The Gryphon

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Contents

ERRATA.

The Article Weaver to Waver is carried forward to next issue.

Read

N.U.S. *Arts Supplement*, pp. 29 to 36.

Notes on some of our Contributors . .

DONALD AUSTIN is a Science and Arts graduate, now in the Education Department, an ex-Serviceman and President of the *Dolce Far Niente* Society.

ALDRED F. BARKER, Textiles Student at this University 1884-1888, a constant contributor to this journal and friend of the University.

DENNIS BROWN is a 4th Year Medical Student; member of Boat Club and Music Society.

DAVID HAW is a 5th Year Medical Student: has his Athletics and Cross Country Colours.

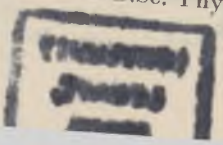
PHILIP MITCHELL is a 3rd Year English Literature Student; intends to teach.

S. P. SUNDARAM is from Madras; is a final year research Chemist and Secretary of the Bridge Club.

MAURICE WALKER, is a 3rd Year English Literature Student: his drawings often appear under the name "Moe."

S. WARDMAN, 2nd Year Textiles Student.

P. W. PLATTEN, 3rd Year B.Sc. Physics; President of the Rhythm Club.



EDITORIAL

"I don't believe you're rejoicing a bit
You don't look as if you were rejoicing.
Well, neither do you, for that matter."

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.

Yet, in our subdued fashion, we are, although our fancy for colour plates has been frustrated by the blockmaker's inability to produce them in time for this issue. We would have liked, in this way, not merely to decorate a Christmas Number but to show some recognition of our student artists who have to knock the mainspring out of time to accomplish anything at all. As it is, we offer the monochrome plates as substitute.

In response to a general hangover of restiveness after the previous number, there are no extremely long heavy articles in this issue. Neither are there any of those extremely short light articles for which there does appear to be a student public. Although this journal makes no special bid to cater for that public, it concedes the point that it is not spontaneously funny nearly often enough. Understanding, however, that where the vein runs dry, harsh and virulent only dryness, harshness and virulence can result, it has no wider ambition at present than to strike its pitch just lower than rage, just higher than anguish. Mr. Moody's grandmother, who is neither a very light nor a very heavy article, and some doubt exists as to whether she is an article at all, has been ushered gently between these pages because she is honest enough not to be bothered about what she has no pretensions to be. That there is wide open space for frolic, wit and banter was made quite plain at the English Society's discussion on *The Gryphon.*

The need itself is not a phenomenon private to Leeds. In an article printed in *The Observer* of October 31st, Ivor Brown came to our own conclusion. *All* the Universities are destitute of colour and personality, and the worse for the passing of dare and flare from student life. Remembering *Lions and Shadows* even is remembering a long way back. Isherwood and his fellows may not have reached their doggedly-pursued destinations, or paid every penny of the fare, but at least they travelled with gusto and laughed at some of the view.

"THE GRYPHON" STAFF AND COMMITTEE.

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HALLS AND SOCIETIES.

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

G. Wilson Knight as Timon of Athens

from

December 7th to 11th, 1948

at

The Riley Smith Theatre, Leeds.

A. Griffiths

ON BEING A STUDENT

A Review.

WHAT is meant by "being a student"? And what is a University? Few of us bother to ask, let alone try to answer, such questions, and our uncritical acceptance of things as they are is paralleled by a discreet official silence broken by occasional utterances at various ceremonial functions. Student discussion of these questions is necessarily vague because it is not nurtured by serious or informed opinions. Yet discussion of these and similar problems should form a vital part of University life, and never more so than now, when the basic ideals of the University are being subjected to minute and often hostile scrutiny.

A book such as M. Pierre Danchin's "On Being a Student" (Harvill Press, 3/6) is to be welcomed, since it focusses attention on just these problems. Although short it has a maturity and a breadth of vision which make it a refreshing change from Bruce Truscott's essay in heavy-handed paternalism, "First Year at the University," a recent book which reviews the same questions.

M. Danchin appears to see the University as a community where "the two activities of teaching and research, of the transmission and the advancement of knowledge, merge, and by the same sign the dons and the students cease to be regarded as having two entirely separable functions, the one as givers and the other as receivers, and become together a community of seekers after truth."* But, after accepting this view, he goes on to show how little in fact this ideal is realised by students and, indeed, dons. M. Danchin realises what is so often the melancholy truth—that students regard study as merely a preparation for passing examinations. Apart from

* "*The Mind of the Modern University*," *by Dr. John Baillie* (*S.C.M. Pamphlet*).

the debasement of the ideals of " the transmission and advancement of knowledge " which is implicit in such a narrow view, M. Danchin realises that study, however deep and searching, results in a knowledge which is fragmentary and analytic and which. in itself, cannot give that vision of the world as a harmonious whole which he regards as so essential. In his view, a synthesis of knowledge is necessary which will give students a deeper insight into the world. This synthesis can be achieved by what he calls a " Three Dimensional Approach " which, acknowledging the value of experience as well as of intellectual knowledge, enables us to ". . . . complete and enrich our knowledge of our fellow men by studying them from other aspects which will give depth to our understanding." This is in opposition to the standpoint of the pure technician, whose world " . . . . is flat and false. . . . it has only two dimensions." " We must," he says, " limit the scope of our work, but increase as much as possible that of our curiosity."

Briefly, in the first half of his book the author calls for an integration of the student into some philosophy of humanity, and if his conception of this fundamental philosophy is powerfully coloured by his Catholic faith, this need not bar us from examining the practical issues he places before us in the second half of his book.

Here, the emphasis is upon the individual. Within the framework of the existing University the student must work out his own salvation. He must refuse to be the slave of the syllabus (a more tyrannical master in France than in England, we gather) even if it means accepting a lower examination place, and must supplement it with wider reading and reflection " subject to the advice and help of friends and teachers." At the same time, through study-groups, which must never be allowed to degenerate into collections of crammers, students should try to enlarge their interests and link them together. These groups, made more necessary in French Universities because of the lack of the tutorial system, " . . . . should aim at providing a synthetic approach to supplement the necessary but sterile working out of an examination syllabus." But over and above these " basic cells of a student community " the

conception of a University as a living community must be translated into fact. Students should be allowed to take part in the organisation of their lives by having representation on the appropriate governing bodies of the University. If this is impossible, then changes and reforms should at least be explained to them. The only note of asperity in the book appears when M. Danchin discusses the dictatorial attitude of University authorities :

> " There does not seem to be much need to explain to pigs the mystery of their existence but it should be considered indispensable to explain to students why they are asked to do extra work, or prepare for a new examination, why their numbers should be limited or why they are asked to work an extra year."

This from a don ! It is indeed a sign of the times.

After reading M. Danchin's book one feels that, admirable though its precepts are, they hardly touch the core of the problem. One feels that some more radical analysis is necessary if we are to escape the vague idealism in which we flounder whenever the function of a University is discussed. One turns to that provocative and iconoclastic little book, "*Mission of the University*," by José Ortega Y Gassett (Kegan Paul, 7/6).

We are in a different atmosphere at once. Ortega is a teacher and philosopher who sets the problem against the background of a philosophy of history which, surveying the modern crisis, sees the only hope for the future in a cultural synthesis as far-reaching as it is bold. He analyses the function of a University as it is generally conceived and discovers two main functions : " professionalism," *i.e.*, the teaching of the learned professions, and " research," *i.e.*, scientific research and the preparation of future investigators. Over and above these aims there is the feeling that the student ought also to acquire something vaguely called " general culture " and which is all too often merely the residual stump of what, in Medieval Universities, was considered the highest education. To-day this " general culture " is an ornament, a miserable relic of what was once " ....the system of ideas concerning the world and

humanity which the man of that time possessed." It was, consequently, the repertory of convictions which became the effective guide of his existence....culture is the *vital* system of ideas of a period. It is because the average man of to-day is so profoundly uncultured, so " ....ignorant of the essential system of ideas concerning the world and man which belong to our time " that the convulsive crisis of to-day has arisen. Ortega, looking around, sees not a civilisation but an anarchic barbarism in which the specialist, more learned and therefore more cultured than his fellow-men, is the greatest barbarian of all. This anarchy, in Ortega's view, springs from the refusal of the University to face its main task, which is the " transmission of culture," the transmission, that is, of that tissue of vital ideas which will enable men to form a coherent plan of life and give them a path through its contradictions and complexities.

The teaching of this culture must rest upon what Ortega calls the " Principle of Economy in Education "—the honest recognition of the limitations of the learner. Not only is economy in subject matter necessary, but the organisation of the University must be based upon the student and not upon knowledge or the professors. The function of the University is to teach the great cultural disciplines, namely :—

1. The physical scheme of the world (Physics).
2. The fundamental themes of organic life (Biology).
3. The historical process of the human species (History).
4. The structure and functioning of social life (Sociology).
5. The plan of the universe (Philosophy).

In addition the University must make its students into good professionals. This rather breathtaking programme can be carried out, Ortega believes, by the thorough application of his " Principle of Economy." As he puts it, " We must pick out that which appears as strictly necessary for the life of the man who is now a student. Life, with its inexorable requirements

is the criterion that should guide the first stroke of the pruning knife. What remains, having been judged strictly necessary, must be further reduced to what the student can really learn with thoroughness and understanding." He sees no necessity for the cultivation of research techniques by normal students, since few of them are going to be research-workers. The teaching of professions and the search for truth must be separated, and in its failure to do this the University has made its greatest blunder, for it has diverted energies which should properly have been used for its main mission—the transmission of culture.

Objections spring to mind at once. One wonders, for example, whether in fact such a reduction of knowledge as Ortega suggests is possible without some slick "potting," and whether a student trained as he suggests would be anything more than a dilettante. Also, reduction implies selection, which might conceivably be used for ideological or political ends. But his conception of the Mission of the University remains an exciting one.

Neither book examines the Marxist view of the University, which sees, in the ideals of the search for truth and training in the humanistic virtues, only the aims of a privileged and ruling class. Marxists claim that the function of the University should be measured by the social needs of the community. How these needs are to be assessed, and who shall decide upon them, are questions not usually answered.

The importance of the two books lies in their ability to quicken and stimulate discussion on the ideals which should, or should not, form the basis of a University. It is significant that both authors, as if weary of stale academic disinterestedness, have addressed their remarks to students. Is it too much to ask that students, in their turn, should repay the compliment and give some attention ?

Donald Austin

HAMLET AND THE CRITICS

THE showing of Olivier's film " Hamlet " in Leeds has now come to an end, and it may be well to see how it has been treated by the critics writing for the popular press. On the whole, its reception has been one of almost unreserved admiration. With one exception (P. L. Mannock's " maddening slowness ") there have been no violent dissensions ; and those who have ventured to make adverse criticisms have done so with their tongues in their cheeks. But a close examination of the reviewers of twenty-five daily and Sunday newspapers and some half-dozen weekly magazines reveals some outstanding facts : few discuss the film for what it is ; and there is among these writers a considerable amount of confusion and an alarming naïveté of attitude.

Great divergences of opinion are rare, as are cases of complete ignorance of a particular fact. Mr. Terence Morgan's Laertes, for example, is represented by John Ross as " weak and unconvincing " and by A. E. Wilson as " excellent " ; one London critic did not realise that Gertrude, for the first time in any production of Hamlet, drank the poisoned wine *knowing that it was poisoned.*

Most of the reviewers have refused to re-open the old controversies about the play either by accepting well-known theories or by inventing new ones. Notable exceptions are C. A. Lejeune and Phyllis Bentley. Only five or six of them openly disown adherence to any particular theory ; but one half of them explicitly, and nearly all of them implicitly accept without question Sir Laurence Olivier's presentation of the film's significance. In the teeth of the leading protagonists of the various " explanations "—Schlegel's and Coleridge's tragedy of reflection, Bradley's tragedy of moral idealism, Granville-Barker's tragedy of spiritual revolution, de Madariaga's tragedy of the self-centred man, and many others—Olivier introduces

his audience to Hamlet with the words "This is the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind." So that from the outset he has proclaimed himself a partisan, and his statement is an exceedingly over-simplified one. Having made it, he is bound to be judged in the light of it; and yet only two (C. A. Lejune and Mr. Jack Davies) have formed an opinion: they think it has *failed*: they do not discuss whether or not it is *right*. Perhaps it would have been better to omit this studied enunciation of the play's meaning, in which case the film would have been more truly worthy of the *Times*' compliment that Hamlet has been "translated to the screen without loss of dignity to the author and to the immense enjoyment of a public suspicious of his name."

As it is, the necessity for reviewers to record the fact of "interpretation" or "conception" has resulted in a betrayal of their own perplexity. Mr. Richard Winnington, writing in the *News Chronicle*, uses the meaningless phrase "incomparable wedding of meaning and image" and misses, he says, an "overriding mastery"; C. A. Lejune writes: "Never has the dilemma of the Prince of Denmark been more practically stated"; Mr. Leonard Mosley describes Ophelia as "the girl who loved Hamlet and died when she lost him"; Mr. Campbell Dixon regrets the exclusion of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on the ground that they are "cherished beauties" rather than that they throw extra light on at least two other characters; the whole question of cutting is the cause of much bewilderment: no one ventures beyond a mere statement of what the cuts are, even when the smallest of them can be so meaningful (when, for example, Hamlet goes away saying, "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will not part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life." Olivier cuts the final exclamation "These tedious old fools"). Among those who give the highest praise to Eileen Herlie's Gertrude, only one recognises the significance of Olivier's accurate, balanced conception of the Queen's age and sensuality. Confusion and naïveté: there are many more examples. Overall there is a marked hesitation to be anything but tentative outside of mere eulogy. The ghost, to be sure, receives some attention: he is described as

" a wheezy two-valve voice," a " loudspeaker announcer at Wembley " and a " station announcer on the Metropolitan and a series of hearty Zulu clicks " ; there is some pertinent discussion of the "somewhat undistinguished architecture " of Elsinore Castle. But when discussing the use of the deep-focus and constant-camera-moving techniques, only the *Times*' critic makes a positive comment : " No virtuosity with lens or sound-track can make a Hamlet." The others are at pains to indicate whether there is too much or too little of it.

One might be tempted to think that they have all been too eager. The notices appeared the morning after the " first night" ; and over-conscious of their duty to a public erroneously conceived as panting for the hot news of a much-heralded and important new enterprise, they have rushed ill-prepared into a task which simply cannot be adequately considered overnight.

But the fault lies deeper than that. These are not mere quibbles. The first requirement of a critic is to know what he is talking about ; and a critic who does not possess either the requisite background of a production or cannot come to any reasonable conclusion about its *matter* had better leave it alone altogether. The extreme example of this is Mr. Reg. Whitley in the *Daily Mirror* : " I have never read Hamlet. Shakespeare is not my cup of tea." Olivier called his film " an essay on Hamlet." Only two critics discussed it as such ; and all of them forgot Helpmann's ballet of the play, which extracted the very essence of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

S. Wardman *P. W. Platten*

JAZZ . . . PAST AND PRESENT

JAZZ IS ESSENTIALLY the prerogative of the small group who play not so much for pecuniary reward as for their own pleasure, and to understand jazz one must go back to the earliest days of negro slavery and try to understand the oppressed spirit of the people forcibly exiled from the country of their origin. It is not surprising that such a people should be sad yet have that innate love of rhythm which produces folk music whose form is so basically old, yet so new in expression and ideas. The negro is sensuous and deeply religious in character, superstitiously so, and hence we have these additional forces in his music. Jazz springs from the negro laments, camp songs and shouts, which were not merely negro spirituals but songs telling some tale of woe and privation, sung slowly and with great feeling. Much later the songs were known as the Blues. The following lines were taken from a typical Blues as sung by Bessie Smith, a well known negress singer of the 1920 era—

> " Cos I love my man I kiss him morning noon and night,
> I washed his clothes an' tried to treat him right,
> An' now he's gone and left me after all I've tried to do.
> The way he treat me girls, he'll do the same to you,
> An' that's the reason I've got those Weeping Willow
> Blues."

Another type of Blues, sung very recently by a negro singer, Josh White, tries to bring home the injustice of the lynching of negroes in the Southern States in modern times—

> " Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
> Blood on the leaves and Blood at the root,
> Black bodies swinging in the Southern Breeze,
> Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees."

Jazz started in New Orleans, and when a study of the population of the town in the 1890's is made it is soon seen why we find it to be very cosmopolitan. Not only were there negro slaves, but Frenchmen, Spaniards and traders from all over the world. This made New Orleans a " Bad Town." Brothels and taverns abounded in the city, and musical entertainment was in great demand. As there were not enough white artists to satisfy this need, negroes were called upon to entertain. They brought their music-blues and a fast Blues known as a *Stomp*. Their music was novel and melodic and immediately accepted. Jazz then took on a livelier atmosphere and soon a more or less standardised instrumentation of trumpet, trombone and clarinet in the front line supported by a rhythm section composed of piano and drums was introduced. The piano belonged to both parts, for it provided melody and also the " tight " chording which forms the foundation on which the improvised solos are built.

The closing of the red light district in New Orleans put most of the negro jazzmen out of a job, eventually bringing them to Chicago. Three factors were responsible for jazz removing to Chicago, namely—

(1) The prejudice of the Southern States against the negroes,

(2) The handiness of River Boats going Northwards needing entertainment at the time, and

(3) Negroes were good and cheap to hire.

Transferred to Chicago, another Bad Town, jazz enjoyed great freedom and spread like wildfire. Many negroes became extremely proficient in their chosen instruments, and as an example we have the trumpet playing of Louis Armstrong, which is considered even by such exponents of the art as Harry James to be unsurpassed. The depth of feeling shown in this type of music can be captured solely by spontaneous and

extemporised solos. Any attempt at standardisation merely reduces the character of the music to that of the commercial rubbish so often heard to-day.

There are now, two main schools of jazz and these may be termed the Revivalist and the Progressionist, and the form can be sub-divided into two main trends. The first goes back to the acoustic recording era, and produces the *bash on regardless* of the present day Bunk Johnson type of jazz favoured in the early days when mistakes and bad intonation were the rule rather than the exception. The second recognises that tonal intonation and quality, together with a knowledge of harmony, are essential in producing the spontaneously extemporised solos accredited to jazz. The music produced by this group still retains the spirit and sensuous excitement of true jazz, with the addition of a more tuneful and smooth rendering of the melody.

The Progressionists favour the very high technical ability which follows an intensive study of musical form and harmony. This type of jazz, known as *rebop* is much removed from the pattern of the invigorating dixieland style, and impresses one with its almost *Stravinsky*-like flavour. It strives to be and often is, both polyrhythmic and polyphonic ; little is known, however, about true rebop in this country and, although many people try to play it, the results leave much to be desired. Reboppers like to claim that their music is the ultimate in jazz ; however, opinions differ on this point. It has nothing in common with the dixieland style except that small bands are usually employed for the effective execution of both styles. Large groups *are* used for both dixieland and rebop arrangements, but these tend to become too mechanical, that is to say they lack the warmth and free easy style of the smaller groups. There is also a type of inhibited moron who cares nothing for the music but everything for the showmanship with which it is put over. It must be understood that jazz does need a certain amount of showmanship to promote success ; we refer here to the over emphasis of style. The physical exertions of the purple-faced trumpeter, who after a succession

of screaming high " G's " wobbles off into a cacophony of sound which *he* thinks is a solo, are occasionally more appreciated than the music itself. Similar solos of poor quality are executed by the rest of the band. The followers of this "Art" seem to find it necessary to show their moronic tendencies by donning clothes of violent hue, nursing the illusion that their choice of clothes indicates also a love of music. They are whipped into such a frenzy that they lose all balance and sense of moral values. This—and mark it closely—is the same set whose indulgence in such disgusting habits as the smoking of "reefers" or marijuana cigarettes, causes the charge to be levelled at jazz that it encourages perverts and juvenile delinquents.

At the present time little or no really good jazz is being played in this country, due primarily to the inducements offered to good musicians to play the trash which sways the radio and the dance hall. These musicians can earn from £25 to £30 per week just by playing unimaginative and usually puerile compositions. During the last war some very good jazz was played by small groups playing on wave lengths beamed at the continent, but until the B.B.C. drops its present conception of jazz as exemplified by the Saturday night " Jazz Club " programme we will have no top-line musicians coming to the fore.

Of the few bands whose music can really be termed jazz we can name three as being reasonably good. On the dixieland side we have the excellent band of Freddy Randall, who himself is an accomplished trumpet player ; and Harry Gold's " Pieces of Eight." The rebop side of things is catered for by the Ray Ellington quartet, but even the latter two outfits are far too prone to slip into commercialised nonsense. Perhaps this really is the fault of the B.B.C. There is a large jazz following in this country and the rhythm club movement has spread to every important town in England. In these groups are to be found many really sincere musicians who can produce jazz of a far higher level than their professional counterparts.

Jazz concerts are a financial success in this country but artistically they still leave much to be desired. Recently a jazz

band from " down under," under the leadership of pianist Graeme Bell made a tour of this country. We heard these Australians play some very fine jazz : the quality of their music was very high indeed. It is doubtful whether they made a great deal of money on their tour, but they certainly were not out of pocket.

English musicians are, of course, seriously handicapped by the fact that they are not able to study jazz at first hand like the Americans. Jazz is indigenous to America and remains an American art, therefore to play jazz properly requires much study of its idiom and history which most English musicians are too uninterested to do. Until we get rid of the ideas of the " Hep cat " and " Bobbysoxers " we will never get good jazz or jazz musicians in this country. The small groups deserve plenty of encouragement and we would welcome the opportunity of hearing them broadcast. The pieces played and the musicians who play in the infamous Jazz Club half hour are truly barren both of inspiration and ideas.

EDITOR'S NOTE : *The authors of the above article do not wish their views to be regarded as altogether representative of L.U.U. Rhythm Club.*

Bill Moody

CHRISTMAS EVE AT GRANNIE'S

GRANNIE HAD AN INDEPENDENT SPIRIT and insisted on living alone in her poky little cottage which she had occupied for fifty years, though Mother and Father were anxious for her to come and live with us. One Christmas when I was ten years old, after many vain attempts to get Grannie over for the whole of the holidays, it was arranged that I should walk over to Grannie's on Christmas Eve and Mother and Father should follow with the horse and trap next morning. After Christmas dinner we were all to return to our house.

I reached Grannie's late in the afternoon. " You're bigger than me now," she said, when she had kissed me and asked after everybody's health ; and indeed she looked small, bowed and old in her dark grey skirt with her best black blouse with the large jet brooch at her neck, and she smelled of camphor balls and carbolic soap and Sloan's Liniment. We had tea, with jelly as a special treat, then I took out my school report which had been burning a hole in my pocket since I got there, but I hadn't wanted the tea to be held up while she read it.

She asked me to pass her reading glasses from the sideboard drawer, then she wiped them, put them on carefully, moved some plates, adjusted the wick of the lamp, pulled the lamp a bit nearer and settled down to read. She went through the report very slowly and carefully, whispering the words, from " Queen's Lane School " at the top to the Head Teacher's comment at the bottom : " Should get a scholarship next year."

" That's very good," she said. " So next year you'll be at the Grammar School."

" I hope so," I said.

She looked at me over her glasses, very pleased, then suddenly her eyes filled with tears.

" What's the matter, Grannie ? " I asked.

She said that sometimes folk got stuck-up when they got on in the world and quoted the case of Mrs. Gorsidge's son, Joseph, who had gone to Huddersfield to be apprenticed to a gents' outfitter and now wore a stiff collar and a bowler hat and never came home when he had chance. I swore that I would never behave like Joseph, however well I got on.

She dried her eyes and said it was no use worrying before things happened. So she washed the pots in the sink in the corner and I dried them, then I pulled the couch in front of the fire and we sat down side by side.

She asked what I'd been learning lately and I told her about Mr. Thorpe weighing cubes of metal as they hung in a jar of water ; which confirmed what Archimedes said when he jumped from his bath with nothing on and ran down the street declaring that if a body is immersed in water it suffers a loss of weight, this loss of weight is equal to the weight of the water displaced.

She pondered deeply over this and said it was wonderful and it was a pity she'd never had chance to learn such fine things because she'd finished her schooling at the old woman's house in Holbeck at the age of six and had been working in a factory, making men's caps, when she was seven ; but it was silly to go out when you'd just had a bath, you ought to wait at least three hours, and the same when you washed your hair.

I asked her what Christmas had been like when she was a girl and she didn't remember much except one Christmas Day when they'd had as much bread and butter and plum jam as they liked. And she told me her old joke, that there were twelve in her family and her mother used to buy a pound of butter every Saturday and whenever she cut a slice of bread she put a little bit of butter on it and then scraped it off so hard that on Friday night she had two pounds of butter and bread crumbs mixed. The success of this story led her to remember one Christmas Day when her little brother, the one who died when he was eight, was playing soldiers and got an enamel chamber-pot stuck on his head past his ears, and after an

ineffectual tug-of-war and much howling had to be led to Leeds Infirmary so that he and the pot could be parted in safety. Grannie and her mother had taken him, holding him by each hand, a black shawl draped round his helmet.

I howled with laughter at this and Grannie laughed too, then went pink and silent as though she'd been naughty. She said there were some chestnuts in the cupboard if I wanted to roast them, but she wouldn't have any. She'd have a drop of the usual to settle her stomach if I'd pass the bottle, the cheese and a basin. She stuck the poker between the bars, broke off a piece of cheese, put it into the basin and covered it with old beer. When the poker was red hot she dipped it into the basin and stirred. There was a sizzle and a splutter and pungent fumes filled the room. Several applications of the hot tip of the poker were needed before the mixture was to her satisfaction. Then she called for a spoon and took the stuff like soup. She offered me a taste but I knew better and stuck to the chestnuts.

Much cheered by her concoction, Grannie asked me what else I'd been learning lately and I told her about Joan of Arc being burnt at the stake. This awoke some remote memory in Grannie and she said she expected the Karth-licks had had something to do with it. The Karth-licks used to burn you if you didn't do what they wanted you to do and what else could you expect when they were mixed up with a lot of Eye-talians ? I ought to go to church every Sunday and read a chapter of the Bible every night before I went to bed as she did, though some of it was very hard, and she was now at chapter thirteen of Chronicles on the third time through and her place was marked with a post-card of Blackpool Tower which I'd sent her in August.

Taking another noisy sip from the basin, she recollected what happened to people who didn't behave themselves. When she was a girl there were crowds of people hurrying down the street to see two men hanged outside Armley Gaol. I asked her if she'd gone with them but she said no, she didn't want, and anyhow her mother wouldn't have let her. The second part of her answer seemed to me more satisfying than the first.

I requested her to cheer up and demanded something jolly. So she told me how men and women used to go round Holbeck singing their wares and in a thin, cracked voice she sang :

"*Turkey Roo-bub,*
Turkey Roo-bub,
Turkey Roo-bub I sell.
I come from Turkey to make you all well...."

but I have forgotten the rest.

Then suddenly, with a connection of thought which I could not discover, she was telling me all about the time when she first met Grandad. One Sunday she and her sister had walked out miles into the country to pick blackberries and they met two young men who helped them. One of them was tall and had fine whiskers. He was the one who became Grandad and he was always good to her though he liked his drink, and they had meat nearly every Sunday after they were married.

It grew late and I couldn't hold back a yawn. Grannie said it was time I went to bed as I would want to be up in good time in the morning to see what Santa Claus had brought, though she smiled at this because she knew that I knew all about it. So I ended up by drawing her a horse, side view looking left, because, as all artists know, it comes out best that way, while she made me a cup of cocoa. She then took a brick out of the oven, wrapped it in the amputated leg of a discarded article of her more intimate wear and off I went with it, Grannie following with a candle. On the floor of my bedroom there was a clipped rug which Grannie had made and on the wall was a violently coloured picture entitled "Rock of Ages," showing a woman in a long night-gown clinging to a rock with raging seas all round it.

When I was in bed I asked her for one more story. She thought a while then looked naughty again and said she'd tell me one if I promised not to tell Mother. Of course I promised. Her story concerned a quack who called himself "The European Lung and Chest Doctor," and he had a little surgery

somewhere off Briggate. A woman came in with an umbrella which dripped and made a pool on the floor and there was some misunderstanding, revolving round variant pronunciations of " European " which I can't explain here, but you'll be able to work it out for yourself.

When it was finished Grannie kissed me good-night and went downstairs, saying she'd a bit of Bible to read before she went to bed.

I slept soundly and innocently and I am sure that in the morning the church bells rang cheerfully over the new-fallen snow, and robins with breasts of a redness never seen for the last twenty years and more came hopping on the window-ledge to beg for crumbs ; for things used to be like that. But I am uncertain what I got in the stocking Grannie lent me for the occasion, beyond the usual apples, oranges, new pennies and piece of coal, because the memory of that Christmas Day is merged with the memory of other Christmas Days and their comings and goings and meeting different people. That Christmas Eve sticks in my memory because there were to be no more Christmas Eves alone with Grannie. There always seemed to be so many other things to do in the years that followed and anyhow old people like a bit of peace so that they can sit quietly alone with the memories of old days and lucky they are to have such memories, for there were no atom bombs or ration books when she was young, and she could have all the petrol she wanted and smoke Players all day at twenty for sixpence, not that she had a car or smoked, of course, but the principle's the same, isn't it ?

W. A. Hodges

WREKIN

GROWN OLD this orator upon the high hills.
Older than Pithecanthropus known this fear of fall,
deathyearning,
this mirrorpolished slip of foothold, this
shag of grass,
to plunged elbow thousandyeardeep.
Prehistoric this volcano quietened when no man was.

Redflare this sunblaze glanced of red bookcover.
You reading, belly to ground,
snarled without sound this rockstraddle ravisher of mountains,
this hated druid for you knifeless.
Wolfgrin your smiling, your welsh wisdom.

Centrepinned to this strode rockcrop
outstretched this rod to far peaks,
over these witchbound distances
withheld,
withered.
Your unregarded fast of flesh with the spread fields waiting
whirled into no spin of moments.

You reading,
shivered and called
"There's cold it is.—
Let us go down now, out of the cold wind."

Harry Ward

ABOUT MYSELF

(Mr. Harry Ward, M.Sc., F.R.I.C., F.C.I.S., Secretary of the Industrial Management Research Association, and distinguished old student of this University, sends us these notes on his career.—EDITOR).

I ENTERED LEEDS UNIVERSITY in 1914 aged 17 and left it in 1920. Between these years I had also two and a half years first as a gunner and later as an Instructor of Gunnery and Liaison Officer with the Grand Fleet and the Air Force. I was one of the lucky men, for those who took degrees in 1914 had ample opportunity of forgetting what they knew during the war, and had acquired no experience related to their training. Those who started a university course after the end of the war were late for the market. I was lucky, too, in leaving the university at about the normal leaving age, and in having met Elsie D. Whitaker (whom I subsequently married), later the first woman Fellow of the University.

I then joined the General Electric Company, where I was given the widest opportunities in the research laboratories, having been selected by Dr. R. N. Campbell, who was at one time research fellow in the physics department, and whom I still have the pleasure of meeting from time to time. The staff was encouraged to publish its researches and was developed in every way.

Whilst working for the General Electric Company I lived at Toynbee Hall in the East End, and the job suggested to me

was that of voluntary prison visitor at Pentonville Prison, a scheme of visitation having just been started by Sir Alexander Paterson, who has recently died.

From the G.E.C. I went to the Sorbonne in Paris to work with Madame Curie, but she could not find money for apparatus. Subsequently, at the suggestion of T. Edmund Harvey, whose name has always been closely associated with the University, and who was then M.P. for Leeds, I went to Berlin and was responsible for the Quaker feeding of German students at the universities.

Whilst a prison visitor I was critical of prison industries ; I always felt that good, orderly factory work was the best moral influence that I knew ; I have spent many hours in helping to develop industries for the blind, insane, and for others physically or mentally deformed, as it seemed to me that a good background of work was an essential part of cure or of alleviation. Consequently, having acted as interpreter to Sir Alexander Paterson in his visits to the Dutch prisons and reformatories, I was appointed to Wakefield Prison which became the Wakefield Training Centre.

In the meantime, my wife-to-be was a voluntary teacher in the prison at Hull. One of her prisoners was transferred to Wakefield and thus we met again and within a year we were married and occupied one of the huge prison establishments which are accorded to prison governors.

From the prison service I spent two years as warden of Wantage Hall in Reading University and was a lecturer in physics. Then I was business manager and secretary of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology : organising the International Scientific Management Congress in 1935. In all these years I travelled widely in many countries and saw many factories and many prisons, and perhaps visited as many as seventy universities. For fourteen years now, I have been the Secretary of the Industrial Management Research Association, a private association of thirty-two of the largest manufacturing

companies. My work is concerned with the "know-how" of tackling the great jobs. This involves travelling day by day from factory to factory in this country and in many other countries. Management is men and management research is studying men in action, and I am full of admiration for the way in which great leaders of industry carry on their businesses.

Throughout all my journeys I have endeavoured to help the students from Leeds University on their way, having been helped on my way too by students of earlier generations. There is no doubt the University has founded a great community which stretches far.

SIGNIFICANT FORM

PROFESSOR DOBRÉE'S LITTLE BAND of art-lovers has now been given a local habitation and a name, and will henceforth be known as Leeds University Union Art Society. It has already placed itself in University life, however, having hung exhibitions, arranged Public Lectures, held meetings, visited local art-treasures, grumbled about the horrid walls in the Union, fidgetted about funds to purchase contemporary paintings, and carried out numerous unspecified and self-appointed tasks. Little authoritative interest could be aroused as no Art Department existed (or yet exists) to provide a stimulus, and no Art Lecturer was (or is yet) resident to lavish the necessary time and assistance.

Given the Leader and the enthusiasm of his dispersed and busy following, the old Art Society still needed the official title to give significance to its persuasive powers.

Until, however, the Society is given real status by a Department, it cannot claim with Whistler:

Of course I shot the dog: it was without artistic habits, and placed itself badly in relation to the landscape.

M.H.

THE REPRODUCTIONS

Portrait of a Woman.

MAURICE WALKER.

Oil painting is a comparatively new venture for me, and I find the colour and plastic quality of the medium exciting after the strict draughtsmanship of an architectural training. This portrait was an experiment in blending the colours. Detail did not matter very much, I was aiming at a broad treatment that would bring life into the picture, principally by a play of light on the features.

M.W.

N.U.S. Arts Festival

Programme Cover Design

by

E. C. SMITH.

NUS

ARTS FESTIVAL

LEEDS 1949


M.F. WALKER

FOREWORD BY THE PRESIDENT OF LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION

MUCH EXTRA EFFORT HAS BEEN PUT into the compilation of this special Arts Festival Supplement, and I can assure you that it is worthy of your earnest consideration. When one considers that not only is this Festival being run exclusively by University and Technical Students but that it embraces almost all the numerous aspects and manifestations of Art, it will be realised that the task of organisation is a not inconsiderable one. Therefore much praise will undoubtedly have to go to those through whose untiring efforts this Festival will have been made possible.

Leeds is fortunate in being the venue for this, the first festival of its kind in the country and if the efforts of the organisers are any indication of things to come, you can rest assured that the Festival will be an unqualified success. For this end to be achieved, however, there is still the inevitable co-operation of students needed and whether or not the venture proves a financial success will depend to a large measure on you all.

It seems unnecessary in this brief foreword to enumerate the various forms of cultural entertainment being provided, but suffice it to say that the Festival caters for almost all whims and fancies. So from New Year's Eve to January 8th we look forward to witnessing a History-making event in student life. It will be gratifying to many in other walks of life to see that students have not forgotten the cultural side of their education.

On behalf of the Leeds University Union therefore, I wish to extend a hearty welcome to those of other Unions visiting us for this occasion and to wish the Festival the success it so richly deserves.

RODNEY J. MAHABIR,

President,
Leeds University Union.

What does the Festival mean to *you*?

An Art Student from Leeds.

I have submitted a painting because students get very little chance of exhibiting work, I hope that it gets sold.

A Teacher-to-be from London.

The Arts Festival to me means a continuation of the splendid spirit of student fellowship that was a feature of the Bristol Festival. The expansion will attract many more students of different, but similar interests, and I look forward to meeting lots of people there who will feel as I do.

A Chemist from London.

I do not know much about painting, sculpture or any of what you call the Visual Arts. I am fond of music, and of plays—I like mixing with students from other Colleges and from Universities ; I am especially keen on this hostess idea !

An Arts Student from Nottingham.

One usually finds at student festivals, where the audience, composed largely of students, is receptive and expressive, that the type of drama not usually attempted by the professional companies can be " put over " to great effect. I get awfully fed up of complacent amateur groups whose inclinations take them no further than Noel Coward. . . .

A Student from a College of Domestic Housecraft.

The drama festivals were all-right I suppose but I think it was time that the smaller colleges, who could not afford a big production, were included in the programme. It is better this time, we are entering in the Music section.

Finally, a Foreign Student.

I have come to England to study and want very much to meet a lot of English students and study the ways of life. You are very lucky to be able to meet every year like this, and I think that the spirit behind the Festival should be fostered and made to grow stronger so as to last us all when we have left the Universities and Colleges and are engaged in industries.

N.U.S. FESTIVAL COMMITTEE

N.U.S. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

N.U.S. FINANCE COMMITTEE:

N.U.S. Secretary :

Mr. D. Mayer.

Dr. A. Macey (Birmingham)

Mr. D. Haw (Leeds).

Mr. W. E. Jones (Leeds).

Mr. A. Black (Manchester).

Mr. F. May (London).

Mr. G. Lloyd Williams (Bristol).

Mr. Cherrill (St. Martin's (School of Art).

Mr. K. Semple (Leeds).

Mr. D. Fowler (Aberystwyth).

Mr. H. M. Briscoe (Loughborough).

Mr. W. Kemp (Newcastle).

Mr. A. White (Leeds).

Miss C. Betbeder

(*N.U.S. Social and Cultural Organiser*).

ARTS FESTIVAL PLANNING COMMITTEE

PUBLICITY ..	Jack Moskona ..	Textiles.
	Stan Berwin	Law.
MUSIC	Rudolf Librowicz	Dental School.
	Alan Walton ..	Chemistry.
DRAMA.. ..	Bill Jones ..	Arts.
	Henk Kool ..	Chemistry.
	Fred Freund ..	Chemistry.
VISUAL ARTS & EXHIBITIONS	David Haw ..	Medical School.
	Keith Cottam ..	Arts.
	Eric Smith ..	Engineering.
	Harold Lumby ..	College of Art.
LECTURES ..	Malcolm Berwin	Textiles.
LODGINGS ..	Mrs. R. Lever ..	Medical School.
	Raymond Lever ..	Arts.
FOOD	Cathleen Walling	Arts.
COSTUMES ..	Megan Roberts ..	Arts.
	Hilda Miller ..	Arts.
SOCIAL FUNCTIONS ..	Andrew Davies ..	Textiles.
	Hugh O'Hara ..	Arts.
BOOKSTALL ..	Edward Crowther	Arts.
FESTIVAL REVIEW ..	A. Griffiths ..	Arts.
	Colin West ..	Arts.
HOSPITALITY	Pamela Semple ..	Arts.
	Una Jackson ..	Arts.
	Dorothy Elliot ..	Arts.
SECRETARIAL	Bob McLeod ..	Arts.
	Jeanne White	
	Jo Lee	
	Peggy Johnson ..	Arts.
	Mrs. Usher	

DRAMATIC SECTION

SATURDAY, 1st JANUARY .. .. Manchester University.

Beaux Stratagem, by FARQUHAR

MONDAY, 3rd JANUARY .. King's College, Newcastle.

Egmont, by GOETHE.

TUESDAY, 4th JANUARY University College of S.W., Exeter.

Arms and the Man, by G. B. SHAW.

WEDNESDAY, 5th JANUARY .. Durham University.

Happy as Larry, by DONAGH MACDONAGH.

THURSDAY, 6th JANUARY .. .. Sheffield University.

The Infernal Machine, by COCTEAU.

FRIDAY, 7th JANUARY .. .. .. Leeds University.

Timon of Athens, by SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC SECTION

Events will be in the Great Hall of the University and in the Concert Hall of the City Museum.

At the time of going to press, the music programme has not been fixed. We are considering entries from many Universities and Colleges, of Orchestras, Madrigal Groups, smaller combinations, and soloists.

Among the items we have definitely arranged is a concert by the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra in the Great Hall, under its conductor Mr. Maurice Miles. There will be a further concert by the all-student Orchestra of the University of Liverpool, which hopes to present a Concerto with a student soloist.

The Concert Hall of the Leeds City Museum is being used, and some of the entrants will be asked to repeat successful performances.

There will also be a critical discussion of concerts and recitals on the day following the performance—students will be asked to offer constructive criticism in the presence, if possible, of the conductor and the performers.

VISUAL ARTS SECTION

As we write this, the selection committees are meeting to consider entries to the Festival. Colleges have been asked to organise some sort of local selection, this has been supported by Regional selection whenever possible.

The Visual Arts section will have to be divided into a number of sub-sections to cope with the large numbers of the entries, of great variety.

The painting and sculpture are being housed in the Leeds City Art Galleries, where it is hoped to have a " Live Art " demonstration, consisting of " volunteers " from the Leeds City College who have consented to paint, sculpt, draw, etc., while watched by the public.

Other entries will be housed in the City Museum. Among this section is pottery, etching, book illustrations, carvings, jewellery, metalwork, textiles, designs, and architectural drawings.

An exhibition of Student Photography will be held in the Union of the University.

Some Press Opinions . . .

The Yorkshire Post, 16/8/48.

The largest annual arts festival ever organised by the National Union of Students will be held at the Leeds University during the Christmas Vacation. It will last eight days, and it is expected that about 1,000 British and about 70 foreign students will attend. Broadcasts from the festival may be arranged.

Plays to be presented in the drama section at the Riley-Smith Hall will include Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens," produced by Mr. G. Wilson Knight and acted by Leeds students. Other Universities which will probably enter plays are Oxford, London, Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol and Newcastle.

Concerts will be given by musical societies from Universities and Colleges, and there will be lectures on ballet, opera, literature, poetry, drama, painting, and the modern novel. The Festival will be open to the public.

A New Year's Eve Ball will be the feature of the social activities.

Times Ed. Supp., 21/8/48.

The National Union of Students is planning a Nation Student Arts Festival, to be held in Leeds from December 31st to January 8th. It will include drama, music and the graphic arts, and there will probably be six plays by University and College dramatic societies, three concerts by student orchestras, and exhibitions of fine art and photographs. There will also be lectures, a brains trust, music recitals, film shows, two balls, and other social events. The Festival will be open to the general public, and the cost to students for the week will be under £5.

THE REPRODUCTIONS

Self - Portrait.

DAVID HAW.

This is a very straightforward piece of painting. The light is at right angles to the left cheek, throwing half the face into shadow. The slate green background is painted to give depth behind, and the vertical white streaks for repose. The whole effect aimed at is one of stillness, and a clarity of colouring.

D.H.

Self - Portrait.

P. MITCHELL.

Painted as an experiment in light and shade and composition. Attempt to use portrait as a means to a picture and not merely a likeness. Concentration on harmony of feeling in mood and colour. Light as a director into the picture but not out of it. (Light enclosed by semi-circle of hair and darkened chair back. Dark upward lines also lead into picture). A little impasto to heighten the overall tranquillity.

Painted over a period of one month at various intervals. No preliminary drawing.

P.M.

S. P. Sundaram

DANCE . . . ITS EAST AND WEST

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD'S HISTORY, the dance, embodying rhythmic movements designed to express individual or group emotions, has been identified with both sacred and secular activities. In India, for instance, it was laid down, as early as the Vedas, that in connection with the great ASWAMEDHA and other Sacrifices performed for the good of the country, there should be enacted some specified sacred dance.

The art of dance among the Indians, at any rate, has been largely synonymous with, and has been the attendant of many religious and symbolic ceremonies. Who among the Indians has not been thrilled by the sight of that memorable embodiment of NATARAJA (the Lord of Cosmic Dance)—" one of the greatest evocations of Indian Genius "—whose performance is a symbol and a typification of the involution that takes place after each PRALAYA (Deluge ending the World) when order is to be restored after chaos ? It is in that sense that the Vedas, the Avesta and the Bible alike speak of *Logos*, the word of the NADA or Sound, as the origin of the world. Perhaps it may not be out of place for me to refer at this stage to what a great Tamil singer hymned many centuries ago, which, very loosely translated, is as follows :

> " *Oh ! Lord of the Eternal Cosmic Dance !. .,*
> *Lord of the World, the Object of all worship and praise,*
> *clad in the ether as thy vesture, Oh ! embodiment of*
> *intellect and perception and bliss. . . ., what in*
> *relation to you does not dance and throb to the tune of*
> *the Infinite !* "

I have quoted this poem for the purpose of indicating what ideals underlay the dance and the symbolism of the dance in India in the olden days.

Such is the beginning of the art. The religious dance was not peculiar to India. Egypt had it ; Assyria had it ; Palestine had it. The Old Testament speaks of the flute, tabor and drum and of the maidens dancing before Samuel and Saul.

King Solomon often referred to the practice of this art. China and Japan have developed it mainly on the secular side, with great minuteness and artistic skill, and the play of the fan has been a well known accompaniment. Throughout the ages therefore, the dance has had a great part to play. But so far as India is concerned its manifestations are well-known and familiar.

A distinguished writer says of Dance that " every motion is a word and every rest is eloquent." Nowhere else is this view greatly brought out but in the dance of India. Dr. F. W. Thomas of Oxford, when he visited Madras in 1938, had this to say of Dance in India : " The purposiveness of the whole and its harmony with the aesthetic and philosophic doctrines of India lend depth of meaning to the highly complex system of dance and gesture which itself has a refined beauty and demands a remarkable technical accomplishment."

The Ancient Indians were analytical in their arts and in their enjoyments. In the matter of the fine arts especially they expended their power of analysis to the utmost of its possibilities. BHARATA, the author of the great system of Indian dance named after him, for instance, divides NARTANA (the art of dance) into what he terms the sacred and secular aspects, MARGA and DESI. The sacred aspect is demonstrated by the TANDAVA and the LASYA dances, the *allegro* and the *pianissimo*, to borrow terms from another art. The DESI dances are threefold, NRITTA being the dance with the aid of the feet themselves ; NRITYA the movement of feet with gesture superadded ; NATYA the movement of the feet plus gestures plus words. In order to epitomise the art of Dance which culminated in the drama, and those gestures which are the essence of Indian dance, I can do no better than extract a sentence from " the Mirror of Gesture " by ANANDA KUMARASWAMI : ' The song is to be sustained in the throat ; its meaning is to be shown by the hands ; its moods are evinced by the glances ; its rhythms are marked by the feet." That is an accurate summing up of the intrinsic aspects of the Indian Dancer and his dance. Those of the West who gave themselves the pleasure of watching the Ram Gopal troupe or, more particularly, Sivaram and his group, would agree with the

remarks of that discerning connoisseur of Indian art, Dr. J. H. Cousins, who wrote in an article : " Sharing also the new creative life in India, KATHA-KALI, the dance drama of South India, has become a subject of aesthetic study and enjoyment not only in India but among lovers of high art in the five continents."

The European Systems of dancing also started as religious manifestations among the Greeks, (as for instance in the Dionysian Dance), among the Romans and other nations in Europe, but the dances of the West soon developed very largely on secular lines. Now what is the main difference between the two systems ?

The secret and the *raison d'etre* of the European dance as developed especially within the last two hundred years, is that, like modern European painting and sculpture, it is regarded as a means of self-expression, the evolution of the artist's specific individual personality. Thus it is, that the European dance, which began with the *Dance Basse* and the *Dance Haute* and flowered in the stately and courtly ceremonies of the *Pavane*, *Courante* and the *Minuet* of France, the *Fandango* of Spain, the courtesies and bows of the French and German court functions and the intricacies of the *Waltz* has, with the march of time, adopted the Jazz band and the Negro melodies and quick and startling rhythms borrowed from many lands. It has passed through such manifestations as the *Bunnyhug*, *Texas Tommy*, *Charleston*, *Blues* and *Lambeth Walk*, as well as the South American dances, *Samba*, *Rumba*, *Tango*, *Maxiase*, and the comparatively recent *Boomps-a-Daisy* and *Jitterbug*. In each of these forms of Dance, the idea has been that particular art forms are utilised mainly for the purpose of manifesting the exhilaration and the emotion generated in man and woman, who, in the main, perform in partnership. These dances are among the efflorescences of the "present-day European personality which assumes remarkable and original forms in architecture, painting, sculpture, as well as in music and dancing.

The Indian idea has been different. Whether in painting or in murals, in sculpture, music or dance, Indian art willingly adopts rigid conventions, subjects itself to very strict rules and

discipline and is anxious to eliminate the individual to concentrate on its interpretation of the Universal. One result of such an effort is that Indian art is largely anonymous. The works of great European masters like Rembrandt, Titian, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and Rodin attract millions ; but who knows of the authorship of Indian Sculptures, images and murals or the great artistic pagodas or the stone and wood carvings in Madura, Tanjore and Suchindram ? Indian art has

"NRITYA DANCE"

portrayed by Gopinath and his troupe,

(*Note the calm facial attitude of the principal figure ; also, the slow movement is very much evident in the expression of all the artistes*).

eliminated or striven to eliminate the individual and the particular. It has striven to think of the individual as a fragment in a continuous existence, as an atom of eternity, not as a protagonist of an art evolved for the purpose of either immortalisation, or the mere expression of the individual's emotions alone.

Many competent persons have observed that, in adopting this attitude and approach, Indian art has suffered to no small extent. Opinions may differ, but nevertheless, there is no advantage in confusing the two different ideals, no point in defacing distinct boundaries. The aim of Indian art has been the sublimation of ideals by the elimination of personality and the Indian dance has identical objectives with other forms of Indian art.

Madame Pavlova, after her visit to South India, tried to combine the beauties and the graces of the Russian ballet and of the Waltz with the equally graceful Katha-kali and had a certain measure of success. One of the artistic consequences of a movement, for which she was to some extent responsible, was the art of *Uday Shanker*, *Menaka* and various others, known equally well to the East and the West. These exponents of a combined art deserve the greatest admiration and every one interested in the art of Dance will watch with deep interest how far they succeed in faithful and eloquent interpretation.

" In my Father's House," said an authentic prophet, " are many mansions," and each art that strives to perfect itself along its own lines is building for itself one of those mansions. Each art, moreover, is part of that greatest of cultures, the creation of a comprehensive, full and many-sided life which is humanity's climax and crown, its liberation and salvation.

CHRIST AND NIETZSCHE

Christ and Nietzsche. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. Staples Press, 15/-.

THIS IS NOT, in any ordinary sense, a book about either Christ or Nietzsche. Mr. Wilson Knight himself proclaims (in his preface) that his knowledge of Nietzsche is limited to two of his works, read in English translation, and two popular introductions, declaring that it has been his "considered and deliberate purpose to resist the temptation" to read any more. Many Christians would, I suspect, say that his knowledge of Christ seems to be even less. But this will only trouble tidy-minded people who like the label on a bottle to give some indication of its contents. Perhaps the wise man will be satisfied with the contents, if he finds them good, without bothering about the label.

But what are the contents of this bottle? What *is* this book about? Mr. Knight himself calls it (in the final section of his final chapter) an "effort towards a reconstruction of Christianity" based upon "four pillars" which are "Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*. Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, and Pope's *Essay on Man*." This certainly gives a fair notion of the book—except that the number of "pillars" used is in fact many more than four. Rather it seems as if every book that Mr. Knight has ever read is commandeered to help prop up his new religion. Nothing, however, *except* books. This "reconstruction of Christianity" has exclusively literary foundations. Here we purse our lips and frown. It is as if the writer could not see the world directly with his own eyes, but only as reflected in the printed page, in the writings of others. This (we murmur) can never satisfy those who have remained uncorrupted by the debilitating study sometimes called "Eng. Lit."

It may be objected: is not this a work of "Eng. Lit."? Is not the author a University Reader in "Eng. Lit."? Would we forbid the poor man to carry on his business? Certainly not—if that is really what he is trying to do here. But is it?

On this point I suspect that Mr. Knight himself never properly made up his mind. His book is subtitled "An Essay in Poetic Wisdom," and his opening sentence is: "The important problems of our day cannot be assessed, let alone solved, by contemporary intellectual implements." His claims that our present difficulties—and he means especially our political difficulties—demand a "poetic thinking," superior in kind to the pedestrian logical thinking practised by philosophers, scientists, economists, etc. This might be the beginning of two quite different books. One would be a book which actually applied "poetic thinking" to the problems of the day—a book of poetry about our present situation—in fact, a sort of modern *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. The other would be a book not *of* poetry, but *about* poetry, showing how we can obtain from the writings of the poets the guidance which we need. This book, if it was to succeed, should not itself be written poetically, since it would presumably be meant for those who could not interpret poetry without assistance. But neither of these is the book which Mr. Knight has actually written. Instead he has written a third book—a book of poetry about the poets, enthusiastically developing what he finds in Shelley, or Shakespeare, or Nietzsche, or whoever at the moment it may be. This, certainly, is a work of pure "Eng. Lit.": the audience addressed is one which cares nothing about life outside books, but likes to have pointed out to it things in books which it might otherwise have missed. But I doubt whether this is quite the book which Mr. Knight meant to write when he started.

The reader who is not an "Eng. Lit." man will feel very sorry that Mr. Knight has written this third book, and not either of the other two. It is disappointing, when one has been promised the revelation of "poetic wisdom" concerning Hitler, to find the subject suddenly changed to Marlowe, to be told only that "the tone-quality of Hitler's rise to power is in the magnificent verse" of *Tamburlaine the Great*, and that *Doctor Faustus* may also make us think of Hitler, being based on a Germanic myth and also "showing a lack of integration similar to that one suspects in the Germanic temperament," in con-

sequence of which "the play remains unsatisfying" (a conclusion of purely "Eng. Lit." interest). It is distracting, in a chapter ostensibly concerned with the "poetic" significance of the Passion of Christ, to be told that the *Bacchae* of Euripides "in places reminds" Mr. Knight of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, that "in *King Lear* we find a somewhat different approach to evil" from that in *Macbeth*, and that "the work of Robinson Jeffers resembles a redly smoking volcano above the fields, factories and Platonic groves of modern American poetry." The long chapter devoted to Nietzsche (which is the sole justification for the appearance of his name in the title of the book) will seem to the philosophical reader excessively occupied with purely literary analysis of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, particularly of its imagery.

Just enough hint is given of the book which Mr. Knight *might* have written to show that his *not* writing it is a loss to us. He has something to say which, whether true or false, ought to be said by somebody, though not just now politically popular—namely, that our "liberal-democratic" civilisation is bound to fail, unless it can find its way to incorporate those dark and violent (even, if you like, evil) tendencies which were recently manifested in German National-Socialism, and not merely condemn and reject them. (On page 70 he makes a telling retort to the common allegation that "Fascism has no art.") One-eyed partisanship might well call this a "Fascist" book. Really Mr. Knight tries to steer a course between two reefs, only keeping perhaps closer to the one of which he thinks he more clearly sees all the dangers. His symbol in his final chapter is the figure of Shakespeare's Timon, "overarching" (to use Mr. Knight's own word) both Alcibiades ("Fascist" violence) and the Athenian Senators (an effete "bourgeois" order).

But it is a pity that Mr. Knight's "poetic wisdom" can, it seems, only tell us that we have somehow to achieve what Timon stands for—not (what we really want to know) how, in our actual situation, we are to set about it.

A. M. MacIver.

Dennis Brown

PATTERDALE . . . AUGUST, '48

Rock and water lock in combination elemental
that coupling of sheep and ram of woman-man seem incidental
almost co-incidental.

How close the lovers lie ;
the clouds press low the mist wraps round
the face of stone is dripping with the water's breath.
How still ;
no sound but whispered secrets in the hill
that slip from craggy lip to vapour auricle.

Caressing ghylls fall softly to the mountain's feet
from limpid pools that nestling sleep between her breasts.

No hot young passion here rampages
no fast flirtation no park embraces
but a quiet practiced love developed through a million ages.
Long they lie engrossed in each other's subtlety
their intricacies twined—rock and water
water rock. An age ? a day ? time does not matter.

Mr. Prufrock
THE NEW WASTE LAND

ALTHOUGH THE POETS of the 'Thirties were like Shakespeare's owl, prophecying with accents terrible of dire combustion and confused events, they wore their apocalyptic robes with something of an air. As cheerfully as Tennyson they presumed that somehow good would be the final goal of ill—that the revolution was just round the corner, " even if it wasn't a particularly jolly corner." They had left the Waste Land and the Hollow Men behind, and were striding on (shall we say, like pylons ?) to the withered-away state and the classless society. But now, here they all are, back in the Waste Land and, of the famous four, only Auden seems to share the Christian hope that lightens the darkness, we can now see, of the first Waste Land. The recent volumes of Auden, Day Lewis and MacNeice present us with diverse essays in disillusionment.

Auden's Third Avenue Eclogue, *The Age of Anxiety—our* age—is an account of drifting, unhappy creatures in that Inferno of the modern world, in which five million suffer for the sins of others, New York. These creatures are only saved from the most fashionable of the seven deadly sins by consuming large quantities of alcohol. The poem is meant as a parable of our age, in which Everyman is a neurotic who seeks to escape reality by the help of Bacchus or of Venus. The alliterative verse is immensely accomplished and bears eloquent witness to the poet's early love of Old English poetry—a love which is less apparent in some who obtain better degrees—and it proves, if proof were needed, that a primitive form is unsuited to a more sophisticated age.

Auden has also published his *Collected Poems*, but only in the United States. He has apparently revised them so as to eliminate (as far as possible) his revolutionary past. Even the Committee on Un-American Activities—and what American activities can mean, readers of the Kinsey report will know—would find little in what is left with which to hit the headlines. It is rumoured, however, that for the next edition of his poems

Auden intends to have a further purge, so that there will be nothing left of *Look Stranger*, the best of his early volumes. We quarrel with Wordsworth for his mischievous suppressions in *The Prelude*, and Auden cannot expect to please his readers, even if he gives a chance to a future Ph.D.

Louis MacNeice uses his lyrics (and one cannot blame him) as an escape from his exploits as the Radio Laureate. After saluting the Allied Nations, Democracy, the Four Freedoms, the New Year and Christopher Columbus, it must be a relief for him to relax, and be cynical, pessimistic, and intimate, as he pleases. *Holes in the Sky* is almost as good as *Springboard :* it contains half a dozen delightful poems, colloquial, off-hand, intelligent, which are in the best MacNeice manner (*e.g.* " Bluebells, " The National Gallery," " Elegy for Minor Poets " and "Autolycus ") ; but when he tries to find out what his philosophy of life is and turn it into verse the result is brilliant, dexterous, slick and superficial. One wonders for a moment if MacNeice has finished up by being no more than a supremely competent journalist. So that to read *Holes in the Sky* is like receiving an exciting Christmas present, wrapped in several layers of paper. We cut the string, strip off the brown paper, strip off the coloured paper decorated with gollywogs, cut the coloured tape, open a pretty box, remove the tissue paper—and discover that there is nothing inside. Mr. MacNeice does not believe in very much, it seems ; and to him also the neurotic and the drunkard are the twin pillars of our society.

Spender's book has not yet appeared. Day Lewis's *Poems, 1943-1947*, is in many ways an impressive volume, but it is also a very grim one. The two epigraphs express the tone of the book succintly : Hardy's

> " *I seem but a dead man held on end*
> *To sink down soon. . . .*"

and Valéry's " *il faut tenter de vivre . .* " The book is not a prophylactic against suicide, but perhaps a homeopathic remedy. It would be absurd to complain of any poet, and especially of any poet living in this age, for ho.ding a tragic view of life. But we may fairly ask that the poet shall be tragic and not merely disillusioned, for disillusionment is often as sentimental as the romantic optimism it replaces.

We do not need the epigraph and the Birthday Poem to tell us that Day Lewis has been to school with Thomas Hardy : that is apparent from his rhythms, his phrases, and even his situations. Several of the poems present life's little ironies in true Hardyesque style (*e.g. The Unwanted*, *Two Travellers*, *Seen from the Train*). It is difficult not to believe that Hardy wrote a poem on a Chrysanthemum Show, and a meditation on a photograph of himself when young ; and the group of poems on the failure of a marriage might almost have been written by Hardy in collaboration with Meredith. But it would be unfair to suggest that Day Lewis has merely become his master's voice, or even to blame him for the brilliant imitation of MacNeice's " Schizophrene "—for he has absorbed many such influences before, without disaster. What is disturbing in his new book is the poet's feeling that he has come to a dead end, without any lively hope of finding a way out :

> " *And though my to-days are*
> *Repetitive, dull, disjointed,*
> *I must continue to practise them over and over*
> *Like a five-finger exercise,*
> *Hoping my hands at last will suddenly flower with*
> *Passion, and harmonize.*"

The reader expects not optimism, but a tragic view of life : he is given, not tragedy, but a vague hope that life will come to mean something some day. The disillusionment of these three poets may be attributed to the war, and especially to the event that precipitated the outbreak and the one that brought it to an end—the Nazi-Soviet pact and Hiroshima. One cannot help being reminded of the lines of a poet so unfashionable that to quote him is a solecism, lines which were written after another great war :

> " *In each human heart terror survives*
> *The ravin it has gorged : the loftiest fear*
> *All that they would disdain to think were true. . . .*
> *They dare not devise good for man's estate,*
> *And yet they know not that they do not dare.*
> *The good want power, but to weep barren tears.*
> *The powerful goodness want : worse need for them.*
> *The wise want love ; and those who love want wisdom ;*
> *And all best things are thus confused to ill.*"

These poets are not yet " confused to ill." They have not sat down to write their Odes to Duty—the fatal monent in Wordsworth's life. They have not, in their retreat from Moscow, made common cause with Colonel Blimp. They have not fled from the Commissar to the Yogi. They have not indulged in that last treachery of noble minds—to advocate Christianity, not because it is true, but because it is a useful prop for failing morals, and a *cordon sanitaire* around the Red Menace. They have not—at least not yet—gone the primrose league to the everlasting bonfire. But after reading their poems, we may feel that life is such a depressing business that we may be tempted to answer the Valéry motto (" *il faut tenter de vivre* ") with the classic phrase, " *Je n'en vois pas la necessité.*"

* * * *

We are driven back to the most profound, the wisest, the most realistic of the Romantics, who never shut his eyes to an unpleasant fact, who in utter loneliness " kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble," who suffered from the " aspersion of madness cast on the inspired "—the indomitable, the incomparable, William Blake.

Aldred F. Barker

ORIGINS OF LEEDS UNIVERSITY

UNTIL TOWARDS THE CLOSE of the 19th century the North of England was without Universities saving the very limited University of Durham. Had Tostig beaten Harold at Stamford Bridge and followed this up with a victory over William then England would have joined Northern Europe, York would have been the capital city and Durham would probably have flourished as Oxford later flourished. But William conquered, England became linked with Southern Europe and for hundreds of years the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were considered ample to meet the requirements of the whole country. The 19th century, however, saw the evolution of industry in the North and a tremendous increase in population, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Cambridge sought to impose one of its colleges on the teeming North. This did not make the expected appeal and some other means of university development was called for. The North was already doing much for itself through its Philosophical Societies, Mechanics' Institutes and other voluntary associations. That university developments were both merited and called for was well exampled in my own and many other families. My great-uncle, Joseph Barker, taught himself Latin while spinning on the Jenny and then went on to tackle Greek. Had he been brought within the sphere of a sound university culture his great influence in Yorkshire and Lancashire would have been directed to better ends. Another great-uncle was president of Hunslet Mechanics' Institute, had his telescope and microscope, was a scientific horticulturist and a quite good water-colour painter, while Baker, the son of a Thirsk grocer, became custodian of Kew. Lancashire evolved its university culture through men of this type, of whom perhaps the greatest was Dalton; but Yorkshire had to wait until the various exhibitions from 1851 onwards had shown its technical

inferiority to its continental rivals, particularly in the production of wool fabrics. Thus about 1880 the Report of a Royal Commission caused consternation to all either directly or indirectly interested in wool manufacture and the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers of the City of London felt it incumbent upon itself to give very substantial support to the development of Textile Schools in Yorkshire, and gave a specially large sum of money to Leeds with the result that the Yorkshire College of Science was seriously taken in hand. The first building erected on the newly chosen site was the Clothworkers' Department of Textile Industries. The departments of Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry were soon brought up from the town on to the new site and Colour Chemistry and Dyeing and Engineering were quickly added, followed by other scientific and technical departments. Leeds was specially fortunate in the choice of the occupants of its several chairs. Among the first occupants were Sir Thomas Thorpe, who quickly attained to a leading position in Chemistry and Professors Barr and Stroud, whose range-finder has led the world in its own line.

But the cultural life of Leeds was not satisfied with a limited scientific outlook, with the result that about 1884 the late Sir Nathan Bodington, a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, was appointed as Principal, a small but efficient Arts Staff engaged and the title changed to "The Yorkshire College." In the meantime Manchester and Liverpool had got further ahead and conjointly were given university status as "The Victoria University," and in 1887 "The Yorkshire College" was admitted as one of the constituent colleges of this University. But early in the 20th century it was felt that this dispersion of university status was not conducive to the spread of the desired university spirit and it was decided to ask each of the constituent colleges of Victoria University to endeavour to raise its organisation and equipment to a condition meriting separate university recognition. Thus came into being the Universities of Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds. Leeds had already joined hands with its famous Medical School and had taken in hand serious developments in its building plans ;

but the question inevitably arose—should not the world-famed city of York be the University centre ? York had been famed educationally from the time of Alcuin and the institution of St. Peter's School ; why not carry on the scholastic and ecclesiastical traditions ? But the more modern outlook prevailed and Leeds was retained as the centre for Yorkshire's University.

That for many years Leeds University was little more than a technical college and higher grade school must be conceded. Under Sir Michael Sadler, however, Leeds really attained university rank ; when, in 1923, he left Leeds for Oxford he left behind him the true spirit of university culture.

* "*The Origins of Leeds University*" *is extracted from a long article dealing with the development of University Education in England and Australia. We regret that we have not space to print the whole article, to which the above is little more than introduction.*—EDITOR.

Last day for copy. . .

Contributors are reminded that, owing to the Christmas Vacation, the Last Day for Copy for the New Year Number appearing in January is

DECEMBER 13th.

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

J. T. Boorman

LOPE de VEGA

THERE ARE VERY FEW, if any, prodigies in the field of literature who can stand comparison with Lope de Vega. In fact his extraordinary output (he appears to have written nearly 1,500 plays as well as a considerable number of poems and novels) has tended to base his fame more on quantity than on quality of inspiration. It seems incredible that one who wrote so copiously should also write well, yet those who have penetrated into the dramatic universe of his creation will readily admit that Lope de Vega is not only the greatest of the Spanish dramatists but also one of the supreme playwrights and poets of the world.

The Spanish Society, by presenting a translation of *El Castigo sin Venganza* next February, hopes to make a modest contribution to the better understanding of Lope in this country. Though well known to the Jacobean dramatists and esteemed by the Romantics, he has never made his way upon the English stage. There are reasons for this neglect which we cannot deal with here. It is enough to say that though certain of his plays would be incomprehensible to an English audience, many of them are international in spirit, belonging to the common patrimony of the European Drama.

El Castigo sin Venganza, written in 1631, four years before Lope de Vega's death, takes its place in the latter group. Based on a historical event which Bandello turned into a *novella*, the subject of the play, with its elements of adultery and violence, is one which would have appealed to Webster and his contemporaries. The brutal slaying of the Duke's wife and his son, with its refined cunning, is of an almost Elizabethan horror, not diminished by the fact that the first two Acts of the *Castigo* are gentle and pathetic in tone, upon which calm the catastrophe of the last Act breaks with overwhelming force.

Nevertheless, the treatment of his subject by the Spaniard is unmistakable. The protagonists move in an enchanted poetic world where every phrase is turned and polished, where no

alien elements intrude and nothing which the artist has begun is left unfinished. In this sumptuous and grandiose verbal architecture a proper dignity and decorum of speech and action is maintained. Lope has, with his usual insight and comprehension of the dramatic art, constructed a play which verges on classical perfection, and was determined, though with much greater liberty than Racine allowed himself, to see that every detail of conduct and even morality harmonised with the whole. Thus the adultery itself is committed between the second and third Acts, so anxious is Lope not to distract attention from the main thesis of the play by a possible appeal to sensuality.

It would be dangerously wrong, however, to give the impression that *El Castigo sin Venganza* is so stiff and conventional that it lacks dramatic life, vigour and sensibility. Against the decorous background of the Ducal Palace at Ferrara the tragic events related by Lope take on a strange and pathetic reality which is all the more moving because the poet has banished anything which might distract our attention or lessen the suspense and anguish which we feel while destiny thrusts Cassandra and Federico further along the path to their own destruction. Somehow he has managed to dissolve the harshness of his subject into an ideal tragedy and yet, by a pure miracle of dramatic skill, we are more moved by his reticence than by the outspoken violence and realism of many of his contemporaries. Those things which Webster and others delighted in displaying, Lope dismisses with a modest gesture or an allusion. Our emotion arises from the scope which he leaves for the play of the imagination, for beneath the elegant and formal design of the play we hear more clearly the mournful undertones of tragedy.

Lope has given this play a double interest. The pathetic tragedy of Cassandra and Federico, forced into adultery by the infamous conduct of the Duke and victims of an insuperable passion, predominates in the first two Acts. In the last Act the vengeance of the Duke comes to the fore. He is obliged by his position and rank to rid himself of the dishonour which his own misdeeds have brought upon his head at the moment when he has at last resolved, with the blessing of the Pope,

to lead a virtuous life. Moreover, the adultery is known to him alone ; he dare not make a secret dishonour public by open vengeance. At this point the somewhat repulsive figure of the Duke takes on a dreadful and superhuman majesty. He becomes the appointed instrument of the wrath of God. The catastrophe of the play is horrible but justice is done and the honour of Ferrara is cleansed with blood, at a monstrous price. A *Castigo sin Venganza*, a " punishment without vengeance " has been achieved, and the Duke is left a broken man.

This drama, which Baret considered the equal of any Tragedy ever written, appears to have caused a sensation when it was first performed. Lope states that it was taken off after its first representation, without giving the reason. It has been suggested that it was thought to refer to the supposed adultery and murder of Don Carlos by order of Philip II. Nevertheless it returned to the stage in 1636 and held its place. Whatever the cause may have been for this interruption, we owe to it the perfect preservation of the text, unmauled by the adaptations and accretions which the actor-managers of the day were wont to introduce into their performances. *El Castigo sin Venganza* is pure Lope de Vega. It dates from the period of his highest maturity, and had a considerable influence on the European Drama. Schiller was not unaware of it when he composed his *Don Carlos*. It was translated into Dutch as early as 1665, several times into French, and later into Polish. Byron imitated it in his *Parisina* (turned into an Opera by Donizetti), but the *Castigo* itself does not seem to have been translated into English before.

Much of the resonant and forceful poetry of Lope will be lost. and many of the natural conventions of the Spanish Drama may appear strange to an English audience next February. Nevertheless the Spanish Society hopes to be able to give some idea of the grandeur and movement of this superb Tragedy and to make Lope de Vega more than a name in Leeds.

REVIEWS

GRAVES AND RESURRECTIONS is the longest poem and the title-poem of a first collection by Vernon Scannell.

To call Mr. Scannell a "poet of promise" would be at once an inaccuracy and an insult. True, one hopes, on the evidence of the present little collection, that the author will develop with the passage of time; but *Graves and Resurrections* is not a volume of slick word-jugglery leading one to admit that some day the perpetrator may write poetry, as are so many contemporary first efforts: no, in it there is already fine poetry.

In the title-poem are the lines:

> "*Things cannot last forever,*
> *Yet something of them lasts forever.*"

These seem to set down one of the poet's major realisations about life, a realisation emphasised again and again in his verses recalling the last war. In *Aftermath* we read one of Mr. Scannell's characteristic stanzas:

> "*Sometimes a vagrant scent recalls*
> *The smell of cordite in the rain,*
> *And suddenly the penny falls*
> *Into its slot to start again*
> *The mechanism of the mind.*"

One can readily believe that many people will remain unmoved by the above lines; but there are thousands who will quote Ruskin concerning them, "How good that is: it's exactly what I think." For countless people, the smell of cordite in the rain is the most disturbing thing in their lives: Mr. Scannell sets down their inmost feelings.

In *The Pub*, *Love Among the Tumblers*, and *My Lady of The Saloon*, it is not too much to say, we have a vision of the street such as the street hardly understands, and in *After Hearing Words* a cynicism which is child to this vision.

On the whole, Mr. Scannell is a clever versifier; but he has his lapses into preciosity and diffuseness. Also, he can turn out very pedestrian verses which, at least, he could suppress—for example, *A Love Poem.* Again, in the title-poem, references to Christ and Gentle Jesus ring false. One feels, as no doubt the poet did, that some such references are called for; but lip-service and conviction are very different things.

GEORGE HAUGER.

Graves and Resurrections, by VERNON SCANNELL,

Fortune Press, 6/-.

THE *FREE MIND* is a quarterly critical journal concerned with rationalism, as applied to all spheres of life. The current issue contains articles as varied as "The Psychopathology of Rationalism"; "English Divorce Law as it is and Should Be"; "Vive Le Sport" and "Verbal Rationalisation." The accent is on the intellect, the conscious will, the idea, rather than upon feeling, spontaneous impulse, or action, so that the tone of the journal is unhealthy, mentally and spiritually. But we lay ourselves open to the criticism of seeking the comfort of unreason when we would claim to be seeking the fresh air of reality. It is not only Jung children who are easily Freudened. *The Free Mind* seeks to remove religious and legalistic blinkers, but immediately blindfolds our deepest instincts. Lawrence and the atavists were nearer a correct diagnosis of our present decadence than *The Free Mind* or some of the other journals it advertises: *The Journal of Sex Education*, *The Plain View* (a humanist journal concerned with human relations and with the quality of living), *The Eugenics Review.*

MARGARET ALLEN.

The Free Mind (The Rationalist Press, Quarterly).

ART. *the normality of*

With acknowledgments to the Editor of the Union News, without malice to MIFF *and the Printer, and with apologies to the Leeds Fine Arts Club.*

MIFF'S REACTION (*Union News*, 18th November, 1948) to the Exhibition of work by the Leeds Fine Arts Club was apparently devastating. Had he possessed (as did Miss Stein, whose style he so accidentally emulates) a poodle, the dog would most certainly have turned rabid. When, however, one considers that this excess of language and emotion has been provoked by what he himself designates "Art As The Normal Man Likes It," one can only fearfully anticipate what his reaction will be to the Henry Moore and Michael Ayrton shows arranged for next year. His certainty about Mr. Anderson's sex was shaken after a little contact with his/her work, whose "spirit demands attempt the ingenuous in a very sophisticated manner," for he goes on to congratulate her/him on "Boy Reading a Comic Paper—." *Union News ?*.

Not only the person of Mr. Pullée but the shape of his name undergoes this protean change, MIFF latterly alluding to him as Mrs. Pullee. Or *are* they ? (Stop press : they are).

After a brief climatic set-back caused by Mr./Mrs./Pullée/Pullee, he becomes enthusiastic about the placing of "Joyce's" head and shoulders. No conviction can be felt of the customariness of anything at this freak Exhibition, but it is to be trusted that these were in the usual order.

What follows is tantalising. "This picture" he says simply, "it." A statement probably supported by the next remark : "Mrs. Pullee continues to and Mr. Whitehead's fishes steal the show."

Folklorists and Freudians please note the final suggestion, which, one feels, ought to be sent to the Medical School (Fishmongers ?) for inspection before anyone takes it up. "I feel that Mr. Whitehead could do a great deal for this club : *he* (my italics) has no inhibitions." Sooner these, pray, than any more exhibitions like this !

M.H.

CHARLES GROVES

ON SIBELIUS AND THE SEVEN SYMPHONIES

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16th Charles Groves, conductor of the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra, gave a talk on "*Sibelius and the Seven Symphonies.*" It is not often that a speaker (by dint of his very profession) can divulge such detailed and general information at once, as Mr. Groves so admirably did on this occasion.

The speaker attempted to give a birds'-eye-view of the development of Sibelius's symphonic form, how this follows an alternating scheme somewhat similar to Beethoven's; how Sibelius, subconsciously perhaps, observes albeit originally, some of the mannerisms of the earlier composers. In short, the speaker made it plain that the seven Symphonies are of such a lofty standard and importance that the great man is, being literally pestered to write an Eighth; no mean compliment to any composer.

The piano illustrations were of just the right length and forced each point home brilliantly. It is interesting to note that where a meaner speaker would have swamped his audience with lots of "nice bits" from recordings (Mr. Groves knew they were available) he yet declined to do so in favour of picking out an odd oboe duet on the piano in conjunction with verbal explanations.

Mr. Mumby, who was chairman, and Mr. Bramham, who proposed a vote of thanks, both spoke in terms of highest esteem, and deservedly so.

R. O. Librowicz.

Letters to the Editor . . .

The Editor wishes to thank those students and members of the Staff who have corresponded about the new "Gryphon" and sent subscriptions, for although in the latter instance, receipts will have been despatched, in the former, acknowledgments may not have been. It has proved impossible through lack of space to print all the letters received; the following extracts are representative.

Dear Madam,

Ladies at tiffin
Talk of the "Griffin."
Men plying the syphon
Refer to *The Gryphon.*
Oh why with this name is the horrid rag blest,
When a sphinx is the symbol surmounting our crest?
But whether its "Griffin" or "Gryphon" or "Sphinx,"
The whole of its public agree that it stinks.

Yours, etc.,

A CRITIC.

Madam,

Being temporarily rendered *hors de combat* by an attack of flu' I have been able to read thoroughly and consider all that is contained in the current issue of *The Gryphon* (price 1/-).

As an Old Student I have read the magazine regularly for the past 8 years, and I wish to say that it has improved beyond recognition, in my opinion. I also approve of the new cover.

I am sure many Old Students will feel as I do.

Yours, etc.,

M.W., B.A.

(Name and address supplied).

Madam,

I wish to offer my congratulations on the new issue of *The Gryphon.*

When I first saw it I was attracted, before even opening it. Possibly it was the colour, possibly the design on the cover or possibly the size—but I felt interested. I have just finished reading it and that instinctive feeling of pleasure which it inspired, is justified.

Upon analysis, and this is written as a reader and not a critic, I find these differences from previous issues of *The Gryphon* :

It is written for grown up individuals. To quote from the Editorial, it ceases to be "*a cross between 'Men Only' and the Girls High School Magazine.*" The articles are well written, the humour is humorous, and the edition is well produced.

Final comment is that the issue is worthy of its spiritual home and one which either an old student or a present student can take pride in associating with his University.

Yours, etc.,

ONE OLD STUDENT

(Name and address supplied).