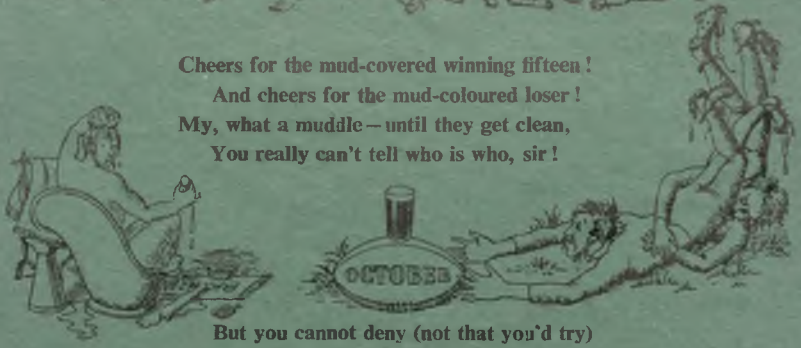
The Gryphon

One Shilling

Cheers for the mud-covered winning fifteen!
And cheers for the mud-coloured loser!
My, what a muddle—until they get clean,
You really can't tell who is who, sir!



But you cannot deny (not that you'd try)
There's nothing like Guinness—here's mud in your eye!

G.E.1534.E

Number 10 of "A Guinness Sportfolio"

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The Gryphon

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNION

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE 1950-51

IT IS MY very special pleasure, on behalf of the Union, to welcome you as we start a new session, and look forward to a year of progress and success.

To all students, old and new, the University has much to offer besides a purely academic education. Here, living together with students of different Faculties, of many Nations, students with widely differing ideals and political concepts, we have the opportunity of learning much about our fellow-men. Here we can obtain that liberal education which purely technical qualifications cannot give us. The spirit of mutual co-operation which is so valuable can only be obtained by living in such a Society as the Union possesses. This co-operative spirit is even more valuable when there is strife and discontent present, as there is in the world to-day.

Much effort will have to be made on your part to obtain the maximum benefit from this University life. Every student has something to contribute, and the more you give, the more you will get out of it and the more will University life seem worth living.

Too often in the past has it been the same "old faithfuls," year after year, who have worked to maintain the high standard of our Societies and Athletic Clubs. May this, then, be a year when every student gives of his best and helps to carry high the traditions and reputation of the University of Leeds.

ROY L. HOLMAN.

EDITORIAL

IN RECENT YEARS it has been only too well manifested, in the pages of the Press, in the Conference Room, and in the excellent series of talks put out by the B.B.C. in the Third Programme, that among those men whose purpose it is to be concerned with Higher Education there is great anxiety at the growing necessity for specialised Education. The arguments on both sides have been put with force and logic, yet, as always, with that element of subjective bias inseparable from human points of view. The arguments have become so well worn, and so many great and distinguished minds have already explored them to their uttermost, that no good purpose would be served by any repetition of them in these pages. There is little more which can logically be added to what has already been said—nothing which could be restated better than it has been stated already.

There *is*, however, a newer argument, raising itself upon the foundations supplied by the older ones, which seem to call for a certain amount of comment. In recent months we have seen a voluminous correspondence in the Editorial pages of certain newspapers concerned with putting the case for and against the splitting off from the existent Universities of those Technological Schools which have been regarded as among the chief, and by some as the most regrettable products of the present Crisis in Educational history, and reassembling them into an entirely separate Technological University, or group of Universities, in order to free the existing ones from the influences, " anti-cultural and academically destructive " which,

it is argued, they bring to bear upon any University which harbours them.

At first sight this argument seems to have a great deal to recommend it. It is obvious that in a highly competitive and specialised world such as that of our day, based almost entirely upon fantastically rapid technical advance and the financial exploitation of it, the types of men required to be produced by the Universities to maintain and to develop existent techniques, or to evolve newer and more efficient ones, will be such as are able to concentrate the whole of their interest and activity in their own speciality, and to whom the slower tempo necessary to the obtaining of a broader and more balanced education will inevitably appear to represent lost time and the possibility of lost opportunity into the bargain.

Nevertheless, a University education does not consist entirely of study programmes, considered at its fullest value, and it is regrettably a fact that the typical Technological study-programme allows very little time for social contacts and cultural life within the clubs and societies of the Student world, or for the "impact of young mind upon young mind" in gatherings not drawn exclusively from the Technologist's own Faculty. It is a fact, too, that the situation is one which, like a cancerous cell, develops and propagates. It is just as unusual to find an Arts student interesting himself in the more general aspects of, say, Engineering Design or Textile Manufacture, as it is to find an Engineering or Textile student in regular attendance at Poetry readings, or Lectures organised by English or Philosophical Societies.

All the same, in Unions, in Approved Lodgings, and, better still, where they exist, in Halls of Residence there is *some* contact, and no human contact other than a purely momentary, evanescent one can fail to have *some* effect upon the persons concerned. And if such contacts and effects are slight, they are, nevertheless, perhaps the best which can be made of a situation which has been out of hand for too long easily to be adjusted by arbitrary manipulation by Educational Authority. Further to increase the isolation from each other of Arts, Pure-Science, and Technological Faculties by removing

the latter altogether from the life of the present Universities, and throwing them together in newer, more specialised, more autonomous communities would be, perhaps, only to increase the evil, considered in the broader, social sense, and to decrease even those small opportunities which do exist at present for the Technologist and Arts student for meeting and discussion on subjects outside their curricula. To accept the present situation and to do as much as possible to mitigate its inevitable effects, since we cannot alter that situation, rooted as it is in economic necessities indivisible from our particular kind of civilisation, seems to be no more than elementary commonsense. Deliberately to exaggerate the less desirable effects of that situation in segregation by policy, complete and irrevocable, in place of the incomplete, and, at its best, not irrevocable separation dictated by accidental necessity, would seem to be a retrograde step.

We, of *The Gryphon*, in our small way, have suffered a great deal from the effects of our situation as the magazine of a University where Technological interests tend to outweigh Literary and Cultural ones. We have difficulty in obtaining copy, particularly from those very Technologists whom we find it most difficult to please and to interest, since, they say, they have neither the time, nor the interest to write for us, yet, somehow, seem to expect us to be able to produce articles and features specially to interest them from our own resources. But the answer, we feel, is not one which involves further segregation, or further division of interest. We continue to hope that each batch of Freshmen will bring in Arts men interested in the general aspects of Technology as applied to everyday life—(so much a part, anyway, of present-day ordinary living),—and Technological men interested in Literature —the Literature of their own Mother-Tongue, even, in certain notable cases, of some of their own standard academic reading. Some scientists and technologists *do* care, and have cared for clarity of expression and grace of style, and there is nothing fundamentally illogical in the notion of their doing so. We do not want our pages to be filled almost exclusively with the work of those people interested in good Literature purely as an academic speciality.

Attempts to segregate by force are as bad as attempts to "bring together" by force. They will not work, save at too high a cost to both sides. We, of *The Gryphon*, hope that arguments advocating the segregation of students into "Traditional" and "Technological" Universities may remain simply arguments. We are anxious to welcome every new member of the University, whether he is interested in the things to which, for lack of other contributions, we are forced to devote the majority of our space, or is disinclined, on the other hand, either to read them or to alter the position for us by sending us something which he *would* be interested to read. And our cordial invitation, to Staff and students alike—for, as has already been said by a distinguished member of that Staff—"The University is *one* body, not two"—to submit original work to us, whether in Poetry or Prose, whether in the form of Literary Short Stories or of Articles, whether of general Scientific, Technological, or Artistic interest, is as firm and as sincere for Technologists and Scientists as it is for the Arts man.

In conclusion, we are happy to recommend to new students and to old ones, too, the facilities offered for woodcutting, lithography, engraving, and allied branches of visual Art offered by the new Department of Fine Art in process of forming under Mr. De Sausmarez. Of all branches of cultural activity Visual Art is perhaps the one least exclusive, the most widely interesting. It may be that the situation which we have been discussing in this Editorial, at somewhat greater length than usual, may be relieved of some of its restraints and exclusions much more effectively by mutual interest in and practising of original artistic work than by any legislation of a defeatist and segregative kind. We are as open for good, original work in any visual Art technique suitable for magazine reproduction as we are for original work of any other kind, provided that reproduction is within our means.

The pages of *The Gryphon* are not merely open to you, but exist entirely for you. For whom else, after all, should they exist?

We who produce *The Gryphon* offer you our welcome, and ask you not merely to read, but to help to fill those pages.

R.M.

ALMA MATER

I SPENT THREE YEARS AT LEEDS, struggling after a degree, and am now passing one (relieved) year at Cambridge, relaxing from these efforts. Perhaps this latter fact is a major influence on my outlook, but somehow I cannot help feeling that my one year down here counts more for me than the whole time I spent at Leeds.

I have, of course, very affectionate memories of the University at Leeds, and must admit that—while there—I felt quite satisfied. I enjoyed the contacts made and the gradual tour of the small world created there within its gates. But it is only now—looking back from a distance—that I perceive just how small, and unrelated, that world was.

I suppose all provincial Universities suffer under the same handicap of being primarily technical institutions, and having desperately, therefore, to seek to create a University Life in what spare time remains to them. They have sprung up in fairly recent times, in order to provide some further education for the masses of people unable to attend the older Universities, and so, obviously, have much leeway to make up, before they can build themselves into an institution.

They look at the established Universities, with their wealth of tradition, learning and culture, and realise—subconsciously—that complete emulation is out of the question for the time being. So they abstract from the living whole certain facets which they feel can be adorned and suitably arranged to present for them a University front to the world.

Inevitably, in this course, tradition goes by the board. So—to a large extent—does culture, because there is little time in the Provinces to pursue Art for Art's sake. The vital necessity is to be qualified to follow a career, and this is best done by concentrating on practicalities, and casting idle speculation aside. After all, when one has established oneself, one can then sit back and dabble conscientiously in such culture as

a provincial city affords. For, after all, the main thing is to be able to present concrete qualifications to the world.

But, just how far does this education penetrate? Is it merely the surface accumulation of fact purveyed in predigested form, suitable for rapid consumption? Not that there is anything wrong in picking a good brain—the best of people do it from time to time. The wrong lies in presuming that, having acquired facts and a certain method of thought, one is wholly educated.

What of the larger aspect of education—the development of the mind to its fullest extent? Can technical erudition fulfil this function in any degree? Has it resources of its own which replace the considerable advantages of a mellow, unhurried University background? I feel that the urgent—almost commercial—tempo of the average provincial University precludes a full development of the mind and the personality. One tends to snatch at thought and experience in passing. pulling these fragments round one in the semblance of a complete garment. But, inevitably—except in a few, rare cases the utility structure beneath shows through.

I am not, of course, trying to prove the unproveable, *i.e.*, that every Oxford and Cambridge student is a genius, and that every other student is a thought-less automaton. Such a contention could easily be disproved from even one's own limited experience, but I do suggest that the chances of a mediocre student developing into something more are higher at the older Universities than elsewhere. Life there has so many facets that it would be a dull person indeed who did not feel stimulated into a new awareness, leading in turn to further independent effort.

No small contribution to mental growth is made by the extensive cross-section of human types who crop up at the centres of learning—which are, I suppose, the originators of the undergraduate eccentricity, so studiously copied by their provincial counterparts. Not here the tentative spade-beard or modest bow-tie, but a flight to the larger lunacies of the ultimate in corduroy, gaudy waistcoats and penny-farthing bicycles.

Of course, the larger numbers of the combined Cambridge colleges mean that there will be a correspondingly greater variety of people within the University. This gives the average student a great advantage in his day-to-day contacts, and imperceptibly fulfils the necessary University function of broadening the mind.

I feel, too, that the collegiate system is an essential part of real University life. For, it gives a basic unity to the student community, while allowing ample scope for personal preference and indulgence. Its rather tentative and lukewarm imitations in the average provincial University fall far short of the original idea. They tend to be mere extensions of boarding schools, with all their useless rules and limitations ; and, in fact, act as a sort of gang headquarters, where " the boys " can be boyish a little longer, before emerging into the world.

But—in fairness—I must admit that one great advantage Leeds has over Cambridge, is its mixed Union. I do miss this easy rendezvous for chat and discussion of anything—from Anglo-Saxon scansion to the latest matrimonial rumours. The Union is the real meeting place for the exchange of thought and idea, which is essential to the purpose of University life. It makes up in a large degree—I suppose—for the lack of a collegiate foundation. At Cambridge—where women are still hardly a recognised part of University life—the Union is more on the lines of an exclusive men's club, into which women are escorted as privileged guests. Very nice, if one has no strong feminist leanings ; though it does mean that many Cambridge women tend to enjoy a rather cloistered intellectual seclusion, and—though technically members of the University—are not in actuality.

But I must say that this uneven balance of power between the sexes improves their mutual relationship in some ways. I should like to add an appreciative feminine postscript on the invariable courtesy met with everywhere from male undergraduates— a very pleasant and desirable asset, sometimes overlooked elsewhere in the general rush for intellectual superiority.

Delphian

ART AND THE UNION

BY NOW WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR with those coffee-cup controversies which seem to break out each time a new picture is introduced into the Joint Common Room. Yet it is remarkable that although some of the small pictures exhibited in the Cafeteria are worthy of more than the occasional passing glance, it is very, very seldom that one hears of one of them being singled out for discussion.

It may be all a question of relative size. The same medium-sized oil which, hung on that so favourable wall in the J.C.R., manages easily to dominate interest and stimulate discussion, might be almost unnoticeable if hung in the very much larger Cafeteria, with its differently-disposed wall-space and lighting. It is strange that those responsible for the selection of the pictures have chosen so often to hang pictures in the Caf. which, on the whole, though quite excellent small pictures in themselves, are unsuitable to the sort of display facilities available there, and which, seen perpetually in an unfavourable position and an unfavourable light, come to be regarded with an altogether undeserved contempt.

May we ask the Selection Committee to bear these points in mind, to let us have more *real* changes and fewer changes merely of position, occasionally to introduce into the Caf. pictures large and commanding enough to earn attention in the face of the obvious drawbacks, and generally to dispose the pictures which they choose for us with more regard both to the requirements of each location, and to the displaying of each individual picture in circumstances where it is likely to receive the full measure of attention which it deserves ?

W. A. Hodges

THE AMNESIAC

SLOWLY THE AFTERNOON SPREAD through the street outside, blazing with warm, yellow light, the only cool accent the triangular patch of blue shadow cast upon the asphalt by the building opposite, the only sound the strangely isolated clang of the ice-cream man's tricycle bell. " Clang ! "—it went—" Clang ! "—an insignificant little noise hung in an eternity of sunshine, and the man on the bed stirred and woke, moving his head from side to side as he came out of sleep like a blind puppy searching for its mother's nipple. As his eyes opened he coughed quietly, and groped out from the side of the bed to the top of the bookshelves which stood beside it for cigarettes and matches.

For about five minutes he lay smoking, coughing every now and again with a quiet, strained little cough, narrowing his eyes with the harsh bite of the smoke in the bottom of his lungs, trying to remember. So strange that he could recall everything which had happened yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, and yet out of all his life nothing more !—Strange that the face which looked back at him out of the dressing-table mirror should be his own, yet a face without a label attached to it, a " Percy Jones," or a " Bill Oughtershaw," a " Jim Smith " or a " Joe Bloody Soap," or anything to tell him what else it was except his own face, with the small scar in the side of the chin which was familiar but inexplicable ! It had been puzzling him all through the long train journey yesterday, this anonymity, this strangeness of knowing one's face, one's hands, one's right foot with the slightly deformed middle toe, of knowing that one was someone with a life and a past, like everyone else, yet without the least idea in what that past consisted, why one was on the train, what one was doing, where going, what one was called.

He lay puzzling for a few more minutes, feeling irritation

building up inside him at the uselessness of it. One's mind just went round and round and one got nowhere. With sudden decision he leaped out of the bed and on his hands and knees beside it groped underneath for the small attaché case which he remembered he had brought with him.—Shave.—Wash.—Bathroom just outside and up the short flight of stairs to the next landing.—First door on the right.

Shaving, he continued puzzling. His pyjama jacket hung over the back of the bathroom chair. Twice he went to it, searching for a label, a name-tag, a laundry mark—anything to give him some sense of identity. Early this morning, after the taximan had brought him here from the station to knock up the landlady, accustomed, the man had said, to taking in lodgers arriving from the South on this particular train, there had been no need to tell his name. She had been half asleep, yawning and resigned, had made him tea and shown him to his room without more than a dozen words having passed between them. But some time or other he would have to remember who he was—would have to become Mister-Somebody-or-Other-who-lives-in-number-four-on-the-half-landing. Sometime or other whatever cat it was he had would have to come out of its bag. He had to become somebody with a past and a name, someone who could be talked to and about, who could get a job to pay for his lodgings and his smokes—who could say to a girl " I'm Jim,"—or " I'm Joe, and may I have the next one with you please ? " Round and round and getting nowhere ! The cat was still in its bag, refusing to come out, and the strange part that he should feel so sure that there *was* a cat, and that somehow or other, in spite of his present anxiety and frustration, it might be worse, much worse for him if it ever did come out ! Thinking of this he nicked his chin and cursed, remembering that he had only one small towel, and that he wasn't going to get very much further along his road before he was going to have to find himself clean shirts, clothes, changes of underwear, and a couple more towels so that he could have one in the wash and a couple to be going on with, and since, so far as he could see, he had come away from wherever it was he had come from with about twenty-nine-and-six over

and above his train fare, the job would have to be obtained pretty damn quick. And that meant remembering.

He cursed again with the sting of the alum pencil, and swilling the basin round after him, gathered his tackle together and went back to his room. As he put on his tie and brushed his hair he realised that he was hungry, yet dreaded facing the landlady in case she should ask his name before he had had time to remember. Outside the window the ice-cream man clanged his bell again, reminding him of the sun and the triangular patch of blue shadow in the street outside. He went over to the window and leaned over the sill looking out. To his surprise the pavement was only about six feet below. Apparently the house was built upon the side of a hill, though in the darkness of the small hours he had not guessed it. It was vaguely disturbing, as though he had known the place, or some place extremely like it somehow before, a long time ago, as though it all had something to do with his forgotten name and this face which he had just been shaving, with its small scar on the side of the chin. The ice-cream man sat immobile at his tricycle a few yards further along the street facing away from the window. The sunlight was harsh and bright on the curved blue and white stripes of the jacket which clung tightly to the shape of the bent, rather pathetic back. He leaned, whistling quietly between his teeth, his elbows on the handlebar of the box body, supporting his weight, his hand every now and again coming slowly up to wipe the sweat from his forehead. The man at the window watched idly, deferring the moment of his going down to confront the landlady, the ice-cream man his slender thread of an excuse for delaying, the sun on the street a strange menace, repellent, yet somehow fascinating, increasing his disinclination to move.

Suddenly, the ice-cream man moved, straightening his back. As he did so it seemed as though a slight breeze stirred. The faint, continuous sound of main-road traffic filtered down the side street as the man clanged his bell once more, his foot thrusting against the pedal, bending over the machine with the first effort of swinging it round in a wide semi-circle in the centre of the street. As the tricycle came round the man glanced up idly staring for a moment at the man at the window. A quick gleam of incredulity came into his eyes, a look, almost of recognition. In a moment he was past, pushing

harder and harder-at the pedals, almost as if he had forgotten all about the purpose for which he was riding the tricycle—for which he was employed—and was now bent upon some determined purpose of his own. The man at the window stayed staring after him, vaguely puzzled and disturbed as the tricycle, now travelling fast, turned into an intersecting street on the same side as the house. When it was out of sight he squared his shoulders and went over to the door and down to meet the landlady.

At the foot of the stairs he found her door and knocked on it. "Come in—Come in," she called. "I've a meal ready. You were that late I thought it best to let you sleep it out."—No questions yet!—More time to think—to remember what it was all about—what he could tell her, and what, perhaps—keep hidden.—Strange how he should feel continually that there *was* something to hide. If only he could remember what it was!—There was a door leading out of the room over beyond the fireplace—a door with a small window over it as though to light a set of cellar steps. That, too, seemed strangely, no, frighteningly familiar. For some reason his heart seemed to beat in his throat. The meal before him seemed to constitute a threat. Would his hands shake so that she could see it as he handled his knife and fork? Would he be able to swallow with his heart beating in his throat like this? He had to. He HAD to. It was vital.—Why?—God knew!—The front door bell rang, saving him from the agony of beginning the meal, of taking the first mouthful, under her watchful eye. Once he had taken the first he would be able to continue somehow—to force the food down. She excused herself, and hurried to answer the door. If only he could remember what it all was—this strange menace of familiarity without recognition—this nightmare of a lost identity desperately sought, yet for some forgotten reason desperately feared! He gulped down a mouthful or two so that she should not come back and find that he had not made a start, hungry, yet not wanting food, realising all the same that he had to appear casual, ordinary, fully aware—a man with a past and an identity.

She was a long time at the door, and this began to worry him. He heard more than one voice,—hers,—a quick, excited man's voice, high-pitched and urgent, a deeper, slower one, less excited, purposeful. The door in the corner seemed to

hold something, some explanation, some possibility of flight, a host of half-remembered things. On a sudden impulse, his heart beating with sheer terror, he jumped up from his chair and went over to the door, and with his hand on the knob heard a voice, the deep voice, through the other door, mention a name—HIS name ! As he wrenched open the door and raced down the familiar cellar steps he remembered why he had left this house—why he had gone away and taken another name now forgotten—why he had had to come back. In the black darkness of the cellar he remembered the struggle, the twisted stocking, wrenched savagely tight when things, after that first weird, crazy impulse, had gone too far to be settled in any other way—when only silence, purchased at a price of which he had not dreamed in that first moment of—" I'm Joe, and may I have the next one with you, please ? "—could save him from the consequences which such weird, crazy impulses inevitably entained. He remembered the young, slim hands beating weakly in his face, and the sharp little pain in the side of his chin where one of the red-lacquered nails had bitten deep.

The voices had come into the room above—more of them now. One of them—the deep one, called his name. He turned to face the steps down which, in a few moments now, they would be coming to fetch him.

John West

WINTER

The red rags of the winter sky and the beggar's sore
of the sinking sun that scabs the bruised sky's edge,
the bleeding clouds cut by a vicious wind that turns
the scuffed-up water into sheets of blue-veined steel
and cramps the mud to spans of corrugated bone ;
When the ache of the crippled ground eases its weight
and screams its anger in the sky. New suns appear
and gash the evening sky with Michael's swords
that show the eye-green gleam of sickened brass
among the rusty glamour of the evening's blood.
Dark arrows of the fleeing geese leave the North's bent bow
to flash across the moon that stands, in pregnant dignity
proud as some new Mary in her Christmas opal halo.
The bare branched trees show like claw marks on the sky
and share the earth's hard pains, cracking their joints
and envying the holly her few spiky leaves.
Empty bellies drive the beasts to cruelty and Winter laughs
a laugh like icicles and cruel as her bitter winds.

(from " The Cruel Year ").

Wilfred Childe

POEM FOR EASTER

When Thou hadst harrowed Hell Thou didst take out of captivity
The souls of the forefathers. Those who had died before Thine advent
Heard the shattering of the brazen doors and the crimson pealing of thunder
Announcing the end of the dominion of the Snake.

The sound of the feet of Adonai on the floors of torment
Shook to their foundations the prison-houses of the Enemy,
And those that died before Thy time arose into the light of day,
As out of the Earth in Spring the crocuses open their cups to the Sun.

For Thy mercy moved backward and Thou carriedst away on Thy shoulders
The shame of the generations that lived under the reproach of Adam,
And ever-since then it is true that all generations
Have called and do and shall call Thee and Thy Mother blessed....

Wilfred Childe

NOMEN NUMEN

Into the windless water-coloured skies
The swan-necks of the chaliced lilies rise ;
Each opens now a golden mouth to sing
The candid plainchant of calm evening.

They blossom in the zenith and they sway
In the slow-fading furnaces of day ;
Amid that shoaling sea of plaintive flame
They call upon the Spirit's holy Name,

Which is diffused upon their cups like dew
Down from the shoreless fathomless flawless blue,
And like a mist it moves across the pearled
Ridges of cloud and the cool sunset world.

Word of the Spirit, wordless awful Name,
Borne upon subtle wings purer than flame,
Blessed be Thou, who dost redeem and bless,
Descending on the lily chalices
In grace like dew refreshing the world's wilderness . . .

Mostyn Silverton

ITALIAN CITY — AUGUST

Gritty haze of sand-dry hours, mind-bitten thoughts of tropic
The evocation of hot hoardings feverish in Cardinal scarlet
Green-bedded plants wilt in tubs, and pastries sugar-sticky
Are devoured by schoolgirls, spotty puberties in cool museums.
The station is oak and mosaic ; a cripple squats on the blue tesselation
And watches trains flying to the sea, an iron-grey rape of the parched earth.
The indecision of excursions assumes Exodus haste,
As though a plague, fly-blown, lurked among the streets,
Its victims supine in the dusty parks.

Geraint Roberts

DESIGN FOR AN INCIDENT

AS HE BECAME AWAKE he knew that the morning sun was shining on him through the tall window. The golden light filtered through his still-shut lids and for a time he looked through into that blind world where nothing is, while the last tentative shapes of his already forgotten dream receded and melted into the distance, fleeing before the advance of consciousness. Gradually feeling came back to him and he groped experimentally underneath the blankets, basking in the luxury of indolence, and putting off for as long as possible the moment when he would have to open his eyes. But conscience returned with conciousness and he saw once again the tall narrow walls of his room, cream-washed, and the high ceiling.

The walls he had decorated himself, with pictures of birds and fishes, mainly Kodachrome illustrations cut out of the Geographical Magazine, and pasted up symmetrically, like the burial placques covering the walls of a subsidised cathedral. Birds and fishes ; on the wall opposite a formalised heron shone magnificently from a background of ultramarine, and next to it a song thrush ; browns and greys this time. An extraordinary sense of peace settled on him as he lay back looking up at the birds : it was indeed reassuring to be reminded that somewhere the world of Nature was going on as before—even in these days when there was the possibility of being wakened by the sound of a car pulling up outside and the clatter of nailed boots on the stairs. So many had known this—and nothing more—that it was best to be continuously at peace with oneself, continuously prepared.

Five young trout sparkled in the brilliant feathery water weed, and the robin was perched on the edge of its nest with a worm in its mouth.

He stretched out a hand and reached for his watch on the

mantelpiece. Jesus! half-past eleven. By now the faithful would be mumbling their salvation in draughty blackened churches, and the Assistants would be moving rubber-soled among the filing cabinets.

He must have slept for a long time.

But there had been no time last night. The whole of Eternity had been drawn together into a glistening lump, shining with the facets of centuries, and the whole of space and what was contained in space had gathered into the light of his lamp hanging taut from the ceiling. And he had sat in the centre of his world, with his lamp shrieking blasphemies of light at the wheeling birds (the vultures were Assistants in disguise—you could tell by their eyes) and he had seen.

He had seen the shapeless processes of thought forming and reforming on the nerve-screaming surface of his brain as if he had been outside himself and looking on, and he had known.

He had known that to have a thing absolutely, in all its aspects and for all time it is necessary to renounce it absolutely and for all time.

He had known that in order to be what he would wish to be it is necessary to wish nothing and to retire from being.

He had known that in order to triumph over a thing completely it is necessary to be conquered by that thing and to ignore the defeat.

But he could not ignore the Man at the Desk. Nobody could afford to ignore the Man at the Desk. Even they with the nailed boots and the rubber soles, even the Assistants feared him. For are they not merely his Assistants ? the hands that operate to the commands of his brain. And the Man at the Desk would think little of severing a hand.

Yet he had known that in order to live life to the full so that life might be a justification for living it is necessary to reject life and to renounce living.

And it must have been at this point that he had fallen asleep.

He stretched out for the cigarette and matches which he kept nearby, and as the phosphorus flared he drew the smoke down into him. Then with a sigh of contentment he released it, and it was while the blue-grey column was ascending from him to the ceiling that he recognised the mission that was to be his, and all its implications. Somehow he had always known what he would have to do, the decision he would have to make. His thoughts tumbled into place so quickly that they must have been already marshalled in that world behind the eyes, in readiness for this moment.

The Man at the Desk was careful to check up on everyone in the Department, so it was necessary that the blow should be struck by somebody in a position of trust and responsibility; someone with a pretext for visiting him. And the pretext? . . . he could carry a couple of books under his arm and come to report some discrepancy in the files.

He would enter the building through the double-guarded doors, nod to the Guard who would salute, and on presenting his papers at the inner barrier he would walk across the marble floor, his footsteps echoing from the polished walls. He would climb the stairs to the office, knock at the door, pause, and go in. The Man at the Desk would be writing, he was always writing when anyone entered. Man, he was more like a fat old spider in the middle of its web, and he would not look up or say anything for some time—time enough to make the four swift steps across the carpet to behind the desk, and the handle sticking out of his back. And himself? there would not be time to clean the knife, and in any case there would be something obscene in mingling his body's force with that glutinous and blackening blood. No, much better to climb the remaining stairs to the top of the building and to step off, Daedalus like, into the Sun. The incident on the concrete below would be instantaneous.

His resolution made, his hour was drawing near. He stubbed out his cigarette on the fireplace and swung his legs over the edge of the bed, groping for his slippers.

Tim Evens

OUTCRY

THE ENGLISH are not given to civil strife. Unlike those abroad our strikes are tame and our elections sober, but in warmth of debate on questions of taste we are second to none. From Whistler's libel action against Ruskin, through the perennial Epstein hullabaloos to the indiscretions of Sir Alfred Munnings, the press has amply recorded the nation's love of saying what it does and does not like in art. These furores let loose the violence that hides behind the mild exteriors of the Island Race.

A white-hot controversy raged 27 years ago round the bas-relief by Eric Gill outside the Great Hall. Few present members of the University know why this is there and only garbled histories of it are heard. The true story has ramifications which could fill a whole issue of *The Gryphon*.

In 1917, a Miss Cross, of Wakefield, gave £1,000 to be used for a memorial to the University men who had died in the War. The money was to be used at the discretion of the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Michael Sadler, who commissioned Eric Gill to carve a stone memorial, using the theme of the money-changers

being driven from the Temple by Christ. This was to be in addition to a vellum scroll with the names of the fallen, to be hung in the Great Hall. The Memorial was not carved until 1923, when it was dedicated by the Bishop of Ripon on June 1st.

Argument raged in and out of the local press round two main points—the sculpture's value as art, and its suitability as a memorial. There was also discussion of the interpretation of the scriptural incident depicted. The views of those who liked the carving were typified in Sir Michael's statement, issued after his return from Canada at the height of the controversy.

" By Our Lord's act the Christian is assured that force under due authority may be used in a righteous cause.... Christ does not condemn honest traffic but teaches us that sacred things must be kept free from thoughts of money gain.... This lesson is fitting for a monument, which is set up in grateful memory of those who served in the war." The work had " the vitality of Gothic art....ancient and modern things are combined. To me this signifies the timelessness of the moral law and the eternal truth of Our Lord's teaching by act and word.... To those who come after us the carving may have the significance which a pre-Raphaelite painting has for us to-day." The reasonable expression of these views compares well with those of his opponents and of the sculptor himself.

The first signs of shock at the sculpture came on May 18th, in a *Yorkshire Post* article describing the artist at work. Headed " Curious modernist art," the article proffers the view that " the sculptor's implication is that behind....the war by Germany there were strong financial interests and that our men....were chastising the evil-doers as Christ chastised those of His own day." Many people went to see this work in progress and next day Gill, " clad in overalls," was described as being " entertained by the comments of passers-by, some of whom were distinctly mordant in their criticisms." He was later interviewed by the *Sunday Express*.

A photograph of the carving appeared in the *Yorkshire*

Post on the 22nd, and beneath it a letter from the editor of *The Gryphon*, defending the sculpture's " modern dress." On the same day the writer of an article in *The Times* expressed himself feelingly—" Those that flee from Him are types of the people who battened and fattened and added balance after balance to their credit at the bank during the war." The letter columns of the *Yorkshire Post* began to throb with eulogy and protest at the carving. Some found it " a wonderful enduring sermon," but to more it was " painfully grotesque." To one writer the figures seemed " the worse for drink. . . . their frock-coats and headgear made me smile aloud." Another wrote that " Moneychangers are an economic necessity," and the secretary of the Leeds Pawnbrokers' Association agreed. In a calm comment on the depiction in the carving of the signs of his trade, " he fancied that the pawnbroker would stand fairly well at the last day." Except for the Vice-Chancellor's statement on the 26th, there was a lull in the battle for the rest of the week and the *Yorkshire Post's* readers could give their attention to accounts of Baldwin's new Cabinet, the latest " straight-line " fashions and to plans for the Prince of Wales' visit to Leeds—on the same day as the dedication of the University's war memorial.

Meanwhile, Gill issued from his own press a pamphlet expressing his own views on the carving and on the world in general. On May 28th, the *Yorkshire Post's* placards read : " Mr. Gill jokes about his war memorial," and the paper printed the pamphlet in full so that it met indignant readers over their Monday breakfasts. Gill said of the moneychangers incident that " Thus for all time the use of violence in a just cause is made lawful," and on top of the Vice-Chancellor's statement this brought the pacifists full into the fray. Gill went on to say that the carving " commemorates the most just of all wars—the war of justice against Cupidity." He describes the figures, saying of the woman with the child that she knows that the driving out is nothing to do with her, " it is not her funeral." The dog is " the Hound of St. Dominic (Domini Canis—the dog of the Lord) "—Gill was a Tertiary of the Order of St. Dominic.—His tone throughout is aggressive and flippant.

" The spats seemed. . . . an appropriate footwear for the class of person represented. Furthermore [the artist's] courage failed him at the thought of carving the laces on so many pairs of boots." Gill makes his own translations of the verses from the Vulgate inscribed on the memorial :—

> " Go to now you rich men, weep and howl in your miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are putrid." (James V, 1–2).
>
> " And when he had made as it were a little whip of cords, he ejected all from the temple, and the money of the money-changers he poured out and overthrew their tables. And he said : ' Do not make my Father's house a house of commercialism.' "
>
> (St. John II, 15–16).

People were quick to point out that Gill had altered these texts to suit himself, by omitting certain phrases.

In the three days before the unveiling ceremony the strongest letter to the *Yorkshire Post* was from " Anti-Futurist," who called on the people of Leeds to " rise up *en masse* " against the dedication of the memorial. In other letters two students jointly condemned the carving as incomprehensible, saying that it was quite in keeping with the side street in which it stands. Need we say more ? "—forgetting that their own University was in the side street too. Two other students found the work in no way " uplifting or beautiful or instructive," but a professor found " growing satisfaction " with it. It was " a complex procession of writhing forms." It had " dignified rhythm and manly vigour." It was " a direct insult " to the University's benefactors. A History Honours man heard a sinister ring in the claims for the use of violence in a just cause and pointed out that this might justify (*a*) Bolshevism, and (*b*) the Inquisition. A reasoned letter emanating from the English Department referred to " scurrilous abuse of the Memorial. . . . by persons whose inquiries into aesthetics have not been very extensive," but gave them full marks for possessing " a good flow of language." The editor of *The Gryphon* weighed in again with a long letter explaining " the nature of art, the purpose of a war memorial, and the idea of

a University." This screed was followed by the brief note of an Egyptian student who liked the carving so much that he had sent a picture of it to the Egyptian press. A bitterly ironic defence of money-changers was signed, " One who has been sufficiently immoral to be thrifty all his life."

The *Yorkshire Post* had by now ceased to sit on the fence pontificating about artistic values and was asking, like " Anti-Futurist," for a postponement of the dedication until the memorial was more widely accepted " as a fitting tribute " to the fallen, but the ceremony took place (at 9-30 in the morning). The day afterwards a terse account of it appeared, in an issue chiefly given up to details of the Prince of Wales' visit. He came to the University but was not shown the memorial because, in the words of *The Times*, it had aroused " a storm of criticism."

After the dedication, this storm slowly died down though attempts at mutilation of the carving were made during the summer. No mention of the fuss was made in *The Gryphon*, of which the June issue went to press before the business started. The October issue, under new editorship, discreetly kept silence on the matter. The best summing-up of the affair was made by a Congregational minister in a sermon at Headingley. He said, " Why so much abuse ?—because this piece of carving hits hard ! Had the figures been in Grecian dress not a single dog would have barked, but because we are shown that the Gospel is a challenge to the world of to-day men rise up protesting that their higher sensibilities have been outraged.....As a sermon perhaps, it speaks well, but as a memorial, well—I wish it were not there."

Whatever views may be held of this episode, the plain fact is that the sculpture fails as a memorial because it does not indicate its purpose to the public of to-day. Perhaps something could be done about this, and, now that the iron railings have gone, the brick pillars of the outer wall and the tree could be removed to give a better view of a work of art that is no longer " ultra-modern." (What would " Anti-Futurist " have thought of the works of Henry Moore ?).

The affair illuminates not only the ideas of art at that time

but also the persons of Sir Michael Sadler and Eric Gill. The Vice-Chancellor, a well-known patron of the fine arts, defended the sculpture against attack, but we now know he was disappointed with it and with the artist. Years later, after his death in 1943, a note was found among Sir Michael's papers, made after Gill had died in 1940 : " Eric Gill is dead. A fine draughtsman, a vain poseur, a tiresome writer. . . . He departed egregiously (without telling me until it was too late) from the earlier design I had chosen. And he broke his word by publishing, at the worst moment of acute controversy. . . . a contentious political interpretation of the Memorial's significance. The Memorial is a fine piece of work, but not nearly so good as it might have been. The mood is too obviously underlined."

We do not know what the earlier design—of the same theme—was like, but Gill had, before being commissioned for the Leeds carving, put in designs for " The Moneychangers " to the London County Council, which was considering erecting a memorial to its own war dead. Gill would have made this a " colossal work in bronze," but " the L.C.C. didn't take it on."

The controversy has an amusing sequel. The fuss took place during Sir Michael's last term as Vice-Chancellor and he was succeeded by Sir James Baillie, who disliked the Gill carvings so much that he gave direct orders to the University garden staff to plant ivy that would grow to hide the Memorial. These orders should have gone through the Registrar's Office, which " took note of the irregularity." Every time it was planted, the ivy was cut through with scissors until " poor Sir James gave up in despair." The then Registrar was a good friend of Sadler's and one may wonder who actually cut the ivy.

Are aesthetic opinions as strong in the University in our time ? Perhaps both lovers and loathers of the Parkinson building should watch for signs of creeper on its walls.

The chief sources of information for the above article were :—
The Letters of Eric Gill. Edited W. Shewring, Cape 1947.
Michael Ernest Sadler : a Memoir, by Michael Sadleir, Constable, 1949.
War Memorial, by Eric Gill, St. Dominic's Press, 1923.
Yorkshire Post and *Times* files for May and June, 1923.

K.I.G.

SCIENTISTS ONLY

AN ARTICLE WAS PUBLISHED last term in the *Union News* announcing a new discovery by a group of Chemistry students, namely, Cook's Law. Whether this is so or not, I can't say, but it *is* true that a group of Physics students discovered that whatever care was taken over an experiment, and however well the measurements were taken, there was always a discrepancy ; a definite discrepancy between the real and the observed result.

Scientists or Fiddlers ?

Unfortunately, these embryo Ph.D's have not got the time to investigate fully this remarkable phenomenon, but some useful research, we find, has been carried out by previous workers, notably Newton and Van't Hoff.

These two men corrected their observed result by two different methods. When Sir Isaac had an area to be measured, he used his calculus and found that, unless he ignored certain parts of his equations, he would not only be floored by the mathematics, but the wrong answer would ensue. This was the subtraction method.

Better and Better.

Van't Hoff, you may remember—you should or you wouldn't be reading this column—was even more blatant about it, and virtually set the basis for the modern law. He used a coefficient " i " which he inserted where necessary into his equations ; and where " i " was the ratio of the observed result to the real result. This was progress ! Everyone before this had taken the discrepancy as evidence of some inaccuracy in their experiments.

Unfortunately, however, at this point there is a minor

tragedy. Van't Hoff proceeded no further with his venture. He had not the breadth of vision, the far-sighted outlook, or the scientific thrust to apply his theory to other fields. How beneficial it would have been to modern students, if he had formulated this idea so that the insertion of " i " to the answers of practical work could be boldly set out in the note book, instead of sinister " fiddling " with the readings being necessary.

Of course, Cook's Law is not, by any means, complete. Occasionally new facts have been discovered by recognising the difference in results, but then, no scientific law is exact or complete. It needs a great deal of research into the why's and wherefore's before any important conclusion can be reached.

Let then, some budding Ph.D. take a hint!

Stanley Ellis

" TALLY-HO! "

REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR McLAREN had never been a popular man. His barrack-room manners were those of the typical disciplinary Warrant Officer of the old school which his long " regular " training had made him. But over the affair of Sergeant Nulty and Private Walker he had proved himself worthy of respect, of affection, even. This time he had turned up trumps.

Walker and Nulty, both Dalesmen born, had been friends from boyhood, and in the country around their native Dale had often spent days together shooting foxes and rabbits, though, like all the fraternity of true hunters, they were ready to go after anything. Out here their richer counterparts imported packs of hounds and rode to meets. Walker and Nulty, though their quarry was the same as was that of their wealthier brethren—the jackal—were quite content with Service rifles in the cause of sport.

On the late April day in question they had applied for the issue of rifles to go jackal hunting, had each drawn a .303 with

20 rounds of ammunition, and had walked out past the guard-room into the countryside of mixed scrub, sand, and rock which, in the region of Delhi, is thought of as " Jungle." Quietly and carefully they skirted the cantonment buildings, and moved out into the scrub, searching for the sight of a brown shape under a rock or tree which would indicate their quarry. For some time they wandered around without much success. At the end of the afternoon neither had had more than one shot, and, save for the pi-dog which Walker had bagged with his, had nothing to show for it. But as twilight fell, dim and deceptive, they spotted a shape underneath a tree, silent and still, appearing to be asleep. Its head was not raised, and it really seemed as if they had, at last, caught their jackal unawares. They could not risk disturbing it. A moving target in that light with only .303's would be an almost hopeless proposition. They decided to fire together. In the still twilight the double report cracked out with startling loudness, setting the evening in sudden commotion. In the distance, as the echoes of the shots died away, there came a sudden outbust of excited barking from the village dogs, and from the ruined temple further away a single peacock shrieked discordantly.

But across the consciousness of the two men, their ears recovering from the temporarily stunning effect of their own shots, there came drifting the unpleasant realisation that their " jackal " was screaming in tones unlike those of any jackal they had ever previously encountered. Through the distant barking of the dogs and the shrieks of the peacock in the temple they heard the screams of their quarry, growing rapidly weaker, yet unmistakably human. At first, shocked and dazed, they stood without moving, not knowing what to do, but hearing the cries of the shot man growing weaker and weaker, they pulled themselves together and ran over the odd two hundred yards of sandy, rough ground separating them from him at top speed, arriving just in time to see him cough out his last breath in a froth of blood.

Brought by the cries, two men ran up from the opposite direction, one halting and stumbling, his leg in a plaster cast, the other, obviously, a hospital orderly. Soldiers' Urdu was

insufficient for any rational conversation. Between them they carried the dead man out of the scrub and into a building lying a few hundred yards away in the twilight, the two Britishers too stunned for full realisation of what they had done.

What they had done was soon made clear by the appearance of a doctor, speaking English. They had shot an Indian soldier, a patient in the hospital ward to which they had carried him in the twilight, who had gone out that afternoon and had fallen asleep under the tree where they had first seen him. They, for their part, had unwittingly lost their bearings, and deceived by the poor light and his nondescript clothes had taken him for the jackal they were seeking.

There followed all the ponderous procedure of arrest, the painfully slow business of taking evidence and preparation for Court Martial, and then, suddenly, and for no apparent good reason, the Army dropped the case, and handed the two men over to the Civil Power. There followed weeks of waiting in Indian prison—not as bad as barrack-room talk had led them to expect, but none too comfortable all the same. Then, eventually, they were brought before a magistrate.

Throughout, the Army was quite unhelpful. An officer sat by in the Court to hear the case, but there was no aid for the defence, and no assurance of Army intervention. They were sentenced, Nulty to a fine of 3,000 rupees, or eighteen months in prison, Walker to a fine of 2,000 or twelve months. The Army refused to advance them more than a month's pay, which, with the back-pay accruing to them whilst in jail awaiting trial, was insufficient to pay more than about half the total fines. Savings, and loans from friends raised another fifteen hundred, but when all available money had been scraped together they were still 900 rupees short of what they needed. The thought of more dreadful months in jail faced them with all the grim finality of a cancer diagnosis. Nothing, it seemed, could be done.

During the proceedings MacLaren had remained aloof and unhelpful. Now, when they were back in the jail, he came to see them, heard their wants, and told them not to worry. The fines, he said, would be paid to-morrow. Then he went

back to the camp.

Back there he tramped from billet to billet, his face still crag-like, set in its usual grim, hard, regimental shape But wherever he went his words were the same.—"There's two of your mates in a wog jail, and if you want them out again there's a little matter of 900 rupees to find. So come on now, get whipping round, or you'll have them rotting here for a year or two." He missed no-one, and to officers and men alike his words were to the same effect. And slowly, eight annas here, a chip there, something from every man in the camp, the total mounted, the R.S.M's face growing grimmer and grimmer. He tackled the defaulters—the Regimental Police—and, finally, when there was only the C.O. to tackle, he tackled the C.O., who gave him five ten-rupee notes in answer to his politely-worded request.

But there was still 300 rupees to find! The R.S.M's face was at its grimmest. He had said that the fines would be paid the next day. They would be paid the next day. And when the next day came the fines *were* paid, in full, the men were released from jail, and, by that startling speed of which the Army really can be capable when it chooses, they had hardly had time to realise their good luck than a hasty crackling of signal wires brought posting orders and whisked them far away before any of their friends had the chance of a word with them. They left a message of thanks which was published in Orders.

Since the whip-round the stock of the R.S.M. had soared. But only the Regimental Accountant realised the full extent of his responsibility for the release of Walker and Nulty. Late on the night before the men had been released the R.S.M. had called on him with a wry face and an unaccustomed stammer.—"I've got a carpet I've got to send home to-morrow, sir," he had said—"Do you think I could draw three hundred?"

Elias

ELEMENTAL ESSAYS

1.

(Being a Defence of Certain Orders of Literature, notably those commonly referred to as "Unprintable").

IT HAS BEEN A NOTICEABLE feature in every age that certain forms of writing have been regarded as of an order generally to be considered as " unprintable." Yet such forms of writing have continued to be printed, if not overtly, then covertly, perhaps in order that the gentlemen who discoursed upon their eligibility for respectable print might know, from personal experience, what they were talking about. It is a commonplace of taste to be observed from a most cursory perusal of those periodicals which specialise in the reviewing of literature that the human mind only considers at all those things in literature, whether to damn or to praise, to which it cannot remain entirely indifferent, *id est*, those things which have made a strong enough impression upon the awareness of the reader to make it seem worth while to him afterwards to expatiate upon them. And it follows, too, from this that the strength of praise or condemnation accorded will be directly proportionate to the strength of the original impression upon the mind of that reader. Would it not then appear that those learned and respectable gentlemen who have inveighed so ceaselessly and so vehemently against the kind of literature which is the subject of this essay have not merely been in the habit of perusing it, in order, as we have already said, that they might know what they were talking about," " but that they have been strongly impressed by it, into the bargain, to such an extent that in our times they have thought it desirable to set up a panel under the impressive and respectable title of " The Censorship " in order to give them the power not merely to protect the minds of the general public, but to receive, and to peruse, as a matter of right, all examples of such kinds of literature intended for publication *before anyone else can obtain access to them?*

Whilst I do not, under the influence of any envy or malice suggest that this right and privilege which they have taken unto themselves should be wrested from them, nevertheless, it seems to me that the opportunity for personal experience so essential to sound and balanced critical judgment should be more widely afforded. This, I submit, is a necessary consequence of Democracy, and the withholding of such opportunity a denial of the principles for which, presumably, these gentlemen regard themselves as standing.

And what, in the last analysis, shall we term " unprintable " literature ? In some ages, and for some minds one thing, and in others, and for other minds, entirely another ? Would those periods in our History in which the adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel, depicted by their scholarly author with such a superabundance of intimate detail, were read and appreciated by the most learned and scholarly men of the time have rejected without qualification the equally intimate history of the " Young Girl of Detroit " or of the " Professor of Trinity Hall " —would the men of the eighteenth century, accustomed to seeing in print as openly as one could wish, not merely the " Candide " of Voltaire, but a whole host of other equally outspoken and controversial writings of that order, have turned their attention firmly and unequivocally in a more ecclesiastical or moralistic direction if presented with a manuscript of the autobiography of Stanley Hall, or the verse ballad (not, of course, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott), upon the " Highland Tinker " ? I think it inconceivable that they should have objected to the MATTER, however much (and it might be said in fairness that here they would have had some ground for objection), they objected to the MANNER.

In this, perhaps, we have a point which might be dilated upon at greater length. " The Censorship " of our day is concerned, as must be obvious from such items of literature as regularly appear in print, with MATTER, and not MANNER. A twentieth century " Candide," were it written never so beautifully, would undoubtedly be banned. François Rabelais would almost certainly die in obscurity, had he happened to have been born in our day to write of Pantagruel and

Gargantua, his works unread by anyone, save, of course, the censors. On the other hand, the worst-written novel, providing that its subject be judged not of such an order as to corrupt the manners and the morals of the less discriminate public, may be printed without incurring any danger of suppression.

Yet it is given out with all the weight of learned authority that that literature is the greatest which expresses those aspects of human emotion and experience which may be termed as of *universal* significance—of *universal* validity. And surely this is a requirement which is satisfied most completely by that order of literature which it is the concern of the censorship to suppress ! One feels entitled to wonder whether there may not be some inconsistency here.

Military men, it seems, have been of all men the most consistent, having long decided the matter by accepting without question that that which is held unprintable is at least singable, recitable, or sayable, and this example has been followed perennially in the halls of learning amongst those who have not yet become eligible for promotion, by learning and experience, to the Censorship. Many of the best examples of unprintable literature have emanated from the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. We hear report, too, though without being able either to testify to its truth or to deny it, that during the recent War a certain inspired and intelligent field officer, being faced with the difficulty of maintaining in good heart an exceedingly large body of men in circumstances of boredom and inactivity in a theatre of War where amusement and feminine companionship were lacking, caused to be collected every example of pornographic verse or prose, of whatever kind, known to any man amongst the vast numbers of men in his area. These examples he afterwards (according to the report) caused to be duplicated by the stenographic staff of his Headquarters, and thereafter bound into volumes, distributing these in the requisite proportions among his forces to ensure that every man should in course of time hear every one of the examples contained in them. In this he showed a brilliance as a commander of men not less great than that required in an officer of the very highest rank. From the moment in which the volumes were circulated the morale of the men rose to a very high point indeed.

It is also reported, though here again we are not in a position either to asseverate or to deny, that eminent men of public affairs have been responsible for some of the more outstanding examples of composition in this form, and certain masterpieces are regularly quoted in the Inns of Court, in the Chancery Division, in the Closes of our august Cathedrals, and in the Officers' Messes of His Majesty's Household Cavalry. So delicately and beautifully wrought are these particular examples of the style, I dare suggest that even those polite and formal exchanges between ministers of religion and their churchwardens over the counting of collections in the vestry after Divine Service may often have been enlivened somewhat by the recital, in hushed tones appropriate to the surroundings, of one or more of these so tasteful and delicate little compositions. I have known personally of such cases, and though it may indeed be argued that exceptions to any rule may always be found, I feel convinced, nevertheless, that the rule is by no means established by the known exceptions to it. In such cases, indeed, it may even be that that which appears the exception is in fact the rule—the hypothetical rule in fact the exception. I do not know. I speak only for my own experience.

Surely then the acceptance of and indulgence in those forms of literature proscribed by the small body of men who constitute the Censorship by distinguished men in all walks and professions of Life is testimony positive that men of the highest types feel a need, nay, a very real necessity for the indulgence in and appreciation of that kind of Literature commonly referred to as " Pornographic," recognising as they undoubtedly do its universality above all other kinds of writing whatsoever, and its value as catharsis, externalising in healthy laughter those hidden aberrations of human character which would otherwise be driven further and further inward to the darker recesses of the human mind, leading, perhaps, to less desirable and less helpful social consequences, robbing distinguished after-dinner speakers of one of their most potent and impressive oratorical weapons, and strangling, at its

source, one of the highest and most delightful of human literary gifts.

In all forms of literature there is a highest and a lowest degree. Let us recognise that in pornography, no less than in these other forms, there is also a highest and a lowest. Let us not quarrel with the MATTER, so the MANNER be good. Let us not turn our backs upon a high human achievement, which, even if it be banned by the Censorship, yet, nevertheless has brought the solace of laughter and the balm of good fellowship—the strength of morale and discipline—the pleasure and satisfaction of artistic literary achievement—the happiness of song, the gay rhythm of carefree march, the release of tension, and the ease of self-expression to so many fine men, the solace of quiet laughter to so many socially irreproachable and distinguished personages of both sexes, whether in the study, alone and appreciative, in the boudoir, with the hairbrushes the cosmetics and the perfume, in the permanent-waving cubicles of our civilised and glorious cities, or in the quiet corridors of select schools for young ladies and gentlemen. Consider that we were to banish entirely, by common consent, this delectable and entertaining, and, at its best, artistic form of human endeavour, we should not merely rob mankind of one of its more universally appreciated benefits, but would also thereby deprive the gentlemen of the Censorship of a highly respectable and presumably satisfying profession, and thus close yet another of that rapidly dwindling number of professional openings available for the scholar and the respected man of learning and distinction, without offering them even the alternative of returning to the habits of their younger days, and WRITING the literature which until now it has been their duty to censor.

Who knows, it might even be from the highly experienced mind of one of those same censors that all the most original examples of unprintable literature—those examples which make us raise our hands and exclaim—" I wonder who on earth thinks these things up "—have their first existence, to be circulated afterwards, in due modesty, anonymously ? Such a hypothesis would seem reasonable. Surely he who writes best

is he who has read most, and yet has escaped that drying up of inspiration so often the fate of scholars of lesser genius ! There may still be Voltaires and Rabelaises amongst us. Let us recognise them, and having recognised, honour and accept them ! They are the heirophants of privately apprehended experience. They are the unacknowledged expurgators of man's mind !

Richard Courtney

DEATH IN THE FAMILY

GRACE SLOWLY DRAGGED HERSELF from the bed, pulled her dirty grey dressing-gown about her naked body, and stumbled her half-waking self down the rickety stairway. Carelessly she rubbed her hands beneath the cold water tap, splashed her face, and began to prepare breakfast. Each morning it was the same. To her, in the filth of this industrial tenement, life had assumed a cloudy pattern that she could not change. With the bread and tomatoes in the spitting pan, and the water on the boil, she called upstairs.

When the tea was made, and the meal on the table, her husband appeared, performed his " lick and a promise," and began to eat. God ! how she loathed him ! She poured the tea, and, as always, left a little in the saucers. A grunt was expected and got. He drank the tea quickly, and with a " See you at six," was off down the back stairs with a clatter.

Grace sat for many long moments, and the small dim scullery sat with her, enigmatic and silent. The drip, drip of the tap sounded and resounded in her ear. In these minutes she felt she could not go on. Bit by bit the realisation of this awful existence came upon her, and gradually a terrible stillness settled on her soul.

Suddenly, she heard the baby squealing from the attic. She ran up into the house and brought the howling bundle down to the arm-chair. For a few days, at the very beginning, its crying had comforted her ; but now, only a little while later, it seemed it could achieve what she could not. Soon the bundle was quiet, and she returned to the table.

With her head in her hands, she heard the dripping of the tap become like thunder in her brain. A whole year had gone by. And time would go on, and on, and on....on in this dirt and squalor....on with one child in the chair, and another in her belly if she knew the signs correctly. Twelve months ago she had been a cheerful laughing girl to whom the old crones in the street were of a world apart, but in a very short time she would be one herself. Harry's world had closed about her like a shell upon an oyster. And here she would work for a month, a year, for the whole of her life....and all for Harry ! The spite in her rose with the phlegm in her throat, and twisted the skin of her temples till the pain made her eyes swim.

The child began its cries again, splitting her aching head. Frantically she moved over to the chair.

" Stop ! " she cried, " for Christ's sake shut up ! " and shook the bundle until it screamed with fear.

" Quiet ! " she shouted, shaking the bundle ferociously, while the pain in her head tautened her scalp. The shrieks of the child increased her frenzy. She hit it again and again until there was nothing more to hear.

She knew it was dead. Placing it in the chair she moved to the door and down the stairs. The numbed feeling came over her again. God ! if only it had been Harry !

Frank Granville Barker

MUSIC ON RECORD

LIKE THE NOVELS of Jane Austen, the orchestral works of Haydn possess such clarity, grace and humour that they can be enjoyed in all moods and at all times. The performance of this composer's *Symphony No.* 103 *in E flat* by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Georg Solti (Decca AX 333-5), brings out these qualities to perfection, and the recording is one that all admirers of the Viennese school will wish to add to their collections. Borodin's *Symphony No.* 2 *in B minor* is a more romantic work, expressing the pomp and splendour of the heroic age of *Prince Igor*; it is played with great fervour, especially in its chuckling *scherzo*, by Nicolai Malko and the Philharmonia Orchestra (HMV C 3971/4). In comparison with these works the *Symphony No.* 6 *in D minor* of Sibelius may at first seem sombre and austere, but its quality of reflective serenity proves ever more rewarding as the music becomes more familiar. The new recording by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (HMV DB 6640/2), shows the great progress made in recording technique since the earlier version conducted by Schneevoigt.

Herbert von Karajan conducts the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in a sensitive performance of Mozart's evergreen *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* (COL LX 1293/4). Whether this recording appeals more than those made by Beecham or Bruno Walter is a matter of personal taste, for all have much to commend them. With the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, Rudolf Serkin plays Brahms' *Piano Concerto No.* 2 *in B flat*, with admirable technique and feeling; unfortunately, the piano tone is somewhat hard, a fault displayed in many American recordings (COL LX 1276/81). For those who attended the recent cycles of *The Ring* at Covent Garden,

the capable performance of Paul Kletzki and the Philharmonia Orchestra of the *Siegfried Idyll* (COL LX 1296/7) should provide a pleasant reminder of Wagner's more lyrical music.

So many pianists offer us no more than a display of dazzling technique that it is a delight to hear Kathleen Long's refined interpretation of Faure's *Nocturne No.* 4 *in E flat* (Decca M 655). Monique de la Bruchollerie shows the same quality in her playing of Haydn's *Sonata No.* 34 *in E minor* (HMV DB 21038), but at times fails to express the force called for by this work. Moisewitsch offers a well controlled performance of Chopin's *Scherzo No.* 1 *in B minor* (HMV C 3981), which does not, however, excel that by Rubinstein.

The death last year of Maria Cebotari was a great loss to the opera, as will be evident to all who hear her recording, just released, of *Un bel di vedremo* and *Con onor muore*, from *Madam Butterfly* (HMV DB 6940). No less distinguished an artiste is Ebe Stignani, who sings superbly *O don fatale* from *Don Carlo* and *Stride la vampa* from *Il Trovatore* (PARL. R 30018). Ludwig Weber's singing is both rich and smooth, but his voice lacks the suppleness required for *Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden* from Mozart's *Die Entfuhrung aus dem Serail* (COL. LB 96). In the *Flower Song* from *Carmen* and *Salut! Demeure chaste et pure* from *Faust*, Eugene Conley sings with such enthusiastic assurance that his difficulties with the French language may easily be pardoned (Decca K 2326).

REVIEWS

" NEW HYPERION."

Published GEORGE RONALD, 2, Alfred Street, Oxford. *Symposium of Poetry and Criticism.* Edited GEOFFREY HANDLEY TAYLOR. Second Volume of British Poetry Drama Guild Series. Linen 7/6.

THIS SMALL VOLUME, dedicated to the memory of Sir Ernest Jelf, Master of the Supreme Court and King's Remembrancer, Vice-Chairman of The British Poetry Drama Guild, 1948-1949, is a tribute to the acumen of its Editor. It consists of a collection of poems and essays on literary and other subjects by a number of writers, many of them extremely distinguished writers, and a frontispiece by Jean Cocteau. It is of particular interest to Leeds University in that several members of the University are represented. G. Wilson Knight, Reader in English Literature, contributes an extremely interesting and stimulating essay on Masefield's " Tragedy of Nan," Frank Granville Barker contributes a review of the work of Benjamin Britten in which he expresses a hope, which many others are beginning to share, that this young British composer will not be content to rank in History as the composer of only one, single, fine work, but will emerge again from the doldrums into which he seems to have drifted since " Peter Grimes," and enrich the Modern Operatic Theatre with works more worthy to rank with " Grimes " than he has been offering of late. Robin Skelton and W. A. Hodges each contribute a poem to a collection which includes poems by John Pudney, Howard Sargeant, and Christopher Hassall. Pamela Hansford Johnson writes on Proust, Enid Starkie on Gide, Clive Sansom writes on Poetry Reading and Appreciation, and among other excellent items are essays by Hermon Ould on the Goethe Anniversary, by Alan Dent on " James Agate and his Ego," and by A. V. Coton on the impact of Social Conscience upon the Ballet.

The Publisher is to be congratulated upon a very nicely made little book, with a most attractive cover and end-papers, of a publishing quality unusual in these days of austerity, and Mr. Handley Taylor and The British Poetry Drama Guild upon a most attractive little symposium, not too heavy, not

too light, and just the thing for a gift book, or for a quiet, idle evening, when the mood is for something a little more significant than a paper-back novel and a little less heavy than Carlyle or Macaulay.

M.A.C.

"CHRYSALIS."

(*Chrysalis*. Edited and Published LILY and BAIRD HASTINGS, 534, East 84th Street, New York, and 7, Rue Thiboumery, Paris, XVe, 50 c. Single Copies $2.00 p.a. or 12/- p.a. from MARY CLAKE, 6, Dulwich Common, London).

THIS IS AN EXCELLENTLY produced and illustrated little periodical devoted to Ballet and the Arts. Baird Hastings is well known for his work in these fields, both in America and on the Continent, and works actively on Scenic Direction in Association with Les Archives Internationale de la Danse, having also published a great deal of writing on Ballet and other subjects in high-class publications in this country. In this issue he writes well and informatively on Todd Bollender, the well-known dancer and choreographer of the Modern American Ballet Stage, as one of the three choreographers to whom the issue is devoted. Geoffrey Handley Taylor, well-known for his work on Ballet (Italian Ballet in particular), as Chairman of the British Poetry Drama Guild, and as a member of International P.E.N., writes, in association with Lily Hastings on Aurel Milloss. Milloss himself writes an appendix in which he states his own approach to modern Ballet, its aesthetic, and his own conviction that the roots of all vital and significant Ballet are in the Traditional and Classical Form, and that modern developments are the natural growth of a living and vital Art Form. Lilian Moore contributes an article on Jerome Robbins, full of detail and historical material which should interest all students of Modern Ballet.

Aurel Milloss, through the past work of Mr. Handley Taylor is perhaps the best-known to English Ballet enthusiasts. But it is interesting to read that all the noted choreographers with whom this issue deals seem to be quite free from that narrow exclusiveness of attitude so characteristic not merely

of those who regard all movements in Ballet since Pavlova and Diaghileff as a gross betrayal of the Art, but also of some of the less discriminating devotees of Modern Dance. All three underline their view of Modern Ballet as an organic growth having its roots firmly planted in Classical tradition, and this should do something to let some of the air out of those vociferous balletomanes on both sides of the ballet controversy who appear to have little idea, when they launch out into their interminable arguments, what the people who actually *practise* the living Art of Ballet really think about the matter.

At Leeds University we are fortunate in having a Ballet Group (trained by pupils of Rudolf von Laban, who had a hand in Milloss's own training, as in that of most of the noted dancers of the Modern Ballet Stage), which is not merely interested in Ballet, but which actually dances, with the object, ultimately, of producing its own original Ballets. Few people except real enthusiasts with the necessary physical tone will wish to carry their interest this far. But to all interested in Ballet this little magazine can be recommended as extremely good value at its price.

"N."

"THE TEACHER IN A PLANNED SOCIETY"

R. W. Rich. U.L.P. 5/-.

THIS IS ANOTHER of those books on education where an interesting topic is raised, tossed about desultorily and then finally buried under an avalanche of clichés. There is something in the nature of education which attracts bookmakers (the literary sort) as flypaper attracts bluebottles, and the result is much the same—a loud and empty buzzing ending at last in stupefied silence.

Dr. Rich is perturbed to find that, following upon the 1944 Act, education is becoming just one factor among others in the drive towards a planned society. More than ever before, he believes, teachers are becoming agents of the community in

the sense that they are expected to inculcate the ideals upon which the planned society is erected. In other words, they are becoming propagandists. There is, obviously, an important question at stake here, for although teachers are often propagandists their stock-in-trade has usually been of a non-political variety, concerned with the larger virtues of personal and intellectual integrity and questions of right conduct. The present movement (which exists more in theory than in the schools) to make teachers consciously preach the ineluctable delights of national planning and become crusaders in the Holy War for Western Democracy, is one which requires deep thought.

It is just this quality which Dr. Rich seems unable to summon up. After stating the problem fairly enough, he pads out his book with a historical survey and some choice if colourless remarks about the " democratic way of life " and the relationship between teachers and administrators. His conclusions are that the teacher must examine his conscience, his scale of values and the " machinery of planning " so as to ensure that his teaching is not devoted to " rendering the individual human soul subservient to a pattern of manners and morals whose ultimate sanction is political power." All very true, very blameless and very soporific. The buzzing stops, the flypaper is scarcely agitated, silence descends and the question is not so much unanswered as undisturbed.

A.G.

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