

Index

Birth Notices, p. 1
 Book Exhibitions, p. 7
 Deletion, p. 8
 Feature Article, signed, part III, p. 2, 3
 Open days, p. 1
 Political memories, p. 6
 Scenario for a play, p. 4-5
 Upper world. Music, p. 1
 Visitors and Distinguished People in Residence, p. 8

Birth Notices

Mrs. Moore has a son. To be named, according to before-the-event decision, Henry Clay Moore after his father. The accouchement as reliably reported: Parents-to-be raced from Falls Church to Georgetown Hospital at six of an icy morning; the father - a mercurial temperament - was advised to go out for a walk; on his return (we have not been told how few blocks he walked) he was greeted with the news "mother and son doing well"; about 11 o'clock in the morning, the mother called Miss Rathbone at the Research Library by telephone and merrily told the good news. Mr. Bryce sent a plant from D.O., and ordered a 2nd lot of flowers to carry the felicitations of the Library Staff.

Joseph Lynch, when collecting reimbursement for express (or when on some like errand to the Lower Library) shyly, but not at all unhappily, announced the arrival of his 6th child.

Open Days.

The museum is now open on Saturday afternoons as well as on Mondays and Thursdays. Mr. Thacher and Mrs. Sessions will look over the list of expected visitors and one or the other be present if this seems desirable. Miss Rathbone, Mrs. Bland and Miss Diehl will alternate in being on hand should their services be required. Each is to receive first aid in docentry.

Upper World, Music.

In honor of Monsieur et Madame Focillon, there was lovely music (Mozart and Schubert) by The Musical Art Quartet yesterday. Mr. Thacher welcomed the guests after they were seated in the music room, speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and of former occasions when many of those present had listened to that same quartet in that room. "Woodsie" and LBC at the tea-table had the pleasure of seeing many familiar faces - Mrs. Chanler, Mrs. January, Mrs. Longworth, Senator Greene, Marvin Ross, Walter Lippmann, and others - and of speaking over and over again of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and D.O.

Chicago - a confession.

Working in a case with two dozen mummies is quite an experience. If anyone thinks it is tame, I wish to disabuse him of that idea immediately. In point of fact, the mummy cases are fraught with dangers both moral and physical. The purely physical pitfalls I was able to avoid as I had the good fortune to be in special training for this kind of job; the physical hazards bordering on the immoral I withstood by exerting a grim determination of which I was very proud; but to the purely moral temptations I succumbed with wicked glee. These may not be the best names for my categories, but in the end the fact remains: I avoided doing the innocuous things which were inexpedient - such as fainting at the far end of the case where there was no air and not enough room to stretch out comfortably, I refrained from doing evil things - such as drawing patterns in the dust, but I did the wicked ones as you shall see.

The mummy cases are on the other side of the hall from the cases I described last week. The windows are the same size, but they are really windows, the cases being long corridors seven feet deep, with a door at one end. Lights and other things lie concealed by the moldings and the mummies repose in solemn state with their feet to the audience on slanting stands about twelve inches from the floor in front and perhaps three feet high in back. The textiles I was to examine were hung on the back wall.

Before I went into the case, there was an impressive gathering of the clan. Dr. Martin, Mr. Martin, Mr. Corning, Mr. Weeks and Mrs. Bright all assembled solemnly to give me advice. The two latter had been in the case when it was being arranged, and had filled it up as they came out. The other three had never been in it, but had directed work from the outside. They therefore told me in all seriousness, that I should not be able to hear through the glass. I was to change two signs at the end of the case, so I was given a screw driver and a pair of pliers to add to my own equipment. They warned me not to drag my feet, as that would leave a wake, and on no account to touch the glass, for then it would all have to come apart to be washed. They told me everything they could think of, and then lined up with a guard in uniform at either end, as Mr. Corning unlocked the door, let me into the case, and gave me his blessing. For a moment I stood in the wings taking off my shoes and donning heavy woolen socks which would not leave footprints, putting my textile blanks under one arm, clutching the screw driver, pliers, microscope and pencil firmly in my hands, drawing one last breath of contemporary air deep into my lungs, and then stepped daintily out before the footlights. The first moment was a real thrill - for I just missed treading on a mousetrap. If the early Christian angels hadn't been on their jobs this story would have had a different ending. When I think of the comparatively unprotected state of my tender toes! and the havoc to be wrought by one unconsidered movement - -. But my public waited, and with superhuman strength of mind I set my countenance in the mask of bland disinterest most fitting to my surroundings, and began to thread my tortuous way. Fortunately for my leg muscles some of the mummies were children and did not reach from the glass to the back wall, so around the foot of two, remembering to raise my feet and not to touch the glass, then under three grown-ups. This was a slow process, for all the things in my hands and under my arms had to be placed (not shoved) in front of me on the floor, my skirts gathered up, and me, myself, folded up into the least space possible in order to attain the other shore without disturbing the Egyptian calm. I fold up rather well, which is fortunate, but even so the last mummy stand was nearly too much for me. It was so near a sarcophagus that though I got under it with flying colors (or should I say neatly furled wings) there was no room to unfold and I dreamed of unborn anthropologists studying the strange phenomenon of one mummy with chin on knees among so many straight and narrow ones.

Hours later, having attained the far end of the case, I set to work changing labels as I foresaw that when this was accomplished the gallery would leave. A silent gallery is an awful thing. Then my downfall began; for someone spoke and they were audible. I should have let them know that I could hear: but there were no outsiders in the Museum that early; and one person without properties explaining in pantomime how to take apart a label stand is interesting, seven are marvelous. The first stand came apart rather easily, the second was much harder; and it was well-nigh impossible to get the stands back in position with their heads at the proper tilt. A gallery in action is intriguing. When all was satisfactory, my public vanished leaving nothing to be thought of but my work. So to work diligently with no stopping at the sound of approaching feet. But when the piece is done turn swiftly and see the unsuspecting people jump. The climax came as the last piece was analysed and I stood once more beside the wings. A class of small children paying no attention to their earnest teacher stared at me with enormous eyes and the smallest tapped lightly on the glass to catch my eye whispering "Arn't you scared?". It wouldn't have done to laugh in a vacuum so I ducked behind the wings and opened the door to laugh in comfort.

Finis.

L. Bellinger

(signed for her by ed.)

Le Médecin des Bronzes

Scenario for a play in two acts.

Dramatis Personae (in the order of their appearance)

Mrs. Bland. A hovering angel. Type, Vera Zorina

Mr. Gettens. A technical expert on bronzes

Sergeant. A guard

Prof. Sachs. A great museum administrator

Maitre Focillon. A learned and spirited French Scholar

Irene (off-stage). A parlor maid

ACT I One Monday late in January

Scene I. Basement Corridor, Museum Wing

The Egyptian bronze "find" is supposed to be in the cupboards of the basement corridor. Enter Mrs. Bland, Mr. Gettens and Sergeant.

Sergeant: (importantly jingling his keys) "This is the locker, Miss."

The doors are flung open. Amply, and frankly, are shown rows and rows of paper towels, cakes and cakes of soap, rolls and rolls of Scott's tissue.

Mr. Gettens: "!"

Mrs. Bland: "!"

Precipitate flight of Mr. Gettens and Mrs. Bland. Sergeant, finding himself alone, carefully closes the doors and locks the cupboard

Scene II. Exhibition Room, Museum Wing

The "find" is re-excavated by Mrs. Bland in the subsoil of Case III. Through the kind offices of Irene (off-stage) a bridge table and two steamer rugs are produced.

Mr. Gettens: (Seated at the bridge table close to the south-west window, one steamer rug over his knees, the other over his shoulders; his arms free for using his special magnifying glass and other technical instruments.) "But what is this?" (He holds up to the light, with pincers, a coarse hair about one and a half inches long.) "A whole hair with tapered end and root! Perhaps one of the million hairs on an Egyptian horse twenty-five thousand years ago. Attached to this bronze, firmly attached, with corrosive product."

Mrs. Bland: "??"

ACT II. The next day.

Scene I. Music Room.

Decorous examination of the Pre-Columbian objects by Mr. Gettens.

Recommendation for a new kind of chemical drier for - shall we say - the alluvial floor of the Cat's house.

Tribute to the Owl.

Scene II. Music Room

The Riemenschneider, lifted off her wooden core, is laid, gently, prone on the floor. Mr. Gettens, also prone on the floor, supporting himself on one elbow, shading his eyes with his free hand, studying the wood fibres, the grain. Enter Prof. Sachs and Maitre Focillon.

Le Médecin des Bronzes, continued

Mrs. Bland: (sotto voce) "Mr. Geddens!"

Prof. Sachs: "Mr. Geddens, I want to present you to M. Focillon".

Mr. Geddens: (scrambling to his feet) "Monsieur"

Maitre Focillon: (twinkling) "Monsieur, je m'y connais très bien dans vos écrits.
Vous êtes 'Le Médecin des Bronzes'".

Curtain

Ed. note. A more scientific account of these two days will be received from Le Médecin des Bronzes in a definitive report.

Some disconnected memories of
Kenneth Farrand Simpson
late Congressman from New York.

The first time I remember seeing Simmy was when he came home from The Hill with my brother to spend Spring vacation. Alfred brought him because he was good fun, but also because they two were the crack debaters on the squad and the big debate with Hotchkiss came at the end of vacation. Kent could always talk but it was less nerve wracking for the team if they knew he had done a certain amount of preparation. The boys worked all morning and the rest of the day did whatever came into their heads. They not only got up all the facts but parcelled them out between each other and their team mates and then set to drawing up good working outlines for their speeches. As I remember it they spoke from notes, which let them watch the tempo of their audiences, and was more effective than a written speech, learned. Anyway the work was good for they beat Hotchkiss and as always tied for first. Their methods of speaking were very different, Alfred slow and thoughtful working out the logic for his hearers, Simmy talking just as fast, and sometimes faster, - than he could mouth the words, calling to the people like the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

This power came in handy many times. They say that in the Freshman, Sophomore rush at Yale some Sophomores caught what they thought was a shy little Freshman and told him to make a patriotic address beginning with a commanding gesture and the words "Men of Yale". Some twenty minutes later they realized the rush had stopped.

I think Simmy was born loving politics. He gravitated to any place where politicians were. And it was around 1912 - Mr. Perkins' remark may locate it more definitely for you than it does for me, that he felt a nervous breakdown coming on "But cheer up! it won't be from drink, merely Beverage" - that he learned one good lesson in a most amusing way. The Perkins were giving a costume dance for Polly, and Simmy with young George's help went as a girl, the idea being that in that way he could get closer to the mighty than he could as a boy. He looked rather stunning in a black evening dress of his sister Sally's and a snow white wig, and he danced with all the people that he had wanted to meet, but they murmured sweet nothings about his school girl complexion, or how light he was on his feet, and could not believe that anyone so lovely might be interested in anything as dull as government. From that day on I never asked him a reasonable question about politics without getting a decent answer.

At Yale Kent was chairman of the News, and Alfred chairman of the Lit as they had been at school, and in the Summer of 1916 they both went to Tobyhanna with the Yale Battalion where the other boys badgered them with glee as all orders came through signed either by Generals Bellinger or Simpson. The government that year bought a great number of poor horses and most of them died at Tobyhanna. Simmy started the custom of burying them with full military honors to relieve the monotony of an unpleasant task. He also coined the order "Forward wheeze" to counteract Hi Bingham's unworkable "Eyes rightabout".

After the war when he was Assistant District Attorney he tried his cases as he used to debate with one eye on the audience. While swearing in a jury the question came up as to how long the case would take. If it would not be over till Saturday one man asked to be excused as he had urgent business on that day. Kent jumped up. "I think - ah - that I can set the gentleman's mind at rest on that point - ah - Friday is to be - ah - my wedding day" Later in the trial the judge rapped mildly with his gavel "Mr. Simpson, that isn't evidence. That's a speech".

Once lately Mother said "Kenneth, I see you all over the front pages of the paper, everybody picking on you". To which he answered "Yes! wonderful publicity! and I didn't have to pay for any of it".

Contributed by "L.B. 7 to H.C.B."

By PHILIP BROOKS

IT was Walt Whitman who thought he "could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. . . . Not one is dissatisfied. . . . Not one kneels to another. . . . Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth." Generally speaking, it is in human relations, or in the light of anthropomorphism, that animals seem to go astray. Apart from physical imprints found on rock formations, the beasts have left no record of how they looked, thought or felt, and it is doubtful whether they cared. But man has made it up to them in a continuous stream of art and literature from prehistoric times, and where he failed in direct observation he drew upon his fancy.

A review of some of the more curious and interesting manifestations of this vast subject is afforded by the unique and fascinating Winter exhibition, the Animal Kingdom, at the Pierpont Morgan Library. Miss Belle de Costa Greene, the director, and her staff have culled from its rich store over 150 representative manuscript illuminations, book illustrations, original drawings, cylinder seals and bindings to put on a show such as the book world has not seen. In its way it is as lively and as educational as the Ringling Brothers Circus, and with its dozen or more rings it may appear at least as bewildering.

What prevents confusion is the neat division of the material that has been made and its orderly arrangement in an excellent catalogue. As Miss Helen M. Franc points out in her brief foreword, "Animal imagery in speech and in the figurative arts is so inexhaustible a topic that such an exhibition as this can do no more than barely suggest its ramifications within the fields represented by collections in the Pierpont Morgan Library." The emphasis is entirely on subject-matter, and it is refreshing for once to find an exhibition that is free from the taint of bibliography. While many of the manuscripts are notable for their text or calligraphy, and the books are first or important editions, these obvious features are not stressed, and the display serves the novel purpose of reviewing the history and exposition of animal lore.

THE catalogue itself is a work of art designed for reading. In simple and lucid language, not the least bit academic or profound, it offers a series of didactic essays on the fourteen phases of the subject into which it is divided. Beautifully printed with twelve full page plates, it sells for \$1 and is well worth the price. Copies are obtainable from the Pierpont Morgan Library at 29 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City. But it would be a mistake not to see the show itself, with its pictures and tales of the strange and marvelous. The labels in the cases are particularly rich in lore and legend which some one has been at pains to extract from the texts themselves. They contain too much matter for the catalogue, but some means should be found to reprint them in permanent form. The exhibition is open daily except Sundays and holidays through Feb. 28.

Animals of every description, mythical and fabulous, known and unknown, are pictured on the walls and in the cases. They are

considered in science and pseudo-science, in fables, astronomy and astrology, in the months, sports, travel, and mythology, in various phases of Christian art, in tiny Mesopotamian cylinder seals, and in book decorations and bindings. Original drawings along the walls include Blake's behemoth and Leviathan as well as sketches by Rembrandt, Poussin and Tiepolo.

TWO bestiaries, or moralized natural histories, have been taken apart for the first time and their illuminated pages displayed in frames. The one, a Latin text made in England in the second half of the twelfth century, is based upon the second-century Greek "Physiologus." Its conventional and decorative drawings are in marked contrast to the naturalistic work in the other, a Persian manuscript of the end of the thirteenth century. The latter is one of the best-known Islamic manuscripts in the world, and the exhibition provides a rare opportunity to see thirty-two of its pages. Among them they reveal the mountain goat falling and landing unharmed on its horns, the hyena that becomes male and female in alternate years, the dragon whose skin boiled in oil will cure earache. Not to be slighted is the pearl oyster, which rises from the depths and opens its mouth to receive raindrops, and whose medicinal properties include cures for palpitation of the heart and running eye, and whose ashes will give a gloss to the skin and whiteness to the teeth.

In the English manuscript are shown such wonders as a manticora, the panther attracting animals with its fragrant breath, the griffin with a pig as prey, the parandrus, the yale with movable horns, and the viper whose young are born through the death of both parents. Two of the scenes depict legends that have given phrases to the language, a mother bear licking her cubs into shape, and a crocodile devouring a man and then mourning for him inconsolably the rest of its life.

More practical in purpose than the bestiaries are the works of

Dioscorides, represented by an early tenth-century Byzantine manuscript (the third earliest-known Dioscorides), and the first illustrated scientific descriptions of animals, the "Hortus Sanitatis" of 1485 and of 1491. A sixteenth-century manuscript on art theory contains tracings of horses from drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, some of which have been lost. Then there are first editions of Aesop, La Fontaine, and "Reynard the Fox." Animals play a conspicuous part in the legendary building of Carthage, Thebes and Rome, and, of course, in the fall of Troy. The Bible is one of the notable sources of animal lore, with its stories of Jonah and Samson and Daniel. Occasionally beasts show themselves more perceptive of holiness than humans themselves. All the animals are gathered in one picture in a thirteenth-century "Genealogy of Christ," in a perilous-looking contraption called Noah's Ark, to which are appended specifications for its proper construction.

"Now will I believe that there are unicorns," said Shakespeare. He had example aplenty in the literature of the Middle Ages. In a fifteenth-century "St. Benedict" there is a scene illustrating the unicorn's symbolical chastity. The animals gathered at evening to drink must await the unicorn to purify the waters that the dragon has envenomed. The unicorn cleverly makes the sign of the cross over the water with his horn, and the beasts are then able to drink. Even Paré, who would rather be right and entirely alone than wrong with the whole world, does not deny the existence of the unicorn. He wrote an essay merely to disprove its healing properties.

LIONS and unicorns are seen in drawings and decorations, battling in season and out, or supporting the royal arms of England. The lion, whether as the symbol of St. Mark, the king of beasts, the City of Venice or in its accustomed role of frightening a rabbit, is usually pictured as tame, gentle or sad. Medieval art will not have him ferocious. Apes are considered less than

bright, in the Bidpai Fables, where they capture a glowworm and try to kindle a fire by its light.

The exhibition reviews the sources of knowledge of many things such as fables, the signs of the zodiac, the origin and domestication of the four animals symbolizing the evangelists, and tall tales of travelers. The story

of Alexander the Great and his ascent to heaven with the aid of gigantic griffins is topped by that of the giant mollusks of Trebizond, which grew so large that they were hunted with dogs, and whose shells were used for houses by the inhabitants. Breydenbach decided to restore the prestige of travelers, and on his journey to the Holy Land he took along a staff artist who made actual drawings of what he saw. His animals are used as frontispiece for the exhibition catalogue.

Deletion

The river of books flowing through D.O. during the past two weeks has carried with it, deep under the surface, sorrows and sparkles, problems and prayers. Some of these undercurrents may emerge in the bare outline that follows: others never will.

The Lower Library has received numerous accretions. (A definite sparkle)

The Upper Library still possesses in the sections nearest the Grangerie (and the location was secretly decided upon because of that delightful neighbor) a small, but profound pool of treasure. Plato, Chaucer, Dante, Shakespeare, Emerson and others. It has also a useful section of dictionaries and encyclopaedias. Also one of biography and history. (This section is subject to further deletion, or to removal to some other room.)

The Oval Room is as it was except for the removal of the books which Mrs. Bliss had already "pulled forward".⁹ For M. Focillon's comment here see Attic, Part I, immediately below. (No less than an aurora borealis, this)

East Attic. Part I. In the far north-west corner are the French paper bound books and romans, etc., bound in boards. M. Focillon went through all these after seeing the Oval Room books with EBC, and delighted her soul by his charming, spirited and sympathetic reaction: "Mais, il n'y a rien à jeter! Une bibliothèque française admirable. Il faut garder tous: soit, pour le texte; soit, pour la reliure; soit, pour qu'ils sont des exemplaires précieux, ou qu'ils deviendront rares (Cocteau, par exemple). Un de ces jours, je vais roder parmi tous ces livres, et après, nous ferons une jolie exposition avec un conférence, vous et moi"

⁹

(a free and, doubtless, ungrammatical, summary from memory)

East Attic. Part II. The War, 1914-1918. The War, 1939

International Law. Diplomatic Memoirs and Practice. Political backgrounds, etc. All together in the east half of the room. There, Mr. Bliss can view them as a whole. This had been taken care of - though it still needs much alphabetical and subject rearrangement, - before Mr. Forbes' anxious question: "You have kept all Mr. Bliss' diplomatic books carefully, have you not?" He was greatly relieved when reassured that they were intact and assembled in one place.

Passage Grills. Here, in double rows - are books which for one reason or another, EBC believed Mr. & Mrs. Bliss would not want to part with. (And much that is now in the still pool of the Upper Library and in the rich supply of the Lower Library, doubtless, also belongs in that category)

Eventual disposal of those deleted. The story of this must await a later issue of the U.C. For one reason, this work still lies ahead, and for another, this issue is already, perhaps, too voluminous. And the Visitors paragraph is yet to be added.

Visitors and Distinguished People in Residence.

Mr. Tyler has been in and out. His manuscript has been typed and sent to him for correction. Schaefer, the photographer, has photographed, under Mr. Tyler's supervision, the special objects and details that he wanted.

M. et Mme. Focillon

Mr. and Mrs. Sachs

Mr. Thacher