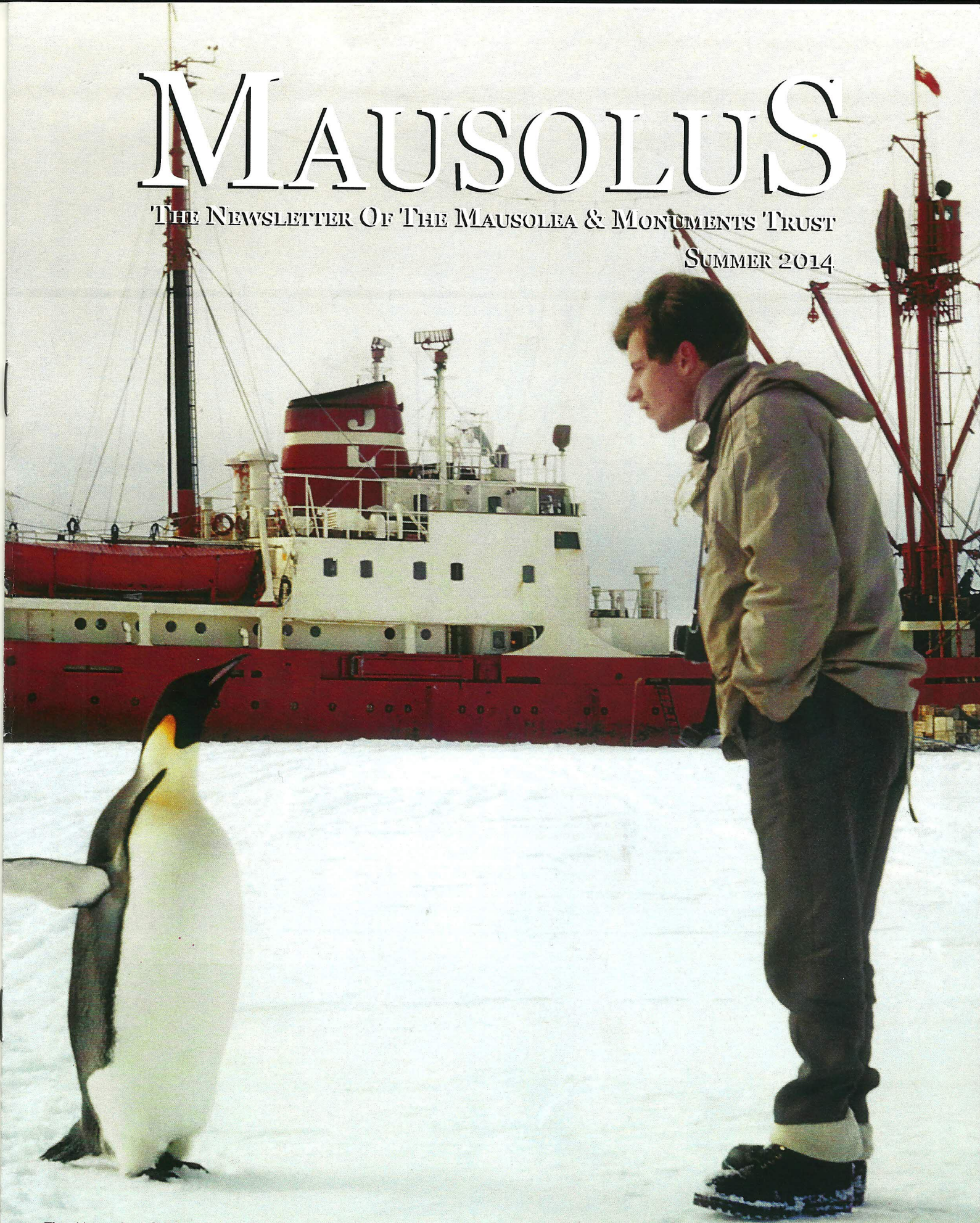


# MAUSOLUS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE MAUSOLEA & MONUMENTS TRUST

SUMMER 2014



The Mausolea & Monuments Trust  
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## *From the Editor - Gabriel Byng*

I am delighted to take over as editor of *Mausolus*. My predecessor, Hannah Parham, has run this magazine brilliantly and I am conscious that I have very big shoes to fill.

We are keen to encourage members to contribute news of monuments, mausolea and related books and events through the MMT's members' email and *Mausolus*. If you have any news or photographs, or have recently visited an interesting monument or mausolea, please do email me at [gabriel.byng@gmail.com](mailto:gabriel.byng@gmail.com).

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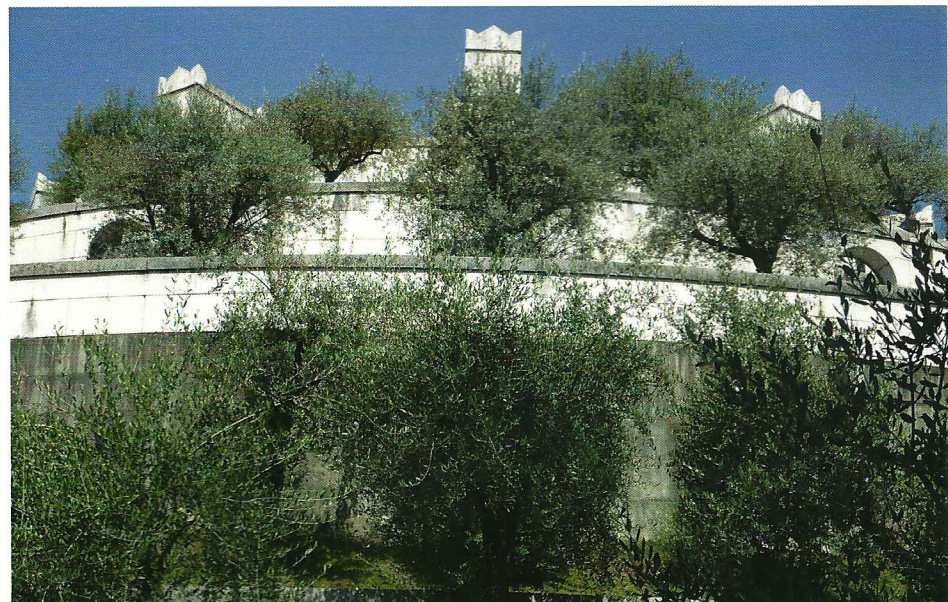
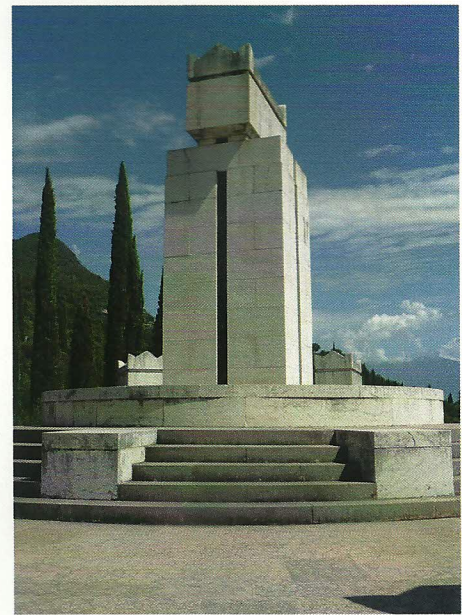
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'Poet, Seducer and Preacher of War': this is the sub-title of Lucy Hughes-Hallett's award-winning biography of Gabriele D'Annunzio, *The Pike*. Anyone who has visited his house-cum-shrine beside Lake Garda will remember the imposing mausoleum, built after D'Annunzio's death in 1938 with funds from Mussolini. A blatant homage to the Mausoleum of Augustus in Rome's Campus Martius, the structure consists of tiers of dazzlingly white marble with circuits of olives planted at each stage. These layers are the 'Rings of the Victory of the Humble, of the Artificers and of the Heroes'. This latter level has the feel of a sacrificial platform, and comprises a central sarcophagus to the man himself, ringed about by satellite tombs containing the remains of his followers.

Some were killed during D'Annunzio's seizure of Fiume in 1919. Giancarlo Maroni was the architect of the patently fascist pile, and he was guided in his plans by regular seances with the great man's shade. Il Vittoriale is a profoundly memorable experience (in a powerful yet perturbing way).

Roger Bowdler



## Remembering William Butterfield



IN.THE.HOPE.OF.THE.RESURRECTION.  
TO.ETERNAL.LIFE.HERE.RESTS.THE.  
BODY.OF.WILLIAM.BUTTERFIELD.WHO.  
DEPARTED.THIS.LIFE.FEBRUARY 23rd.1900.  
AGED 85 YEARS

William Butterfield (1814-1900) was one of the greatest church architects of the 19th century – or, indeed, any century. He lies buried in Tottenham Cemetery in north London under a coped Portland stone slab which he designed himself. After over a century, it has inevitably experienced weathering and parts of the inscription are hard to read. In a decade or so they will be illegible.

The Ecclesiological Society (registered charity no. 210501) is planning to get the inscription re-engraved using best modern conservation practice. The 200th anniversary of Butterfield's birth is on 7 September this year and it would wonderful to complete the project for then. This is delicate and time-consuming work and the cost is expected to be about £2,000. The Society is urgently appealing for funding. Any donations, however small, would be appreciated. Donors will have the satisfaction of knowing they have done something towards honouring the memory of this great architect.

Donors' names will be printed in the Society's

journal Ecclesiology Today (unless they prefer otherwise).

The project is being co-ordinated by Geoff Brandwood on behalf of the Ecclesiological Society. Please send him a cheque made out to the 'Ecclesiological Society' at 2 Rothesay Avenue, Richmond-on-Thames TW10 5EA.

If you wish to discuss anything further, Geoff's number is 0208 878 4777; email [g.brandwood@virgin.net](mailto:g.brandwood@virgin.net) Should donations exceed the cost of the work, the surplus will be donated to the current restoration work at All Hallows' Church, adjacent to the cemetery and where there is extensive work by Butterfield.



## "Time passes": the Grave of Samuel and Suzanne Beckett

Anna Blair



This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the deaths of Samuel and Suzanne Beckett, and thus the twenty-fifth year since their grave was installed in the Montparnasse Cemetery. It is easy to find, in the first row of graves on the avenue running through the cemetery's centre. Unsurprisingly, it draws visitors; in April, the flat, grey memorial is surrounded by a clutter of flowers and books.

This grave is known as that of Samuel Beckett, the Irish writer who lived in Paris for much of his life. It is also the grave of Suzanne Beckett, née Dechevaux-Dumesnil, who Beckett met playing tennis; the pair were brought closer after the writer was wounded by stabbing (almost mortally) on the street in 1938. Suzanne died in July and Samuel in December of 1989, having purchased this cemetery plot two days after his wife's death. The two are given equal status on the gravestone, but rarely in the minds of those who look at it. It seems only a figure as large in history as Samuel Beckett could match the block capitals spelling out the surname at the foot of the tomb.

There is little information to be found on the commissioning of the Beckett tomb. It is rumoured that Samuel Beckett said, in response to a query, that he would have it be "any colour, so long as it's grey". The thick, flat stone used is a peppery granite. The grave is equivalent to the size of others in the cemetery, almost a metre in width and around two metres in length. It bears no inscription, only the names and dates of 'Suzanne Beckett née Dechevaux-Dumesnil, 1900 - 1989' and 'Samuel Beckett, 1906 - 1989', and then, again, the name 'Beckett' in hard capitals at the foot. The grain of granite is made smooth by a protective glazing, not uncommon among graves of the late 1980s, that catches reflections of the sky above and nearby trees, and which at certain angles makes the names difficult to read.

The narrator of Beckett's *First Love* famously comments, early in the story, that he has "no bone to pick with graveyards". The graveyard he prefers, Hamburg's Ohlsdorf Cemetary, is alienating in its expansiveness. It is decadent, offering "nine hundred acres of corpses packed tight" and "groves, grottoes, artificial lakes with swans". Coaches filled with mourners are suggestive of tourist buses. Carl Hagenbeck, the nineteenth-century collector of animals, is buried here, under a stone lion. The narrator remarks, then, that "death must have had for Hagenbeck the countenance of a lion". By this



logic, Beckett's own grave casts death almost as nothing, as flat, hard and opaque, neither light nor dark.

Instead, the glaze on the surface of the grave offers a softened vision of the living world to those who look upon it. The reflections are often pleasant, setting the monument in dialogue with weather and seasons. They are somewhat marred by the interruption of a neighbouring grave, which rises a metre in height while the Beckett tomb lies flat. The taller grave, amusingly, is for the "Famille E. Petit".

It is easy to read Beckett's grave in relation to his work. *First Love's* narrator composes himself an epitaph, which he feels has more longevity than his other writings:

Hereunder lies the above who up below  
So hourly died that he lived on till now.

Samuel Beckett's work (and life) abounds with references to death. "They give birth astride of a grave," says Pozzo in *Waiting for Godot*, shortly before leaving the stage. "Down in the hole, lingeringly, the gravedigger puts on the forceps," muses Vladimir minutes later. In *Molloy*, Moran sometimes goes and looks at his grave, "a simple Latin cross, white," already erected. The three figures in *Play* speak with only their heads protruding from funerary urns.

Likewise, grey recurs throughout the writer's oeuvre, and the exact shade is usually given in more detail than Beckett apparently offered for his grave. Beckett's plays became more minimal as he grew older, but they became also more monochrome, and grey is mentioned often. In *Footfalls*, the moonlight described by May's mother is "grey rather than white, a pale shade of grey." In *Ghost Trio*, a play for television, the room described has "colour: none. All grey. Shades of grey [...] the colour grey if you wish, shades of the colour grey." The straw mattress in *Ghost Trio*, again grey, and, at 0.7 by 2.0 metres, close to the dimensions of the Beckett tomb, is itself somewhat grave-like.

For all the posthumous eagerness to take words and images as epitaphs, Beckett's comments on his own reading suggests death as a step toward peaceful disappearance. In a 1951 letter, he admired the will of the Marquis de Sade, which asked that acorns be sown over the grave "so that [...] my tomb shall disappear from the face of the earth, as I comfort myself my memory shall fade from the minds of men". Beckett's interest in this passage is reminiscent of an earlier comment, made in relation to Marcel Proust, that "a book is a huge cemetery where on most tombs one can no longer read the effaced names".

Montparnasse Cemetery is large, though not Paris's largest or best loved. It is flat, neat and orderly, well-kept, and – despite the presence of Charles Baudelaire and Pierre Larousse, among others – very much of the twentieth century. It is overshadowed by the Tour Maine-





Montparnasse, which was completed in 1973 and is Paris's tallest building. The cemetery is close to where Samuel and Suzanne Beckett lived for many years, in an apartment overlooking the Prison de Santé. Montparnasse Cemetery, too, is close to the Santiago de Compostela pilgrimage route leading out of Paris.

Inside, the graves are lined up neatly and many, like Beckett's, are nondescript, late twentieth-century rectangles of stone in varying degrees of elegance. The late twentieth century was a golden age for semiotics, and graves are, often, signifiers, gestures toward the lives and work of their occupants. The Beckett grave is a tomb of its time, resisting interpretation but unable to

escape projection.

Nonetheless, this monument is more successful than most. Many names on late 1980s funeral monuments are embossed in gold, a detail (unsurprisingly) omitted on the Beckett tomb. The result is that, as light bounces off the surface, the letters become hard to read, and the names are effaced by the movement of clouds.

The monument feels appropriate to Beckett. It has, at least, an appropriate understatement and dignity. On the other side of Montparnasse Cemetery, the 1986 grave of Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, the colour of sponge cake, sticky with lipstick kisses instead of jam,

offers an almost-contemporaneous example of failure in funereal commemoration.

The monument, like his later work, is minimal. The grave's prominence without language, too, seems somewhat like Beckett's own appearances in later years. He was reclusive yet visible, friendly and willing to meet with others, yet known as fiercely private and reluctant to discuss his work. Likewise, his grave is in a central position within a central Parisian cemetery; it does not hide behind other graves or in an obscure location, yet still does not readily offer itself to the visitor.

There is, however, a liveliness to the cemetery environment itself, particularly in Montparnasse. Beckett has regular visitors, as do many of his neighbours. Eugène Ionesco, who thought of Beckett as France's greatest dramatist and a good friend he did not see frequently enough, is also buried here, as is Marguerite Duras, a writer Beckett admired. He is not far from Charles Baudelaire, whose 'Recueillement' is loosely quoted in Beckett's Endgame (Jean-Paul Sartre, who once gave Beckett a copy of *Les Fleurs du mal*, is elsewhere in the cemetery).

There are two other places where Samuel Beckett is commemorated in Paris. Nearby, slightly further south, a section of the Avenue René Coty has been renamed Allée Samuel Beckett. There is, to the east, a small Square Samuel Beckett. In Dublin, there is a Samuel Beckett Bridge, and Trinity College's drama department is located in a Samuel Beckett Centre. There are streets and structures named after Beckett across the world.

Nevertheless, this is Beckett's only grave, for all the ambiguous phrases that could fit as epitaphs. The public have, beside great writers' graves, an access and closeness they rarely had elsewhere, though the Montparnasse Cemetery does not have the "smell of corpses, distinctly perceptible under those of grass and humus mingled" that Beckett's First Love narrator finds sweet, a trifle heady.



## In pursuit of science: the creation of monuments to Antarctic explorers

Rod Rhys Jones



It had been a good day, a really good day. I was lying on my sleeping bag on my back, clutching a celebratory mug of cocoa, with my legs raised and peddling a dynamo whilst listening to the whine and stutter of the radio it was powering. Outside the tent the snow and ice stretched for thousands of miles in every direction. Behind us the great black cliffs of the mountains rose sheer into the blue sky towering over our tiny tent. It was 18th October 1965.

Earlier I had found exquisite fossils of leaves on a remote range of mountains in the Norwegian sector of Antarctica about 500 miles from the British Antarctic Survey base. They provided evidence proving that this remote range was linked to South Africa 180 million years ago when the massive super-continent Gondwana was centred over the South Pole. At that time the continental drift theory was still very much a theory.

The SOS that we heard stuttering out in Morse that night was the first news of a terrible accident that had occurred six days earlier. Three men of our expedition party of ten had been killed when their tractor plunged into a crevasse.

The following morning we drove our dog team back towards Pyramid Rocks to meet up with the three other groups before sledging to the scene of the accident, near the Milorgknausane nunataks, arriving two weeks after it had occurred. The crevasse was hardly visible. Just a brief declination in the snow showing the slightest of blue shadow. Three sledges lay half submerged in drifting snow, loaded with fuel and food. The tractor had become unhooked and fallen backwards into the blue depths. Inching forward and staring over the lip, I could see it wedged between the smooth walls far below. It would never be recovered, nor would the bodies of Jeremy Bailey, David Wild and John Wilson. The nunataks were renamed Mannefallknausane.

It was a controversial accident. Sir Vivien Fuchs wrote later, "Reluctant though one is to criticise when death has supervened... It was unwise to have continued travelling in drift conditions where crevasses might exist. The party believed they were on a route pioneered and proved the year before, but in fact they were off course and headed into a crevassed zone which the drift had prevented them from seeing."

At that time there was no training given to field parties. Survival lore, such as it was, passed from explorer to explorer, year by year.

I was angry at the waste of life in an accident that I believe could and should have been avoided. When I read of another Antarctic death in the newspaper, I tried to find journalists and others who would listen but explorers with stiff upper lips were part of a culture of a nation that had survived a world war only twenty years before. We are, of course, all to blame. The men that died. The men that survived. The men on base and those at head office.

Then in 2005, some forty years after the accident, I re-established contact with Antarctic veterans by attending the British Antarctic Survey Club annual meeting in Edinburgh. The talk turned to the possibility of planting a memorial orchard at British Antarctic Survey headquarters in Cambridge to commemorate 'those who did not return'.

Twenty eight men were killed in the 38 years since the first Antarctic research base had been set up in 1944 at Port Lockroy on the Antarctic Peninsula. They died by fire, in crevasses, swept out to sea and from exposure. Since 1982 there has been one fatality: Kirsty Brown was killed by a leopard seal whilst diving below sea ice in 2003. Considering how few people worked in Antarctica the incidence of death was high.

I discussed the idea of the memorial with Julian Paren, a BAS glaciologist. We felt that an orchard to be created amongst the building of the BAS was somehow not public enough. We asked ourselves whether we could do something more national or even international. Joined by two other Antarctic veterans, Richard Harbour and Ken Gibson, we registered a charity, The British Antarctic Monument Trust.

Later that year I heard Christo and Jeanne-Claude talk at Tate Modern about their work including the Umbrella Project in which 1,340 blue umbrellas were set up in a valley in Japan and 1,760 yellow umbrellas in southern California. A single artwork stretching across an ocean struck a chord. Would it be possible to create a spectacular sculpture that linked Britain and Antarctica?

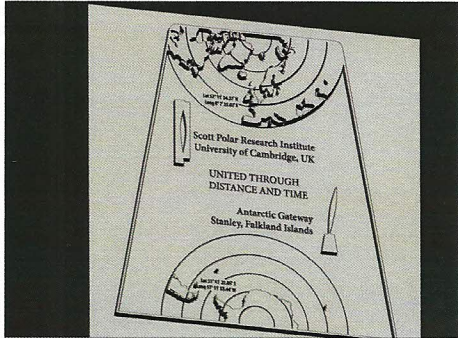


I discussed the idea with the sculptor Oliver Barratt. He had created the Everest Memorial, installed one day's march beyond Base Camp, and embraced the idea of an Antarctic Monument enthusiastically. He came up with an exciting design in which the Northern monument was to be the mould from which the Southern monument was to be cast.

The difficulties of finding an acceptable site in Antarctica on environmental grounds and the cost of creating the monument in steel - expensive and difficult to shape - persuaded me to pause the idea of the monument and follow the suggestion that had been put to me the previous year by John Killingbeck, the last man to drive dogs in Antarctica. He wanted to see a memorial in St Paul's Cathedral. I sat down and wrote a letter to the Registrar. He responded by saying that the Chapter gave it "provisional support" but "there are quite a few stages to go through" and later he told me "at the end you may not be successful."

The designer Graeme Wilson made the preliminary designs. A talented young stone mason, Fergus Wessel joined us. We were all inspired by a large space on the crowded walls of the crypt, just off the central aisle adjacent to

the Nelson Chamber, opposite the South Atlantic Conflict memorial, next to that of the Arctic explorer Frederick George Jackson and adjacent to the school room.



Brian Dorsett-Bailey, the brother of Jeremy Bailey who had died in the crevasse accident 40 years before, was keen to help. He became a Trustee and took on the task of tracking down relatives from our Antarctic Network. We were told, for example, that the effects of Neville Mann, lost on sea ice in 1963, had been taken to an address near Godalming. We contacted the Surrey Advertiser and within hours of an article being published we were contacted by old friends and then his family.

The design for the memorial in St Paul's was finally agreed in February 2010, a year after the Memorial Orchard at BAS was completed. The memorial is a disk 1100mm diameter and 50mm thick, made of riven Welsh slate representing the Southern Ocean with Antarctica inset in white Carrara marble. To find a piece of slate big and flat enough, I tramped around quarries in North Wales finally identifying a suitable piece from the Berwyn Quarry. Latitude and longitude lines are clearly incised and the tip of South America and South Africa show on the periphery of the disk. A huddle of Emperor penguins is carved in bas relief.



The inscription "For those who lost their lives in Antarctica in pursuit of science to benefit us all" is cut into the smoothed periphery of the disk. Around the rim the title "British Antarctic Territory" and its motto "Research and discovery" is cut

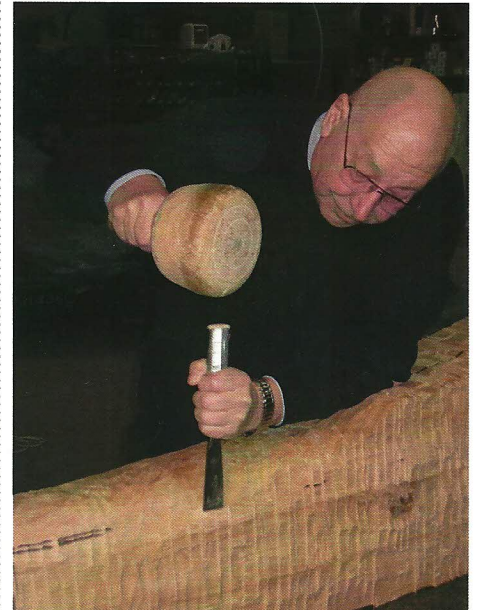
and finished in palladium. Palladium also picks out the area of the British Antarctic Territory.

The prayers at evensong at St Paul's on 10 May 2011 were attended by 600, some travelling from the US, Canada, Mexico, Australia and Europe to be there, were led movingly by Brian Dorsett-Bailey who had been released from hospital only four days earlier having spent most of the previous three months in an induced coma. Whenever conscious he demanded to know the date, determined to attend the service for which he had worked for so long and would bring some salve to the loss of his brother Jeremy a pioneer of ice-depth radar used to contour the rock formation thousands of feet beneath the ice. At the dedication in the crypt, people stood in utter silence whilst I spoke about the dead. "They were all young, very young." The names of the dead were read out by the Rt Rev Stephen Venner, Bishop of the Armed Forces and the Falkland Islands: each one an individual before God.

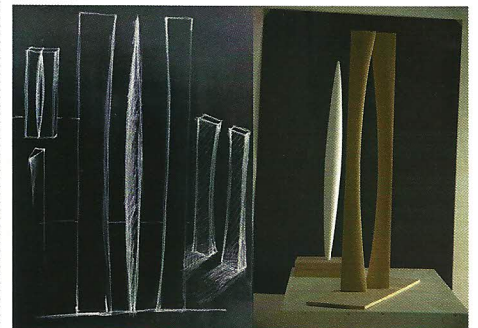
At the reception following the service people met men who had known their loved ones. Families spoke to other families about that terrible common experience. A sister told me that she had met some of the men who had searched for her brother across treacherous sea-ice long after they had been instructed to abandon the search. "The family never knew of their bravery," she said. "I am just so thankful." Another woman told me that she had been able speak about her brother for the first time since his death.

Two days later we unveiled the Northern Monument outside the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge. The Trustees had reasoned that if people were coming from all over the world for the dedication in St Paul's we should ensure the Northern Monument was completed in time. Professor Julian Dowdeswell and Heather Lane of the Scott Polar Research Institute had been enthusiastic about the project and offered a site. The Scott Polar was particularly appropriate as it was founded by public subscription following the death in 1913 of Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his companions, Henry Bowers, Edgar Evans, Laurence Oates and Edward Wilson.

Oliver Barratt had decided that the Northern Monument should be made from British oak. It is easy to shape and is symbolic of the British families from which the explorers sprang. We had determined by this time that the Southern Monument should be erected, if at all possible, in the Falklands as all those who died had journeyed through Stanley on their way South. Julian Dowdeswell said, "It is fitting that there should be a public monument for those who died, unknown names to the outside world, but who have helped to create the enviable polar reputation that the UK enjoys." Oliver Barratt, spoke passionately about what the sculpture meant to him. "The dead," he said, "support the living with their understanding, knowledge and experience. This is the process of culture where we learn each generation from the previous one adding our own experience and interpretation."



Our mission will be complete when in February 2015 family, colleagues and supporters will take a "voyage to remember" aboard mv Ushuaia for the dedication of the stainless steel and bronze Southern Monument in the Falklands, the gateway to Antarctica through which all of those who died passed on their way South, never to return.



## EVENTS

### Annual General Meeting 2014

14 July 2014

The AGM will commence at 5.45 pm and be followed by summer drinks at 6.15 pm with book signings of "Finding the Plot" by Ann Treneman and of "Tombs of the Great Leaders" by MMT member Gwendolyn Leick.

At 7.00 pm a talk entitled "Finding the Plot" will be given by Ann Treneman, Times Parliamentary sketch writer.

#### Contacts

The Secretary  
07856 985974 or email [info@mmtrust.org.uk](mailto:info@mmtrust.org.uk)

#### Venue

The Gallery, 75 Cowcross Street, London EC1M 6EJ

#### Cost

The AGM is free to members but the lecture will be £10 members: £15 non-members. Payment may be made by cheque payable to "The Mausolea & Monuments Trust" or by bank transfer (BACS) to MMT Sort Code 40-13-28, Account 51406051. If paying by BACS, please use your surname/name of talk as the reference.

### Shedding New Light on the Dead

6 September 2014

A Study Day organised by the Ledgerstone Survey of England & Wales. English Heritage, NADFAS, the Churches Conservation Trust and the Church Monuments Society will be presenting their views on the ledgerstone, the latest area of funerary art to become the subject of recording.

#### Contacts

Dr Julian Litten FSA, Friarscot, Church Street, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE30 5EB

#### Venue

Little St Mary's, Trumpington Street, Cambridge, CB2 1QG

#### Cost

£40 including refreshments, lunch, Ledgerstone Recording Manual and Recording Sheet

### Lutyens and the World War 1 Memorials

11 November 2014

An illustrated talk by Dr Gavin Stamp on the history of Lutyens' designs for memorials to those who died in the Great War.

#### Contacts

The Secretary  
07856 985974 or email [info@mmtrust.org.uk](mailto:info@mmtrust.org.uk)

#### Venue

The Gallery, 75 Cowcross Street, London EC1M 6EJ

#### Cost

£10 for members; £15 non-members. Payment may be made by cheque payable to "The Mausolea & Monuments Trust" or by bank transfer (BACS) to MMT Sort Code 40-13-28, Account 51406051. If paying by BACS, please use your surname/name of talk as the reference.

### Christmas Revels 2014

11 December 2014

Once again, our Patron, Tim Knox, formerly of Sir John Soane's Museum and now Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, is kindly hosting a party in aid of the Hope Springs Eternal appeal.

#### Contacts

The Secretary  
07856 985974 or email [info@mmtrust.org.uk](mailto:info@mmtrust.org.uk)

#### Venue

Malplaquet House, 137/139 Mile End Road, London E1 4AQ

#### Cost

£30 per ticket. Payment may be made by cheque payable to "The Mausolea & Monuments Trust" or by bank transfer (BACS) to MMT Sort Code 40-13-28, Account 51406051. If paying by BACS, please use your surname/name of event as the reference.