The Gryphon

One Shilling

Drawing by HANNA

A Tou-candid Friend

" Do you know what that is ? " asked the Toucan.

" A Guinness, of course," cried Alice. " You do ask funny questions — what do you take it for ? "

" Strength," replied the Toucan. " Forgive me if I appear curious."

" You can't help looking curious," said Alice kindly. " I mean *singular*," she went on hurriedly, seeing the Toucan frown. " I mean, there's nothing like a Toucan — except another Toucan, of course."

" Then I'm like Guinness," said the Toucan, mollified. " There's nothing like a Guinness except another Guinness, as the saying goes."

" Where does it go ? " Alice asked.

" It goes to show," replied the bird. " It goes to show what toucan do."

G.E.I 453.E

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

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Contents

Roland Carter

POLO IN GILGIT

TIME HAS TURNED ROUND and avenged herself on at least one coiner of phrases, for the " Unchanging East " in the past fifty years has leapt across a stage which took us hundreds : yet everywhere anachronisms abound to point the suddenness of this change, and here and there on its fringes many places remain firmly medieval ; Gilgit, in the northernmost mountains of India, is not the least of these.

Polo is the national game of the Gilgiti as football is of the Englishman, though you could do it no greater injustice than to confuse it or its associations with the polo that is played at intervals by wealthy gentlemen on Harrogate Stray or at Roehampton. When I rode out on my first tour in the Gilgit Agency I was astonished to find in every village a polo ground flanked on both sides by thick stone walls and rows of shady poplars. In many of the old villages the main lane has a habit of suddenly opening out to become a polo ground—across which one's horses love to canter—and then as unconcernedly carrying on its journey as a lane at the far end. These Gilgit villages are little green oases in a glaring waste of empty mountains, and where every bit of levellable ground is needed for field-making it is touching to see that one piece is always set aside as a well cared-for polo ground. Colonel Job (that is not his real name) who served his period as Political Agent there some years ago thought these grounds so admirable that he felt there was a need for more of them and as a result many villages, besides their ancient rambling grounds, with walls like the proverbial English road have another with walls beautifully squared and a lawn like the garden of paradise, of which the villagers are inestimably proud, but would never dream of using—" Job sahib built it " ! Once even, climbing in early spring a pass on the frontier of Chitral, I came, at the summit of the pass, upon the beautiful parallel walls of his greatest folly shamefacedly uncovered by the snow.

In olden times a game of polo had something of the character of an inter-tribal battle, since there were few rules and nobody who had a horse or who could borrow one cared to be a spectator ; to this day in the tribal territories of Indus Kohistan, where they have not had the blessings of British rule, the teams run up to hundreds, nor do they confine themselves to a polo ground but play in the streets and the village fields.

The classical opening of the game is as follows ; the most important man present—whether rajah, chief, guest or the tribal bully—takes the ball in his hand and gallops down the ground followed by both teams in the heroic style ; meanwhile the village band beats its drums and plays its reed pipes in an ecstasy of expected reward ; as our hero crosses the centre line he throws the ball in the air and hits it towards the goal with his stick ; this is the " tambuk," which is repeated whenever a goal is scored. Nowadays there are generally only six players in each team and they play two " chakkars " of half an hour each, or, in the old style, until one side has scored nine goals, but in either case it is not permissible to change ponies.

The ponies which play these marathon games are stallions imported from the Afghan province of Badakhshan. They are clearly the same breed which Marco Polo came upon here in the thirteenth century, for he mentions points which are still characteristic of the breed, the hardness of their hoofs and their extreme agility on rough hillsides "where other cattle would not venture to run." Only stallions are used, for it is said that castration robs them of both their beauty and vitality, and indeed they are beautiful to look upon, proud and lively, but their mouths are not as soft as those of our English breeds. In the spring of 1946, when I had been in the Agency some time, I was sent down the Indus valley to a district called Thor to settle a feud. The people here are of a different race from those around Gilgit and their way of life is democratic (though hardly co-operative) rather than feudal. They delight in litigation and are perfectly happy in a continued state of perjury.

The day preceding the Jirgah there was to be a polo match and I looked forward to a good game in which I should disport myself to the honour of the Raj, for I knew they were not good players, but enthusiastic. My pony Rufus had many years experience of the game and could be relied on. But, alas, he behaved appallingly, dashing away from the ball, nipping the rear ends of the other horses on the field, and generally acting as if he had never seen a polo-stick before. I was angry and ashamed, nor did I once during the whole hour so much as lift my stick to the ball, whilst those ridiculous Thor people on their silly little nags without saddles or stirrups made circles round me. I dismounted with real pleasure and during the dancing which followed apologised to my native assistant for the poor show I had put up. "Well, Sahib, I am not surprised," he said, "you see, they are all riding on mares." I did not settle that feud for a long time.

Polo and work went hand in hand as you see, for both natives and officers were so passionately fond of the game that it was the best medium for happy relations. When I became a district officer I found on my hands, besides the ordinary budget items, three "special" funds labelled "Entertainments," "Polo" and "Secret Service"; the head clerk told me the first was used to provide native dignitaries with cups of tea and sweet cakes, and the other two to replace old polo equipment and for the touring expenses of a polo band, so I disbursed them in this way. Before the days of retrenchment polo was played in the heroic manner; a team of British officers was able to tour the Agency during half the year, living on their travelling allowances and banking their pay. But we contented ourselves in the Silver Age of Gilgit with two matches a week in the cool season and a tournament each May when the "soft solace of spring" was upon us. Each village brought its team and the Rajahs theirs, and for ten days amidst a splendour medieval in its formality and colour the heats were played off at a rate of six each day. Every minute was filled well into the dark hours with bands playing, dancing, parades and durbars. The climax was the game between the finalists in the first division. The team of the Rajah of Poonyal were

always in the final match and generally won, and indeed they played with a perfection of artistry which was quite breath-taking.

I believe that in the late summer of 1947, after the British had left, the Indian Government did not look too kindly on the Gilgit people, for they showed an ungrateful predilection to join Pakistan ; and so a force of bombers was sent to lop them to the size of their new bedstead, but without success ; luckily enough the Polo season was over and most people were up in the hills. It is difficult to say what will happen in the future though I am sure it will not die out, for it is by no means an anachronism there, and as long as they keep horses and love display they will play Polo.

Robin Skelton

"SUCH FANTASTIC TRICKS . . ."

A discussion of some of the writings of Aldous Huxley with special reference to his latest novel, *Ape and Essence.*

" A MAN CANNOT BE A SATANIST who is not at the same time a Godist." In this observation upon Charles Baudelaire is to be found the key to all Aldous Huxley's novels, and especially to his two satirical visions of man's future, *Brave New World* and *Ape and Essence.* There is a perpetual conflict in his writings between the life acceptance, which he gained from D. H. Laurence, and an obsession with the nature of the original sin of man which can be conquered only by the twin attitudes of complete and agonising investigation, as in Baudelaire, which leads to an ultimate chastity of the soul, and the idealistic detachment of a Bruno. There seems to be only one firm truth implicit in all his novels. Desire is knowledge of incompletion. All the main characters in all his

books realise their incompletion, and those who are unaware of their imperfection are the puppet figures of a morality play, the Flossie of *Ape and Essence*, the pneumatic Fanny of *Brave New World*, the Deltas and Epsilons of Society fit only to follow the codes laid down by Authority.

They pursue their circumscribed ends with a reflex action conditioned by the hypnopædic catchwords of a sterile or decadent society.

Aldous Huxley sees the plight of these, the unaware, but is more concerned with the difficulties of those who do realise their own imperfections. Yet his concern has little sympathy in it, but only a mocking cynicism. There are exceptions of course, and they are significant ones, for those characters with whom he feels sympathy are usually those who are obsessed with sin, with this special form of imperfection. Bernard Marx has a growing sense of sin, and is not entirely unsympathetically portrayed. The Savage from the Reservation is crazed with sin, and both Dr. Poole and Loola are aware in different ways of the evil that exists in the realm of Belial.

Huxley himself has no consistent creed and therefore can produce no solution to the problem, but may only describe the dilemma of the individual in a world lacking creed, and point out in his two satires the way in which the world will destroy itself. In *Brave New World* he adumbrated the future world of Science, taking as his hypothesis the then almost universal belief that science could in time achieve its end of a completely sanitary and regulated existence. He pointed out that this would result in the complete loss of that sense of imperfection which is man's spiritual incentive, and that this would, for the sake of scientific and social " good." destroy all the beauty and poetry in life. Only the savage, whose sense of sin allowed him also to have a sense of beauty, could exclaim " O, brave new world.... ," and escape the bounds of an organised existence into agony, love, and death.

In *Ape and Essence* we are shown the other side of the argument. One may no longer in this atomic era have faith in the ultimate goal of science being efficiency and health. The

machine will still rule the man, but it is going to condemn him to destruction. Belial, and not Our Ford is the motive power behind science. and he will deprive us of our spiritual sensibilities, not by means of a planned lack of stimuli, but by imposing an overwhelming sense of inescapable sin, of inevitable and perpetual incompletion. Both arguments are fundamentally unsound because they are diametrically opposed to each other while the basic truths upon which they are founded are not opposed to each other at all, but complementary. Man is to be destroyed by his own works, by the results of his own appalling hungers. The communal society is as repellent as the totalitarian, for each endeavours to prevent the individual seeking his own path to perfection, and man's great hunger, combined with his trust in the gods of steel and atom must lead him eventually to lose all trust in himself as an individual being.

Thus far we may approve of Mr. Huxley's notions, but it is difficult to approve of some of the other aspects of his writings. In his earlier work, written when still an apostle of life-acceptance and the clean wholesome animal, he expresses disgust at the neurotic ineptitude of man sexually, being unable to find any way to conquer his spiritual and physical imperfections in a society which is also neurotic and imperfect. He mocks the fumbling lover unable to achieve fruition and calls for honest wholesome mating as does Suckling in his earliest and sweetest poems. Like, Suckling, however, in his later work he is inclined to revile fruition itself. The body is not a good machine. It is as blundering as Metchnikoff believed it to be, and its sexual actions are both comic and repulsive. A too close regard to the demands of the body leads one only to the disgusting realisation that one is perpetually deserving of the dog falling from the sky, of the ten pairs of nipples, and of the castigation of the bull's pizzle. What is the solution ? The earlier enlightened epicureanism must be abandoned. Mark Rampion's life acceptance leads at last to the obese idiocy of a Eustace Barnack. Bruno, in *Time Must Have a Stop*, found his solution in a self abnegation and " flawless " non-attachment which smacks rather of the

Germanic Death Wish. But this merely evades, and does not solve the problem. There is no solution that Mr. Huxley can find. In *The Perennial Philosophy* he attempted to collect all that is true in the " civilized " needs of all time in order to prove that the mysticism and the egotism of the individual spirit is the answer to the " overwhelming question." The result might be described as the ultimate truth of Platonism, Buddhism, and the cults of contemplation. It might also be described as the scholarly navel-gazing of a denationalized pacifist. It does not satisfy us, and it is obvious that it does not satisfy Huxley either. Even in *Time Must Have a Stop* Bruno's " flawless synthesis and non-attachment " fails. He is less of a man than the struggling Sebastian, the creative genius perplexed by his own incapacity for living. It is. perhaps, significant that in *Ape and Essence*, after a succession of life acceptors and non-attached paragons, the real heroes are, in the script, an essentially normal man puzzling his way to his own individual solution, and Tallis, whose geographical detachment is seen only as the result of an over-wounded life, and whose attitude is completely Manichean.

The Manicheanism of *Ape and Essence* fits oddly into Huxley's " humane " philosophy, and has not appeared before in his writings to such an extent. It is possible that the obvious limitations of his philosophy combined with a growing disgust for the world and man's body, and his doctrine of contemplative non-attachment have forced him into this position. This is a pity, for it entirely spoils whatever chance *Ape and Essence* ever had of being anything like " the most powerfully moving book that has appeared since the war "—to quote an over-enthusiastic reviewer. The book itself is scrappy and can hardly be described as a novel. The verse is, for the most part, pedestrian, and gains nothing at all from either its categorizing invective or its frequent use of half line alliteration. The film script itself is crudely sensational. Long passages are devoted to detailed descriptions of obscene rites that would better suit pages of a " Justified Sinner " of the Gothic revival than those of a supposedly civilized satirist. The normal Huxley style is here, though. In the preamble we find his stock character of

the impotent lover, and the usual "daring" reflections. "Christ before Lublin" is a Huxlean imagination, but we have heard it before and its very grotesqueness lessens its effect, for there is no pity in it. That is perhaps the main fault of the book. To condemn and vilify is easy, but the best judges are the most sympathetic, and he who piles horror on horror is liable at last to achieve an unbearable dullness.

What was Aldous Huxley's motive in writing this book? Was it in order to give the lie to his own philosophy of non-attachment by pointing out that complete non-attachment is impossible in a world wrecked by men and machines? Was it in order to express in a second great satire the alternative to a sterile Brave New World? Or was it in order to show that Progress and Nationalism are works of the Devil, the evil spirit of this nether world?

We cannot be sure, and the brilliant pyrotechnic display of Huxleyan wit does little but at first dazzle and later give us a migraine. Like many philosophers Aldous Huxley has been seeking one creed, one final solution to the problem of how man may achieve a rational and complete way of life. It is a measure of the extent of his failure that in *Ape and Essence* he retreats to the Manichean evasion of the Dark and earlier Ages, and with Bell, Book, and Belial curses wildly and impotently the evils of this world, and succeeds in proving, as far as he himself is concerned, the truth of his own dictum that

> "....Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured—
> His glassy essence—like an angry ape
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As makes the angels weep."

OBTUSE ANGLES

Kultur.

"The present drive to introduce Bergsonism into British Universities is a Communist plot," observed Professor Jos. K. Schütz, of the University of Chios, Pa., at a recent meeting held at Frome, Somerset.

" It is in keeping," he continued, " with the sort of thing which is going on all over Europe at the present time."—and added—" What the modern student wants is not Bergsonism—but a good square meal ;—not Arts and Sciences, but a decent cup of coffee ;—not decadent and obscure philosophies, but good, healthy open-air games."

After some howling and catcalls from the rear of the hall, Professor Schütz closed the meeting by singing a selection of German lieder, including the Horst Wessel song, in the middle of which he collapsed and had to be carried from the platform.

There was some throwing of mothballs at this stage.

Professor Schütz's accompanist was Miss Gertie Grudgeon, who, it will be remembered, studied under Professor Llywydd ap Rhydderch at Cwm, Rhondda. She is 94.

Ex-Naval Officer (F.E.T.S.?)

Midshipman Bones
Filled his pocket with stones
And walked the plank.———
He sank.

Old Sea Shanty.

Studio Notes.

Mr. Ham Weingold, interviewed recently at Stark Studios, where he is directing his new Film, " Old Leawood," told reporters that he was endeavouring to bring out in the film all the subtle subconscious processes of the psychotic schoolboy, Lancelot Finucane, who, faced with the choice between friendship with Manley Mather, the Captain of the School, and the love of his Headmaster's wife, cracks under the strain, and, afflicted with dementia praecox, beats the Headmaster to death with a piece of hosepipe filled with Mercury, (Hg.), stolen from

the Chemmy. Lab. The film story is an adaptation of a play by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mr. Weingold, who wears black tights and balances a large carrot on the end of his nose whilst directing, has signed up Danny Kaye to play the part of the psychotic schoolboy. and a famous Shakespearian actor-manager to play the part of the Headmaster.

Reporters were unable to persuade Mr. Weingold to reveal the name of the famous actor-manager in question.—" That, gentlemen," he said, leering sardonically,—" Is not for publication."

Poets' Corner. (*For Science Bods. Only*).

" 2-METHYL-6 : 7-BENZBENZTHIAZOLE ETHYL
1 : 2 : 7 : 8 : hydrodibenzacridine, [SULPHATE."
TiO_2, SiO_2, 2 : 4 : dinitrotoluene,
N-methyl-caprolactam, pentaselenide,
Polyvinyl, paraphenyl, ferricyanide.

Dai. Omega.

Envoi.

Dylan Thomas has nothing on us, so there !

Cumberbatch.

Eva Hradecká

RESISTANCE

EVERY DAY AFTER HIS LUNCH, grandfather proceeded to the Grand Hotel for a cup of coffee and a game of cards, before returning to the office. Everybody in the small provincial town recognised him. They whispered to each other about his game of cards and about his wealth. Shrewdness and perseverance had made them both worthy of comment, thrift bordering on avarice aiding with the latter.

Everybody respected old J.L. ; and his family, who loved him, never referred to him as grandad or grandpa. Respect demanded that he should always be called grandfather. His word was law in the family. Whether ever anybody tried to resist him, I do not know. I only know he always got his way.

And that is how my father got his umbrella.

" It's time, my lad," said grandfather, " that you should wear gloves and carry an umbrella. A man of your position should show a little dignity. Here, I have bought you a pair of gloves and I shall give you my old umbrella."

Father disliked gloves and detested umbrellas. But he had to accept. The gloves presented no problem. They remained neatly folded and stitched together in his overcoat pocket. The umbrella had to be disposed of. As long as it was in father's possession, he was expected to be seen with it on a cloudy day. The patriarch had said so. And to be seen with an old silk umbrella, with a bamboo handle and a long silk tassel ! ! !

Father's first plan was bound to failure from the start. He took the umbrella to the Grand Hotel, deposited it in the cloakroom, and went to sip his coffee and to read the newspapers of Paris and London. When he had finished, he sneaked out, " forgetting " to collect the umbrella. Grandfather joined him in the office later, saying it was a good thing the cloakroom attendant knew grandfather and his umbrella. She handed it to him, as she had got used to doing during all these years.

So father worked out a new plan. He took a walk one evening to one of the suburbs and left the umbrella sticking in a grid. He hoped someone would see it and take it away. Indeed, it was seen. But why, oh, why, did it have to be seen by Mrs. Strihavkova, who cleaned the offices above ours ? She recognised the fine silk, the bamboo handle and the long silk tassel. She brought the umbrella to grandfather, told the story of her find and collected a small reward. Father's reward came in due course. It was a lecture on carelessness, which would never make him a rich man ; on disrespect of his elders' wishes, which could only lead to unhappiness and on the improvidence of getting wet, which would give him a chill.

The only thing which father learned, from all this, was that the home town was no use as a disposal ground for the renowned umbrella.

So he took the incubus with him the next time business called him to Prague. He returned without it, declaring triumphantly that he had forgotten it in the express. Mother, with what she thought was her inimitable sense of humour, wrote to the lost property office. Yes, a fine silk umbrella with a bamboo handle and a long silk tassel had been found and handed in.

Father gave in. Obediently he carried the umbrella around with him. It was easier now to do things to please grandfather. He was old and failing. As he grew more and more tired and weak, we discovered that we did love him more than we respected him; and his children and grandchildren slowly began to call him grandpa.

Soon dear grandpa died. The day after the funeral, his umbrella, no longer a nuisance but a relic now, was wrapped in reverence and brown paper and deposited in a trunk in the attic. There it lay alongside a host of other relics, including my father's sword. This belonged to the dress uniform of an officer of the reserve, and had not seen light since 1918.

We opened the trunk again in 1939. The umbrella was not disturbed, but the sword had to be surrendered to the Germans, who had come to occupy the country. "All firearms, ammunition and weapons of any description to be handed in to the commandant...." And next it was cameras. And then it was bicycles.

I was sent abroad to safety. Mother's parting gift was the front door key, to make sure I could come home as soon as it was all over.

Six years later I came back with my key, but there was no door for me to open. The house was there, but the inhabitants strangers. It was no longer my home and I had neither the right nor the wish to enter.

I walked on to grandpa's house. It lay in ruins.

The cloakroom attendant at the Grand Hotel recognised me. She chatted about grandpa, God rest his soul—the third table on the left, that's where he used to sit and play cards; and what a game he played, they used to say. What a tragedy about his sons and all the family, God rest their souls, and how things have changed.

I went on to the office. "Johannes Stiefel G.M.B.H.," said the brass plate on the office door. I rang the bell. The junior clerk, who, years ago, had taught me to ride a bicycle, welcomed me back and showed me how little had changed in the office. He told me how father had had to hand over to Johannes Stiefel. When the occupation was over Herr Stiefel was tried by a people's court and imprisoned. The staff were waiting for somebody to take over.

I sank into a chair behind father's desk. I tried to feel that I had found a place where I had a right to be. I returned to the office again and again. I cleared father's desk of all the German papers and pamphlets Herr Stiefel had kept there. I put a bowl of flowers on the desk. But it was no use. The place became no more tolerable.

I prepared to leave. The junior clerk was helping me into my coat. "It is raining heavily, Miss, you'd better take this," he said. He handed me an old silk umbrella, with a handle of bamboo and a long silk tassel.

P. W. Edwards

PSEUDO-PRECISION

IT WAS A GOOD DEFINITION of science, to say that its object was "to measure that which can be measured, and to make measurable that which can be made measurable"; for certainly no knowledge is scientific unless it is exact, and no knowledge is exact if it is quite divorced from mathematics. Again, it is a good definition because (by implication at least) it contains a warning against one of the pitfalls of scientific thought. There is no guarantee that everything can be made measurable: still less, that everything *is* measurable. There

may be—there probably are—some things that are only describable. By their nature these things do not belong to the scientists, but to other kinds of man: to the operative kind of man who deals with things too intricately complex for accurate measurement, and to the common living man, who deals with things never unmixed with emotion. These are the natural owners of descriptive knowledge, and of the words in which it is embodied. In our age, they need to defend their property. The scientists, superstitiously revered in our civilisation, are presuming to trespass beyond their proper bounds.

* * * *

As a first example, let us consider rickets. Like most diseases, it was recognised and described by practical operative men. In the beginning of the century it was understood to be a syndrome: the simultaneous occurrence of several abnormalities, some of which were connected with bone-development and some (abdominal distension, pallor without anaemia, tetanic convulsions) not so directly connected with the bones. In the course of the deeper investigation of this disease, certain laboratory workers discovered that the quantity of calcium and of phosphatase in the blood stream had a steady relation to the more severe forms of rickets; and it was measurable. An abnormal cell-formation in the ends of the long bones had also such a relation; the cells were detectable by X-ray and their extent fairly measurable. This was scientifically good, and would have been generally useful, if matters had gone no further.

What in fact happened was that the scientists began to equate these measurable conditions with rickets. For some time they were able to do this unchallenged because they did it only among themselves; and for a further time they were able to do it because the resulting clash was only one-sided—that is, what the scientists called rickets was recognised as rickets also by the operative men, the general practitioners and consultant physicians. The day came, however, when these field-workers, speaking of certain cases of rickets, were sharply told by the scientists that they were not cases of

rickets. Their measurable characters did not fall within the mathematical limits which they, the scientists, had chosen to give to the word.

No one had asked the scientists to give that word a mathematical definition; they had merely assumed (through professional bias) that a term incapable of precise definition was a kind of waste land which anyone could take over and occupy, and that by occupying it they acquired rights there. They asserted strongly their acquired rights in this word "rickets." Soon they made public statements on the word "rickets" in which the word no longer meant what it had meant in 1900. The exaggerated prestige of scientists made protest useless. The public were all too ready to agree that a precise use of a word must be superior to a merely descriptive one—not realising that they were leaving some aspects of the real world without a name and preparing for their own deception.

The battle was short and is now over. The scientists declare and the public believe that rickets is a vanishing disease which one can now hardly find. The public do not know that the "rickets" which has nearly disappeared is not the same thing as the "rickets" so prevalent in 1900. The field-workers do know that they have to deal with many cases which would have been rickets in 1900, which have the same origin as rickets, which require the same treatment as rickets, but which they are prohibited on mathematical grounds from calling rickets. It is not known who has benefited from this state of affairs.

There will be a benefit to the public if the lessons of this sad story are learnt in time and applied in other fields, where the battle is not over, where the usurpers may still be driven out.

* * * *

The second field of battle is that of Intelligence. Here again is a descriptive word, quite incapable of precise definition. It differs from rickets, however, in belonging definitely to the common man. It is concerned with everyday operations and is tinged with emotional values. Everyone is concerned to be

thought intelligent and feels himself entitled to pronounce judgment on the intelligence of others. Moreover, without being able to define the word, they secure a high measure of agreement in the use of it.

But the common man is not watchful over his property. Certain people of scientific bent have devised tests and invented a mathematical notation for the results of them ; and these have become known to the public as " intelligence tests " and " intelligence quotients." With undue modesty, the common man seems prepared to accept the suggestion that someone else has been able to measure what he himself can only vaguely feel. Trustingly, he allows the admission of children to secondary education, the eligibility of grown men for certain posts, to be based on this supposed measure of intelligence. And it's all marsh-fire and moonshine ! !

Challenged, these scientific gentlemen do not pretend to have measured intelligence, but boldly propose that in future " intelligence " shall mean whatever it is that they have managed to measure. Presumption, certainly ! I am not sure one should not go further and say, Impudence ! I am not concerned with the scientific status of their tests, nor with what a Peano or a Russell would think of the mathematical basis of their notation. Much more important are the practical consequences. Is our very conception of intelligence to be warped and distorted out of recognition ? It may happen, if we don't revolt. It is within the experience of many parents that I.Q. is not in fact intelligence. A child who watches the toast *under* the grill while the bacon *over* the grill burns to a cinder, is not intelligent, and the common man would not be interested to know that her I.Q. was 134—unless, indeed, he stopped to reflect that her share of the educational facilities of the country was being determined by her high I.Q. and not by her low intelligence.

It would be shallow to dismiss this as an argument about words. A rose, maybe, by any other name would smell as sweet ; but by the same name we have seen things foisted on gardeners that did not smell at all. That is the danger. This unknown but measured thing, if allowed to be called intelligence,

will take over all the standing and respect that word has gathered to itself without having to earn any standing or respect whatever. It will be shielded, too, from criticism. On the other side of the medal, linguists know that men find it hard to think consecutively about something for which they haven't a name. The true concept of intelligence, built up in us by millennia of living and tested by results, is born of a real need. If we give away the name of it, we shall lose our grasp of it.

The battle sways to and fro. It is now, at once, that we must refuse this bogus, factitious " intelligence " and go back to the original " G." When we have measured a child's " G "-factor, we do at least know that we do not know what it is, or what it is good for, and that it remains for careful, scrutinised experiment to determine whether in fact it is good for anything.

* * * *

The separate issues are important ; the principles are still more important. Descriptive knowledge is essential to real living. The claim that the immeasurable is less real than the measurable is illegitimate—the product of a cyclopean habit of mind. To be human is to have two eyes, and to use them both

IMPRESSIONS OF YUGOSLAVIA

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER with the Yugoslavs was not a happy one. I first met them in Istria in 1945, when British forces were busy suppressing demonstrations for the return of Trieste to Yugoslavia, and this was hardly the best atmosphere for friendly Anglo-Slav contacts. One got the impression that our late allies were a tough, fierce unfriendly crowd. It was only when I had revisited Yugoslavia last year that I realised how completely false was this first impression. The Yugoslavs are, as a group, the friendliest people I have ever met. Their generous, enthusiastic hospitality is something I shall never forget.

I spent six weeks last year, working, playing and sight-seeing in Yugoslavia, as one of a group of British students helping to build the "Brotherhood-Unity" Highway from Zagreb to Belgrade.

Because of an unfortunate tangle with the Italian customs (my passport was not in order) I became separated from the British party, and I was further delayed by strikes in Italy. As a result, I entered Yugoslavia alone, penniless, without visa and without rail-ticket. Not, perhaps, the best circumstances in which to cross the "Iron Curtain." It took me twenty minutes to cross the border from Trieste, and the formalities were far less than those for entering Trieste from Italy. The first station on the Yugoslav side of the frontier, Sezane, was seemingly deserted, except for a bored-looking soldier who patrolled the platform and prevented people from alighting. I was alone in the carriage, it was hot, and the wooden seats were uncomfortable. I soon got tired of waiting and jumped out onto the platform, intending to find some official to whom I could explain my position. The soldier ordered me back in the train, and for a few more minutes I sat glumly staring out of the window at him. Then a customs officer came along, took my passport, asked me, in Italian, how much money I had and passed on. A few minutes later he returned the passport, and accepted without question my story about why I had no visa (The brigade leader had a collective visa for the whole group).

Then the deserted station woke up to the noise of a crowd of peasants coming down from a picnic in the hills. The train was soon crowded with these sun-tanned, boisterous country folk. I caused great amusement by trying to speak in Serbo-Croat. The shouts of laughter which greeted my attempts soon made me the centre of interest. I can still picture the fantastic old man, with a mouth full of gold teeth displayed in a perpetual grin, who insisted upon giving a bottle of wine to the "Angliski." He then produced a battered violin. and began, much to my surprise to play "Roll out the barrel" for the Angliski. My attempt to sing the words kept one stout old lady convulsed for the rest of the journey. A young lad

WOMAN S PLACE....

I HAVE LONG CONSIDERED that an unbridgeable gulf exists between the male and female sex, and that each species should be the complement of the other. Therefore, I view with alarm the modern cult for advanced female education—an obvious attempt by the weaker sex to penetrate exclusively masculine domains, an attempt which will in due course result in the attenuation of true university life.

This is, after all, basically a man's world, organised to fulfil his ambitions and cater for his tastes. Woman has her place in it of course, but she was never intended to be a prime mover in its concerns, merely one of the contributory satellites to a male society. Female tastes and aptitudes are the embroidery which lends charm to the basic fabric of life, but can never take the place of the solid substance which they adorn. And social life can only be well-balanced when woman realises her function and keeps to it, instead of attempting things beyond her scope.

The regrettable infiltration of women into our universities demonstrates the unfortunate result when this balance is disturbed. The unity of university life is weakened, and the strong bond of male companionship is shattered. For the communal life offered by a university responds to some deep-seated need in most men for the support and companionship of like minds. A definite streak of mutual understanding is to be found in the average purely-male community, which brings with it a satisfactory feeling of self-confidence. But the invasion of women into such a community at once destroys this unity, since they remain obstinately individual and disconcertingly unpredictable. The deep friendship of man for man is replaced by something much more transitory and illusive, and few men maintain their masculinity un-contaminated by this weakening influence.

Instead of being able—at the end of a tiring day—to turn aside to the relaxation of female company, he is compelled to maintain a practically permanent social front to his female co-students, who demand that he should worship at the shrine

of their femininity, while yet admitting man's mental superiority. This virtually impossible combination has an inevitable effect on scholastic proficiency, when natural brilliance is warring with deprecating chivalry.

How different things were when a woman's career was mainly to be wittily entertaining, when she supplied in life some function peculiarly her own, and applied exclusively feminine qualities—tact, sublety, intuition—to creating for herself an enviable position of cherished supremacy! But it was a position whose attainment required a wit and intelligence not granted to all, and the present decline of woman's status is no doubt due to the increasing failure of women to reach this high standard. Unable to shine in their normal sphere, they must have dominance somehow in the man-world, and feel that it is perhaps easier to beat man at his own game, rather than to try for success in a more arduous role. Hence their determined entry into the scholastic world, their desire to have an intellectual yard-measure of their value, which is more easily gained and less mutable than a valuation based on personality and character.

The fact is, that deep within every woman is the desire to attract the opposite sex, however much it may be covered by a social veneer. She must draw attention to herself in some way, and having once taken the mistaken step of trying to acquire scholastic equality, she is not quite sure whether that in itself is sufficient attraction. So she tries, with feminine lack of logic, to attract in diametrically opposed ways—with the result that neither job is done properly. She either begins in the time-honoured way, by displaying her personal charm, or uses the rather more indirect technique of demonstrating her mental ability. In the former case, the necessary distraction of a modicum of studies prevents her from achieving the perfection of her less educated, and therefore more feminine, sister outside the University walls. And in the latter case, she loses—in the unnatural pursuit of knowledge—a large proportion of her most charming qualities. How little elusive mystery there is about a girl who discusses aspects of Neo-Platonism with unswerving enthusiasm—even in the face of

Spring sunshine ! And it does not require a Higher Mathematics student to subtract 40% from the charm of any girl on embarrassingly familiar terms with Euclid.

Presumably, the basis of a progressive civilization is marriage—the complementing of different personalities into an harmonious whole. This desire of the female kind to equate themselves with their male partners can therefore only lead to the dislocation of normal social relationships, and the final disintegration of society.

Woman's prime function in Life has always been as a child-bearer and companion—to which functions she has been adapted physically, and any attempt to convert her potentialities to a different end can hardly be a happy one. Neither the brawny product of mock-masculine games nor the opiniated pedant can fulfil this function successfully, and indeed seem unwilling to realise its obligations.

To the modern woman, freedom is synonymous with the possession of masculine privileges, and she fails to value highly enough the scope of freedom available in her own sphere, unless any man should be temerous enough to attempt to meddle in it. Then she repulses him with scornful gibes at his incompetent ignorance in attempting to gauge female tastes.

This possessive jealousy is typical of the modern woman student, who is neither prepared to abandon all claims to her traditional status nor yet to relinquish the possibility of academic laurels. Not that I entirely condemn education of the female. Obviously, if one has to spend upwards of twenty years with one's wife, one would prefer her to have a modicum of intelligence. My plea is that this intelligence should be directed to more suitably feminine accomplishments, and that she should ignore destructive scholasticism, in favour of developing the more receptive, imaginative side of her nature. A woman who has developed intelligently all her feminine capabilities is obviously a completer person than one who attempts a precarious grasp on two diametrically opposed worlds. The successful career woman is a rarity, and the price of the success achieved is a neutral sex, unacceptable to both

men and women. Few men would have the temerity, or perhaps even the desire, to propose to a first class honours degree, or try to establish a human relationship with a distilled text-book.

I suggest that female suffrage won for women not "equality" with men (how can two different substances be strictly speaking equated ?), but a right to be considered as individuals, rather than possessions. And it is this right which they are throwing away by seeking to become a subsidiary branch of the man-species. I look forward with hope to the day when some woman will be sufficiently courageous to strike boldly for her rights as an individual, and refuse to be swept along in this mass-movement of sub-femininity—and I, for one, shall be right behind her.

B.S.

A MONTH AFTER BURIAL

The corpse, below, decaying and rotten,
The soul, not below, not above, but dead,
The man by best friends almost forgotten :

Remembered, not when devotions are said
Or Auld Lang Syne sung, but when converse strays
To gaudy nights spent in pursuit of lust,
To girls seduced and willing, to the days
of sinful pleasant yesteryear. So rust
The living while the buried dead decays.

These living flesh, soulless in moving death,
Live no more than the carcass in the grave :
A few more journeys wasted, useless breath,
Vessels but shipwrecks, little left to save.

M.M.

Aurelian

THE LESSON OF FOLLICK

THE MOST STRIKING THING about Mr. Follick's spelling reform project is the narrow margin by which it was defeated in the Commons. If that is the temper of our legislators, then it is essential that we should have in readiness a scheme, prepared by competent people, which shall be workable and endurable, and shall not make us ridiculous before the cultured European world. And I imagine that in the new tripartite situation (in which there is traditional spelling, rational spelling, and Follick) many old enemies will become fast friends, anxious to co-operate. This is certainly to be hoped. Otherwise the reform of spelling may repeat the history of political revolutions, where the opposition to rational intelligent reform leads at last to the bursting of barriers by an excited and stupid mob. This may be the last chance for those who do not really want any reform at all to save themselves from such stupidities as *labor* for *labour*, or *sox* for *socks*, which arise from the strict application of rules that seem sound at first sight but are not welded together into a system.

In the hope of bringing about some serious and constructive discussion, I will put forward one or two general principles which I think ought to govern any sensible efforts at reform.

First, *the essential is that English spelling should be brought under definite rules.* The critics of the traditional spelling may have different *objects*, but they all have at bottom the same objection : that it is chaotic. However, there is nothing in this quite general principle to say what kind of rules shall govern our spelling. It does not bind us to the rigid phonetic formula " one sign, one sound : one sound, one sign." One reason why I call *sox* stupid, and have no great objection to *ax* for *axe*, is that every speaker of English knows that the *s* of *socks* is detachable, and that of *axe* is fixed. To represent them in the same way is making a fetish of the phonetic formula. After all, the object of spelling reform is not to note the exact sounds as they occur in speech ; that, which is required only by the

THE LESSAN OV FOLLICK

THE MOEST strieking thing aboût Mista Follicks speling refaûm projèct is the naro maajin bie wich it wos defeeted in the Comanz. If that is the tempa ov ou·a lejislaetas, then it is essénshal that we shood hav in rediness a skeem, prepéad bie compitant peepl, wich shal be wöcabl and enduerabl, and wich shal not maek uss redícueluss befau the cultyöd Ueropéan wöld. And I emájin that in the nue tripaatiet situeâsion (in wich thêa-r-is tradisional speling, rasional speling, and Follick) meni oeld enimis wil becúm faast frends, angshuss to co·óparaet. Thiss is sötanli to be hoepd. Udhawies the refaûm ov speling mae repéet the histari ov polítical révolúsionz, wêa-r-òposísion to rasional entélijant refaûm leeds at laast to the bösting ov barias bie an eksieted and stuepid mob. Thiss mae be the laast chaans fau thoes huu duu not reali wont eni refaûm at aul to saev them-selvs from such stuepiditis as *labor* fau *laeba* au *sox* fau *soks*, wich aries from the strict aplicaesion ov ruulz that seem sound at fösst siet but aa not welded toogedha into a sistam.

In the hoep ov bringing aboût sum seariuss and construktiv descúsion, I wil poot fauwad wun au tuu jenaral principalz wich I think aut to guvön eni sensibl efösts at refaûm.

Fösst, *the essenshal is that Ingglish speling shood be braut unda definit ruulz.* The critiks ov the tradisional speling mae hav difarant objècts but thae aul hav at botam the saem objécsion : that it is cae·ótik. Hou·eva, thêa-r-is nuthing in thiss quiet jenaral prinsipl to sae wot kiend ov ruulz shal guvön ou·a speling. It dus not biend uss to the rijid fonétik faumuela " wun sien, wun sound : wun sound, wun sien." Wun reesan wie I caul *sox* stuepid, and hav noe graet objection to *ax* for *acs* is that evri speeca ov Ingglish noes that the *s* ov *soks* is detáchabl, and that of *acs* is ficsd. To rèpresént them in the saem wae is maeking a fetish ov the fonétik faumuela. Aafta-r-aul, the object ov speling refaum is not to noet the egzact sounds as thae ocö in

serious linguist, is looked after by the International Phonetic Association. We are concerned with everyday spelling, in which words are represented by agreed signs, the same whether the words are stressed, half-stressed, or unstressed.

Second, *the best method is to start with a list of signs in which all those sounds are clearly distinguished which the speakers of the language consciously distinguish.* When a convenient series of signs has been chosen, then one can consider how far to depart from a strict application of it, in deference to grammatical procedures, aesthetic preferences, and so forth.

Third, *given a set way of representing SOUNDS, we must leave people free to represent WORDS as they please.* This is a most important principle, and very much contested. What exactly does it mean ? " As they please " is usually thought to mean " as they pronounce them." But this is a mistake. It would mean in practice " as they wished them to be read." A Northerner writing a letter to *The Times* may decide to write *warm water* as *waum wautö*, though he says (and would write in private correspondence) *waam wata.* It depends on what he expects the reader to recognise. Why is it contested ? I really don't know. That there might be one right way to spell a word is just a dogma. In the recent debate, one speaker said that it might seem a sensible idea to write words as we pronounce them, only, as we pronounce them variously, he didn't see how we should all manage to spell them the same way. Evidently, he regarded it as unquestionable that we *ought* all to spell them the same way—so unquestionable that he never thought to explain why. The usual marks of dogma ! I have never seen anywhere any clear and considered argument in favour of a fixed standard.

Fourth, *every discussion of the reform of spelling should be accompanied by an example of the author's script,* whether proposed as a final scheme, or (as here) as a basic system to be worked over and elaborated. Such an actual sample is the best evidence perhaps the only possible evidence that the principles the writer brings forward are capable of being built into a complete

system. It is useless to discuss methods which, admirable in themselves, may proveincompatible with each other in practice.

Fifth, *every system must be capable of being expressed IN TWO FORMS : as rules for spelling words heard, and as rules for pronouncing words seen.* Neither aspect is more important than the other, and the two sets of rules must be equally precise. Space does not allow of my giving here the two full sets of rules governing my transcription ; but I ought to mention two cases in which actual lists of words have to be learned :—

(1) TH is used to represent two sounds at the beginning of words, and so the *pronunciation* of those that should begin with DH has to be learned by heart. There are twelve.

(2) The vowels are incorrectly written in *be, he, she, the, we, to, I, you*—eight words whose *spelling and pronunciation* have to be learned.
All the rest can be reduced to rule.

In conclusion I must express my indebtedness to Professor Zachrisson for many important principles ; but at the same time I must stress that this is NOT a sample of Professor Zachrisson's *Anglic.* He would not approve my transcription, so must not be held responsible for it.

INVITATION

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTENSELY—yes, intensely interested in teeth. I am not a dentist ; but perhaps this is an advantage, because it enables me to look at teeth with that subtle degree of unprofessional interest which gives more authority to one's opinion. This is true of everything in the sphere of aesthetics. Everyone quibbles with the critics ; but let a man come forward whose lifelong, but *spare-time* interest has been in, say, burying beetles—let him come forward, I say, and speak his mind on the beauty of the pattern of behaviour of these creatures, and his opinion will carry more weight than that of the most eminent entomologist.

I was charmed and honoured, therefore (or should I say honoured and charmed ?) when I received an invitation from the Dental Society to attend the formal opening of an Exhibition of Old Teeth. And there was to be tea. The ceremony was to be performed by Doctor Caulie Crichton, Professor of Oral Surgery in the local University. The exhibition consisted of the private collection of the late Eugenie Mott. who had bequeathed it (together with her note-books and voluminous writings) to the School of Dentistry, and was to be shown in the library of the School.

The gathering was well-dressed if not august. It was a smallish, rather precious company, consisting largely of lecturers' wives wearing their furs and best smiles, with a fair admixture of dignified gentlemen who (or was I imagining it ?) took the slightest opportunity of laughing or smiling pleasantly and elaborately. They stood about in twos and threes enquiring after the health of each other and of various mutual acquaintances whose very existence they had severally forgotten until that moment. They waggled the programmes which they had been given at the door, and talked of anything but teeth, as if this subject were itself the object of the formal opening. I moved slowly round, trying to look as if the exhibits were all familiar to me—at least in kind, and gleaning, here and there, a murmured greeting from people to whom in ordinary circumstances I would have no access, and at length Professor Caulie-Crichton rose to address the assembly. He coughed a little cough, smiled broadly, began with " I cannot claim to be a connoisseur. . . . ," thanked those who had put in a tremendous amount of time and energy into the arrangement of the Exhibition, and having after fifteen minutes apologised for having talked so much, " without more ado " declared it open. He sat down amidst a pleasing sound of delicate and restrained clapping and a collection of broad smiles, and his hearers turned their attention and conversation to the exhibits.

It was all so excellent. Such charming people ; such a wonderful collection. I wandered round, prattled a little about this and that, succeeded in restraining a blush when Professor

Caulie-Crichton gently pointed out to me that the contents of the case I was examining would not be found on the programme since it formed part of the collection permanently housed in the library, and took great care not to be first out of the room when tea was announced. I went in to tea, in fact, with my old friend Cannerton. I had been looking absently at a specimen of a Neolitic boy with a cleft palate when I noticed on my left a perfect example of crowding. I consulted my programme to look at the number again, and to my (undisguised) amazement the specimen had moved away. It was Cannerton.

The ladies who serve tea on these occasions do so with an air of patient resignation—albeit scarcely discernable. I gathered my cup as gracefully as I could, maintaining as carefully as possible an attitude which I hoped would assure anyone who chanced to be looking at me that I was still reflecting on teeth, and that tea itself was a secondary affair, and feigned an interest in what my friend had to say about the Spanish molars in the exhibition (with half an ear for what Mrs. Caulie-Crichton was saying about the casts made for Cambyses the King of Persia). I nibbled my last chocolate biscuit and took my leave.

That evening I couldn't face my dinner.

D.A.

H. R. Hinton and *C. W. Hunt*

THE LYSENKO CONTROVERSY

IN AUGUST, 1948, T. D. Lysenko, President of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences, delivered a presidential address to the members of the Academy. The outcome of this address was that many distinguished Soviet biologists were relieved of their duties, amongst whom may be mentioned : L. A. Orbeli, Secretary of Biological Sciences Section and I. I. Schmalhausen, Director of the Institute of Evolutionary

Morphology. In addition, the following biologists opposed blind acceptance of the Lysenko-Michurin teaching :—

S. I. Alikhayan, who insisted on the necessity of different trends in scientific work if true discoveries were to be made.

I. A. Rapoport said that the Lysenko theory is a wrong conception and like V. S. Nemchinov upheld the conception of heredity as put forward by the " bourgeois biologists."

Resolutions approved by the Academy of Sciences included the closure of N. P. Dubinin's Cytogenetic Laboratory and also the Laboratory of Botanical Cytology because of their anti-scientific attitudes. This meant, in effect, that adherents to the Mendel-Morgan theory of heredity were to be removed in order that the Michurin teaching could go forward unopposed.

This, to many people, was the first news, or rather action of the Lysenko-inspired Michurin biologists. The Michurin doctrine is not, however, a new theory, but rather a further elaboration of Lamarckism. Neo-Lamarckism is based upon the idea that animals and plants evolve by modifications of existing structures under the influence of the environment and that such modifications are handed down to succeeding generations. The opposing theory of Mendel-Morganism is based upon the spontaneous appearance of new characters brought about by changes in the germ cells, such changes being known as mutations. These characters are created independently of the environment, some being advantageous and others disadvantageous to the plant or animal concerned. Those possessing the former type will have the greater chance of survival, thereby adhering to Darwin's Law of Natural Selection.

Michurin, who was discovered by Lenin and Stalin, and aided by them in his work, laid the foundations of the present teaching in Soviet biology. This, the Lamarckist attitude, confined itself to the progress of Soviet agricultural policy in the shortest time, rather than to the Mendel-Morganists with the drawn-out experiments required to give complete proof of each stage in a theory. Hence it was that they confirmed to

the most rigid theory which did not consider the variations induced by heredity.

The first five-year plan for Science was introduced to cover the period 1932-1937, and the restrictions imposed were such, that work on cytogenetics was reduced to a minimum unless it was of direct utilitarian value from an agricultural point of view. Nevertheless, under the direction of Varilov, the Academy of Agricultural Sciences opposed the teachings of Michurin and his adherent Lysenko, inasmuch as they refused to allow publication of his teaching in at least three of the Academy's publications because the articles were unscientific. Also, the Academy of Sciences and the Ministries of Agriculture and Higher Education supported the Mendel-Morganists to a certain extent. Despite this opposition, Vavilov allowed Lysenko to continue his work in the Laboratory at Odessa, which was under Vavilov's control. He stated, that despite Lysenko's lack of knowledge he might discover some facts which would be of value, and in any case no harm could arise from it. In this, however, Vavilov was in error for Lysenko was determined that the Michurin teaching must become the sole school of thought in Russian biology.

The main work to which Lysenko applied himself was vernalisation and grafting experiments. Vernalisation, or the subjection of seeds to different temperatures, was given much publicity but the scientific facts and results upon which his conclusions are based are scanty. There is a marked absence of any experimental results either in his papers or, in his book "Soviet Biology," which would enable a reader to judge the facts for himself. As a result of this vernalisation, he claims to have changed spring wheat into winter wheat and also given a larger yield. Over a period of two, three, or four years, spring wheat was sown in the autumn and apparently there suddenly arose an entirely different species of wheat, known as winter wheat. No transitional forms were obtained, the whole process taking place in one step. These experiments would have been of greater value had full details been given as to the methods of culture, etc., as all similar experiments conducted elsewhere have failed. It has, however, been known for an entirely

different species to arise from that sown, when the soil has not previously been sterilised. We are not told whether such a precaution was taken.

The second series of experiments on which he bases his conclusions are on grafting, in which he is again also very neglectful of detail. He states emphatically, that any character can be transmitted by grafting, and quotes experiments on tomatoes. Here again, the facts are not made clear, as although it is agreed that certain characters can be so transmitted, the majority can not so far as has yet been proved.

Politically, rather than scientifically, Lysenko became a member of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences and in June, 1940, Vavilov was replaced as President by Lysenko. Having now achieved this position, his aim was to remove all adherents to the Mendel-Morganism teachings. This was finally accomplished in August, 1948, by means of an address which had previously been approved by the Government. In this address, he denounced the chromosome theory of heredity, and named all its followers "non-patriotic reactionaries." This has resulted in the elimination of cytogenetics in Russia.

Mendel-Morganism has been proved beyond doubt by detailed scientific experiments carried out by scientists the world over. This relies upon the presence of genes in the chromosomes of the germ cells. Each gene, or group of genes, is responsible for the appearance of a character in the adult. These genes have recently been shown to be represented by bands of irregular thickness across the chromosomes. By painstaking research, each band has been shown to affect a certain character. Further work has shown that abnormalities occur where certain bands are reversed in order—this has been shown by ocular demonstration. These genes are transferred from one individual to another according to Mendel's Laws. In addition to these facts, there is a far greater wealth of available statistical results dealing with the transference of characters in accordance with Mendel's Laws of Heredity, than ever Lysenko or his associates have established with graft-hybridisation.

His objection to the results so obtained have never been based on scientific grounds, but purely on their failure to comply with the utility required by the Soviet agricultural policy and the political aims of the Party.

In considering the many aspects arising from this controversy, it seems apparent so far as we are able to judge that the purge on Russian geneticists is the outcome of the reformation of science in which Michurin biologists endeavour to mould the biological sciences to fit Marxist theory. So, science can be arrested at any stage the Party considers opportune to save it from "the reactionary obscurantism of the capitalist bourgeoisie."

Lysenko in his work has elaborated the theory before the fact and, as is well shown in his Presidential address, has tried to disprove facts by dogmatic assertion and high-flown rhetoric. It is true that in the Academy's session, opposition was encountered, but when it was known that Lysenko had the full backing of the Party, some recanted, and those who did not were removed from all their scientific posts.

Despite this, it seems difficult to believe that the Soviet Government would adopt such a reformation of Soviet biology and affirm the truth of Lysenko's teachings, without the evidence of adequate scientific results. We have to consider that the affair is either a gigantic fraud to compel scientists to follow the Party Line, or, that it is the honest work of a number of Soviet biologists under Lysenko who have accomplished far-reaching results which are not available to the scientists of the west.

In considering this latter theory we must bear in mind that the study of vernalisation, graft-hybridisation and of the effect of the environment is by no means a dead-end in itself. It may be found that it will repay the efforts of research workers and make some important contribution to scientific facts. Much more work will have to be done on this subject, however, and to dismiss all scientists who do not subscribe to this theory is an act of intolerance which strikes at the roots of the freedom of thought without which science can accomplish little of lasting value.

W. A. Hodges

LAMENT

My Aunt Bellairs is old and fat
And keeps a supercilious cat
Whose sneering looks and acid glee
Quite spoil her hospitality.
Alas, she loves it like a child,
And will not have her cat reviled,
So I, perforce, with feigned grace,
My righteous anger must efface.

Now when I visit Aunt Bellairs
I have to traverse fifteen stairs ;
Fifteen stairs both up and down,
The steepest stairs in Greenwich Town.
The cat sits on a window seat
And loftily surveys the street,
And as I climb that wretched stair
It grins to see me panting there.

And when with Aunt, before the fire,
In talk I try to drown my ire,
Beside us on a woolly mat,
Slyly grimacing sits the cat,
And as with rage I start to stutter
It mimics every word I utter.
Oh how I wish my aunt could see
How irritating this can be !

One summer day, when by myself
In Auntie's house, upon a shelf,
A spotted teapot I espied.
I raised the lid and looked inside.
Her will it was. I read with glee,
The part which left her wealth to me,
But then I saw, with sudden chill.
My Aunt had made a codicil.

"I give," she said, (quite well-intentioned).
"To the said nephew aforementioned
All that I have, provided he
To my dear Tibbles father be.
But if he fail, all my estate
My lawyer then shall confiscate
And use it, without more delay
To found a Home for Cats at Bray."

Oh once I wished my Aunt were dead,
But now my dearest wish instead
Is for my Aunt's continued health,
Though I wait the longer for her wealth.
And so (I state my case with brevity),
Though cats are noted for longevity,
I pray that death may Tibbles choke,
Before my Auntie Bellairs croak.

US

My little baby sister, Anne,
Has a deep bass voice, just like a man.
How pleasant, when she starts to prattle,
To teach her songs like "Into Battle,"
Or hear the glasses wildly clinking
When little Annie renders "Drinking."

Young Tommy, on the other hand,
Will eat no food but silver-sand,
Or London Clay with granite chips;
No other fare may pass his lips.
And so, each morning, on a lorry,
They bring his breakfast from a quarry.

But strangest of us all is Joe,
Who has a wondrous hammer-toe,
With which the lad with ease and skill
Can knock in ten-inch nails at will.
He now knocks nails in for his cousin
Who pays him eighteenpence a dozen.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY VERSE

A REVIEW OF THE ANTHOLOGY

THIS PRODUCTION is one manifestation of a more than usually keen interest in the writing of verse among the members of Leeds University. A number of the most attractive contributions come from students of the last year or two. It is also a manifestation of an increased feeling in the University for the visual arts. *The Gryphon* staff deserve praise not only for their taste in selecting the poems, but also for having several of them handsomely and ingeniously illustrated. The cover illustration is by Henry Moore, the others by Eric Westbrook, D. P. Henry and Maurice Walker, the two latter artists being students.

The anthology consists of some fifty poems and offers an interesting variety of styles. Some readers will be glad to see a few pieces showing no sign of " modern " tendencies and presenting no difficulties, such as Ronald Reeve's *The First Christmas Eve*, which is charming in spite of the Browningesque first strophe, and R. M. Stuttard's technically accomplished *Ur of the Chaldees*. With these may be contrasted poems illustrating contemporary techniques, which also differ strikingly from each other. Kenneth Severs' *On the Immediate Prospect of a College* exemplifies the " metaphysical " use of the everyday image :

> *We pursue intentions in blind conceit :*
> *On the departure platform we elbow to the train*
> *And, once there, insist on the corner seat.*
> *Keep windows closed against suspected rain*
> *And compose our thoughts to the flanges' beat ;*
> *Behind though, through the engine's smoke and flame,*
> *Amplified, a voice announces destinations :*
> *Far down the line, we greet the unexpected stations.*

Logic or an appearance of logic in the development of the imagery is a characteristic of this kind of poetry, which shows the influence of Auden and ultimately of Eliot. It is liable to

be the expression of an ironical or disillusioned view of experience. Quite different from this is the work of Dorian Cooke, who is an inflamed Romantic. Delighting (as Dr. Johnson said, queerly enough, of Dryden) to " tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle," he confronts one with some astonishing and often mysteriously successful sallies of imagery. His poem *The Crowning* is for me a complete mystification, but somehow it imposes itself. His *Poem of Some Meditations in a Partisan Hospital*, which is not difficult as far as the general sense is concerned, has some baffling images and is composed throughout with a reckless rage which can be both impressive and amusing :

A wrecking outside,
The sunrise, noon, and sunset have been blown
Among the pines, like the needles and tide
Of three huge waters. Somewhere sailors drown,
Or waterless soldiers lick flint-splints—who deride
The owl's voice from some bloody town.

For total contrast we may turn to T. R. Hodgson's beautiful *Autumnal* 1940, with its admirable modesty and directness of style. The modernity is in the sensitive control of the free verse :

Cry from the sea the gray birds
in the twilight, and their crying
echoes among the gray
windbeaten silences
of the cliffs, where once
the lovers in the summer gladness
walked, and now
no longer walk. For time
is running out ;
day, year, and age
falter to their uncertain end
and death usurps
the glory of the changeless hour....

Of the contributions by younger poets the most interesting to me are Mollie Herbert's *The Woodpigeon* which, though not flawless in composition, expresses an original and very sympathetic sensibility, and the two short pieces by Robin Skelton, who shows a delicate feeling for the shaping of his poems and for arranging of words. One or two of the more recent poets (and I shall not reveal their names) seem to me sometimes to use a façade of contemporary mannerism to mask commonplaceness of feeling. But most of the items in this collection repay that second or third reading which is usually necessary for full appreciation.

The teaching staff, past and present, are also represented, and here the editors have chosen very felicitously with a view, apparently, to variety of genre and style. The volume opens agreeably with a manuscript facsimile of a light poem by Lascelles Abercrombie, who also appears more formally in the *Ceremonial Ode*. There are some French verses by Juliette Decreus and a translation from modern Greek by W. M. Edwards. Kenneth Muir's four "annotations," sonnets inspired by passages from *The Tempest*, are interesting as philosophical poetry and as experiment in an unusual type of composition. The special quality in Wilfred Childe's poems is the association of what at first seem merely to be pleasing creations of fancy with an intense and personal emotion :

O my immortal birds of glorious gold,
My comforters, be with me when the cold
Withers the mortal wood and freezes branch and stone.

Herbert Read, who introduces the anthology, contributes

three poems, one of which I cannot forbear to quote in its entirety :

My hand that out of the silk subsiding waters
reaches in despair might be some shipwreckt mariner's
and the cool soft breast it caresses
the curdled crest of a wave ;
but beneath a heart beats tranquilly
and her mind is wandering restlessly
over the wide dominions of sense.
She is free : I know her voice will sing
above the sever'd oaks : her steps
will be light as she proceeds
festively under a fate
dark as the falling assegai.
She is a nymph : and she is free
and I am but a fetter'd ape.

D. W. JEFFERSON.

(Particulars of the Anthology reviewed above will be found on the back cover of *The Gryphon*).

"WHAT MEN PERFORM"

THERE ARE CRITICS brash enough to say that English drama came of age with Marlowe and died gracefully with Congreve. If this engagingly simple view is correct we have been privileged to see during last term the beginning and end of that very lusty growth. An excursion into Spanish drama also gave us an opportunity of comparing English homespun with the more exotic Continental brocade and if we prefer the former we hope it is our simple taste and not mere chauvinism which guides us.

Congreve's "Way of the World" was given an adequate rather than inspired production by Kenneth Doyle. To gain its full effects Restoration comedy requires a stylised form of

acting set off by elegant sets and costumes; that these were only partly present must be set down to the prevailing lack of technique on the one hand and lack of finances on the other. Even so, the play was delightful to watch. Kenneth Muir's *Mirabell* was perhaps a shade too melancholy a contrast to Walter Doyle-Davidson's sanguine *Fainall* and Evelyn Paul's mercenary rather than witty *Millamant*, but Marjorie Spink as *Lady Wishfort* gave us a grandly bucolic portrait. Crabbed age, it seems, is no less tender than fond youth, only more richly comic in its amorous antics. *Witwoud* and *Petulant* (Jack Clark and John Boorman) were two well contrasted fops poised perilously between the witty and the foolish. Inaudibility gave Kathleen Euler's *Mrs. Fainall* a somewhat ambiguous quality, but *Mrs. Marwood* had spite and anger enough. Patrick Meredith's *Sir Wilfull Witwoud*, had the puzzled bashfulness of the countryman loose in London, and achieved a fine careless state of drunkenness. As *Foible*, Margaret Doxy was the only player who gave us that surface brilliance which, though not the only, or perhaps even the primary quality of the play, is the one most immediately apparent on the stage.

If Congreve's play is an example of the polished, flawless, carefully organised structure, Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" has the greatness of a broken monolith. Its producer is set an almost insoluble problem; a magnificent opening builds up a tension which is dissipated by the flat incongruities of the middle portion and has again to be built up for the almost unendurable climax. Faced with this difficulty, David Coombs chose to rely upon spectacle to carry the burden of Elizabethan horse-play. He failed here, for his minor characters, costumed with unaccustomed opulence, moved like amateur mannequins and recited self-consciously. Although he approached the play from the outside, making the play's grandeurs seem to be carefully contrived effects rather than organic growths (conceits, in fact) he achieved a high technical standard.

Richard Hinton's *Faustus* had more force than poetry. He gave a study rather than a fully realised portrait of a man whose intellectual pride becomes an egomania which rends, disrupts and finally dissolves his personality long before his

descent into the more orthodox Hell. W. A. Hodges played *Mephistophilis* with grim humour and as much blasphemy as the part would bear as, black-gowned and smiling, he watched Faustus progress along the path to the final shriek. *Wagner* was a neat little sketch by Frank Granville Barker, and Mostyn Silverton as *Clown* and *Chorus* worked hard and effectively in these two thankless roles. The Good and Evil angels (Patricia Doxey and Margot de Graeve) admonished and encouraged the erring Doctor in a manner which successfully suggested they were projections of forces within his mind. The Tudor Players and their producer are to be congratulated on a performance which, if it never quite reached the heights the play demands, was competent, interesting and enjoyable.

Music Society broke fresh ground with a production of "Dido and Aeneas." This charming paraphrase of the Vergilian story gives an oblique glance into a period striving to draw inspiration from Classical literature and achieving at one level the bravura inanities of Dryden's heroic tragedies and at another the greatness of Racine. Purcell's opera, an unsophisticated small scale evocation of Classical times in the idiom of the late Seventeenth Century, was produced by Dr. Allam. Refusing to go beyond the limits set by his orchestra and singers he showed us what those limits are and what could successfully be done with them. If there was an occasional uncertainty in both singing and playing, it was forgotten in the total effect of grace and beauty which a regrettably small audience appreciated.

One cannot say as much for the production, on the same evening, of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Triumph of Death." This was bungled by the producer, who produced what is a form of a Morality play as a Nineteenth Century melodrama, and the actors, who seemed as confused by the play as the audience. The whole affair was a dreadful warning and an awful example of an ill-chosen play ill-produced and badly acted. A few more attempts like this one and Theatre Group's painfully acquired and well-merited reputation will slump heavily. It is not enough to put on plays with an insouciant belief that all will be well "on the night"—this is

merely insulting the audience. There is no substitute for care, hard work and time. The more removed the play is from current dramatic conventions the more necessary is forethought and attention to details.

If all this seems a little hard, it is not because we do not appreciate the sort of difficulties which the producer had to face, but rather that we believe they should be surmounted for the sake of the audience, which has some right to expect a certain standard, and for the sake of the Group which has a reputation to maintain. Much as we admire courage, it cannot be allowed to become a substitute for hard work and artistic integrity. It is because we believe the producer of "Triumph of Death" to be capable of better work that we are, at some risk of being thought curmudgeonly, so harsh.

A.G.

A. M. Khusro

GLIMPSES OF AN EASTERN UNIVERSITY

SITTING BY THE FIRESIDE after a hard day's work I once found myself "voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone." Imagination carried me back to the golden days and silvery nights which I had spent as a student of an Indian University. I then discovered that even our quarrels and enmities of old days acquire a quaint flavour. We are never so charitable as with our past and imagination seldom runs its course so riotously as when it runs backward.

Of the many pictures that imagination portrays let us try to note some which present a contrast between Eastern and British Universities. But since the Indian Universities exhibit such a great diversity of customs and behaviour we cannot expect our picture here to be a representative of all Indian Universities. Moreover, the point of cardinal importance is

that standards of social behaviour vary from country to country and it is futile to try to judge the manners and rules of etiquette of one people by the standards of another.

The outstanding thing that strikes one is the fact that there is in India a separation between the sexes to a degree that may not be understandable to western minds. Among orthodox Muslims who still observe the " parda " system boys and girls never study together ; hence the existence of some colleges exclusively for women. But even where there is co-education, some restrictive practices are quite common. It would indeed be amusing for a western spectator to note that the lecture is about to start. The men students have taken their seats in the lecture room, but the women are still standing in the corridors or the verandahs, waiting for the lecturer to enter. Not that these daughters of Eve are distrustful of men but that they are shy. The lecturer then enters and the female battalion follows, seating themselves quietly on the row of chairs which is the nearest to the lecturer. When the lecture is over, it is their privilege to leave the room first.

It is perhaps the result of the separation that women students in Indian Universities are respected and honoured. Chivalry seeks the opportunities of display and it often gets the chance. How often it happens that the dignified entry of a female battalion in a rowdy lecture room has the same effect of quietening everyone as has the entry of a respectable professor. The economic law which says that the value of an object depends on the limitation of its supply governs the value of women students in India.

Do the Indian students always listen as attentively to lectures as do the students in British Universities ? It all depends. The silence that greets and the attention that is paid to what is being taught is a mathematical function of the personality of the lecturer. It certainly does not go without saying that a lecturer will receive a patient hearing. He has to be efficient and interesting before he can suppress the opposition, hold the minds of his audience and make himself properly heard and understood. An Indian lecturer truly earns his bread by the sweat of his brow.

How completely different are the standards of behaviour ! You cannot, for example, smoke in the presence of your lecturers, parents or elders. In fact you should not be seen smoking. You may have just started a fresh cigarette, but on the mere sight of a member of the college staff you are expected either to move away from the place, if you are bent upon enjoying your smoke, or else you are obliged to throw the cigarette away—a deplorable waste of resources !

Drink in the Indian middle class is not permitted and middle class morality agrees with nothing more wholeheartedly than with Shakespeare's words : " O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." An idea such as the institution of a bar in a University is most repulsive to the moralist. Only in a bedevilled society, he would maintain, can such an institution flourish.

As for social activities, musical gatherings, dramas, concerts, garden parties, picnics and the rest of them are cherished and highly appreciated but community dancing of the western type is out of question. Indeed, by no concession to human weakness can it be brought within the bounds of morality. It is this conception of morality which baffles one at the Freshers' Social of Leeds University. Standing on the gallery in the Riley-Smith Hall one looks down upon the young dancers and contemplates the depths of degeneration to which humanity has sunk. This attitude persists until one " reforms " one's basis of morality.

In the debates of an Indian College or University you cannot depend upon being given a quiet hearing. You have to face a stormy and a highly critical audience, and but one mistake on your part seals your fate for the day. You can only hope to brave the storm if by the whip-cracks of wit, by eloquence or by a careful handling of subject matter you succeed in getting the audience interested in your talk. Other things being equal, they will often take greater pleasure in suppressing you than in listening to a mere ordinary speech. The struggle between the speaker and the audience is resolved by a trial of strength, and if the former is fitter to survive, he deserves to be a hero.

In British Universities it is either the recognition of the merits of discipline that makes students so meek, calm and dispassionate or it is the lack of zeal and enthusiasm. In the East, while discipline is appreciated, it is not automatically acquiesced in. There must be some fun, some hubbub and bustle, some activity of an unusual nature, something to break the monotony and routine, something in the nature of the English weather which you could talk about. When, for instance, a certain lecturer used some harsh words for some subversive students who had shown reluctance to submit to the discipline of the class, they resolved to give him his due. They arranged a sort of time-bomb underneath the platform on which the lecturer stood, so that exactly fifty minutes after the lecture had started the bomb exploded with a terrific noise that might have waked the dead. No physical injury was done but the room was filled with thick clouds of smoke. Women students shrieked and left the place in panic ; for a while chaos reigned supreme. The object was achieved though some of the repercussions were unfortunate.

Frank Granville Barker

SOME TENDENCIES IN CONTEMPORARY OPERA

AFTER THE DEATHS of Wagner and Verdi many critics advanced the opinion that opera as an art-form had been completely exhausted, and although this pessimistic pronouncement has since been disproved it nevertheless remains true that, with the sole exception of Puccini, no modern composer has produced any appreciable output of works for the operatic stage which have the same popular appeal as those of the two great rivals of the nineteenth century. Lack of immediate recognition does not necessarily imply that the operas of contemporary composers are inferior to those of the past, for great works of art, like newly planted trees, are seen

in their full stature only by later generations. It might be profitable, therefore, to examine some of the tendencies in post-Wagnerian opera and to attempt an assessment of the extent to which modern composers have given expression to the rapidly shifting outlook upon contemporary life and art.

In Germany attempts were made to continue and develop the Wagnerian tradition, but the works of such composers as Bungert and Pfitzner, whilst they contain some fine music and occasional scenes of dramatic intensity, have failed to hold the stage, being now regarded rather as museum pieces. The most outstanding figure in German music to-day is undoubtedly Richard Strauss, whose early opera based on Oscar Wilde's *Salome* is of historical importance as the foundation of the modern German school. This work was at first condemned for the perversely unpleasant nature of its plot and characters, and for the uncompromising novelty of the music, which is angular and rarely melodious. The virtuosity of orchestral scoring displayed in *Salome* has been heightened in Strauss's later works, which thus recall the minutely accurate descriptive music of his tone poems. Ingenious though it is, this musical mimicry becomes burdensome in a full-length work for the stage and, together with the open eroticism of the plot, prevents *Der Rosenkavalier* from achieving real greatness as a comic opera. Although he concedes to the libretto an importance equal to that of the music, Strauss frequently extends the musical length of single syllables so that the words become unintelligible. At his best, however, he succeeds in combining naturalistic declamation with a complex symphonic structure, thus meriting his position as leader of the school of " orchestral " opera.

During the nineteen-twenties there emerged in Germany a type of " proletarian " opera which reflected the Communist tendencies of the day. Schönberg perpetrated a one-act opera in this style, *Erwartung*, in which the sole character passes through a wood in search of her lover, only to find his corpse. (Perhaps the best that can be said of this tedious work is that the prima donna, however temperamental, has no rival performers with whom to find fault). Alban Berg, a pupil of

Schönberg, created in *Wozzeck* a work which, though its musical idiom is difficult to understand, rarely fails to impress the audience by the emotional force of music which perfectly expresses a moving story of adultery, hallucination and murder. *Wozzeck* is composed in three acts of five scenes, the music of each act being cast in an established form—a suite, a symphony and a set of inventions.

In *Pelleas et Mélisande*, Debussy completely subordinated his music to the words of Maeterlinck, and broke with almost all the traditions of opera. Throughout this work the declamation is intended to achieve accuracy of expression by reflecting the shimmer of vocal nuances. The delicate and unobtrusive musical themes are animated by almost intangible rhythms which mount slowly yet relentlessly to the poignant moment of Mélisande's death. A similar quality of refined subtlety is apparent in Ravel's comic opera, *L'Heure Espagnole*, and his opera-ballet *L'Enfaut et les Sortilèges*. These three works are experiments which it would be unwise to repeat, but within their self-imposed limitations the two French composers have created a form of music which has a beauty of its own and which is valuable for its own sake.

It is in England, however, that the most healthy branch of opera has developed, and it is an English composer, Benjamin Britten, who shows the greatest promise of securing a place in the true operatic tradition. Before applying himself to the composing of operas, he had gained a wide knowledge of the theatre by writing incidental music to the Expressionist plays of Auden and Isherwood. Encouraged by the success of *Peter Grimes*, Britten set out to create a form of essentially English opera requiring only small resources of singers and players. His first venture was *The Rape of Lucretia*, a lyrical drama with a libretto by Ronald Duncan after Shakespeare and André Obey. This operatic version shows how each character in the drama must fulfil his own destiny, the essential tragedy lying in the fact that Lucretia is robbed, not only of her husband's love and respect, but of her own being and the will to live. Male and Female Chorus, whilst taking no part in the action, explain the inner conflicts of conscience and

ultimately form judgments based on Christian principles. The music possesses a quality of sombre poetry ideally suited to this interpretation, expressing with equal fidelity the violence of Tarquinius, the despair of Collatinus and the chastity and dignity of Lucretia. In contrast, *Albert Herring*, is a witty and at times broadly farcical work, the libretto being an adaptation of Maupassant's *Le Rosier de Madame Husson*, with the scene transferred to a small market town in Suffolk. The characteristics of the pillars of Victorian small-town life—the Vicar, the Schoolmistress and, above all, Lady Billows—provide an inexhaustible fund of true comedy. Rarely indeed has an opera proved to be such excellent theatre.

Many composers have been omitted from this brief survey of post-Wagnerian opera, but it should nevertheless indicate that opera, far from ceasing to be a living force in the world of contemporary music, is an art-form which still retains an immense potentiality for the delight and entertainment of modern audiences. It seems safe to predict that in the vital tradition which has come down from Monteverdi resides a stimulus which will continue to attract composers of the future as a medium for the expression of their genius.

Bill Moody

FAREWELL TO AN UNDISTINGUISHED CAREER

ALAS, DEAR READERS, the time has come for us to part. But you who have accompanied me along the fragrant paths of Memory will rejoice to know that the long road has had its turning and that rosy-fingered Fame has pointed the way to future Fortune.

It began with an article in our last issue, " With Malice." The author, R. M., suggested that Yorkshire and its inhabitants were not all they were cracked up to be. The article was widely

quoted in the newspapers and all Hell was at once let loose. The South sneered. As ever at such a moment of crisis, the North closed its ranks and rallied to Yorkshire's support. Old battles were re-fought, old scars uncovered. A National paper drew the world's attention to the seething discontent in the North and whispered the word, " Secession ! " A Hunslet cinema replaced " No Orchids for Miss Blandish " by " Gone with the Wind." All night long the street lamps burned in Downing Street and Spencer Place. On all lips was the question, " What of the future ? " The fate of England hung by a thread.

One winter's morning, musing sadly over these things and an essay I was due to present on the following day, I made my way to *The Gryphon* office. A man was waiting there. " Have you anything to do with *The Gryphon ?* " he asked.

I looked round hurriedly. Robin wasn't about.

" I *am* the Gryphon," I said simply.

On such occasions I like to sit at the desk, push aside the correspondence, light a cigar, and say, " What can I do for you ? I give you two minutes." However, *Union News* had pinched all the chairs, and a parcel of somebody's laundry—probably the Review Editor's—occupied the table. So I contented myself with lighting half a Woodbine I found in my pocket, waved my visitor to the radiator and looked enquiringly towards him.

He was, he said, from the Evening Throes, and he had a Plan. Like all great ideas it was beautifully simple. And as it unfolded I saw Peace descending on a troubled England. " I'll see if she'll do it," I said.

An hour later, anybody who hadn't anything better to do with his time might have seen a long black limousine snaking its way round City Square. In it were R.M., two gentlemen from the Evening Throes and myself. We halted outside a tall hotel. We entered and were whisked aloft and ushered through a door marked " Private."

We sat and waited in silence.

Five minutes later a small group of people entered the room. We leapt to our feet. From the group emerged—I can conceal it no longer—Wilfred Pickles.

Somebody murmured words of introduction. I found myself shaking hands with everybody, including a man in uniform who'd brought up a syphon of soda-water. I was overcome. Wilfred Pickles, the Champion of Yorkshire, had met Yorkshire's arch-enemy. Memories of historic meetings flitted through my head....Laurel and Hardy....Marshall and Snelgrove....

R.M. and Wilfred were talking together. The rest of us stood apart in silent groups, hoping against hope.

And as the moments ticked away the load was lifted from our hearts and we breathed again. They were smiling!

Within a few minutes it was all over. Weighing each word carefully, the two doughty opponents issued a momentous statement:

"*We both like people rather than places.*"

There were more handshakes, drinks, cigarettes. The signatories of the peace-pact were photographed together and the Press dashed off to print the glad tidings.

A few minutes later I found myself in City Square. R.M. was looking at me with some concern. "You look seedy," she said.

"I had a glass of sherry," I said, "and two cigarettes. Straight off. One after the other." I took a deep draught of good Yorkshire air and felt better.

We looked round at the pale, drawn faces that surged around us. We wanted to cry, "All is well. Go your ways in peace!" but our hearts were too full.

"We must celebrate," I said at last. I felt in my pocket, R.M. looked in her purse. We went to the station refreshment-room and had a cup of tea and a bun. When we came out the glad news was being cried in the streets. Somehow the people looked just the same, impassive as ever in jubilation as an

hour before under the shadow of impending disaster. " Dear fellow Yorkshire folk ! " I muttered, and my heart overflowed with love.

And that is my story. What more fitting climax could any man have to his University career ? I have assisted at the making of history ; and I have met Wilfred Pickles. Life has little left to offer. Except, possibly, Danny Kaye.

NOTES ON THE NEW BUILDING

Just within the doors there lives a porter who, with the ingenuity and love of creature comforts common in his kind, has built himself a commodious cabin—quite independent of its surroundings. I *think* he built it himself, at all events it seems to bear the stamp of private enterprise in its most extreme form. To my way of thinking it demonstrates a surprising degree of scepticism as to the permanence and the element-resisting powers of the walls which have been so painstakingly erected all about it.

As you all know, the pressure of the atmosphere decreases with increasing altitude, so you may well find that by stair three hundred and fifty your eardrums are a little unhappy. Among intrepid aviators there are two schools of thought on what should be done. The first holds that a lusty shout at intervals will do all that is needed. The disadvantages of this course of action in an ostensibly educational edifice are painfully obvious. The other method is to pinch the nostrils and blow ; the eardrums should smartly take up their new positions. Need I say that this method should be used with discretion ? People's feelings are easily hurt.

R.G.B.

(*Extracts from an article*).

MICHAEL AYRTON

HAVING BEEN PRIVILEGED to hear Mr. Eric Newton and Mr. Geoffrey Grigson lecture in recent months, the interested portion of the University found Mr. Ayrton's lecture curiously *particular*. His reputation as successful painter, as provocative writer, as deliverer of *mots*, as *enfant terrible* in the Big World of Art, postulated a wicked lecture, stiff with red rags and press appeal. Alas, but in the event he spoke to such sane tune that to do his reputation justice the press was obliged to select from the tag end of the discussion an obvious retort to a typical question about the irrelevant Chantreys.

In the preceding talk, Mr. Ayrton had made a number of sensible remarks about the friendly relations existing between literature and painting until recent times. His particular example was Dante, among whose illustrators were the Sienese of the Quattrocento, Botticelli and Blake. The interpretive imagination and linear skill of the great illustrators had forbidden their being dominated by the *subject* of their work. Such re-creative power had been lost in the course of the last century, and the term "literary" had degenerated into one of abuse for the large static anecdotal type of painting. Against this, the reaction was prolonged into our own time, to the great detriment of the canvas, which in spite of the benison of Roger Fry had tended to grow more and more impoverished.

Mr. Ayrton's audience reacted well to being addressed as adult, and the discussion was lively, questions on the significance and fulfilment of Blake as artist predominating, and some useful conclusions were drawn concerning the romantic tradition in England.

Mr. Ayrton appears himself to be at an important cross-roads in his development as painter, and one looks forward with interest to the retrospective exhibition of his work to be held at Wakefield in August.

M.H.

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Verse Anthology

1924-48

Compiled by the EDITORIAL STAFF OF *THE GRYPHON*

This collection will include poems by

HERBERT READ, LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

WILFRED ROLAND CHILDE, DORIAN COOKE

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