

merit of the Graham Sutherland "magnificent portrait," the *New Statesman* said recently, is that it calls the bluff of Winston as eternally young.

Sutherland has committed the indiscretion of letting the public into the well kept secret that Winston is actually 80 years old, and, like other men of his age, has scraggy folds in his neck. In fact, Sutherland is to be congratulated on having seen and displayed the greatness and variety of Winston's character at an age when, as his photographs are now apt to reveal, nature has blurred and expanded this character from his face.

The great merit of the only painting I have seen of Bertrand Russell (I thought it was an Augustus John, but can't find it in that collection) was that it revealed an intelligence that time will end but can not wither in advance.

Winston is 80 and Russell 83, and with Albert Schweitzer they are perhaps the three greatest octogenarians now living. But Robertson Scott is knocking at the door of 90, with his interest in life still active and warm.

I NEVER hear cen-TEEN-ary on the air without thanking God that Sir Joseph Heenan is dead; and lately I hear nothing else. I am not able to say any longer that Sir Joseph out-gunned, and finally outflanked, the perpetrators

of this horror, who
FEBRUARY 14 include the compilers of the numerous

Oxford Dictionaries. All I can say is that he kept them on the alert while he lived. When he realised that politicians and broadcasters were incapable of stressing the first syllable, he switched to centennial, which everybody understood, and nobody, he thought, could mispronounce; though he was wrong there. While he was alive and in office centennial was the word publicly used. Now he is dead, and the mutilators are in the saddle again—though powerless to vex his ghost. But if I could I would recall him for as long as it would take him to say, in his own words, what he thinks of them. I would even, if I had the power to bring him back, put a microphone in front of him before he began to speak—and then pass the hat to pay for the damage.

(To be continued)

A HORSE is a treacherous means of conveyance even if you haven't put your shirt on him. The most disturbing difference between a horse and a bike, for anyone like me who grew up among bikes, is the fact that with a horse you are always in two minds, your own and the horse's; and a horse's mind, to put the thing at its kindest, is strictly non-human.—R. A. Copland in *Here's My Discomfort*, an NZBS series.

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N.Z. LISTENER, MARCH 11, 1955.

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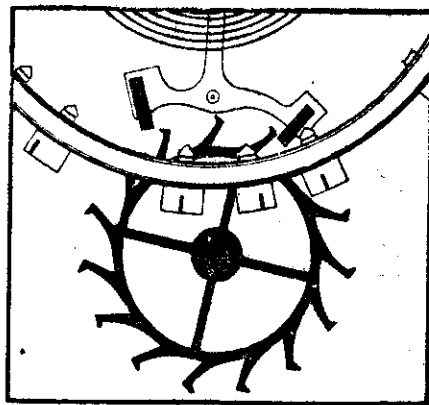
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