The Gryphon

One Shilling

PRESIDENT'S FOREWORD

IT IS A PLEASANT PRIVILEGE to welcome you all as readers of *The Gryphon*. There has been much controversy recently on the status of this publication in Union life : but despite this and other difficulties it carries on in fine style.

The future, however, of *The Gryphon* lies entirely in your hands as readers, contributors and critics, and the Magazine will be therefore what you choose to make it.

Through this medium and on your behalf I should like to extend a hearty welcome to our new Vice-Chancellor, Mr. C. R. Morris, who comes at a time when the University has problems which can be handled adequately only by men of his capabilities. We wish him therefore, all the very best in the years to come.

Finally, let it be remembered that this Magazine is an integral part of Union life and much enthusiasm, especially among the freshers, is needed for its continued success.

R. J. MAHABIR,
President L.U.U., 1948-49.

By courtesy of "The Yorkshire Post."

Dr. B. Mouat-Jones
Former Vice-Chancellor

By courtesy of "The Yorkshire Post."

Mr. Charles R. Morris
Vice-Chancellor.

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FOUNDED 1895 OCTOBER 1948

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Contents

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The Gryphon has pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mr. George J. Straschnov, its Business Manager, to Miss J. Broadhurst, of Bradford.

Notes on some of our Contributors . .

A. GRIFFITHS is a 3rd Year Arts Student, an Ex-serviceman, and last year's Editor of *Union News.*

ARNOLD KETTLE is a lecturer in English Literature at this University. At Cambridge he associated with the Scrutineers.

G. WILSON KNIGHT is Reader in English Literature at this University. A celebrated Shakespearian critic and producer, he is producing " Timon of Athens " for L.U. Theatre Group this Autumn.

BILL MOODY is a 3rd Year English Language Student, and ex-headmaster of a school in Westmorland.

JACK MOSKONA is a 3rd Year Textiles Student and Publicity Manager for N.U.S. Arts Festival.

ROBIN SKELTON is a 2nd Year English Literature Student recently demobilised from the R.A.F.

ERIC WESTBROOK is Director of Wakefield City Art Gallery and Museum and extra-mural lecturer for this University.

ALAN WHITE is a chemist and an Ex-serviceman. He is organiser of the N.U.S. Arts Festival to be held in Leeds this Christmas.

EDITORIAL

"THE GRYPHON" USED TO COST 6d. and now costs a shilling. The change in price has not been negotiated altogether smoothly, as the Old Students' Association which used to pay 4d. each for 1,300 copies an issue has thoughtfully withdrawn its support, pending the December A.G.M. We do therefore have to lean *The Gryphon* rather yearningly towards you, our remaining customer.

Do you want to buy it ? No doubt you do, but you'd feel happier paying 6d. The explanations are significant but dull, so let us for the moment have a look at John Lehmann's cross Foreword prefacing *Penguin New Writing No.* 32. He is cross about colour plates which he can no longer afford to print. Offering some minor reasons, he continues :

> "*What has weighed even more in our decision is the factor of price. Costs of printing and paper have been steadily rising since the war and the publisher cannot promise that he can keep indefinitely to the present price in our national condition of all but bursting inflation.*"

Penguin New Writing, you remember, used to cost 6d., and used to have colour plates. Now it costs 1/6d. and has half-tones.

P.N.W. in its small corner, we in our smaller one. I have "utilised" Mr. Lehmann's grouse for the sake of authenticity. There *is* the universal problem of printing anything at all ; there is also the little private problem of printing *The Gryphon*.

By the highly atmospheric if temporary fade-out of the O.S.A. our circulation is nearly halved. By the rehabilitation of *The Gryphon* into a shilling-looking bob's worth (for 6d. the old-style *Gryphon* was a ridiculously cheap sixpenn'orth) the printer's costs slightly increase ; fewer printed copies bring them down hardly at all. Nor does the printer kill daily the fatted calf of our prodigality ; he has his troubles too.

Advertisements, which do of course bring in fabulous sums to every concern except (apparently) our own, have a complicated history, the useful facts about which are :

(*a*) A circulation of 2,500 was never strong bait ; 1,500 has not proved stronger.

(*b*) Paper shortage was a big deterrent against an advertising " drive," as the point of a University Magazine seemed to be the publishing of student contributions rather than the lauding of benefits derivable from the use of lemon-coloured ink.

(*c*) There has never been a time, however, when efforts were not being made both by Agents and Business Managers to procure advertisements. The failure has been partially caused by (*a*), partially by the little help at much cost of the Agents, and partially by the disinclination of local advertisers to advertise to impoverished students.

All these facts are still being brooded over, and absence of advertisements on the grand scale from this issue does not indicate a total collapse of interest or initiative. Fresh springs are, as it were, being tapped.

To return now to facts and figures. Succinctly, sources of income are

(1) Direct purchase by students.
(2) Subscriptions.
(3) Advertisements.

and until the publication of this issue, from the O.S.A., which purchased at cut price about 7,800 copies a year.

Expenses are incurred by

(1) Printing,
(2) Art supplements and Cover,
(3) Inevitable complementary copies.

Losses arise from sudden drops in circulation, from paucity of matter, from ill-chosen sales days, and from consumer deviltry and resistance. They are also caused by unexpected

expenses incurred in printing (and the bill can soar dizzily between 1-0 and 1-5 p.m.) and also, let it be confessed, by Editors trying out, quite rightly, new ideas.

The footing of losses is a nasty business into which we will not now probe.

As you see, the problem shapes itself like a ○

Meanwhile your present Editor has to handle somewhat skilfully personal desires and frustrations. With your help the University Journal can *be* a University Journal and not a cross between *Men Only* and the X Girls' High School Magazine or the Boys' of that same Parish. For the standard of such a Journal only two criteria can be suggested, relevant style and content. At which point, snared in the vicious circle outlined above, the situation may be read in this way :

Had the price of *The Gryphon* remained at 6d. to you, 4d. to *Them*, and the circulation fluctuated around 2,500, *The Gryphon* would have remained as it was, and teetering ; wedged between thrift, rising costs and the eccentric ambitions of its staff to make it Look Good and Read Nice.

Had the price of *The Gryphon* remained at 6d. to you, and increased by 2d. to *Them*, their action would almost certainly have been the same as it is now. Had it not, had we bedded together as heretofore, there would still have existed the comic disparity between the sort of Magazine we were trying to produce and the sort of value left in six British pennies.

The Union Committee having voted the increase to 1/- to all comers, and the circulation having dropped to approximately (unless all 3,000-odd of you buy) 1,500, two things can happen. We can, quite easily, be out of business by the end of Summer Term, 1949, having broke the Union Cash Register and blasted our own chances. We can *improve* (see Dr. Johnson) to such an extent that not only will circulation increase, bringing in revenue and advertisements, and *The Gryphon* be cited as " Interesting New Periodical " by the friendly Press, but our straying bed-fellow, the O.S.A., will agree to resume the pillow-talk, and perhaps accept us for what we're worth, one shilling.

Alan White

GUIDE TO LEEDS

THIS ARTICLE IS ADDRESSED to the Fresher—and for a brief while you can put away the sheaf of paper which you carry around in every pocket, or with which your handbag is littered—for, on this subject, the Official Guide, the Freshers' Handbook, Notes to Young Girls, or Mrs. Beeton, will give you no information.

Assume that last night you met the girl (or boy) about whom you have always dreamed. She (or he) thinks that you must have a marvellous brain to even think of taking Philosophy Honours, with Chinese Logic on the side. She (or he) is going to have a try at a Pass Degree in Agriculture, and would just *love* to come out with you. Is your grant burning a hole in your pocket ? Are you itching for a night on the tiles—then read on. If you are not, then read my last article on how to make friends, and then read on.

This article will take you on a tour of Leeds. Leeds after dark ; Leeds after, during or between lectures ; Leeds with its mystic, tragic beauty of the Aire Canal ; with its soft, balmy, breezes of the Woodhouse Ridge, or the romantic quietude of the J.C.R. Hold on, my intrepid traveller—Leeds with the lid off.

The Club des Sans-Club exists in France to tell the tourist where to eat, sleep, and learn the facts of life. The Club des Sans-Cash is annually formed in Leeds, to tell you, the unsuspecting fresher, of the gastronomical nightmare that your stay in this delightful city is bound to be. Eating anywhere since the war has become a matter of chance : eating in Leeds is always a matter of mischance. So, to protect your stomachs, and to earn the money I wish this magazine was going to pay me I offer you this humble guide to the taverns and hostelries of the city. May I, on this occasion record my humble thanks to Mr. Moorland, without whose tablets this article would never have been written.

For those who have money, or a blank cheque from Father, I recommend the following for a meal, usually well cooked, and occasionally decently served :

The Queens Hotel in City Square.
Jacomelli's Restaurant in Boar Lane.
Powolny's Restaurant in Bond Street
or Fullers, almost opposite Powolny's.

For the unfortunate ones whose cheque book has moths, I recommend the Guildford in the Headrow, The Majestic in Wellington Street, or Sherwins in Lands Lane. The Majestic, like Perry's Cafe in Bond Street, is underground, and has a licence for spirits.

Lunch on Saturday, you will find a problem. Make it a rule to pack a week-end bag if you don't manage to get out of bed before seven in the morning. Coffee at Marshall and Snellgrove is *de rigeur*, and after that the scramble for places in the queue begins. The restaurants mentioned above will inevitably have mile-long waiting lists, so I recommend the Victoria, behind the Town Hall, or Hitchen's Store, in Briggate. If you go to the Vic., for pete's sake don't sit at my table.

Sunday being just another cinema day in this heathen town, you can count on meeting most of the University at the Odeon, in Briggate. During the week, the numbers are divided equally between the Ritz in Vicar Lane, the Scala in Albion Place, or the Majestic in City Square. If you want a quick reputation for Bohemianism, the best way is to say casually in the cafeteria queue that you have been to the Assembly Rooms in Briggate. That is another good way of removing those immediately in front of you in the mid-day refectory scramble. The Tatler, in Boar Lane, is our equivalent of Studio One, the problem facing you there is that of keeping awake in the luxurious arm-chairs. It was my lawyer who told me that they object to students taking these chairs home to digs !

During the winter, the theatrical world of Leeds is embroiled in pantomime, when these come off the boards in the spring you will discover in The Grand Theatre, Briggate, a venue for most of the Opera and Ballet companies in the country. It is also another of those " approved Schools " for

young plays, which often have a launching here before a London Season. It is worth noting that you can see and hear perfectly from the Gods, price 2/6. Our local repertory company has its roots in The Theatre Royal, in Lands Lane. I went there once. The more adventurous are to be found in The Civic Playhouse, at Bradford, where an enthusiastic and enterprising company put on plays under the skilful direction of Miss Esme Church.

After their eminently successful season last year, the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra are tackling an ambitious musical programme at the Town Hall, and concerts are given there, at least weekly, which should not be missed. Leeds is on " the circuit " for many well-known pianists ; ushers for these performances are drawn from the University, and if you can get near enough to the notice which appears in the Union, you can sell programmes, or take tickets, and hear the concert free.

The highlight of the winter season in the field of visual art is to be the exhibition of student work in the Leeds Art Galleries, just after Christmas. A number of collections is expected there, and the Dulwich Collection is in permanent residence. The Mansion at Temple Newsam is well worth a visit, and can be reached in twenty minutes on a No. 22 tramcar from the City Square, or by bus from the Bus Station, the town terminus of the 56 bus, which passes the University. The Wakefield Art Gallery must not be omitted from any mention of art collections in the North.

It is frequently said by the confirmed tippler, that there is no bad beer. Drinking in Leeds will surely disprove that statement. The University pubs are, in order of patronage, The Tonbridge, Fenton, Eldon, Packhorse, Skyrack, and Hyde Park. A good thirst and a sense of smell will lead you to them far sooner than written directions. For the discriminating, or those who like hops in their beer, I recommend Whitelock's Bar in Briggate, incidentally the venue of the Leeds Press Reporters. Powolny's Barman will mix you a Tom Collins, but is foxed if you ask for a Mint Juleps.

There it is—Leeds of the mystic, tragic, beauty of its two theatres ; of the soft, balmy breezes of the City Restaurants ; or the romantic quietude of the back row in the Scala.... The Bradford and Harrogate buses run at very frequent intervals—catch them if you want a good night out—I do.

G. Wilson Knight

TIMON OF ATHENS

TIMON OF ATHENS is the most revealing of Shakespeare's tragedies. Horror at ingratitude, a primary theme throughout the plays, is here raised to titanic, almost grotesque, proportion and extended to a condemnation of man and all his works of oppression, dishonesty, and greed, with imprecations of war. Shakespeare writes at a period when a time-honoured feudal order was rapidly disintegrating before a rising commercialism. He feels something of great worth and aristocratic value slipping away, while the acquisitive instincts, freed from traditional checks, wait to push mankind towards chaos. That perfected flower of aristocratic integration worked out in Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, given exquisite expression in Lyly's gracious sovereigns, Alexander and Cynthia, and made the explicit doctrine of *The Faerie Queene*, has its Shakespearian culmination in the person of Timon; he is, indeed, Shakespeare's "superman," and therefore inclusive. He contains the courtier-grace of Hamlet, the soldiership of Othello and Antony, the pride of Coriolanus, the disillusioned agony of Lear, together with that inherent princeliness of the not dissimilar Richard II and the noble magnanimity of Theseus: but the criminal types, Richard III and Macbeth, are not reflected. In Timon's rejection of Athens and imprecation of disasters on a people grown decadent with greed and ease the poetic genius of Shakespeare, from a Nietzschean standpoint, summons to account the future civilisation of the western world.

Money, to-day, percolates everywhere, and is in peacetime all but the one currency of human intercourse: and, as property and private power, relates most intimately to that individual personality with which all poetry is primarily concerned: so that, in studying, normally, everything but economics, great poetry necessarily studies, though indirectly, economics too. Now *Timon of Athens*, perhaps alone in the history of highest

drama, directly witnesses this identity, imposing on the crude facts of human greed and selfishness the mighty periods of great poetry. Timon in his self-chosen banishment from man addresses the gold he has dug from earth as the " common whore of mankind " that sets " odds among the rout of nations " (iv, iii, 42). Yet his almost loving, if ironic, respect is also significant :

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire ; thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss ; that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose : O thou touch of hearts !
Think thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire ! (iv, iii, 384).

The gold is felt as power, as " virtue," itself an essence, a divinity almost ; and in this central " virtue " Timon, unlike Apemantus, never quite loses trust. The fault lies not in man's deepest instincts, but in his use of them ; in the grasping partiality, but not the inspiration, of his craving.

Alcibiades, a soldier of proud honour, is antagonised by the cold, reasoned, abstract justice of the self-satisfied and explicitly usurious (III, v, 101, 108-13) senate, relying firmly on law (III, iii), whilst smugly ensconced in " great chairs of ease " (v, iv, 11) ; and so he decides to war on Athens. He is next assisted by Timon's new-found gold and empowered by his righteous curse ; and finally establishes, with mercy, the new order. A very Germanic viewpoint is hinted, especially if we remember the concluding paragraph to Spengler's *Decline of the West :*

A power can be overthrown only by another power, not by a

principle, and no power that can confront money is left but this one. Money is overthrown and abolished only by blood. There is a truth therein, and one rooted pretty firmly in German thought. " In England," writes Santayana, " Fichte did not see the champion of Protestantism, morality, and political liberty, nor the constant foe of Napoleon, but only a universal vampire " (*Egotism in German Philosophy*, 63). But Spengler's " blood " is a difficult word, suggestive, it would seem, of sexual virility consummated in racial power. Timon's loathing of " contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war " (v, i, 179) is, moreover, bitter as Swift's ; and when he would have Alcibiades and Athens plague each other with it to exhaustion, the Communist might in his turn express approval. One might, indeed, contend that the play urges the inherent unwisdom of private ownership as alike disastrous in a Timon's expenditure and his friend's ingratitude. But, though including such possible suggestions, the whole statement is less limited. It correctly diagnoses our recent world-conflict, sensing the emergence of our contemporary opposition of (i) an effete capitalism relying on concepts of law and justice, and (ii) stark, unadulterated militarism. Yet Timon himself overlooks the conflict, and can be allied with neither. A royal irony, and therefore a positive, lies within his demand for wholesale and pitiless destruction. His very hatred is, in the Nietzschean sense, a love. The play condemns no trivial system, but rather men, as individuals, incapable of handling private wealth, which is equivalent to personal responsibility and personal power. Indeed, until they are so capable the far harder manipulation of international responsibility and power will remain beyond them, since a true regeneration can only come from within, from a reversal, however distant and difficult, in personality itself.

We are thus shown as central the resplendent personality of Timon, never essentially at fault and far more finely tuned than the crude instrument of military retaliation, Alcibiades. Each curse of Timon is barbed by a truth and winged by fierce love, while the gold he discovers in his wild retreat, which he hands, with imprecations, to those who visit him, symbolises still his compulsion to give, to expend himself, though with

bitterest denunciations. The new-found gold remains symptomatic of that soul-worth Athens—or London—has rejected. His continued obsession with it signifies a respect, which Apemantus could never have understood, for the gold-essence, the dynamic within the straining upward of man's virtues and vices alike, for that royal heritage and destiny being desecrated. Timon personifies that princely essence. Oedipus was banished from Thebes as unclean that his city might survive ; but Athens suicidally rejects its own potential saviour and golden wisdom. Timon is the inmost genius of man throughout the centuries unwanted and thence embittered by man's own degraded social consciousness. He is all but poetry incarnate and his story, like that of Hamlet or Prospero, the story of genius in any age ; while the guilt of our society is, as Shelley in his *Defence of Poetry* saw with closest reference to our increasingly complex civilisation, an imaginative lack, a stifling or poisoning of that subtler virility, that golden gleam, which Spengler mis-sought in the bond of " blood." Once money, inventions, science, or indeed religion itself, ceases to function as a sacrament of the heart's gold, they become suicidal. This *Timon of Athens* says with no less authority and much of the accent of Hebraic prophecy. Our neglect of it registers, precisely, our inability or unwillingness to mine its sleeping riches in ourselves.

The attack, levelled mainly against social insincerity overfilming vice and greed, is as old at least as the New Testament. In our age it stands ancestral to a line of satire, with Tennyson its closest follower but the main criticisms of Swift and Byron contained and the wholesale repudiations of Tolstoy and Nietzsche foreshadowed. Moreover Timon's return to nature, his lonely cave by the seashore, his resting back on nature's infinities, not only recall earlier nature-retreat *motifs* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like It*, *King Lear*, and *Cymbeline* (in each instance associated with ingratitude) but also forecast *The Tempest*, where Prospero, Ariel and Caliban are, if we remember Ariel's office as denunciatory angel, all aspects of Timon himself, while also corresponding to Neitzsche's Zarathustra and his beasts, the eagle and the serpent. *Robinson Crusoe* tells a not dissimilar story of social

severance and lonely, hermit-like self-communing with a family of animals. Timon's retirement to nature points also to those nature-retreats of a later poetry, the craggy heights and launching cataracts of Goethe, the seas and mountainous solitudes of Wordsworth and Byron, the ethereal and crystalline ascents of Shelley, with, to draw nearer our own time, the ice-peaks and avalanches of Ibsen, and mountain strongholds of Wagner: to the sea of *Moby Dick* and to the impassioned earth-cravings of D. H. Lawrence. Byron first conceived his Childe Harold as "a modern Timon"; Melville coined the word "Timonism" to suit his own experience; and to-day Robinson Jeffries traces out the curve of Timon's story on the coasts of the Pacific. Shakespeare's single play thus compasses, as do the life-works of both Byron and Ibsen, the dual pulses, satiric and romantic, the negative and positive thrusts, of European poetry.

The pattern of *Timon of Athens* by which the hero is projected by a false and iniquitous social group into a state of volcanic savagery and spiritual sublimity, and therefore into the state of great poetry itself, reflects the reason why poetry must pierce to the depths and speak only from them. While personality remains socially rotten, money-theory is of no creative leverage: but Timon's curses, together with his new, symbolic, gold, most comically reform the bandits he urges on to theft. Timon acts on people for good, not ill; from the depths, or heights of his scorn radiating positive power.

We must indeed respond not merely to the language but also to the drama, which involves visualisation. Timon's deliberately assumed nakedness during the latter scenes is deeply significant, confronting human vice with the physical impact of an essential humanity: which may, since the Fall in which we are all involved, be felt as a super-humanity. In Timon, in whom so many earlier tragic heroes are compressed, Shakespeare has set down his own psychological autobiography. The plays witness a strong homosexual idealism compacted in the burning phrases of the Sonnets, and capable of working up to so fiery a miniature drama as that of Antonio

and Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*. Now *Timon of Athens* has practically no feminine interest at all.

There are, it is true, the two " mistresses " of Alcibiades corresponding to the hetero-sexual revulsions of the later sonnets, and some ladies who engage in a dance disguised, significantly, as "Amazons." And yet Timon himself has no individual love of either sex. He is rather a universal lover. He is gentle, like Byron's Sardanapalus or Nietzsche's Zarathustra, though strong like those, and indeed he holds repute as having been, in the past, a fine soldier. As with Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and in Coleridge's *Zapolya*, hunting is used here by the poet to point a virile yet pacific strength. Timon is a creature of manly sweetness and, it would seem, chastity, resembling that chaste integration symbolised by *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. He is himself once called a Phoenix, like Queen Elizabeth " the bird of wonder " and " maiden Phoenix " of Cranmer's prophecy in Henry VIII (v, v, 41). He is, really, supersexual, as Nietzsche's Zarathustra is supersexual. We have already seen how precisely Nietzsche's "Ape of Zarathustra " corresponds to Shakespeare's Apemantus. Now Zarathustra, in talking variously of the " spirit of poetry " lusting (iv, 14) " to show himself naked " (remember Shelley's peculiar and recurring emphasis) and of the superman rejoicing " to bathe his nakedness " in a " burning sun of wisdom " where gods are " ashamed of all clothing " (ii, 21), has defined a tension and resultant corresponding closely to Timon's story. Just as Hamlet aims to settle his problems by play-production, Timon becomes an actor, his return to naked savagery driving to the limit one aspect of the exhibitionist urge, which is really the impulse towards self-universalisation, dormant within all histrionic and poetic power. The integrated superman is, as in the New Testament, driven back on such a simple giving of himself; and, just as the crucified Christ challenges through the centuries man's self-seeking head-culture not by argument, nor even alone by poetic speech, but pre-eminently by his body, so Timon, through a dramatic conception of staggering simplicity, recalling the contrast of coin and human life in

The Merchant of Venice, hurls at man not only metallic gold but also the other golden powers of the human form.

The long falling movement of *Timon of Athens* is indeed less a human narrative than a cosmic exploration, like Shelley's *Prometheus* or the *Book of Job*. The individual soul has proved unable to realise its own perfection in social intercourse and the world of sense-enjoyment; and beyond Swiftian rejections looms the yet darker record of a complete mental and emotional severance from all temporal commitments whatsoever, calling down through a succession of mighty speeches that sense of the numinous, of other-worldly powers and presences—what Nietzsche called the Dionysian as opposed to the Appollonian—usually attending only the final impact of great tragedy. Timon's hate is nearer prophecy than neurosis and his denunciations are Hebraic. At the last he is, like Wordsworth's Newton, felt as "voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone" (*The Prelude*, iii, 62); more truly at home with a wild nature, a surging ocean, and imagery of sun and moon, than human purposes. Into such infinities his story fades. The New Testament shows Christ similarly withdrawing, as Nietzsche's Zarathustra withdraws, from city life to sea or mountain, with phrases of lonely disquietude and bitter prophecy. The comparison of Timon with Christ is twice hinted by Shakespeare's phraseology. Timon, a universal lover, endures a slow crucifixion: he is a Christ who cannot, at the last, forgive.

It is true that a cursory reading or normal production of the play will scarcely awake the profundities here suggested. They are there, none the less, though needing a sympathetic hearing for their reception and, on the stage, a production deliberately aiming to render implicit what is darkly present. The play has not the intimacy of *Hamlet*, the human warmth of *Othello*, the subtleties of *King Lear*. Timon's expansive generosity may, to an age unacquainted with aristocratic ideals and the patronage so important to Shakespeare, seem as childish as his later anger seems unreasonable. But the super-state, the Christ-state, may certainly appear unwise, even childish, as in Dostoievsky's *The Idiot*. It is, however, true that Timon's

original error in judgment characterises neither Christ nor Zarathustra, whose stature he only later approaches. Unlike Nietzsche, Shakespeare gives the superman integration tragic definition ; but a similar experience is shadowed. All three, Christ, Zarathustra, Timon, are universal lovers. I doubt if Shakespeare's text fully projects the gigantic conception. The artistic form is peculiar, sometimes drawing close to a morality-structure in stiffness of symbolic intention, at others vast and Aeschylean. It is divided into two parts exactly corresponding to Nietzsche's principles of the Apollonian and the Dionysian. The emotional meanings rise in rough-hewn slabs and blocks. Nevertheless, to anyone responding correctly to its esoteric significances, *Timon of Athens* probably rises as far above as it is usually considered to fall below Shakespeare's other tragedies. As certainly as *Hamlet*, which preceded, as this concludes, the succession of sombre plays, it stands central in Shakespeare's life work, as a heart in a body ; and therefore central in the prophetic literature of Renaissance Europe.

This article is taken from Mr. Wilson Knight's new book "Christ and Nietzsche," shortly to be published by The Staples Press Ltd., by whose courtesy this extract has been made.—EDITOR.

Bill Moody

YOU DON'T ARGUE WITH THE UMPIRE

TOWARDS THE END OF THE EASTER TERM when Joe and I were in Form IV, old Mr. Wentworth, our Maths. master, died suddenly. A week or two after the holidays Mr.Garth-Rothger took his place. He was eagerly awaited. The Boss had told us that he was a fine cricketer and had turned out several times for his county. A feverish hunting among records showed that the county was one of those which seem to exist only to improve the averages of the Yorkshire team. Yet it *was* a county and we felt honoured to receive one who had played for its team, though his batting average had been twelve point something and he had taken one wicket for 109 runs.

Mr. Garth-Rothger did not disappoint us. He was a large, cheerful young man and he enjoyed cricket. Every afternoon at four o'clock he hurried out and after a knock and a bowl at the senior net he walked along the other nets, shouting encouragement and friendly abuse, sometimes taking a bat in hand to display a stroke or sending down a few balls to a blushing junior. Joe and I were very proud when within a week he promoted us from the third net to the second. I fancied myself as a fast bowler but he shortened my run, told me to forget speed and insisted on length and direction. Joe was a good hitter to leg but was weak on the off so G.-R. taught him how to cut and had us bowl wide of Joe's off-stump to give him practice. By the middle of the term we were both in the Second XI and were almost sure of places in the First XI next summer.

G.-R. was of course very popular ; except with half-a-dozen or so who were no good at cricket and used to sneak off after school to play tennis in the park—sometimes, it was said, with girls. But even those boys had to admit that there was something to be said for G.-R. as a teacher. How many runs will

Stucliffe have to make in his next innings to make his average 100 ? That was the way to teach averages ! Sometimes we worked from the text-book. A dry problem about a man called Jones, who bought nine houses for £5,050 and sold four of them at a loss of three per cent., would remind G.-R. of a Jones of his college who once knocked a middle stump fifty yards. And often the morning paper was so full of exciting cricket news that it was impossible to start the day's work without some reference to it. G.-R. was so understanding too about home-work. You need only say, " I was playing cricket last night and hadn't time to do it properly, Sir," and he would answer " Well, see it doesn't happen again." When it came to the end-of-term examination we were happy to find that the questions he set were just like those he had recently gone over with us in class. Nobody got under forty marks, not even Glocker, who did only two and a bit sums out of ten.

Some of the Fifth who took School Cert. said he'd let them down a bit over the exam. and they were sorry old Wentworth hadn't waited three months before popping off, but, as we very reasonably pointed out, you couldn't blame G.-R. for the exam.—some fatheads living in Leeds or Manchester had set the paper. Anyhow, the Fifth weren't a very bright lot and we beat them by five wickets after the exams.

The cricket season ended and Joe and I were now ourselves in the Fifth, looking forward to our places in the First XI next year, but feeling a bit scared about the School Cert., though the Boss said we were sure to matriculate. The winter would have been very dull if G.-R. hadn't been there. The M.C.C. was touring Australia and there was the trouble about " body-line " bowling. G.-R. was very reasonable about it and said there was a lot to be said on both sides. It wasn't sporting to bowl at a man's head or body but a clever batsman ought to be able to look after himself and beat the leg-traps at the same time, as he himself had done once in a famous innings for his University. His remarks were very lucidly explained by blackboard diagrams showing M.C.C. fielders in red and Australian batsmen in yellow.

Summer came again, the glory of the First XI. . . . and the

School Cert. facing us in July. The other masters drove us hard all the time. G.-R. had his ups and downs. Sometimes he seemed disgusted at our ignorance and even shouted once or twice at Joe and me. At other times he was his former light-hearted self, said we'd be alright, and chatted about cricket to break the monotony of a lesson.

The first exam. was Arithmetic and G.-R. was invigilating. We sat and trembled while the envelope was cut open, the papers distributed. For twenty minutes there was silence. Then I was aware that G.-R., who had been working at his table, was standing by the side of Smalley who occupied the first desk under the windows. " First sum right, second wrong," said G.-R. " Look at that division again." And he passed on to Smith.

We eased ourselves in our seats and smiled at one another. There was a murmur of voices.

" Be quiet, lads," said G.-R., " If I give you a helping hand you'll have to be quiet now and afterwards. Play the game ! "

Ten days later the exams. were over and we began the usual period of aimless reading, cleaning stock-cupboards, playing cricket and wasting time until the end of term.

One afternoon a match between the Fifth and Sixth was suddenly cancelled. The Fifth was gathered together in the form room and the Boss came in with his senior assistant. There was dead silence.

" Boys," said the Boss, " there has been some cheating in the School Certificate examination. It has been a terrible blow to me but I am saying no more on that side of it for the moment. Two gentlemen have come from the Board of Examiners to help me to get to the bottom of it. Each boy will be questioned in turn. Mr. Seddon will keep an eye on the rest of you. Andrews, come with me."

A few minutes later, as I sat staring at the pages of a book, a note was pushed into my back. " No splitting on G.-R. Pass on," it read. It was initialled by Joe.

My turn came and I stood before the Boss and the two strangers who stared at me hard but never spoke.

" It is clear," said the Boss, " that you cheated in the

Geometry examination. Mason has confessed to passing you a paper with a proof on it. Do you agree ? "

" Yes," I said.

" What did you do with the paper ? "

I was silent.

" We know what you did. You may go."

When the terrible afternoon was over it seemed clear what had happened. G.-R. had corrected a proof for Smalley and had told him to make a copy and pass it on. The proof had gone along two and a half rows then stopped because another proof had come along the other way.

And Smalley had made a silly mistake. So twelve of us, including Joe, were guilty and the other nine were innocent.

A fortnight later my father received a letter. It was from the Boss, and said I had cheated in the exam., but by the grace of the Board of Examiners would be allowed to sit again in September. Father passed me the letter and didn't speak to me, then, or for many days afterwards. Mother cried and couldn't eat her breakfast. I stole out to see Joe. His mother said he was staying in to work. I didn't see him for three weeks ; his parents were very religious.

Early in September we sat the exams. again under the supervision of a stranger. Then the new term began. All the old Fifth was put up into the Sixth. " Provisionally, of course," said the Boss. Soon afterwards the results of the September Exam. came out. I had got School Cert., and so had four others ; the rest had failed, Joe among them. They returned to the Fifth.

A day or two later I was called to the Boss's study and found a strange group there—the Boss, Mr. Garth-Rothger, Joe, Glocker and a smallish man in a shiny blue suit whose scarred hands and face showed him to be a miner. The Boss put me by the side of Joe and spoke to us.

" Look here," he said, " I don't like doing this but I'm afraid I have to, in fairness to Mr. Glocker here. I've asked you two to come because, in spite of what's happened, I trust you and I don't want a lot of boys dragging into this, with a re-opening of the whole wretched business."

He took out his pipe, looked at it and put it back in his pocket.

"You know that Glocker, with others, failed in September. His father has an incredible story of what happened in July. I thought it fair to tell Mr. Garth-Rothger and I want a straight answer from you two. Did Mr. Garth-Rothger assist you in any way during the July examinations?"

"No, Sir," said Joe.

"No, Sir," said I.

"Thank you," said the Boss. "You may go."

Joe and I were walking home that afternoon when G.-R. caught up with us. "Don't see much of you now," he said to me, "since you've finished with Maths. and cricket's ended. I want you both to call in at my digs. It isn't much out of your way."

We went into his sitting room. "Won't be a minute," he said, and ran upstairs, leaving us to gaze round at photographs of cricket teams which filled the walls. He was back soon with a new leather cricket ball and a pair of batting gloves, slightly soiled.

"You two have been really good sports," he said, "and I want to give you something to show how much I appreciate what you've done. You're fine cricketers, on and off the field." He handed me the ball and Joe the gloves and shook hands. "Put 'em in your pockets and don't say anything."

Joe was very quiet when we got outside. Away from the houses I took out my ball and looked at it. It was a beauty, bright red and polished, with "Success" printed on it in gold. "Let's have a look at your gloves," I said.

Joe took out his gloves and handed them to me. They were strong cotton, with backs of pimpled rubber, not the kind with a different design for each hand which get you in a panic as you walk out to bat. I put them on and wriggled my fingers.

"Keep 'em," said Joe. "You can give me a bob for 'em sometime if you like. I'm saving up for a tennis racket."

I opened my mouth but shut it again. There were tears in his eyes and you don't talk about such things when you're fifteen, nearly sixteen.

A HOUSE FOR FOOLS AND MAD

WITHOUT SWIFT, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, would still have had a history, if not an extraordinary one, which would be known to some, if not to so many. But without Swift there might have been no St. Patrick's Hospital, and Ireland's first " House for Fools and Mad " when it happened would have had no particular claim to our attention.

They have just celebrated in Dublin the bi-centenary of the Hospital's foundation, and published for that purpose a *Record which makes interesting reading, providing as it does a view of that " land across the Irish Sea " which Swift inhabited. In this other world peopled largely by the friendless and defenceless poor, Swift was accepted as friend and defender, both in his lifetime, and in spite of mis-understandings, ever since. Clues as to his relationships with the destitute and humble are present, scattered throughout his writings, and the Dean of Cashel's article refers to a letter of 1722, in which Swift tells Parson Dan Jackson :

> " Joe (Joe Beaumont, a linen draper from Trim with a leaning towards the mathematics) is mad in London, riding thro' the streets on his Irish horse with all the rabble after him and throwing his money among them. I have writ to Bedlam to have him sent there, for you know I have the honour to be a governor."

Swift was, as far back as this, guilty of a fondness for the mentally deranged, and between this time and the proving of his Will in 1745, he continually alludes, seriously and cynically, to his intention of establishing in Dublin a hospital similar to Bedlam, that unique and disreputable gift of Henry VIII's to the City of London.† The site he eventually chose was in Oxmantown Green, and for the Hospital's foundation he left, as a result of having used his fortune with an assiduous eye to

its increase for just this purpose, a substantial sum of money. He left also precise instructions as to the Foundation Board of Governors, nominating many personal friends, the Archbishop of Dublin and his Deans being among the *ex-officio* members.

The traditional representation on this Board has been of the most eminent public men, with wide experience and excellent qualifications. Even in the grimmest days of neglect and indifference in the mid-19th century, attendance at Board Meetings was maintained, enabling the speedy rectifying of anomalies and ensuring the steady progress of the hospital in time to changing social and medical conditions. A Royal Charter incorporated the Will one year after Swift's death, and from that time all Acts passed by the Irish Parliament on behalf of mental sufferers were based on the 1740 document.

It is to be remembered that in Swift's time the exhibition of lunatics was a paying proposition ; many madmen were housed in jail and workhouses, their miserable treatment no doubt deriving from the Biblical theory of their being possessed by devils. The first attempt to ease the situation in Ireland was the building of six cells in Dublin City Workhouse in Swift's time, and it was the only attempt until the opening of St. Patrick's to 54 patients in 1756. The first surgeon was John Whiteway, whose mother had nursed Swift through his last illness, and whose training had been provided for by Swift ; his opening salary was £10 p.a. The patients of St. Patrick's were never exposed to public exhibition. Some of them were free patients, as Swift intended, but to help support them, paying patients were accepted from 1757.

In a period when cleanliness bore little relation to either Godliness or health (the insane were supposed not to feel heat or cold), two baths and some stoves were installed. Raging lunatics were provided with a firmly fixed chair in each ward. Another advanced step taken by the Hospital at this early stage was the decision to segregate one ward for " patients in a state of recovery," and it is remarkable that the Governors' chief aim was the " restoration of many patients to their reason and social life."

Parliamentary Grants were made frequently if not

generously, and by 1783 another 48 patients could be admitted, the general condition of hospital administration being sufficiently good to elicit from John Howard the Quaker reformer no worse comment than the lack of gardens and corridors. But the building was falling into disrepair by the beginning of the 19th century, calling for further Parliamentary grants until a total gift of £24,014 had been received.

The reforms of Pinel and the Quakers led to the English Government Commission in 1815, when the verdict on St. Patrick's was that the state of the 200 patients was good, only six being wild and naked, living in straw. Small aids to the patients' comfort were the opening of a ball court in 1825, the addition of day rooms to the wards, the removal from the Hospital of mentally deficient children, the formation of a library and the purchase in 1855 of a piano.

Not much effort had as yet been made on the treatment side, and it was not until 1844 that the first school for instruction in mental disease was established. Recommendations furthering this sort of aim were, however, indefinitely pigeonholed, in spite of the Lord Chancellor, Sir Edward Sugden's enthusiastic support and encouragement of alleviation by clinical methods. His idea for the training of mental nurses was also stalled until Dr. Leeper's appointment as Medical Superintendent in 1899.

No Master of the Hospital until 1858 had been medically qualified (one had carried on his printing business during his term of office), but the appointment as Master in 1859 of a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland anticipated the 1867 Act, which required this qualification.

Meantime other Irish asylums had been founded, in Cork, Maryborough, Dundrum, and Richmond, and these, following the humane principles which guided St. Patrick's, set the standard for asylums which since that time have sprung up in practically every Irish county. Remember Swift's lines :

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad
And proved by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.

And remember too how in Synge's notebooks sad reference is made to the lonely wild conditions which were still bringing so many of the half-starving peasantry to madness and despair during the reign of the " Famine Queen."

Curative methods began to impose themselves gradually : wood flooring and close attention to sanitation, good fires and protected staircases were allowed for in Medical Reports : magic lantern shows, dances, dramatic readings, drives into the country and visits to exhibitions began to punctuate the long years of confinement. Towards the end of the 19th century, however, a deterioration in the hospital's affairs took place. A Master had to be dismissed for negligence, and there were considerable financial difficulties. A Government Investigation led to the purchase in 1898 of a property which had at one time belonged to Agmondisham Vesey, a friend of Swift's, at a cost of £8,500. This was St. Edmondsbury, used now as an auxiliary hospital for men and women.

Although earlier experiments recorded by that incredible Irish surgeon, Sir William Wilde, tell of operations to " relieve pressure inside the skull," active treatment did not begin in earnest until 1918, when various therapy treatments were introduced. And to-day St. Patrick's still holds its distinguished position, continually lining up its organisation with new methods of treatment, and keeping for its aim the entire removal of the stigma attached to residence in a Mental Home.

The recent Bi-centenary Exhibition at the hospital did honour not only to a healthy institutional tradition, but to the memory of its founder. The care with which the Exhibition of Swiftiana was assembled and catalogued is assurance that in no place is Swift more gratefully remembered than in his own House for Fools and Mad. R.G.H.

† *Bedlam, the Bethlehem Hospital was of course, a medieval foundation.*

* *This article reviews " The Legacy of Swift, a Bi-Centenary Record of St. Patrick's Hospital, Dublin, with Catalogue of the Exhibition." Printed for the Governors at the Sign of Three Candles*, 1948. *Price* 5/-.

Eric Westbrook

A CHAIR OF FINE ART AT LEEDS UNIVERSITY

IN THE PRESENT ISSUE OF *The Universities' Quarterly*, Professor Anthony Blunt, Director of the Courtauld Institute in the University of London, reviews with perhaps undue pessimism the position of Art History in the Universities of this country. He points out that the very title of the subject, a literal translation from the German, has an alien sound, as though it had never become sufficiently native to call itself "The History of Art." Even to the specialist it is indeed a shock to be reminded that Professor Blunt's own Institute was not founded until 1931, although with typical foresight Edinburgh, "the Athens of the North," had founded a Chair of Fine Arts as early as 1879. It is only necessary, however, to remember those able and industrious students who came as refugees before and during the war to realise that Berlin, Vienna, Paris and Rome have had a long and honourable tradition in this field.

Compared with these, the English foundations appear few and inadequate. The Slade Professorships at Oxford and Cambridge have depended for their prestige on the quality of those holding the posts, but attendance at the lectures is on an entirely voluntary basis. It is possible to graduate from the older Universities without ever recognising the existence of the visual arts. In London, the Slade Professorship has become merged with the Headship of the Slade School, and the holder is now a practical art teacher. The Chair at Edinburgh mentioned above has a wider scope and more useful purpose. Not only is instruction in Art History given to Art Students, but more importantly from the University standpoint, the Professor is concerned with students who have chosen Art History as a special subject in a History or Languages Honours Degree.

Through the initiative and generosity of a private benefactor, the Barber Institute of Fine Arts was founded at Birmingham in 1935. This admirable institution has no facilities for the training of specialists, but the Director and his assistants deliver lectures to students taking various Arts degrees. The important difference between Birmingham and Edinburgh is that the terms of the foundation include the provision of a gallery and the purchase of works to be hung in it. The Barber Gallery, with its fine works beautifully hung, thus provides that contact between the student and the productions of various periods of European History which cannot be achieved through the medium of reproductions, however good. To complete the tale in the provinces, the University of Manchester has a Readership in Fine Arts, but no Department, and the scope of the work seems limited.

Professor Blunt believes that there is little future for the study of Art History in the provinces, a belief which needs careful examination, but he is certainly right in pointing to the enormous advantages enjoyed by London. Within a radius of a few miles are the large public collections, the National and Tate Galleries, the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, as well as more specialised collections such as that at Hertford House. Together with these there are the libraries and centres of learning, the Warburg Institute which was recently incorporated into London University, and the magnificent Witt Library of Reproductions. Among them is the Courtauld Institute itself.

This certainly comes closest to the Continental ideal. It is a centre of scholarship for specialists with its own library and a good collection of 19th and 20th century works. Courses of lectures are given to the general public, but the main body of its work lies in the training of Art Historians. It is a regular University Faculty for a B.A. Honours Degree in Fine Arts, and also offers a graduate Diploma in Art History. Professor Blunt, is however, aware that valuable as this work is, it has sad limitations. He notes that the Courtauld Institute is separate from the University, and has few links with the older

established Department of Archaeology. Of greater interest in the present case is the fact that, except in so far as they can attend as members of the public, London University students taking normal Arts Degrees receive no benefit. Professor Blunt is highly conscious of this failure to co-ordinate the study of Art History in a University with the work of the Departments of History and Languages.

As he says: "*To study men's actions and ideas without examining their productions is an arbitrary limitation of history.*" It is surely impossible to regard a study of Elizabethan poetry, and hence of Elizabethan man, as being complete if the parallel manifestations in the work of Nicholas Hillyard are disregarded. The implications of the Field of the Cloth of Gold cannot be realised without a consciousness that the importation of Holbein was an answer to Henry VIII's feeling of inferiority. Again, Professor Blunt remarks that Modern Language syllabuses sometimes include "*a phrase about 'the civilisation' of the country concerned,*" but is that enough? It is significant that apart from the widespread general increase in the number of people visiting art galleries for such popular exhibitions as that of works by Van Gogh, thousands of people visited the collection of Old Master Drawings from the Albertina, and for the first time attempted to place such works in their cultural and social context.

Where one may part company with the Professor is on his contention that with the centralisation of so much material for study in London, nothing useful can be done for the provinces. But perhaps the West Riding of Yorkshire is a unique case. Here important cities, each with their large public and private collections of paintings, are close enough for the student to visit them with comparative ease. Taking Leeds as a natural centre, with its own facilities in the Temple Newsam and City collections, it is possible to reach York, Sheffield, Wakefield, and a little further afield, the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle. Apart from the plastic arts, Yorkshire has a wealth of domestic and ecclesiastic architecture, archaeological sites and past and present centres of the applied arts which may be studied

at first hand. It seems then wildly neglectful that such an opportunity for co-ordination has been missed, the obvious implication being the more than local necessity for a centre of art scholarship to be established in this region. Leeds University would appear to be the obvious choice.

The establishment of a Chair of Fine Arts at this University would not only provide a focus for such scholarship as has been suggested, and allow of close co-operation with the Leeds College of Art, but would also be capable of integration with the normal Arts curriculum. A student reading English Literature would then be offered the choice as to whether his subsidiary subject would be for example Philosophy, Phonetics, a Modern Language, or Art History. It might also help to solve the Literature student's philological dilemma. A further extension of the function of such a Department would be the necessary building of a permanent University Collection. There already exists, it should be remembered, the Sadler Collection of Contemporary Art which, in spite of the efforts of Professor Dobrée, cannot in present circumstances be shown to its best advantage. Naturally more important works would have to be acquired, but once the collection was formed it should attract that private generosity which has been so marked in the past. A period can be envisaged when a representative study collection of Yorkshire painters and sculptors might be concentrated in the University. The mere looking at such collections is in itself a training in values.

Professor Blunt is sadly aware of the drab future awaiting most art specialists, who must either spend a considerable part of their energy in Museum administration, or dissipate their interests amongst numerous popular activities which lack any sort of unifying principle. The pointer which the establishment of a Chair of Fine Arts at Leeds would give towards the absorption of qualified men cannot be overrated, and there does exist here influential support for such an establishment. It is to be hoped that one of the purposes which this review will serve will be to stimulate student interest by having stated the facts of a case which might easily be dismissed as an enthusiasm of the lunatic fringe.

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

This article reviews Professor Anthony Blunt's article on the Future of Art History in the Universities (Universities Quarterly, August, 1948, Turnstile Press, price 5/-)

Note: Lawrence Gowing, the distinguished practising painter holds a Chair of Fine Art at King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Durham University. —EDITOR.

N.U.S. ARTS FESTIVAL.

Souvenir Programme Cover Design Competition.

THE ANNUAL ARTS FESTIVAL OF THE N.U.S., to be held in Leeds from 31st December to 8th January, 1949, has been widened in scope and is to include all the aspects of art. A competition is announced for the design of the cover page for a Souvenir Programme, details as follows :—

1. Entries to be sent to " The Organiser, The Arts Festival, Leeds University Union, Leeds, 2," not later than October 23rd.
2. Entries to be accompanied by 1/- Postal Order or stamps, and a stamped addressed label if wanted back.
3. Entries must be not larger than $10'' \times 12''$, not smaller than $8'' \times 10''$, and in not more than three colours. They must incorporate the phrases " N.U.S. LEEDS, 1949 " and " ARTS FESTIVAL." They must contain a mo tifwhich can be used in all festival material.
4. The winning entry will receive a prize of £4 or free entry to the Arts Festival (£4-14-6), and competitors must abide by the decisions of the Committee. The winning entry will become the property of the Festival Committee.

Arthur Pollard

President of the English Society, 1947-48.

LOOKING BACK & LOOKING FORWARD

I WAS GLAD that in the last number of *The Gryphon* * the English Society, of all the departmental societies, was singled out for particular attention. We are apparently realising at last the fundamental importance of English in education.

I was glad also that the subject of the article was " Towards an English Society," with the emphasis on " towards." Those of us who helped to re-found the University English Society in 1946, realised that our task was not one which could be accomplished overnight. The Society could not be made ; it had to grow. The programme was accordingly planned on evolutionary lines. The 1946-47 Committee believed that the baby had to be fed, and that later it might be able to feed itself. Staff and outside speakers were therefore asked to address all our meetings in 1946-47. Continuing this policy (and we had one, though Miss Herbert appears to think not) in 1947-48, we lessened the numbers of Staff speakers and introduced talks by students. In 1948-49 there will be more student speakers than outside talks.

Against that background we must meet the accusation of " five o'clock Departmental Lectures." The Society was in great need ; and the various speakers, especially members of the Departmental Staff, magnificently, and often at short notice, supplied that need.

Were their talks too specialised ? Despite Miss Herbert's criticism, the Committee has most definitely faced the dangers of over-specialisation. We have agreed to the introduction of Poetry Groups, but we have always made it perfectly clear that this and other specialised activities must be subordinated to the more general activities of the Society. In deciding our attitude, we have paid attention throughout to the quality of

our membership, which has been, as Miss Herbert notes, largely from within the Department. We have always tried to steer a middle course between the over-specialised and the too generalised.

We have now encountered Miss Herbert's real objection—the narrowness of the Society's membership. She complains of a "closed shop." Let me state at once that I believe the strength of the Society must always come from within the Department; and let me say too that over the past two years we have tried our best to attract members from outside. We do want lots of members, from every faculty in the University. In quoting figures, Miss Herbert compares our ninety with the numbers of a religious society (hardly a fair comparison!) and another departmental society, whose social activities are glowingly described in another section of the same issue of *The Gryphon*. I wonder what proportion of the membership was interested only in the social side. A little calculation from figures given would place the percentage around 72! The English Society's membership was maintained on an almost entirely "academic" programme. There is room, in fact, for development of the Society's social activities. The 1948-49 Committee is dealing with the problem. But beware too much. The social side must be for the benefit of existing members, not for the recruitment of new ones. Members, who can be attracted only in this way, are not likely to strengthen the Society.

I referred earlier to Miss Herbert's belief that the English Society lacked a policy. She says: "What it has done, it has always done casually, and sometimes done well, but it has not done, nor intended to do, enough." This is an accusation, not merely of lack of policy, but also of "insufficiency of output." With this I completely disagree. In fact, we held *too many* meetings during the Spring Term of this year.

With Miss Herbert's main thesis that the English Society must make a wider appeal, I completely agree. Some of her varied criticisms I hope I have refuted, others explained and others still conceded. She begins a paragraph—"English

Society, as some of us are thinking if it is a ' Why ? ' Society first, and a ' How and What ? ' Society only afterwards." I have tried to explain the " Why " of her objections but on " How " to achieve the aim on which both of us agree, I have hardly touched. And she has completely ignored it. Her paragraph, whose opening sentence I have quoted above, is full of " should." The English Society should do this, and should do that. I agree. But how ?

Over the past two years we have pursued our policy, believing that it was doing its part to achieve the agreed aim. With that aim the Committee for 1948-49 completely concur, and their efforts, like those of the 1946-47 and 1947-48 Committees, will be directed to its achievement. Miss Catherine Walling, the new Secretary, has something to say about this below. But " How " remains the difficulty. Might I suggest that members of other Departments, reading this, should give the Society a trial ? Visit one or two of its meetings. It will help the new Committee in their efforts to attract your interest.

* *This article is in reply to a criticism printed in the June* 1948, *issue of "The Gryphon."*—EDITOR.

THE REPRODUCTIONS

THE REPRODUCTIONS have been chosen to indicate in a limited way the scope of a small Art Gallery collection, such as would be available to a student for study.

The "*Man in a Lace Collar*" (Height 29″×22″) is by a yet unidentified artist of the 17th century, possibly of the French School, and within itself suggests a whole scheme of study in the approach of the artist to the sitter's personality, his social rank and his costume. The picture, which is an oil painting, was recently acquired by the Wakefield Gallery from Chevet Hall.

"*Flowers in a Jug*," by Maurice Asselin, is a contemporary French oil painting (Height 13″× 10″). At one time Asselin was associated with "Les Fauves," and although personal in tone and colour, his work shows the vigorous brushwork and economy of means which one connects with Matisse, Derain and Vlaminck.

The portrait of "*Mrs. Victor Sly*," by Harold Gilman, shows the influence of French Culture on this country during the earlier part of the present century. Gilman, together with Spencer Gore (who is well represented in Yorkshire collections), followed Sickert in adapting impressionism to the climate and character of England. This is also an oil painting and it is interesting to compare the style of drawing and the broken texture of the paint with the other portrait.

"*Four Gray Sleepers*," by Henry Moore. (Height 13″× 10″). A drawing in chalk, pen and wash, this is one of the most important drawings of the series which the Castleford-born sculptor produced in the air-raid shelters during the bombing of London, was presented to Wakefield by the War Artists Advisory Committee at the completion of its work in 1945. The figures show the sculptor's preoccupation with form, but within them hold the whole tragedy of the civilian in war.

A. Griffiths

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINES

NO SELF-RESPECTING UNIVERSITY is without its students' magazine. As this is being written, editors throughout Great Britain and, presumably, the world, are busy preparing copy for next Session's issues. Great Britain alone has more than twenty such magazines, whilst the number originating from Technical and Training Colleges is largely unknown and variable. Such a comparatively large number of magazines results in a wide and wholesome variety of policy, size, format and price. There is, in fact, no typical University magazine, as there is no "typical" student. Indeed, the variety of aims equals the number of magazines. The quality common to all is vitality tempered by immaturity of expression and viewpoint. A cynic might also say that another common characteristic is their prevailing financial instability. Four out of five of the magazines are subsidised by their Union or Guild of Students, although in most cases this would not be necessary if the full student body bought copies.

In range of interest and quality, University magazines descend smoothly from the almost purely literary magazine to something not far removed from a self-consciously superior school magazine of abysmal jocularity, where "Old Boys' Notes" jostle with photographs of amiable toughs masquerading as the First Fifteen. As one would expect, the more definitely literary type seems to be confined to the two older Universities, where the Arts Faculties predominate and where (let's face it) there is a keener and more articulate interest in the Humanities. A very good example of this type is the *Oxford Viewpoint*. Published monthly and privately owned, this review maintains a high standard of criticism, comment and creative writing. Its contributors manage to avoid the coterie complex which so often prevails among those who write consciously for an intelligent minority. *Isis* is somewhat different

in scope and policy and is rather a newspaper than a magazine, presenting news and comment with wit, verve and insolence. Typical of its journalistic rather than literary approach is the issue of 28th April, 1948, where an account is published of an interview with George Bernard Shaw, reproducing in facsimile the back page of *The Isis* on which G.B.S. answered the question "Is the Government's money well spent, when financing ex-Servicemen's education at Oxford University?" The reply ran :

> "I don't know. I escaped university education myself, though the prospect of it banished every subject except Latin from the school in which I was first imprisoned.
>
> "My visits to Oxford and my acquaintance with its graduates leaves me convinced that the University confers one immense advantage and one most mischievous mental habit :
>
> 1. Training in collegiate life, which leaves the university man, as sea life leaves the sailor, the best mannered man within his class limitations in the country.
>
> 2. The limitation of unbounded freedom of discussion by the condition that only cads make any practical political application of their knowledge. The Oxford man may be a heretic to any extent, but never anything but a Diehard reactionary in the polling booth."

Provincial University magazines are not specifically literary. Science and Technology students preponderate, and editors select material of wide interest and sometimes extremely variable worth. The Editor's job is not easy ; aiming at versatility, he too often achieves mediocrity. Frequently and with truth, editorials complain bitterly of the paucity and quality of contributions : the cry is "A magazine is what its contributors make it." *The Gryphon* itself is a fair example of this type of publication, and we are perhaps all too familiar with its faults. Fairly typical, too, is Reading's *Tamesis*, a brightly got up magazine, whose Summer issue includes

articles on B.B.C. Announcers, on " Science and the Philistine," and on painting, and three poems—one in the all-too-frequent dilute Eliot manner which characterises much of the verse in these magazines :

> " *Do not consider me an old man, waiting for death,*
> *Trying to affix for ever his fleeting intransience*
> *By cutting down the new growth that is disturbing*
> *The old soil of his roots.*"

So far only student magazines have been discussed. There is *Humanitas*, published quarterly from the University Union, Manchester : the policy of this magazine is to provide " . . . . a broadened vision which does not involve lowered standards." It is anti-materialist and looks for a new synthesis of values—sometimes vaguely. Politics, literature, history and economics are discussed, usually at a high level, by contributors who include not only students but writers such as Michael Polyani, Bonamy Dobrée, Eric Newton, Dorothy Emmet and L. C. Knights. *Universities Quarterly* is the authoritative review of university and educational affairs. Representative of a group of magazines lying on the fringe of the subject of this article is the *London Hospital Gazette*, whose clever and pawkily humorous cover was designed by Rex Whistler, and which contains social news, articles, humour, and a clinical supplement.

Discussion of the implications underlying the functions and policies of university magazines is out of place here. One fact is clear : the standards of both contributions and editorial selection must be generally lifted, clear writing and intelligent thinking must replace mere gossip. Broadening the appeal of magazines must not be allowed to produce weak imitations of the slicker professional journals. The comparative freedom offered within amateur publications such as university magazines must be used to the full to present minority views, and to provide space for alert and constructive criticism and discussion.

Donald Bottlingwood

EOTHEN, 1948

WHAT WOULD THEY THINK OF IT ALL NOW? Gone are the days when peppery old ex-Prime-Ministers cluttered up the lobbies and the clubs talking in terms of the Turk and the Eastern Question, which could be quelled in a moment by the merest disposition of the British Fleet or a vote of eleven millions in the Commons. Gone are the days when a British passport was the infallible key to the darkest corners of the Balkans—a *grimaldello magico* to the exoticism of the orient. Better now to be caught by day and be merely arrested than be suspected at night and shot peremptorily.

With these thoughts in mind we grew our beards, fed up our lean animals, and stuffed our haversacks with only the barest essentials. We were a party of three : Gustav, a concert pianist, highly strung, expert linguist who had been forced into the Army and was badly wounded in the shoulder on the Russian Front ; Heinrich, four years a soldier, who lost four children out of five when a bomb destroyed his home at Wiener Neustadt ; and myself. Our horses, as I have said, were lean animals—all the better for that ; for this is no place for great appetites ; and their staying power was already proved in the ride from Indenberg, where we borrowed two of them, to Mureck, which was the starting point of our journey.

The bridge over the Mur at Mureck was blown during the war by the Volkstürm, so we had to ride downstream to Spielfeld, where we effected a crossing. A little village on the outskirts of Marburg was our first watering place, and we rode along the east bank of the river, which is a good deal higher than the Austrian side and is well-wooded, until we came to the Mureck bridge again, whence we took the road for Marburg, spending the night in a wood near Pössnitz.

Our plan had been to ride in easy stages down the southern bank of the Drave to Eszek and thence direct to Belgrade.

We were destined to cover that distance more quickly than we thought. Half-way from Possnitz to Marburg we were stopped by a group of soldiers ; and since the best attitude to adopt with the wrong end of a carbine is that of commonsense, we agreed to " go along to the station " (with a covert remark about how drab and dirty are these partisans of Tito). So we were accompanied to Marburg. We were graciously allowed to remain in the saddle, although one filthy-looking specimen insisted on leaping onto the rump of Irene (my mare) and sitting behind me with his odious arms round my neck. He had bad teeth, too, I remember.

So we rode into Marburg. Self-consciously ; and, behind my beard, a little sheepishly. We were taken to an Army camp near the village of Täubling, where we were questioned for an hour or so. After that, half a day's wait ; and then—towards evening—we were bundled into a Jeep with three soldiers and spent the whole night driving the three hundred odd miles into Belgrade. What of the horses ? They would stay in Marburg. Where were we being taken ? We would see. Why were we being taken ? We were not to ask questions. It was vastly uncomfortable, impossible to go to sleep ; we were hungry and thirsty and began to think that Jugoslavian soldiers never bothered about such things.

Gently down into Belgrade. But it was surprisingly easy. When you meet a Consular official who was at school with your father, and who with difficulty and disgust recognises you through a thick layer of beard and road-dust, your difficulties disappear. We stayed in and around Belgrade for a week, followed all the time by our charming hosts ; three delightful little gentlemen in grubby uniforms who had apparently taken a liking to our rear view. The problem was : how to get back to Marburg and the horses ? But that is another story. In the end we accomplished it.

From Marburg we went to Eszec. From Eszec to Villary across the Drave, and then parallel with the Danube one hundred and forty miles to Budapest.

The great difficulty was getting food and litter for the horses. We had chosen the river valleys as far as possible for this reason; and consequently we did not fare badly. But what is quite incredible is the look of suspicion in the faces of those of whom we asked food. "These men do not live here," they seemed to say, "because if they lived here they would not ask for bread." Which was true. But did not local people make long journeys? Whatever was given to us was given grudgingly. Should we have shaved our faces and gone abroad like Kinglake?—like wealthy English gentlemen completing their education? How far would we have got without being stopped if we had ridden Army remounts, worn immaculate breeches and boots and loaded a dozen mules with tents, primus stoves and lilo mattresses?

From Buda towards Balaton Lake. A fortnight camping here and there in the Bakony Wald, painting and writing: Heinrich spent most of the time getting food, and his spare time lying about sulkily and silently. Gustav—an incredible spectacle—propped up against a tree amusing himself by writing bits of music on bits of paper, and calling out if he happened to devise one which pleased him. Can you imagine a slight, grey-bearded Austrian gentleman with a long brown face sitting there in an old army shirt and a pair of breeches writing music with a hand which plays a piano with the greatest possible facility?

It began to rain. So we moved on. It is always better to move on when the rain comes. The idea then was to strike South-West and come into Jugoslavia again, for Marburg is only twenty miles or so from the frontier. With this in mind we set off.

If there is any place in Hungary which we might have regarded as a place of pilgrimage, it is Söjtör, the birthplace of the great Francis Deák. It is significant, too, because our main impressions of Jugoslavia and Hungary at this time are the antithesis of what Deák stood for. Deák is the one figure—probably in all history—who proved that a political career can be utterly moral; as an example of kindliness, singleness of

purpose, incredible modesty Deák has no equal among statesmen either then or now. He was the acknowledged champion of Hungarian liberty and constitutionalism. And look at Hungary now.

Are we not in precisely the same position as we were before the 1914-18 war, but with even graver issues ? The powder magazine is still in this part of the world, and when the match is thrown into it we shall all be involved once more. This civilised, subtle regeneration of the police state which is essentially the same as that which sent Metternich scuttling out of Austria, how can it possibly endure ? There will always come a point at which subjects realise clearly where they are : and once resolved to escape nothing can stop them.

Prestige has shifted since Kinglake made his journey through Syria and Palestine into Egypt. Now it is the " Iron Curtain " ; the undisguised poverty, the suspicious look, the ever-present feeling that you are doing wrong in being here, that you are not wanted.

After Sōjtōr we did not ride on. Gustav and Heinrich accompanied me back to Buda, where I sold Irene in the market.

With the money I bought a ticket to St. Gothard and parted from my two friends. There were no janissaries or lady Hester Stanhopes in our journey ; there was no Modestine, although the whole ride was attempted in much the same spirit as that in which Stevenson travelled in the Cevennes. But it is a relief to be utterly free—really free as air—to come and go as you please and know that no matter how black things look, there is always this.

Robin Skelton

ONLY A PAPER MOON

"PREVIOUS TO LONDON PRODUCTION"....We have seen the phrase a thousand times on the playbills here and in the provinces, and many of us have been seduced into visiting the theatre in expectation of something new, something out of the ordinary, and have been disappointed. But the delusion still lingers. We think of London as the home of all our best stage productions, and imagine that we have only to book a seat at any big London Theatre to be given the very best entertainment that the modern stage can offer. We remember our friends' reports of Gielgud's Hamlet and their praise of Olivier and Helpmann. We hear of side-splitting mirth at the Palladium, and colour and gaiety at the Haymarket. And then we go to The Big City and find....What?

The only certainty in this word is that of disillusionment. The witty West-end comedy of our dreams becomes a hackneyed, tawdry, by-play of adultery and mauve dressing gowns in reality. Noel Coward's effort is merely a variation upon the well-worn themes of Society's sleeping habits and the adoration of the élite. "Present Laughter" is laughter at the conventions of unconvention, and mockery of the eternal complications of sophisticated love and the irrational nature of matrimony. It is laughter of the world of Shelmerdine and George Tarlyon, and it does not ring true for we are tired of the bawdy glamour of seductions and sentiment, and have forgotten the days when Champagne rhymed with Romance, and every stage door had its quota of opera hats and silk-lined capes. The scene may be that of to-day, but the atmosphere is that of the Silly Twenties, and the comedy a mockery of yesterday's ideas, of Mr. Coward's ideas, and of Mr. Coward himself. It seems something of a swan-song; the last peep at the old times before the deluge. A little circle of actors and artists self-consciously go through the motions of Mayfair matrimony's attendant infidelities with

an air of complete detachment from the realities of everyday life, as if expressing their inability to achieve anything save the mannered sexual gyrations of their own little patterns of existence until the big bomb falls, or Shelmerdine dies from the memory and the Stately Homes of England are all Museums or Government offices. In spite of the usual satirical subtlety of wit, Mr. Coward's play is not only disappointing, but also a little sad. The humour is that of a tired Muse attending the deathbed of a dancer.

Is this our only West-end Comedy ? Unhappily, NO ! for there are other practitioners in the field of futility. At many theatres the changes are being rung on the themes of the improbable hallucinations of the emotionally besotted and the wolf in curate's clothing, and all along the streets of London's comedy towns and villages one can hear the thundering hooves of " The Tosh Horse." Love and Laughter are very good, as are Wine and Song, but the silly miming of adolescent marionettes beneath a paper moon has nothing at all to recommend it save the complete absence of any form of intellectual effort that it demands. And the paper moon is always there, smiling a watery and synthetic smile, scattering paper orange blossom on a witless throng of lovers and beloveds, or giggling inanely at the sentimental smut inherent in the popular repertoire of variety singers and comediennes. The stars of Variety are hardly less watery than this moon. Occasionally a Sid Field or a Harry Green brings to the stage a touch of the real iconoclastic Comedy, tearing the veil from our pretensions and exposing the inner absurdities and strangely ingenuous complacencies of mankind. Yet these are far too few, and are crowded out of our consciousness by the current spate of American celebrities with their Hollywood bloom still upon them and their American accents magically attractive to the cinema-fevered of these days. A few, again, are good. We can appreciate the glorious tomfoolery of Danny Kaye, and the laughter of Martha Raye is worth the hearing, even though her jokes are more than usually smutty and her " subtleties " devastatingly obvious and coarse. We can appreciate the shapely limbs of the Windmill beauties, though we cannot

avoid deploring the usual combination of sentiment-and-smut which accompanies them. We must bow to the tempestuousness of Carmen Amaya's dancing and the rhythmic barbarism of the accompaniment, although we realise that this is still the territory of "The Tosh Horse," and we are being bludgeoned by our senses into approving of exhibitionist and pornographic poppycock!

But one might well accuse Vanbrugh of writing pornography too, and—if no professor of English were at hand—even of writing bosh. Yet "The Relapse" at the Phoenix Theatre is easily the most entertaining play on the London stage at the moment. I would not be surprised to hear that it is also the most suggestive. But "suggestive" is the wrong word, for where our Musical Hall comedians and our West-end comedy writers titillate the senses with a careful veiling over of the sordid and unpleasant side of social intercourse, or leave the breathless spectator in a delicious and questioning uncertainty as to the facts of the case, Vanbrugh tells us all. He draws few veils and rends a great many, questioning the rational nature of monogamy, of Society manners, of the value of money with a rapier keenness. Cyril Richard as Lord Foppington is superb. One cannot hope to describe his performance adequately, and the only way to understand the charm and magic of the production is to see it. If we need to see representations of adultery, infidelity, and slapstick buffoonery on the stage, we need go no farther than the eighteenth century. Here are all the elements of our West End Comedies without the attendant paper moon, and instead of a sly smile in the gods, we can treat ourselves to a belly-laugh in the stalls. The play, here, *is* "the thing." One does not derive enjoyment only from the sexual complications and from the frequent suggestions of imminent adultery, but from the play as a whole. It is a miracle from beginning to end.

Why, if we must have such subject matter, do we not have more restoration Comedy? The answer is in the pocket books of the public for, though London is trying hard to be a centre of the Arts, it can only afford to give us the best when we will

pay for it, or when the Government subsidises the performances, as it has had to subsidise Covent Garden Opera. The situation is improving, however, for Dame Edith Evans is to bring Congreve back to the London stage very shortly, and I understand that the popular love of murder and sudden death is to be pandered to in the grand manner by a new production of Webster in 1949. Perhaps if someone with a long pocket or a persuasive tongue were to make his presence sufficiently felt we might see some other of the neglected masterpieces of the past and present—Massinger, Middleton, Ford—even Ibsen, for, in spite of George Bernard Shaw's championship of old, a good production of Ibsen is still as hard to come by as a pair of nylons in Van Diemens Land. There are so many playwrights of genius who never get a hearing. Few people have seen an English production of Björnson's Comedies, and though Eugene O'Neill and Pirandello are occasionally granted a platform, I have never heard of a performance in this country of anything by Ernst Toller. The function of serving up the neglected masterpieces of to-day and yesterday is still left to private Societies and "Sunday Theatres." It was something approaching a wonder that "Pick Up Girl," good medicine though it is, ever achieved a public performance,

> "*Here's a pretty state of things,*
> *Here's a pretty how-de-do....*"

Gilbert and Sullivan, at least, are always with us.

There are bright patches in the gloom of course. J. B. Priestley's play, "The Linden Tree," is one of them, though I have a feeling that it owes its success more to the superb acting of Lewis Carson and Dame Sybil Thorndyke than to any real original strength in the play itself. Mr. Priestley does, however, make an effort to hold the mirror up to our time, and point to some solution of its problems. He shows through the medium of the changed face of our provincial universities and of family life the perpetual striving of the individual and of the community towards a new code, a new goal. The Communist daughter finds herself frustrated and miserable in her endeavours to solve the riddle of the materialist universe.

The son, though phenomenally successful in his self-appointed task of being a "Luxury Spiv," feels that "something is missing." The bomb-crazed housekeeper, sloppy and unkempt, lives in an escapist aura of flying bricks and the break-up of yesterday. The Don—he is lost, too. And Mr. Priestley offers us no *real* solution. He smiles and weeps over his characters a little while, and then tries to convince us that the Heart is the solution. This again comes a little near the territory of that futile paper moon. "Edward, my Son," and "All my Sons" are stronger plays, though not so subtly constructed, and they, too, endeavour to present the problems of life and suggest some solution. Shakespeare, of course, does nothing of the sort and one wonders if perhaps that is not one of the reasons for his evergreen popularity, for he holds the mirror up to Man rather than Society, and Man has changed little since the days of Falstaff and Parolles, Beatrice and Lady Macbeth. It is not necessary to review the London Shakespeare productions, for though they vary greatly they are what we invariably expect from the capital, and what we so rarely get—the best.

London theatres present a variety in their productions which is only equalled by the variety of their treatments of two, or, at most, three themes. The play is no longer the thing—it is the box office that counts, and the box office is not so reliable a critic as one would like to believe. The dream of many men has been for London to be a centre of the Arts, and to produce only what is best in the way of stage productions. It can fairly be said that in the realms of the Ballet, the Opera, and Shakespeare this has come to pass, but the remainder of the Theatrical ventures are handicapped greatly by lack of money and by the absence of any co-ordinating arrangements. It is all very haphazard and disappointing. One wonders if under Nationalisation we would receive better fare and a less unbalanced diet. Would Nationalisation destroy that element of enterprise which in the past has been one of the glories of all theatrical enterprises? One remembers that G. B. Shaw had difficulty in getting his plays produced—now there is almost always a Shavian dish on the table. At present it is "The Doctor's Dilemma," as devastatingly witty and

provocative as ever. Under Nationalisation would we be forbidden "experimental" and "pioneering" plays? Would we be rationed? Would it be the voice of the public, or the voice of the Government that arranged the productions? One distrusts both. Perhaps Equity would be the proper body to co-ordinate the theatrical activities of the capital, and make certain that London becomes what it most certainly now is not—a centre of all that is best in drama, ballet, opera, and variety. Perhaps....but the best comment on the present situation was written by Gordon Craig over thirty years ago. He said then, as we might well say now, "The Modern Drama is holding the mirror up to life, and holding it rather low because its hands are tied...."

When, I wonder, will the prisoner be released? Or is the stage to remain for ever fettered to a paper moon?

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From Robert W. A. Brewer, of Pennsylvania, old student of this University, six technical papers, published by The Society of Engineers, now passed to the Engineering Society.

The Editor does not necessarily share the views expressed by contributors to "The Gryphon."

Arnold Kettle

IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

ONE OF THE BY-PRODUCTS of the reform of the currency in Western Germany is an urgent crisis in the universities. It is possible that as many as half of the students in the British Zone will be unable to return to their universities this term. The reason is quite a simple one and you do not have to be an economist and understand about currency problems to appreciate it. Quite simply : up to now almost all the students have been paying their way either through their own savings (acquired without particular difficulty as army officers during the war) or through their parents' savings (acquired it doesn't matter how). With the revaluation of the mark such savings have automatically been cut by nine-tenths. So that only those students whose parents continue to have a steady and fairly extensive income can now pay their way. The worst hit are, obviously, those who were living on their own savings.

The only answer to the problem is a thorough-going scholarship system accompanied, preferably, by a reduction or even elimination of fees. But it is easy to see that an administration faced with the colossal problems of the physical reconstruction of Germany is not very likely to put this kind of investment high on its list of priorities. And even if (as has happened in the Russian Zone) the financial difficulties of the introduction of an adequate scholarship system could be overcome, there is little likelihood, I believe, that such a reform would be introduced. For the plain truth is that any thorough-going scholarship system would inevitably alter the basic class-structure of the West German universities.

At the University of Munster at the present time ninety-four per cent. of the students come from homes of the upper

and professional classes. Only six per cent. are of working-class origin. I think it is impossible to over-emphasize this fact in any consideration of the problems, atmosphere and hopes of the German Universities to-day.

I do not want to pose as an "expert." I was at Munster for about three weeks, lecturing at a summer course attended by about two hundred students—more than half of them German, the rest foreign, *i.e.*, British, French, Dutch, Scandinavian, Swiss (plus four American co-eds from a ritzy "Ladies' College" near Chicago). My impressions are the result therefore of nothing more authoritative than my eyes and three weeks of almost incessant conversation, chiefly with German students and professors.

They are not, I am afraid, very optimistic impressions. I don't know that one should expect them to be. I was prepared for the underlying uncertainty and scepticism of the German students, nor did I expect the professors to be in full control of a situation so enormously difficult, delicate and complicated. After all a phrase like "re-education" is easier on the tongue than it is in practice; and no-one but a fool could imagine that a generation brought up on the lies and obscurantist ignorance of Nazism and then suddenly left with no certainties, no faith, no roots, would be simple material to deal with.

I have no means of knowing how "typical" were the German students I met. I imagine they were above the average in breadth of interest or they would not have come to the course. Certainly they were immensely eager to talk, discuss, argue, and this I take, by any enlightened standard whatever, to be a Good Sign. But I must record in all honesty that I saw not the remotest sign of what I can best call a "sense of responsibility" about the past, the present or the future. By "sense of responsibility" I do not mean a neurotic feeling of guilt about the sins of the German race nor an obsession with what used, in the thirties, to be called "social consciousness." I did not go to Germany expecting or wanting to meet a community of saints, prigs or neurotics. By "sense of

responsibility" I mean simply that feeling, which I think most civilised people assume, that we are all of us members of a common humanity, that living in a community presumes certain obligations and that unless we face with our eyes open these choices and responsibilities we are not in fact acting as moral beings. It seemed to me, among the German students, that I found an almost total lack of this broadly-defined "sense of responsibility."

They feel that they have plenty of excuses (and in a sense of course they have). They could not do anything about Hitler (were too young, too ill-informed, too duped) so they have washed their hands of Hitler. They could not (for the same reasons) do anything about the war, so they have washed their hands of the war. Being in an occupied country where the victors have control they cannot do anything about the present, so they have washed their hands of the present. After so much washing they imagine their hands are clean. In fact they are stained with layer after layer of protective covering. They have almost ceased to have hands at all.

I emphasise this question of "responsibility" because I am convinced that until—somehow or other—German students *do* face their responsibilities nothing that they do or think or say can be much use either to themselves or to anyone else. At the moment they are spending most of their lives acquiring subtle techniques of escaping reality. The most striking of these is the enormous popularity of the old German obsession with abstract metaphysics. Everything you discuss with them is turned into a metaphysical problem. This is excused by the plausible insistance that "we must get down to fundamentals." In practice "getting down to fundamentals" is, in nine cases out of ten, a convenient way of escaping the principal implications in any argument. If you can start by convincing yourself that your opponent is "wrong on fundamentals" (*i.e.*, does or does not believe in God, is a Kantean or a Hegelian or a Marxist or a Thomist) the obligation to discover whether what he says may have any truth in it disappears. And this is one of the reasons why the continuous discussion of metaphysics leads in

practice to an ever more hectic escape from the realities of life.

It is this determination to escape realities—ethical, social, international, even personal—that seems to me the most powerful and the most alarming characteristic of the German students whom I met at Munster. Of course there were exceptions; but the exceptions merely underlined the generality. The exceptions complained bitterly of the overpowering intellectual snobbery which penetrated the university. A student of economics told me how, when a trade-unionist came to lecture an audience of students on the trades union movement and began his talk (significantly ?) with the remark " I am afraid I have not had the advantage of a university education," the audience began stamping their feet and calling out " What are you doing here then ? " This is merely a rather extreme example of an attitude on which the present German university outlook would seem to rest and which is the counterpart of the escape from reality—an attitude which sees the students as an intellectual *élite*.

This attitude is both widespread and far-reaching, it involves the division of the world into two types of being ; the " kultiviert " and the " unkultiviert," the civilised and the uncivilised, the *élite* and the masses. It involves not merely a distrust of action of any kind but an isolation from and a contempt for ordinary people. It is an attitude which is the opposite of responsible and the opposite of democratic. And it permeates the thinking of students and professors alike in the West German universities.

I believe this attitude is bound up with the social structure of the universities. As long as the great majority of students feel themselves to belong to a social *élite* they will tend naturally to feel that they have a vested interest in " Kultur " with all it implies. And that is why I think the crisis in the West German universities which the reform of the currency has brought about may turn out in the long run to be a blessing in disguise.

UNION NOTES

ALTHOUGH THE FRESHER WILL FIND HIMSELF living in a perpetual state of bewilderment for his first few weeks of Union life, it is darkly rumoured that even hardened veterans of many years' standing will receive shocks as they enter the Union this October.

The first surprise for the palsied grey-beard as he struggles by instinct through the Union environs will be to note that the Union grounds have been receiving long-desired attention. Flower beds have been cut out and it is hoped that by the time this article is in print a straight road will have been cut across in front of the Union from the iron gates by French House (that was) to the new white pre-fab. building beside the Maintenance Department. This will eliminate to a certain extent that large island in front of the Union which taxi-drivers and student racing enthusiasts have always sought to eliminate as they jockeyed for inside positions in the post-Ball races. Nature-lovers will be reassured to know that no trees will be pulled down and budding agitators can be assured that the oratory stone will remain.

The second surprise awaits the veteran as he staggers in for coffee and is greeted by the suppressed giggles which he knows (again by instinct) must signify the J.C.R. Non-plussed, he goes to collect that piece of mail which he has been looking for twice a day ever since he first came up and has never been fortunate enough to find. No letter, not even a letter rack greets his practised glance. Disgruntled and disconcerted he stamps towards Mr. Bourn's office and flings open the door. A cheerful stranger in commissionaire's uniform murmurs in his ear that he is entering the wrong office and must make any enquiries at the office round the corner. With head now in a whirl the veteran retraces his steps, climbs over the sprawling bodies of Freshers who cannot find seats and are sleeping off the effects of their battle at the Registration tables, and creeps into a room marked Union Office. Here a dazzling young lady looks up questioningly from her duties at a typewriter and

sweetly asks if she can be of assistance. Unused to such startling transformations the veteran promptly swoons in a heap.

Perhaps the situation of the veteran will not be as bad as that. Certain changes, however, have had to be made in order to cope with a number of students far in excess of the building's true capacity; 3,400 students are now enjoying facilities originally intended for 1,400. With this problem in mind the Union Committee and its Executive last term contracted the necessary University authorities and changes resulted as under. The debt owed to John W. Daggett, former President of the Union, whose foresight, good sense, humour and wise discretion ensured the success of 1947-48 in the life of Union administration and laid the foundations for these changes, can never be truly assessed. We take this opportunity of expressing to him our sincere and deep appreciation of his efforts.

Union Building.

The old J.C.R. is now the Cafeteria and refreshments will be served from a counter inside the room. This change will provide more seating accommodation and lessen time spent in queueing.

The old Cafeteria is now the J.C.R., with a seating capacity of 90 approx. That sore bone of contention, the Men's Common Room, has received some of the surplus furniture, together with some new green chairs, and it is hoped to make this room more resemble a lounge for the men than it has done hitherto. The problem of table-tennis distraction is accordingly being investigated.

Negotiation with the Bursar has resulted in a promise that we shall be granted extra accommodation as soon as suitable rooms become vacant nearby.

Paint has transformed both cloakrooms and only one who has seen the walls in process of being washed before painting can testify to the accumulation of dirt over the war years. A new letter rack likewise awaits those whose friends can write.

The two 16 mm. projectors have now been installed in the Riley-Smith Hall and can be hired by Societies at a charge of 10/6. The machines will be operated and maintained by the second Porter. Union sponsored films selected by the Library Committee will probably become a regular feature.

UNION ADMINISTRATION.

After six years of loyal service during a difficult period Mr. Conroy, the porter-caretaker, has retired. We offer him our best wishes and our thanks. His place has been taken by Mr. Large, who took up his duties in early September. We welcome him at a time when the increase of student population will necessarily mean greater responsibility for such a post.

In view of the excessive volume of work which has fallen upon Mr. Bourn's shoulders in the past and which must now inevitably increase beyond the capacity even of his abounding energy and constant self-sacrifice the Executive Committee have welcomed an assistant to relieve him. Miss White took up her duties on September 12th.

As all students will appreciate, the Union is a Club. Its members pay four Pounds each year for the privileges contained therein. It is only natural, therefore, that Club members should be able to produce their membership cards on demand. Visitors must be introduced and signed for in the Visitors' Book, which is kept at the Porter's Office. These regulations must be strictly adhered to if members wish the dignity and privilege of membership to be preserved.

GENERAL INTEREST.

Under the new Head-Groundsman, who took over his duties in June, the Athletic grounds bear a smart appearance and will no doubt have their efficiency well tested this year.

The Union is again offering hospitality to the National Union of Students. During the Christmas Vacation the N.U.S. Arts Festival will be held here. Plays, Recitals, Lectures, Exhibitions and Social entertainment head the bill. The City Art Gallery is at our disposal and the Organiser assures us that all augurs well for an outstanding week.

On November 17th falls International Students' Day. During that week a mass drive for money, books, clothes, etc., will take place. This year in Leeds an attractive programme is planned to secure the interest and co-operation of both students and the general public in a relief work essential for the betterment of intelligent and international understanding.

All students are automatically members of the Debating Society. Last year this was to a certain extent overshadowed by political debate. The Parliament will again be tried this year, but the true spirit of debate should reveal itself when some of the selected motions we have seen are thrown to the four winds for discussion. Man has five senses. If he cannot speak, he can listen. If he can do neither, he can roll his eyes. Should these three senses be denied him he can at least approve the distinct aroma common to the explosion of debate. Should he possess only one sense he can happily pick his teeth and record his vote with a much sucked thumb. Be sure to attend and see this phenomenon for yourself.

The Book Exchange, which will announce its times of opening on the Notice Board, serves to supply used books to book-hunters. Students with books to sell from a former year's course can leave them with the Book Exchange Secretary. Freshers are advised to avail themselves of this very useful and cheap market.

The Gramophone Library has now been supplied with a new cupboard to facilitate cataloguing, etc. As before, the new panatrope is available only to students who pass a "driving test" on the machine with the Record Librarian. Music played on this machine is strictly serious.

After much deliberation and negotiation with printing firms it is hoped to sell Union Note-books this term at one shilling each. These will contain 100 sheets of paper and will serve well as a preliminary to that long-desired asset—a Union stationery shop.

With a hearty welcome for the Fresher and well-meaning sympathy for the grey-beard we leave you thus to ruminate on Leeds, dire and terrible to behold. H.P.

Jack Moskona

N.U.S. ARTS FESTIVAL

UNION CAFETERIAS, being the most important and most frequented part of a University, tend naturally to develop an individual style and hardly any two cafeterias resemble each other in location and decoration. However, there are two things which all of them have in common; atrocious coffee and the subjects of discussion which one inevitably hears in them. Politics, grants and the modern trend of specialisation in the universities is the dire choice one is offered and of these the last one stands closest to the student's heart. Many an eternal friendship has been shattered on the rock of *Curricula*, and many a fellow thinker discovered and befriended during these discussions. It has to be admitted that as the years go by, and This Modern Age attempts to marshall the Universities under the banners of Science and Technology, the lament grows louder, and the number of those cheerful souls who still believe that a University is a place where a man can grow long hair, wander around with a poetry book in his hand and learn how to appreciate beauty, diminishes with alarming rapidity. But there is one thing which keeps this small band of enthusiasts together, and whenever, in a discussion, they have their backs to the wall, they are always apt to produce the only argument which helps to extricate them from their highly untenable position. In conversational emergencies one always hears: "Ah, but what about the Drama Festival!"

The Drama Festival, an annual event organised by the National Union of Students, has leapt from success to success. It was quite obvious that the bright delegate at last year's N.U.S. Congress in Leicester who (apparently tired of hearing the University compared to the inevitable sausage machine) dared to suggest that the Drama Festival should be enlarged into an Arts Festival, drew strength from the tremendous

reception which the former received in Bristol last year. The suggestion was a bold one. In fact, in view of N.U.S's very pronounced opinions on finance, one might even say it was a reckless venture. But....the miraculous happened and it was accepted. That is how the idea was born.

The aims of the Arts Festival are simple :—

(*a*) to bring students' work in the field of art into prominence ;

(*b*) to give the Arts the place in students' life which they should rightfully hold, but which they are rapidly losing ;

(*c*) to enable students, who have an interest in the Arts, to meet and discuss their ideas and opinions under the most favourable circumstances.

To fulfil this purpose an extensive programme was outlined, comprising a number of plays produced by University dramatic societies ; several concerts and recitals ; a few exhibitions and film shows ; and numerous lectures and talks by leading authorities on the Arts, opportunities also to be provided for formal and informal discussions on all the events of the Festival. The social side was not neglected, and informal dances were proposed for each night of the Festival, with two big dances, one on New Year's Eve and one on the 7th of January. It was decided that the whole Festival should last from the 31st of December, 1948, to the 8th of January, 1949.

All this having been agreed upon, it was only left to choose the home for the first Arts Festival, and after much discussion the choice fell on Leeds University. It is not easy to explain the reason for this choice. The more cynical among us will probably say that it was because Leeds University has one of the finest Union buildings in the country and certainly the best University theatre. Others may contend that the Leeds atmosphere provides a most suitable background for a Festival of the Arts. However, and whatever the reason, the fact remains that Leeds University has been granted the privilege of carrying out the first Arts Festival and, as no privilege is

free of obligation, the obligation to ensure its success. It is hoped to make the Arts Festival an annual event, but this, of course, will depend on the progress made by the first one.

A planning committee, headed by an Organiser directly responsible to the N.U.S., has already been established in Leeds, and if the whole student body embraces the idea of the Festival with comparable enthusiasm to that of the committee members, there is little doubt that the enterprise will be a big success.

The response from outside people has been very encouraging: two letters from worlds as different as those of a Leeds landlady and the Irish playwright Sean O'Casey will support this statement. Here are extracts from their letters:

> "..... being very interested in all work done to produce quality rather than quantity, and a better understanding among all the younger generations, of what we are all expected to do to help to make England's name, more friendly and understanding among the young of other countries, and so make a peace in the world we all so passionately desire. I wish you all success in your undertaking, and if by saying I will take two students for bed and breakfast for the eight days required is a little help to your organisation I shall be pleased," etc.
>
> "..... I cannot see myself as the silver trumpet of Yeats's vision when he cried out:
>
> '*Oh, silver trumpets, be ye lifted up,*
> *And fall to the great race that is to come.*'
>
> But a brass bugle, though neither so elegant, nor so musical, can give a sturdy call too, invoking the young of to-day to make plain the way through life for the greater race to come: and the students in all things, things on earth and things in Heaven, must be with us: or, though it may be plain enough, the way to a fuller and more sensible life will be a hard way, and a long way.
>
> "I wish I could come among the students, for I love the young, That is why I am against war: why I stand

for the first right of the young—the right to grow old. But you young people have the world in your hands ; adventurous hands surely ; but, I think, safe hands ; and the students should be in the vanguard, for the intelligent young are the wine of life. Too long have the students held aloof from the people. They must come not only closer to them they must mingle with them, be their banners. I wish I could come to watch you go forward, and give you all a salute as you go. But at least I shall be there in spirit, murmuring ' There goes a new hope, a new life for England.' "

Let us hope that the student body, especially from Leeds University, will follow this lead and will contribute to their utmost by submitting some of their work, by participating directly in the organisation of the Festival and by ensuring a good attendance.

Society Notes not appearing in this issue have been printed in *Union News* owing to pressure of space.

Society Information was received on behalf of L.U.C.U. but has been unfortunately mislaid. Apologies are tendered to Mrs. J. E. West, the Secretary.

"THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW"

FOR LONG, RUMOURS OF THE impending publication of a University of Leeds Review have filtered from over the road. It was, we gathered, to be a serious and lively magazine of more than usual intelligence. *Humanitas* and *The Universities Quarterly*, we understood, would have to look to their laurels. Alas for such ambitious hopes. . . . the published *Review* turns out to be small stuff indeed, hardly more than Common Room platitudes given a spurious and embarrassing permanence in print. The grey colour of the cover has an almost symbolical value, expressing the prim neutrality of the contents.

It may be, of course, that we are criticising the *Review* by the wrong standards, that we are judging a pig's ear by a silk purse, and that the magazine should be assessed in terms of the work it sets out to do. But is the sort of thing it sets out to do worth doing, and if so, is it done in the best possible way in this magazine? According to its "Preamble," the *Review* "has been instituted in response to a widespread feeling among graduates and alumni of the University that an organ should be established whereby they could be kept in constant and intimate touch in the fullest sense with their Alma Mater." Admirable; except that many readers may be disconcerted by the faint aura of sentimentality which clings to the words "Alma Mater" (repeated three times in the first three pages) and pervades the contents of the magazine. Readers may feel that just such an aura is, like the saint's, likely to prove a hindrance rather than a help to communication. Such matters are, however, hardly the concern of the student, since the high price of the *University of Leeds Review* places it beyond his reach.

The issue under review is the first, and it may be that in these days it is an achievement to produce a magazine at all: but if so, "this is nothing to the reader." As Dr. Johnson wrote on another occasion, "If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them?" What indeed!

A.G.

SOCIETIES AND HALL NOTES

Woodsley Hall.

Woodsley has presented her first graduates to the world. Next summer, when the three year cycle will be complete, graduates will (we hope) be too numerous to mention by name. This year, however, while we are pleased to congratualte them, we are sorry to lose seven men from so small a community. Archie Murray and Bill Hornby (Diplomas in Textiles and Leather); Mike Ward (B.Sc.: Physics and Chemistry); Lewis Thomas (B.A.: English); Dr. Khalsa (Ph.D: Zoology); Dr. Seetharamia (Ph.D.: Leather); and Ted Wigglesworth (B.Sc.; Maths., Edn. Dip.); have all left Leeds.

John Lagore (B.A.: French) remains; and we are happy to congratulate two "external" members, Frank Earnshaw (B.A.: French and Spanish); and Robert Curphey (B.A.: History).

The Summer Term was a happy and an active time. The Woodsley record was—in Basket-ball, Rag Efforts and the Summer Party, glorious; in Tennis, inglorious; in examinations, indifferent!

Hall-spirit runs high; we may therefore look forward to a third successful session. It is up to the President (John C. Taylor, Fuel Dept.), Secretary (Tom Longford, Medicine), and our House Committee to convert into worth-while activity the undoubted and unbounded vigour of this small community. In personality and ability we feel that they are easily equal to the job.

G.A.O.

Rugby Club.

At the beginning of 1948-49 season we extend a hearty welcome to all Rugger men and invite you to join us right away. As a Club we have much to offer those wanting a good game of Rugby—a fine ground at Weetwood, a full and attractive fixture list for three teams and a keen and friendly spirit.

To ensure success we need a large playing strength and there is room for all who wish to play. Club officers will be pleased to enroll *you* at the Rugby Stall on Bazaar Day and give you full information about the opening practices. Thereafter the Club Notice Board should be watched for details of early-season activities, which include a seven-a-side tournament and the opening fixture with the Medicals.

Don't hesitate—join now and be in good company!

S. Arnold,
Publicity Secretary.

Gramophone Recitals

MUSIC, AS WE ALL KNOW, has made astounding progress during the last decade or so in impregnating many millions in this country with its forceful characteristic of at once imbuing them with a sense of self-satisfaction and a realisation that there are higher things in life than boogie-woogie.

Now unfortunately certain works, once played, are bound to stir the imagination of even the least imaginative person, who, like a certain Dickensian personage, wants more and more of those works—at the expense of others which have not yet been heard—to the extreme detriment of the listener.

Let us descend to brass tacks. The concertos and 4th to 6th Symphonies of Tchaikovsky are beautiful works, well orchestrated with not a dull moment in them BUT (note the capitals) are they true music to the musician? Do these works satisfy the rules of composition which have been painfully developed to advantage through the centuries to reach their climax (perhaps we should say their temporary climax) in Brahms' or Elgar's days, both being contemporaries of Tchaikovsky? Would a comparison between the 4th Symphonies of Brahms and Tchaikovsky respectively be taken as serious, considering the relative merits of each? The composers through the centuries—pardon the repetition—have formed a more or less straight line with regard to improving the cause of composition and its development on each one's predecessor,

nearly everyone of them having edified its form and form of expression—except the one under discussion. He instead built for himself a blind alley, which he has developed in two dimensions, namely emotionalism and orchestration, the latter being slave to the former and thus losing even its individuality and novelty. A public speaker is usually disparaged if he should indulge in emotionalism—then why not a composer in self-pity ?

The twice-weekly gramophone recitals in the Union serve a multiple purpose. Far from being arranged haphazardly they are very carefully compiled to be perhaps an education in themselves. Tchaikovsky's 2nd and 3rd Symphonies will be heard. Why ? Because these works are heard very seldom and present, curiously enough, a slightly less hysterical outlook in life than their successors. Then why play these successors at all ? Because a serial of all the recorded symphonies of any composer will always be better appreciated than the old performance of a little known work played by itself ; and anyway the programmes are not built on personal favourites or otherwise of the compiler.

In such spheres do gramophone recitals find their utmost utility—in enabling little known works to be heard, and if possible at the proper time. For instance, on Saturday, October 30th, the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra will give a performance of Bax's " The Garden of Fand," a sadly neglected piece of music if ever there was one. What better opportunity would there be but to play it in the recitals on the Friday before and the Monday after the concert performance ? Three hearings in four days of 15 minutes each. Would you find it worth your while for the sake of getting to know some music of a composer perhaps totally unknown to you ? I should think so.

Thus, gramophone recitals have a definite value not in repeating *ad infinitum* plugged works but to bring before you the best orchestras and artistes in interesting music to be enjoyed at your leisure.

RUDOLF O. LIBROWICZ,
Gramophone Librarian.

Letters to the Editor . . .

Sir,

In the name of whatever saint has the doubtful privilege of fostering the Arts ———

When the Art Society (one supposes) goes to the trouble of borrowing a picture from the City and Temple Newsam collections why cannot the Union House Committee (or whatever) so organise the Cafeteria facilities as to make the thing visible ?

All a picture requires to be seen is adequate lighting and space. Must the blower and the picture continue the unequal struggle in the present session ?

Yours, etc.,

R.G.H.

Sir,

In the Society Notes of the June edition of *The Gryphon*, there appears an article which the committee of the Geographical Society feels shows up the Society in an unfair light. This particular article—headed "The Geographical Society — A Criticism," and placed as it was—acquired a semi-official character that was most unjustified. It was written by an ordinary member of the Society and we think that it should have carried his signature and not have figured in the official Society column under Miss Broomhall's name.

We would therefore be grateful if you could make some reference in your next edition that would make the position clear to your readers.

Yours, etc.,

D. J. King, *Hon. Secretary.*

NOTE.—The Editor wishes to apologise to the Geographical Society for this error, a complaint concerning which is entirely justified.

Sir,

In the June issue of *The Gryphon*, under the heading "Society News" there are some misleading references to this Society. We thank the Socialist Society for their good wishes, but repudiate the suggestion that we are their "offspring," since the bulk of our members are not and never have been members of the Socialist Society.

Further, the Labour Society was formed in February, although it has not been a Union Society so far, and thus the "split," if any took place, occurred over three months ago.

Yours, etc.,

H. Hughson (*Chairman*), R. D. Moore (*Secretary*).

Old Students' Association

HARD FACTS

MEMBERS WILL REMEMBER that the accounts for the year 1946-47 presented at the last Annual General Meeting showed a deficit on the year's working and as a consequence the Life Membership subscription was raised from three to five guineas. Since then it has become obvious that 1947-48 will show an even greater loss. Your committee is gravely concerned about the financial outlook and feels that the question of raising the Annual Subscription will have to be considered at the next A.G.M.

Recently *The Gryphon* Committee informed us of their decision to increase the price of *The Gryphon* to 1/- in order to make it pay its way and to publish a magazine more worthy of those it was intended to serve. Realising that this increase would seriously affect the O.S.A. *The Gryphon* Committee suggested that we might consider taking three issues only instead of the customary five or six. Even this would cost us an extra £100 per annum and we reluctantly decided not to adopt the suggestion. On hearing of this *The Gryphon* Committee generously offered to supply us with this current number free of charge and to allot us space in which to make this brief explanation. Members will continue to receive full information of our activities together with news of interest, though not necessarily through the medium of *The Gryphon*.

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 18,000 Accumulated Funds exceeded £1,800,000

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Last Day for Copy

Contributors are reminded that the Last Day for Copy for the N.U.S. Arts Festival Christmas Number is

November 8th

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

△

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GUINNESS POLL

Taken at a gallup

85% told me they drank Guinness because they liked it.

12% told me they drank Guinness because there was nothing like it.

2% told me they didn't know why they drank Guinness.

1% drank my Guinness as well as his own.

My Goodness!

G.E.1409.B