The Gryphon

Founded 1895 January, 1949

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Contents

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, 1947, exceeded 180,000 Accumulated Funds exceeded £1,800,000

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

Banking facilities for Undergraduates

YOU will need a banking account during your University career.

For many years Lloyds Bank has handled the financial affairs of Undergraduates and is accustomed to dealing with their particular problems.

The Woodhouse Lane Branch is conveniently situated and members of the University having an account there are encouraged by the accessibility of the Branch Manager to seek his counsel as occasion demands.

Why not open your account at Lloyds Bank?

Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests

1677

EXTRACTS FROM THE

STATEMENT BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

AT THE

MEETING OF THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

ON 15TH DECEMBER 1948.

" . . . . The Universities are homes of learning and research no less than homes of education, and their success as homes of education has depended, as is well known, on their faithfulness to their duties in regard to the promotion of knowledge. It is the high privilege of the university student to be brought into contact with scholars who are themselves actually contributing to the advancement of knowledge. The University must do its duty in regard to numbers, but its first obligation is in the matter of quality. It has been well said that 'Academic standards once lowered are not retrievable, and Gresham's Law applies to them '. . . .

. . . . there is some shortage of scholars and researchers suitable for University posts. The arts subjects were allowed to suffer terribly through national need during the war, and the demand for scientists and technologists in other fields, with greater material rewards, has increased enormously. There are some posts in the University which it has not been possible to fill, and the University has rightly felt it better not to make appointments rather than to lower standards.

But we must not exaggerate. Largely thanks to the experience, sense of proportion and public spirit of the ex-service men and women, the student body has made light of the physical difficulties. There is little complaint to be heard, and there is a great deal of co-operation and resource in maintaining and fortifying the university way of life in spite of everything. . . . And I am sure that the same view will be taken in regard to the large body of eager boys and girls from the schools, and from peace-time national service, who are following on. . . . "

EDITORIAL

ANXIOUS CORRESPONDENTS deploring the surplus of Reviews in the last issue and cross correspondents complaining bitterly about its naughty neglect of the Sciences must please accept what follows as an attempted vindication.

What is often forgotten when charges of bias are levelled at *Gryphon* Editors is that Editors change from year to year, but that the critical platform changes never. No Editor appears to have succeeded in producing a *Gryphon*-full of items "of general interest." The phrase is tantalising: it seems to mean something, or surely it would not be bandied about so freely, but the subtle something remains elusive.

It ought, perhaps, to be fleetingly mentioned that most students are young adults with short pasts and, one hopes, long futures, and prophecy being a dangerous hobby it is unsurprising that few prophetic contributions reach us. Personal reminiscence however, the capacity to draw on past experiences, is a much maturer affair.

There is besides a curious but understandable reluctance on the part of ex-servicemen (India: the jungle: the high seas: the occupation: bombing raids) to discuss in print what might, nevertheless, make exciting reading. And students who excavate, explore, go on missions, meet important people, lead double lives or practise crime in the long and short vacations, are rarely moved, possibly quite rightly, to submit their stories of suffering, cunning and triumph to a Journal which will not pay them a penny and to a public which can be expected merely to jeer at them as immodest ruffianly *Arts* men.

Yet one might have thought that an article on Jazz would fulfil the conditions: jazz is, after all, with us, just like the telephone and the sewage system and we had articles on those last year. One might have thought the same of articles on

Dance, *On Being a Student*, the film, *Hamlet*, the *Origins of Leeds University*, but one would have been wrong. Two of these (we are advised) carry the stigma " Review " ; they are all palpably " specialist," directed to members of the Arts Faculty. Yet by whom were they in fact written ?—by a graduate in Science and Arts, a Textiles student of the '80's, a research Chemist, and—truth will out—an *Arts* student.

The Editor knows no method of obliging non-Arts contributors to submit only non-Arts material.

One has the impression that the Search for Truth is being conducted in camera almost deliberately, the outer darkness shattered only now and then by a noise like jet propulsion or the atom bomb. But one must deny, albeit with humility, Vernon Freedland's assertion that it is the " ordinary man " who chooses to invest the work of the scientist in " the gloom of mystery " for the real issue is, one supposes, lack of means rather than lack of desire for communication, a difficulty shared by painter and scientist alike. The impact of the finished product—abstract painting, atom bomb—tends to *épatér le bourgeois* more than is strictly necessary, but on the face of it it seems more vital for humanity that the scientist should find his organ of speech. Painters may be suffered to be dumb and incoherent : Mr. Smith has the consolation that he need not buy the abstract ; he gets no choice with the atom bomb.

The Gryphon is all too aware of its limited terminologies, and confesses that it remains an idle dream to try to capture for its pages any of the conversation that it knows must illuminate the tiring rooms of Devon, the Medicsandentals retreats, the Botany basements, the innumerable research laboratories.

Having hoped in vain at each successive remarkable headline in the penny papers that theses " of general interest " would flow into it like wine from the departments to whom the relations between Science and the State are of some moment, it acknowledges the Appeal for More Science in *The Gryphon* and returns it, gloomily, to whom it may concern.

Bill Moody

FIRST STEPS IN AN UNDISTINGUISHED CAREER

I BEGAN MY TEACHING CAREER at a slum school somewhere in the Midlands in June, 1926, and was put in charge of a class of fifty twelve-year-old boys and girls. It was a mining district and the miners had been on strike for some months. On my first morning, the time-table indicating History, I looked at the class record-book, found that the next item was the Peasants' Revolt, recollected one or two picturesque details about Wat Tyler and plunged into my lesson. A few minutes later the headmaster, a small untidy man with wild eyes, came in, heard a few sentences and said to me very loudly: "There's enough Bolshevism about without teaching that stuff. Stop it."

He then shot out of the room and wrote "History ! ! !" opposite my name in the "Remarks" column of the time-book. At intervals during the day he darted in, made rude remarks, and trotted upstairs to his room. As his first sally had badly rattled me there was plenty for him to be rude about.

By next morning I had recovered some of my equilibrium. He came in about half-past nine, picked up a boy's exercise book and pointed out to me that six sevens were not thirty-two. He then went out and started up the steps. I pursued him closely protesting that I could not be blamed for such errors. He ordered me back to my room. I lost my temper and told him I was going to resign. He did not flinch.

After school I wrote out my resignation and went to the Clerk of Education's office. He looked at my letter, tut-tutted, got up from his chair and walked round to the front of his desk.

"Young man," he said, "do you see that carpet?"

I looked at it. It was small, dirty and frayed.

"Yes," I said.

"Whenever I am in trouble I kneel down there and ask for divine assistance. Come, let us kneel down together and do likewise."

"I'm sorry," I answered. "I have brought my resignation."

"I will not accept it," he said. "Take it away. Pray over it."

I picked up my letter, went to the nearest post-office, registered and posted it.

My next job was at a school about twenty miles away, and I had to leave home each morning before seven o'clock. It was a boys' senior school, large and modern. The headmaster was tall and military, had a marvellous waxed moustache and told me at once that he trusted me and would leave me to my own devices as that was the best thing for a young teacher. His interests were elsewhere. He was married and had a grown-up family, but was infatuated with one of his staff, a Mrs. Minshed, who affected black dresses and had jet-black hair which, according to other women members of the staff, was touched up daily with Indian ink. The Head and Mrs. Minshed used to stay behind after school to take stock or fill in requisitions, and I was almost forcibly turned out of school soon after four o'clock, though my train did not leave until a quarter-past five. Mr. Minshed, an insurance agent, grew curious about his wife's long hours and took to hanging around the school premises. The Head countered by having the school and playground locked at ten minutes past four and paid the caretaker, a Central European refugee with a walrus moustache and a name full of consonants, to roam the playground and repel boarders. Mr. Minshed haunted the streets around the school wearing a false beard and horn-rimmed spectacles and handing out cards printed "S. Q. Jones, Private Detective." Things reached a fantastic climax one Friday night in an incident which involved the lovers, S. Q. Jones, the caretaker and,

finally, the police. By Monday morning the Head had retired from teaching and Mrs. Minshed, suffering from a nervous breakdown, had gone to stay with relatives in Scotland.

In a month or two's time we got a new Head, a Mr. Longstop, young and enthusiastic, for it was his first headship. He began by getting rid of the caretaker, who had few ideas of his duties beyond assisting at illicit love affairs. He then had a staff-meeting and announced that the standard of the school work was low and the discipline was shocking. He recalled a dreadful example ; at his previous school Standard Three had got out of hand and by sheer force of numbers had overwhelmed the teacher, and thrown him out of the window, severly damaging his self-confidence.

The next day the Head came into my room carrying a cane. I had been jogging along as best I could and now considered myself an able teacher. Mr. Longstop cheerfully pointed out that my class was the worst in the school, but it wasn't my fault as I had been neglected and he would show me how to improve matters.

The boys were writing a composition. He walked round the class, tapping almost every other boy on the shoulder and telling him to stand out. " You boys are not doing your best," he said, caning them on their left hands. " I'll be back in half-an-hour to see how you're getting on." There were few in need of punishment when he returned. " There you are, you see," he said to me. " You can have that cane. Use it."

He visited my room frequently during the next few weeks and showed me what cane could accomplish. Within a month my pupils came to school in good time, washed their faces, cleaned their boots, improved their drawing and painting, stepped up their speed of learning poetry from thirteen lines per hour to forty-two and committed to memory the whole of the Sermon on the Mount.

So the first year of my career drew to a close. I remember sitting at my desk one afternoon after four o'clock, half my mind on the compositions I was marking and half on the events

of the year that had passed. The stormy seas were crossed, I was safe in harbour, a tried and tested member of a noble profession, with fifteen pounds in the post-office and my eye on a decent second-hand Raleigh with chain drive and three-speed gear-box. And as I wrote " See me ! " in red ink at the end of a composition which failed to reach the necessary two pages, the sun came from behind the clouds and shone upon me, giving promise of happy years to come and plenty of money, and sometime a school of my own where I would take young teachers under my wing and tell them how they might one day be successful like me.

Grants

Outstanding among the gifts received during the year was a first instalment of a munificent donation of £60,000 from Messrs. Courtaulds Limited for the establishment of a Rayon Division in the Department of Textiles Industries.

Included among other grants received in 1947-48 are the following :—

£18,564 from the Rockefeller Foundation, New York, to provide funds for Professor Astbury's research on Biomolecular Structure during the next ten years.

£20,000 from the International Wool Secretariat for machinery for the Textile Department.

£1,800 from the Royal Society for research in the Department of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry.

£1,000 from the National Coal Board towards the cost of the Department of Mining.

£1,165 from the Yorkshire Board of Legal Studies towards the cost of the Department of Law.

In addition, instalments of grants payable over several years continued to be received, notably from Messrs. Brotherton and Company Limited for research fellowships and Lectureships (£4,000), the Nuffield Trusts for Psychiatry and Oral Biology (£3,500) and Imperial Chemical Industries Limited for Research Fellowships (£4,800).—ANNUAL REPORT, 1947-48.

Paul Fordham

TOWARDS A REASONED ANALYSIS OF JAZZ MUSIC

JAZZ MUSIC has long been recognised in France, Belgium and Switzerland as a legitimate subject for serious criticism, but it is only in the last two or three years that such recognition has begun to be afforded by people in this country. Too often, however, such " criticism " consists of vigorous denunciations of opposing " schools " and styles, and it is therefore to be regretted that the worthy attempt of Messrs. Platten and Wardman* at a more objective approach, reveals traces of this pseudo-criticism. In attempting to be fair to everybody they have too often repeated the meaningless denunciations of more biased writers.

It is quite untrue to say that there are two, and only two opposing " schools " of Jazz, for this implies that one is quite right and the other is quite wrong, and fails to take into account a great deal of music that can conveniently be fitted into neither category. Rather we should see Jazz as having had a continuous evolution, with the good from the past remaining with us, and the good from the present being sifted out by the only sure test that can be applied to any art—has it a lasting value ?

We are told that the " Revivalist " school is noted both for " bad intonation " and " mistakes," and that the " Progressionist " school produces " more tuneful " music, and has musicians of higher technical ability.

Now I presume that by " Revivalist," is meant the original New Orleans music from which all Jazz has sprung, and which is still played by a diminishing number of musicians. In this

* *Jazz, Past and Present*, an article written by P. W. Platten and S. Wardman, was published in the last number of *The Gryphon*.—EDITOR.

music, the polyphony is improvised yet *controlled ;* for to play good Jazz, each musician must have an intimate understanding of his fellow musician's ideas—the best Jazz is always played by musicians who know each other well, and does *not* consist of the wild free-for-all scramble for the highest notes, which has been so elegantly described as the " bash on regardless " style. Would Messrs. Platten and Wardman deny that New Orleans musicians like George Brunies, Irving Fazola and Lee Collins (to name but a few) have both excellent technique and excellent intonation ; and further that some of the old tunes like " Panama " and " Maple Leaf Rag," are not infinitely " more tuneful " than many of the modern productions of Tin Pan Alley ? Jazz cannot be pigeon-holed into tidy compartments, for by its improvisational nature, each performance is essentially different from any other, and each must be judged on its merits, *not* by referring it to a particular " school."

" Jazz," says Rudi Blesh, " is not a serious music, but definitely a music to be taken seriously." But in our serious analyses we must be careful not to accept ready made notions as a starting point, for in so doing we inevitably pre-judge the music before we have heard it.

Last day for *COPY*...

Contributors are reminded that the Last Day for Copy for the Easter Number appearing in March, is

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH. ✦

MSS. should be placed in *The Gryphon* box in the Hall of the Union.

Mr. Prufrock

DR. LEAVIS AND THE GREAT TRADITION

Scene : A 'Bus Stop.

Scroot : I've been journeying in the Steps of the Master.

Prufrock : A trip to Palestine, no doubt.

Scroot : No. Mr. Prufrock, I've been reading Leavis' new book.

Prufrock : And is he the master, the latchet of whose shoes....?

Scroot : No, no, by no means. I meant that Leavis takes us for a tour in the footsteps of Henry James.

Prufrock : And was the tour pleasant ?

Scroot : Shall we say a *tour de force ?* But, my dear Mr. Prufrock, you always ask the wrong questions. Leavis' prose style is, *entre nous*, quite barbarous. Nothing he writes can give aesthetic pleasure : it is a rod to check the erring and reprove, as our old friend used to say. But you mistake the function of criticism. It is not meant to give pleasure—God forbid—it is not even to help one to enjoy literature. It is more like medicine. It is nasty, but good for us.

Prufrock : You mean that it leaves the reader with the becoming flush of health ?

Scroot : I wouldn't say that. In fact it leaves one a regular Robespierrish sea-green—a fashionable, a noble, but hardly a becoming colour. The aim of criticism is refinement of taste and morals, not catholicity.

Prufrock : Ah ! Enjoying more and more of less and less ?

Scroot : I wouldn't say that. Indeed, it is rather the enjoying less and less of less and less. The less you enjoy, the better you are.

Prufrock: So that you wake up each morning with one more work of literature that you have seen through ?

SCROOT: Exactly. This great tradition, *mon cher*, is a serious business. You may have thought that there was plenty of English fiction one could enjoy with a clear conscience? But you would be wrong. First, we must throw overboard *Clarissa*, *Tom Jones*, and *Moll Flanders*, together with all the other works of their respective authors. Scott goes, of course. Thackeray and Trollope go. Meredith and Hardy go. Forster, surprisingly, goes too. Dickens goes, except for *Hard Times*. We are left with Jane Austen (though Mrs. Leavis is to perform the embalming ceremony), George Eliot, Henry James, Conrad, and Lawrence.

PRUFROCK: A nice quintet—in B flat major.

SCROOT: Wait a minute! You have not heard the whole story. We are not to accept these five authors without scrutiny. The early George Eliot is charming, but suspiciously popular. Nothing much can be said for *Romola*, and much of *Felix Holt* is bad. *Middlemarch* has been praised by Lord David Cecil and Virginia Woolf, and is suspect for that reason; but we may allow it to be a great novel, except for its chief character, Dorothea, who is sentimentalised through the novelist's identification with her heroine. Half of *Daniel Deronda* is almost unreadable, but the *Gwendolen Harleth* part is superb.

PRUFROCK: He is right there, but he is merely following Henry James. What about James, by the way? Does Leavis plump for the last phase, that of the Old Pretender?

SCROOT: By no means. Why should Leavis praise what everyone else is praising? No, we have to throw overboard *The Wings of a Dove* (sentimental) and *The Ambassadors* (pretentious). The great James is that of the middle period—the period of *Portrait of a Lady* and *The Bostonians*. The former is a variation on the theme of Gwendolen Harleth, as Leavis cleverly demonstrates.

PRUFROCK: I thought James omitted *The Bostonians* from the New York edition.

SCROOT: So he did; but not because he thought it inferior to his other work. It has one supreme merit—Rebecca West dislikes it.

PRUFROCK : I must confess that I too find the tone of the book distasteful. I'm not a feminist, but surely a serious novelist writing about the feminist movement should be able to find something else in it than unconscious lesbianism ?

SCROOT : We pass on to Conrad—not, of course, the Conrad of the sea stories, but the Conrad of *The Secret Agent*, *Under Western Eyes*, and *Nostromo*. *Heart of Darkness* is allowed with reservations, because of Eliot's distinguished patronage. This is the " great tradition "—counting bad novels with good parts as a half each, we get about twenty-one novels in all.

PRUFROCK : Magnificent ! The advantages of such criticism are manifest. How convenient for the student to know that he can confine his reading to these few novels ! The Department at Leeds is benighted enough to recommend one hundred novels. The Leavis student can be sure of leaving the university having read every thing worth while. In these days of housing shortage, it is nice to know that a single shelf will house all the novels one needs....

SCROOT : *English* novels. Don't forget Tolstoy.

PRUFROCK : ....Above all we get a real satisfaction from the consciousness that our taste is superior to that of those who read novels not on the approved list.

SCROOT : Let us say rather that Leavis' book arouses the true tragic emotions—of pity for the common herd, and of terror, lest we should like the wrong thing through inadvertence, or the right thing for the wrong reasons.

PRUFROCK : You are horribly Aristotelian to-day. You have already suggested that the book is something of a purge. Well, Mr. Scroot, I am grateful for your account of the book. It will enable me to refrain from making its first-hand acquaintance.

SCROOT : You would be quite wrong. In spite of the tone of knowing superiority and humourless bad manners ; in spite of the nasty assumption that one must chatter about values to avoid suspicion that we do not believe in them ; in spite of the iteration of snob-words ; in spite of the asides which are intended to wither up the admirers

of Meredith and Hardy; in spite even of the strange delusion that the wittiest comedy in our language is not really as witty as George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*—in spite of all these things, Leavis does have some good criticism of the novels he admires; he does have a high conception of the art of the novel (though never clearly stated) which rescues it from those who believe that it exists to create a character, or tell a tale. Leavis praises with discrimination, and he enlarges our understanding of the novel. The tragedy is that his considerable gifts as a critic are marred by spasms of puritanism, blighted with superciliousness and self-righteousness, and constricted by the tight-lacing of "good taste." It would be unfair to say that Leavis was a literary pharisee, for he is perfectly sincere: but it would not be untrue to say that he is infected with the Rosmersholm view of life which, we are told, kills joy. What he has to say is not unlike Arnold's message in *Culture and Anarchy*, though Arnold could write good prose, and his tone and manner were immeasurably superior to Leavis' minority-cultural, self-regarding, thin-lipped pontificating. If only it would sometimes occur to him that he might be mistaken, if only he understood that his opponents were not all fools and that there were great books which he could not appreciate....

PRUFROCK: The 'bus at last. I must fly.

Capital Expenditure

Although the grants from the Treasury during recent years have been substantial, the University is still very dependent upon the generosity of private donors and industrial concerns for capital grants for the laboratories and especially for the research laboratories.

The University's expenditure on salaries, wages, teaching materials, equipment, apparatus, books and over-heads if calculated on a per capita basis shows an increase per student from £125 in 1938-39 to £192 in 1947-48.

—ANNUAL REPORT, 1947-48.

P. W. Edwards *

IS LIVING RATIONAL?

SINCE ONE MUST BEGIN SOMEWHERE, let us begin with two axioms: first, that life is a process which we experience in time; and second, that philosophy is an unusually sustained and determined effort at thinking clearly. I do not, any more than Euclid, offer a proof of these assertions, and I put them down only to indicate to whom this article is addressed. Those who accept these axioms may find my reasoning right or wrong; those to whom these statements do not seem axiomatic cannot (and this is now-a-days too often forgotten) pass either judgment. When the foundation is not admitted, the superstructure is not right or wrong, but merely irrelevant.

Then let us turn to a story which is generally thought to mark the beginning of modern philosophy, the story of how Descartes decided to doubt as much as he could of all that he had ever learnt, and so to discover if there were anything indubitable. At the end of the experiment (so the story runs) he found the *Cogito, ergo sum*, which he made the beginning of his highly intellectual philosophy. And there is the error.

There have been many criticisms of the *Cogito* based on the more careful and minute analysis of that moment; and there have been none (that I know) based on the contradiction there is in taking the *end* of one's reflections for the *beginning* of one's philosophy. The discovery that one's ideas are inadequate or contradictory, or some other kind of perplexity

* *Membership of the Rationalist Society does not imply that all the opinions one expresses are those of the Society. It is not an organisation of that type.*

being the usual origin of philosophy, it seems clear not only that Descartes was alive at the beginning of his reflections but—and this is the important thing—that he willed to continue living for the time needed to put his thought in order. I say that he willed to continue living because whenever a man falls into perplexity, one way to end it is to take poison, or to open his veins in a bath; and these ways are certainly quicker than philosophy, probably easier. He did not choose them. Thus, in this story, Will precedes Intellect.

Descartes, and I who write, and you who read, have this in common; that we are not suicides. Our decision to go on living may be of three kinds or degrees: it may be unconscious, or it may be a consent, or it may be a decision fully willed. For my part it does not depend on any rational decision, and the arguments I might bring forward in support of living would all be constructed subsequent to the decision. When I have been seized with panic fear, with emotional distress, with self-loathing, or with despair of the world I lived in, I have merely asked myself if I were going to put an end to it all, and known (perceived, realised) that I was not. No argument; just the observation that not the slightest impulsion in that direction ever occurred. This is what I call a consent of the Will.

The consideration of children is even more illuminating. In them the present is at a maximum. Their memory is so short, their power of framing expectations so small, that they have hardly anything to set in the balance against a present ill—no material, therefore, for a reasoned decision. It is a problem why when they are crossed in something, or when they are afraid, they do not lie down and die. The answer seems to be that their understanding is not yet sufficiently developed. In other words, only dying is rational. Living is not only a process in time but, like any other process, it has its own impetus.

Because of this, the decision to go on living is more rarely a reasoned determination than a consent, more rarely a consent than simply unconscious. The blind impetus goes back to the

beginning—back to the development of the embryo. Before the Intellect, the Will: before the Will, the impetus of a process: and before that, Nothing. Man-alive (as in Chesterton's novel) is a starting point, and life a datum.

Since 1933, anyone who denies the "supremacy of reason" is suspect of Fascism. Indeed anyone that ever did deny it, as far back as William James, is held responsible for Fascism. Yet it is a far cry from maintaining that Life is a datum for which there is no reason, to advocating the Blood-and-Earth mentality and such-like mysticisms. Every problem must have its data, and the data are not within the problem. In that statement there is no political colour.

Moreover, it is being alive that may be held to be fundamentally irrational, not the conduct of living. For resolving those conflicts and perplexities which give rise to philosophy, reason is indeed the supreme instrument, because the only one. It follows that as little as possible should be excluded from its scope: that what are classed as data should be brought to a minimum. Seen in this light, the leading problem in philosophy becomes the same as the leading problem in mathematics or in logistics; it is the framing of "sets of minimum postulates." The problems of mathematics and of logic can be solved with several different sets of postulates as basis, and the problem is to choose the best set. In order to limit the extra-rational, the best set will be the smallest—smallest in content rather than in form.

Two dangers lie in wait for a man who tries to work out such a line of thought. Either he may be tempted by apparent simplifications, or he may forget the principle that the result cannot be more certain than the data. That man exists to do the Will of God is an over-simplified notion which appeals because it appears to reduce the required postulates to one; but the simplification is only in the form, and the history of Europe is there to show how complex (and how bloody) are the results of this formula's ambiguities. On the other hand, the underlying error of some political dogmatisms seems to be that the results of reflection on living are thought to be more rational

and more secure than living itself. Whereas irrational data infect the conclusions of all reasoning with some measure of irrationality.

After the most rigorous argument about abstract "humanity" one must not forget that individual men exist each in his own here and now. Why there? Why then? one doesn't know. It's absurd.**

** "L'homme est un fait nu, aveugle. Il *est là comme ca* sans raison.... Chacun de nous, à son tour, se *trouve là* là, maintenant, pourquoi là plutot qu'ici, on ne sait, c'est idiot."

EMMANUEL MOUNIER, *Intro. aux existentialismes :*
Paris (Denoël) 1947.

Extra - Mural Studies

In 1947 the War Office invited the University to undertake responsibility for civilian aid to adult education in H.M. Forces. After consideration by the Senate it was agreed that the University, through its Department of Extra-Mural Studies, should accept responsibility for the administration of the scheme and such teaching service as it was appropriate for the University to provide.

The principle features of the second year's work of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies have been the continued provision of Tutorial Classes, a more extensive programme of Extension Lectures, the institution of a University Extension Certificate, and the decision of the University to accept responsibility, through the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, for the administration of civilian aid to adult education in H.M. Forces in the extra-mural area of the University.

—ANNUAL REPORT, 1947-48.

WEAVER TO WAVER

STUDENTS PLANNING TO SUPPORT the Chemi-Textile Dance this February are advised to take hairpins and towels as well as notebooks, as the renewal of the rumour that a Barber's Shop was shortly to be set up in the Union, mysteriously coincided with a paragraph in *The Yorkshire Post*, which asserted that

> "*No one is better qualified to talk about the science of permanent hair-waving than Professor J. B. Speakman, of the Textile Industries Department at Leeds University . . . .it is entirely from research undertaken in his department that the present method of cold permanent waving has evolved.*"

The following correspondence then ensued between *The Gryphon* and the Textile Department:

Dear Prof. Speakman,

May we insert this small fry of a jest in *The Gryphon?*

> *Alas! what boots it with incessant care*
> *To tend the homely textile student's trade*
> *(Or meditate, like us, the thankless Muse),*
> *Were it not better done, as others use,*
> *To clip young Amaryllis in the shade*
> *And trim the tangles of Neæra's hair?*
>
> EDITOR.

Dear Editor,

Yes! of course the guiding principle of the Department is the verse which appeared in *Punch* on the same subject:

> *O spirit of the ocean vast,*
> *Reveal the cause determinant*
> *That makes your undulations last*
> *And all your waves so permanent!*
>
> J.B.S.

Robin Skelton

POEM FOR PORPHYRIA

I am grown weary, stretch my empty hand
outward along the waters like a ghost,
trying to touch your curtain's deep recess,
from white silent stones unlock some sound
for shattered days, pain's sand-lit wilderness.

Water slips through my five bones to the sand
as if I were a shadow swayed in winds,
dispossessing silence for a lute's
low note whispering draperies for grey urns.

I am this death, this distance ; in my shrines
your altar ways are empty ; by the village wells
no foot bruises blood, nor down the gold-scrawled road
move slow flanks' light irrelevance of bells.

I am not living to you ; through cold glass
quick sands drain life's tidals, till a colder
sterilize my bones : not since the undine phoenix
nested upon my weathercock-bare shoulder
and I grew sea-thing have I known your murmur
moving about the garden warm red blooms.

Shall I seek lovers then ? Here, in the dark pub's foetor
the barman calls the clock, and from his eyes
the black toads fall as he swabs down the counter,
and stamps for warmth his bitter teeth of gold.

The clock strikes five, and seven, then is nine
within the silver death that swathes the pavements,
and from stone sky three eyeless waiting owls
keep solitary watch on love's derangements.

The parkside trees drip mist, and sorrow stealth
on the gleam-coated couples' muttered walk ;
the blackened statue sweats with evening rain,
seeing their pain, and hearing, O, lipless talk.

These are the downs of death. I am not living ;
a wanderer without shred of shirt from tears,
my eyes are shepherd breath for distant deserts,
waiting for you to comprehend the years.

Mollie Herbert

THREE STANDING FIGURES

Let's think at tension now the idiom
That looked like concentrated mass has sprung
Apart, letting in life and a little light
To thighs a child would clamber and be born.

We are standing and beginning. Earth contains
Our footprint, robs our breasts of motion, drains
Our loins of pus and blood, patterning out
Of lead and wood and stone our cunning veins.

What we see now was never seen, our features
Are finally focussed behind shuttered faces
In the surface eye's uncomplicated knot
Which gives completion to our poise, and purpose.

Not standing merely, but beginning, moving
Out from our footprints through our eyes' absorbing
Awareness of your stature and your plight,
Who fumble, touching us, and look back, grieving.

W. A. Hodges

THAT AFTERNOON

AS WE CAME TO THE END of the narrow main street and faced towards the river, the great bulk of the Edge seemed to rear itself up in front of us like a wall, blocking out the sky. It was very hot. The asphalt seemed to burn up through my shoesoles into my feet, and the rough material of my battledress blouse was irritating against that part of my chest which was not protected by my wet singlet. I glanced at Cari. The skin of her forehead was damp, and I was dangerously conscious of her next to me as we walked slowly on to the wooden planking of the bridge.

Half way across we both stopped and looked down into the river. There wasn't much point in doing it, but somehow you always did stop and look down just there. And looking vertically downwards like that from the steep crown of the bridge you could see to the bottom of the river. It was absolutely littered with industrial refuse. Amongst the long green tangle of the weeds scrap-iron lay about in rusting masses, reminding you with something of a shock of the ironworks and the power station which you had passed within the last ten minutes, but which you had already forgotten under the sudden spell of the Edge.

I glanced again at Cari as she looked down. There was nothing particular showing in her eyes—just a mild interest in the sordid truth of the river bottom.—"Surprised?"—I asked. She looked up and smiled quickly.—"Not particularly," she said,—"Except that the water stays so clear with all that rubbish on the bottom.—Let's go on."

It was shady under the trees, but the steepness of the slope and the loose roadstone with which the footpath was surfaced made climbing difficult. Before long we were both streaming with perspiration. I took off my battledress blouse. Up here we should hardly meet anyone from Headquarters. Most of the troops were in bed or out of billets, on the river at Shrewsbury, playing, or watching cricket, idling around in

Wellington or Newport with A.T.S. girls ; that was why we had chosen to come out here in the first place. But Cari was doubtful about taking off her tunic—" It's not in Orders yet," she said,—"And you never know,—we'll probably bump into the Senior Commander or somebody." But the heat bore down more and more heavily upon us, and we had to stop for breath more and more frequently, until, about two thirds of the way up, with the last cottage at least fifty yards away down the hillside, she capitulated, and with a muttered—" Keep your fingers crossed,"—slung her discarded tunic over her arm.

At the top we turned and looked back at the town. It was most beautiful seen like that, with all the houses terraced into the hillside across the river, not a single house of any other colour but that warm red-brown, with the church at the highest point, and a long flight of stone steps leading up to it between two great walls. I had never come so far up the Edge before, and the unusual view made me catch my breath. I had never seen anything quite like it in any other part of England.— " Lovely ! "—I said. Cari looked at me.—" It reminds me a lot of some of our little Welsh towns," she said,—" It's new to you, perhaps, you're from the South.—I wish I could take you home sometime, and show you."—" Why can't you ? " I asked. She chuckled. " We're both married, dear, and besides, how would I explain you away ? " I grinned. Anyway, it had been damned insolent of me to ask. But I always did things like that with Cari, half-teasing, half-serious, never knowing quite why I did them, impulsively, instinctively almost, as if I might find, like that, some way through the queer, protective barrier which always seemed to lie between us. It was strange. First there was that tightness in your throat and that quickening of the pulse, like that which you felt when you were quarrelling at school with someone, and one or other of you was getting ready to get the first punch in, and then, out it came, something slightly outrageous, with a slight lift of one eyebrow and a quirk at one corner of your mouth to go with it. And as you said it you somehow knew that it was not what you said that mattered. It was whatever it was that made you say it which you both felt, instinctively, simultaneously, knowing somehow

that it affected you both in the same way. And because you both knew it so well and felt it so strongly, you had to giggle, or change the subject, or find something else outrageous to say to ease the tension. Only it never did really ease the tension, and you were a little scared because of it. It was, somehow, dangerous.

This time I laughed. My stomach felt empty, and there was a feeling of excitement somewhere over my solar plexus. We both started to hurry a little, now that the path had flattened out, neither of us feeling quite sure of ourselves, both of us wishing desperately that the barrier was not there, but at the same time afraid in case some chance word should cause it suddenly to collapse, and leave us, with no more secrets to withhold, confronting each other across its ruins. We climbed a gate into a field, both of us breathless with our absurd hurrying, and Cari said, suddenly,—" Let's sit down somewhere and just talk.—I'm utterly exhausted."

There were two haystacks on the other side of the field. The glare of the sun was so strong that it was almost painful to look at them as they stood blazing hot light at us across the grass. We went over and sat down on the shady side of them, and Cari began to talk about Wales : Llangollen, Traws Fynydd, Cardiganshire, the Glyders, Plynlimmon Fawr. I loved her voice as she spoke the names, the strange sibilance which did not appear in her English, the sonorous vowels of the Cymric tongue. Tentatively I imitated some of them. Her laugh rippled. " Shacky bach,"—she said," it's a Well-shman you should have been, look.—You talk Welsh like a bless-sed parson."—For some reason I could not answer. There was so much mystery in her just then. Glancing quickly at her I saw a look come into her eyes which made my pulse leap suddenly. We were caught out. She suddenly gripped my fingers and crushed them together until they hurt, and we lay half terrified, half exultant, seeing the barrier collapsing, waiting for the inevitable. As our mouths drew slowly together a siren started to wail in the valley. We were reprieved, temporarily at any rate.—" Oh Cari,"—I said,—" Oh, Cari,—we must be crazy."

"Crazy or not, darling,"—she said,"—"I couldn't possibly care less."

A single plane came over. A stray, evidently. The engines seemed to be labouring a little. We sat up and watched as the guns began to pattern the sky all round it with shell bursts. It was flying very high, and though it seemed impossible that it should remain in the centre of a barrage like that without damage, it flew steadily on, circling back in the direction from which it had come, until it was nearly out of sight. Then, far away, there was a queer whining noise. The droning stopped. But we could not see what had happened. We could only guess—"Sounds as if he's had it,"—I said, and we both sucked in our breath. Our moment had passed after all, though the barrier was down beyond any possibility of rebuilding. To have stayed would have been anticlimax. Suddenly Cari began to cry. I put my arm round her shoulders and hugged her gently. "Sorry,"—she said,—"I'm an utter fool."—"We both are," I said, and we went on over the gate and down the stony footpath without another word.

On the bridge we both stopped and gazed down into the river again. The sun had gone behind the Edge, and the water was in total shadow. But the bottom still showed clearly, littered with green weeds and rusting scrap iron. Cari stared down as she had done earlier in the afternoon. Without raising her head, she spoke,—"Darling,—what are we going to do?"—I felt desperate.—"Honestly," I said, "I don't know,—I'm just damned if I know."—All through tea at the hotel and the long 'bus ride back to Garrison Area we sat worrying over it, neither of us saying much. There wasn't much to say.

The next day a teleprinter message from the War Office came through, posting me to a new job on the other side of England. I was to leave by the night train. After I had packed my kit and arranged for the station wagon to pick me up with my baggage, I had some tea, and went down to tell Cari the news. I felt worse about leaving than I had ever done before in my life. When I told her her jaw dropped a little, and she looked as if she was going to cry. But she didn't.—"I've a late

pass,"—she said,—" Please, darling, don't try to stop me.—I'm coming to see you off. Now let's go and get drunk."

We didn't get drunk. At about ten she left me, and I went back to camp to persuade the station wagon driver to pick her up on the way to the Station and bring her back to Camp afterwards. He was a decent type, and discreet. We couldn't have picked her up in the Camp Area without exciting comment. Someone would be bound to spot us. So we met her about a mile outside Camp, and arrived at the station with about ten minutes to spare before the train went.

When the train came we kissed goodbye. I felt like grizzling myself, but neither of us did. As I stuck my head out through the window waiting for the train to move Cari grabbed my hand again as she had done on the Edge.—" Goodbye," she said,—" This saves us a few headaches, anyway.—Perhaps it's just as well—Don't write."—" O.K." I said,—" But don't forget me Cari."—She wrenched my fingers nearly out of their sockets.—" You bloody fool," she muttered. Then the train started to move and she let go.—" Don't forget me either," she said, and turned away. I watched her as far along the platform as I could. Then the train went under the bridge, and I had to pull my head in and close the window because of the blackout.

That was five years ago. I haven't forgotten her yet. But perhaps if we were to meet again now we might both be sure that we really were crazy that afternoon. Everything to do with war is crazy, still, it's strange what Service life will do to you, and after all, what you call crazy at any particular time depends entirely on your view of sanity *at* that particular time.

.....It makes a story, anyway, so perhaps all the rest doesn't really matter.

Gifts

The Chancellor has given a portrait of himself in his robes by Mr. Oswald Birley, R.A. This has been hung in the Great Hall beside the portraits of the Marquis of Ripon, first Chancellor and of the ninth Duke of Devonshire, second Chancellor.—ANNUAL REPORT, 1947-48.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTING FOR THE UNION

THE REPRODUCTION HERE of the painting by Michael Ayrton, which has been bought by the Union and is temporarily hung in the J.C.R., is intended to serve two purposes : to remind students that a reproduction IS only a poor thing at best, and that in this particular instance they have the original at their permanent disposal for comparison.

The acquisition of works of contemporary art for a student body is beset with difficulties. It became increasingly obvious when Ayrton's painting was being considered that an element of risk will always be present. The sole fact that a painting is contemporary exposes it to every sort of critical abuse and misconception : only the passing of time can overcome judgments hampered by fashions in taste.

Who, then, should be responsible for the choice ? And who should decide whether or not the money were being well spent ? Both these problems have created the precedent that a committee of local experts, with a member of the Union Executive to represent the student body, will decide if a painting is suitable both as a painting for the Union and as a purchase out of Union funds. The committee includes the Director of the City Art Gallery and representatives from the College of Art and the Union Art Society.

Pembroke College, Oxford, which has been in the news lately as enthusiastic in the Cause of Art, has slid out of all these troubles with surprising nonchalance, having shifted the burden of selection to the maturer shoulders of the Contemporary Art Society, whose buyer is appointed by the Tate Gallery. One hesitates to criticise the scholars of shy Thames' shore for having funked the main issue, but the savages of Industry are content to handle the roaring child themselves.

MICHAEL AYRTON is lecturing at this University next month.

TWO ENGLISH PAINTERS

THE TWO PAINTINGS, here reproduced, from the Leeds Art Gallery collection, represent the work of two outstanding twentieth century British painters. More precisely one may call them essentially *English* pa nters, for though Paul Nash and Edward Wadsworth have been deeply affected by continental influences of style, their outlook remains unaffected and indigenous to the native tradition.

This is particularly true of Nash, who, despite almost continuous experimentation, since his first exhibition in 1910, has always found his inspiration in the profound, poetic contemplation of Nature. Fundamentally a landscape painter, he progressed from romantic landscape compositions ; through the macabre devastations of the first world war ; to conscious formalisation in the manner of Cezanne and the Cubists ; later to the dream-like compositions of surrealism, and finally to an almost mystical phase when ordinary objects were made to assume a symbolic strangeness which fully expressed their significance for the essential poet in Nash. But always he was true to Nature and rarely, if ever, forfeited the objective experience merely for pictorial accomplishment.

Our picture represents that period in his development when, though still pre-occupied with formal composition, he was entering the more imaginative phase of surrealistic experience. It is one of many still-life groups painted between 1920 and 1928, and it contains more than a hint of that strange world between reality and imagination which characterised most of his later work.

Wadsworth on the other hand is no poet. His approach is the purely logical and scientific one : almost wholly objective despite his numerous abstractions, which are usually based on recognisable forms. He was born at Cleckheaton, in Yorkshire. At an early age he was familiar with the sea and the paraphernalia of ships and harbours. Before the first world war he was associated with Wyndham Lewis and the Vorticist movement.

Like Nash he was a member of the Unit One group started in 1933, an uncompromisingly nationalist body which tried to bring a more conscious sense of design into British art.

Up to 1930 Wadsworth concerned himself with realistic compositions, harbour scenes, ships and nautical still-life. The painting reproduced is characteristic of his work about 1928. The transition from these formal arrangements of objects to pure abstraction was simple and logical for an artist always conscious of pattern. Wadsworth's design is always linear and geometric. Forms, as such, are unrealised except in a two-dimensional way. This tendency towards linear design, as distinct from three-dimensional structure, is characteristically and traditionally English, though it is rarely used with such precision and hardness.

Wadsworth's world, like that of Nash, is mainly uninhabited, but where Nash animates all his forms to give them a natural or supernatural existence, he tends to endow everything with a mechanical precision.

Both are creative artists but their respective approaches to a problem are quite opposed. The one poetic, the other materialistic, but neither seeking merely to copy but to interpret what they see.

ERNEST I. MUSGRAVE.

ERNEST I. MUSGRAVE: Director Leeds City Art Gallery since 1946; previously Director Wakefield City Art Gallery.

"CASTAGNERI"

CASTAGNERI, is the name of the Italian craftsman who made the violin, more than a century ago. The hands, are those of Mr. Allan Clarke who studied under John Dunn and who has for many years played as leader and solo-violinist.

Here then was the subject interest, and the arrangement resolved itself as the instrument was returned to its case in the usual manner. All that remained for the photographer was to reproduce this, with a proper respect for fine old wood, and for a greater craft.

The original print (8″ × 10″, warm black on ivory) was awarded the Blackledge Trophy at the Union Photographic Society Exhibition this year.

PHOTOGRAPHIC DATA.

Two, number-one photo-floods. T.P. Reflex with 6½″ Cooke. 1/10th sec. at f 4.5 on P. 1500. Dev. Borax-M.Q. Enlargement to 8″ × 10″ on normal Bromesko (Ivory-lustre). Normal developer for reduced time to give warm black. Oil reinforced to subdue cuffs, etc.

BRYAN CLARKE.

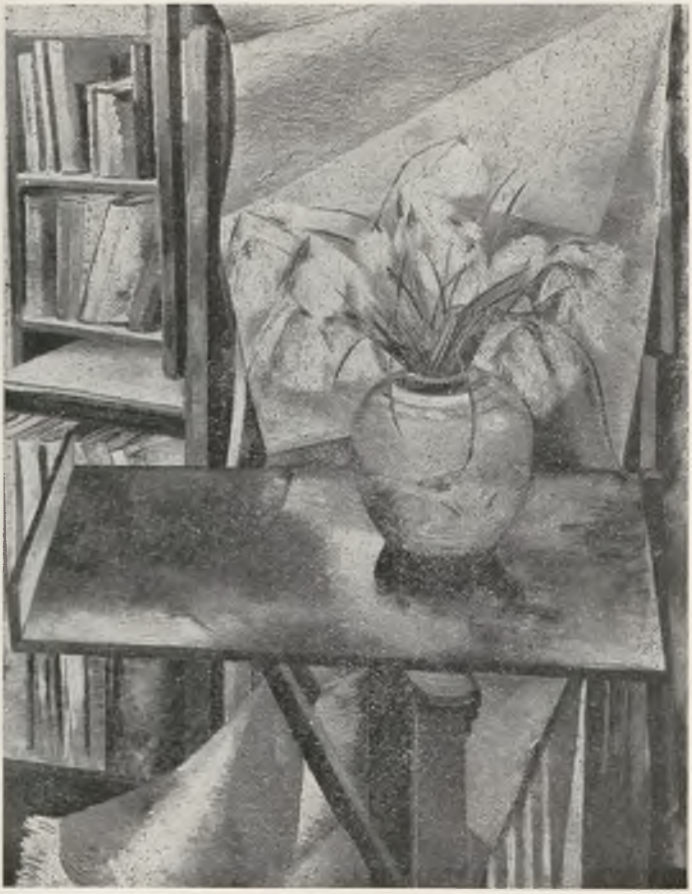
BRYAN CLARKE: Technician in Botany—expert photographer.

"CASTAGNERI"

EDWARD WADSWORTH — SLUMP, 1935

Tempera 24 × 30

Leeds City Art Gallery



PAUL NASH — BOG COTTON, 1926

Oil on Canvas 36 × 28

Leeds City Art Gallery

MICHAEL AYRTON

THE EDITORS' ADVICE TO THE READER...

THE following Piece having been recently discovered among the Unpublished Works of David Slow, being writ in an obsolete Satiric Fashion not dissimilar to that used to strange effect by the notorious Dr. Jxnxthxn Sxxft, *is now put to press for the first time at the earnest request of his Descendants.*

An *ARGUMENT*

to prove that the Abolishing of INSTRUCTION IN OLD AND MIDDLE ENGLISH may as Things now stand, be attended with some *Inconveniences*, and not produce those many good *Effects* proposed thereby.

***Written in the Year* 1xx8 *by* David Slow.**

"I AM VERY SENSIBLE what a weakness and presumption it is to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. It may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Instruction in *Old and Middle English* in Universities at a juncture when all Parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their Actions, their discourse and their Countenances. By their actions I mean their absence from the Lecture Theatres when such Instruction is in progress, and by their Discourse, the seditious whisperings heard in the Cafeteria. Their Countenances I shall not describe, such is their Venom.

However, I know not how, whether from some perversion of an otherwise healthy mind, or from the effect of a shock my Mother suffered (as I am reliably informed), two months before my birth; it unhappily falls out that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order for my Immediate Expulsion from *English House, Scheme A*, were dependent thereon, I should still confess that I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the study of *Old and Middle English* from among us.

But here I must not be mistaken. I hope no reader imagines me so weak as to stand up in defence of real, live and valuable Instruction in these subjects; instruction centred round the Glory, Influence and Literary Versatility of the early forms of our Language, such as used, in enlightened times (if we may believe the Authors of those ages), to have an effect of *actual enjoyment* in men's minds. To offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild Project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all capacity for Infinite Boredom in Students, for infinite driveling in Lectures, and to outrage those who delight in the spending of time and fees on Topics which, though useless in *this* World, may well be a feature of Hells to come.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of this pass-time is, that it would provide opportunity for the adequate study over a longer period of time of such Minor

Poets as *Shakespeare* and *Chaucer*, and for the names of *Coleridge*, *Keats*, *Shelley* and *Browning* to receive passing mention in the Lecture Theatre.

In answer to this, with deference to wiser Judgements, I think this rather shows the necessity for the present system of Instruction among us : for, to abolish it would be to unleash the Critical Spirit, to lift from the minds of students that Torpor which is the very source of Discipline and mark of Submission. If the time of men is not to be filled with the fascinations of *Old English Grammar*, the niceties of the Alliterative Line, and the finer issues of Fourteenth Century Homilitic prose, there may well be those who shall set up as Rivals to their Mentors in the profitable fields of publishing ; nay, as Contestants for the Professorial Chairs, and other sinecures.

It is likewise urged that there are, by computation, in this University above Five Professional Scholars, whose revenues would suffice to provide at least twenty young men of the Further Education and Training Scheme with the items more necessary to their welfare than any heroic fragment, such at Cigarettes and Union Beverage. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight ; but then, to what profitable use are the Five Scholars to be put ? Too weary for the Fleet and Armies, too dreamy for the Factories, too innocent for Prison, and too tough for consumption—to what may they be turned ? But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind ; for what is to become of the nation, of posterity, if the Students of to-day are to be further befuddled by Tobacco, to be rendered bemused and sterile by the most pernicious of Coffee ?

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Instruction in *Old and Middle English* is the gain to humanity of a vacated English House. It is generally agreed, however, that this is an ugly piece of architecture, as useful to man as the theories propounded therein. And where, in the Normal Stream of Mankind, could it find such suitable inhabitants, as Men and

Women of the Sad Scheme B whose studies so harmonise with its externals ? I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word if I call it a Fossil for Fossils.

I shall now proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may occur if this Seditious Move be effected. Such Instruction abolished, from what lecturers could the gentlemen of wit and pleasure truant themselves with like impunity and delight ? And how dulled would be the charms of Literature, were her tedious step-sister to be killed ! for all Beauty thrives by contrast, and even a Celia has her unlovely moments. Further to be considered is the National Expense involved in the housing and upkeep of those Students who, made redundant by this measure, would find no other sphere for the exercise of a mere capacity for the retention of facts, and the uncritical acceptance of useless conjecture : (unless the Armed Forces be increased, or the Communist State established). The complexities of the problem are at once apparent....*Hic multa desiderantur.*

....Having, therefore, so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty in our Argument, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me that, bereft of an excuse for the neglect of Literary Studies, of a subject for grumbling, of issues for Professorial Squabbles, of materials for tales of horror to Freshmen ; some may, with time on their hands, turn to the study of Actual Life, as now lived, and die of a fright.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Instruction in *Old and Middle English* may perhaps result in some slight loss to literature. To what, in addition, would stray *influences* be traced, without fear of coherent criticism ? (that of Philologists being, in Matters Literary, rather less intelligible than the cries of Owls and Nightingales).

To conclude, whatever some may think of the great advantages to arise from this Project, I do very much apprehend that in six months' time after the Act is passed for the extirpation of all the *Cottonian MSS.* and their fellows, the liberated *experts* will be found to have strayed into some other

Branch of the National Economy ripe for putrefaction, such as the Board of Trade, where they will again rejoice in the promotion of Dry Rot, to the detriment of us all: and, as I have writ elsewhere (in my *City Shower*):

Returning home at Night you'll find the Sink
Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.

Medical

For the Medical School the session has been notable in that it included the "Appointed Day" 5th July, 1948, when the National Health Service was inaugurated. The change will alter very considerably the relation of the University and the hospitals, certain of which are now grouped together as the United Leeds Hospital—the teaching Hospital to be linked with the Medical School for clinical teaching and research.

The Rheumatism Research Advisory Committee has put forward to the Leeds Regional Hospital Board, in conjunction with the Harrogate Town Council and the Harrogate Royal Bath Hospital, a scheme for the provision, under the National Health Service Act, 1946, of specialist treatment for Rheumatism and for research into the forms of treatment for Rheumatism.

—ANNUAL REPORT, 1947-48.

Council, 20/10/48

A valuable opportunity has been given to the University by the Wool Industries Surplus Cloth Corporation and the National Wool Textile Export Corporation who have provided £40,500 and £12,000 respectively to endow a Research Chair of Wool Textile Engineering in the Textile Industries Department. This field, which has been little explored, is one of great importance to the West Riding. The Council appreciates the confidence which the donors have shown in the contribution which Scientific study can make to industry.

—ANNUAL REPORT, 1947-48.

Vernon D. Freedland

THE *BACK ROOM* COMES TO THE FRONT

MR. SMITH HAS NOT QUITE GOT OVER his awe of the scientist. The everyday achievements of science which surround him ; his close and easy familiarity with radio, aeroplanes and fluorescent lighting ; and a spate of " popular " science articles, have done no more than partly dispel the gloom of mystery with which the ordinary man envelops the expert in atoms, circuits and rays. To Mr. Smith, the scientist is still the " back-room boy," the " boffin," the remote being who knows how to uncover the most deeply hidden secrets of Nature—who dare sup with the devil himself. He is in the direct line of descent of witch-doctor, wizard and alchemist.

Of course, you and I know him as the ordinary rugger-playing and cinema-going young fellow who is working for his Ph.D. in the research laboratory upstairs, or the hearty, middle-aged lecturer who spices his explanations of the latest scientific theories with an almost Handleyish wit. He may be a suave, somewhat dandyish professor, or, such is his infinite variety, he might be—though he rarely is—the untidy, absent-minded, short-sighted and snuff-stained brooder over retorts of popular imagination.

Until barely yesterday, Mr. Smith's awe, and even distrust, of the scientist and all his works was shared by most industrialists, while the partnership which occasionally existed between Science and Industry was often an uneasy one.

British industry, after its brilliant beginnings in the last eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, had become tradition-bound and bogged down in the complacency engendered by its hundred-year-long supremacy in commerce and manufacture. Then other vigorous nations began to fling down their challenge. The German chemical industry used scientists, not in ones and twos but in cohorts, with organised research taking place on an increasingly intensive scale. American engineering skill and

ingenuity developed apace, with eager acceptance and rich rewards for the new and bright idea.

Mr. Smith has had to learn his lesson the hard way. His grandfather's methods, which made such gratifying profits "once-upon-a-time," were falling victim to creeping paralysis. But long-sighted firms recognised the urgent need for scientific research to enable them to develop methods and materials for countering the menace to Britain's trade.

For years the effort was half-hearted. Many industrialists were at first apt to regard the scientist in their employ as something between an unrealistic visionary and an unnecessary luxury. Often ill-rewarded for his labours, he was expected to be able to produce in an instant the perfect solution to an age-old problem. Should he save several thousands of pounds by making modifications in an inefficient process, or should he find a cheaper raw material to replace a more expensive one, his value rarely showed directly in terms of strict £ s. d. in the balance sheet.

The scientist's value perhaps began to be assessed at its true worth during the first World War. He contributed splendidly to the victory over the enemy when Britain's deficiencies and dependence on other countries for vital materials had become dangerously apparent. Then, post-war Industry realised that this modern St. George could slay its own particular dragon. The Government of the day was ready to give its aid, and in 1918 the first Government-sponsored industrial research association—The British Scientific Instrument Research Association—came into being. The wool industry, to the credit of its far-sighted members, was only a tick of the clock behind, and for two decades now, the Wool Industries Research Association has been a near neighbour of the University.

Since those days, the demand for scientists has continued to expand. There are now at least some three dozen industrial research associations sponsored by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research; which itself conducts fundamental and applied research at about a dozen stations.

The textile industry, as befits one of the country's major producers, is well to the fore in research activities. The sections

devoted to wool, cotton, rayon, jute, linen, lace and felt have all formed research associations for co-operative scientific work. In the sphere of metals and engineering, research associations exist to serve the interests devoted to iron and steel, non-ferrous metals, automobile and internal combustion engineering, production engineering, shipbuilding, welding and the electrical industries. The industries devoted to food manufacture have a number of research organisations which carry out work for specialised sections. The production and utilisation of coal and gas are catered for, while leather, paper, printing, rubber, paint and laundry trades all have their own research bodies.

All this but touches the fringe of Britain's contemporary research activities. Government and private establishments, universities and smaller co-operative groups pour their hourly quota of research results into the swiftly flowing river of scientific knowledge. Such have been the proven benefits of scientific research that there is scarcely a single facet of British industry that is not at this moment sharing in the advantages bestowed by its own particular co-operative research body.

The significant thing is that the small firm, to whom long-range or large-scale scientific research would be completely out of the question on financial grounds, is to-day able, by means of a reasonable subscription to a research association, to obtain the valuable fruits of costly scientific investigations which in other circumstances could be commanded only by the largest concerns.

That Industry has made up for its past neglect of scientific potential is readily gathered from a survey made by the Federation of British Industries a short time ago. This revealed a total of well over forty thousand people directly engaged in industrial research and development in Britain; of this total, some ten thousand were of graduate or equivalent status. And a sum of more than £25,000,000 was being spent annually by industrial establishments alone.

VERNON D. FREEDLAND: Chemist, Journalist, Electro-technologist—sometime teacher and musician.

RILEY-SMITH THEATRE

FEBRUARY 8th—FEBRUARY 10th

The Leeds University Spanish Society
AND *The Theatre Group* PRESENT

"Punishment without Vengeance"

by

LOPE DE VEGA

o

Translated by JOHN BOORMAN and W. A. HODGES.

Produced by JOHN BOORMAN.

Scholarships, etc.

Lord Kemsley offered a sum of £400 annually for seven years to establish a Travelling Fellowship to enable a graduate of the University to obtain first hand knowledge of people overseas. Regulations have been approved which give effect to Lord Kemsley's wishes; preference is to be given in the award to a woman graduate who is a native of Yorkshire.

—ANNUAL REPORT, 1947-48.

" Unwisely, not ignobly. . ."

DURING HIS RECENT VISIT to the University, Mr. Donald Wolfit was pessimistic about the future of the English Theatre. His trip to Canada convinced him that, although the demand exists, the steady pressure of American films has there killed the never very sturdy native theatre. In America, outside New York, the theatre was withering under the keen wind of film competition and the same trans-Atlantic blast was attacking our own theatre here in England. Mr. Wolfit is an actor-manager whose strongly developed sense of self-preservation and instinct for dramatising a situation perhaps led him to overstate his case. He made harsh statements about the cinema and particularly about those film-companies bold enough to film Shakespeare—a dramatist in whom Mr. Wolfitt plainly feels he has a personal stake. Yet, in the main, his case is serious enough ; there is little doubt that the living stage is barely holding its own against the cinema. Apart from the purely commercial competition there is the subtle psychological conditioning of audiences who, presented night after night with glossy photoplays whose plots, themes and emotions are pre-digested to a dead-level of mediocrity, find themselves unable to bring to the theatre the mental agility and ready response needed to enjoy (say) Mr. Wolfit's " Lear." This steady coarsening of sensibility is not confined to cinema audiences, but is general, and the result of the process by which slick journalism and commercialised art seek to manufacture and supply a market for their products, and in doing so create conditions inimical to genuine literature and art.

Leeds provides a fair example of the situation. Almost fifty cinemas serve a population of about half a million. There are four theatres, two of which are variety houses, one twice-nightly gives somewhat shop-soiled " London Successes," whilst the other theatre presents, occasionally, serious plays. During the winter audiences stoically endure three or four months of modern pantomime, that illegitimate offspring of vaudeville and an older and more vital tradition.

Amongst such conditions the demand for drama which strangely and encouragingly survives must be fed from non-commercial sources. There is throughout the country an amateur theatre whose productions, however varied in quality, testify to a healthy appetite for drama. The Bradford Civic Playhouse, courageous, enterprising and resourceful, is one of the most successful examples of this movement. The Universities, perhaps remembering the moulding influences exerted by the University Wits upon Elizabethan drama, are also very active in this field. They have a particularly vital part to play in the struggle against all that is shoddy, incompetent and false in drama. Free from the morbid influence of the box-office the University theatre can range over the whole terrain of drama, resurrecting little known plays from the past for to-day's audiences, or presenting plays whose modernity of theme and expression scares the cautious West-end theatre into sniffing distrust. These productions can be permeated by an informed and enquiring spirit derived from the thoughtful study of drama in the library and lecture-room, whilst the enthusiastic vitality of the student actors and producers prevents a too arid approach to what is perhaps the most lively of the arts.

That the Universities are well aware of their opportunities and responsibilities is shown by the plays entered for the Arts Festival here in Leeds. These include a Restoration comedy, a Shakespearian tragedy, a modern play in verse, a Shaw comedy, a translation of Goethe's " Egmont " and of Cocteau's " Infernal Machine." Here is plenty indeed, and if, at the time of writing, we cannot answer for the quality, we cannot complain of the variety.

Our own University has a good record in these matters. During the past three years an energetic Theatre Group has built up a reputation for consistent artistic integrity. Lucky enough to be led and inspired by Mr. G. Wilson Knight, whose deep knowledge of drama, intuitive rather than academic, finds outlet in actually producing plays as well as merely writing about them, Leeds students have been able to present

MacNeice's translation of "Agamemnon" (1946), Mr. Kenneth Muir's translation of Racine's "Athalie" (1947), and "Timon of Athens" (1948). Mr. Coombes's successful production of Shaw's "Saint Joan" (1948) must also be added to the list, and the lunch-time productions such as "Sweeney Agonistes" and "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," together with one-act plays presented by the English, French and Spanish Societies, prove that, far from exhausting the flow of dramatic energy, the major productions have in fact stimulated it.

It was fitting that the experienced group of actors and technicians so largely created by Mr. G. Wilson Knight should at last be used in a Shakespeare tragedy, although opinions may differ as to the wisdom of the final choice of "Timon of Athens." This play presents certain problems; the text is believed to be not entirely by Shakespeare and the play to be unactable because of staging difficulties, the somewhat heavy-fisted ranting dialogue and the difficulty of making Timon credible. Mr. Wilson Knight's first task was to prepare an acting script by judicious pruning and rearrangement without perverting either the play or its author's intentions. By breaking the play into two acts at the convenient point where Timon, renouncing mankind, takes to the woods, and using every resource of the stage, Mr. Wilson Knight achieved a remarkably fluid production.

"Timon" is not an easy play to understand. Mr. Wilson Knight has made what might well seem to be extravagant claims for what appears to be his favourite play, endowing Shakespeare with some rather peculiar views of the modern political situation in the process. The play reads almost like a rough draft of "King Lear"; Timon, like Lear, has too much faith in mankind, is cruelly disillusioned and, after going mad, takes to the woods where in a series of speeches he curses all humanity. There is also a hint that Timon, in his boundless largess, thinks himself an equal of the gods and suffers the fall and subsequent agony of those who commit this very modern crime. But whereas we enter into Lear's agony and, like him, feel the Universe to be cracking, we

remain only spectators of Timon's all-embracing misanthropy. As Mr. Eliot said of Hamlet in an early and notorious essay, we feel that the result is out of all proportion to the cause. The texture of " Lear " is granite, that of " Timon " is slate.

The comparison with " Lear " must not be pushed too far. " Timon " has a directness of plot and structure reminiscent of a Morality play. Stripped and bare as it is, the play contains Scriptural evocations which cannot be overlooked. . . . in a sense it is an extended parable rather than an extended metaphor. Various parables are suggested by the scenes in which Timon's servants are sent on their fruitless errands and Timon's final feast is a fusion of the Last Supper and Christ's terrible clearance of the Temple. Something of Timon's greatness, purged of his wrath, enters into the victorious Alcibiades who, in his entry into chastened Athens, decides to use the olive with his sword.

Besides producing the play, Mr. Wilson Knight played Timon. Using a style of acting which is rapidly dying in an age determined not to admire anything in the " Grand Style," he created a courteous, dignified, noble lord, whose prodigality of gold in the first half of the play is grimly excelled by his bounteous curses in the second half and whose early splendour is balanced by his later squalor. Apemantus, " a churlish Philosopher," is Shakespeare's comment on Diogenes ; " bred a dog " he makes a virtue of a necessity, using his philosophy as a cloak for his rabid scorn of those who, had he been born of their rank, he would so easily have followed. An interesting scene points the difference between Timon's consuming misanthropy, springing from deep wells of hatred, and Apemantus' churlishness which arises from jealousy and pride. Michael Bampton seemed never to realise the significance of this character and gave us snarling instead of acting. Trevor Lennam's Alcibiades was a good portrait of a soldier ranting with more than military anger.

In a cast containing only too many attendant lords, it was a relief to find Flavius, steward to Timon, played by Richard Gendall with all the warmth and sympathy the part

demands. Flavius reminds us of Kent in " King Lear " ; he has the same dogged loyalty to an unappreciative master and, like him again, he is unrecognised by his agonised lord. Timon's three servants (Alan Foley, Brian Redshaw and Jack Sutton) were well played by actors who accurately caught the accents of humanity. Mostyn Silverton was a poet with no fine frenzy but some excellently spoken verse and Ian Wilson's painter seemed of the right breed. In a play so lacking in humour, the two bandits (Stuart Shaw and Jack Fricker) broke the tension for a few moments and Bill Jones worked against great odds to raise a smile.

The producer handled the crowded stage with that flair for grouping and colour which we have seen in other productions. The play was well dressed and the lighting was skilfully used for both decorative and evocative effects. Trumpet and drum were curiously effective and suggested the advantages of Elizabethan economy of stage production. The dance was a pretty and quite un-Amazonian affair of bare feet and cymbals.

" Timon of Athens " was a thoroughly successful venture which could only have been produced under the inspiration and leadership of one man. . . . more especially since it is really an " actor-manager's play." But the need for the future is to " press on," and Theatre Group must ask themselves whether it is altogether a good thing to lean too heavily upon one man, however gifted he may be. The Group needs young producers to carry its work along the path Mr. Wilson Knight has so plainly marked. Producers, like other mortals, can only learn by experience and Theatre Group should give serious consideration to the training of new producers. Progress might well be along lines already suggested ; more one act plays might be given and perhaps one less ambitious play might be given each year in support of the major production. Only in this way can Theatre Group maintain and extend its very valuable work.

A. GRIFFITHS.

Brett

ALIS POULY ABROAD

from an unfinished novel.

....After dinner the two men at the next table came over and spoke to her. At first she had difficulty in understanding their provincial French, but she gathered that they were railway workers and were respectfully asking her to accompany them to the *Bal.* It would have been ungracious to refuse, especially as they took such pains to emphasise that with three there could be no danger, only with two or four, eh ? So at ten o'clock she met them outside the hotel, and with a great deal of frivolous gallantry, the import of most of which she missed with the slur of their syllables, they escorted her to the school ground, a large open place with a cement floor and surrounded by cement walls, against which the youths of the town played *pelote.* All Hendaye appeared to be there. Amidst the mob of heaving shoulders and swinging hips she could discern the little bobbing bodies of children up too late for the occasion, the finishing item on their School Sports Agenda.

Fascinated, from the top row of the stone seats that ran in three tiers along the inside walls, she watched the common English dances....waltzes, fox-trots, quicksteps....danced in more various ways than she could ever remember. You could do anything you liked provided you kept time....But the immediate mass impression, over and above the clinging stink of hot garlic, was that of jigging. Everything about the dancers jigged. Their feet tapped out the movement in jerks. Their knees gave and stiffened in jerks. Their elbows shot up and down fiercely and individually. Their shoulders jerked up and back and forth and to and from. Their heads carried on a dance of their own, tossing and rolling and flinging all ways. It was the same with the polka, the tango, the rumba and the incredible March, which was nothing more than a speeded up and glorified walk in any direction you chose. Rather like the Dodgem Cars in a seaside Amusement Park, every couple for

itself. And as long as the orchestra kept playing, sleek with sweat under the swinging flares, and whatever it played, always the big jigging mass, like the wind gone haywire in a field of tall grass, the movement blowing the dancers all ways, up and down and all ways.

Her heart was in her mouth when first she felt herself disappearing into the melée, crushed *a la Francais* against the corpus of her partner, his chest's hot smell turning her guts over, and his big thighs pushing hers in whatever direction lay open to him. She danced polkas and tangos and rumbas, dances she would never have thought to attempt on any other floor than this, in the same hot jolly oneness with her partner and the mob. She danced with both the railwaymen. The little one, his face on a level with her own and the garlic sending her nearly out of her senses, coming in hot wafts as he breathed out heavily, was the worst. Every few minutes he would stick out his chest into hers and pull her flat against his body till her teeth chattered with the impact. She connected it, just before the end of an interminable session, with reversing and turning corners. He liked to feel on these occasions that she was still there. The other railwayman was less ferocious, but grim. He thrust his head over her shoulder, and flattened the palm of his sticky hand against the middle of her back. With equilibrium thus achieved he steered her grimly into and through and out of the dance, his big hips clashing against hers in sudden jerking collisions. She danced with the station master who was nice, and let an inch of daylight separate them whenever he could, and with an I'm-a-boy-if-ever-there-was-one sailor who had spent two weeks in Cardiff.

"When will there be the fandango?" She asked them repeatedly, but they always replied in offhand fashion, "*Ce será le fin....ce será le fin.*" And when will the finish be, she wondered, claustrophobia coming and going. Eventually there was a lull. The mob took to the four walls, and a dozen black and white clad men in black berets, with a fine looking leader, sang a few choruses in Basque, one Spanish air, very funny and at which all the children, cross legged and wide eyed,

roared with laughter, and a couple of Basque sea chanties. They had nice voices, deep and sad and booming, but the songs were not melodious.

" What was the funny one about ? " she asked.

" *Rien que Pepita.*"

More dancing followed, but her companions were thirsty, and they all sweated up the road to a little shack labelled outside *Bar du Fronton.* A girl was with them now, the sailor's sister, and although half the suggestions he was making to her were quite incomprehensible, he shut up tight when his sister let fly a long string of swift cynical sounding sentences, each one ending on a " *Hein* ? " and a toss of her head. " He bores you," she said to Alis in explanation, " He even bores himself." A woman with a mouth twisted round to her left ear and one arm amputated from the elbow, served them out pints of gassy *bière*, and then they went back again to the dance. " She was in the siege of Barcelona, that one," the sailor's sister told Alis.

Alis was dropping with fatigue, but determined to wait for the fandango. It came, after more of those interminable dances, rowdying up as the night wore on into out of date modern numbers from America, the hokey-cokey and the conga . . . at 2-30 a.m.

It was worth seeing, but she was too tired, and they only danced it once. . . .

. . . . When next day at lunch, she discovered that the acquaintance which had so easily sprung up between her and the railwaymen was not going to be so easily broken, she decided she had better become, officially, an artist.

" You go to the Plage, this afternoon, *hein* ? " . . . .

" You swim ? . . . .

" You like to promenade ? " . . . .

" There are pictures this evening . . . . you like to go ? NO ? "

They pestered her at table and in the hotel garden, and she didn't know how not to be rude. The little railwayman put a pair of sun spectacles on the nose of his mongrel bitch, and a pipe into its mouth and sat it up in front of her to capture her English compassionate heart for animals. The larger railwayman brought her down his roadmap of the area, and

spread it out on the grass in front of her. "See the lovely walks," he pleaded, "And this afternoon I am not on duty.... You will promenade? Yes?"

The fat Russian lady who had lost her husband in the war and still wore black for him, her skinny sexy daughter, Micheline, who could not keep her hands off the hairy youth called Moysha whom she was to marry when he had completed his studies, the gaunt schoolmistress from Rouen who dressed respectably and ignored the temperature....all these were keeping an eye on her, to see how she would handle the situation.

And Rosalie shrugged in sympathy. "They never know when to stop," she told Alis confidentially. "And the little one, he is the worst."

"I am an artist," she said at length, cross at having to invent excuses for what was merely disinclination. "I have to go out alone. I have to draw."

"You draw faces?" they asked her, incredulous that they had been paying court to talent...."Faces or landscapes?"

"Both," she said handsomely, and marched out of the hotel door, a sketch book under one arm, bought in a sentimental moment from a Paris kiosk, and waved it at them brazenly as she passed them on the corner of the road.

"Always alone," they mocked cheerfully, without any malice, "*Une belle fille*, but always alone...."

FREE COMMENT....from *Sequence* No. 6.

"The *Daily Express* Film Tribunal, formed a few months ago to judge films on their artistic merits and promote genuine creative endeavour in the medium, has so far announced a lavish scheme of awards and elected a handful of popular notabilities to the Board. These include Sir Kenneth Clark, Evelyn Waugh, Miss Anona Winn of 'Twenty Questions' fame, and C.A. ('Chestnuts') Lejeune. (There needs, in fact, only the election of Dr. Edith Sitwell to the Tribunal to make it truly representative of all that is best in our modern cultural life)."

"SEQUENCE"

A Film Quarterly, published by Sequence, price two shillings.

THE SLOGAN "BUY BRITISH" has a lot to recommend it, but at least one part of the national life is suffering from its implications, and *Sequence* exists to grieve for it. The British Film Industry is a case in point. At the moment, Film in this country is Government Export No. 1, which is a sticky position for a young concern with artistic qualifications to find itself in.

If you, the public, have paid to see *Oliver Twist*, *The Red Shoes*, *Hamlet*, *The Fallen Idol*, you have but done your patriotic duty: if you liked some or all of these films, you were served well by your country. If, however, you also paid to see an equivalent number of non-British films and enjoyed them equally well if not considerably more, you were not fulfilling your duty as a British citizen. There is no axe being ground here, as it is obvious that if you saw *The Fallen Idol* you would have been lacking in every sort of sensibility if you had left the cinema without acknowledging its greatness. But you will no doubt be aware that two quite separate issues are being inextricably mixed: it is reasonable that you should be expected to patronise the home cinema for the sake of your own good taste's being satisfied; it is not reasonable that you should do this for any other reason. Advice to the contrary may be propagandised until your eyes and ears are choked with it, but the dictates of national economy ought never to be allowed to interfere with the integral growth of an art form.

Sequence is a development of the Oxford University Film Society Magazine that was begun in 1946. Its first issue in the present format consisted of 12 quarto-size utility pages with a 4-page supplement of stills from the French Cinema. After the second issue, it was printed in London in luxury format and increased its distribution considerably. The sixth and latest issue sells in almost every quarter of the globe, but somehow fails to make the North of England, except through Film Societies sufficiently advanced to receive its comparatively

simple message. Its Editors, three ex-army graduates, believe that Film can only be criticised *as* Film, a medium as worthy as Music, Ballet, Drama, Painting, Poetry and Prose, to be ranked as one of the arts. The distinction that is now made between " Commercial Cinema " and " Formal " or "Aesthetic " Cinema has, they maintain, as little right to impede film criticism as has the distinction between *The News of the World* and *Gulliver's Travels* to impede literary criticism: there cannot be two different critical criteria.

Their poverty (the circulation is silly and they refuse to indulge in irrelevant advertisements) has kept them clear from the faults of popular film criticism, which, when not intolerably partisan, is intolerably pedantic.

In addition to enlightened and entertaining articles on film personalities (*like Rene Clair*), specific films (*like Monsieur Verdoux*), the aesthetic and technique of the film (*Film Among the Arts, Seq.* 1, *Documentary To-day, Seq.* 3), retrospective studies (*The French Avant Garde, Seq.* 4, 5 *and* 6), the book reviews, chronological tables, comments, questionnaires and competitions all indicate their general attitude of—this has been said by someone else—" irreverance, malice, rebelliousness and eccentricity of perpetual youth."

The latter remark, would however, not warrant this Quarterly's being brought to your notice were it not that, besides these things, there is also the Editor's fast held conviction that the contemporary cinema must either shake free of its trammels or allow itself to be smothered to death.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED

I READ M.A's REVIEW of the *Free Mind* in your last issue with considerable surprise. Accustomed as we are to reviewers using their medium as a vehicle for expressing their own opinions, we still expect some conscientious consideration and discussion. What are we told of the *Free Mind ?* Little more than we might have perceived from a cursory glance at the table of contents and the advertisement.

Beyond this we are informed " *that the accent is on the intellect, the conscious will, the idea, rather than upon feeling, spontaneous impulse or action*," which is perhaps not altogether unexpected in a Rationalist Journal. The remainder of the sentence, however, " *so that the tone of the Journal is unhealthy, mentally and spiritually* " is something of a shock, coming from a student who is busily wasting three years of her valuable time at a University which must, of necessity, stress the intellect and the idea rather than the spontaneous impulse or action.

In her own glib way, the reviewer goes on to assume a "*present decadence*" and by implication to dismiss sex education and eugenics in favour of Lawrence and the atavists. Much as we may wish

> " To cast off Rational Demonstration by Faith in the Saviour,
> To cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration,
> To cast off Bacon, Locke, and Newton from Albion's covering,"

we cannot condone these dogmatic utterances which admit no discussion or consideration of rival views.

Much as we all admire the dexterity of the reviewer's verbal acrobatics, I feel that in future, she should strive to approach her work in an attitude somewhat nearer to open-mindedness, or at least confine her work to publications against which she is not in irrevocable opposition from the start.

KEITH COTTAM.

ON LETTERS

LETTERS ARE DIVISIBLE into two main classes and one subsidiary. They are sent, received or concealed. The concealment of letters has now been made impracticable by the caprice of fashion, for the wellnigh invisible hiding-place of illicit love-letters and State Documents was formerly the bosom. The prowess of the young gentleman is no longer equal to the discovery of the modern hiding-place, so the practice has been almost discontinued.

The invention of postage and an efficient postal system has presented unique problems to the sender and receiver of letters. Whatever the nature of the letter, the receiver feels an almost irresistible compunction in opening a letter, since however unpleasant the contents may be when judged solely from the handwriting on the envelope, he cannot evade the possibility that it may contain something to his advantage. And the sender, fully realising this fact, has the recipient at his mercy. Take for example the receipt of an unsealed letter with a penny stamp. He knows from the envelope that it is from his club or society ; and although he admits the possibility of its being a demand for his annual subscription, he cannot deny the likelihood of its containing an invitation to alcohol. So he opens it. It is, of course, a bill ; and having opened it, he is morally bound to comply with its contents. My purpose, therefore, is to offer some general hints on how to divine the contents of a letter before it is opened, and to suggest the line of action to be taken. These remarks, of course, do not apply to the Medical student, who has at his disposal the facilities a orded by X-ray apparatus.

Unsealed letters with penny stamps are always dangerous, and may be burnt as a matter of course ; for they contain either bills (which are better left unpaid) or information (which can always be obtained from another source). Letters from the bank do not come into this category, since they are normally sealed, and bear 2½d. stamps. The student is well-advised to keep an accurate account of his expenditure on the counterfoils,

so that he is always in a position to decide whether or not to open a bank letter. When the account is overdrawn : burn.

The two Government departments with which the undergraduate is most concerned are the Ministry of Education and the Income Tax department. These two bodies conveniently (and foolishly, from their point of view) have their insignia on the envelope, and are therefore easily distinguished. In the case of unmarried students entirely dependent on F.E.T.S. grants, Ministry of Education letters may be opened fearlessly. Married students entirely dependent on F.E.T.S. grants may act in a similar manner. Those who depend on this source of income but have others of which the Ministry is not aware should base their action on two considerations :—

1. Have they recently communicated with the Ministry of their own free will ? (a practice to be wholly deprecated) ; and
2. Have they recently received letters from the same Ministry of a similar shape and size ?

In either case, they are best advised to burn them unopened. Income Tax letters are the simplest of all to deal with : they should be destroyed immediately. Now for sealed letters with 2½d. stamps. There is one infallible method of dealing with this type of letter. It should be carefully steamed open, its contents perused, and if unfavourable it should be re-sealed, franked " Not known at this address," and put back into the post within twenty-four hours. If at any time you have served with the Arab Legion or the Israeli forces, plain envelopes with typewritten addresses should be forwarded to the Ministry of Food, or the nearest police station, where their contents are likely to receive closer attention and, possibly, a place in the headlines.

Registered letters are always a problem. They have a nasty habit of arriving at their destinations. But since they usually contain something of value, they may be opened with impunity. There is one good use to which registered envelopes may be put by the *sender :* if he wishes to communicate something unfavourable, he may send it by Registered Post, thus

making absolutely certain it is (*a*) received ; (*b*) opened ; and (*c*) likely to give the recipient the added unpleasant surprise of being the reverse of what he had pleasantly expected.

Do not be misled into thinking that express letters get there any sooner. They don't. This device was contrived by the G.P.O. to create the illusion of speed and efficiency, and to introduce more colour into the routine of official correspondence. It is interesting, however, to note that this was the first intrusion of modern psychology into the working of the postal system.

And a concluding word of warning. Landladies are well-known for their warm-hearted mothering of young boys newly come to the University ; they are the authentic information bureaux of lodging-house intrigues and follow all your business with an interest which you can hardly rival yourself. If you have no means of locking your letters away, you can at least know how up-to-date your landlady is in her care of your affairs : glue them together with blobs of glue which come unstuck as soon as the top letter is lifted.

But in all cases of doubt and uncertainty : burn. Burn with a care which leaves no trace ; and put the ashes in the dustbin.

D.B.

Buildings

Alterations and improvements have been made to meet the immediate needs of the Departments of Education, Economics, Geology, Fuel, Engineering and Agriculture, and a new Animal House has been provided at the Medical School.

—Annual Report, 1947-48.

Letters to the Editor . .

Madam,

I am a first year student and having just read the second edition of *The Gryphon*, I feel that I ought to send you my opinion of the same.

The most striking point about this second edition is that although only pages 57 and 58 are titled " Review," there are five major articles which can also be classed under this heading. Surely the object of *The Gryphon* is to cater primarily for all students and not merely for a cross section of the Arts students together with many Arts graduates who long since left the precincts and are now only too happy to write and tell you what a grand job you are doing. Do you honestly consider such articles (reviews) as " Lope de Vega," " The New Waste Land," and " Christ and Nietzsche " to be of general interest to students ? I do not.

Incidentally, how many readers had sufficient interest to read an article such as " Jazz—Past and Present " I wonder.

In order to gain the support which such a publication must have for success it is my opinion that you must publish articles of more general interest which will appeal to science as well as to Arts students. If such material is not at present forthcoming then why not appeal for more contributors and dig up a few more Bill Moodys and S. P. Sundarams.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN G. VICKERS
(*Civil Eng. Dept.*).

Madam,

It is perhaps the irony of fate that the lowest (or nearly the lowest) thing I have ever written should be the first to appear in print. But since it has and since your magazine was the offending publication, my opinion of it, as expressed therein, is in no way modified.

I am too well acquainted with the ways of editors to expect a weightier morsel to receive as much attention, so please return the enclosed subscription for the New Year Number to " Squire " by the pigeon holes marked clearly and legibly—REJECTED.

I would never have dared to advance anything so hastily compiled (not composed) had I not seen the depths to which *The Gryphon* has sunk in its truly scientific search for poesie. But since *The Gryphon* is so keen on exploring the dregs allow me to draw its attention to some of the surface scum.

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

Blood-clouded, dull, the river of the years
Flows bitter on into the lake of tears
Slowly, painfully it winds
Through the land of vicious minds
Into the plain of unstained pools
Which glisten each New Year for fools
To hail with cries of joy and hope
As if the blood will not soon grope
Amid them, making them as red,
As evil as the hopeless dead.

Being essentially fair-minded I would like to point out some of the grounds upon which you may justifiably banish this verse from your offices.

First the title bears some relation to the subject matter, secondly there is a slight effort made at metre and verse, while it also has the almost unforgivable fault of conveying a thought which is possibly within the grasp of most freshers—and who knows—some fourth year wallahs too.

In fact my only hope for its acceptance is that it may fit easily between your two best articles—Lawson Hardy and Guinness.

Your disrespectful critic,

SQUIRE.

Madam,

The reviews of "Timon of Athens" in the local and national press were so much more encouraging than the frequently carping criticisms meted out to previous Theatre Group productions that one might be forgiven for expecting from the theme and performance of this Shakespearian tragedy some subtle but tangible sense of a production which had captured that essence of drama, that "*je ne sais quoi*" of the theatre which, in one form or another, had been lacking in its predecessors.

But "Timon" is now over and we find ourselves in complete disagreement with the critics, reluctantly forced to conclude, in fact, that the production did not stimulate its audience to the same measure as either "St. Joan" or "Athalie." Yet superficially "Timon" had several great advantages, a décor that was most effective, colourful but not distracting costumes, and, in the person of Mr. Wilson Knight, a producer whose enthusiasm and driving force are accepted as one of Theatre Group's greatest assets.

This leads us to question not the production but rather the purpose of this latest presentation in the annual line of tragedies that have been staged during the past three years. Good drama should surely aim at achieving a harmonious blending of entertainment and education, the latter more especially in University productions which are, to a large degree, freed from the worries of the profit motive in the commercial theatre. But neither should be completely subordinate to the other. We accuse Theatre Group of presenting a play that was of no especial cultural value and most emphatically poor entertainment. No blame, we feel, attaches to the players themselves, whose characterisation was, in the main, at a much higher level than has been achieved in the past, obviously due to sound production. To us, the play's educational value seems scant reason for its selection. Admittedly, the theme is one worthy of treatment, but Shakespeare's exposition of it is sufficiently gauche to detract from a full appreciation of its significance.

On the other hand, it failed as entertainment in the inadequacy of the plot to maintain interest. There was a very marked lack of that beauty of language which is our heritage from Shakespeare and which never fails in his other plays to tide over the weak links in the action. Nor was the overwhelming extravagance of gesture calculated to sustain our interest in the spoken word.

We feel that too great an emphasis is laid on the prestige value of Theatre Group's Autumn production, of which this was a bad example. Although a University company should always strive to bring to the attention of the public significant plays that are outside the field of the commercial theatre, that is surely no reason to over-emphasise the stress on " culture " and ignore completely the merits of drama that is less obscure.

One last plea—can we look forward in the future to a welcome respite from the tragic muse that inhabits or, should it be, inhibits the English School ? This world has, on occasions, produced good comedies, too.

Yours, etc.,

A. Fieldsend.
J. D. Horner.
J. E. Hyde.
D. J. King.
D. G. Morris.

Madam,

I had the good fortune to introduce *The Gryphon* to some of my friends and I am glad to say that the reception was quite appreciative. I am pleased to give you the following extracts culled from three typical letters :

A Headmaster of a Grammar School in Cheshire : " *The Gryphon* is an admirable production in every way, in contents, printing, arrangement, decoration and size. . . "

A business-man from Scotland : " The only defect in the otherwise excellent production was too many articles in the nature of reviews. Personally I would like to read

reviews after I have made an opinion for myself. so that I could only read three articles. . . ."

A lady from Leeds: "The Arts Festival Supplement is grand. I am looking forward to the dates. . . ."

Quite a number of my friends have complimented me for the illustration accompanying my article. I am sorry it was missed somehow to acknowledge the indebtedness, but I shall take this opportunity to express my grateful thanks to Philip Mitchell for the excellent drawing from a not-too-clear photograph.

Yours, etc.,

S. P. SUNDARAM.

Madam,

I esteem both the Boat Club and the Music Society, and in the past I have rowed at Swillington and sung in the Music Room, but it is nevertheless untrue to describe me as a member of these excellent bodies (as was done in the last *Gryphon*).

Or again, if you gave me the honour of being a member of these Societies without paying the subscriptions, in order to offset the omission of a "the" from the last line but two of my humble verse (which should read "Long they lie engrossed in each *the* other's subtlety"), I thank you, but would prefer the definite article.

However, I remain yours forgivingly, etc.,

DENNIS BROWN.

NOTE.—The Editor regrets the omissions.

"THE GRYPHON" STAFF AND COMMITTEE.

Editor - - -	MOLLIE HERBERT.
Sub/Editors - -	ROBIN SKELTON and BILL MOODY.
Reviews Editor -	A. GRIFFITHS.
Art Editor - -	MAURICE WALKER.
Business Manager -	MR. G. J. STRASCHNOV.
Asst. Business Manager	MR. H. O'HARA.
Sales Manager - -	MISS S. WARNE

RODNEY MAHABIR	-	*President of the Union.*
H. PARKER	-	*Secretary*
DR. J. W. BELTON	-	*Treasurer.*
D. W. BEAL	-	*Student Treasurer.*
V. B. BOWLES	-	*G.A.S.*
Professor BONAMY DOBREE		*University Staff.*
Mr. KENNETH MUIR	-	*University Staff.*
PAMELA SEMPLE	-	Editor *Union News.*

HALLS AND SOCIETIES.

Owing to pressure of space in both *Union News* and *The Gryphon* it has been decided only to print Hall and Society Notes of general interest to students or of outstanding importance.