THE GRYPHON

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MAY 16, 1916.

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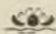
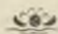

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Editor: WINIFRED KIRKWOOD, B.A.

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COMPLAINTS in these columns seem never-ending, but it is felt that in spite of constant reiteration of the well-worn phrase "representative journal," the *Gryphon* does not by any means fulfil that designation. It embodies the continued energies of a few regular contributors, instead of containing a representative selection from the efforts of the many. Although the women at present form such a large proportion of the student community, contributions from them are few and far between, whilst during the whole of the session only two first year students have had the temerity to submit anything for consideration. The *Gryphon* is, or should be, primarily of the students. How is it, then, that so few of them take advantage of the privilege of sharing in its maintenance? Is it that the majority of the students referred to are indifferent, or that they belong to the type which finds full outlet for its energies in working for examinations, leaving no reserve to expend in other activities, no room for expansion in any other direction?

Or is it lack of self-confidence that restrains them? Whatever the obstacle, we hope that it will be overcome and that even the proximity of examinations will no longer hinder the manifestation of a practical and personal interest in the *Gryphon*. The Editorial chair is not a pulpit, but we trust that *Gryphon* readers will forgive and profit by a timely sermon.

* * *

Contributions for the next issue of the *Gryphon* should be in by June 6th.

On Parody.

PARODY, according to a comprehensive definition given some years ago by a writer in one of the Quarterlies is, "a composition either in prose or verse modelled more or less closely upon an original work, or class of original work, but turning the serious sense of such original or originals into ridicule by its method of treatment." This definition covers almost every kind of literary imitation from simple verbal parodies to those subtler and more skilful compositions which burlesque the sense and intentions of the original work. Burlesque, travesty, skit, parody, imitation, caricature, are all covered, for it is obvious that there can be no definite limited scope within which one author may poke fun at another.

Parody is primarily concerned with poetry and preferably great poetry; it is playing a game with the Gods, and is therefore trespassing upon delicate ground, "off which," to quote Sir A. T. Quiller Couch, "the profane and vulgar should be carefully warned." At the same time there are many bad parodies of great poetry and good parodies of bad poetry, perhaps because imitation seems to be a recognised method among young minor poets of sharpening their wits; a sort of early flourishing, more or less brilliant, of the poetic rapier, before the settling down to the production of quite original and therefore mostly unsaleable mediocre work. The great poets never parodied until they were over middle age. Swinburne was over forty when his Nephelidia were published, and Bayard Taylor nearer fifty when his famous parodies were published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Parody is essentially a form of hero worship. Nobody takes the trouble to parody the nondescripts of literature. "Reverence," says Sir Owen Seaman, "may seem a strange quality to require of a parodist; yet it is an instinct of the best of them." J. K. Stephen in "The Parodist's Apology," writes—

> "If I've dared to laugh at you, Robert Browning,
> 'Tis with eyes that with you have often wept;
> You have oftener left me smiling and frowning,
> Than any beside, one bard except."

The first attribute of successful parody is contrast—contrast with the original in words, form or sense. The best parodies are scarcely ever mere imitations. "Playing the sedulous ape," as Stevenson put it, may be a very fine way of acquiring style, but it is insufficient in parody. It is flattery without criticism. Accentuation of peculiarities is as essential in parody as it is in the cartoon. At the same time striking parodies can be made by altering very little of the original. On the opening of some London park, Pope's couplet—

> "Here shall the Spring her earliest sweets bestow
> Here the first roses of the year shall blow."

was very effectively turned by a simple substitution into—

> "Here shall the Spring her earliest coughs bestow
> Here the first noses of the year shall blow."

As a general rule, though, parodies which are too closely imitations of the originals are liable to fall flat. Even Horace Smith in his "Rejected Addresses" and Aytoun in "Bon Gaultier" stick rather too much to the word and letter of the originals, despite the undoubted cleverness of their work. Here is an example, published recently—

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A mince pie on the table;
> So was it when my youth began,
> So is it now I am a man,
> So be it when I shall grow old
> If I am able.
> The Boy eats faster than the Man,
> And I could wish my meals to be
> Bound each to each by rich mince-piety."

There are sixty-three words in this parody and forty-six of them are Wordsworth's own. As an effective parody it is very bad indeed; as poetry it is worse, and as a criticism of Wordsworth it is nowhere at all.

Not all poets are equally easy of imitation. Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, are very elusive game. Kipling, Swinburne, Browning, Tennyson, Gray are comparatively easy to stalk. In the former the intrinsic characteristics which make their work what it is, are not readily discoverable. The little foibles of the latter are very obvious. For instance, there are more than a hundred parodies of Gray's "Elegy" extant, and at least fifty of the "Ancient Mariner." There is no good parody of Keats, and only one of Shakespeare, although of course there are very many more or less inferior skits upon Hamlet's famous soliloquy. The truth is that poets are parodied in proportion to their popularity, and the imitations are valuable as a criticism. For the true literary parody never gives offence; "the vast flock of ravens that follow Edgar Poe's are that old bird's courtiers, not his enemies."

Not many parodists have attempted to use their art in its highest function, which is according to the editor of *Punch*, "the department of pure criticism." This is the third and highest division of parody. We have already mentioned verbal imitation which often consists of mere occasional substitution; form parody which rings the changes chiefly upon rhyme and rhythm; and now we have the sense parody which at its best is an effort to emphasise to the point of ridicule the style of the original. The stylistic is undoubtedly the highest form of parody. Probably one of the best parodies in verse is Arthur Clement Hilton's "Octopus." It is an almost savage attack upon Swinburne, and forms a "stylistic critique" upon the whole of that poet's assonant and alliterative style—

"Ah ! Thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
With death in thy amorous kiss !
Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
With bitings of agonised bliss ;
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain ;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure
And bite us again !"

There is no doubt about Swinburne's "Dolores" being fine work. It would never have survived that assault, if it hadn't been. Most of Hilton's parodies were published in the "Light Green"—a little magazine emanating from Cambridge in the seventies.

There is only one other verse parody which rivals the "Octopus" as a literary criticism, and that is J. K. Stephen's "Poetic Lament on the Insufficiency of Steam Locomotion in the Lake District." It imitates Wordsworth with amazing fidelity, and one can only say that if Wordsworth were alive, he would probably have written it himself.

Goldsmith's parody of Dean Swift was so perfect that it was included by Sir Walter Scott in his edition of Swift's works, and it was said by Henley, apropos of Seaman's "Out of the large limbed night," that he must have written it himself when he was drunk.

The intellectual gymnastics provided by a classical education at Oxford or Cambridge, has given us, if nothing else, a galaxy of craftsmen in the lighter minstrelsy, of which parody is by no means a minor branch. These universities have produced many finished artists like C.S.C. and Thackeray and Owen Seaman, and Mostyn Pigott. The writer of "Mr. Popple," that most nebulous of comedies was surely "brought up by hand" on Latin elegiacs and Greek hexameters in Oxford. It is then but natural that an evening of pyrotechnic revelry should be commemorated in Swinburnian metre—

"If you, love, were the bonfire
And I the college chairs,
In fire we'd seek sensation
Of mutual glad cremation.
Fire that seems sunk and gone—fire
That faintlier—flickering—flares
If you, love, were the bonfire,
And I the college chairs."

And as men awake and drowsily wonder, whether like Mr. Verdant Green, they will present an aeger, they look at the chilly bath and sigh—

"Shall I meet it majestic and manful,
Heroic and heedless of harm,
Or combat its cold with a canful
Of water that's warm ?"

The cleverness of Charles Stuart Calverley as a parodist was phenomenal. He was surely the prince of parody. His classical education made him attack Browning—

"You see this pebble-stone ? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts o' speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words ?)
Did, rather i' the pre-Landseerian days.
Well to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for the same
By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—
'Chop' was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm
O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, Sir ?"

This is an instance of him, mastery of exotic metre and a fine flick at the slipshod wordiness of the "Ring and the Book." Calverley had an extraordinary ear for rhythm and could imitate the measure and metre of any poet. It is true he allowed clever fooling to creep into his verse, but in his case it rather added to than detracted from the humour of his work. His "Wanderers" is the best of all parodies of Tennyson's "Brook :"—

"I loiter down by thorp and town ;
For any job I'm willing ;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.
I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for buddin' Sally
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n ;
I've liquor for the valet.
I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,
I hide by the squire's covers ;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers."

His parody upon Matthew Arnold in "Thoughts at a Railway Station," is very fine, and his "Ode to Tobacco" reads almost like a continuation of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour."

Calverley's work was not merely verbal burlesque, but was fine verse in itself. His humour was most genial and pleasant with no trace of malice or ill will. None of his victims could take offence at his clever banter.

So far we have not mentioned what was and still is probably the most notable collection of parodies in the English language, the volume of "Rejected Addresses," by Horace and James Smith. It is said that this book was planned, written and published in six weeks. The occasion was the opening of the new Drury Lane theatre. The ceremony was to be marked by an inaugural ode, which eventually was written by Byron. "Rejected Addresses" purports to be a volume of the rejected odes by the best-known authors. Wordsworth, Crabbe, Southey, Coleridge, Gray, Moore, Scott and Byron are among the poets parodied. James Smith did the one after Crabbe's style, and is perhaps worth quoting a few lines to show the effect of fun and criticism in effectually disposing of the homely elephantine manner of Crabbe.

"John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emmanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs' shoes.
Emmanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ, etc."

The parody after Southey's "Kehama," is one of the master-pieces of the volume. Almost its only fault is that it strays from the iambic movement of the original. But its worth as a sarcastic comment upon the grandiloquence of Southey's manner and his use of the anti-climax is remarkable. This is the first verse—

"I am a blessed Glendover ;
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower Hill to Picadilly snored !
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose !
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fanned, the god of fire ascends
The walls of Drury !"

This excursion into the realm of the earlier parodists reminds us of the parodies in the "Anti Jacobin," to which George Canning, to whom belongs the double fame of statesman and man of letters, contributed. Southey was the poet he chiefly attacked, who had, by his early Republican views, laid himself open to criticism. "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder" is the most notable of these parodies.

But revenons à nos moutons—the moderns. At the risk of making this essay too long, we must mention Sir Owen Seaman, the editor of *Punch*, who in his volumes "The Battle of the Bays," "In Cap and Bells," &c., has contributed to English parody, specimens of the art, which no book on humorous poetry can afford to neglect. Perhaps the parody upon the fatuous style of Alfred Austin is as good to quote as any—

> "The early bird got up and whet his beak;
> The early worms arose, an easy prey;
> This happened any morning in the week
> Much as to-day.
>
> The moke uplift for joy his hinder hoof;
> Shivered the fancy poodle, freshly shorn;
> The prodigal upon the attic roof
> Mewed to the morn."

There are thirty-three more verses in this "Birthday Ode," which must be read through to be thoroughly appreciated. It was witty enough, one would think, to prevent the late laureate from perpetrating any further poetical catastrophes, but unfortunately it didn't. Sir Owen Seaman's parodies on Kipling and Swinburne are sufficiently well known, and are characteristic of the mastery of the art of light versification which he possesses.

Of imitations of Kipling, the Vicar of Gt. Malvern's "Jack and Jill" is brilliant as a criticism of the "harum-scarum" quality in Kipling—

> "Now Jack looked up—it was time to sup, and the bucket was yet to fill,
> And Jack looked round for a space and frowned, then beckoned his sister Jill,
> And twice he pulled his sister's hair, and thrice he smote her side;
> 'Ha' done, ha' done with your impudent fun—ha' done with your games' she cried;
> 'You have made mud pies of a marvellous size—finger and face are black,
> You have trodden the Way of the Mire and Clay—now up and wash you, Jack!'"

Of prose parody we have no space to write, but Seaman's "Borrowed Plumes" and Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland," contain some of the very best. Classical parody also we have left untouched. Homer parodied himself in the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," but Greek parody reached its height with Aristophanes, although it is little fun to elucidate his jokes with the aid of a dictionary and a volume by a German commentator.

As an art in English letters, parody goes back to the Elizabethans, and from that time until now an increasing procession of writers have enlivened literature with their jokes and criticism at the expense of those who make of writing a serious business.

H.S.C.

Fables from Flanders.

II. The Unveiled Sky.

I.

Crannell had often experienced the strain and tension of waiting for a relief, but never with such acuteness. Two facts contributed to his present dementia. After this relief they were "going back" for a month's rest, and this rest, by sustained contemplation, had become a landmark—a harbour of refuge in his sense of futurity. The fear that he might never reach this harbour was an overwhelming obsession. And then, the last few days had been the most hellish of all. Not in the actual firing line, but in support, in the centre of a salient, they had had the benefit of all the stray shots from the firing-line that nearly surrounded them, together with an almost daily artillery bombardment. Only yesterday a high-explosive shell had blotted out with its reverberating riot a lad who had shone in his vision as the embodiment of flagrant vitality.

He expected the relief at seven o'clock. It was ten before they came. The three intervening hours were spent in an agony of futile expectation. Crannell began to think of the chance that had brought him to this pass—a pass over which neither his will nor his instinct seemed to have had control. He began to analyse his present state of mind. It wasn't fear—at least, not fear of death. A year ago he had known that fear—but now he cursed his past stupidity. He had arrived at a philosophical calm which challenged the religious resignation he knew to be the mental support of so many of his companions. Now he knew Death to be merely an ending—untimely perhaps, and for those who knew his hopes, an occasion for regret. But for himself negative and in some lights a release. His only burden of death was the sorrow he now felt for the "orphaned things" he must need leave behind—the high embryonic products of his genius. These he desired to bring to life, to rear and tend till they became of things immortal. . . But even of these he would be unconscious in that sleep.

At last the relief came and was received by Crannell with the mingled joy and exasperation characteristic of these occasions. The formalities over, Crannell hastened to guide his men out. In half-an-hour they would be in comparative safety. But the way was tremulous with death. Every stray shot that cracked and hissed past them seemed to shred their nerves. They went on, stumbling into crump-holes and tripping over tangled wire, panting in the agony of exhaustion.

II.

A long grey pavé stretched before them. Its sides were lined with tufted trees, standing like sentinels over their progress. The men, now that the long road stretched inevitable, were silent. Only to Crannell it seemed their eyes were filled with a radiance of longing.

The road ran into the hazy distance till it seemed to meet the horizon and disappear. Above the horizon rose a bank of massed clouds, purple in the light of night. Into the clouds they marched and the road led them on. Now they were climbing a gradual hill. Their feet no longer felt the rough cobbles. Their eyes were intent with the high purpose of pilgrims.

Above the massed clouds, in the paler unveiled sky, gold stars awoke to sing immortally.

H.E.R.

George Bernard Shaw and Samuel Butler.

I.

According to Bernard Shaw, Samuel Butler was, " in his own department, the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century." And yet until 1905, when the preface to " Major Barbara " was published, he was almost unknown even among men more than ordinarily well read, while even to-day his writings are comparatively obscure, apart perhaps from " Erewhon," the singular success of which caused one of his publishers to designate him " Homo unius libri."

Butler himself supplied the reason for this obscurity. " I am the *enfant terrible* of literature and science . . . I have addressed the next generation, and have therefore said many things which want time before they become palatable." He was not deterred from a candid appeal to posterity by the fear of treading on the toes of a good many of his contemporaries. He was always on the attack, and since the people he attacked were on the whole quite unable to cope with him, they muzzled him fairly effectively by pretending he did not exist. Then why has Shaw, whose attacks on vested interests and conventional morality have been quite as consistent and bitter, gained not only the homage of the elect, but also the ear of the populace ? How have those plays, full of savage wit and blasting criticism, become as famous as the " Daily Mail," and more popular than musical comedy ? I think it is chiefly because pretending that Shaw did not exist was too much of a moral strain. His pugnacity was too tempting, and his challenge too defiantly and studiously provocative to ignore. " What are you people crowding here for ? " he asked a fashionable audience at an anti-sweating meeting. " To hear me gibe at you, not because you care a rap for the wretched victims of your social system. If you cared a rap for them you wouldn't come here for amusement. You would go outside and burn the palaces of fashion and commerce to the ground."

And yet though Butler knew that his work had failed entirely to gain the applause and appreciation of the hour, he never for a moment doubted its ultimate worth and weight. " If I had played for immediate popularity, I think I could have won it. Having played for lasting credit, I doubt not that it will in the end be given me." On this question of the value of his own writings he had that amusing trick of self-praise which in men of true worth fails entirely to offend. He was once asked, " Have you written any books like *Hudibras ?* " The answer, worthy of Shaw in his most impudent mood, came promptly, " Certainly ; *Erewhon* is quite as good a book as *Hudibras* " and immediately sent the person a copy to support his statement. He firmly believed that his books were good enough to earn for him a " good average three-score years and ten of immortality."

It is on this subject of immortality that Butler and Shaw exhibit for once divergent philosophies. Butler believed immortality to consist in the continued vitality of a man's work. Shaw finds it in the continued vitality of the race. Thus Butler, travelling to a concert of Handel's music says, " It is Handel's work, not the body with which he did the work, that pulls me half over London. There is not an action of a muscle in the horse's leg as it drags my carriage to the Albert Hall but is in connection with, and part outcome of, the force generated when Handel sat in his room at Gopsall and wrote the *Messiah.*" So again in one of his few sonnets,

> " Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again
> Where dead men meet, on lips of living men."

As I understand Shaw, man is immortal in that he is part of the Life-Force which, through him and all mankind, is working out its tremendous purpose, which is " to know Itself and Its destination, and to choose Its path," and finally to evolve the Superman. I don't know exactly what is to be the nature of this Superman. He is to be produced, not by teaching, but by breeding, though what scheme is to be adopted to this end, is not at all clear. As Chesterton points out, " if you are to produce men as pigs, you require some overseer who is as much more subtle than a man as a man is more subtle than a pig. Such an individual is not easy to find."

Otherwise Shaw's philosophy is greatly Erewhonian. The laws of that remarkable state as laid down by Butler, make poverty and illness crimes, and he describes with brutal satire the public trial of a man accused of pulmonary consumption. The prisoner is placed before a judge and jury, and pleads not guilty. Counsel for the prisoner urges that the accused was simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company from which he was about to buy an annuity, hoping thus to obtain it on more advantageous terms. If this could have been shown to be the case, he would have escaped a criminal prosecution, and have been sent to a hospital, as for a moral ailment. But, as the judge points out in his summing-up, the evidence shows the accused to possess a constitution radically vicious. This is not the first offence. He is hardened in crime. He was convicted of aggravated bronchitis the year before, and although he is only twenty-three years old, he has been imprisoned fourteen times for illnesses of a more or less hateful character. He has in fact, spent the greater part of his life in jail. In view of the terribly serious nature of the offence, the judge cannot do less than sentence him to imprisonment, with hard labour, for the rest of his life.

Shaw has reproduced the Erewhonian view of poverty with very little modification, and examined it at some length, in "Major Barbara." There he says, "Money is the most important thing in the world. It represents health, strength, honor, generosity and beauty as conspicuously and undeniably as the want of it represents illness, weakness, disgrace, meanness and ugliness . . . The greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty, and our first duty is not to be poor. "Poor but honest"; "the respectable poor"; and such phrases are as intolerable and immoral as "Drunken but amiable," "fraudulent but a good after-dinner speaker," "splendidly criminal," or the like." One would like to protest briefly against this doctrine when carried to such lengths. Money chiefly hides, not removes, the vices and ugliness of the rich. The wealthy dipsomaniac who soaks whisky in his study is no better than the butcher or baker who gets drunk in the village inn. A great deal worse I should say. And exactly how much honour, generosity and beauty the Amercian millionaire represents, I don't quite know.

Then again, in the preface to "Misalliance," Shaw has repainted that tremendously powerful and withering picture of the average home life drawn by Butler in "The Way of all Flesh." Butler once suggested "Tracts for children, warning them against the virtues of their elders," while Shaw, attacking the method of rearing a child called "bringing it up in the way it should go" says, "Nobody knows the way it should go. All the ways discovered yet lead to the horrors of our existing civilisation, described quite justifiably by Ruskin, as heaps of agonising maggots, struggling with each other for scraps of food." He considers that every child is an experiment of the Life-Force which is trying to produce the Superman, and that all progress depends on the child knowing better than its elders. If Shaw means by this that the child is never to learn anything from the experience of its forerunners, and that it is never to take anything for granted except that it is to take nothing for granted, but is to "prove all things," then I am afraid a good number of the experiments would terminate at a rather early stage. We must on the whole take advantage of the conclusions drawn from accumulated experience. There will be cases where errors have been made, and where the lesson has been missed or misinterpreted; but in the main, it seems as if the race will advance, not by everlastingly rejecting, but by rectifying the mistakes, and widening the limits and applications of the wisdom of its elders. Shaw's own particular genius chiefly consists in this extending of the application of fundamental truths further than ever before. His attack on Marriage is not, of course, in the direction of licence. He wants to carry those high and harsh principles of justice and wholesomeness into an institution which he considers to be full of injustices and indecencies. His attack on Home Life is a plea for the carrying of his extraordinarily developed sense of personal liberty into an unexpected quarter. He wants a child's "Magna Charter" and "Declaration of Rights," and suggests "children's lawyers for the purpose of suing pedagogues and others for assault and imprisonment."

I think it is a similar attitude in Butler—causing him to believe it unwise to consider any course of conduct definitely good or bad lest a wider and more tolerant sweep of your fundamental beliefs should cause you to reverse your judgment—which lies at the bottom of all his "Counsels of Imperfection." Be not over-good, is his advice. "God does not intend people, and does not like people to be too good. He likes them neither too bad nor too good, but a little too bad is more venial with him than a little too good." (The "gospel of Laodicea" thus expressed in a couple of lines is expanded by Shaw into a couple of pages in his preface to "Getting Married.") "Virtue (or morality as Shaw would call it) is the repose of sleep or death. Vice (immorality according to Shaw) is the awakening to the knowledge of good and evil, without which there is no life worthy of the name." The attitude of both is that freedom of independent judgment, constant challenging of the arbitrary rules of conduct which we call morality, obedience to the spirit and not to the letter, in short toleration, is the sine quâ non of all evolution; an attitude which, as I have said already, seems quite sound if you admit the body of public wisdom and experience to be, on the whole, the primary and richest source of guidance and help.

Butler sums up all that both of them had to say of the philosophy of life, when he said, "to live is like to love—all reason is against it, and all healthy human instinct for it." "I want to be thoroughly used up when I die," says Shaw, "for the harder I work the more I live. I rejoice in Life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle to me. Is is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations." And although Shaw, like Butler, and also like Schopenhauer, seems to accept the theory that life is on the whole unreasonable, yet he, along with Butler, raises himself far above Schopenhauer in that, in the last resort, he rejects reason and clings to a belief rooted beyond reason, and which plain people call faith in the Living God.

II.

It seems strange how time after time these two men, sworn foes to all dogmatic authority, appear to track each other's steps and echo each other's message. Butler elevates Handel from quite a subsidiary seat among the immortals to the foremost place of honour. Shaw's regard for Bunyan leads him to rank his Puritan forbear above even Him of Avon (an act of devotion which popular legend has misconstrued into a claim by Shaw of personal superiority to Shakespeare).

But they not only exalted, they brought low. Handel and Bunyan they enthrone, but they have also depositions to carry out. Raphael, who had almost taken rank with Shakespeare outside the sphere of criticism, was the object of a violent attack by Butler. He speaks of his *Ansidei* as the work of "one who

was first worldling, then religious property manufacturer, then painter with brains no more than average and no heart. . . . Wherever a thing can be scamped it is scamped. As the whole is, so are the details, and as the details, so is the whole, all is tainted with eye-service and with a vulgarity not the less profound for being veiled by a due observance of conventionality." This is of course in quite a different strain from Shaw's attack on Shakespeare. Shaw freely admits that Shakespeare is a craftsman of the highest order of merit ; that he is possessed of matchless dramatic qualities. What he attacks is his philosophy. He objects to the pessimistic attitude summed up in " Out, out brief candle." Now one of the noblest things about Shaw is this hatred of any attempt to shirk or blaspheme against life. He insists on entering into it with the harsh courage of the battlefield. Though it may be hard and irksome, it is still a high adventure of the soul. He refuses to see it other than a field of activity in which, if a man is to gain true happiness he must expend himself to the full. Getting and spending he must lay waste his powers. He does not lose time asking " Is life worth living ? " He would answer with Butler, " This is a question for an embryo, not for a man." Nevertheless one cannot accept Shaw's classification of Shakespeare as a pessimist. As Chesterton pointed out, the whole matter seems to hinge on Shaw's being a Puritan while Shakespeare was spiritually a Catholic. The Puritan must restrict his outburst of depression and disgust with life ; just as much as his outbursts of joy and happiness ; while the Catholic, whose faith is deep-rooted in the goodness of God, can indulge himself in these passing moods of melancholy, knowing them quite well to be but moods, which cannot shake his ultimate belief in the beneficent over-ruling of the Universe.

That downrightness and earnestness which permeates all that these two men said or wrote, was naturally full of impatience and scorn for any such artificialities as the cultivation of " style for its own sake." Says Butler in 1897, " I never knew a man yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable. Plato's having had seventy shies at one sentence is quite enough to explain to me why I dislike him." I think that for once Butler misses the mark. " Style for its own sake "—if there is such a thing—would certainly be a revoltingly artificial exercise. But the writer who never takes " the smallest pains with his style " is merely a craftsman who has been too lazy to learn his trade. So again when Shaw, attacking " stylists " (1903) says " Effectiveness is the alpha and omega of style ; he who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none," I don't know that he has achieved much more than a misleading truism. Effectiveness, properly and widely understood, is indeed the essence of style, for not only " common simple straight-forwardness " (as Butler calls it), but also harmony and rhythm, and a nice balancing and correlation of parts help the author to reveal to the full his wealth and subtlety of observation and interpretation. Butler's criticism of R. L. S. and Newman as men who had to be at pains to form a style before their writings could be of any value is particularly unjust. In acting the " sedulous ape," Stevenson was consciously and laboriously learning to handle the tools of an admittedly difficult craft, and preparing to express his message of manly gaity and courage in the most accurate, concise, and winning manner possible.

I think this objection to any conscious preparation for the pursuit of their craft throws light on what I have already suggested to be the general attitude taken up by Shaw and Butler in the larger sphere of morals. Just as they refuse to undertake any training in order to anticipate the difficulties which necessarily arise in the presentment of their message, but prefer to wait until these difficulties actually confront them (when they claim that the mere determination to be simple and straightforward will suffice to overcome them), so in the sphere of morals, they believe, as Shaw puts it, that " The Golden Rule is that there is no Golden Rule." Their cry is Death to the Generalisation. " Actions," says Shaw, " are to be judged by their effect on happiness, and not by their conformity to any ideal." Butler urges us to act according to a kindly disposition rather than to the dictates of logic. How such advice is going to simplify matters in actual practice, or why " happiness," which is surely not the highest standard in life, is to be the final test of conduct, is not quite clear. It would certainly lead us into an extraordinary state of chaos, in which there would be no appeal to past experience, and where each man would have to face every act of his life as if it had never been faced before. The prospect of such a frightful diseconomy of mental and moral energy ought to be especially appalling to Shaw, who has spoken of himself as " temperamentally economical to the point of old-maidishness."

Both have a generous share of that terribly satiric wit which is sufficiently well known in Shaw's case from his plays, and which in the case of Butler I may briefly instance from his " Erewhon." He tells us how in " Erewhon," " Young ladies are taught the art of proposing. Lists of successful matches are advertised with the prospectuses of all girls' schools." They have (in the colleges of unreason) a Regius Professor of Studied Ambiguity, and a Professor of Worldly Wisdom who plucks a man for want of sufficient vagueness in his saving-clauses paper. " One man who entered for the Chancellor's medal declined to answer any of the questions set. He said he saw that they were more intended to show off the ingenuity of the examiner than either to assist or test the judgment of the examined. He observed moreover, that the view taken of his answers would in great measure depend on what the examiner had had for dinner, and since it was not in his power to control this, he was not going to waste his time where the result was, at best, so much a matter of chance. Briefly, his view of life was, that the longer you lived and the less you talked about it, the better." And so on.

To conclude then. I think I have said enough to show that it is not too much to call Shaw the disciple of Butler ; a very original and enterprising disciple, but still owing much of his fundamental attitude towards life and manners to the elder man. Shaw's

plays have been described as one epigram expanded into a hundred epigrams. I would be more precise and call them one of Butler's epigrams expanded into a hundred epigrams. In more than one case both matter and manner are very closely reproduced. You will remember how in one of the noblest of all his passages Shaw makes the dying artist in "The Doctor's Dilemma" recite his creed. "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of colour, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and in the message of art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen." In 1877 (nearly thirty years previously), Butler had said in "Life and Habit," "If a man must believe in anything, let him believe in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the 13th chapter of St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians." Read the "Revolutionist's Handbook" at the end of "Man and Superman," and then compare it in substance and mode of presentment with Butler's "Note Books." It is only fair to point out in this latter connection however, that none of the material of the "Note Books" found its way into print before 1907, five years after Butler's death, and four years after "Man and Superman" was published. There is only one branch of literature (not to mention other branches of art), where Shaw has not followed Butler. Shaw never wrote any poetry (that I am aware of), whilst Butler has at least two fine sonnets to his credit. One is called "The Life after Death," and contains the essence of his thoughts on immortality. The other is on Handel; and I cannot better draw this fragment to a close than by giving this expression of an affection and love as deep and strong as any in the history of literature.

"Father of my poor music—if such small
Offspring as mine, so born out of due time,
So scorned, can be called fatherful at all,
Or dare to thy high sonship's rank to climb—
Best loved of all the dead whom I love best,
Though I love many another dearly too,
You in my heart take rank above the rest;
King of those kings that most control me, you
You were about my path, about my bed
In boyhood always, and, where'er I be,
Whater'er I think or do, you, in my head,
Groundbass to all my thoughts, are still with me,
Methinks the very worms will find some strain
Of yours still lingering in my wasted brain."

PINNE.

Spring.

Spring with her zephyr breath blew o'er me
And Hope looked up with laughing eyes,
Clasped my hand. We three went maying;
Spring and Youth and Hope together.
Soft the breeze and blue the skies;
O'er cloudy cliffs and shining sand
We flashed along, all hand in hand,
Like three gay skiffs which swiftly glide
Over Fancy's rivers wide,
Dancing gaily on their way
With never a thought or care to-day
And never a to-morrow.

E.E.V.G.

The Political Writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau.*

WHEN Professor Vaughan was in Leeds, it was a matter of common knowledge that he had been engaged for many years in close and arduous research among the MSS. of Rousseau, now preserved at Geneva. His labours have now been crowned by the publication, through the Cambridge University Press, of a complete edition of Rousseau's political writings. The authorities of the Press are to be congratulated on having issued the book in a form worthy of its contents; for the work is a monument of accurate and sympathetic scholarship, as indeed everyone expected who knew Prof. Vaughan's standards and his enthusiasm for his subject. No pains have been spared to rescue the authentic text from the vagaries of successive editors; all variants between the MS. and the printed text, and between the different editions, are shown in footnotes. The writings are arranged, for the first time, in strictly chronological order. MS. fragments and letters which throw light on the development of Rousseau's political ideas are printed more fully than by any previous editors of Rousseau's works. The various writings are preceded by terse introductions supplying all the relevant historical details about the circumstances in which the works were composed and indicating the place they hold in the evolution of Rousseau's thought. These two fine volumes will indeed (if a lapse into current reviewers' journalese may be forgiven), be indispensable to future students of Rousseau's political thinking.

The personality and the ideas of Jean Jacques have alike formed the subject of fierce controversy; they have been assailed with violent vituperation and defended with no less heat. The question of the personal character of Rousseau we shall pass over, as Prof. Vaughan does, because it is irrelevant to the criticism of his political creed. As a teacher, he appears to some (*e.g.*, Lord Morley) as the type of the irresponsibly emotional exponent of abstractions, to others as the apostle of a lofty democracy, unstained by the materialism of the merely economic schemes of social regeneration. Moreover different critics have—not without considerable reason—found the most opposing teaching in his pages. Was he an individualist or a collectivist in his theory of the state?—this seems to be the question of the hour in the study of Rousseau. Prof. Vaughan, like Prof. Bosanquet, finds that in his most essential and characteristic ideas he advances the collectivist theory; in other words, that he regards the Commonwealth (to use Locke's favourite term) as no mere aggregate of individuals, but as possessing an independent reality of its own, and treats the good of the commonwealth as the fundamental basis of social and political action. If we treat the Discourses as immature works and regard the Rousseau of the Contrat Social and after as the real Rousseau, this view seems to be the true one in the main, with the necessary qualification that Rousseau himself was

* The Political Writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Ed., with introductions and notes by C. E. Vaughan, M.A., Litt.D. Cambridge University Press.

very imperfectly aware of the complete change in political theory that he was inaugurating, and that he never carried out the implications of his own doctrine, the fuller meaning of which was only perceived by his successors. As Prof. Vaughan admits, Rousseau's teaching to the last contained individualistic elements fundamentally irreconcilable with his theory of the General Will, round which all his collectivist conceptions centre.

The chief reason for this inconsistency seems to our judgment to be a simple one. Like Spinoza and many another thinker of the greatest originality, Rousseau tried to put new wine into old bottles, *i.e.*, he inaugurated a new mode of thought, but he used for its expression an idiom associated with older ideas and incapable of adapting itself to the new ideas. To be precise, he could not free himself from the conceptions of jurisprudence. To the modern reader nothing appears more strange in the ethical and political literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than the universal domination of legal ideas. In ethics, Bishop Butler conceives of conscience as a sort of appeal court, and Kant finds the essence of morality in the abstract idea of law, while the orthodox theologian of this period firmly believes that without the prospect of judicial proceedings in the after-life morality would cease to be. In political thought, the early eighteenth century agrees in regarding the basis of the social order as an imaginary " social contract," as if no community could exist without a real or fictitious document determining its legal status; and the first principles of social action are thrown into the legalistic shape of Natural Rights, while much is heard of Natural Law. Now legal ideas, for all their virtue of precision, suffer from the fatal defect of narrowness. They touch restricted sides of man's composite nature, his practice of making bargains and his capacities for command and obedience. And the legal view of the state always tends to individualism. For to the practising lawyer what is the state? In one capacity it appears as an abstract authority contained in rows of fat volumes bound in law-calf and supported by the concrete force of the policeman and the gaoler. If, on the other hand, the state appears as a party to a suit, it does so in the guise of a " fictitious person," a sort of artificial individual. As Plato puts it, the ears of the lawyer are for ever filled with the complaints " *You* are wronging *me*," and the like.

Now it is just this dominance of legal ideas that seems responsible for the chief inconsistencies and deficiencies in the doctrines of Rousseau. It seems to vitiate the whole concrete working out of the central theory of the General Will. To the mind of the twentieth century, permeated by the ideas of the anthropological sciences of the nineteenth, the statement that the community has an " I " of its own and a common will suggests at once the growth of a common consciousness of national unity through years of common history, common aims, common ideals of life, conduct and religion (probably summed up in the most up-to-date jargon as a " Common experience "). In the Contrat Social the General Will seems to sustain a humbler role altogether, to be conceived as the constitutional lawyer might conceive it within the restricted field of his technical vision, as a general assembly called together for the specific purpose of discussing a proposal for a *law*. The picture that Rousseau draws of the healthy state as one in which such assemblies are frequent and fully attended seems to imply that he thinks of the true life of the community as contained in the *legal* proceeding of passing enactments by which the conduct of individuals shall be regulated. We know better now; but that is because anthropological studies have shown that the life of a people flows far below the surface of its constitutional and legal forms and practices.

The true worth of Rousseau's teaching—as of Plato's—lies less in its details, which are often enough exasperating in their crudity and inconsistency—and as often obnoxious to the prosaic British mind for their poetical fancifulness—than in its spirit. His broad and deep love of humanity as humanity, his passionate sympathy with the weak and the oppressed, his profoundly optimistic view of human nature as essentially good and healthy—it is these traits that have made the lovers of Rousseau love him, and they are of special value to us in this time of storm and stress. In this period of social unrest, when every class seems to be striving for its own interest, aggravated by the outbreak of this monstrous war, with its carnival of hate and savagery, Rousseau's view of human nature and the ideal of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity appear perhaps blindly idealistic. But we must hope that mankind is but passing through a temporary paroxysm of frenzy, and that we shall shortly look back on the period of the Great War with amazement, as an unaccountable lapse into barbarism. And when we see the home life of the individual instruments of these international passions—the soldiers—and observe that they most often are good husbands and fathers, and find their real happiness in the peaceful life of the family—then we may well feel that Rousseau's belief in normal human nature is not without solid justification. And we may remember that the great champion of the principle of self-assertion, Nietzsche, coupled together in his scorn the teachings of Rousseau and of Christianity.

C.M.G.

Life and Death.

(A Study in Contrasts).

It was spring and the trees in the orchard were covered with pink and white blossoms. The bright sunshine had clothed the fields with a golden mantle, and woods shone like emeralds against the grey haze of distant hills. A skylark was singing his joyful lay in a neighbouring meadow, and a sunlit stream murmured softly as it wandered lazily by. Soft, fleecy clouds drifted slowly across the blue sky—while an aeroplane, its planes gleaming like burnished silver, hovered above our heads.

I took a leisurely stroll down the hill to the little village where I filled an empty sandbag with three of the crisp, flat, round loaves which the French housewife knows how to bake, and we British " tommies " enjoy, so well. As I left the house, a flock of blue and white pigeons circled round the roof and wheeled swiftly overhead with a flash of gleaming wings. Outside a small " estaminet " a burly gunner of the R.G.A., his face tanned a deep brown, his tunic and shirt open, revealing a wide expanse of muscular chest and neck, was leaning against one of the pillars of the door, leisurely enjoying a glass of the light " bière " of the district.

Here, before me, was a world of throbbing vitality. Nature seemed to be breathing life into the souls of all things, and even the peaceful repose which lay over all failed to conceal the mighty forces of strength underlying. The world slept as she gave birth to her children, while the universe chanted softly her glorious melody—the sweet immortal song of Life.

* * * *

I returned to my dug-out in the orchard, and, after a healthy tea off the new bread, supplemented by a liberal government ration of jam, lit my pipe, and settled down for a few moments to peruse a magazine I had lately received from home. Suddenly a battery of guns at the far end of the orchard opened fire. With a deafening crash which caused many thousands of the blossoms on the trees to drift like a fragrant snowstorm to the ground, another battery, immediately to our rear, followed suit. Soon the whole countryside resounded with the roar of guns and the fierce shriek of shells. Now the harsh cries of men rang out loudly amidst the infernal dim. An ammunition limber rattled over the cobbled road outside, the drivers crouching forward over their horses' necks. With a sudden swerve, the limber took the sharp corner leading into the orchard on the near set of wheels. Relieved of its load of shells, it stumbled forward once more, and was soon hidden amid dense clouds of dust. The bombardment increased in violence. A thick, blue-grey smoke hung round the apple-trees, through which could be seen the flash of innumerable guns and, closer, the stern set faces of the gunners as they fed their reeking pieces.

On the bank at the near side of the road, a little child, a boy of about seven or eight summers, quite unconcerned by the fearful din on all sides, was bending over an unexploded German shell, attempting to unscrew the nose cap with his chubby fingers.

Meanwhile the thunder of guns and bursting shells continued. The triumphal pæan of Death now threatened to overwhelm and silence with its harsh discords, the joyful song of Life and Beauty. From across the desolate and ruined wastes where our trenches lay, stretcher parties were advancing slowly towards us. Prostrate forms, their wounded limbs enveloped in white bandages already soaked with crimson blotches, lay still upon the stretchers. Later on, in the evening, I myself assisted to carry out one poor fellow who had been shot in the spine. He smoked cigarettes the whole time and repeatedly asked us if " home " was getting any nearer. He died in the dressing station before midnight.

* * * *

Next morning broke clear and bright. The sun shone through the branches overhead and the skylark soared upwards, trilling its happy song once more. We washed in the clear waters of the rippling stream and breakfasted as we sat, eastern fashion upon the sweet smelling grass beneath the trees. The little boy of the previous afternoon, approached us, and with an expansive smile, violent gestures and many cries of " Souvenir—Souvenir " endeavoured to sell us the aluminium nosecap which he had evidently managed to unscrew from the shell.

Down the long straight road, motor-ambulances sped northwards with their wounded and helpless occupants, while in an adjoining field, some pioneers were reverently adding small, neat, white crosses to those already there.

High in the blue ether, almost lost to view, an aeroplane, probably our old friend of yesterday, hovered like some watchful eagle above our heads.

F.W.S.

The Coast Road.

Oh ! you'll take the land road thro' storm and sunny weather,
But I'm for the coast road, it will not let me be,
Oh ! you'll pass mid meadows of clover and of heather,
But I'll take the coast road a-winding by the sea.

Oh ! you'll take the safe way, the broad way, the high way,
And you'll have a gilded coach and dappled horses three,
But your way is your way, and my way is my way,
And I'll take the roughened track that leads beside the sea.

Oh ! you'll ride in satin, with rings your bondage showing,
But I'll walk in tatters, rejoicing to be free,
And you'll take the way where the honeysuckle's blowing
But I'm for the coast road that follows by the sea.

Oh ! you'll have the guest-room and mattress made of feather,
And silken sheets of lavender and quilt of tapestry,
But I'll have the hedgerow in every kind of weather,
The breezes thro' my tatters and the stars above the sea.

Oh ! you'll take the land-road in all your splendid hiring,
Your heart will be weary of life's futility,
But I'll take the coast road, with bare feet never tiring,
The wild track and ragged that winds beside the sea !

M.C.M.

Boilers.

AFTER rags, boilers. After Ragtown, Asylumville, or to put it another way, after a few months of Ragtown, the only thing for it was a prolonged rest cure at Asylumville. (It also boasts a gaol and a cathedral: something to suit all tastes). The worst of a business life is that when one wants a holiday one has to seek another place. But when the secret history of this war comes to be written, it will be found that the real reason of my leaving Ragtown was that the *Gryphon* insisted upon being provided with an article of a new kind. Like myself it had had enough of rags. (It has not yet decided whether to send me into the chimney sweeping trade next, or the diplomatic service, though one kind friend wrote to draw my attention to Punch's advertisement for a "Gardener, illegible," and suggested that with my handwriting I should have no difficulty in obtaining the situation, and would probably find horticulture a complete change from rags and boilers).

Asylumville does not possess the "once seen never forgotten" features which stigmatise Ragtown. In fact it is very much like other respectable little towns. Indeed it is very respectable: has a Boots, a Maypole, a Scotch Wool shop, a Taylors', and merely the usual allowance of pork shops. Here it is compensated by having two of the "One Original Penny Bazaar's," or one more than the ordinary number.

On our first exploration of Asylumville some years ago, K. and I were struck by the abundance of really eligible looking cafés, but in those days what we were chiefly concerned with was finding the Asylum. We would as soon have thought then of going back without seeing the Asylum as we would think nowadays of visiting a new place without locating the General Post Office. To me fell it to select a suitable looking old gentleman and enquire the way. He took it very well after the first shock, and we managed to find the place successfully, but after trying to walk round it we were tempted to take a short cut through the grounds. We began very valiantly, but gathering dusk and distant noises preyed upon our apprehensive minds until, when we came face to face with a notice board labelled Mortuary, we shamefacedly turned and sought the high road again. High roads were lighted in those days.

But about those boilers! Well, they're not really boilers at all; they're economisers (O blessed word in war time!) for steam boilers. There is none of the subtle romance of the rag trade about engineering. Instead we have the spirit of the age, of democracy wresting nature's secrets from her till man is supreme over machinery, and the modern scientist works the miracles formerly achieved by the fairy godmother, etc., etc. (If the *Gryphon* is hard pressed for copy it will here fill in a few suitable rhapsodies from Jules Verne, H. G. Wells and the Children's Encyclopædia). Unfortunately the mere Arts person is soon lost amongst bottom headers, access pipes, worm shafts and lever and weight safety valves, until one wonders if one's own attempts at French renderings are as ingenious as the address evolved by a French firm who, after anxiously scanning letter headings in a laudable desire to make sure of the full address, wrote to "Messieurs Boilers, Ltd: 26, Highest Awards, Asylumville."

In at least one respect Asylumville is unique and ahead of the times. No sandwichmen advertise the attractions of its theatre: instead we find a sandwich cart proudly proclaiming the merits of the current musical comedy. It is these little oddities which reward the intrepid explorer. Similarly he finds that the trams loop the loop occasionally, but that is only their pleasant little way of showing a stranger the sights. Yes, Asylumville is a decided improvement upon Ragtown, if only because one is not thinking all the time one ought to have a shawl like everybody else.

Now aren't you rather glad after all that I've kept off those boilers? They really are very confusing, but the *Gryphon* told me to write about boilers, so I've taken them for the heading and mentioned them once or twice. I think that's enough; don't you?

VIDEO.

The Wonderful Adventure.

JILL lay on her back and watched seagulls. They looked wonderfully white and cool as they flashed and gleamed overhead, whirling and floating, rising and sinking, through the clear air beneath a limitless blue. The sight of them was a rest to eyes weary from dazzling yellow sand and shimmering sea. The call of them was wild and piercing after the many drowsy sounds of summer. The thought of them was as of something strange and free and wonderful, tameless as the heart of youth, and infinitely swift. Suddenly their cry changed and they circled rapidly, then dropped swiftly to the shore. Jill's eyes followed them in their descent and she propped her head on her hand as she looked. There where the water splashed upon the rough breakwater a fisherman was mooring his boat, and the loose brown sail flapped in the breeze. After all the gulls were but greedy creatures, and to weave dreams and visions around them was absurd. Jill's eyes left the seagulls and fixed upon the Lighthouse Boat riding at anchor far out in the bay. Only rarely was it used to take tar and paraffin and coal to the lighthouse, but regularly in the mackerel season it trimmed itself up, hoisted its sails and swept from sight around the point, to go mackerel fishing into the unknown.

"Hullo," said a voice. Jill turned lazily. Jack, in a white shirt and knickers, his linen hat right on the back of his head—no-one ever wore a hat as Jack did—was peeling a switch close by. "Hullo," she answered. Then—"Jack, I wonder why we always want so much to bathe off the Lighthouse Boat; I suppose it's not be abling to do things that always makes you want them more, isn't it?"

"Don't be silly," said Jack, who was not of a psychological turn of mind, "You do keep on about that boat. It's no use. Besides, 'be abling' isn't good grammar."

" Well, what ought it to be then ? " demanded Jill. Jack turned to go, whistling. He was not of a very grammatical turn of mind either.

Jill rolled on her side and absentmindedly gathered the hot golden sand and let it trickle through her fingers. Lying thus, she could see the tremulous outline of things near the ground, caused by vapour rising from the heated sand. Nothing seemed to be worth doing this weather except bathing ; and that one couldn't do until two hours after breakfast. Surely the two hours were nearly over ! Suddenly a bell tinkled, and in an instant Jill was on her feet, shading her eyes to look at the figure standing up there at the edge of the cliff and ringing out the well-known summons. As soon as she had distinguished Father she turned back and cried through hollowed hands " Coo-oee ! " Jack, far away among the rocks and pools, stood up and seeing her beckon, yelled back " Right oh ! Coming ! " She did not wait but tore up the little rough pathway, rolling down with her bare feet stones and bits of earth, until, breathless, she joined Father at the top.

" Hurry up and get your bathing things " he said ; " Don't undress at Portelet as usual, though, but come down as you are. I'm going to row you out to bathe off the Lighthouse Boat." " Oh ! Father ! " —Jill was off in a flash, with wild whoops and shrieks of delight, and Jack, who had followed on in time to hear the news, continued his uninterrupted trot towards Portelet. It was a principle of his never to shew enthusiasm . . . .

It was as the rowing-boat drew out from the shelter of the bay and turned the " Point " which shielded Portelet from the winds that the children realised that the sea was in the state which sea-salts call " fresh." Now and then choppy sprays of water splashed over the prow, and the little boat gave a convulsive dive. As the Lighthouse Boat was neared it seemed to grow larger, more formidable ; it seemed to tug more spasmodically at its anchor hidden far, far below, and the sea around seemed to take on a greenish tinge and to grow deeper. At last the vessel was reached. The great round black hull rolled up and down and threatened to crush the smaller craft which dared approach alongside. At last Father grasped a rope which hung from the deck, and helped the two adventurers into the larger ship. As they clambered over the sides and rolled on to the deck planks they were aware of a horrible stench which arose from their vessel of dreams. The smell of rotten fish, dried mackerel, and old fishing-tackle mingled with that of tar, paraffin, candle-grease and tarpaulin.

However, true to their code, they breathed not a word, and each began to undress. It was then that Jill started to feel queer. The motion of a vessel at anchor in a rough sea is, to say the least of it, unpleasant. Somehow it took a long time to undress. Jack was ready first and jumped over at once. At last a white-faced blue-lipped Jill appeared, cast a wan smile at Father, and took a header into the angry looking sea. She seemed to be going down, down, a very long way, and for the first time in her life she felt frightened of the great merciless ocean. At last, however, she rose to the surface, and strange to say, felt much better. After about ten minutes Jack clambered back, helped by Father from the rowing-boat. Jill made several attempts too, but her legs insisted upon being drawn underneath the bulging hull, and it was a long time before she could get a grip. When she did cling at last Father and Jack had to help her over, and a very exhausted, shivery creature dropped limply into the hold among her garments. When, after much difficulty, both chattery children were dressed, they descended stiffly but thankfully into their little rowing-boat. Somehow there seemed no warmth in the sun now, and Jill's holland overall felt limp and cold and damp. It made her tired to look at the sunshine and ill to look at the sea. At last she fixed her eyes on Portelet, as on a forlorn hope rapidly drawing nearer.

When the two returned, cold, washed-out looking, and blue, they were each given a glassful of home-made sloe-gin, which sent the blood racing back under their skin and reminded them that, after all, life was worth living . . . .

* * * * * *

The next morning Jack and Jill were fishing off the end of the breakwater. Far out, the Lighthouse Boat rose and sunk, pitched and swung like some caged thing of the wilds, beautiful and restless.

" So we did bathe off there after all," said Jack, pointing ; " And you didn't enjoy it much, did you ? After all the talk and begging and saying how lovely it would be."

" Oh ! do be quiet," said Jill, giving her line an impatient tug, " I can't hear the gulls calling."

M.C.M.

"Sark, my Dreamland."

There's an island sleeps in a sunlit sea,
Gaunt rocks as its guardians stand,
There is golden ragwort and golden gorse,
There are strips of sun-flecked sand.

There's a field of barley that ripples and sways,
On the hill stand pine trees three,
A little brown sail is fading away
Where the Heavens come down to the sea.

A seagull passes on languid wing,
And it utters a long drawn cry,
A white baby cloudlet has fallen asleep
On a deep blue velvet sky.

The wavelets are murmuring in their dreams
In a soft and sleepy tone,
A bell on a rock far away in the mist
Makes a dreamy, drowsy moan.

And Sark, my dreamland, basks there in the sea
In a haze of noonday heat.
And my soul is there though my feet must tread
The stones of a city street.

Beyond the whirl of the work-a-day world
It exists as a promised land,
With its golden ragwort and golden gorse,
And its strips of sunflecked sand.

W.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,

I have offered apology to Mr. Wm. Shakespeare and the Moody Dane for misquoting them. It is a penalty they pay for being illustrious.

Also allow me to apologise to " A Past Student " for so disturbing his sense of literary propriety.

I do not agree with him about the scrappy Society Notes. I think they would be better at the end of the magazine on the thin advertisement sheet. This arrangement would give more room for contributions.

At the risk of falling into an abyss of crass egoism, I will agree with him about the essays on Henley and Middleton. I am very glad he liked them. Portelet Sketches and " A Dream Story " likewise have my blessing. I liked them.

With regard to the reply of 'Revlis,' if he will substitute " leading article " for " Editorial " in his fourth requirement, I am with him the whole way. Especially do I support him in his proposal number three. I notice in the last issue nine poems by two people, which does not seem to me to suggest a very judicious or fair selection. I may be mistaken.

I wonder if I dare suggest a little less about the war ? Not, be it understood, because I minimise the work of the University in this direction, or minimise the paramount interest of the war to us all—but because I think it is good to get away from it all some times, and the *Gryphon* might very well be a haven in these times of stress.

My little joke about *Punch* and the *D.M.* is misinterpreted. I merely meant to explain the low circulation of the *Gryphon*—especially in certain Schools of the University—by comparing the enjoyment derived from perusing fourpennyworth of *Gryphon* with that obtainable for threepence-halfpenny, for which sum one may revel in the rich humour of *Punch* and follow the workings of the Northcliffe mind, which latter alone as a source of edification is worth a good deal.

I am trying to be constructive in my criticism. Just another suggestion, Mr. Editor. Has it never been thought worth while to make a book of selections from the eighteen volumes of the *Gryphon ?* It has been done at other Universities. At half-a-crown, such a volume ought to sell like hot-potatoes.

Yours, etc.,

CONTRIBUTOR.

[This letter unfortunately arrived too late for publication in our last issue.—Ed.]

Marriage.

SIMON—UMANSKI.—On April 4th, at the Masonic Hall, Leeds, Leon Simon, B.A. (Oxon.), to Esther Ellen Umanski.

"Vanitas Vanitatum."

A Reply.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

There are two ways of writing an essay so that adverse criticism shall be difficult. One is to think so deeply and write so carefully that its flaws are few and unimportant. The other is to write so slovenly and obscurely that one cannot fathom what it really is that the writer has in his head to say. The second method is the easier. It is also the method adopted by " Philistine."

I refer, of course, to his recent article in the " Gryphon " under the title " Vani*tus* Vanitatum."* (The bad Latin is such a comparative peccadillo that we can afford to ignore it). For instance, he says, " Modern Society (with a medium and a large S) cannot tolerate competition ; hence the tyranny of individuals." Now when the various sentences of the various paragraphs of an essay have a logical sequence and connection (a sufficiently elementary rule in all conscience !) it is sometimes possible to hazard a guess at the meaning of an obscure passage from its context. But the sentence I have quoted has literally no context. I suppose " Phil." thought it was sufficiently illumined by " its own clear light." The fact remains that it is entirely unconnected both with what precedes and what follows ; and I for one am honestly quite incapable of attaching to it any significance whatever. It is as if one said " Brown oranges (with pink and large pips) are not good for trade ; therefore nine rolling stones caught in time are worth two in the bush." There is a home for people who talk like that.

His second paragraph contains statements which, for the sake of brevity, I have condensed into two columns. " Mixed metaphors " is really far too mild a phrase to use here.

Conventionality is described as :—	*Man* is described as being :—
(1) an ornament.	(1) fettered.
(2) a bond.	(2) blinded.
(3) a jerry-built structure.	(3) enslaved.
(4) a slave-driver.	(4) dazzled (after having been blinded !)
(5) a glare.	
(6) a worthless dross.	
(7) a base alloy.	

We are told that under these conditions " self-deception thrives." As the writer very aptly remarks, " well it might." What wouldn't. ?

He then goes on to explain that he has no intention of tilting against the "bona-fide devotees of Art" ; for them he " entertains the greatest respect." How he reconciles this benignant attitude towards Art with his claim to be " the most philistine of philistines " (modest youth !) passes my comprehension. I always understood that the "philistines" utterly contemned art and artists. Anyhow, we will let that pass as a slip of the brain.

* The above was obviously a printer's error. [Ed.]

But he simply will not be let off. He has no sooner recommenced than he knocks the bottom of his case clean out by telling us that his message is to those who " make their humble obsequies at the shrine of Pretence, *merely because they know no better.*" May one ask how, if they " know no better," they come to be self-deceivers ? If this is an assault on Ignorance, why not say so, and have less of the Vanitas Vanitatum business and a little more " candour and commonsense."

This is a tiresome business, but let us make another attempt to follow the meanderings of this "philistine" who respects Art. The scene changes swiftly from the " galleries of a salon " to the " realms of Music and Drama." Consider the " new musician " how he dêbuteth ; he toils not, neither doth he practise his scales, yet Paderewski in all his glory had not such " eulogistic paragraphs in the dailies and fashionable weeklies " as one of these. Imagine the transformation ; twelve noon Thursday, the musician is unknown, inexperienced, probably poor, with shiny coat and out at elbows. Twelve noon Thursday week ; sleek cheeks, fur overcoat, fat purse, besieged by a " struggling host of patrons " offering ridiculous figures for his paltry services. And the beauty of it is, it doesn't matter whether he can play or not (so ' Phil.' says) ; the result is all the same. I am sure we are all very thankful for this timely tip. There's going to be a boom in the " new musician " trade !

And now to the Drama, gentlemen. The play's the thing. Shakespeare is to be revived (how thankful William must be for the timely resurrection). ' Phil.' explains how small talk round the town gains him worshippers (he must think we in Leeds have never heard of " Him of Avon "); and how this wagging of tongues ensures the success of the revival long before the night of presentation. So far so good. That is as near good sense as ' Phil.' has strayed as yet. But alas and alack ! To strengthen his case he must needs drag in Bernard Shaw. Now that in itself is a dangerous thing. Use G.B.S. as an example, and he is sure to resent it and turn round on you. ' Phil.' describes how the crowd gets it into its silly head that Shaw is a sham and his works unwholesome. " Shaw becomes for them impossible." " That's right," you say, " he's going to show how the ignorant Public, led into thinking Shaw ' impossible,' refuses to give this wonderful man even a hearing ; how such a thing as " Candida " is to them pearls before swine," and so on. But not a bit of it. Poor old ' Phil.' makes the vulgar herd appreciative and wise. " His comedy-dramas play to more crowded houses than ever." The Public thinks Shakespeare a good man, so it goes to his plays ; therefore the Public is a Hypocrite. It thinks Shaw a bad man, so it goes to his plays ; therefore it is a Hypocrite. Heads ' Phil.' wins ; tails the Public loses. Poor old Public !

Now to literature, says ' Phil.' (By the way, if auto-hypnotism is " ubiquitous " we don't need to be told that it is to be found in literature). " Style," says the oracle, " like etiquette, should be a mere ornament." Letting the etiquette slide, I should like to know who told ' Phil.' that style should be a mere ornament. Style, to put it briefly, is effectiveness. Writing is like any other craft ; you must learn to handle the tools. And some of them are very delicate tools, not to be wielded by the generality. They include (to sample for the sake of ' Phil.'), a careful balancing of the structure of the sentence so that no part shall say more than it was meant to say, and yet it shall deliver its full message accurately. All parts shall be appropriately correlated and connected, and shall together form a flowing harmonious whole from which the exact impression the writer wished to convey shall be capable of ready extraction and comprehension. The uses of harmony and rhythm must be appreciated. What to say out plainly and what to insinuate with a gentle hint where full detail would be heavy ; how to . . . but I think I have said enough to show that style is no mere ornament. To be a stylish writer is harder work (I should think) than being a drayman. And to write without style is to fritter away your message ; to warp and distort it ; to render yourself open to misinterpretation and obscurity ; in fact to be guilty of not having learnt your trade. ' Phil' talks about a writer who said nothing in a stylish way, and whose works became *belles lettres*. Such a man does not exist. Style without matter is like a line without length, it is impossible.

I could go on much longer. I could ask ' Phil ' what he means by " mistaking trees for wood." What on earth *are* trees but wood ? I could ask him what he means by " intelligence regaining supremacy over intellect." I could ask him what his grievance really is, and what sort of a " Social Reformation " he desires to remedy it. But for the present I will cry enough. It only remains for me to ask you, Mr. Editor, to excuse the length of my letter. Like Pascal, " I have had no time to write a short one."

Yours, etc.,

BALRAT.

"Vanitas Vanitatum."

A Rejoinder.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

My article *Vanitas Vanitatum* has been successful, at any rate, in raising hostile criticism, and I am indebted to you for this opportunity of commenting upon the " reply " to it.

" Balrat " is typical. He concerns himself with the trivialities but never reaches bedrock. So it is in his incoherent array of petulant retorts. On this sentence or that sentence he makes adverse remarks ; to which game he is cordially entitled. I have, however, carefully read and re-read his letter, and have utterly failed to find any attempt to attack the main views that I expressed. The method adopted by my critic is very shallow, suggestive of the debating-club or platform repartee. The words of an opponent are extracted from their context, changed and mangled according to taste, and, thus misrepresented, served up with a bombastic flourish. Meanwhile the would-be deliverer of the death-blow conveniently forgets the subject proper, and expects the audience to do the same. For example, only to mention one case, " Balrat " in search of a cheap laugh writes, " I

could ask 'Phil' what he means by 'mistaking trees for wood,'" and then tragically demands to know "What on earth *are* trees but wood?" [Mind the italics, Mr. Printer!]. Now had "Balrat" read my article before answering it, he would have seen that I wrote, "When we come to 'criticise' we are actuated by false criteria . . . Once again the trees are mistaken for the wood." (Is not this applicable to my critic?). Either "Balrat" is ignorant of meanings of "wood" other than "timber"—which I refuse to believe—or he is guilty of a deliberate misquotation in his endeavour to confuse the issues. Even printer's errors, however obvious, are not found to be too small fry—another instance of "Balrat's" inability to see the wood for the trees.

I can sympathise with the reader of the above letter, for indeed, "this is a tiresome business," and it would be all the more wearisome were I to do the same as the Balrat who gnaws at the rind without getting inside it. Yet so confident is my misguided colleague in his self-delusion that he may consider it incumbent upon me to return to the charge. Let his fate be upon his own head.

I am a philistine; and I respect Art. This is too much apparently for "Balrat's" thinking apparatus. Yet surely a person can respect something though he admits he cannot understand it. A disciple of one religious sect may have, and should have, respect for the beliefs of a member of another creed, so long as those beliefs are sincerely held. The rankest of Tories may respect the honest opinions of a revolutionary progressivist. What Britisher, however patriotic, has not respect for German efficiency, though its exponents be declaimed? So too, a philistine, ignorant and uncultured, may "entertain the greatest respect" for the "bona-fide devotees of Art." But the shammers are neither one nor the other. They worship "Art" which they cannot understand simply because they dare not confess their ignorance. The name "philistine" is too good for them; they are half-castes.

Note the devices of the worthy critic. Dosed as he is in text-book logic, unable to discover an exact equivalent of "S is P" on every line, he promptly assumes that my arguments are unsound. Yet does it, for example, require a very keen intelligence to connect the absence of competition and the tyranny of individuals? I think not. "Balrat" honestly confesses himself "quite incapable of attaching to it any significance whatever." I feel sorry for him. (Perhaps he would like me to emulate Bertrand Russell and prove my case solely by mathematical jugglery?) I was almost disappointed when my friend did not carry *his* arguments to their "logical" conclusion, and prove conclusively that self-deception did not exist. But he cried enough, and no wonder! Even "Balrat" must have too much sense for that. Suffice it to say that the purport of my remarks was never assailed.

The story of the tattered musician was very pathetic—but wofully irrelevant! Was this another bid for the cheap laugh, so characteristic of my critic's "arguments"? For his hints as to style, thank him for nothing. I never for one moment said that style was unnecessary; still less did I suggest that writing would be better without it. What I did say in effect was that substance should not be subservient to style, which I repeat, in itself, is only an ornament, and not by any means a *sine qua non* to the expression of good sense. "Balrat" thinks he has learned a great deal from his logic books; how much style did he find there? He compared style with the effective handling of delicate tools. Granted. But of what use are the best of tools if you have no material? My critic has a peculiar knack of affording me the weapons with which to pierce his own armour. As for etiquette—but he "lets the etiquette slide." Artful "Balrat"!

What do I mean by "intelligence regaining supremacy over intellect?" Judging by his letter, one could hardly expect "Balrat" to know the difference between the two. The distinction is clear, although many of those who have undergone the intellectualising process fail, as a result of their narrow education, to see it. Living amidst the ranks of undergraduates *and* graduates, "Balrat" need not go far for examples. Who does not know the "honours" student who is no less indifferent to the affairs of the world than is his lexicon or glass beaker? Nor has the University professor necessarily more intelligence, though he may have more intellect, than the much maligned "man in the street." Shakespeare knew "small Latin and less Greek"; yet he produced works that "intellectuals" can, at best, only imitate. If "Balrat" still cannot understand, let him consult a good dictionary; there perhaps will he be at ease.

I think I have written as much as I need. I close with but one regret, that "Balrat" took me so seriously.

PHILISTINE.

Song.

TUNE:—"*Here's to the maiden.*"

Here's to the Fresher not out of his teens;
Here's to the Fellow of forty;
Here's to Professors, Lecturers, Deans;
Here's to the "O.T.C." sortie!

Chorus:—Pour the wine down,
Drink to the gown,
I'll warrant they'll prove a success in the town.

Here's to the 'Varsity trophies we prize;
Here's to the "footer" we've won, Sir:
Here's to the hero who gloriously dies
In Flanders while serving a gun, Sir!

Chorus:—Pour the wine down, etc.

Here's to the "Finals" where Honours lists show,
All that we have to be proud for;
Here's to the man with a face full of woe,
Here's to the man who's been ploughed, Sir!

Chorus:—Pour the wine down, etc.

Here's to our unity firm to the core,
For factions I care not a feather;
The 'Varsity always is well to the fore,
Provided we all pull together!

Chorus:—Pour the wine down, etc.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Literary and Historical Society.

THE last Meeting of the Society for this Session was held on March 3rd, when Miss Hunter gave her lecture on "The Decadence." This lecture was indeed admirable and came as an excellent finish to a very successful session. It is to be hoped that members have derived much help from the lectures which have been given, all of which needed very careful preparation, and further that members who are now completing their first year at the University, will shew themselves ready and willing to take the places of those who are leaving, by airing their knowledge at future meetings of the Society. The Annual General Meeting will be held one day during the present month, in all probability at 12.30 p.m. Will members keep an eye on the notice board in the Entrance Hall for the announcement of the date, and also make a very special effort to be present at that meeting?

W.J.H.

Education Society.

ON Friday, March 10th, Professor Barker welcomed the members of the Education Society to the Textile Department of the University, and there took us in imagination, with the help of some fine lantern-slides and some delightful reminiscences of holiday-tramps and visits, through a good part of Normandy and Brittany. The architecture, especially of the churches, was magnificent. Many of us, with our previous interest whetted by the lecture, will assuredly go and spend holidays in that wonderful land among those interesting people when we are once again not comrades-in-arms, but comrades in peace.

One cannot refrain from mentioning the genuine good feeling made manifest by Professor Barker's hospitality, nor from expressing the hope that these friendly relations between different departments of the University may continue to strengthen that sense of unity which is the essence of our corporate life.

Women's Christian Union.

FROM April 24th–27th, what is known in Student-Movement circles as a Committee Retreat, was held at Shadwell, in which the C.U. Committee for the coming year, several other C.U. members, and Miss L. M. Shann, the Central Secretary of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union took part. The aim was not primarily to consider C.U. organisation, but to think together about some of the fundamental beliefs of Christianity. The headings under which we tried to do this were :—(i.) The Fact of Christ. (ii.) Prayer: What? How? Why? (iii.) The Value of Corporate Prayer. (iv.) The Spiritual Life of the Individual. (v.) Every Christian is therefore a Missionary. (vi.) Vocation and the S.V.M.U.

In the light of these discussions, plans for next year's programme were arranged. In the first term, as usual, Bible Study Circles are to be held; we felt that the Bible Study should be more devotional than last year and accordingly a scheme was drawn up embracing some of the central truths of our religion. The general Meetings are to be in close relation to the Bible Study. Mission Study Circles will take place in the second term. Much attention was given to the matter of C.U. prayers, on which subject the mind of the Committee is much exercised. Criticism and suggestions from members of the C.U. would be welcome.

The discussions were found to be very helpful, but the most valuable factor was the sense of unity and fellowship experienced by all who were present.

Social Study Society.

THE concluding Study Circle on "Labour and the War," that was to have been led by Miss Umanski, had unfortunately to be cancelled, owing to momentous happenings in that lady's career.

The women's section of the Society was addressed on Thursday, March 9th, by Mrs. Rackham, H.M. Inspector of Factories, who spoke effectively on the present position of women, social, industrial and political. The audience appreciated the first-hand information that was imparted in such a fresh and fearless manner.

The last General Meeting was held on Friday, March 17th, when Miss D. M. Zimmern (Oxford), read a paper on "Women in Industry." Pre-war and present conditions were admirably outlined, while thoughts for the future were not lacking. A considerable discussion followed.

At this Meeting, the officers for the coming session were elected. Miss Grier is President and Miss Newstead, Secretary. Best Wishes.

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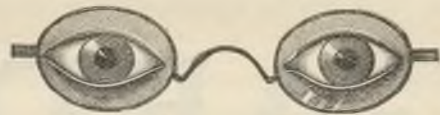

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