
s razítkem pozůstalosti 500.—
58. MARGOLD FR. X.:
Žertovný diplom malostranských umělců z roku 1930 . . 100.—
59. MARGOLD FR. X.:
Kaple sv. Václava, 61×50 cm. Kresba 100.—
60. MARGOLD FR. X.,
1925:
Chrám sv. Víta, 96×68 cm. Akvarel 400.—
61. MARKOVSKÝ VÁCLAV,
1789—1846:
Založení kláštera sv. Anežky, 34×25 cm. Sepiová kresba . 120.—
62. MAYER TADEO,
1814—1856:
Podobizna dámy v oválním rámu, sig. 1837. Akvarel . 500.—
63. MONNOYER J. B.,
1634—1699:
Květinové zátiší 53×34 cm. Olej na plátně, v nád-
herně řezaném rámu 1200.—

64. MORSTADT VINCENC(?),
1802—1875:
Hrad Loket s řekou z roku 1842, 41×56 cm. Akvarel 1500.—
65. MUTTICH KAMIL VLADISLAV,
1873—1924:
Hlava starce. Kresba tuší 11×10 cm 30.—
66. NAVRÁTIL JOSEF,
1798—1865:
Chalupa na skále, 26×35 cm. Olej na dřevě. Signov. 6000.—
67. NEMASTIL J.:
Makové pole, 37×25 cm. Olej na lepence 70.—
68. NĚMECKÝ MALÍŘ,
18. stol.:
Přímořská krajina, 12×20 cm. Olej na lepence 100.—
69. NĚMECKÝ MALÍŘ,
18. stol.:
Přímořská krajina, 12×20 cm. Olej na lepence 100.—
70. NĚMECKÝ MISTR:
Vojín z roku 1594. Akvarel 120.—
71. NĚMECKÝ MISTR (CALINBERG),
17. stol.:
Sv. Sebestián, 13×17 cm. Olej na dřevě 500.—
72. NĚMECKÝ MISTR,
17. stol.:
Turecký přístav, 30×42 cm. Olej na plátně 190.—
73. NĚMECKÝ MISTR,
17. stol.:
Život na pobřeží, 30×42 cm. Olej na plátně 190.—

74. NEZNÁMÝ MONOGRAMISTA F. W.,
18. stol.:
Návrat z lovu, 38×28 cm. Olej na dřevě 900.—
75. NIZOZEMSKÝ MISTR,
17. stol.:
Zimní krajinka s figurální stafáží. Olej na plechu, 15×12
cm, v původním rámečku 600.—
76. NEZNÁMÝ MALÍŘ:
Hrad na skále s opevněním a figurální stafáží. Olej
na plátně, 20×10 cm 30.—
77. MALÍŘ
18. stol.:
2 květinová zátiší, dekorativní panneau, protějšky, 88×34
cm. Olej na plátně 900.—
78. MALÍŘ
18. stol.:
Sv. Markétka. Ol. na plech. ve st. řez. rámu, 30×24 cm. 50.—
79. MALÍŘ
18. stol.:
Hlava medvěda. Kolorovaná kresba 30.—
80. MALÍŘ BAROKA,
17. stol.:
Vražďení neviňátek, 30×13 cm. Kresba tuší. (Patrně ná-
vrh freskové malby) 100.—
81. MALÍŘ
18. stol.:
Hlavy psů. Kolorovaná kresba 30.—
82. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR:
Znak Frydberga z roku 1656. Akvarel, list z památníku 10.—

83. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR,
19. stol.:
Madonna, transparent na skle, poškozený 80.—
84. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR,
poč. 17. stol.:
Rytíř, list z památníku. Akvarel 50.—
85. MISTR
15. stol.:
Fragment deskové malby 500.—
86. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR:
Sv. Antonín. Klášterní práce z 18. stol. 80.—
87. MALÍŘ
1. pol. 19. stol.:
Řeka v měsíčním svitu, 10×17 cm. Olej na dřevě 50.—
88. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR
18. stol.:
Sv. Maří Magdalena. Akv. na perg., 13×10 cm, poškoz. 120.—
89. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR
18. stol.:
Madonna, 31×23 cm. Olej na dřevě 100.—
90. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR:
Hory, 20×24 cm. Akvarel 10.—
91. NEZNÁMÝ MISTR:
Madonna. Olej na plechu, 40×30 cm 50.—
92. NOVÁK ARNOŠT:
Kresba chlapce, provozujícího hru na primitivním ná-
stroji, 29×20 cm 10.—
93. NOVOPACKÝ F. J.,
1821—1908:
Horská krajina, 20×15 cm. Akvarel. Sig. 200.—

94. PANUŠKA JAROSLAV:
Les při svitu měsíce, 62×47 cm. Kresba. Sig. . . 300.—
95. PASSINI JOHAN,
1798—1874:
Antická krajina s mořem, 30×40 cm. Olej na dřevě . . 500.—
96. PASSINI JOHAN,
1798—1874:
Římská krajina s mostem, 33×39 cm. Olej na dřevě . . 500.—
97. PÁTER JOSEF,
karmelitán, misionář v Pekingu:
Madonna na hedvábí, 37×24 cm. Malováno v Číně.
Latin. věnování opatovi praž. karmelitánů u sv. Josefa 150.—
98. PIEPENHAGEN AUGUST,
1791—1868:
Skalní krajina, 12×10 cm. Olej na lepence. Vystaveno
na výstavě Piepenhagenově, číslo katalogu 29 . . 500.—
99. PIEPENHAGEN AUGUST,
1791—1868:
Krajina při měsíci, 21×27 cm. Olej na dřevě . . 1000.—
100. PIEPENHAGEN AUGUST,
1791—1868:
Hrad ve večerním osvětlení, 46×64 cm. Olej na plát-
ně. Signov. A. P. 1500.—
101. PICHLER:
Slavobrána pro vjezd Ferdinanda do Českých Budějovic
v roce 1835. Akvarel 20.—
102. PILLEMENT JEAN,
1727—1808:
Krajina před bouří, 34×26 cm. Olej na plátně . . 600.—

103. PIRNER MAX,
1854—1924:
Madonna, 77×38 cm. Olej na plátně z r. 1910. Sign. 1200.—
104. REINER VÁCLAV (?),
1689—1851:
Sv. Václav, 66×90 cm. Olej na plátně, poškoz. . 400.—
105. REINER VÁCLAV,
1689—1851:
Svatý Jan Nepomucký, 180×115 cm. Olej na plátně . 5000.—
106. RÓM EMANUEL,
1812—1878:
Podobizna pána, 16×11 cm. Akvarel z roku 1860. Sig. 50.—
107. RÓM EMANUEL,
1812—1878:
Podobizna pána, 16×11 cm. Akvarel z roku 1856. Sig. 50.—
108. RÓM EMANUEL,
1812—1878:
Podobizna hochy, 26×35 cm. Olej na plátně. Sig. . 150.—
109. RUDL ZIKMUND:
Zahrádka, 17×25 cm. Akvarel z roku 1922 . . . 30.—
110. RUDL ZIKMUND:
Srdce Páně. Akvarel 15×20 cm, v řezaném barokním rámu z roku 1920. Sig. 100.—
111. RUDL ZIKMUND:
Srdce P. Marie. Akvarel, 15×20 cm, v řezaném barokním rámu z roku 1920. Sig. 100.—
112. RUDL ZIKMUND:
Sv. Apoštolové, kresba tužkou 100.—

113. RUDL ZIKMUND:
Sv. Vojtěch, 56×30 cm, náčrt quache. Sig. . . . 250.—
114. RUDL ZIKMUND:
Bůh Otec. Akvarel z roku 1924, 17×25 cm. Sig. . . 20.—
115. RUSKÝ MISTR
17. stol.:
Obraz svatých (ikona). Olej na dřevě 200.—
116. RUSS KAREL:
Zachránění Oresta, 30×25 cm. Kresba perem s naná-
šenými světly z roku 1809. Sig. 30.—
117. SALZER FRIEDRICH,
1827—1876:
Hrad u řeky, akvatinta 100.—
118. SEQUENS FR.
1836—1896:
Kresba apoštola, 60×34 cm 80.—
119. SEQUENS FR.,
1836—1896:
Sv. Barbora, 40×16 cm. Náčrt olejem na papíře . . 200.—
120. SEQUENS FR.,
1836—1896:
Dvě světice, 18×15 cm, quache. Návrh chrámových oken 160.—
121. SEQUENS FR.,
1836—1896:
Sv. Anežka a sv. Jan, 34×16 cm. Akvarel. Návrh chrá-
mových oken 120.—
122. SEGHERS DANIEL,
1590—1661:
Jezulátko v rámci květin, 130×194 cm. Olej na plátně. 2000.—

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| 123. | SIDON: Sv. Cecilie, 58×43 cm. Olej na plátně. Sig. . . . | 30.— |
| 124. | SCHALCKEN JACOB, 1683—1721: Vdova s popelnici, 32×32 cm. Olej na dřevě . . . | 200.— |
| 125. | SPITZER J. V., 1711—1773: Sv. Krištof se světci, 20×12 cm. Kolorovaná kresba. Ná- vrh oltářního obrazu. Sig. | 150.— |
| 126. | STEINER JOHAN, NEPOMUK, 1725—1792: Madonna, 73×60 cm, ovální. Ol. na pl. Sign. r. 1761 | 600.— |
| 127. | ŠIMON T. F.: Kamenný most. Barevný lept. Diplom čestného členství Klubu za Starou Prahu | 100.— |
| 128. | ŠIMON F. T.: Pohled na dóm sv. Víta, 70×45 cm. Večerní nálada. Olej na dřevě | 500.— |
| 129. | ŠIMON F. T.: Sv. Vít z Jeleního příkopu, 61×68 cm. Olej na pl. Sig. | 800.— |
| 130. | ŠPANĚLSKÝ MISTR, 17. stol. Portrét šlechtice, 82×65 cm. Olej na plátně | 250.— |
| 131. | ŠVÝCARSKÝ MALÍŘ: Krajina před bouří, 24×35 cm. Olej na dřevě . . . | 300.— |
| 132. | TKADLÍK FRANT., 1786—1840: Sv. Václav, 18×10 cm. Olej na dřevě, z pozůstalosti V. Novotného | 150.— |

133. TKADLÍK FRANT.,
1786—1840:
Sv. Vojtěch, 19×10 cm. Olej na dřevě z pozůstalosti V.
Novotného 150.—
134. TUVORA A.:
Vyučování P. Marie. Kresba tuší. Sig. 50.—
135. UMLAUF IGNÁC,
1820—1851:
Podobizna bratra umělcova, 9×7 cm. Akvarel . . . 100.—
136. UMLAUF IGNÁC,
1820—1851:
Podobizna umělcova z mládí, 9×7 cm. Akvarel . . . 100.—
137. URBAN FRANT.,
1868—1919:
Sv. Rodina na útěku do Egypta. Akvarel 70×50 cm Sig. 700.—
138. URBAN FRANT.,
1868—1919:
Zvěstování Panny Marie, 50×70 cm. Akvarel . . . 400 —
139. URBAN FRANT.,
1868—1919:
Obětování, 70×50 cm. Akvarel. Sig. 400.—
140. URBAN FRANT.,
1868—1919:
Narození Páně, 50×70 cm. Akvarel. Sig. 600.—
141. URBAN FRANT.,
1868—1919:
Sv. Prokop, 56×35 cm. Akvarel. Sig. 200.—
142. URBAN FRANT.,
1868—1919:
Sv. Jan Nepomucký, 56×35 cm. Akvarel. Sig. . . . 700.—

143. URBAN FRANT.,
1868—1919:
Sv. Vojtěch, 56×35 cm. Akvarel. Sig. 200.—
144. VÁCLAVEK E.:
Motiv z vesnice. Kresba perem. Sig. 30.—
145. WIEHL FRANT.:
Obrázky dvorů a míst z farnosti Plasy. Akvarely . . . 100.—
146. ŽENÍŠEK FRANT.,
1849—1916:
Skizza sv. Václava, 22×15 cm. Perokresba. Sig. Z pozů-
stalosti umělce. Vystaveno na svatováclavské výstavě . 150.—
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1849—1916:
Portrét císaře Franta Josefa, 30×45 cm. Olej na dřevě. Ná-
črt podobizny pro Českou akademii z r. 1893. Z pozůsta-
losti umělce. Sig. 1000.—
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MINIATURY

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| 148. Nezn. mistr: Miniatura. Podobizna pána. Kresba tužkou. | 30.— |
| 149. Nezn. mistr: Miniatura barokní. Sv. Anna v paprskovitém, granáty osázeném rámečku | 60.— |
| 150. Nezn. mistr: Miniatura Alžbětky, v kovovém rámečku . | 40.— |
| 151. Anglický mistr, 18. století: Rokoková miniatura šlechtice. Olej na plechu | 1000.— |
| 152. Anglický mistr 18. stol.: Rokoková miniatura šlechtičny. Olej na plechu | 1000.— |
| 153. Neznámý mistr 18. stol.: Miniatura sv. Josefa na pergamentu, v benátském rámečku | 150.— |
| 154. Neznámý mistr 18. stol.: Miniatura Madonny ve skleněném rámečku. Akvarel na pergamentu | 150.— |
| 155. Neznámý mistr: Silhueta, Vavřinec Klinger z roku 1846 | 40.— |
| 156. Neznámý mistr 18. století: Miniatura Joschima Spanna. Malba na slonové kosti | 300.— |
| 157. Neznámý mistr: Podobizna dámy. Olej na dřevě . . | 40.— |
| 158. Neznámý mistr 18. stol.: Rokoková miniatura sv. Jana Křtitele. Malba na pergamentu | 100.— |
| 159. Neznámý mistr 18. stol.: Miniatura sv. Václava. Akvarel. klášterní práce | 30.— |
| 160. Neznámý mistr: Miniatura dámy v oválním rámečku . | 10.— |
| 161. Neznámý mistr: Silhueta na zlatém podkladě, vzadu přípisek: Dlabač, autor slov. uměl. | 100.— |
| 162. Neznámý mistr: Miniatura, podobizna kněze . . . | 40.— |
| 163. Neznámý mistr: Miniatura renesanční. Obrázek P. Marie v kovovém emailovém rámečku | 300.— |

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| 164. Neznámý mistr: Miniatura oboustranná, Sv. Josef na jedné, Sv. Anna a Marie s Ježíškem na druhé straně, v rámečku imit. drahokamy zdobeném | 100.— |
| 165. Neznámý mistr: Miniatura sv. Valpurky v tep. stř. rám. | 100.— |
| 166. Reiner Václav, přips. 1698—1743. Podobizna šlechtice. Olej na mědi | 400.— |
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GRAFIKA

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| 167. Gurk-Lanzedelli : Korunovace císaře Ferdinanda na krále českého u sv. Víta r. 1836. Litogr. | 80.— |
| 168. Bělský : Chrám sv. Víta, lept | 100.— |
| 169. Braunerová Zdenka : Most na Valdštýně, lept | 50.— |
| 170. Dietzer-Pfeffel : Korunovací průvod Marie Terezie na Malém rynku 1743, rytina | 100.— |
| 171. Dietzler Jos., Rentz Michael , 1701—1758: Korunovace Marie Terezie u sv. Víta 1743, 54×34 cm, rytina | 150.— |
| 172. Dietzler J. : Korunovační průvod Marie Terezie 1743, 60×36 cm, rytina | 150.— |
| 173. Ed. Gurk-Griesner : Korunovace císařovny Marie Anny na čes. královnu u sv. Víta 1836. Litogr. | 80.— |
| 174. Ed. Gurk-Griesner : Instalace arcivév. Terezie na abatyši ústavu šlechticů u Věch sv. na Hradčanech 1836. Lit. | 30.— |
| 175. Ed. Gurk : Korunovační průvod do domu svatovítského 1836. Litografie | 80.— |
| 176. Gurck-Wolf : Příjezd Ferdinanda 1836 ke korunovací. — Průvod v Nerudově ul. | 80.— |
| 177. Gurck-Herr : Holdování při korunovační slavnosti na nádvoří hradu 1836. Litogr. | 80.— |
| 178. Gurck-Wolf : Hostina při korunovací 1836 ve Vladislavském sále. Litogr. | 80.— |
| 179. Gurck-Edinger : Modlitba před korunovací ve svatováclavské kapli. Litogr. | 80.— |
| 180. Scotti-Balzer Jan , 1738—1799: Hradčanské nám., lept | 160.— |
| 181. Gurck-Wolf : Korunovační slavnost Ferdinanda na Invalidovně 1836. Litografie | 40.— |
| 182. Bratři Hegerové , 1792—1836: Hyberský kostel, Příkopy 1792, 60×37 cm, rytina barevná | 1400.— |

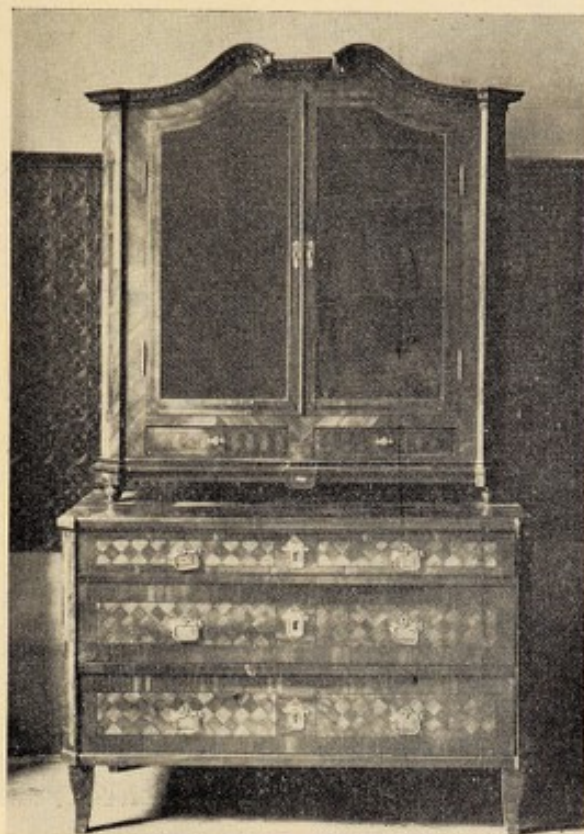
183. **Heger Frant. a Filip - Pluth**, 1792—1836: Malostranské náměstí 1794, 60×37 cm. Barevná rytina 1400.—
184. **Heger Filip a František**, 1794: Malostranské náměstí 1794. Rytina barevná, 60×39 cm 1400.—
185. **Hluboš J.**, 1925: Hradčany, 28×22 cm. Lept 20.—
186. **Hohn Leo**: Nerudova ul. na Malé straně, 15×11 cm. Lpt. 5.—
187. **Janscha-Postl**: Čertova stěna, 43×29 cm. Kolor. rytina 250.—
188. **Janscha-Postl**: Praha s Letné. Kolorovaná rytina 300.—
189. **Kranner-Buchenweger**: Návrhy dostavby domu sv. Víta. Rytina 40.—
190. **Krieger**, 1745—1857: Panoráma Prahy, rytina 200.—
191. **Lange**: Týnský chrám, ocelorytina 30.—
192. **Markovský V.**, 1789—1846: Průvod ostatků sv. Jana Nepomuckého 1829. Kolorovaná litografie 300.—
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196. **Morstadt V. - Croll - Rybička**: 2 panoramatické pohledy na Prahu, ocelorytiny 200.—
197. **H. Ramberg-Bartolozzi**: Portrét angl. princezny, bar. ryt. 100.—
198. **H. Ramberg - W. Ward**: Portrét princezny Augusty anglické. Barevná rytina 100.—
199. **Gils F.**: Ulice v orientě, 12×8 cm. Lept 3.—
200. **Neznámý mistr**: 2 pohledy na Prahu, litografie 50.—
201. **Neznámý mistr**: Hlava Petrarky, dřevoryt kolorovaný 10.—
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203. **Neznámý mistr XV. stol.**: Madonna s Ježíškem. Kolorovaný dřevoryt z 15. stol. 3000.—
204. **Neznámý mistr XV. stol.**: Šrotovaná barevná rytina sv. Barbory z 15. stol. 2500.—
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208. **Neznámý mistr**: Podobizna probošta F. S. Caroliho. Litografie podle Einsle od Gareise 20.—
209. **Neznámý mistr**: Rytina paláce ve Vídni z 18. stol. 30.—
210. **Neznámý mistr**: Dóm, lept 10.—

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| 211. Neznámý mistr XV. stol.: Praha, dřevoryt ze Schedelovy kroniky. Nejstarší vyobrazení Prahy | 150.— |
| 212. Neznámý mistr: Sv. Václav dle Skrěty. Lept | 50.— |
| 213. Neznámý mistr: Pohled na Budějovice, 21×63 cm. Rytina kolorovaná | 50.— |
| 214. Neznámý mistr: Žatec v roce 1839. Barevná litografie | 50.— |
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| 216. Neznámý mistr: Korunovace Leopolda II. u sv. Víta r. 1791. Rytina 53×37 cm | 100.— |
| 217. Neureitter: Vjezd arcibiskupa Klumburga do Prahy. Ryť. | 100.— |
| 218. Lüttgendorf - Döbler G.: E. K. Růžička, biskup česko-budějovický, rytina | 20.— |
| 219. Rolín V.: Hradec Králové, lept | 30.— |
| 220. Ronek: Lokomotivy, 40×27 cm. Litografie | 10.— |
| 221. Rybička Josef: Dóm. Kolorovaná rytina | 10.— |
| 222. Rživnatz: Návrh na dostavbu dómu. Rytina | 30.— |
| 223. Sandmann: Dóm, litografie | 20.— |
| 224. Sandmann: Malostranská mostecká brána. Litografie | 40.— |
| 225. Sandman Frant. Xaver, 1805—1856: Dóm, barev. lit. | 120.— |
| 226. Schwaiger H.: Sv. Cyril a Methoděj. Kolor. reprodukce | 20.— |
| 227. Soukup Věnc., 1860: Pohled na Sedlčany z r. 1860. Lit. | 100.— |
| 228. Šembera Jos.: Dóm, rytina | 15.— |
| 229. Šembera-Döbler, 1884—1927: Hrob F. Šembery ve Vysokém Mýtě. Rytina | 50.— |
| 230. Šembera-Döbler, 1884—1927: Pohled na dóm, litografie | 150.— |
| 231. Šembera: Dóm, rytina | 15.— |
| 232. Šimon T.F.: Malostranská mostecká věž, 34×33 cm, lept | 20.— |
| 233. Švabinský Max.: Dřevoryt sv. Jana Křtitele. Ruční tisk autorův s dedikací. 75×50 cm | 800.— |
| 234. Vaic Jos.: Hradčany, lept | 20.— |
| 235. Vaic Jos.: Týnský chrám, lept | 30.— |
| 236. Vaic Jos.: Hradčany, lept | 30.— |
| 237. Vaic Jos.: Národní divadlo, lept 40×32 cm | 20.— |
| 238. Vaic Jos.: Dóm, lept | 30.— |
| 239. Werner-Engelbrecht: Šporkův palác v Hybernské ul., ryt. | 40.— |
| 240. Werner-Engelbrecht: Kostel sv. Karla Boromejského, ryt. | 40.— |
| 241. Werner-Engelbrecht: Ústav šlechticů na M. straně, ryt. | 40.— |
| 242. Werner-Engelbrecht: Uršulinský kostel, rytina | 40.— |

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| 244. Prádelník barokní, boh. vykl., 18. stol., s novým kováním | 1000.— |
| 245. Prádelník s vitrinou, Louis XVI., boh. vykl., dř. třešňové | 2000.— |
| 246. Sekretář barokní, bohatě vykládaný, kování novější | 2000.— |
| 247. Skříňka s vitrinkou, empírová, třešňová | 500.— |
| 248. Skříň rohová, barokní, s vyřez. ozdobami, zlacená, s tabernákul. nástavcem. Restaurovaná. XVII. a XVIII. st. | 1000.— |
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| 252. Vitrinka přizední, dubová | 50.— |
| 253. Židle rokoková, dubová, se starou výšivkou | 400.— |
| 254. Klekátko dubové se zásuvkami, 19. stol. | 400.— |
| 255. Truhlice barokní, železná, s kováním 1683 | 200.— |
| 256. Truhla barokní, bohatě růz. dřevy vykl., s pův. kováním | 700.— |
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| 258. Židle v barokním slohu, bohatě řezaná, ořechová | 200.— |
| 259. Podstavec barokní, uzpůsobený pro květiny cínovou vložkou. 18. století | 250.— |
| 260. Hodiny zlacené, s řezanými figurkami, Louis XVI. Nej- spíše pražská práce | 1000.— |
| 261. Hodiny empírové, stojací. Z pozůstalosti B. Smetany. F. Gerard, Paris | 2000.— |
| 262. Socha, Sv. Václav s praporem a znakem, barokní dřevo- řezba XVII. stol. Vystaveno na svatováclavské výstavě | 200.— |
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264. **Podstavec** nástěnný, černý, empírový 100.—
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 268. **Nejsvětější Trojice a socha Madonny**, ze dřeva řezaná,
 se sloupcem z poč. 18. stol., malovaná 1000.—



Viz čís. katalogu 245.

269. **V. Vosmík: Socha Kristova.** Bronzový odlitek na mramorovém sloupu, z r. 1906. Sig. 1000.—
 270. **Sv. Tadeáš**, dřevořezba, stojící na dřevěném barokním sloupu. 18. století 600.—
 271. **Sv. Barbora**, dřevořezba, zlacená, na barokním dřevěném sloupu. 18. století 600.—
 272. **Soška P. Marie Svatohorské.** Dřevořezba, lidová práce . 5.—
 273. **Skupina.** Útěk do Egypta, dřevořezba začátkem 19. stol.
 lidová práce 100.—
 274. **Soška Krista při bičování**, řezaná, lidová 20.—
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| chromovaný. 16. stol. Nejspíše česká práce | 1000.— |
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| 277. Relief Madonny , dřevořezba | 50.— |
| 278. Šperkovnice, gotická, ze slonoviny, s kováním | 500.— |



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| 279. Dva svícny cínové, tepané, barokní | 200.— |
| 280. V. Levý: Soška sv. Václava. Práce z mládí. Dřevořezba | 200.— |
| 281. Dorer: Dva církevní otcové. Pálená hlína. XIX. stol. | 500.— |
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| 285. Soška Sv. Václava, řezaná, malovaná, XVII. st., pošk. | 50.— |
| 286. Skupina: Pod Křížem, řezaná, zlacená. 19. stol. | 80.— |
| 287. Hodiny sloupkové, Louis XVI., s figurkami, zlacené. Nej- spíše pražská práce | 1000.— |
| 288. Kříž kovový, se zlaceným Kristem | 30.— |

289. **Stínítko tepané** s transparentním porculánovým reliefním obrazem Krista. 19. století
 290. **V. Vosmík: Madonna s Ježíškem.** Kararský mramor. Sig. 2000.—
 291. **Soška, sv. Kateřina,** dřevěná, řezaná, malovaná. 18. st. 250.—
 292. **Sv. Vít,** dřevořezba, malovaná. 18. stol. 250.—
 293. **Sv. Barbora,** dřevěná malovaná soška z 18. stol. . . . 250.—



Viz čís. katalogu 263.

294. **Sv. Václav,** barokní soška, řezaná, malovaná 120.—
 295. **Sv. Jan Křtitel,** dřev. mal. soška z 18. st., nepatr. pošk. 30.—
 296. **V. Vosmík: Svatá Ludmila vyučuje sv. Václava,** bronz na mramorovém spodku. Signováno 500.—
 297. **Dva svícny barokní,** řezané, poškoz. 30.—
 298. **Mramorový relief papeže Innocence X.** Ital. práce 17. st. 500.—
 299. **Pečeť Ferdinanda I. (zlatá bulla)** 1000.—
 300. **Ciborium kovové,** z 18. stol., poškoz. 100.—
 301. **Ciborium s víčkem,** zlacené, barokní 50.—
 302. **Příbor lovecký,** stř., barok., jemně ciselovaný, v pouzdře 200.—
 303. **Soška Madonny,** bronzová 80.—

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| 304. Náhrdelník stříbrný s 5 email. návěsky | 100.— |
| 305. Medailon, bronzový, od Šejnosta. Trůnící sv. Václav. | 500.— |
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| 310. Náhrdelník stříbrný se zlacenými vložkami, s křížkem a srdcem, vykládaný drahokamy | 120.— |
| 311. Šperk závěsníkový, tepaný, tyrolský | 50.— |
| 312. Šperk závěsníkový s bavorským tolarem 1768 | 100.— |
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| 315. Tabatěrka s obrázkem sv. Václava | 100.— |
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Viz čis. katalogu 246

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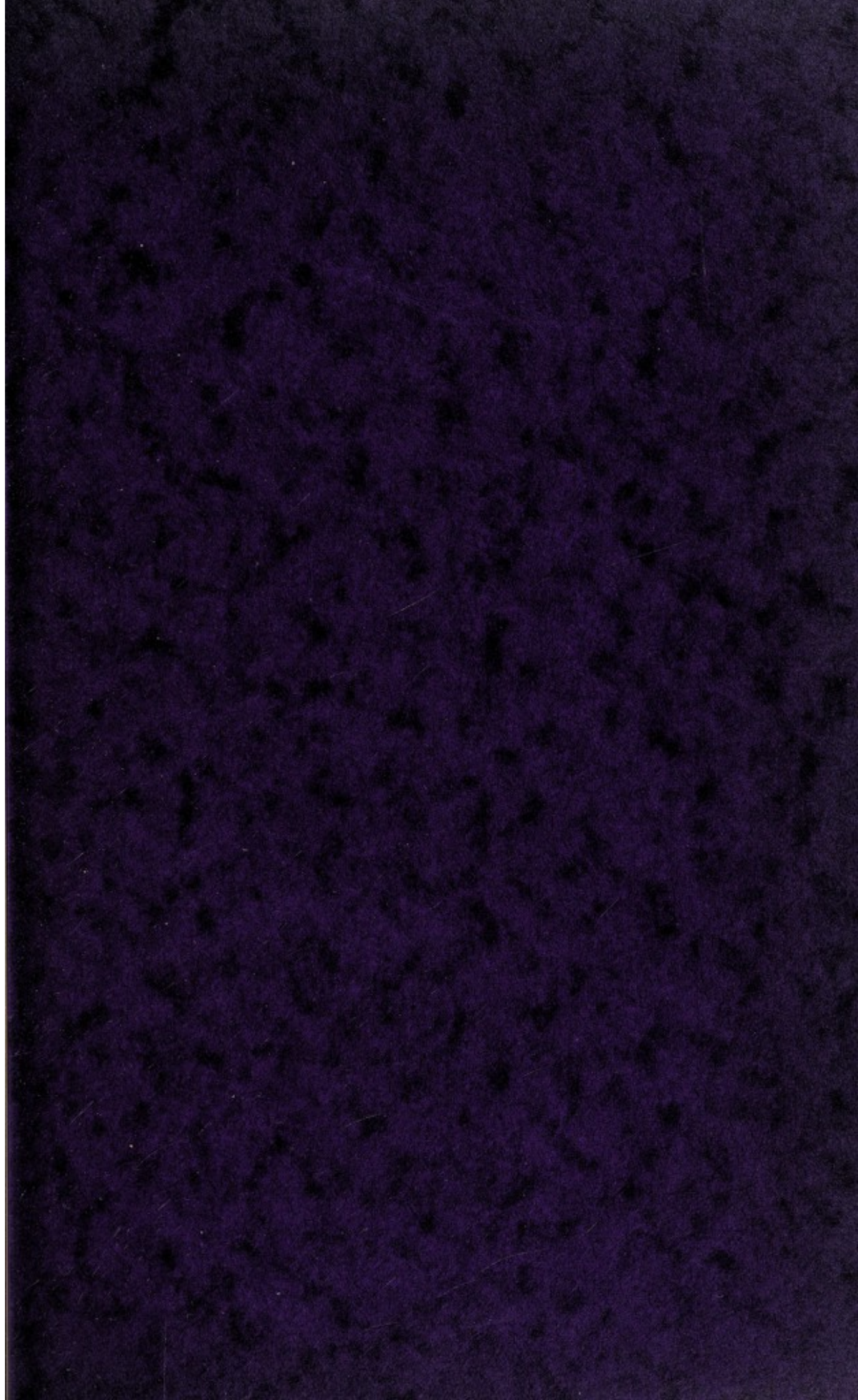
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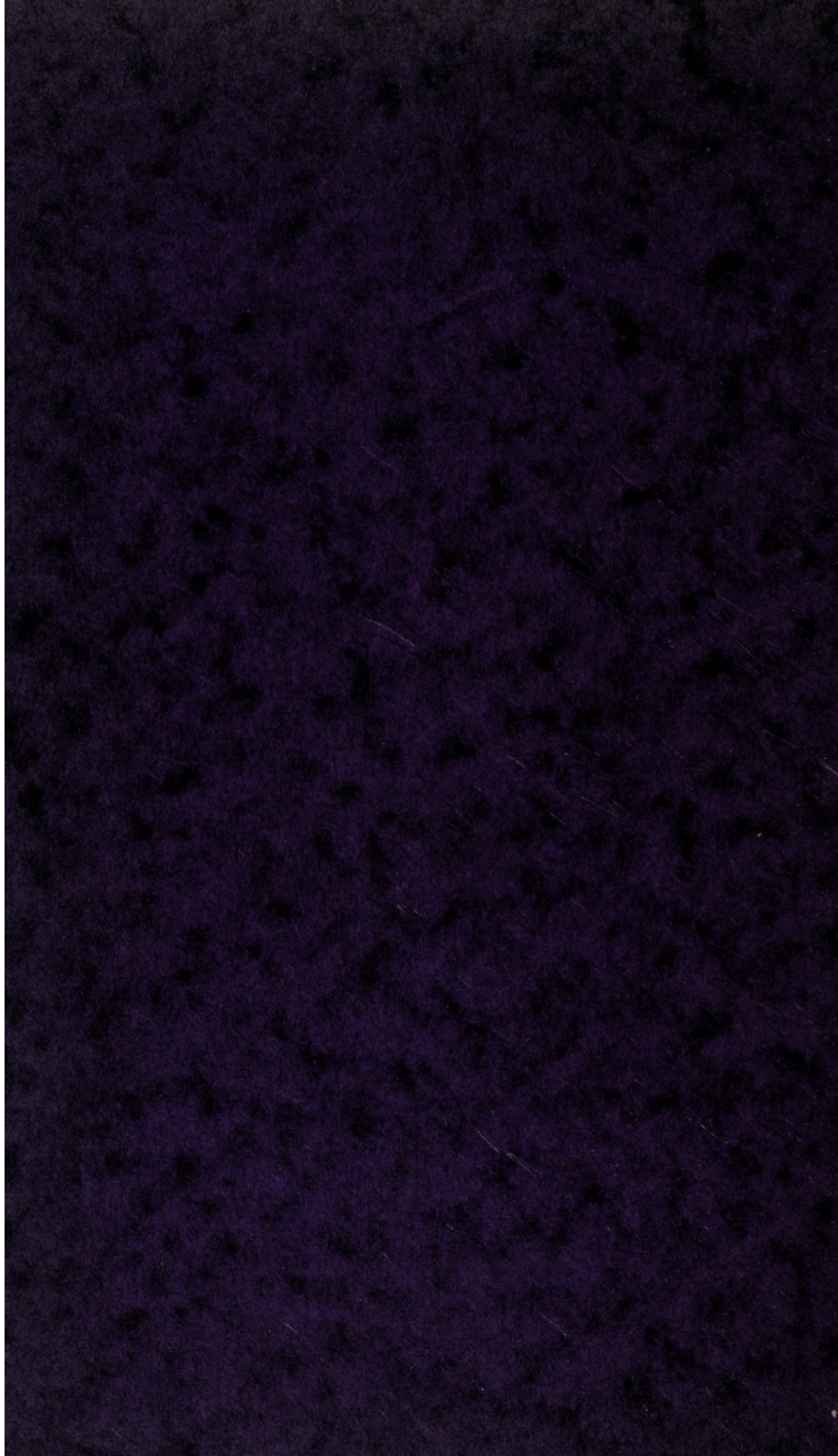
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V. HOŘEJŠ prosí o bezzávaznou návštěvu svého závodu v Praze I., Masarykovo nábreží č. 8. Stálá výstava starožitností, obrazů, uměleckých předmětů a perských koberců. TELEFON 283=39

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"Where there is no vision the people perish"

JUNE

1946

JULY

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**POETRY
REVIEW**

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AND A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL
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THE POETRY SOCIETY

Founded February 24, 1909 : Incorporated June 18, 1923

Object : To develop a clearer and deeper sense of the best in Poetry,
and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it

President-General : THE RT. HON. FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WAVELL

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Director and Editor :
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Members are reminded of the advantage of paying the annual subscription under Covenant, which enables the Society to recover income tax paid thereon. The appropriate form may be obtained from the Secretary.

The Buckinghamshire Centre of the Poetry Society meets on May 11th, at 3 p.m., for a reading of "Members own choice of poems or members' own verse", at Hornhill Court, Chalfont St. Peters; on June 8th a play will be read at Hedgerows, Penn; on July 13th Miss A. V. Stuart reads her own poems at St. Bernard's Convent, High Wycombe; on September 14th Masfield will be read by members at Chequers Manor, Cadmore End, High Wycombe, and on October 12th the strange story of Michael Field will be told by Miss Bangay, at Faulkners, Chesham Bois.

The Miami Florida Chapter of the Poetry Society is a very new baby, having been born this season, and is progressing beautifully. Marie Tello Phillips, President General in America, has sponsored this organization and is an able adviser. The president, Grace Porterfield Polk, composer, singer, poet, is hostess for the meetings in her home, Harmonia-on-Biscayne Bay, which is a centre of culture in Miami. The officers include Ethel Koger, Polly McKibben, Mabel Davis, Margurite Gibson, Effie Marshall, Pearl Safford. The members are also members of the National League of American Penwomen (Pearl Safford, State President). It is a poetry workshop in which our poems are read and severely criticised. The contest for March is the Sonnet. The April contest will be the Lyric. Five dollars is the prize. The speaker for March was Rita Lownsberry, concert pianist and poet, who gave a most interesting talk on Emily Dickinson with poems to illustrate the talk. Marie Tello Phillips led the discussion. The April meeting was devoted to American poets, and the anniversary of William Shakespeare was observed by a talk on his plays and poetry. We wish to express our desire to be a pride to this fine organization and we appreciate the opportunity of friendship between Great Britain and America.

In renewing my subscription to the Poetry Society for 1946, I should like to express my appreciation of the dauntless way in which THE POETRY REVIEW continued to appear throughout all war-time difficulties, offering such rich treasure for so modest a sum. But may we hope that from now on its appearance will be as truly rhythmical as the lines the Premium Editor would have us write?—JANET URQUHART, N.W.3.

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The NOVA SCOTIA CENTRE of the Poetry Society has elected the following officers for the year 1946: Honorary President, Sir Joseph Chisholm; Honorary Vice-President, Mrs. G. A. MacIntosh; President, Mrs. F. M. Dauphinee; Immediate Past-President, Miss Norma E. Smith; First Vice-President, Mrs. G. S. Hart; Second Vice-President, Mrs. H. L. Webber; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Gilbert; Recording Secretary, Miss M. K. A. Edwards; Treasurer, Mrs. A. Gordon Baird; Archivist, Miss Margaret M. Preston; Librarian, Mrs. A. G. Tyler; Convenor of Programme Committee, Mrs. E. Beckford.

During the year just ended nine regular meetings and four executive ones have been held; four meetings were called for the purpose of criticizing original contributions submitted and one for preparing a broadcast of the members' work, making a total of eighteen. On June 15th Professor Burns Martin began his series on Wordsworth with a most interesting analysis of the famous *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey*, treating it from both the philosophical and poetical stand-points. Mr. Edward Roberts gave a rendition of the poem in its entirety. *Intimations of Immortality* was the subject of Professor Martin's address at the October meeting. Following Mr. Roberts' reading of the poem a brief but spirited discussion between the Professor and Dr. H. L. Stewart on the philosophy of the poem was listened to with keen enjoyment. At the November meeting the concluding address in the Wordsworth series was delivered by Professor Martin, who took as his subject a group of five representative sonnets tracing developments in the poet's life. Mrs. Dauphinee gave a fine interpretation of the five sonnets. The December meeting marked a delightful climax to the year's programme. Mrs. Dauphinee and Mrs. Beckford were hostesses to the Group at the home of the former on Connaught Avenue. Mrs. A. G. Baird was awarded the prize for the best Christmas poem submitted by members of the Centre. Dr. H. L. Stewart gave a talk—*The Greek Interpretation and Criticism of Poetry*. In keeping with the spirit of the occasion the address was delivered with a strong vein of humour running throughout and was greatly enjoyed.

The Centre was honoured by a kind message of congratulation from the President-General, Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell, forwarded by the Director and Editor. A handsome card conveying season's greetings from Miss Roberta Shuttleworth and members of the Guildford Centre to those of the Nova Scotia Centre was received by the Secretary at Christmastime.

A member of the Poetry Society Nova Scotia Centre, I read THE POETRY REVIEW from beginning to end, and find it tremendously interesting. I especially enjoy the analyses of the different poets and their works. I look forward eagerly to each number: MARY M. GILBERT.

THE POETRY REVIEW, October-December issue came in the mail yesterday. Its arrival always gives me a thrill, and I seem to feel a deeper sense of appreciation for all those who are responsible for getting out our fine magazine in spite of bombs and robots and all the other horrors to which this war has subjected all of Europe. In fact, I take a pride that all my forbears were British, although their roots go deep into the soil of the U.S.A.: (Mrs.) G. M. BALLENTINE, San Mateo, Cal., March 12th.

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VOL. XXXVII

1946

NUMBER 3

The Fount of Poetic Inspiration

IN THE POETRY REVIEW for May, 1943, there appeared an abstract of an address, given to The Poetry Society by Dr. Douglas Webster on "Periodic Inspiration in Poetry and Music", designed to show that inspiration arises in many artists at well established time intervals in their lives and in certain numerous cases at intervals of 7-6 months. It is clear that, quite apart from this theory, circumstance has much to do with outbursts of inspiration in poetry and it is the object of this article to consider place and circumstance, rather than time, as the immediate cause of poetic inspiration.

We have Shelley's own admission that, even to a major poet, inspiration is fitful and transitory. In his "Defence of Poetry" he says "poetry is not like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say 'I will compose poetry'. The greatest poet even cannot say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness." Most poets would, in my experience, agree that, often after a long period of infertility, they arrive suddenly at a moment when whole poetic phrases leap into the quickened consciousness. Perhaps ideas for several poems will crowd in on them at once in this moment of "transitory brightness". What are the causes of these sudden bursts of fertility? An interesting commentary on them can, I think, be made.

In many cases a long period of fruitless search for ideas has preceded these peak moments and it is likely that, without this long toil, the peak times would not have been so productive. The long meditation has not been wasted. It has merely needed some stimulus to cause it to yield its fruits. But, granted that this is so, the nature of the stimulus remains to be explored.

We are all familiar with the theory of "art in a garret". According to this theory, deprivation is a stimulus to artistic conception. It suggests that the poet, starved of colour in a drab life, conjures a substitute colour from his own imagination and embodies it in poems rich in colour and imagery.

James Thomson (B.V.) in his poem "Art" set out this theory at some length, the following lines being typical of his theme:

Singing is sweet; but be sure of this,
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss . . .
Who gives the fine report of the feast?
He who got none and enjoyed it least.
Were the wine really slipping down his throat
Would his song of the wine advance a note?

The poems of Francis Thompson, so brilliant in colour and phraseology, no doubt support this theory. One can well imagine the consolation that the mystic matchseller of Charing Cross derived from the rich imagery of the phrases forming in his mind.

I think therefore that we must agree that times of deprivation are a fruitful stimulus to a certain type of mind. It is, however, equally true that moments of intense emotional satisfaction can provide a powerful stimulus, and I would submit that it is at times of monotony, when neither the heights nor the depths are encountered, that stimulus is most absent. Goethe is an example of a poet whose stimulus was found in moments of emotional superfluity, as he has explained in his own writings. It is as though, in a moment of intense emotional pleasure, there is an overflow of the feelings into poetry. The nerve centres seem at such peak times to be put into a state of acute tension, in which, like taut violin strings, they are sensitive to every passing experience. We are told that Milton and Leonardo da Vinci both liked to hear music before beginning to work, thus furnishing an example of a deliberate attempt to put the mind into a state of emotional satisfaction and tension with a view to stimulus. Such men, who write best when the cup of life is full, would probably write nothing of value in a state of deprivation.

Examples of still more deliberate attempts to heighten the state of emotional tension could, of course, be given. Apart from the use of various drugs, Lombroso, in his interesting book, *The Man of Genius*, gives various examples of instinctive methods of augmenting the cerebral circulation. Thus, Shelley would lay on the hearthrug with his head close to the fire. Rousseau would meditate with his head in the full glare of the sun, whilst Milton would compose with his head leaning over his easy chair.

Such methods, however, can do nothing but enable the mind to draw inspiration from its own resources, and most poets will probably find their stimulus in some contact with people and affairs. As J. B. Meyer has said: "Creative fancy requires supplies from life, and can not draw its wondrous threads from out of its own body as a silkworm does."

Even when in contact with people and affairs, the times of inspiration are merely occasional. For some long time the poet may move in such a sphere, whilst taking full part in its life. Suddenly the life about him is caught and held in a web of inspiration. The moment at which this occurs is no doubt partly determined by the other factors referred to in this article and possibly also by the factor of periodicity dealt with in Dr. Webster's lecture.

The influence of sex as a poetic stimulus is, of course, important. Instances of sexual love as stimulus are so frequent and obvious that no examples need here be given. So powerful is this stimulus that it may well be said that just as, in a physical sense, the man has the power to fertilise the woman, so, in an artistic and poetic sense, the woman has the power of fertilising the male artistic genius.

Locality has its place in providing inspiration, and probably all poets have their own particular resorts for obtaining the emotional food upon which their inspiration thrives. I know a poet for whom a walk through Kensington seldom fails to provide a stimulus!

It is a curious fact that, to most poets, contact with the full flow of life appears to have a more inspirational effect in warm, if not sunny, conditions of weather. Here also Lombroso gives many examples. Milton could write successfully only from the Spring equinox to that of Autumn. Rousseau found that the action of the sun aided him to compose and Voltaire had his study warmed throughout the year. Schiller, in his correspondence with Goethe, shows very clearly his incapacity to do good work in dull weather. It seems certain that many poets are only truly alive when the sun is blazing. How much of this is a physical

effect and how much merely psychological it is difficult to say, for such a temperament is always wide open to every emotional sun that gleams.

Finally we may note the somewhat strange fact that, at times of mental exhaustion, the imagination may be greatly stimulated. The explanation is probably that, at such times, the exhausted intellectual powers are too feeble to keep a check on the emotional processes. Schiller has said that "in a creative brain reason has withdrawn her watch at the doors, and ideas crowd in pell-mell". In a state of mental exhaustion reason has perforce to withdraw her watch and the fancy is thereby set free.

WILLIAM WOLFF.

Jasmine

WHENCE do you come, Golden Flower? With what intent?
Inward dream
of nature, by whom were you sent?
Are you charged with mission to redeem
the hard winter of a prodigal's lament,
unveiling beauty from celestial springs
reserved in hearts that mirror holy things?

The seeds of eternity that time will grow
lie buried in your womb;
ah, thornless crown on Shiloh's brow,
your roots have rent the tomb;
your falling petals follow Death—
far down the corridors of night—
and set a wreath,
a garland, round his head, and thus bedight
he wears a grandeur not his own,
that we may meet him, unafraid, alone.

And beyond, what do we find?
Oh surely, all unknowing, we were blind;
how little could we hear
with a fleshy, lifeless ear,
and how merciful that man is dumb
whose heart has lost the pulse, the cosmic thrum.

Alas, we hold a silver cord,
to bind us captive in these broad
and pleasant lands,
for no one understands
that earth and heaven are one, one above and one below,
one everywhere the soul can go.

R.N.H.Q., Melbourne.

Greswolde Davis.

Impressionist

SHE sat in the Milk Bar: with the gigolo man—
A witty fool and a dashing blood;
And she was sophisticated—I acknowledge it—
She was sophisticated beyond a doubt—
Knew all the come-backs, played with his light remark;
She was no fly for the parlour of the sleek tarantula
—Unless she could spin the web.
—Except she should desire to go, and accept the code
Of the glamorous game—O, think it not, my heart—
Never, my mind, consider!—with that hair,
Black as the night outside, and the deep blue eyes
And the flowing grace—Say it not, O my soul!
For she was meant for me.
And all the time—ever she looked at me,
Smiled deep down in the eyes and loved with lips
And made my thoughts see the moon in its mighty urge
Looming alone for the poet—and she all the poet's dream!

She is the immaculate conception of my wild ideal,
I am in great despair at the thought of her loveliness,
At her thick dark flowing hair and her crimson lips,
Her strong but delicate voice and her lustrous eyes,
At the form I cannot describe.
Many have I seen in the grip of the gorgon jaws,
Many a butterfly caught in the snare of the Orchis
—But never yet one that is fascinated, and unfouled;
And what if I were the poet that I wish to be—
What if I were the soul of all Russia's gloom—
Or of Ireland's sorrow?—yet would I be inept
To image this masterpiece, and my misery:
For this I would be a painter, but only for this,
Or else a musician to fashion a Symphony
Or an Arabesque—knowing the mystery
That would elude me still.
Ah, but I created about her my lavishing dream,
I tenderly approached her and gave her the gift of my love,
Delicately robed her in all the infinite bliss
Of my imagery—my helplessly great imagination;
Ah, could I show her the ecstasy that I feel
—Vague with the frightening of my fusing woe!
But I remember . . . remember . . . remember . . .
That I have relished this rare, this ravishing rose,
And I have dreamed her deep down in my soul's unrest—
But what am I thinking, who knoweth the way of dreams?

Thomas Astore.

Quo Vadis?

THIS is the sheep's road
Between down and down,
Winding out of the wind,
Circling the summit,
Where,
It will never reach.
The slow, patient beasts
Intent upon food and sleep
And the business of life,
Made it without knowledge
Of where they were going
Or why,
(Cropping the short down-grass,
Contented.)
Sheep are good beasts,
Virtuous
And of great humility.
They are patient in affliction,
They do not argue or command,
Or condemn,
They go the same way;
And it were well for us
To take the sheep's road,
Avoiding the dangers of the summit—
The wind, like a keen-edged knife,
The landslip with no warning
The precipice at our feet.
But we have denied
The pastoral virtues,
The easy road,
The warm fold at night;
And a man is no longer safe
If he love his wife,
Live at peace with his neighbours
And do good to his kind.
We have denied
The sheep's road
Between down and down,
Winding out of the wind;
And we have chosen instead
The lonely heights of winter,
Cold and severe.
And the pitiless, staring stars.

L. E. Brodie.

On the Shooting of a Golden Oriole

“**F**OR three years in succession a pair of golden orioles came and nested in a small wood about a hundred yards beyond the barbed wire of our (German) prisoner-of-war camp. How we looked forward to their coming! But in the third year one of the guard went out and shot the male bird, and its mate, after haunting the place for a day or two, flew away.”

O! cast your green, your first, faint green of Spring,
You elms, you birches, and you poplar trees.
Assume the fallow leaves wherein disease,
Borne on the mists and dews and droning wing
Of Autumn many-hued and withering,
Clothes branch and bough upon the year's decease.
Forget the Prime, the Summer's warmth and ease,
And to your death-raped sanctuary bring
A sombre drapery of wind and rain
And foliage sparse and sere. Choose this sad hour
To be the Fall: in its tumultuous dole
Intone a twofold prophecy and pain,
The doom of man in prostituted power,
And mankind's requiem for the oriole.

Thomas Demarden Williams.

Homesickness for France

THAT morning, in the clear light
and the sun's languor, when the sirens had wailed
I heard a voice in the street below speaking the Tongue.
Death snarled in the sky, ranging high and fast,
but death was nothing, and the Tongue was all:
street, sunlight, morning—gone: gone the years too—
O all the arras of the years torn down!—
and I was there again: the raddled streets
of the old city, sorded and lyric in dawn:
reek of wine lees, staccato-chattered French—
rue Tous Vents and the sombre leaning houses
shuttered, with light like a witch's eye
in some high window leering,
and youth, youth—the pristine, the ever-new,
having immortality, playing with desperate loves—
Riette, Celeste, Simone—
the deathless names, the magical, that lost their magic, died
as youth died.
There is a deeper death
than any ranging these intolerable skies.

Michael Delarche.

Poets at War

THEY wrote of Life, in lost remembered days
Before the red god spread his lurid flame;
They wrote of Beauty, ere destruction came
Its cruel bars against her face to raise;
They heard the siren sound of Nature's call,
And unresisting answered it, to tell
The secrets they might learn beneath her spell;
They wrote of Love—of Love the most of all!

But they have lived with Ugliness, and Death,
And human Hate, the world's old festered sore;
They learned of things that Nature heretofore
Withheld from them beneath her honeyed breath . . .
What new, untempered note, born thus in pain,
Will drive them when they turn to write again?

Papatoetoe, Auckland, N.Z.

Ivy F. Smytheman.

To Doreen

DREAM, my dear darling,
Deep in your beautiful bed
Of quiet content. Dream;
And I will gaze on your golden head
And dread the moment when hungry desire again
Will wake and wrestle with your wholeness.
Ah do not wake, my girl goddess;
Do not break your quiet cloak of rest.

This way, lying still in sleep,
The mapped and quiet country,
Your body breathes with the sun
And is grateful as the brown
And ancient clay and the green-grass gown
Where your rich hair and your head lie down.

The moment "now" looks over its shoulder
And takes eternity in with its eyes;
The whole world of time now lies
Stretched and sleeping. You are older

Now than the ancient hills your brothers;
On your softly parted lips
The wisdom, the lovely grief sleeps
That sweet solace is for lovers.

You are all the love of years,
Of ancient women, of the firm

THE POETRY REVIEW

Soil and its black prince the Sun . . .
(Oh, what wonderful garments my love wears;

She is all clothed in sleep and age, and lies
In the grass like Psyche in her golden
Night; but open her eyes to behold him,
Her lover, he swiftly from her flies.)

Ah! do not wake, my girl goddess;
Do not throw away your dress
Of immortality. Just one kiss
Of my burning lips would destroy your life,
And now you are to the world a wife. *John Preston.*

Requiem

DEEP, deep beneath the kind, concealing earth
Bury his body, and with it everything
That clogged his spirit from the hour of birth:
Each trivial tyranny, each pitiful lust,
Now let corruption change them into dust—
Grudge the worm nothing, let it have its fling.
Yet from this grave with the returning spring
Some bold green blade may break the prisoning sod,
A symbol of his once high destiny;
Nay, more, a sign of what he still may be—
If there be any virtue, any praise,
That you recall about him in old days,
Be very sure that it is known to God. *Enid M. Norman.*

Briar

WE flung dead roses on our summer fire
And watched the sudden, resurrected bloom
Of golden flowers in a shadowed room;
The fitful loveliness of burning briar.
I laughed and told you that they were not dead:
Such sparkling things they were, such sparkling things
Of shining stems and leaves like golden wings—
As luminous as love! You turned your head.
And for one quiet moment you were God
And all the years were gathered in your eyes;
You were the Infinite, the One who trod
Among the stars in seasonless wide skies—
And I was in the shadows, heavy-shod,
Bound fast to earth, unlovely and unwise. *Nancy Bowden.*

The Cut Reed

NO dust sirocco from the desert flew
To sear with drought the moorland mere,
But the wind-lyric of the west land blew
Season by season, year on year.

Mist muted airs ripple the placid deep
Of waters in the osiery
Or pregnant with black fury tempests leap
Shrieking upon the sedge, to be
A rapier to the reed that bends but will
Not break. Then summer-soft it flows
Around the verge while flower-de-luce all spill
Their golden ensigns where it goes.

One reed, the choice, to take the buffeting,
The sorrow of the piercing blade,
The joy that teaches sorrow how to sing
On hollow pipes the soul has made.
One liquid note be mine to end the song!
My prayer for the deathless favour—
That I may time a lilting breve along
With the west wind's perfect quaver.
Had I the gift of words to do my part,
And tune cool water-poems sung
Before the scorching mistral of the heart
Will parch the lips and dry the tongue.

Corsen Dreghys.

Gladys Hunkin
(Bard of the Cornish Gorsedd).

Oh, Then I Could Know . . .

IF I could cull from our English speech
harmonious words to chant or sing,
and place them carefully each by each
with beauty and truth in the garnering;

if they brought the heart to the hearer's throat,
and lifted the soul to a higher plane,
discarding the futile as things remote,
and rousing the latent god-like strain;

if whenever was heard the opening phrase
contentment flooded the world-hurt soul
that consciously waited, in quiet amaze,
for remembered joy and completed whole;

oh, then I could know I had justified
the long life line from the dim dark past—
for a space I had been of that Spirit, whose pride
was a being created—a song that would last.

Vancouver, B.C.

Irene H. Moody.

To You, My Friend

To you, my friend,
I gave a wisp of heather
And with it all I had of love to spare,
That it might lend,
When we are not together,
Its sweetness to the memories we share.

To you that day
I said (for man is feckless)
"When it means nothing send it back to me",
And turned away;
But you, forever reckless,
Swore, as you called me back, that could not be.

My friend, of you
Now far away in distance
I think, as Autumn flames upon the wall,
And where they grew,
Silent, without resistance,
I see the petals of the red rose fall.

And ah, my dear, my dear, I wonder whether
'Tis I or you will hold at last the heather! *Phyllis Lyth.*

High Summer

THIS then is love, this stillness in my heart
That gathers to itself these lovely skies.
All summer's in the wild rose and the elm,
For measureless content within me lies.

New realms belong to me, no longer now
Shall the sun burn me with consuming fire,
For underneath the golden height of noon,
I find one tree whose shadow's my desire.

The heat of love in shimmering mists engulfs
The hesitation of the spring's pale beams,
And from its scarlet tide I bend and pluck
The timeless rose of summer's secret dreams.

When winter, with its grip of fear and cold,
Lays bare the gilded fields with silver rime,
Still shall I sit beneath your tree of love
And keep your heart, the rose of summertime.

Marguerite Tudor Williams.

Wilfred Owen

CECIL DAY LEWIS has remarked that the three men who have most influenced the trend of modern poetry are Gerard Manley Hopkins, T. S. Eliot and Wilfred Owen. Of these three Owen is probably the least well known, for he was killed before he was able to perfect his technique. Owen's life was spent in an age which—through the imperative claims of war—was even less kind in providing leisure for writing than were the sordid and artificial 1920s and 1930s, during which Eliot's work flowered to perfection. Hopkins, who might be called the first of the "moderns", lived in a period far removed—not by actual years but by man's whole conception of the position of peace and war and their relevant machinations—from that of the present day, or even of 1914-18.

It is true, of course, that though war may provide little leisure or facility for writing poetry, yet the war-periods in our history have produced some of the most significant work: an impetus is produced and pent-up emotions find their way on to paper—and thence into the portfolios of posterity. The young poets of the first world war have carved a peculiar niche for themselves in literary history; some of their names may be less well known than others; but among them are Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon, C. H. Sorley, Julian Grenfell, Isaac Rosenberg, and they are led by the genius of a rather shy tutor: Wilfred Owen.

Owen was an individualist; he sought to form his own particular style and technique and the work which he has left us barely extends further than the experimental stage. Throughout his life he maintained a profound admiration for the work of Keats and ultimately, following in the footsteps of the object of his homage, he likewise exemplified the veracity of the old saying, "Whom the Gods love (i.e., those to whom some peculiar gift of genius has been imparted) die young".

On 18th March, 1893, Wilfred Owen was born at Plas Wilmot, Oswestry, and he received part of his education at the Birkenhead Institute in Liverpool. While still a boy the thirst for knowledge and the love of poetry which were to be his throughout life assailed him. Writing of a holiday which he spent at Broxton by the Hill when about ten years old, he says:

"For I fared back into my life's arrears,
Even the weeks at Broxton, by the Hill,
Where first I felt my boyhood fill
With uncontainable movements; there was born
My poethood."

When he matriculated at London University in 1910 he was already studying the works of the poets and was himself producing verses—many of them very much influenced by his idol—Keats.

In 1913, having travelled to France for health reasons, Owen obtained a tutorial post at Bordeaux. There he was encouraged in his versification by the French poet, Laurent Tailhade. In the same year Owen determined to publish a collection of verse under the title of *Minor Poems—in Minor Keys—By a Minor*. Many of these poems were immature and others were closely modelled on the work of Keats. Such, for example, was "The little Mermaid of Hans Christian Andersen, done into English verse", whose seventy-eight stanzas closely followed the style of "Isabella". These early poems, however, show us how keenly alive were Owen's senses to the beautiful and the ugly things of life:—

"The Witch's den! Around was filthy quag,
In whose soft mire slow-wallowed water-slugs,

Large, fat and white. There sat the fishy hag,
Beneath her hut of bones . . ."

In May, 1914, aware of his own artistic leanings, he dismissed two of the arts—music and painting—and determined to give his future to the composition of poetry. Two months later, before the advent of war changed the whole thread of his life and, with his life, his poetry, he wrote the simple and beautiful lines:—

"Leaves

Murmuring by myriads in the shimmering trees.

Lives

Wakening with wonder in the Pyrenees.

Birds

Cheerily chirping in the early day.

Bards

Singing of summer scything thro' the hay."

Owen was able to return to England in 1915 and joined the Artists' Rifles. Throughout that year he clung to the hope of soon being able to pursue his study and writing without the interference of an European inferno. He wrote: "*To be able to write as I know how to, to study is necessary: a period of study, then of intercourse with kindred spirits, then of isolation. My heart is ready, but my brain unprepared, and my hand untrained. I quite envisage possibility of non-success*".

In January, 1917, Owen was fighting on the Somme with the Second Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. He writes home with that peculiarly English mixture of amused irony and under-statement: "This morning I was hit! We were bombing, and a fragment from somewhere hit my thumb-knuckle. I coaxed out one drop of blood. Alas! no more! ! There is a fine heroic feeling about being in France, as I am in perfect spirits. A tinge of excitement is about me, but excitement is always necessary to my happiness". But the "perfect spirits" of the poet did not long survive the harsh brutality of warfare.

Some of his letters from the front show that the poet was a master of prose as well as of verse: ". . . They want to call No Man's Land 'England' because we keep supremacy there. It is like the eternal place of gnashing of teeth; the Slough of Despond could be contained in one of its crater-holes, the fires of Sodom and Gomorrah could not light a candle to it—to find the way to Babylon the Fallen. It is pock-marked like a body of foulest disease, and its odour is the breath of cancer . . . No Man's Land under snow is like the face of the moon, chaotic, crater-ridden, uninhabitable, awful, the abode of madness . . ."

The extreme sensitiveness to beauty and ugliness which Owen showed in his early poems made life intolerable for him at the front: "I suppose I can endure cold and fatigue and the face-to-face death as well as another; but extra for me there is the universal pervasion of *Ugliness*. Hideous landscapes, vile noises, foul language—or the distortion of the dead, whose unburiable bodies sit outside the dugouts all day, all night, the most execrable sights on earth. In poetry we call them the most glorious. But to sit with them all day, all night—and a week later to come back and find them still sitting there in motionless groups, that is what saps the 'soldierly spirit'".

In May, 1917, Owen was diagnosed as suffering from neurasthenia; in June he developed "trench fever" and was sent back to England. Very soon he was to make the acquaintance of his contemporary, Siegfried Sassoon—and already, though with less fierceness, he had developed a similar urgent hatred of war and

fierce desire to end the futile and awful bloodshed. "Already I have comprehended a light", he wrote, "which never will filter into the dogma of any national church: namely that one of Christ's essential commands was: Passivity at any price! Suffer dishonour and disgrace, but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed; but do not kill. It may be a chimerical and an ignominious principle, but there it is . . . Christ is literally in 'no man's land'. There men often hear his voice: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend. Is it spoken in English only and French? I do not believe so. There you see how pure Christianity will not fit in with pure patriotism." At the end of June he was sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital near Edinburgh, and in August Sassoon also arrived.

Craiglockhart produced a magazine called *The Hydra*, which saw the first publication of some of Owen's work as well as some of Sassoon's. The first and very small issue, which may have been edited by Owen himself, was not very successful. It was then entirely remodelled by a young Scotsman, James Bell Salmond, since well known as poet, novelist and editor of the *Scots Magazine*. In the issues produced by Salmond in the autumn of 1917 some of both Owen's and Sassoon's work appeared.

Owen submitted some of his work to the judgment of the older poet—at first nervously and modestly. Very soon a very real friendship sprang up between them. Edmund Blunden has written: "The chance that gave Owen the friendship of Mr. Sassoon, then endeavouring in all ways open to him, but above all by poetical challenge, to shed light on the futile ugliness of the war, was a good one. It supplied the answer to the petition for a poet's companionship which Owen uttered in his verses years before . . . the impact of Mr. Sassoon's character, thought and independent poetic method gave the other a new purpose". Robert Graves, a great friend of Sassoon's, has written of his friend's advent at Craiglockhart in his autobiography, *Good-bye to all That*: "Another patient at the hospital was Wilfred Owen, who had had a bad time with the Manchester Regiment in France; and, further, it had preyed on his mind that he had been accused of cowardice by his commanding officer. He was in a very shocking condition. It was meeting Siegfried here that set him writing his war-poems. He was a quiet, round-faced little man". But Sassoon himself, who has written a most interesting account of his first meeting with Owen in *Siegfried's Journey* 1916-20, disallowing the statement that Owen modelled his war poetry on his own, says: "My own claimable influence was that I stimulated him towards writing with compassionate and challenging realism. His printed letters are evidence that the impulse was already strong in him before he had met me. The manuscript of one of his most dynamically descriptive war poems, "Exposure", is dated February, 1917, and proves that he had already found an authentic utterance of his own". Actually the MS. of "Exposure", says Edmund Blunden, was dated February, 1916, but he considered it to be a slip.

When Owen first met him Sassoon had already begun to make a name for himself, and in introducing himself to the older man Owen was shy and modest. As time went on they became better acquainted and discussed poetic form while the younger poet brought his poems for the other's criticism but "it was, however, not until some time in October", writes Sassoon (and they had first met in August), "when he brought me his splendidly constructed sonnet "Anthem for Doomed Youth", that it dawned on me that my little friend was much more than the promising minor poet I had hitherto adjudged him to be. I now realised that

his verse, with its sumptuous epithets and large-scale imagery, its noble naturalness and depth of meaning, had impressive affinities with Keats, whom he took as his supreme exemplar".

That Owen's interests at Craiglockhart were not only literary is instanced by the fact that he was an active member of the "Field Club". In a copy of the *Hydra* for November, 1917 (the issue which includes Siegfried Sassoon's "Thrushes" and which was edited not by Owen, as both Sassoon and Blunden imply, but by J. B. Salmond), we read that he read a paper to that club on soil composition, classification and fertility! During the time he was in Edinburgh Owen also lectured at Tynecastle School and was engaged on some historical research in the Advocates' Library; in short, he found his stay there so pleasant that when his departure was imminent he wrote: "I am seriously beginning to have aching sensations at being rooted up from this pleasant Region". He left Craiglockhart at the beginning of November, 1917, and his first letter to Sassoon, written after their separation, bears witness to the immense respect in which he held the recipient: "Know that since mid-September when you still regarded me as a tiresome little knocker on your door, I held you as Keats + Christ + Elijah + My Colonel + my father-confessor + Amenophis IV in profile . . . you have *fixed* my Life—however short".

Before they parted Sassoon had given his friend a letter of introduction to Robert Ross, who soon brought Owen into London literary circles. Under Ross's guidance he met Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells—the latter he described thus: "Presently I became aware of a pair of bayonet-coloured eyes, threatening at me from over, as it were, a brown sandbag".

Sent to Scarborough, Owen became major-domo of a hotel filled with seventy officers. Writing to his mother at the end of 1917 and looking back on the past year, he writes: "I go out of this year a poet—as which I did not enter it . . . The tugs have left me, I feel the great swelling of the open sea taking my galleons", but less than six months later he is writing: "I am already old for a poet, and so little is yet achieved . . ." When he was working on his translation of the *Song of Roland*, Charles Scott Moncrieff sought Owen's criticism and advice, originally dedicating his work "to Mr. W. O." but subsequently on publication in 1919, instead of the dedication, it contained a sonnet in memory of Owen—as one of a group of sonnets in memory of three friends. In 1918 there was talk of publishing Owen's poems, and William Heinemann was considering the project, but at the end of July Owen returned to France and to the Front. On September 22nd he wrote to Sassoon, "You said it would be a good thing for my poetry if I went back. That is my consolation for feeling a fool. This is what shells scream at me every time: "Haven't you got the wits to keep out of this?" . . . and later: "It is a strange truth, that your 'Counter-Attack' frightened me much more than the real one. . . . I shall feel again as soon as I dare, but now I must not. I don't take the cigarette out of my mouth when I write Deceased over their letters . . ." In the last few weeks of the war Wilfred Owen was awarded the M.C., but just a week before the armistice—on the 4th November, 1918—while helping his men to bridge the Sambre Canal—he was killed. At the time of his death he had very definitely in mind a published volume, and amongst his papers were found the "Preface" and "Contents" table; two years later—in December, 1920—his friend and fellow-poet, Sassoon, published Owen's poems, and in 1931 Edmund Blunden edited an enlarged collection, with a memoir.

Although Owen is usually termed a "war-poet", yet his poetry is not all of it

"war poetry". It was inevitable that his subjects should mainly be drawn from his harrowing experiences, but had he lived he would very probably have written just as well on other themes. His sonnet "Music", written in the winter of 1916-17 makes great use of alliteration and onomatopoeia:

"I have been urged by earnest violins
And drunk their mellow sorrows to the slake
Of all my sorrows and my thirsting sins . . .
Huge chords have wrought me mighty: I have hurled
Thuds of God's thunder. And with old winds pondered
Over the curse of this chaotic world,
With low lost winds that maundered as they wandered."

Throughout his work, the use of these two poetic devices is prominent; in "Exposure", for instance,

"Sudden successive flights of bullets struck the silence.
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause and renew,
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance . . ."

Owen's mastery over words and his effectual use of the short line and imperfect rhyme is shown in "Fragment: It is not death!" (In some anthologies entitled "The Young Soldier".)

"It is not death
Without hereafter
To one in dearth
Of life and its laughter.

Nor the sweet murder
Death slow and even
Unto the martyr
Smiling at heaven.

It is the smile
Faint as a waning myth
Faint and exceeding small
On a boy's murdered mouth."

The young officer whose very keen sensitiveness to beauty and ugliness suffered so intensely in the trenches wrote:

Happy are these who lose imagination:
They have enough to carry with ammunition."

The study in four parts, entitled "S.I.W." (self-inflicted wound) contains all the bitter satire and cynicism of the disillusionment and futility of the war, so often portrayed by Sassoon in such poems as "Memorial Tablet". The same bitter note underlies Owen's "Futility":

"Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once, . . .
. . . If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know . . .
. . . Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?"

This sounds rather akin to the philosophy of A. E. Housman. Perhaps the most terribly poignant of all his poems in its cynicism and feeling is the one entitled

"A Terre (being the philosophy of many soldiers)", beginning "Sit on the bed, I'm blind, and three parts shell . . ." Another version of this poem—"Wild with all regrets"—is dedicated to Siegfried Sassoon and is dated "December, 1917".

Wilfred Owen's imaginative war poetry reached its climax in the unfinished poem "Strange meeting", of which Edmund Blunden in his edition includes various discarded M.S. readings. The young soldier finds himself suddenly away from the noise of warfare, "It seems that out of battle I escaped Down some profound dull tunnel", and in the "sullen hall" of Hell comes face to face with the young soldier whom—as his enemy—he killed the previous day. The effective use of faulty rhyme adds much to the combined realism and imagery of this poem.

Frank Nicholson, then Librarian of Edinburgh University, who met Owen during his stay at Craiglockhart, writes: "He told me of his idea of substituting a play of vowels for pure rhyme and spoke of the effects that could be obtained from this device with an engaging assurance and perhaps a touch of wilfulness like that of a child insisting, half humorously and half defiantly, that he is in the right". And that idea of his has made his work immortal.

By some Owen is acclaimed as the greatest of the war poets: others would append to this statement "except for —", but at all events his place amongst his contemporaries is a very high one and had he lived he might have surpassed all of them; and while one of these was writing "Blow out, you bugles, over the Rich Dead!"—one of the war sonnets which fired the patriotic fever of the Englishman—Owen produced the parallel or complementary sonnet, his "Anthem for Doomed Youth":

What passing bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes,
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing down of blinds—"

ATHALIE BUSHNELL.

Lines

O NEVER, please,
Let sorrow's plough
Drive furrows deep
Across that brow:
And never let
Your bright eyes weep;
Such stars as these
Should never set.

And may the roses
Of your lips
(Where true love sips
His own, his all)
Be ever posies
Freshly made,
And never fade
And never fall. *John Godley.*

Thrush-Songs

THE square resounds to a thrush,
And has for many a year,
His song is a blush
On my cheek, and a tear.

He sings the sun like a loon,
The stars with equal allure,
He sings to the moon
As a king to the poor.

He shouts not loud for the fame,
Nor croaks, implores for his bread,
Nor schemes with his brain,
Yet the world lifts its head.

Now autumn comes, now the springs,
Now dusk. Come vespers in rains,
Come snow, still he rings
All the air with refrains.

So many times have I passed
To hear aloud in the crush,
One thought at the last,
Will be songs of the thrush.

E. R. Edwards.

I Know a Valley

I KNOW a valley
where no mortal foot
has trodden
for a hundred thousand years.

It lies asleep
between two purple hills
that guard and keep
its virgin solitudes.

A tiny stream
runs twinkling there
and laughs and babbles
between shining stones;
and wild things gather there
with shining eyes
and fluttering wings,
and little furry beasts
with quivering ears
and tiny pattering feet.

And I will take my harp there
and I will sing my songs there,

and all the furry things
and fluttering wings
will gather there
to listen to the music
of my strings.

I will lie down there
thanking my God for grass
and every living thing:
for every weed that grows
for trees and winds and rain
and clouds;
for eyes that see
and ears that hear.

* * *

And I will praise the Lord
that I can breathe
the air of Freedom
'neath an English sky.

William Booth.

Fear

TIGERS leaping like striped lightning
Through the jungle of my brain
Turn and maul the hounds of sleeping
Nor will let them go again.

Down long glades that know no sun
Naked, striped, alone I run
Till the kindness of the dawn
Greets my bleeding feet with balm.
As I claw my frenzied way
From the darkness to the day
(Light will send security!)
Over my doomed head I see
Beckoning, threatening, bowed and bending,
Fear beginning,

Fear unending.

Cynthia Palmer.

Tell Me!

TELL me if beauty
Ever surpasses
The delicate charm
Of growing grasses
If ever fountain
Fall so gracefully
Or master craftsman

Make a filigree
That half compares with this!
Tell me if beauty
Ever surpasses
The delicate charm
Of growing grasses.

Ann Thompson.