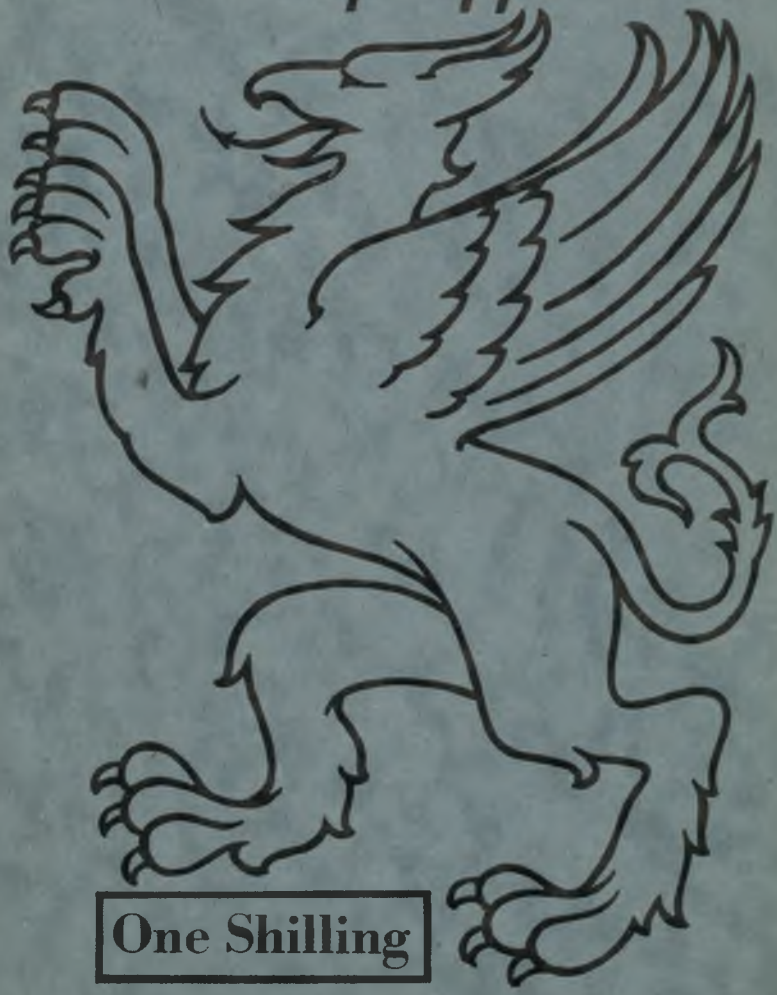
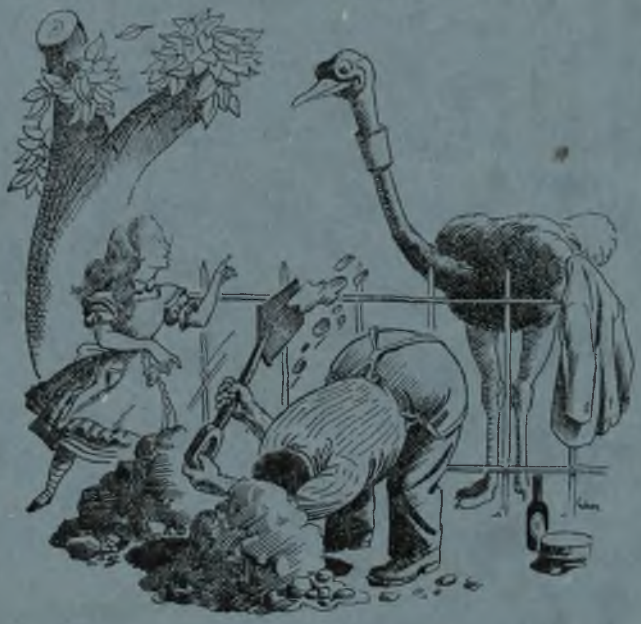
The Gryphon



One Shilling



Minus a Guinness

"You *are* in a hole," said Alice sympathetically. "Whatever are you digging for?"

"Well," said the Keeper, "they always say 'Have a Guinness when you're tired,' and there's nothing like digging for making you tired. I wonder how much more I've got to do before I can have the Guinness." He bent down and peered into the hole.

"It's lucky," said the Ostrich, snatching the opportunity and the Keeper's glass, "that I don't have to be tired to enjoy a Guinness."

"Well!" exclaimed Alice. "You *have* got a neck!"

G.E.1452.D

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

The National Union of Teachers is accepted by Parliament, by the Ministry of Education and by Local Education Authorities, as representative of the whole of the teaching profession in England and Wales.

The Union stands for the unification of the teaching profession. Its membership, therefore, embraces teachers in all types of primary, secondary schools and schools and colleges working under the Regulations for further education.

Professionally, the Union works for the establishment of a highly qualified, publicly recognised, independent learned teaching profession, with emoluments and other conditions of service commensurate with the importance of their work.

The Union has been in the forefront of every phase of educational development in the past 50 years; its organisation affords members the means of translating their educational ideals into practice.

The Union protects its members in every phase of their professional life: legal advice and assistance on professional matters are given free to members.

The annual subscription is one guinea and, in addition, a Local Association fee which varies in different districts.

Students in training at a Training College, emergency Training College, or University Training Department, may be admitted as Associate members of the Union without payment until January 1st following the date of leaving College, or until the first of the month following the date of permanent appointment to a school, whichever is the later.

Every profession has its organisation; the NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS serves this purpose for those who are engaged in education.

Total Membership, 1948, exceeded 187,000 Accumulated Funds exceeded £1,840,855

Offices: HAMILTON HOUSE, MABLEDON PLACE, LONDON, W.C.1

The Gryphon

FOUNDED 1895 OCTOBER, 1949

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Contents

Mr. A. R. Johnson

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNION

FOREWORD

By the President L.U.U.

SITTING IN THE QUIET of the vacation one can appreciate the dynamic activity which is the life blood of the Union during the term. It is you the student who is responsible for this activity—and who can put so much into the Union, and derive so many benefits.

A great deal of time has been spent in saying that the Universities of to-day are turning into institutions, mass producing technicians and teachers whose work is so specialised, and whose outlook so narrow, that they are unable to fit into the community. It is also claimed, with some justification I think, that Unions such as ours can, and I hope will, continue to counteract this. It is the Union which is responsible for the building up of the non-academic side of our character where one can, by the impact of mind upon mind, obtain the liberal education which a University such as ours can offer if full use is made of all the facilities available.

But it must be remembered that the Union is not only a building of bricks and mortar; it is the gathering of students of different faculties, religion, colour and political beliefs that makes up that composite body of which those of us who have know it in the past are so proud.

This year we are starting on a new phase of University life. The majority of new students will be straight from school and will not have had the many and varied experiences of the ex-service students. It is the new students therefore that can benefit from a full and active participation in Union life.

This then is a year of opportunity, a year when, in the laboratories and lecture rooms, in the Union, on the Athletics grounds, and in our contacts we can raise the name of the University of Leeds to even greater heights than it has reached in the past.

EDITORIAL

WRITING AN EDITORIAL is one of the most pleasant of tasks, for one can talk as one pleases, being comforted by the certainty that few people, if any, will do more than glance at the opening and concluding paragraphs. Occasionally, however, it becomes necessary to use the Editorial allocation of type to put forward weighty arguments concerning Future Policy and Circulation Problems. This is especially necessary at the beginning of a new session when those who have just arrived wish to be given some idea of the function and scope of their University Magazine. Many wiser heads than ours have been puzzled to explain the function of a magazine such as this, and it is with considerable diffidence that we maintain our duty to be that of printing as attractively as we are able the best writing we can find and that which, at the same time, appeals to a wide audience. We have no missionary axe to grind, and no preconceived ideas of student taste. We are willing to be guided by your criticisms and suggestions.

On some matters, however, *The Gryphon* does have a very definite policy. We believe that all students are, or should be, interested in University Life, both here and in other countries, and that discussions of the place of the University in the world to-day should be welcomed by all thinking persons. Therefore we intend to print articles upon these subjects. We also believe that though poetry as a modern art form has a very slender following we would be neglecting our duty if we were to cease our practise of printing student verse. Apart from these idiosyncrasies we are open to all the contributions, suggestions and criticisms you can provide. But we must not allow ourselves to be satisfied with *The Gryphon* in its present form. We would like to print a larger issue, containing art plates, at least six times a year: we would like to be able to have the space to print longer stories, and reports of University activities. With your co-operation this can be managed. Although most of you read *The Gryphon*, less then 30% take the trouble to buy it. If every student bought a copy of this magazine we should be able to double its present size without

increasing the price. If we were guaranteed the help of twenty-four students each sales day we could increase our circulation considerably. We therefore invite you to help us make *The Gryphon* the magazine that we all wish it were. Any one who is willing to help is asked to contact the Editorial staff, via *The Gryphon* box which is to be found in the Hall of the Union. Any one who has a *contribution*, or a *suggestion* or *criticism* is invited to send it in. The staff is only too pleased to discuss articles with prospective contributors, and welcomes all the comments, kind or otherwise, that you may wish to make. It cannot be emphasised too much that *The Gryphon* is your magazine. You are its authors and its backers. Without your aid we cannot continue ; with it we can produce a *Gryphon* that it will be a pleasure to keep, and a worthwhile momento of our student days.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We would like to express our gratitude to Bertram Mills' Circus for their courtesy in allowing us to see behind the scenes and in lending us the blocks we have used to illustrate the resultant Article.

We would also like to thank the *Union News* for lending us a block of the President's photograph, and all those whose co-operation has made this issue of *The Gryphon* possible.

"M"

ONE WHO RETURNED

I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER the first time I travelled down that road. It seemed a nice road, then; besides, I'd just come out of Durberge. What a place! those streets; up one, down the other, follow the arrows, dirty look from the Military Policeman on point duty.

That takes the gilt off a foreign land. You aren't on a Cook's Tour, my lad: that M.P.'s there to remind you of England, no home and which beauty?....or something like that, I thought. But the road melted in the sunlight and sucked at the wheels of the car. Houses flashed by; black coloured old maidish ones, blinding white virgin ones and the occasional odd chess board in dim red and grey. A rainbow of skirts dipped by; girls standing by the wayside. They certainly knew the colours which went with their complexions those girls. Rose petal pink and skimmed milk; a slash of black in the frocks and odd little flower-designed bodices: gold, blue, a a stream of blond hair.

"Wouldn't see that in England," said my driver. He was something of a Germanophile, surreptitiously courting a German girl, I found out later.

Up on the right came a cottage, one of the white virgins; a fresh, almost purple tinged, white cottage, a visible ghost which was pointed by the pure blue of its background. Its little garden was fenced in with white railings, its small white gate....whereabouts in Oxfordshire had I seen its replica? ....and there *he* was, sitting on a stool, barely outside the gate.

I passed by the cottage many times after that first day; everything else changed, it wore away on the grindstone of second, third and umpteenth impression, but he did not change. The same brown head, no hair, no eyebrows, facial contour like sunlight on a hill. Dazzling patches, almost white,....did the bones really show through?....black valleys....there couldn't be any skin there either! Why didn't the light shine straight through his face? Many times I asked myself that question,

and, by all the laws, I felt the light should have gone straight through. A blue overall covered his body, leaving only thick blue, coarse woollen socks showing. That was it! they were the things which made him look so ugly—or, was it the round Balaclava cap? No, that was the thing which made him look insane.

I always sped by, yet his head never failed to follow the car; a grin, showing no teeth, just a blacker cavity which seemed to axe his face into halves; and the patches of white stood out even whiter, glazed marble. A belt of sun glanced his eyes one day: they were like pieces of freshly hewn coal at its first daylight sacrifice, those eyes—yet, something seems to be wrong with the description. New coal shines blue, mascara, green gold; but his eyes didn't shine with those colours. Somehow, they were whipped into a new colour.

I've seen that colour before, but only in the eyes of a few men and women. I've hunted it, and yet, truth to tell, I don't know what it is really like. It is the abstract colour; try as I may, I can't name a similarity to the abstract: let's just settle by calling it, the colour of suffering.

The first time I saw "him," I turned to the driver and asked, "Who's he?"

"Him," he replied, making a mystic pass over his right shoulder with clenched fist and thumb, "him in the blue?" I nodded. "That's Karl! Mad as a bloody hatter; cawn't do a fing....ex-Camp boy....and if you arsts me, I fink he's stuck t'th' blawsted chair."

"Stuck t'th' blawsted chair." Everytime I passed, I used to wonder, a wonder in which was mixed derision, horror and humour, whether he really was stuck to the chair. Hail, rain, hell and high water (and in that place they all had their turn) Karl was sure to be there, with his usual toothless grin when I passed: brown, white and blue, and the abstract colour which wandered in his eyes.

I was often in and out of Durberge and I would always go by that road just to see him; despite the fact that most of the other roads which led to the town were in a better state of repair. Karl's face fascinated me; it played the ferret to

my rabbit. How could a man become like that ? What were the mill forces which had ground every bit of life, down to the last spit, out of him, and left him in that condition ?

Thoughts like that flipped through my mind over a long period. I always wanted to stop the car and get the facts. Should be a good story there, rang the old news-hunter theme in my mind.

One day I was coming back down the road ; it was rather late : been a tiresome job on. Moreover, we'd been stopped by the M.P. in Durberge.

" He must have been standing at that point for about nine months now," I remarked to the driver. He cursed back and said something about it being time the basket was delivered then ; but I wasn't really taking much notice of him. I was interested to know whether I would miss Karl....or, did they, whoever *they* were who looked after him, leave him out all night ?

He was still sitting outside alright, and a woman was with him.

Typical, well built, fairly hard faced Frau, I thought. Wonder if its his sister ; rather too young to be his mother : surely a wreck like that hasn't a wife ! I had never, somehow, imagined that Karl could have a wife. For some unknown reason the thought made me feel a little ill ; but I was curious now, this might be a story : so I told the driver to pull up.

I went over, and in my best mixture of Platt Deutsch and syncopated Edinburghese (which incidentally will get you by as a Chinaman anywhere in the world except China) said " Hello ! Taking the old boy in, eh ? "

" Yes ! " came back the answer.

Not only stiff faced, but doesn't like, I thought. Oh well, I'd have to get my information some other way.

" Who's the owner of the house ? "

" He is." She pointed to Karl.

" Oh ! What's his name, or, can he tell me himself ? "

" Karl Edwulf, and he can't speak," she replied.

" What's the matter with him ? " I asked. " War ? "

"No, Concentration Camps," she answered.

"Uh hu! What did he get put in for?"

"Jew!" Not a tremor appeared on her face.

The way she said it had all the well known spleen about it. You can never really put the feeling, the throb of pure hatred which can run behind one word like that, correctly on paper.

I made out as if I hadn't noticed the tone and asked, "Who looks after him?"

"I do!" spat the women back in hard Westfalen.

"Oh, you're his....er....?"

"Wife....Get up Karl!....Come on, move yourself you bloody pig!!"

So the interview ended.

No story there my lad, I thought.

I listened to her herding him into the house.

"For God's sake lift your feet....Oh hell! you're so blasted useless...." she picked him up over the step. "Go on, now walk!" and the door slammed.

At least one had returned home.

TOWARDS A CHAIR OF FINE ART

DURING RECENT YEARS writers in *The Gryphon* have frequently clamoured for the establishment of a Chair of Fine Art at this University, and we are pleased to be able to announce that at last our desire has been partially gratified by the appointment of a lecturer. We wholeheartedly welcome this new venture, being in complete agreement with the author of an article in *The Gryphon* of October, 1948, who wrote:

> "If it is the aim of a University to provide its students with that essentially undefinable something which we feebly term a cultural background, it can plead no substance until a Department of Fine Arts and a Permanent Collection occupy the honourable position in student life which the great Industrial North has so far denied them."

Let us hope that this appointment is but the beginning, and that it is to be quickly followed by the establishment of a department of the University which we have needed so long.

OBTUSE ANGLES

KULTUR. (contd.)

BELLE LETTRES. 1.

" Your beautiful hair maddens me. When you lie in my arms and I stroke its radiant perfection with my acid-bitten hands I am overcome with an intense desire to determine its behaviour under test—

(*a*) In normal atmospheric conditions.

(*b*) Under conditions of controlled dryness, produced,

(i) By storage in an evacuated jar over phosphorus pentoxide,—

(ii) By prolonged immersion in various alcohols,—and—

(iii) By 72 hours' treatment in a sealed tube through which is continuously pumped a current of air, previously warmed, and dessicated by bubbling through concentrated H_2SO_4

When I contemplate your shapely figure, I become vividly aware of the transcendent and functional beauty of prestressed concrete.". . . .

The above extract from the work of one of our younger prose-poet-physicists has been selected for the sheer perfection of its style, and for the haunting significance of its content.

" 10,000 GUERRILLAS INVADE GREECE."

(Radio News Item).

The Americans, who do not (of course) understand Follick, have sent Johnny Weissmuller to the assistance of the Greek Government.

The presence, in his baggage, of 217 elephant guns has been construed by the Soviet Government (who do not understand Follick either), as armed intervention.

Some pretty carping diplomatic exchanges are expected to take place at any moment. These will probably be expressed in Krobo (since neither Government understands Follick).

PHILISTINISM!

Readers will be shocked to learn of the following Communication which was handed to me yesterday by a local bookmaker's tout. I print it in full to show the kind of malicious abuse to which I am constantly being subjected as a result of my well-known efforts in the cause of higher literary standards. It reads :—

"See here, Cumberbatch,

No-one but a smug, pseudo-materialist blackguard such as you are would have attempted to get away with such obscure and fantastic fanfaronading as the so-called poem which you published under the title '2-Methyl-6 : 7-benzbenz thiazole ethyl sulphate.'

No-one but a pretentious, red-whiskered purple-shirted Bloomsbury bio-chemist would have the effrontery to pretend that he understood it.

Such effete panderings to the depraved tastes of the minority cannot but corrupt the flower of the nation's youth, besides offering glaring proof of what I have long suspected—that your column, (and the scurrilous publication in which it appears), is the preserve of that technico/scientific gang whose nefarious activities threaten to undermine the very foundations of our national family life. (See Huxley's *Brave New World*).

Let us have less of this inane posturing. Take warning, Cumberbatch. Neither 'Dai Omega' nor any other alias can deceive me.

TURN IT UP,

OR ELSE,

Signed SIDNEY HAUL."

Let Sidney Haul (if that *is* his name) take note that I am not to be intimidated.

CUMBERBATCH.

A. Griffiths

THE CRISIS IN THE UNIVERSITY

WE LIVE IN TIMES when crises come thick and fast, when they are so common as to form, with anxiety, the intellectual climate of our age. It was only to be expected therefore that the University should eventually have its own crisis. The concomitant anxiety has been noticeable for some time ; books such as Ortega y Gasset's *Mission of the University* have given it expression and now comes Sir Walter Moberly's expert piece of diagnosis to confirm our worst forebodings and offer us such remedies as the times warrant.

This Crisis is by no means new, of course. In one form or another it has been with us for a very long time. Thus, a symposium on the University* published in 1932, sounds surprisingly up-to-date when it discusses overcrowding, the decline in the standards of academic teaching and studies, the dangers of specialization and the need for " one overwhelming system of thought, transcending all boundaries of space and all socially or politically conditioned forms of the ' absolute,' uniting again what hitherto has appeared disparate and chaotic." In 19th Century England the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were fiercely attacked as being strongholds of religious obscurantism and academic sloth, and they were eventually reformed under Parliamentary pressure. How far the Universities were from being, in the 18th Century, that venerable " fourth estate of the realm " which Dr. Coulton suggested they were in the Middle Ages, is revealed by Gibbon's well-known and contemptuous description of the " decent easy men " who were the Oxford dons of his day. By the end of the 15th Century the intellectual vitality of the 12th and 13th Century Universities was largely expended and a desert of

* *The University in a Changing World.* Ed. Kotschnig. O.U.P., 1932.

Scholaticsm awaited the revivifying influx of the New Learning. The history of the University, like the history of any other institution, is the story of its more or less successful adaptation to changing needs and circumstances.

What a University is depends upon the fundamental concept of knowledge which it holds, the type of man it wishes to produce and the social, economic and political framework in which it operates. The University was a product of the Middle Ages and in so far as it had a concept of knowledge it was one in accordance with the Medieval insistence upon an Orderly Universe ; knowledge was felt to possess a unity, an essential " oneness." How powerful and haunting this ideal can be is revealed by Ortega y Gasset, one of its most persuasive modern exponents. Theoretically at least, the University sought to produce men who, however well qualified they were to serve Church and State as lawyers and statesmen, were also familiar with that greater body of knowledge which underlay the vital intellectual current of the time. Society was hierarchical, aristocratic, and relatively static.

To-day these conditions do not hold. Instead of knowledge there is only an agglomeration of facts which, since they are not interpreted or evaluated in the light of some higher principle, lack any fundamental meaning. Studies in the University lack any sense of meaningful relationship ; an intellectual anarchy reigns in the place of the " harmonious combination " of branches of learning. Such a system produces men whose specialisation is rarely balanced or humanised by any " training in the reflective assessments of values " or by any widening of sensitiveness and appreciation. The social, economic and political framework is now democratic, egalitarian and materialistic. Once subordinate to the ideas of knowledge and man, this framework has achieved a terrifying primacy and the chaos in society has been communicated to the realm of values—with disastrous results.

Examining the contemporary situation, Sir Walter Moberly finds three conceptions of the University. The first he calls the " Christian-Hellenic " ideal and finds in 19th Century Oxford and Cambridge its best examples and in Newman's *Idea of*

a University its clearest exposition. Based upon the Christian and Graeco-Roman traditions, this type of University conceived its chief duty to be the production of good citizens—an élite who were to be the future leaders in the professions and in public affairs. The education offered was liberal, systematic, general rather than specialised, and the University was regarded as a family of teachers and learners, whilst perhaps its most potent educational influence arose from the peculiarly distinctive quality of its corporate life. However, this ideal has been largely displaced even in "Oxbridge" by another, which Sir Walter Moberly calls the "Liberal" ideal. Research matters more than instruction, learning is pursued for learning's sake in an open field free from religious or philosophical limitations and suppositions. The University should not be regimented or organised—its staff should have the greatest freedom in their choice of what and how they should teach, whilst its students are regarded as adult in status and initiative. This ideal, it is claimed, is probably the most popular in academic circles, and it is lucidly advocated by Bruce Truscot.

Liberalism is a much discounted influence these days, whilst the rapidly increasing dominance of applied science and technology and the growing "democratisation" of the Universities are eating away at the ideal of a "Liberal" University and giving rise to a new type which Sir Walter Moberly terms the "Technological and Democratic." Frankly utilitarian in scope and intention, it aims at producing scientists and technicians who investigate and apply scientific knowledge to the satisfaction of human needs. The prevailing mental attitude is activist and optimistic. Empirical,experimental and analytic methods are applied to deliberately selected fields where "practical" results are most likely to be found. Its students come less from the middle and upper classes which once fed the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge* than from the working and lower middle classes. Most of them regard the University as a means to a desirable job, although there are those who believe that the University should play its part in a revolution aiming at a juster social order. This is the type

of University most of us will recognise as existing here in Leeds and to a large extent the National Union of Students represents its more altruistic (or at least its more vocal) members.

Continuing his acute analysis, Sir Walter examines these three ideals. "Classical Humanism," sane, balanced and attractive, simply will not do. Sweet reasonableness is no weapon with which to meet the conditions of an urban, industrialised, dynamic civilisation beneath whose surface a violent struggle for power is grimly and perpetually waged. That the mass of students, suffering deeply the anxiety — the *angst* — of our time, are obscurely aware of this is revealed by the failure of the tradition to grip them. Furthermore, the "Classical-Humanistic" tradition has little room for natural science and underrates it, as it underrates the profound and unsatisfied contemporary demand for social justice which runs counter to the class privileges with which such a tradition is bound up. "Classical Humanism" the author concludes ". . . . as a complete philosophy on which to base University education is too rarefied, too naive, too static, too limited and, in a sense, too parasitic." Similar arguments are brought against "Liberal" education. It is parasitic and snobbish because it demands for its students a leisure which is dependent upon the despised labours of other, less fortunate men and it is remote from reality and hypocritical because it avoids or ignores so much of the real business of the world.

Turning the searchlight on that "Scientific Humanism" which seems to offer to many students a reasonable philosophy in an insecure and impersonal world, Sir Walter Moberly begins by admitting its strength. Through it the University seems linked to what is vital in contemporary thought. Yet there is much to reject. The "Scientific Humanist" is too much concerned with means rather than with ends. Concentrating too much upon what can be weighed, measured and manipulated, he pays too little attention to values. The powers he so lavishly provides have become dangerous; apart from the obvious examples of misused power such as the atom bomb, there are the more subtle dangers inherent in the misapplication of psychology and sociology. If the "Arts" man tends to be too

bookish, too confined and out of touch with life, the " Science " man has a corresponding narrowness of vision which arises from his concentration upon the merely tangible. In so far as neither has any conception of the context of his studies, they are both lopsided human beings and the University which produces them is merely adding to the learned barbarians who afflict an unfortunate world.

After such a diagnosis, what remedies ? Sir Walter is diffident here and claims that what he offers is little more than an " interim report." His remedies seem to fall into two classes, fundamental and long term on the one hand, and practical and immediate on the other. They are not, in the nature of the case, remedies which will be acceptable to all but they seem to offer ground for further discussion and amplification even beyond the thorough treatment the author gives them. The first stage is to ask the right sort of questions, to submit the burning questions of the day to a rigorous examination as free as possible from felt or unfelt assumptions. The fragmentary nature of University studies must be overcome and communication established between isolated groups of workers. A limit must be set to neutrality, the University must stand for certain basic values, such as a passion for truth, a precision in analysis and an insistence upon freedom of utterance (the book itself is exemplary in these matters). " Other values basic for the University are those common to the whole community in which it is set. For British Universities they include recognition of some absolute moral obligation (the ' Tao ') an ingrained respect for law and order, and an unshakeable conviction that ' people matter.' These values must not merely be recognised, but probed, explored and held with a firm intellectual grasp so that they may form a trustworthy basis of action. " Customary beliefs, unanalysed and uncriticised. . . .will not maintain themselves against the violent negations and the daemonic new faiths which surround us ; still less will they have any missionary power." Sir Walter agrees with Karl Mannheim's conception of a militant democracy which accepts, after rigorous examination, values it will strenuously maintain.

Sir Walter is a Christian, but he rejects any plan for the "Christianisation" of the University on the grounds that it would be quite impracticable in what amounts to a pagan society and would in any case be little more than a veneer of formalism. Genuine Christians—and the author has some pertinent remarks on this point—should seek to play the role of Mr. Eliot's "creative minority," permeating the University community as the Fabians, for example, permeated a generation of British public life. This, at first glance, might appear to be the idea of an élite cropping up once more and, in view of the author's previous strictures might seem paradoxical. But Sir Walter appears to be thinking, not of a group of tightly organised, self-conscious and highly articulate "leaders" but of individuals working by precept, example and judicious co-operation with non-Christians, a sort of moral leaven scattered among the unblest.

So much for principles. Turning to more immediately practical steps we find Sir Walter advancing many familiar remedies. Studies should be broadened, overloaded curricula ruthlessly pruned, a new balance must be struck between teaching and research, customary methods of teaching must be reconsidered and such experiments as the extension of the tutorial system are to be welcomed. There must be a saner use of the much abused examination system which, inside the University and in schools preparing University entrants, has done so much to vitiate and deform both learning and students. He welcomes the expansion of Halls of Residence, recognising the part they will play in creating that corporate spirit so lacking in "Redbrick."

The more one examines the book the more difficult one finds it to think of any aspect of the "Crisis in the University" which the author has neglected. The slight wordiness may be put down to the sincerity with which he deals with the problems and his desire to make sure that all points are fairly and adequately discussed. Although published by the S.C.M. the book is mercifully free from that taint of altruistic priggishness, which hangs over so many of that Movement's publications.

Wilfred Childe

NEPENTHE

In the pale autumn eves the lamp-light streams
From homely windows and in the soft beams
The apples ripening upon the bough
Glimmer illumined, moth-wings beat the blue

And tremulous dusk and the ghost heads of flowers
Shine out with shadowy beauty from the night,
Rich in the silent benison of dew:
Ardours invisible, " auras of delight "

Clasp me in webs of starry gossamer
Stronger than steel and through the dew-wet ways
Of hesperal gardens dreaming-eyed I go
Amid warm darkness to the last white gates.

O in the brooding cloud what Presence waits
To brim with anodyne this chaliced heart ?
O Flood of wondrous world-suffusing wine,
Be thou my broken spirit's anodyne !

Robin Skelton

THE LEAF

FOR MARGARET

Between the falling of a leaf
to silence on December air
and feather's touch of waiting breath
poised on single stair
time interprets loveliness
to longings out of time,
your instant eye entrancing
my faerie leaf with rime.

Between the happening of time,
and quiet where no minutes go
lies my leaf upon your palm
till the black wind blow,
and mortal mind goes whirling off
through brittle branches to the ground,
love and life a falling leaf,
and singing without sound.

T. W. Fletcher

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

THE VISIT TO LEEDS for two weeks in July of Bertram Mills' Circus and its pitch on the Moor, the ancient Common and traditional camping ground of all wandering fairfolk, prompts one to wonder who forms the audience, who is to-day attracted by The Big Top in this age of the Common Man. The answer is, of course, the Common Man.

At the entrance a small crowd is seen aligning itself into the precise twos which are so familiar a part of the urban landscape. The pattern of the present is yet unbroken, but a hint of disintegration arrives in the person of an attendant who exhorts us to crowd up to the entrance in sixes and sevens. One is startled at the novelty and pleasurably surprised at the reaction of one's neighbours—and oneself. We move up closer on a wider front and, in a moment or two, swarm in.

The performance follows the usual lines, with horses predominating. Nothing has changed, even Cavallini's Crazy Car seeming scarcely new, until the final act jerks us back into the present. The " Fearless Trio de Riaz " perform up in the roof on a whirling structure of bars and trapezes driven by a circling aeroplane which roars and drones round and round under the brilliant floodlights. With the dowsing of these spots the show ends and a considerable proportion of the audience

chooses to examine the animals in the menagerie tent " back-stage." We walk across the very ring, its sawdust surface cleanswept by deft attendant lest the smallest trace of horse muck, like the wartime reader's " Good neet," offend the over fastidious, and join the queues processioning in the rear.

It is, however, too late for a leisurely inspection and, eager to see more of the Circus people, we are invited to spend a whole evening of the following week being shown round behind the scenes.

Thursday evening eventually arrives and, after presenting ourselves at a handsome caravan labelled " Enquiries," we are greeted by the ringmaster, and follow him, by the long animal tent which leads in to the Big Top, to the dressing room of the clowns and the assistant horse master, helper of the great Toni Smaha, superb practitioner of equestrian precision. He is engaged in making, with the aid of a penknife, a long riding whip, doing the whole job himself from the initial carving to the final polishing. It is a profitable sideline as the correct style of whip is no longer commercially manufactured.

It wants a few minutes to the start and, whilst the clowns rapidly adjust their make-up, a fascinating study at close quarters, we notice in the long stable tent the Three Brickbats, watched by a handful of critics, limbering up for their act on the trampoline. Somersaults are the order of the day and, outside on the grass, young, athletic looking circus folk practise handsprings against the hour when their chance will come to star under the Big Top. Each season sees one particular act singled out for emulation, and this year it is acrobatics. We begin to wish that we had spent more of our time in the gym at school, not in hanging on to wall bars for long, painful minutes of penance, but in improving our tumbling technique so that we too could spin the idle cartwheel or non-stop dazzling dozen of back flips under the admiring eyes of any two of the charming circus girls.

The clowns have bounced past us and the performance has begun. Here at the back artists and attendants have appeared as though out of the ground, the latter in the short intervals working at a smooth, constant trot, whilst every few

minutes from out of the Ring would burst a miniature cavalry charge of riderless horses. No-one moved so much as an inch out of his path, just the occasional word and the outstretched arm sufficing to check the horses and prevent what at first appeared to be certain accident. The planning was so good as to be invisible. What seemed a chaos of unorganised individualism proved to be as efficient in practise as the frantic flow of blood vessels in living tissue. No panic, no shouted commands, and no officials. Smoothness in excelsis.

A bevy of pretty girls pass with a hop and a skip, casually avoiding the two attendants who stand quietly chatting with an upright figure in white silk shirt and black riding boots. It was the lion tamer himself. We introduced ourselves and, inevitably, ask the fatuous sort of question that is to be heard in " Down Your Way " (Leeds version). But Alex Kerr, with graven Scottish countenance and slow smile treats us with quiet courtesy. He tells us that although the majority of circus folk follow a family tradition this does not usually apply to the animal trainers, most of whom, like himself, come in from outside, fired in the beginning by a love of horses, or even an ambition to tame lions, this last being a profession not overcrowded. To Alex there is no fundamental difference, either in attitude or technique, between the training of horses and of lions. Both demand a profound fundamental interest in and affection for the animal ; on Alex's part a willingness to spend hours in just watching the lions, learning to know them as they get to know him, to follow the workings of the lion mind ; in short, so to absorb the essence of " lion " that at the crucial moment in the ring he knows precisely the reaction of each animal to the changing circumstances and so to a second how long he dare turn his back in each case.

The training of the lions and the horses takes place every day ; a constant, never ending training in patience. And it is not only the animal trainer whose day is full in the exercise of his art, it is the same with the riders, the acrobats, the jugglers, with everyone who performs or hopes to perform in the Ring. Ceaseless practise lies behind the skill of an Edouardo, Prince of Jugglers.

Edouardo is an Italian cosmopolitan whose family has lived in the circus for 200 years. He is young, extremely handsome, and possesses the charm that springs from assurance of his skill and the happiness he derives from its exhibition. He told us that he neither smoked nor drank, and could imagine no other life than the circus that is his world. He remains a bachelor despite the fact that his sister is the most striking woman we ever saw. At present the most fantastically skilful juggler in the world, Edouardo appeared last winter at Olympia, but next season intends to visit Paris. Like the majority of circus folk he speaks six languages including English, which he scored at a modest half, and, of course, German, the Esperanto of the Circus world. In short we received the impression that here was a perfectly happy man, confident enough in his mastery over himself and the way of life that is his, to be genuinely diffident about his ability in directions other than that of his own vocation.

"Edouardo"

From Edouardo we passed to the horses and were most courteously shown around by Major ————. Although trade union hours are unknown and unimaginable, there is a dearth of grooms, due, of course, to the declining place of the horse in the national economy. And here is a collection of horses and

ponies from Belgian coach horse to Arab and diminutive Shetland which, for fitness and beautiful matching, could certainly not be rivalled in this country. Therefore, although the Major professed his surprise at the number of people who, after the show, visit the animals quarters and seem to be "fascinated by the arse-end of a horse," it offers further indication that the 20th century urban Englishman possesses instincts not wholly satisfied by the mechanistic welfare of current idea.

The care and attention bestowed upon these creatures reveals itself not only in their superb condition but in their lively intelligence and proud content, qualities exhibited equally by the human stars of The Big Top. Horses, of course, in this milieu, can exert a tremendously humanising influence, and, cut off from the world of the ordinary man as he is, immersed in his work as he must be, the animal trainer of the circus is rewarded by those moments of joy, ceaselessly striven for and carelessly granted, that furnish him with the true pride of the creator in a living achievement and add an overtone to the deep underlying conflict of man with beast.

The case of the acrobat, trapeze artist, or juggler might seem to be somewhat different. The same environment, the same patience and endless practise, yes; but the struggle, surely is resolved in another medium—oneself? Not so, for the highest success in the contest of man against animal necessitates the continued emanation from the man of that indefinable power of loving command to which alone are animals responsive, and this power is not forthcoming except from one who possesses in large measure that same command over his own diversified personality. Thus the self mastery of the moralist is here not a psycho-analytical speculation but a pre-requisite both of the animal man in his silent struggling communion with his charges and of the acrobat in his relentless perfecting of Nature's masterpiece, the human body. The grace, the balance, the miraculous co-ordination of eye and muscle that seems as instinctive, as beautiful, and as simple as the cat's hunting of the mouse; these gifts and the satisfaction derived from their use are the fruits of long training and

implacable application, and contain within the sweet stone of success.

The immersion and essential pride in their work of the circus folk is quickly sensed by the observer and the small conflicts and tensions but disturb the surface the better to suggest the depths below. We remember the delectable "Ballerina," Florence, whose presentation follows exactly the same pattern as her honoured Grandmother's, making a picture of exquisite line as she knelt on the back of her grey in the last minute before going on. Of a sudden she missed her white mittens and started into movement and recrimination. It was endearing. Perfection was human after all.

This achievement of the individual artist is met by the élan of the whole company in its service of the Big Top. To take down the show to the last tent peg and be ready for the move in three hours entails the co-operation of everyone from youngest assistant to most famous "star." Together they bend to, and the elite of the circus is *not*, we were humorously told, composed of the most eminent names on the programme, but of the cigar smoking back room representatives of Finance.

Two members of the Cumberlands Troupe of Bareback Riders.

To return to our audience. The relationship of the circus to the life of the Common Man is in these days by no means so close as it was in the last century. Then, every man, in his own eyes at least, was an expert judge of a horse ; his journeys from his own town for pleasure were few ; he knew not the cinema and the radio ; his longer hours of work for less money gave

him a thirst for pleasure not readily assuaged outside the pub, so that it is easy to see how the visit of the circus would be an eagerly awaited annual event, bringing with it astounding animals, astonishing feats of skill, and incredible accents, with all the singular fascination of the strange, the foreign, and the exotic.

What a difference nowadays ! Leisure is offered excitement at bargain prices in multiplying quantities and, as a nerve with sated use responds with lessened vigour, so the thrill, pure and simple, becomes more difficult of attainment. Ever newer, ever more impressive displays are called for and yet the Big Top remains in all essentials the same.

Although this unchanging quality contributes largely to its charm, it would seem that the circus, qua institution, finds difficulty in making growth. Tradition reigns, exemplified in the horse and in the formalisation of acts which tend to be variations upon a theme. This limitation of scope provides for the perfection of technique—the classical formula—and together with the increased centralisation of circuses, because of the inescapable impulse towards higher efficiency stimulated by modern competition, points to the insecurity of the circus' position.

The Circus to-day can maintain its traditional show, slowly ossify and die a lingering death, or it can metamorphose itself into some spectacle exhibiting in its lineaments all the evidence of its descent, yet differing from its ancestor as does Bluebird II from the coracle. The circus is at the crossroads and, although now one cannot know the way, historical necessity will compel the resolution of the challenge. May it be successful !

"*M*"

WHO WILL PERHAPS ANSWER OUR DOUBTINGS?

> "Your poem must eternal be,
> Dear Sir! it cannot fail,
> For 'tis incomprehensible,
> And without head or tail."

wrote Coleridge to *The Morning Post* about his "Ancient Mariner." On first acquaintance with T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," many's the student who has repeated that very jingle, or one similar.

"....to an unpractised Reader the productions of every age will present obstacles in various degrees hard to surmount ...." said Wordsworth in the second of his articles on epitaphs. The blame is all on the part of the reader; for, to make the incomprehensible plain, there must be an intense reading of the poem. But to bring "A spirit and judgment equal and superior" to the poet's is not enough when we deal with "new" poetry.

One great difficulty with this modern, or "new" poetry, is that the reader may be tuned only to the emotional, and not to the thought level of the poet. Certain passages, strongly word coloured, seem to express some personal feeling within the reader; but in many cases, the image which the reader forms in his mind is different from the archetype in the poet's mind.

This point of difference between "new" and "old" poetry may be illustrated. For instance, Burns wrote:—

> "To snow that falls upon a river,
> A moment white—then gone for ever."

To Burns, that image of "snow" meant nothing more than snow. To the reader, the "snow" also means no more than snow.

Mr. Eliot on the other hand, writes :—

"And upside down in air were towers...."

Immediately, the reader is faced with the question : what kind of towers were they which were upside down in the air ? They might be Castle, Church or Skyscraper towers, amongst other things, and the reader, consciously, or unconsciously, will link the definite, that is, an expression of his own intellect level, to the indefinite, that is, the image actually expressed by the poet. For example, he might link Castle to " towers." But the reader's choice of the type of tower need not necessarily be that which was in the Poet's mind when he wrote the poem.

Therefore, to read a poem efficiently, the reader must understand not only on the emotional, but also on the intellectual level at which the Poet was working.

Footholds are needed by which the reader may climb to this intellectual viewpoint of the Poet. These footholds can only be given to the reader by the poet. They should be the indication to definiteness.

Throughout the works of most, if not all, poets, there is a similarity of imagery. These similarities can be the footholds to true understanding. In some cases, there runs in one poem of the poet a clearer expression of an image that may have been used in other of his poems.

Mr. Eliot, more, perhaps, than most other " new " poets, supplies clues in plenty (mainly because of his undeviating obedience to a central theme), for the more difficult portions of his imagery ; and one of his works is especially useful for an interpretation of " The Waste Land."

This is " The Rock," a pageant play written on behalf of —I suppose one may say—charity. Just a short note here ; my interpretive use of certain of the clues may not be agreed with : in which case, I am only too willing to listen to anyone elses' views.

In " The Waste Land," Tiresias, and a red rock have certain similarities. A voice says :—

> " (Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
> And *I will show you*. . . ."

This red rock seems to be a watching symbol.

Tiresias mumbles about himself :

> " I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
> Old man with wrinkled female breasts, *can see*. . . ."

and

> " I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
> *Perceived the scene*, and foretold the rest—"

again, the watching symbol.

Notice too, that he " foretold the rest " and later he states that he has :

> " . . . . . foresuffered all
> Enacted on this same divan or bed."

Also, he has " walked among the lowest of the dead." He is therefore three things ; he is a witness to the happenings, for he " can see " ; he is a critic of the actions because he too has " foresuffered all," and lastly, he is the element of death ; for has he not rambled " among the lowest of the dead " ?

In " The Rock," we find the direct linking of all these elements in the person of the Rock himself.

> " The Rock. The Watcher. The Stranger.
> Who has *seen what has happened*
> And who *sees what is to happen*."

These underlined passages sum up the Tiresias of " The Waste Land " and the " Metamorphoses " quite well ; the Tiresias who is " throbbing between two lives."

One element would seem to be missing, that of death ; but later in the play, we are told :

> " Life you may evade, but Death you shall not.
> You shall not evade *the Stranger*."

Clearly, the Rock is all that Tiresias is and vice-versa ; now, all we have to do is to find out what the Rock stands for in Mr. Eliot's mind. This is easily done, because the Rock appears near the end of the play as St. Peter. From our point

of view, this does not necessarily mean that Tiresias and St. Peter are one and the same person—you can't play your bishops on two chess-boards at the same time—yet there is a strange likeness ; they both seem to symbolise one and the same eternity.

These tags of Critic, Witness and so on, serve to give names to certain of the voices which haunt " The Waste Land." Yet there is one voice missing ; the " still small voice " of conscience. Tiresias we know is not a man : we have proved he is a symbol of eternity and not of time ; therefore, as such, he can have no conscience.

If only we could reconcile eternity and time : then, the eternity of Tiresias might lead to Tiresias the man ; thus the conscience voice, the voice of men which permeates the poem would be joined with all those other voices in a central image.

The Rock presents this reconciliation when he addresses himself directly to the Chorus (in Part II of the play) and says :

" In every moment of time you live where two worlds cross,
In every moment you live at a point of intersection,
Remember, living in time, you must live also now in Eternity."

Now we can see the full stature of Tiresias and all those other figures who, in " The Waste Land " converge onto that focal point which is Tiresias ; we see " rings of light coiling downwards to the horror of the ape " ; the vision is from God, to man ; the uniting in one person of God and man—an image which is seen more clearly in Thomas à Becket. (See T. S. Eliot's " Murder in the Cathedral ").

This point might be further proved—or modified—by reference to the 1934 Faber Edition of " The Rock " pp. 50 and 53 : no doubt there are other passages which consolidate this theme.

To come back to more general imagery. In " The Waste Land " we find :

"And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells...."

Can " The Rock " tell us what towers these are ? We find this :

" The Church disowned, the tower overthrown,
the bells upturned."

Again the similarity !

And if we wish to know where we shall find the waste land, the Rock will answer :

> " The desert is not remote in the southern tropics,
> The desert is not only around the corner,
> The desert is squeezed in the tube train next to you,
> The desert is in the heart of your brother."

Should we wish to find the four eternized Mammons of " The Waste Land " specifically named, or Eliot's views on the growth of the Church from pre-history times to the present day, let us take note of the Chorus which begins Part II of " The Rock " :

"....Who will perhaps answer our doubtings."

Bill Moody

IT'S WONDERFUL, SO THEY SAY

Dear Mother,

Well, I've been here a fortnight now and I've got over my homesickness. Everyone is so very nice and the food's not bad, considering....Joyce went to a dance at the Union last night. I was staying in to do some work but a girl who is two rooms away very kindly asked me to her birthday party. We had ever such a jolly time. We had a Beetle Drive (do you know it ? You throw a dice and draw beetles) and I won first prize—a hanky. Now I must get some work done. I'm doing an essay on Marvell next week....

> . .*Now let us sport us while we may ;*
> *And now, like am'rous birds of prey,*
> *Rather at once our Time devour,*
> *Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.....*

* * * *

. .'. .Some of the snow has melted but it is still cold.... Joyce and I didn't feel like getting ready for dinner to-night so we went out to the fish-shop, bought some fish and chips and came down the lane to eat them. We were just enjoying

ourselves when we heard somebody coming from the hostel. Joyce said, " Look well if its Miss A. ! " so we popped off behind a tree. And sure enough it was Miss A. ! She may possibly have seen us but it was too dark to recognise us—we hope ! I'm making notes on Spenser. He's a bit long-winded. .

. . . .*Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,*
Spread thy broad wing over my loue and me,
That no man may us see. . . .

* * * *

. . . .I feel sorry for the new girls. One of them looks really ill—I wonder how I looked during my first week. . . .We had a social for the new-comers last night. I was asked to organise " Twenty Questions " and had to rack my brains hard for objects. I made myself Question Master and I hope I didn't do too badly. They all said they enjoyed it. . . .I thought this term would be easier but we've got an awful lot of work to do. I must do a couple of hours' reading before bed. . . .

. .*But ons, in speciall,*
In thyn arraye, after a pleasant gyse,
When her lose gowne from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her armes long and small,
Therewith all swetely did me kysse
And softely said : " Dere hert howe like you this ? " . . .

* * * *

. . . .The exams. are only a month off and I must get through Chaucer this year. He is not easy to read and he wrote an awful lot, though luckily we don't have to know it all ! Last nig ht I was reading in bed. I woke at three hugging the book, and the light still on. I dropped it on the floor and Joyce woke up and was ever so cross. . . .

. . . .*Criseyde, al quyt from every drede and tene,*
As she that juste cause hadde hym to triste,
Made hym swich feste, it joye was to seene,
Whan she his trouthe and clene entente wiste ;
And as aboute a tree, with many a twiste,
Bytrent and writh the swote wodebynde,
Gan ech of hem in armes other wynde. . . .

* * * *

....I think I've been overdoing it this last fortnight, but Finals are only three months off and I've still such a lot to do. I've such a headache to-night. There's just a bit of work I've got to finish—some notes on Landor—then I'll take a couple of aspirins and go to bed. Joyce is out at a dance again—I wish I was like her and didn't worry so much....

....*O, if you felt the pain I feel !*
But O, who ever felt as I ?
No longer could I doubt him true—
All other men may use deceit ;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet....

* * * *

....Just a short note. I'm so very, very busy. Only one more week and the exams. will be over ! ! ! I think—honestly—I'll get a Second, though it won't be easy. Its very hot but Joyce and I are working, working, working ! After next Wednesday we'll shut up our books, some of them for ever, I hope. I'm sick of the sight of them, as you can imagine. We've been sticking at Shakespeare all day....

....*We two, that with so many thousand sighes*
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,
With the rude breuitie and discharge of one.
Iniurious time ; now with a robbers haste
Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be stars in heauen,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adieu ;
And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasted with the salt of broken teares.

W. A. Hodges

THE STORY OF ADAM KADMON

ADAM KADMON tramped the countryside, perplexed and lonely. All round him he was aware of plants, trees, animals, birds and fish, being born—as he guessed that he himself, somewhere, somehow, at a time which he could no longer remember, must have been born—living, growing old, and dying in an endless, senseless cycle of events—as he guessed and feared that he, too, would have to grow old and die out utterly, without obvious rhyme or reason. As he tramped he grew more and more abstracted—more and more detached from his consciousness of these processes going on round him—more and more immersed in the chaotic flood of half-thoughts and half-images which began to surge through his mind as soon as he began to look for the reasons for those processes. And as he tramped he suddenly found himself on the top of a high mountain where there was no beginning and no end to anything. His mind became empty of all conscious thought as the sudden realisation of boundlessness came to him. He only knew terror, in the depths of his bowels, in the small of his back, in his throat, choking him ; crackling over the sensitive surfaces of his brain ; driving him to the verge of madness.

Then, on the mountain top where there was no ending and no beginning, suddenly there was a man standing, facing him, no more than an arm's length away, and his terror immediately left him. The man spoke to him quietly : "Adam Kadmon,"—said the man—" What are you ? " And Adam Kadmon realised that he had no answer to make. He did not know. As he struggled to find some shred of reason which would enable him to make some kind of an answer the man was gone, and with him the mountain where there was no beginning and no ending, and Adam Kadmon was back in the countryside among the trees and the plants, the animals, the birds and the fish. But he remembered very clearly his

experience on the mountain and especially the question which he had not been able to answer, and he knew that somehow, from now on, he must devote himself to the search for the secret of his existence and for the answer to the riddle.

He began to examine all the phenomena which had perplexed him in a manner different from any which he had previously used. Every detail of the behaviour of all the living things with which he was surrounded was observed minutely and recorded in his memory, and gradually he found that there was, after all, a logical pattern in the chain of events which constituted life—that the various phenomena which were the links in that chain had order and method ; that every cause had its effect ; and that every effect became, in its turn, the cause of other effects. He also learnt that he could interfere, to some extent, once he understood the principles, with those causes, and thereby modify their effects. In this way, through study and experiment, he evolved the Sciences of Biology, Physiology, Chemistry, and Engineering. With their aid he undertook a series of experiments with animals, and one morning woke to find, to his surprise, that he was not alone, but that there lay at his side a creature very like himself, yet, in many ways, strangely unlike. For a long time he was puzzled, for he could not be sure whether this new creature was a result of one of his own experiments or whether it had been in the world all the time, formerly unperceived by him. At all events the creature had individual characteristics which set it completely apart from all the others which he had studied, and since he now knew a good deal about them, anyway, it seemed logical to him that he should concentrate exclusively for a time on the new creature, which had so many points in common with himself that it really seemed as if it might offer some clue towards the solving of the one riddle which he had as yet been quite unable to solve.

But he soon became aware that this creature was far from similar, either to himself or to any other creature in the world. He had been able to approach all the others completely objectively, and without any personal involvement save that of intense interest in everything which affected them. Here he

found that he was unable to devote himself to study with the same detachment. As soon as the creature came near him he was aware of feelings and impulses in himself which clouded his mind and set his thoughts wandering off into all sorts of odd directions, resulting in states of mind in which he often found himself doing strange and unaccountable things—making sounds with his tongue and teeth and lips—scratching symbols in the dust—imitating the sounds of the sea and of the sea birds—and all kinds of meaningless actions of that kind, which, though they made him irritated with himself, were, nevertheless, extraordinarily persistent and difficult to overcome in himself. Also they made his task much more gruelling, since they pointed to the existence in him of states of which he had not previously been aware, and complicated the search for the answer to his basic problem.

For a long time he made little progress either in the study of the new creature or in his analysis of his own eccentricities. But one day the realisation came to him that this creature was no more and no less than his own mate, and that in some respects at least there was no difference between him and the other living creatures which he had been studying.

From that point onwards many things seemed to fit into place in the scheme of events. The queer sounds which he had found he could make with his mouth came just as easily to his mate and they were able to converse together by means of them. More than that, he found that the sounds, and the images which they evoked made a much more satisfactory means of expressing ideas to himself, and in time he came to use them consistently for this purpose, developing a technique of formulating them mentally in connected series, without the necessity of expressing them in actual fact. By this and other means, he found in the intensely vivid and satisfying relationship which had grown up between himself and his mate the possibility for the development of new branches of activity. Together they developed the technique of expressing his sound-symbols in visible marks in the dust so that they could communicate without sound, or could write series of such symbols merely for the emotional pleasure which this activity

gave them, and out of all this he evolved the arts of Poetry, Music, Drawing and Writing in quick succession, together with a whole range of new Sciences which his renewed and enthusiastic interest in the external world allowed him to formulate. But, strangely, the more successful he was in these pursuits, the further away he seemed to get from the basic question which had started him off in this process of observation, analysis, and formulation. The more complicated his thought became, and the further he progressed away from the sort of understanding process which he had had to adopt before he discovered his speech and writing symbols, the less he was able to understand himself, and the harder it became for him to remember the experience which he had had on the mountain. There seemed little that he could do about it, and yet the problem seemed, if anything, to grow more and more important as he grew less and less able to deal with it.

Then his mate presented him with a son. The agony of motion and exultation which surged through him then was so great that he felt that he could not bear it without an opportunity to gather together his tumultuous thoughts and feelings, both about the child and about the woman, in solitude. So for the second time he tramped aimlessly out into the countryside beyond, his mind full of half-thoughts and half-images, surging and tumbling without direction or purpose. And as before he found himself on the top of the mountain where there was neither beginning nor ending, and all his knowledge save that of his mate and his child went completely from his mind. And as soon as his mind was empty, save for his consciousness of them, he found himself again facing the figure of a man who stood at no more than an arm's length from him. The man spoke—quietly, as before—"Adam Kadmon"—said the man—"What are you?"—And this time there seemed a glimmering of an answer at least. "I am that life," said Adam Kadmon—"Which was in the woman, and which is now in my son, and which shall be in my son's son, and in his, and so for ever without end." The man smiled, and Adam Kadmon knew that his answer was not yet more than part of the answer, leaving still much more to be answered

than he yet knew. He felt ashamed, and turned away and as he did so he found himself again in the countryside, without any trace remaining of the mountain top or of the man who had confronted him there.

Back again in his place with his mate and his son, Adam Kadmon applied himself energetically to the study of himself, and learned much of his mind and his feelings, previously so puzzling to him. So that when he next found himself on the mountain with the man who had previously questioned him, he did not wait for him to speak, but said—" I now know you for what you are. You do not exist save as a projection from my mind. You have no reality, neither you, nor these mountains, nor the concept of being without beginning and without end. You exist only in my mind as a delusion, for reasons which I do not yet know, but which I shall, with my Psychology and my Mathematics and my Logic undoubtedly discover."

Silently the man held out his hand, and in spite of himself Adam Kadmon took it. It was like his own hand, warm, substantial, and living. Then the man spoke—" And your Mathematics ? " he asked, " Your Arts and your Sciences which are your own creation out of the agony of your mind and the insatiability of your intellect, are these real as I am not ?—Are these, too, projections of your mind, existing, nevertheless, in your mind only—or are they truly real ?—Adam Kadmon—what are you ? " And again Adam Kadmon knew that he had given an incomplete answer.

So he went away sadly, as far from the complete answer which he sought as he had ever been. But this time he knew that he would return to the mountain not once, but many times, and that he would never abandon the search for the answer even if it meant destroying everything else which he had created, because of its uselessness as a means of reaching his end (or any end, indeed, save the ultimate destruction of everything which he had grown to recognise as bound up with those few aspects of himself to which he gave the name Adam Kadmon).

Alan White

HINTS TO A YOUNG MAN GOING TO LIVE IN A FURNISHED FLAT

STUDENTS HAVE BEEN CONSIDERING the same problem for a number of years—shall I live in digs with all meals found, shall I live in Hall like a plutocrat, or shall I find a vaulted cavern and cook for myself. I have tried all three, and feel in a position to offer advice to those who resent the tied cottage atmosphere of " You will be in to dinner at 6."

I could spend time telling you how to find this Utopia, where freedom rests in the dregs of every opened tin—this cupboard in a mausoleum, where guests are friends and confidences exchanged over percolated Nescafe are sacred. I won't : I will restrict myself to an account of Appendices and Appurtenances, to Goods and Chattels.

The first essential for anyone so rash as to consider cooking is a good gas ring, placed where it can be seen at all times, even when excavating the teapot. It should provide enough heat to boil a pan of water in finite time, should bang with a sweet and harmonious note, and be big enough to hold a minimum of fifteen pans, pots, or kettles, all at once. It should rest on a surface that smells as it burns (for obvious reasons) and be equipped with a rubber tube made from synthetic Lily of the Valley (for equally obvious reasons). When you have such a ring and an undying confidence in yourself, you should find a means of ignition. You can buy a patent contraption to hold in the stream of gas—a spark flies, or a wire glows, I never remember which. When you start to feel drowsy, help the contraption along with matches, a petrol lighter, or an enormous bundle of lighted newspaper. Comb your eyebrows to remove charred hair and soot, and you are ready for step two—THE PAN.

This is not the pan that mother used; it defies description with its elastic sides, concrete bottom, and a handle at least ten feet long. The elastic sides allow you to cater for the owners of the other cupboards in the mausoleum, who, smelling the inevitable spaghetti and coffee, will try to establish a footing with questions on yesterday's lecture, the rent (non payment of), or disparaging remarks on the lack of full bottles. If you were in India, don't worry, for once they have had curried cushion stuffing, they won't come back. The concrete bottom is a protection against "the faithful friend" who insists on scraping your pans with a jack knife. This is very good the first three times, but who can use more than four vegetable strainers? Steer clear of those diabolical instruments, the "Pressure Cookers" which are very good for stippling the walls and ceiling, but very little else.

Assume that by perseverance, patience, and the timely arrival of that curious anomaly The Useful Girl Friend, you are at last the proud owner of—let me guess—a pan of spaghetti and beans. You will be forgiven if, in your third year, you realise that the only thing is to dip in your fingers. During the first two years, society and the U.G.F. will demand that you transfer the contents of the pan to some dirtier object before eating. This I deprecate most strongly, though it will be useful training for when you go home in the vac.

Food is eaten from a variety of objects, known collectively as Crocks. This is the field in which the flat owner can most easily demonstrate his ingenuity. The ideal supper companion will now prove herself by insisting on washing up, both before, and after supper. All other girls should be returned, marked "unsuitable." An old shirt, a pillowcase, or that unrecognisable thing the landlady lent for bundling the laundry will do splendidly for drying the pots. Remember when assessing the number you will require to allow one cup per head, one for washing up, and the one that was cracked anyway. If the plates will not go around, and they won't, I can save you a lot of mental energy by reminding you that the cheese dish has a lid (good for beans), tins can be washed out for the fastidious (good for tea), egg cups are good for soup, though they need

filling more often than the piece of crockery you thought of, and that coffee is delightful from a gravy bowl.

Shopping will cause more headaches than borrowing a grant. Stay away from the counter marked " Fresh Food " —it won't be by the time you eat it anyway. There are fifty-seven different varieties of food excluding bread, milk, sausages, pork pies, and the packet of melting fat the grocer calls " Yer rashuns." Watch this package very carefully—concealed somewhere near the bottom may be a battered egg, a slice of shoe-upper, and a nut of something too hard to be butter, and slightly softer than wood. This can be identified orally as cheese when unpacking next week's groceries. Bread should only be bought in small loaves of a shape that will fit into the fireplace when next you have a fire. Remember the maxim "'the harder the loaf, the quicker the toast."

I hope that what I have said will help in those rash moments when, led astray by pride of ownership, you invite the boys around for a coffee. A much sounder gambit is " What a pity I haven't any milk "—the chap who insists on prefering black coffee at a time like that is bound to be good for the washing up.

Dr. JAMES COLVIN.

We deeply regret to announce the sudden death during the vacation, of Dr. James Colvin, Senior Lecturer in the Department of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry.

We hope to publish an appreciation in the next issue of *The Gryphon.*

Joshua C. Gregory

VITALISM

THE OLDEST MECHANICAL CLOCK of definitely known mechanism was constructed in 1348. The comparison of the world, or universe, to such a clock enticed some theorists, and during the 15th century Giovanni da Fontana, in his turn, succumbs to the enticement. God started the clock-like universe, da Fontana thinks, but angels run it. These angels are *directive* agents. In 1666 the Honourable Robert Boyle speaks of this "great Automaton, the World," but in 17th-century science expository angels are out of fashion. God is still the supreme controller, but subordinate directive agents, variously conceived, replace the angels.

Hylozoism presumes that even physical things, in their own inanimate way, are alive. When friendship seems to Pliny, in the first century, to urge iron to the magnet, he hylozoistically presumes a non-conscious inanimate analogue of the conscious social response. As hylozoism lingers on into the 17th century, to be dispelled during its course, the inanimate analogue of the social response is still clear in Pierre Gassendi, 1592-1655.

Snow compares Gassendi's notion of the iron rushing at the magnet to a boy attracted by a cake. The analogy of two responding human beings is clear in his discussion of the magnet or of two mutually attracting atoms. When Jack and Jill call to one another, they stir one another's souls by voicing emanative sounds through the air. So two mutually attracting atoms stir one another's quasi-souls by corporeal effluxes, emanations, and move to meet. Thus, for Gassendi, physical things still have their inanimate analogues of animate responses, and matter is still hylozoistically conceived to be, in its own inanimate way, alive.

The living organism develops, maintains, repairs, and reproduces itself *as if* it embodies a non-conscious analogue of conscious purpose. An enthusiast wishes to hear a lecture on hylozoism. The lecture is at a certain time, and the lecture

room is distant. If his motor car breaks down, he wheels out his bicycle ; if his cycle collapses, he tries for a 'bus, or, more luxuriously, for a taxi ; if a transport strike is on, he walks, or, if time presses, he runs. He may arrive in time, or a little late ; he may also fall, break his leg, and end in hospital. The physiological processes within the organism proceed *as if* they persistently aim at goals, use alternative means, overcome difficulties, and sometimes fail. The developing egg, for example, seems to aim at the cheeping chick, to be *directed*, and the more the organism is probed, the more directive its processes seem to be.

In 1945 E. S. Russell insists on the pervasion of the organism by directiveness. Though biological knowledge was much less in the 17th century than now, living things had always seemed to be directive, and directed from within. The outward behaviour of the animal, also, suggests directiveness, as a human being consciously directs his actions. The consciously directive man, presumably, is the original model, or analogue, for all presumed directive agencies.

According to Ralph Cudworth, 1617-88, a *plastic nature*, whether a single agent or a set of various agents, acts for ends without intending them. Since it drudges like a habit or instinct without clear or express consciousness of what it does, God supplies its defects. It is the lowest of lives, but it does live. It directs animate beings, as a carpenter directs his tools. It also directs the *inanimate :* it keeps the motion of all matter constant, for example, and dispenses it according to fatally impressed laws. Thus a mixture of controlling life and controlled matter pervades the whole corporeal universe. Thus for Cudworth all matter is hylozoistically conceived, for it always contained the directive living plastic nature. Cudworth, recognising that, in his own way, he consummates a long tradition, presumes *directive* agency in the *inorganic* as well as in the living thing.

Two people, Boyle records, burned some plants similar to the English red poppy, and grew them again from their ashes. A plastic power, he surmises, may have survived in the ash to renew the plants, though, circumspectly and piously, he does

not forget that Omnipotent Power can resurrect bodies. Such plastic powers, or seminal principles, seem to Boyle to control the growth of plants and animals.

The regular faces and edges of prismatic rock-crystal suggest to him a skilful workman, and tempt him to credit a plastic principle with their production. The notion of directive agents pulls hard on Boyle : a seminal or plastic power may even convert water into earth.

More purely mechanical notions, however, prevail. Particles of fire may well dash heated water into white compacted " earth " ; even the persuasive crystal may need no directors. Hesitantly, for Boyle is always circumspect, he concludes that, though each animal or plant has its directive seminal principle, inanimate bodies neither aim at ends nor are fashioned by seminal powers. As Boyle rubs hylozoism out of physical things he sweeps the inanimate analogues of social responses out of them. Bubbles, for instance, do not bubble up because they want to rejoin the air, for mere matter has no sense or appetite of any sort.

Boyle exemplifies the 17th-century restriction of directive agents to living things. Modern Vitalism originates in this restriction, for its essence is the presumption of special directive agency in the *living* animal or plant.

The vitalistic agency, as Johnson says of Dryden the prose-writer, is always " another and the same." It is always the same directive agency ; it has many and varied incarnations. It makes one odd appearance in Boerhaave's *Spiritus rector*, 1732. This is identified in cinnamon with an extremely minute portion of fragrant oil, and, so Boerhaave affirms, chemistry discloses an analogue of this directive "Aura " in each animal or plant. A tiny spirituous fragrance seems a quaint director, but historical antedecents make the notion intelligible. The directive Spiritus rector, Boerhaave speculatively adds, " probably breathes a vital principle."

A " disposing principle " or " assimalatrice " or *vital force* seems to Berzelius in 1838 to direct the processes in the living body. An incomprehensible force, he thinks, introduces this disposing principle, and, it seems to him, with extreme sagacity.

Death, in the decay of the dead body, makes the distinction clear between non-living matter without the vital force, and living matter guided by it.

In 1908 the special directive agency in living things has an elaborated avatar in the Entelechy of Driesch. This Entelechy includes a hierarchy of entelechies which are non-spatial, immaterial, and non-conscious. The Entelechy, like the vital force, forms the body, and controls its processes during life. Boyle's plastic power, Boerhaave's Spiritus rector, the vital force of Berzelius, and the Entelechy of Driesch are four sample versions of the special directive agency presumed in living things by Vitalism after the exclusion of any such agency from lifeless nature.

In 1887 Sir Henry Roscoe expects his audience to believe in the complete government of life by physical and chemical processes. This samples recurrent protests against Vitalism. To-day, after alternating affirmations and denials of special directive agency in living things, repudiation of Vitalism is wide-spread. In 1945 E. S. Russell attempts an uneasy reconciliation of the directiveness so manifest in the organism with the prejudice against "dualistic vitalism"—dualistic because in addition to the *one* physico-chemical aspect of all material things, living or non-living, the special directive agency of Vitalism is a *second* aspects in plant and animals. Biological processes in the living thing, Russell suggests, have directiveness, but they are not directed, and have no directors. Modern biology, however, is not satisfied with undirected directiveness. Special directive agents have been expelled from the lifeless; imperious data and expository necessity still prevent their expulsion from the living. Modern biology, however vigorously it may protest against Vitalism, has been compelled to establish at least one great successor to the plastic power, the Spiritus rector, the vital force, and the Entelechy. This successor is the *gene*.

All the mice kept together in a cage, except one, lost their whiskers. Hagedoorn presumed the still whiskered mouse, who had bitten the whiskers off his cage-mates, to have a whisker-eating gene that induced, or directed, him to bite whiskers off

other mice. The notion of the gene has a history, and still varies somewhat, but the various genes in any living thing can be regarded as small particles, each being comparable to a very large molecule with its own structure. They are at least largely hypothetical, like the whisker-eating gene, and are often considered to be entirely so. Since the gene is supposed to reproduce, and have daughters, it is to that extent vital or living. A gene may also change its structure by mutation. The genes are many, they are born, they perish, they mutate, they act diversely, they co-operate, they compete, and the more or less co-ordinated gene-complex figures in exposition.

Each living thing contains many genes that, as carriers of heredity, direct its development, growth, and biological processes. Sir Arthur Keith compares them to artisans who do their own tasks without understanding the common end. The genes are, as it were, the brick-layers, not the bricks. They are said to control, to regulate, and to organise: they are *directive*

As the hylozoistic notion, of all matter being to some extent alive, was banished, the vitalistic special directive agent was thought out of the physical world—including the persuasive crystal. All attempts to exclude it from the living thing have, so far, failed. Whether the gene is a real entity, or destined, as one passing hypothesis, to be a stepping-stone to another, the convincing directiveness of life still compels science to credit each organism with those numerous directors —the genes.

A CHEERFUL GLASS

NOW THAT THE UNION BAR, so long desired and so long deferred is, or will shortly be, in operation, we feel that the Great Occasion should not pass unnoticed by *The Gryphon*, which, since longer than man may recall, has militated for (and against) its erection. We would not wish to spoil the occasion by words of foreboding, but, hurriedly leaving our office on the stroke of twelve, rather obey the injunction of Bon Gaultier,

> "And if you'd do a kindness to your fond, despairing child,
> Draw me a pot of beer, Mother, and, mother, draw it mild."

Yet we cannot help pontificating over our pot a little, being filled with conflicting emotions, for we have seen a little of the student capacity for insobriety and have a vision of a once peaceful, not to say somnolent, room being converted by the worshippers of Bacchus into a place of ribaldry and————. This, you will tell us, is the rankest pessimism. It may be so, and we would, it is true, much rather celebrate the occasion with better cheer, were there anyone available to buy us it. Our overpowering sense of duty, however, leads us to point out a few elementary facts. To those who like to "Drown reason and all such weak foes" and believe

> "Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
> A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
> Made use of by fools, who'd set us new rules
> And bring us to politic thinking."

We would slightly misquote Robert Burton, to the effect that "like grasshoppers, whilst they sing o'er their cups all winter, they *fail* in summer, and for a little vain merriment shall find a sorrowful reckoning in the end."

To others who temper enjoyment with no regard for appearances I would recall Dr. Johnson's sage words: "Drinking may be practised with great prudence; a man who exposes himself when he is intoxicated has not the art of getting drunk; a sober man who happens occasionally to get drunk,

readily enough goes into a new company, which a man who has been drinking should never do. Such a man will undertake anything: he is without skill in inclination." And we have no qualms in quoting at the large majority of students who will, by their good sense and temperate appetites justify this pioneer venture of the Union, that delightful song of Sheridans:

"A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humour pass."

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REVIEWS

"Stars of the Opera," by FRANK GRANVILLE BARKER, published for the British Poetry-Drama Guild by *The Lotus Press.* 51 pp. 3/6.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S "Stars of the Opera" is one of those books at which the highbrow may sniff but eventually will read. It is "popular" in appeal and though its journalistic style may offend the nice reader, it succeeds in giving tolerably clear portraits of several of the most important operatic "Stars." One closes the book, however, with a feeling of disquiet. One feels that it is incomplete, that there are so many more and better anecdotes to be related, and that the personality of each "star" has not fully "come across." This feeling is as much due to the shortness of the book as to the author's inability to achieve the vivid pen-portraits of other and greater writers. But however one may sneer at the "popular" its justification is to be found in that very adjective. This booklet may perhaps help to make the English Public more conscious of contemporary Opera, and if it performs this task, we must be grateful.

The question of "popular" journalism, however, must not be dismissed lightly. We cannot fail to deplore both the style and the content of many books of popular appeal, while still recognising that they have considerable utility, for they do bring to the public notice works and art forms which otherwise might be neglected. That would serve as my half-hearted defence of many truncated editions of the classics and of that steadily increasing phenomenon the *Digest.* But it is time that the "Popular" writer realised that the audience for which he considers himself to be writing is often not as insensitive to the merits of a good style as he appears to believe. Style must eventually conquer stiltedness and the cliche cannot long compete with the planned phrase. As a result of the activities of many contemporary journalists the public taste is being

greatly harmed, and the intentionally " popular " book is in danger of losing the credit of its title and retaining only the obloquy of the particular critic.

Let us face it. Mr. Granville Barker's book is badly written, full of cliches, at times sententious and often dull, but it serves its purpose and tells us a great deal about Opera, or, to be accurate, the lives of Opera singers, which we cannot find in any other book. The anecdotes are interesting and not too apocalyptic, though they lack the sparkle one could have desired. The illustrations are well produced, and though the book is lightweight it is not featherweight. The format could have been made more attractive, but the type is clear and as easy to read physically as the matter is to digest mentally. It is the sort of book I would unhesitatingly choose for a short railway journey or a period of convalescence. In these days of stress and strain that may well be considered praise enough.

" The Three Parnassus Plays (1598-1601)," Edited with an Introduction and Commentary by J. B. Leishman, B.Litt., M.A. *Ivor Nicholson and Ward Ltd* 398 pp. 42/-.

ON READING THESE UNDERGRADUATE " Christmas Toys " one is immediately impressed by the character of the Elizabethan student, whose initiative and wit appear to so far outshine the duller jesters of these days when the University aura seems less comparable to a nebulous wreath of bays than to a ghostly and minatory bowler hat. Even in the Golden Age of poetry, however, the pilgrimage to Parnassus was not easy. The way was strait, and many a disillusioned scholar must have cried with Studioso,

> " Fie coosning artes, is this the meede you yelde
> To youre lean followers youre palied ghostes ? "

Yet these plays were written by one who had studied the " coosning artes " well enough to be able to give us many

delightful opinions concerning the literature and the literary personalities of his time, and by one, too, who, though he was fully aware of the difficulties in the scholars path, could pursue it so far as to require of a 20th century editor some hundred pages of introduction and notes in order that we, the uninitiate, may fully appreciate the teeming brilliance of wit contained in these plays. But those who are allergic even to the stimulating annotations of Mr. Leishman need have no doubts. As a not inconsiderable contemporary of our anonymous author once wrote, " The play's the thing," and though at this late date we have no conscience to catch we cannot avoid giving our complete and delighted attention to this vivid satire upon the Elizabethan scene. The plays are too full of wit and wisdom for quotation to provide anything but the faintest of hints at their robust vitality and pungent satire ; there is hardly a line which is not quick with the spirit of that Elizabethan Momus who animated the creations of Shakespeare, Jonson and that host of lesser genius which made the drama of the Elizabethan age such a glorious heritage for our paler posterity. To both the Scholar and the " lay " reader these plays are of inestimable value ; there is a wealth of instruction and delight in the activities of these student pilgrims to Parnassus that has scarcely been exceeded by any other University play of any age or country. We owe Mr. Leishman and his publishers an incalculable debt of gratitude for this most entertaining and valuable of books, as pleasing in format as it is in matter, and were I an Elizabethan reviewer, rather than a 20th century editor, I should indubitably say to them :

> " I tell thee this libel of Cambridge has much salt and pepper in the nose : it will sell sheerely vnderhand, whenas these bookes of exhortations and catechisms lie moulding in thy shopboard."

R.S.

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