GRYPHON

December
1952

All praise be to Mary
of the white bone,
stirring within the straw,
drained of her son,
while threefold shepherd stands
under a star,
wan in the twilight
of winter and war.

All Praise be to Mary,
whose child skin lay love
beside her new breath and
her dark eyes of dove,
deep and unseeing,
All Praise, so the morrow
bring us as near the joy
distant the sorrow,

Drama Diary

FEBRUARY 17th—21st

El acero de Madrid

BY

LOPE DE VEGA

Presented by the SPANISH SOCIETY

MARCH 3rd—6th

Measure for Measure

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Presented by the STAFF DRAMATIC SOCIETY

MARCH 10th—14th

Henry IV

BY

LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Presented by the THEATRE GROUP

MARCH 16th—20th

Six Characters in Search of an Author

BY

LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Presented by the ITALIAN SOCIETY

The Gryphon

FOUNDED 1895 CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1952

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Contents

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Illustration to " La Colomba Bianca " *by Enid Farrand.*

EDITORIAL

THOSE members of the University who are faithful buyers —and even those who do not buy, but are regular readers of borrowed copies—of *Gryphon*, will have noticed that there has been a change made in this issue. New readers (of whom we hope there are many) please note—we were not ever thus. The cover of *Gryphon* from October 1948 until now has been ornamented by a representation of the rather pleasing fabulous creature of the same name, not couchant as in Tenniel's illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland*, but definitely rampant. The more conservative of our older supporters may deplore the change, but then a change is almost always deplored until innovation becomes custom, after which one invariably wonders how one could ever have liked the old. Think of the storm over the recent change in format of the *Manchester Guardian*. Yet that paper's readers are still faithful, and would no doubt be prepared now to spring to a defence of the alterations made. In our own case, even the most bigoted will surely be prepared to admit that the chaste neatness of our new cover is more sightly than the rather sprawling heraldic device of previous years.

And there are many precedents for changes in the lay-out of *Gryphon*. That year 1948 was productive of a much bigger alteration than a mere change of cover. The whole scope and aim of *Gryphon* was altered. Previously it had been something of a hotch-potch, a sort of cross between a newspaper and a school magazine, with here and there elements of the deliberately cultural; in short, a hybrid. Like that best known of hybrids, the mule, it was sterile. Miss Mollie Herbert wrote, in her Editorial of October 1948 : " With your help the University Journal can *be* a University Journal and not a cross between *Men Only* and the X Girls' High School Magazine or the Boys' of the same parish. For the standard of such a Journal only two criteria can be suggested : relevant style and content."

We endorse these remarks heartily. Indeed, we go further and say that without your help a University Journal could not continue to exist in any form. We need your contributions. Especially do we need them because we wish to print what *you* think. A University is a thinking body—that being so, the ideas of any member of such a body should be of interest to other members. So we shall continue our policy of printing the best of what you send us ; and the fulfilment of our devout hope ' Long may *Gryphon* flourish ! " depends on your efforts.

Our frontispiece. It has been the custom since 1949 for us to print a Nativity picture of some sort inside the front cover of our December issue ; and we have generally accompanied it by a mediaeval Christmas lyric. This year we have printed something modern—two stanzas from a poem by Robin Skelton which appeared in *Gryphon* originally, and which he called " an expression of one aspect of the Nativity in the form of a song." It serves, we think, to show that there is still sincerity of feeling and beauty of expression, even in these days, to point to the true meaning of Christmas.

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P. N. K. Heylings

A DIABETES EXPERIMENT

(Children's Summer Camp, 1952)

DIABETES MELLITUS ("mellitum"–a preparation made with honey) is a disorder of the metabolism in which the body is unable to use carbohydrates (glucose), due to faulty pancreatic* activity. Thus sugar absorbed from the intestine is not fully utilised and some is excreted in the urine. Normally the carbohydrate, in the form of glocuse (a sugar into which ingested carbohydrates are converted), is acted upon by *insulin* (a hormone secreted by the pancreatic gland) and turned into *glycogen*, which is stored in muscle and the liver. When the body needs heat and energy this glycogen is broken down again into glucose, and with the help of insulin the tissue cells oxydise this glucose, releasing energy for their use.

The disease itself was recognised and named long before its cause was known. *Aretaeus* (*c.* 30–90 A.D.) gave the name Diabetes, meaning "to run through a syphon," to a disorder of the body metabolism characterised by "the passing of frequent and large quantities of urine" which was recorded in the papyrus *Ebers*, an Egyptian medical journal, old in the time of Moses. *Tchang Tchangking* (*c.* 200 A.D.) observed a patient suffering from this disease drink 10 quarts of water a day, with relative polyurea†, and excessive appetite was recorded as a symptom by Chinese writers about 600 A.D. Ants were observed to flock around the patient's urine. Willis (died 1675) observed the urine of the diabetic patient to be "wonderfully sweet, as if imbued with honey or sugar."

Now, until a few years ago—some time after the discovery of insulin by Banting and Best in 1921—diabetes was a very serious disease. In 1952, however, there is little difference

* The pancreatic gland is situated behind the stomach, and is connected both to the duodenum, into which it secretes digestive enzymes, and the general circulation, into which it discharges insulin.

† *Polyurea*—an increased quantity of urine.

between the life-expectancy of a diabetic and that of a non-diabetic. But the previous serious nature of this disorder has stayed in people's minds. Naturally there are variations in the severity of the diabetes, just as there are variations in the fitness of the ordinary person. This article considers the average diabetic, the person to whom insulin is the answer to his troubles ; and at present there are 1,000,000 known diabetics in the U.S.A. alone.

The insulin necessary for treatment of the disease is given by injection, some individuals having two, some only one injection per day ; and the patient's diet must also be modified. Indeed, diabetics' diet might well make housewives envious, for they have double rations of bacon, butter and margarine, and 12 ozs. of cheese. The Ministry of Health, realising that this extra food costs a great deal, and that finance may thus turn out to be a drag on health, allows special monetary grants to those who need them. Sugar has to be cut out of the diet, saccharines being used instead, and bread, potatoes and other carbohydrates are carefully rationed, since they are turned to sugar in the body, which is unable to cope with sugar in the bloodstream without insulin. Since nearly the whole of the insulin present in a diabetic's body is the definite amount taken by injection, the carbohydrates ingested must be carefully calculated to balance with the known dose. Should too much sugar reach the blood the body removes it by excreting it in the urine, *via* the kidneys, and sugar in the urine is easily tested for by chemical means. The extra proteins (meats, cheeses) and fats make up a very substantial diet and provide the necessary energy. The diabetic has to be careful not to miss his meals, for without adequate carbohydrates the insulin might work to his detriment. Quite a lot of diabetics, however, are on a free diet, and eat more or less what they wish.

Since diabetic children have to have a modified diet and have to give themselves injections, parents tend to overprotect them and spoil them a little ; neighbours and well-meaning relatives unfortunately exaggerate their difference from other children ; cautious but ill-informed schoolmasters keep them out of games. (We all know how our parents tended to over-

spoil us, as children, when we were ill, even if we only had a cold, though fortunately this statement does not apply to all parents). Partly for these reasons, then, diabetic children did not till very recently realise their own capabilities. Certainly the general public did not; but the recent summer camp for diabetic children has shown very definitely that they can do more or less all the things that ordinary children do in an ordinary society.

At Bewerley Park, near Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire, this summer, 93 diabetic children of both sexes and ranging in age from 9 to 17 were housed for a fortnight in wooden huts, sleeping on double-tiered bunks. This was the largest camp of its kind ever held in the world; smaller ones have been held in the U.S.A. for several years. Professor Tunbridge, the Professor of Medicine in the University, who is a specialist in diabetes, initiated, fostered and developed the idea in co-operation with the British Diabetic Association.

When the children reached the camp they found that there was no need for them to whisper about their injections, which were accepted as part of the normal routine—in itself a change for them. All talked freely of how much sugar they had in their urine, or how much more bread they could have with their meals. Camp helpers were struck by the fact that they *looked* just like other children, and as the camp proceeded they began to realise how nearly normal these children actually were. They remarked, in fact, on their high degree of intelligence, which is of course by no means uncommon in diabetics.

Days at the camp started at 9-0 a.m., at which time the children got up. After folding their blankets, they tested their urine for sugar to find out whether they needed to alter their doses of insulin or change their diets. Then they went to the "insulin station" to see the M.O., who schooled them and helped them with any difficulties they had. This "insulin station" consisted of three converted class-rooms, where each child had a desk in which he kept his insulin and a syringe. All the children, even the nine-year-olds, were taught how to give their own injections, and not one was ever heard to complain—the only reaction was the expected Army-style banter. After their

injections they went to the dining-hall where they tucked in to mountains of protein and carefully-rationed carbohydrates. During the days soccer matches were arranged—the boys beat the Pateley Bridge team, much to the disappointment, we suspect, of the local curate. Swimming parties, cricket matches, games of rounders, cross-country runs—even a three-mile cross-country *race*—helped to fill in the time, with numerous other activities. It is impossible to dwell for too long on the intelligence of these children ; during the two weeks that they were at camp they composed excellent poems and prayers, and executed some fine paintings, as well as producing three concerts for their parents and distinguished visitors. These concerts included gymnastic and dancing displays of a high standard.

The original purpose of the camp was to prove that diabetics were capable, with a few precautions, of taking an active part in ordinary life. This the children proved to everyone's satisfaction, not least their own, thus testifying to the success of the camp and to the experiment's being worthwhile. It subsequently appeared (from letters received by the camp staff) that the children had begun to learn how to depend on themselves and live as ordinary members of the public.

It seems, then, that at last, by means of experiments such as this camp, and the tireless efforts of the medical profession, people are beginning to see the diabetic in true perspective. This is at least a step forward, but we must hope that someone, some day, will discover or invent a way of compensating for the metabolic disturbances of *diabetes mellitus* by means other than those of daily insulin injections. Thus the diabetic can be made both a rarer member of society and one who can be more readily accepted as normal even while his condition persists.

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VACANCIES.

Gryphon invites applications for the posts of Assistant Business Manager and Assistant Sales Manager. Anyone interested in doing either of these two very necessary jobs should communicate with us via the *Gryphon* box in the hallway of the Union building.


E. FARREN.

Fiona J. Garrood

LA COLOMBA BIANCA

"LUIGI—WATER—QUICKLY"; the deep, harsh voice, barely recognisable as that of a woman, broke distantly across the sultry tranquillity of the vineyard, hardly disturbing those who lay there in the sunlight. Only a small boy showed any sign of activity, sitting bolt upright, a large book resting on his knees, chanting ceaselessly.

"Amo, ami, ama——."

"Luigi!"—this time more loudly.

The child did not stir——

"Ami, amasti, amo——"

The woman appeared at the doorway, wiping her hands on her dress.

"Luigi, you little animal, where are you?"; then, catching sight of the child, she advanced purposefully towards him. As she approached, the boy, becoming aware of her presence for the first time, looked up hurriedly and began to recite loudly and righteously.

"The Sixth Commandment—Honour thy father and thy mother——"

"Didn't you hear me—beast. Sitting there with your book. How do you expect me to manage? It's bad enough when you're at school, without having you sitting around here all summer as well. Be off with you for my water!" And as she spoke she grasped him firmly by the back of his jersey and propelled him towards the house.

"But Mama, my catechism. If I don't know it the priest will——"

"Catechism! Do you think I don't know you've been up to your tricks again? Grammar indeed—what does that matter? If you ask me it's all showing off in front of the English Miss."

The group sunbathing had been listening in a desultory and amused fashion.

"Oh dear," said the English visitor, hearing the only two words she ever understood in the local dialect, "what's happening?"

"Oh nothing," was the reply, "a usual grumble because Luigino likes to study—just silly things."

The shouting had now receded within and was gaining in pitch and intensity. She sighed—poor child, why shouldn't he study? She had grown very fond of the little peasant boy ever since her first day in the mountains when he had come to greet her—a diminutive figure in an old red jersey, his spindly legs protruding from a faded pair of cotton shorts, and crammed on his round head an old cloth hat, from under which brown eyes of extraordinary and impudent intelligence laughed up at her.

"How d'you do"—with a grin, and the Miraculous Medal on his hat twinkled in the sunlight. As the days went by she had learnt more of Luigino, for he followed her like a small puppy. If they played ball, he was an indefatigable 'retriever'; if anyone went shooting he would plod for miles carrying a gun as big as himself; but most of all he loved to read, even declaiming from her English books, pronouncing everything in the Italian manner, very rapidly and with a profusion of gesture, looking up at her when he ran short of breath, with his inevitable

"Pleasesankyou?"

She was puzzled by his interest in books, for his friends, whom he had dragooned into attending English lessons, soon tired of their tasks, and his parents certainly did not encourage him. It transpired, however, that Luigino was a foundling—that nothing was known of his real parents.

Though she knew that such ideas were moonshine there began to build itself up the feeling that he was a child of great intellectual potentiality, doomed to stagnation by force of circumstance! The thought was so pompous that she laughed aloud in embarrassment; but he certainly had a quickness and eagerness to learn, as if there were a subconscious driving force within him. Of course, it was all nonsense, but if it *were* true—

and she gave herself up to the sort of long and rosy day-dream only possible in the heat of an Italian afternoon.

Clank! as Luigino aimed a deliberate kick at his buckets and sent them spinning.

"Scerno!"—his mother's voice rising in a scream above the din, and the outcry recommenced.

The child slung his pails over his shoulders on a long pole, tears of injured pride and rage streaming down his face as he hurled abuse back towards the house.

"Luigi," from the field below the house where his father was cutting maize, "enough!"

Luigino scowled, crammed his old hat down farther over his ears and shouted between sobs.

"I like to read. The other boys don't because they were born here, on earth. I'm different. I was born where the bad girls go."

The real pride in his voice as he delivered this parting shot roused all the pity of the listening girl, and the conviction that he was in some way different gained in strength. She was filled with dislike for the woman who watched from the doorway, indignant that this old-young woman with face like a seasoned walnut should hold the child's destiny in her rough peasant hands.

That evening, as they sat outside listening to the incessant chirping of the crickets and Luigino's eager chant:

"Moon, stars—stars, moon, pleasesankyou," she asked him:

"Would you like to travel, Luigino?"

"O yes please."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Switzerland"—promptly.

"Switzerland—Oh, why Switzerland?"

"Because," he spoke in hollow tones of sheer wonder, "because it's such a beautiful place, where nobody works, and besides, all the money in the world is in Switzerland."

She turned her face against the moon, so that he should not see her smiling.

"Did you go to Church to-day?" he asked.

"No."

"Why not?" She was forced to laugh at the sternness of his question, but answered:

"Because I'm not a Catholic." His face clouded, and he sat silent for a time, then—

"Are you like the people in my book who lived a thousand years ago—Do you ask Graces from vases?"

"No, no; it's the same God as yours."

His unhappy expression relaxed slightly, but after a long moment of deep thought he said, hesitantly:

"Then, if it's the same God, why can't we all be alike?"

She could not reply.

She decided then and there to free this child from his stultifying surroundings. How, she did not consider, for somehow that seemed no obstacle.

"When are you going to England?" asked Luigino next day, as he solemnly and skilfully twisted coils of "pasta" round a tin fork.

"In a few days."

"Is it far? Near Africa, with lions in the street, and no sunshine?"

"Quite a long way—all day and night in a train."

"Then on a boat?"

"Yes."

"A bigger boat than the one Severo has on Sarnico?"

"Oh yes, much"—then, on a mad impulse, "Like to come with me?"

"Yes please!"

"Well, perhaps you can when you've learnt your lessons."

Too late she realized her mistake. All that day he sat, chanting his grammar with a frightening earnestness which was heartbreaking, pausing only to ask questions about England, each more fantastic than the last. Nor did it stop there. He began, to her dismay, to collect all his treasures, including an old, torn photograph of herself which he had carefully re-assembled on a card to show his friends, and a penny which was in danger of superseding in value the medal in his cap.

When his mother began to question him as to why he had wrapped his best shorts and shirt in a piece of newspaper,

he shook his head, and smiled at her over the woman's head, so secretly that she realized the enormous consequences of her words.

The evening of her departure came, and as she left the house she saw Luigino with his little bundle standing talking to two other boys. Catching sight of her, the two strange children fixed on her that slow, calculating stare which she had come to know so well, muttered to Luigino, and slipped away down the hillside.

Luigino came up to her uncomfortably, kicking the parched ground with a bare, brown foot.

" I'm sorry," he said, paused, then rapidly as though he were afraid to stop and think, " I'm sorry, I can't come after all 'cos Severo and Mario are going to rake the hay and that means you can chase the mice and it's very exciting and can't wait—So do you mind very much if it's another time ? " He stopped and looked at her in anxious uncertainty.

It was mingled relief and joy that she felt as she stretched out a hand and punched his old hat askew.

" Of course not—some other time will be fine ! " He grinned with his old impudence :

" Goodbye Miss—come back soon from Africa. Next time I'll come, really I will. Please*ank*you ! "

She watched him set off, lithely swinging down the hillside, the medallion on his cap twinkling among the tall maize stalks. The last rays of sunlight slanted across the meadow far below on the tow heads of his two cronies, raking hay. And suddenly, as she watched, they all began to sing with that peculiar voice quality of their kind, haunting in penetration,

" O, la colomba bianca, vola ! "

There was a movement at her side and she turned to find Luigino's mother standing there. The woman watched silently for a few moments, then smiled at her—a smile holding an infinity of kindness and such wisdom as made her feel at once inferior and supremely happy.

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M. J. Cook

CITIZENS OF EUROPE?

THE PROBLEM OF ANGLO-CONTINENTAL relations to-day is not so much what we think of the Council of Europe, but rather, do we think of it at all? A public opinion poll in the U.K. in 1950 disclosed that 47% of the persons questioned were unable to express support or otherwise for European Union because they had never heard of it.

This result was sufficiently discouraging to M. Paul-Henri Spaak for him to describe it as "frankly deplorable," and indeed our future would be so inevitably tied up with any United States of Europe that the lack of knowledge disclosed was certainly somewhat disconcerting. Indeed, were this figure to be out of all relation to those of other continental countries it may even be that M. Spaak was for once guilty of an understatement; if on the other hand continental opinion is not much in advance of our own, it would appear to be a very shifting sand on which to base any permanent federation. Public opinion is so vital to any such project that it may be worth while to pause at this stage to ascertain, if we can, how far opinion on the Continent has progressed along the road to a "U.S.E."

It has been said that in a democracy the government is always two years behind public opinion. On the question of a Federated Europe it would appear that the position is nearer to the reverse. At the end of the war public feeling was set against the old state of affairs which had brought much unrest and culminated in two world wars. Disillusionment with national sovereignty, a shattered economy, fear of a revived Germany, American support for Federation were all factors which resulted in an outcry of public opinion against political and economic barriers and in favour of a unified Europe. Unfortunately by the time that the planners and politicians had caught up with this revolution of outlook, the initial upsurge of public opinion had already died down. The result was that the experts were virtually stranded where the high tide of public opinion had left them. This point in actual time was

probably that of the formation of the Council of Europe. From then onwards the gulf between the public and the politicians has widened, not only because of the substantial progress of the Council of Europe, but also because public opinion becoming disillusioned with the inevitable frustrations and delays has fallen back still further.

We have now reached the stage where, of the 15 member countries of the Council of Europe, nine, led by the United Kingdom, have made it clear that for a variety of reasons they cannot join a complete federation. The other six, led by M. Spaak, have made it clear that they not only can join a federation, but intend to do so at an early date. The remarkable aspect of this division is that although there is such a clear difference between the nine and the six, in not one single country has the matter been put to the popular vote. The danger is of course far greater in the countries which are pledged to federation than in those opposed to it. Nowhere has a party been returned to power with a mandate from the electors to federate.

That there are reasons enough to support a large degree of European economic integration and close political and military co-operation no one would deny. Many of the most compelling factors may however prove to be of only a transitory nature. French fear of Germany, German desire for parity, common fear of the Russian Army and the American dollar may all diminish or disappear with the passing of time. These are but the immediate incentives which must arouse in public feeling that support without which there can be neither permanency nor reality.

That is not to say that such public support is not present, rather that it is not ascertained. The early position has been reversed, it is the politicians who are now impatient. They have created the legal machinery which when set in motion would be the outward form of a federation, and in six countries they want to switch it on. The man in the street in the six countries especially has been rather taken by surprise at the apparently sudden activity over what was originally his own idea, and although he is not opposed to it he would like time to

get used to the idea again. The whole future of European Union may well depend on whether the statesmen of the six listen to the advice of both public opinion and the spokesmen of the other Council of Europe countries, and pause for breath before plunging into federation.

There are still people in this country who view European Federation in much the same light as they do the American elections or racial disturbances in Africa—as matters in which British interference would be *ultra vires* and which in any event affect us only very indirectly. Anyone who has studied the aims and objects of the European Coal and Steel Community will realise the folly of this reasoning. Standing aloof from the Schuman Plan in order to preserve some illusory freedom was nothing less than an act of economic insanity. The choice was not one between sovereignty and supra-nationalisation, it was rather that of working inside an international cartel or being driven out of the world markets by it. The Coal and Steel Community must eventually produce and therefore sell coal cheaper than can the United Kingdom. With eventual increased production and slackening of world demand it would be their coal which secured the world market. It would be our coal which remained unsold, our pits that were closed down and our miners who were unemployed. Some might argue this prospect to be so remote as to be more academic than practical, but none can deny that it is possible. Although therefore we may be able to avoid the political repercussions of any European Federation, we cannot by any conceivable means avoid all of the economic consequences.

That is why British public opinion must interest itself in the Continent; too much is being left to the politicians, who in their turn are not doing enough to keep public opinion informed. The Press also, possibly remembering our normal insular reaction to things continental, could certainly play a more active role. Forty-seven per cent. ignorance, as distinct from apathy, in 1950 reflected little credit on the British Press. Whether we approve of it or not, the future of the United Kingdom is very much allied to the future of United Europe, and there must at the present time be grave doubts whether this is realised by the average person in this country.

It seems then, if we look at the present position as a whole, that although the British public are still a long way behind their continental counterparts in their European outlook, continental public opinion is still an equal distance behind that of its politicians. The time has now come for consolidation. The statesmen have reached a substantial degree of agreement and understanding which, if it is to bear fruit, must be passed on to the man in the street. Without his agreement there can be no permanency, with it all other difficulties can be surmounted.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author was one of the members of a United Kingdom delegation to the first European Assembly of Political Youth, held recently at The Hague.*]

Jill Keeys
YOURS FAITHFULLY

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SECTIONS of a newspaper, and one which has a fascination all its own, is the correspondence column. It attracts readers regardless of world crises which may be hovering with a more legitimate claim on the eyesight. It is a rival of leading articles and takes precedence for the general public over many of the other attractions in journals. Letters have a compelling magnetism and make such interesting study that one's capture by them entails only minutes of pleasant detention from the day's work.

I have often wondered what is so bewitching about published letters. Is it their variety of subject, their style, or the aptness of the editorial comment attached to them? All these attract, but I think it is above all the glimpse of personality which reveals itself in the motive for the writing of the letter. I cannot withhold a smile when I see the letter, eternal as the Spring itself, which announces the arrival of the year's first cuckoo. What is it that urges a person to write to a complete stranger a letter to be read by thousands of other strangers about a bird to whom he has never formally been introduced? Yet I cannot help thinking life would be that degree poorer

without the cuckoo-letter; it is an old and welcome friend. In the same class, but a little less useful to the community—for who would deny the value of knowing that the cuckoo has come again to this island?—are the letters whose authors claim records ranging from having grown the longest cucumber in living memory to owning the only parrot who has never said a word. What ecstasy of pleasure must the editor give the writers of such letters when he refrains from committing their efforts to the waste-paper basket, and what tremors of exultation must pass through the minds of the triumphant "journalists" as they trim the paper's edges and stick it lovingly in the family album, where it languishes, yellowing with age, until some enquiring descendant decides to write the family history.

One of the more interesting types of letter, however, is that stating a case: the political argument—for it is often too acrid to be called a discussion; the theological wrangle which could, I believe, go on to the crack of doom, if the editor did not call a halt to the deluge of further correspondence. And in recent years education and modern art have also enjoyed steady support as subjects of controversy. Most correspondents on these matters, we are given to suppose, are genuinely interested in their subject, but the kaleidoscopic variations of opinions on the same topic are a source of wonder, for a case which is apparently proven one day is shattered the next, and so on and on until the editor has received a giant snowball of pro and con which ought to convince everyone that in such broad issues there is no absolute proof. This, however, is where the magic of letter-writing, or the insatiable desire of every human being to have the last word, intervenes, and the snowball has no sooner melted than it is being re-formed assiduously elsewhere and indeed threatens to grow more unwieldy than its predecessor. Another pleasure in reading letters of this type is to study their style and tone. On theological subjects correspondents usually pen with caution; educational matters call forth reminiscences painful either to writer or reader, with an occasional outburst of antagonism between Arts and Sciences; these, however, rarely reach the heights of indignation which modern art seems to cause and are hardly ever filled with the

venom which all too often pervades the letter on political subjects. The interesting point about letters is that they are not essential to existence in the same way as headlines and leading articles which may touch on matters vital to the survival of our so-called civilisation. They are written perhaps as a hobby; as the only way to satisfy the desire to see one's name in print; out of a sense of mission, or that pathetically human longing to be cleverer than the last man. If letters to editors were classified a high percentage would be found to have been written under the last-named impulse. What is there behind the mind of the person who writes : " Dear Sir : With reference to your correspondent who states that the lady in green caught the 505 'bus to Much Gossip in the Mire, I beg to inform you it was the 505A. Yours faithfully—"? Accuracy is a commendable and indeed a necessary virtue, but a generous nature and a sense of proportion are equal blessings. On the other hand the man who is bold enough to publish an opinion on some subject worthy of debate must expect to take the consequences in the verbal battle which will assuredly follow as his reward or punishment for the views he holds.

What does the editor think of the mass of correspondence which reaches his desk every morning ? Does he, as he despairs of completing his reading by the end of the day, ever recall the time when as a child he would run to meet the postman and gloat over the letters which he hardly knew how to read in any case ? Does he now rush for the letter-rack when he returns home in the evening—or are his friends forbidden ever to write to him ? There is, however, one aspect which an editor may find a little wounding to his pride, and that is the disappointing fact that he cannot claim to be in receipt of fanmail, because although letters are addressed to him, it is unlikely that many correspondents even stop to consider him when they cross swords with " Mr. X who had the audacity to say——." To many the editor is only a middle-man, a means to an end. To some he is " Sir," to others " Dear Sir," or on occasions " Dear Mr. Editor " ; some indicate their intention of being sincere, others faithful, and some, with scant consideration for his feelings, apparently take their leave with

" Yours, etc.,"' on which he may put what construction he wishes.

I have considered writer and recipient of letters : what of the compositor who has to translate them from handwriting in varying grades of legibility to an orderly print-resplendent piece of newspaper? His life must be enlivened by the ferocity of some of the letters he prints, and his vocabulary must be enriched by a collection of such expressions as " pernicious nonsense," " overweening executive " and " proletarian philistines." What gems of English literature these are ! They show a vigour, a sense of the dramatic and a mastery of hyperbole which may give new heart to those who were convinced that the British were suffering from an attack of inertia and indifference. If there are still those among us who will rouse themselves enough to wield an irate ball-point for some cause which is really none of their business,or upon which they are not qualified to express an authoritative opinion, then the nation has no need for a physician.

Public letter-writing is one of the blessings of the Press. Newspaper articles and features have their own merits, but they are to a great extent impersonal. The letters column establishes that personal link with the world of print which helps to ensure that the relationship of Press and Public is one of co-operation. If a journal prints a series of controversial articles, the value, and above all the pleasure, of reading them is greatly enhanced by the correspondence which follows in their wake. I often wonder if letters have any noticeable effect on everyday life in this country. How many people respond to the annual appeal which precedes Guy Fawkes' Day to keep their household pets indoors ? Do the frequent letters on Road Safety have any influence ? I doubt it, because the chief function of letters appears to be to provoke thought and its expression through discussion. Whether action ultimately follows upon thought is a matter for conjecture. Even if we are not consciously influenced by published letters we should be thankful for their existence. They are a safety valve for democracy, for with their disappearance would vanish one of our most cherished freedoms : the fearless public utterance of our inmost thoughts.

M. Gordon

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS

DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THIS CENTURY Shakespearian criticism has laid increasing stress on the significance of his imagery. " He embroidered his main theme," wrote Messrs Muir and O'Loughlin in 1937*, " with a counterpoint of imagery that sprang from his unconscious mind." From a study of this unconscious use of imagery various critics have attempted to prove various things about Shakespeare: that at one time he had suffered a nervous breakdown ; that at another he had been a soldier ; that he *knew* all about motor-cars.

All this is fairly recent research, but as far back as 1889 Lewis Carroll—who, besides being an amateur photographer (as most people seem to know), was also a keen railway enthusiast—put into the mouth of one of the characters in his " Sylvie and Bruno " the following remark :

> " Shakespeare must have travelled by rail, if only in a dream....."

Carroll based this acutely perceptive deduction on the relevance of the line " Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! " to the feelings and emotions of the average railway passenger. My contention is that a study of Shakespeare's imagery and vocabulary as a whole offers an even more convincing proof of the theory. Has not J. W. Dunne put forward a semi-mathematical hypothesis to the effect that in dreams we may see forward into the future as well as backward into the past ? Quite early in his life Shakespeare must have foreseen—in some dreamy, drowsy, half-conscious state—that his lovely sceptr'd isle would one day be the cradle of the world's railways and itself lie beneath an intricate network of gossamer-steel tracery. All this dream-vision would be held and absorbed in the depths of his unconscious, and duly play its part in the colouring of his imagery and vocabulary. Where I write below that Shakespeare knew about such-and-such an aspect of railways I mean, of course, " knew " in its intuitive sense.

---

* " The Voyage to Illyria."

The reader may conceivably object that the examples which I am going to quote in support of this theory are taken quite out of their context, and are fortuitous in their aptness of meaning in the railway world, but the whole point is that it is in the *unconscious* use of these terms that he must see their significance. Individually, the resemblances may seem far-fetched ; cumulatively, their effect is quite conclusive.

First, as to motive-power, the coming of the diesel-electric and the gas-turbine has not yet staled the infinite variety or the subtle fascination of the steam locomotive. From the days of early mythology there has existed in the minds of men the imaginative concept of the fire-enveloped war-horse, but it was for a later age to put the idea into practice, and the term " iron horse " is one which enjoyed considerable popularity in the Nineteenth Century. When Shakespeare wrote of " fiery steeds " in *Richard II* and *Henry VI*, *Part* 3, was he consciously harking back to the old idea, or had he subconsciously felt that something else was yet to come ? Othello is even more explicit :

> And O ye mortal engines whose rude throats
> Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit.....

Furthermore, besides foreseeing the use of the tender (that part of the locomotive which carries the coal and water, and incidentally prevents the engine-crew from falling off backwards), Shakespeare was also aware of the evils of too much lubrication, as well as too little. In this connection we find Lucius, in *Titus Andronicus*, mentioning " small drops from thy tender spring."

It is only to be expected that Shakespeare, who had so fine an appreciation of the position and meaning of Royalty in England, would have known and approved of the provision of special luxurious trains, with spotless engines and gleaming white carriage-roofs, for members of the Royal Family to ride about in. As the Second Gent. exclaims in *Henry VIII*, "A royal train, believe me." There is also evidence that Shakespeare realised the advantages which mechanically-minded monarchs and peers possess with regard to railways. We used to read of one king of some mid-European country who spent most of his reign

driving locomotives. Then we turn to *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and find the Duke exclaiming : "And here an engine fit for my proceeding."

In these days of a unified British railway system it is sometimes hard for the younger generation to realise the extent of the individualism that existed in the separate railway companies before the 1923 grouping. Each line had its own particular atmosphere and traditions ; even the locomotives made their own distinctive kinds of noises. Shakespeare, the sensitive artist, had sensed this. Thus Exeter, in *Henry V :*

> ..... this most memorable line,
> In every branch truly demonstrative.....

Shakespeare also had a premonition of the fate of so many of those lovable little branch-lines under the B.R. regime. As the gardener remarked in *Richard II :*

> ..... Superfluous branches
> We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.....

From the operating point of view Shakespeare was obviously well-informed. One may detect a slight, if understandable, confusion between the terms " signal " and " alarm," but to anyone who knows his signal-lore the significance of Richard II's remark is plain : " Be ready to direct these home alarms." Again, Octavius in *Julius Caesar*, orders : " Stir not until the signal."

Shakespeare had even envisaged the peculiar problems of the platelaying gang. He knew, for instance, of the practice whereby the look-out, as he is called, sounds a small horn as a warning to his gang working on the line. *Romeo and Juliet :*

> Paris : .....Whistle then to me
> As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Theseus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, remarks : " This fellow doth not stand upon points." Exactly ! It is so very easy to get one's foot trapped when the signalman pulls over the lever. And the reader who has chanced to see track-relaying in progress on a Sunday will appreciate the weary bitterness

of Longaville's complaint in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move."

Rolling-stock control finds due mention, in particular the need for catering satisfactorily for the holiday traffic to and from the coast. Salisbury, in *King John*, refers to the "many carriages he hath dispatch'd To the sea-side."

As for station working, one might picture the scene at some small country station, probably manned by only two men (the station-master and his assistant), where stopping-trains are so infrequent that it is necessary for the two men to have to think consciously of what their jobs are when a train does stop. Thus Dromio of Syracuse, in *The Comedy of Errors*, says: "Master, shall I be porter at the gate?" At the other end of the scale there is the bustling atmosphere of the large terminus. Anyone who has watched the arrival of an express at such a station, and who has seen the line of porters jostling for position at the carriage doors (and later soaking their victims for a nice fat tip), cannot fail to interpret the following scene from *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in its most significant sense:

First Outlaw: Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

Second Outlaw: If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

(Enter Valentine and Speed),

Third Outlaw: Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye.....

Speed: Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

The reader will now see what is meant by the cumulative effect of these references. I have, of course, touched only briefly on the possibilities of the theory, for it may be possible to argue on similar lines that Shakespeare was subconsciously aware of jet aircraft, or atomic energy, even. At all events, to anyone with the time and the inclination for research the vista of a whole new field of development in Shakespearian study now lies before him, and I hope and trust that the work will proceed apace.

Maureen Gale

LES NEIGES D'ANTAN

J'ai vu passer par là
  des hommes inconnus,
des hommes qui d'autrefois
  m'ont parlé, m'ont chanté,
tout en me regardant
  de beaux yeux entrevus.
Et ce matin ils sont tous
  devenus étrangers.

J'ai vu passer par là
  une jeune fille rose
tout habillée en blanc,
riant de tout son coeur.
Elle m'a regardée, puis,
  pensant à autre chose,
elle a repris son chemin
  encore. C'est ma soeur.

Tout est passé. Le vent
  de printemps, tendre et tiède,
laisse toucher sur mon front
  des baisers de douceur.
Maintenant je suis seule ;
  mais nulle chose n'est plus laide :
les voix de la musique
  coulent autour de mon coeur.

Roy Goulcher

MADRID II

Ivory towers, soundproof and windowless,
Towers on white clouds,
White clouds that shroud and hide.
No dirt nor blood nor tears,
Not souls but soul,
Ether not earth.
Dark metaphysics is thought's battlefield
And nebulous Infinity the truth.
And though society's stench seeps up
Their walls like rock enclose, exclude.

But is there no porosity?
Are senses so selective?
Chrome culture hymns
And deaf-mutes dance on strings.

Has Spain to rise and be remurdered?
A bloody nose caught in an orange grove
Yet here a crucifixion,
With rusting nails.
A peace crusade, two years pregnant,
But 'neath the cleric's robe
There stands Caiaphas.
Tin trumpets blow and Turk kills Chinaman,
Again snow rots the cotton flag.

A desert made where Nature had chose life,
The Burning Sand, through which one day
Their feet must drag who
Shrink within the ivory walls.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, on November 10th, of Mr. Wilfred Rowland Childe, of the English Department.

He exemplified in his life a wide, tolerant humanism that is becoming increasingly rare. His innate delicacy of feeling, his great respect for persons, his love of the delightful surface of life combined with a deep religious sense, called out the best in all who had to do with him; and in those privileged to know him well, a lasting affection. His reading was unusually wide and varied; and in talking about it rather than teaching it, he imparted much of his own wisdom, humour and balance of judgment. Dignified, friendly, quick to respond to any demand made upon him, during 30 years, for successive generations of students he stood for a quality of being which will remain vividly in the memory of all who recognised it. His influence, which it is not too much to call benign, was felt far outside the University, and his death deprives many people of a friend who was also, by his example, a guide.

We print, on the following pages, two poems by Wilfred Childe, written not long before his death.

Wilfred Childe

THE GENTLE TIGER

Deep in the dark green forest's lustrous shade,
Amid huge palms, lianas, sombre boughs
Of many a gaunt aisle and gigantic shade,
The Lamb was lost, far from the Shepherd's house.

It went on wandering, bleating, aimless, frail,
Deeper and deeper into the Aethiop gloom,
A tiny speck of life, plaintive and pale,
Despairing, certain of some imminent doom.

There the great Tiger with carbuncle eyes
Couched in his den and blazingly beheld
The innocent approach, the wondering stare

Of the poor fool, and with such strange surprise
Remarked it stumbling near his fatal lair,
That his all-slaying furies he withheld.....

ORCHARD PIECE IN AUGUST

In this leaf-green cathedral, in this glade
Of apple-boughs where on the harp of the sun
The crystal winds with delicate sweet fingers
Are playing all the noon, or in the branches

Like little milk-white snorting unicorns,
Winged joyous shapes, are prancing overhead,
Tapping with dainty hoofs on the nodding leaves,
And making melody with their flute-thin horns,

That when the sun's gold trembles lightly on them
Utter strange music, in this chapel of leaves,
In this minster of the pear-trees and apple-trees,

I taste the shadow of sacred Arcady,
I have not far to go to find
The meaning of the song the Dryads sing.....

★
★ ★

Richard Courtney

SÉANCE

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, and we sat quite still, as Mrs. Cornell went off. Hilda West just giggled and said she hoped it would work this time. The old woman was groaning, so we knew that the trance had begun.

Hilda whispered into my ear: "It sounds as if Satan was here."

I quietened her down and we listened in silence as the gasps droned out, like the saw of the woodsmen upon the heath that drones on and on and on.

"Are y' there? Are y' there?" the old woman squeaked, in a voice pitched high in the air, and an answering cry seemed to echo her back.

"Come not here to the flames, fairy!"

"Are y' there? Are y' there?" she squeaked again, "won't y' speak to a fairy, then? But what's that you're doing, you funny man? Ay, you with the red in your eye!" Then she gasped in a helpless, paralysed way, and there wasn't a sound in the room. For a moment we sat in that silent dark, then Hilda went to the switch.

An old, white man was in the chair beside the kitchen door, and Mrs. Cornell was slumped in her chair, her hands dragging on the floor.

"Well," said Hilda, "and who are you?" to the little old man with white hair."

"Oh! I'm a friend of the lady's here," he said with a soft, smooth air, "and I've come from below to take her away, so the wind'll no longer blow. And if y' don't mind, before I go, I'd like a cup of tea." And he had such an eye and an air that I, before I really knew, had brought him a cup, and had asked him where they would go.

"It is far, far away," he said in a tone of deepest mystery, "so far indeed that the farther y'go, the farther it seems to be.

But when y'want to stay, me gal, y're there afore y'know. It be mine, all mine, and yet if I could trade it, I wouldn't stop if the world and every man had said it shouldn't be." He drank. "And now, if you two gals don't mind, we two'll be away." And he dragged himself on his stick towards the chair where the old woman lay.

" But tell me, tell me," said Hilda quick, " just who and what y'are."

" What me ? " he said and grinned his face, " my name is many and more, but mostly, because I'm rather well known—they call me the Devil by trade ! " And he put his hands on the old girl's head, the lights went out, and the two weren't there any more.

As we ran through the house it was as quiet as death, but afore the week was out we'd had a bill from Mrs. Cornell for the money that we owed.

G. T. Heard

JELLY FISH

Globular traitors from the clammy ooze,
blind eyeballs on a face unsocketed,
these, even these blains of nonentity
contrive to move with a repugnant dignity.

One, with an alderman important paunch
spreads imperiously proud tentacles ;
what virtue can a jelly find
reflecting with its jelly mind ?

All feel the sky in wet complacence
storing their stings for the non-placid
cleavers who refuse to urge
that virtue is Drifting with the surge,

A CHRISTMAS QUIZ

FOR THE RECREATION OF OUR READERS over the Christmas vacation, we have set the following competition.

A prize of a book token value one guinea will be given for the first correct solution opened, having reached *Gryphon* office by January 23rd. Two consolation prizes of double tickets for Theatre Group's Easter production are also offered. Solutions (in envelopes, please) to be addressed to The Editor, *Gryphon*. It should be noted that in all matters relating to this competition, the Editor's decision is final.

A. *Names and naming*

I. Identify :

(*a*) Bobus. (*b*) Ebony. (*c*) La Fornarina. (*d*) "your .... gabiest-wabiest." (*e*) Namby-Pamby. (*f*) The Pope of Holland House. (*g*) The Scourge of Princes. (*h*) Palestrina. (*i*) Bobs. (*j*) Ralph Iron. (*k*) Sir Morgan Odoherty. (*l*) Quinbus Flestrin. (*m*) Allegra. (*n*) C.S.C. (*o*) Mrs. Murry. (*p*) Corno di Bassetto. (*q*) L.E.L. (*r*) "all mankind's epitome." (*s*) Brodribb the actor. (*t*) Barry Cornwall. (*Most of these are pseudonyms*).

2. Whose dogs were : (*a*) Maida. (*b*) Ranter. (*c*) Fop?

3. Where did the following live?

(*a*) Priscilla Wimbush. (*b*) the Rev. Mr. Quiverful. (*c*) Rima. (*d*) Mrs. Helseth. (*e*) Hypatia Tarleton. (*f*) The Marquesa de Montemayor. (*g*) Turiddu. (*h*) Pinkie.

4. In which play, by whom, would you find :

(*a*) Sir Timothy Tawdrey. (*b*) Leonce. (*c*) Florizel. (*d*) He. (*e*) Mme. Parpalaid. (*f*) Mosca. (*g*) Eleonora Heyst. (*h*) Lavinia Mannon. (*i*) Rafi. (*j*) Brennan o' the Moor. (*k*) Sir Oliver Cockwood. (*l*) André Mérin. (*m*) Aurora Bompas. (*n*) Dermot Francis O'Flingsley. (*o*) Mabel Stanley. (*p*) Marius and Sulla.

B. *Friendliness*

1. Who wrote, addressing whom:
"Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache:
Do be my enemy—for friendship's sake"?
2. Which eminent Scotsman was characterized by which of his friends, as:
"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
Short, though not as fat, as Bacchus"?
3. In which novel is it remarked of Sir Piercy Shafton that he is "a very nice man, indeed; I wonder when he'll go?"?
4. Who is responsible for the adage
"A girl's best friend is her mutter"?
5. Who were fighting like devils for conciliation "An' hating each other for the love of God"?

C. *Drinks and Hats*

1. They drank lamb's-wool at Saturday Keith's inn. What was the name of the inn?
2. (*a*) What did Kate tell Tam he was?
(*b*) Who was "His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony"?
3. Who is *I* in what disguise, in the following passage?
"... when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale."
4. What beverages would you particularly associate with (*a*) Edward Lear. (*b*) the Hon. Charles Piper. (*c*) William Cowper. (*d*) the Fat Knight. (*e*) Queen Anne (sometimes). (*f*) Jove?
5. What shape was the man who wore a runcible hat?
6. Who, making a somewhat odd entry, was observed to be wearing "his helmet on his manly breast"?
7. Whose hat bore a legend suggesting that for half-a-guinea you could have a similar one?
8. Who "once committed the indiscretion of appearing at an evening party in a huge turban labelled 'very chaste; only five and threepence'"?

D. *Rushing In or Fearing to Tread*

1. Who wrote " I can never tell them apart—their lack of style is so marvellously similar " ? About whom ?
2. Who wrote the original of this :
" Lo Phosphor ! And a voice from the Tavern crieth : enter hilarious Philopots, hybrist youths ; enter and fill yet one more cup of Wine before that Fate shall fill brimful your Cup of Life " ? Who is responsible for this version and in what version is it more commonly known ?
3. In whose dramatic works has it been suggested that you would find this passage :

" SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

. . . . . nor dared describe their deeds
As " Life's impulsion by Incognizance."
. . . . . .
We cannot glimpse the origin of things,
Cannot conceive a Causeless Cause . . . . "?
And in whose, in fact, *do* you find it ?

4. " THE CREDO

A. (*reluctantly*) I believe in Bernard Shaw, in Granville Barker, and (*heartily*) in *The Times*.
B. Plaudite, missa est."
Who are A and B ? Who wrote this piece ? To whom is the accompanying new decalogue ascribed ?

5. " . . . . . and perhaps the Roman Emperors sighed wistfully, lately they had seen so much—it had been like old times.
. . . . . but by some premonition she was aware that the country is which a Knight of the Garter would die for an idea was receding from her." Who is going where in which work by whom ?
6. Who is responsible for Anna Parker's "A LETTER from a YOUNG LADY, whose feelings being too strong for her Judgment led her into the commission of Errors which her Heart disapproved " ?
7. Who wrote :
" No tenth transmitter of a foolish face ! " ? In what ?

8. "*Nora:* Let ye have no fears. The man av the byre is dead. 'Tis but a pair av women now for ye to be afther affrontin', savin' these six, God resht the afflicted craythures.
O'D: Nay Nora, ye wrong me. Whin I knew there was the black throuble at The Works 'tis yourself here I sped to, my heart filled wid the kindly word." Whose?

9. Who wrote:

"They say of old in Babylon
That Harlequin and Pantalon
Seized that old topiary, Truth,
And held him by Time's Azimuth . . . ."?

10. And who wrote:

"Lord Globule was a backward lad,
Round, leaden eyes Lord Globule had,
And shamblimg legs and shoulders stooped,
And lower lip that dripped and drooped.
At ten years old he could not get
The hang of half the alphabet;
At twelve . . . . ."?

E. *Love and Wisdom*

1. Who are responsible for these pieces of worldly wisdom?
   (*a*) "Gags that infant cretins shun
   Are a wow on West-End stages."
   (*b*) "On court, hélas! après la vérité;
   Ah! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite."
   (*c*) "When lovely woman stoops to folly and
   Paces about her room again, alone,
   She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
   And puts a record on the gramophone."
   (*d*) "She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another!"
   Who is *she*?

2. What is the first line of the poem containing the following passage?

"To lovers as they lie upon
Her tolerant enchanted slope
In their ordinary swoon,
Grave the vision Venus sends
Of supernatural sympathy,
Universal love and hope;"

Who wrote the poem?

3. Who gave the party, and who tells us of it, at which

"I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name was Madilda Yane"?
(Incidentally she was,
"De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound").

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Preface to a Review.

In anticipation it was very pleasant to be invited to review Theatre Group's recent production; the event, however, brought me little pleasure and much dismay and confusion.

So it was that Andrew Smith was called in to write the criticism of *Twelfth Night*. He is, you may say, an aspect of myself better fitted to tackle this production. Like my own, his appreciation of Theatre Group's work goes back to the days of the *Agamemnon* and *Athalie*; he, however, has ever been the more detached observer. Again, the knockabout nature of the harlequinade demanded verbal fisticuffs for which I feel little qualified. This was arena stuff and Mr. Smith is an apt Ferrovius.

I hope that my friends in the Group will forgive him; I am sure that they will agree that his comments are just and salutary.

F.M.

Andrew Smith

BEELZEBUB'S COTILLON

> "In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the *incredible exertions* of all the performers."
>
> SHERIDAN, *The Critic.*

> "Very *clahssic!* Very clahssic *indeed!*"
>
> BYGRAVES, *Educating Archie.*

AND INDEED SO INCREDIBLE were the exertions, so debauched the whole affair, that one could only marvel that Theatre Group, on whose integrity one had hitherto been able so completely to rely, should have had the impudence, the effrontery, to fling this sorry travesty thus cavalierly at its, in the event, too forbearing audiences. It was an index to a contempt and to a cynicism so blatant as almost to defy cool appraisal and to leave the Group's well-wishers quite severely shaken in their trust in the standards and the informing ideals which had seemed to create the pattern of its previous work.

Twelfth Night was a schools production in every sense of the word, being not only directed to providing the earnest seeker after the GCE with an opportunity of seeing a set-work performed, but being interpreted for all the world as by an exuberant and singularly ill-disciplined Fifth Form — though, where fifteen-year olds would have given us robust naïvety and honest endeavour, here we had seedy shuffledom and an inane sniggering against the grain of the play, any understanding of which had all too patently not been reached by the producer or by most of his cast; nor, and to their triple damnation, was there a tittle of evidence to indicate a moment's consideration of the stage implications of this appalling fact, for the play moved by fits and spasms, each scene being manifestly produced with no reference to a general harmonising concept.

Before you open a Banking Account

"Banking for Beginners" was written for those who have yet to open their first banking account. It describes the simple procedure for opening and operating the account and mentions the many services which are at the disposal of every customer of the Bank. If you would like a copy please ask for one at any branch.

Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests

Any appreciation of this production must of necessity resolve itself into an all but unrelieved catalogue of hostile critical observations, if only because the play we saw as much resembled Shakespeare's as *The Little Duck and the Great Quack* resembles *The Elixir of Love.* It appeared to have as its major thesis that the truly beautiful parts of the play, those scenes where its life bursts into the flame of some of Shakespeare's loveliest poetry, were of no consequence and accordingly fit only to be junked ; so junked they were. Fun, it was impressed upon us, was to be the grim preoccupation of the gilded youths and maidens who far too obviously all for our delight were not there. It would perhaps be a work of supererogation to speculate on the source of the ill-mannered, tasteless, stagnantly tired and palsied gags with which we were assailed ; let it suffice to say that they were presented with that exquisite regard for style and intellectual finesse which one affectionately associates with the knobkerry. A capital offender was Peter Gibson, whose Moss-Empire-shaking treason as a *Sir Andrew* who teetered precariously, epicenely, on the verge of male perversion, could well secure him immediate employment in any third-rate road show playing the not over-nice halls on the lesser circuits. Luckily *Sir Toby* resisted the popular trend, and amid all the Memorial Hall scintillations Tim Evens' measured and ably-turned characterization shone out like a Strindberg playlet in a Drama League Festival, not perfect but conscientiously linked to an understanding of the play as a whole and with decisive morality eschewing the bucket-shop practice of less scrupulous colleagues.

Feste (played by Malcolm Rogers) was admirable : he realised the complexity of his part and gallantly tried faithfully to live it. Particularly compelling in the garb of melancholy, he yet brought vigour, subtlety and conviction to his clowning, so that what is usually dismissed as mere jackpointery emerged freshly as humour deep-seated enough for tears. Douglas Smith, too, was steadfast in adversity, determined to *be* that slightly ridiculous, because over-civilized, nobleman *Orsino.* There was a delicate sensibility in his delivery of the verse and a fine gentleness in his aspect that made *Olivia*, as interpreted by

Ruth Blacker, seem a cross-patch and a vixen. She was the unhappiest *Olivia* I have ever seen. I do not blame Miss Blacker for this; she was wrongly cast and so produced that she hovered, an uneasy spirit of parvenu gentility, on the outskirts of the stricken field of low comedy. Bad casting again gave us John Linstrum's *Malvolio*. Much as I admire Mr. Linstrum's acting, tinged though it sometimes is by an improper uppishness, *Malvolio* is way beyond his reach, and there was a painful incongruity between his boyishness and the maturity demanded by the part. (There were in the cast, let it be remembered, less unsuitable actors). Nowhere could this more vividly be seen than at the end of the play where, instead of being stilled to a deep compassion for him, we were most disconcertingly buffeted into mirth by a petulant Marchbanks.

I grieved for *Viola*. Joan Oldfield impressed us all last year as a most promising actress; her *Alma* was one of the delights of the session, and a performance which challenged comparison with the work of JacquelineHeywood. Not a shred of her quality was allowed to persist into *Twelfth Night*. She was tired—too much rehearsing for another play?—and perfunctory to the point of slovenliness. I don't think that hers was the fault; she is a young and relatively inexperienced actress and needs and deserves adequate producing.

For the rest the cast was a sorry assembly — slouchy, accidie-ridden and consistently unintelligible. It was, of course, frequently only to be judged as a victim of the whole monstrous imposition which was, quite candidly, the consummation of triviality, both in idea and in execution. Pace was sacrificed most bloodily to speed, cue-taking was shoddy in the extreme, the diction was generally abominable and I can but hope that the producer's conscience will be troubled throughout all eternity for his insensate slaughter of Shakespeare's poetry. I could have cried from sheer vexation as beauty after beauty was butchered.

At the lower, if no less essential, level of the ancillaries the production was equally ill-conditioned. It looked as if it had been done on the cheap. Why, with the swollen income necessarily deriving from the hordes of schoolchildren?

The make-up was unkempt—did any member of the cast trouble to do his hands? The hair styles were a bewildering jumble: Mr. Smith's Denis Compton-like *coiffure* did permit us to see without impediment his Antique Roman profile (a grateful sight), but Miss Beaty's early-morning disarray served only to make us yearn to have her complete the picture with a roguish beret and demurely to return to the dust-jacket of a 1930's copy of *The Nymph Errant*. And why that dress which fitted only where it touched?—such a waste of Miss Beaty's firm proportions. But they were a rum and dismal lot of costumes altogether. The courtesies, bows and bobs alike, were uniformly bad, though occasionally *Viola* gave us a glimpse of an Elizabethan grace. I was puzzled by the lighting. There was no bvious connection between it and the piece, and it seemed to have been conceived as a counterblast to both costumes and Mr. Robinson's mobiles, which quaintly served as set.

It was all most unfair; worse, it was robbery. If Theatre Group is to milk the schools to pay for its experimental work, it must give them value for their money. There is no place in a University scheme of things for commercial bad faith; when the Group produces a set play it must bring to that production the same seriousness of intent, the same straining of nerve and muscle, that characterise the work which is dearer to its heart. It is irresponsible and wanton malpractice to gull the schools with such miserable botching as this adaption of *Twelfth Night*. As the play ended I found myself, moved though I was by *Feste's* song, half-remembering those lines I had chanced on in my *Princess Ida* programme. Curiosity has led me to seek them in their context, and curiosity has been well rewarded. How apt I feel would it have been for—shall we say?—Roy Bywood to have advanced to the footlights and epilogue-wise and sans-dialect to have said:

> So ends our play. I come to speak the tag,
> With downcast eyes, and faltering steps that lag.
> I'm cowed and conscience-stricken; for to-night
> We have, no doubt, contributed our mite
> To justify that topic of the age,
> The degradation of the English stage.

How disarmingly honest that would have been, and how admirably in keeping with what we know the Group's true ideals to be.

Twelfth Night was a lapse : pray God it be the last !

David Cajeton Marno

MANDRAKE ME

victor and victim.

Oh madcap athlete faun, complete
pagan runner under the sun's uplifted
host you dare not look upon,
sun-addict, make of your floral limbs
storage for the sun's donated opium.

Hsiu-slim and puckish, you execute capriols
cartwheels, capriccios, and stencil
on the sand's fine carbon,
the graph of joy's delirium.

Romp then in abandon in marginal waves,
traverse the maze of chaotic dunes,
the hummocks of quitch-grass,
spritely deft dancer on flickering toes.

But with root of mandrake as his fetish
comes the dread warlock,
to straddle and use you in brutal
miscombat, till liplocked and shotten
you derelict lie, knowing corruption.

Tim Evens

NO MORE RAMBLES THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN

THEY HAVE MADE A NO-MAN'S LAND along that most artificial of frontiers, the border between East and West Germany. Yet when I knew that part of it which goes slap through the middle of the Harz Mountains, it had a curious air of unreality ; and although it was, from the very end of the war, supposed to be a formidable barrier, there was a time when one could cross it quite casually on a Sunday afternoon walk. I did so on a June day five years ago. The attraction was the view from the bare summit of the Brocken, a mile inside the Russian Zone. This 3,700 foot peak is famous for its legends of *Walpurgisnacht*, the Witches' Sabbath described in Goethe's *Faust*. It is the highest point in North Germany, indeed the highest between the Welsh Mountains and the Urals.

At the time of the exploit I was working with a British voluntary organization which looked after Displaced Persons' camps in Germany and had spent two years in the Harz area. Most of our protégés came from Eastern Europe and we were in no doubt of the significance of the zonal border, which we often saw. One of my regular ports of call lay in the remote high regions of the Harz, where one drove up and down steep winding roads among dark-forested hills. For several miles the road passed along the border itself, which followed the line of a county boundary. The road was " British," the eatward verge and the woods beyond " Russian." Nothing marked the frontier except poles placed across forest tracks and, at long intervals, signboards in English and German. I stopped once to take photographs and became aware of the immense stillness of the scene. Few people live in the Upper Harz and in fir-forests no bird sings. On each side of the road the stiff ranks of conifers stood like armies at attention. There was perfect silence on that invisible barrier, while in the cities of the five continents this real yet intangible entity was the subject of endless chatter and foreboding.

Of course there were controls where roads went through, and unofficial crossers of the *grüne Grenze*, the green frontier through the woods, often risked being shot at or arrested on one side or the other. But in the summer of 1947 we heard reports that in the Harz Mountains neither army kept guards and that German policemen only made occasional patrols on either side. Some people had ski-ed up the Brocken the previous winter. So four of us—two men and two women—resolved to climb the landmark so familiar to us from a distance.

We parked the car at Torfhaus, high in the hills a mile from the border, and set off along the *Goetheweg* on foot. We wore civilian clothes and carried no watches or cameras, not wanting to seem too valuable if we should meet a sentry. But we took cigarettes to offer to any Russians we might find, knowing that at such meetings, when spoken language fails, smoking language often succeeds, not least when tobacco is scarce. We met no one along the broad woodland ride, once thronged with week-end hikers, until we crossed the stream that divided East and West. Just across the little bridge was a cottage which in better days must have done a roaring trade in refreshments, but the beer garden was now deserted. A man there told us we would meet no one, least of all Russians. Relieved yet disappointed we went on, over the Kleine Brocken and up the steep south side of the Brocken itself. We twice crossed the winding mountain railway on its way to the top. It was overgrown and the shelter at a wayside halt had been torn by shell-fire. In a clearing below us was a rusty tank lying on its side like an upturned beetle, its guns askew like antennae. We made the last slope on all fours and came up on top to find the small plateau a scene of cheerless destruction. Twisted iron tables stuck out of the rubble of what had once been a restaurant. Some S.S. Panzer troops had attempted a last stand in the Harz, but the heathen gods worshipped on the Brocken long after the coming of Christianity elsewhere had left the latter-day pagans in the lurch and fled. The only apparently undamaged building was a slim weatherboarded tower two hundred feet high, built before the war as a television station.

A man ran towards us from an outbuilding behind it. He was a small elderly German wearing an embroidered smoking-cap. Did we not know we were trespassing? We explained ourselves. He was astonished and delighted to meet the English, and introduced us to his wife, the only other dweller in that bleak spot. We exchanged information about conditions in the two zones as we inspected the inside of the tower. We were glad to be within because it was cold after the climb and a strong wind was blowing across the plateau. Until recently the mountain had been a U.S. enclave, approached from the British zone, where the Americans had a transmitting station as a link with Berlin. They had pulled out, taking much of the tower's technical equipment with them. A Russian officer had made one visit since, but the East German authorities showed more concern and intended to turn the Brocken into a beauty-spot again. Our guides had just been made caretakers of the site. The very next day, they said, the first post-war train was to circle up with materials for converting the base of the tower into a café. Soon the place would once more be a popular *Aussichtspunkt.*

In the upper part of the building the wind blew through broken windows across the remnants of electrical installations. We shivered and came down, pausing at the top of the last flight of stairs to look down on the bare entrance hall, grandiose in proportions like so much Nazi architecture. The eye could not miss a large mural painting of beefy Nordic wenches gambolling half-naked against mountain scenery—the famous witches in Third Reich hair-dos.

The ransacked monument of technology contrasted with the panorama of nature outside. The desolate mountain-top rose as far above the surrounding hills as they did above the great northern plain that stretched away into the haze. It was a dull day and we could not see, as we had hoped, the towers of Brunswick and of Leipzig, nor the gleam of the Elbe at Magdeburg. We made our hosts a gift of cigarettes—which the smoking-cap seemed to make all the more appropriate—said good-bye and returned without incident the way we had come.

I wonder how far they got with its reconstruction and what is happening on the Brocken now. Probably no one goes there except armed frontier guards, and the woods we came through have been felled to give a clear field of fire. Perhaps mines are being laid beside the stream. Yet I hope that for a short while Sunday trippers were able to picnic there and buy beer and postcards at the tower ; that children played on the grass and lovers kissed behind neat piles of rubble. For until they can do so again, coming from all points of the compass, life will be no picnic for the Germans nor for the rest of us either.

★ ★ ★

PLAYS FOR the SPRING TERM

by Anthony Branville

WITH THE FRENCH SOCIETY'S CHOICE OF PLAY yet to be announced next term's drama programme already promises fair entertainment : a Shakespeare, a Lope de Vega and two plays by Luigi Pirandello, one of which is to be

given by the Italian Society, a welcome addition to the number of our play-producing companies.

After its recent exhilarating ventures down less-trodden paths the Staff Dramatic Society is sedately withdrawing to the more familiar ground of Shakespeare, and the play to be presented is the all too infrequently performed *Measure for Measure.* The Spanish Society, too, is having a year of consolidation after last session's empyrean flight and is to give us the firm enjoyment of Lope's *El acero de Madrid.* (No English title has been released so far).

But undoubtedly the most exciting prospect is Theatre Group's *Henry IV.* Pirandello's great play, and already a classic of the European repertory, will be familiar to some in the film version which was recently shown by the Leeds Film Society. As a play, however, it will be having a local première. Happily adjutant is the Italian Society's *Six Characters in Search of an Author.* First produced at the University in 1950, its revival has frequently been called for, and it is good that at last we are again to see this historically most important piece. It is surely one of the most fascinating of modern plays, a sustained satire of the romantic stage, a relentless though creative criticism of the art of the theatre, a revolution in dramatic technique and a compelling story of the tragi-comedy of human life ; and it is the perfect foil to *Henry IV.*

One cannot be too grateful for the opportunity of seeing these two plays together, and it is most encouraging that there should be so much interest in the work of Luigi Pirandello. Bernard Shaw once wrote : "I rank P. as first rate among playwrights," and to remain in ignorance of his work is grievous self-deprivation. As a dramatist his originality does not lie in his philosophy, arresting though its application to life may so often be, but in his assumption of the rôle of interpreter in theatrical terms of the age of Freud and Einstein and his forging of a dramatic method perfectly apt to this task. His plays are concerned with exploring man's mind ; his events are the realisations of the mind. But his world is never a world of abstractions ; it is always *our* world, with all its everydayness and its abiding compassion of man for man. And perhaps

because Pirandello is a poet—he alone of dramatists after Ibsen, Strindberg and Tchehov has wrought the miracle of converting the intellect into passion. His is a drama of passions, comic and tragic, and penetratingly human.

PITOËFF
IN
HENRY IV

P. H. Beahan
THE EXISTENTIAL QUESTION

"Who are you?" I asked.
"Me?" he replied. "I'm one of the boys:
Ask them." I did.
"He's that bloke over there."
They said.

Patricia M. Ball

DAY ON THE MOOR

THE LACES TAPPED GENTLY on the dulled leather as his boots swung, forward and back; he kept his eyes bent to the track, a spectator of his progress, fixing his attention on the rabble of stones spun aside by his tread.

In the brown stretch and slope of the moor there was a desolation, he thought; an unexpected kinship with his own feeling. The jogging backs of sheep running clumsily from his approach seemed to him forlorn. Every curlew cried in sadness. Perhaps this kinship might flower into sympathy; he doubted it, but explaining the moor in this way he could hush the uncertainty within him by ignoring it. But if he looked about too much, fear touched him despite his efforts, and so he drew into himself, walking and aware of himself walking.

At last he was forced by the vast silence to glance round, hurriedly. First at the track following him, passing him, stretching thin but determined ahead of him; then at the calm line of the moor steady across the base of the sky. What he saw did not reassure him. It was the silence made visible, and in it the uneasy kinship sank and was lost. Moving in this, he was dwarfed to insignificance. The contact had been false, created out of himself. Half knowing this, he was exposed to the moor, not it to him; the clinging fear was the only definable reaction left to him, and from it grew panic, sending him back to his boots. Yet through it all, the other world, where he was possessed by his problems and emotions, was beginning to push upwards, unchanged in its worry and insistence.

But he had imagined this moorland in brown, blue and grey. It had all been clear, only himself to be put in to complete it. Himself, striding easily, his eyes sweeping across the line of the moor. Calm growing in his mind. As this phantom picture came back to him he lifted his eyes for a second. The last resistance of irony shrivelled as again he saw the same sky and inevitable moor motionless around him and yet always moving with him, silent and deliberate.

He broke his gaze and sought the track : the moor under a microscope, where he could feel some mastery of it in its rough wires of grass, and stones jutting from the dry mud. The surroundings withdrew again, to let the questions become a dominant shout. He resented them, but anything that drove his incomprehension of the moor to the back of his mind was to be grasped. Why had he come?

As a child knows a poem, he knew the answer ; he had gone over the idea of a day up and away from her so often, it had a fixed shape to him. One section of thought followed from another by automatic connection ; he no longer had to work it all out, but accepted the points and their arrangement as something he knew, outside his power to dispute or alter. For so long it seemed he had lived with the comforting rhythm of the idea. He had taken to repeating it, using it to loosen those moments when his anger and bafflement reached peaks of tight silence ; when she was looking at him, refusing to see his mood, saying exactly the wrong things, infuriating.

It all swelled in him as he moved back into one of these scenes. Walking beside her he would find a small silence widening, spreading until they were lost in it. She would ignore its depth, lightly toss in a pebble : " Quiet tonight, aren't we? " It seemed so impossible she should be deaf to everything shouting in his head. He had just hit the way to describe his sense of being adrift when she was not with him. A compass without the pull of the north—but how could he say that now? Her heels sharply punctuated his flatter tread, biting along the pavement. Hearing their ring he groped for the usual comfort, pushed the button for his idea.

A day quite away from her. Just walking up there in the wind ; that would clear his head. A bit of time apart was what they both wanted. Then it would be better. Especially if he went somewhere like that, where everything would seem different, himself as well. There the good days would live again vividly. He would remember the quiver that always touched his fingers as they brushed hers. Sure of their harmony he would come back able to restore it. Only let him go up to the sheep and the moor.

His boot scraped and kicked on a larger stone. Caught unaware of himself, he looked up into the wide empty gaze of the sky. The sound of her heels stopped abruptly in his head, making the silence bear down on him until he could not cry out. Here was his refuge; sky and moor that met in smooth wordless conspiracy. What if Nancy should slide away from him, and he was hung in this complete world, never crossing its sealed horizon?

But Nancy never left him. Always proud of that, he had not formed the idea of being without her before. His uncertainty increased, he could only wonder why it was like this. A string had snapped, the string keeping him part of his world where Nancy's heels sounded on the pavement; he could hardly remember why he had known the moor as an ally for so long, but neither could he understand why his idea was working out in such a way. Bewildered, he grew sulky in his fear, and longed for Nancy and thoughts creating her around him.

This was what he had planned. Walking by himself, free to clear his head. And yet first he could not concentrate merely on walking. Too worried about Nancy, he supposed; perhaps that was not so surprising. He snatched at this, fighting to be logical and so encourage himself. But what had gone wrong then? He had wandered back to one of those dreadful evenings; and then he had noticed the scenery again.

Scenery was the wrong word. Despite himself he pursued this new thought. Looking at it with horror, he realised consciously for the first time that it was not passive; it was with him, knowing he was there, only allowing him to walk along the track.

A sudden surge of panic blurred his thoughts together. Resentment struggled through. Why couldn't he just walk? But if he couldn't, then he would immerse himself in trying to find a way out of the strain between the two of them. He plunged desperately into the memory of it all. Nancy, who could tow his emotions as she pleased. Even when she treated him as she did on those evenings, he knew the possible solutions did not include leaving her. Without her, he would be drained of the tide that had flooded him to become his life.

The old complacency stole into him. He only had to say her name for the excitement of her to rise in him. "Nancy," he said, looking up at the sky, defying it with the power of the name.

The word fell, a lost tinkle on the surface of the moor. For a moment he wondered what was wrong, until he realised, simply, nothing had happened. With an effort he roused a response within himself.

He let it die again, with a strange and complete relief, knowing there was nothing else to be tried. He was still walking. But as he watched his boots, this was a fact as Nancy was a fact, stirring the rim of his attention. The moor was spreading into him, the sky drawing him deep into the mist of its curve. Vaguely Nancy floated to him, a tiny figure beating futile fists against the indifference of the moor.

The sky brooded nearer as its grey darkened and solidified. So completely had it left him, he had not noticed he was no longer frightened. He moved steadily into the dimming slopes, not hearing the stones loosening under his boots.

REVIEWS

"A Correct Compassion, and other Poems," by James Kirkup. Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4. 8/6.

THERE IS NO NEED TO DISCUSS the printing and presentation of this book—the publisher's imprint is sufficient guarantee of its quality; so one can proceed immediately to the poems. One's immediate impression from this volume is that Mr. Kirkup is a poet in the classical tradition. Control is the principal weapon in his poetic armoury; control of emotion by intellect, control of imagination by technique, control of words by forms. Even those poems which fail to quite "come off"—and it must be admitted that there are some here, as in any other collection—do so not, generally, through the poet's inability to convey an emotion or an idea, but rather through his ability to fix it so rigidly that it is

petrified, and refuses to come to life again on reading. Of such a kind are *The Caged Bird in Springtime* and *First Parting*, in each of which the central idea is so embellished with artistic ornament that we overlook the jewel through our preoccupation with its setting.

But against the failures we must set the successes; and we must in any case remember that to fail through excess of art, though it is to be deplored, is at least better than to fail, as so many poets seem to do nowadays, through lack of it. Mr. Kirkup is nothing if not an artist, a virtuoso of words; and all his effects are calculated. There are about them none of the "freely-given wonders of the unintended" that he himself sees in Matthew Smith. His peculiar and undoubted charm is seen in lines like ".... The masts

Were trees of diamonds—high, frozen wells of true
Transparency, on which the constellations, ghosts
Of eternal legend, flash with immortal names,
Or blaze their secret noons behind a dome of blue,"

where the glitter of the language so perfectly matches the thought expressed; or in

"In a dignified decay, the weed-flagged ruins
Cast themselves calmly down in torrents of romantic steps
Towards the sea's indifference.....,"

where, again, the repose and dignity which the poet found in the picture which inspired him are exemplified in the cadence of the verse.

Calm pervades all Mr. Kirkup's poems; the calm of the detached observer, the dispassionate recorder of the passions. He has the power of giving to any emotion, or to any scene, the exact weight of words which it needs. We are nowhere conscious of a striving after effect; we realise that the artistry is there, but rarely is it other than concealed. This delicacy of treatment is exemplified particularly in *Words for Singing*. A too heavy handling of the theme of this poem would have completely ruined the effect; instead, we have a wistfully beautiful little lyric, calm, composed and delicately poised.

Control, repose, calm, dignity, delicacy, moderation—classicism, in short; infused with a mature understanding of

human emotions. Nowhere are these qualities better exemplified than in the title-poem, "*A Correct Compassion*," whose closing lines in themselves describe Mr. Kirkup's poetry :

" .... Where only necessary things are done, with the supreme and grave
Dexterity that ignores technique ; with proper grace
Informing a correct compassion, that performs its love, and makes it live." C.K.

" EXPERIMENTAL PHYSIOLOGY," edited by G. H. Bell. John Smith and Son (Glasgow) Ltd. 26/-.

THIS IS A MANUAL FOR THE USE OF students in practical classes in Physiology of 2nd M.B. or pass B.Sc. standard. It describes experiments with simple equipment; the descriptions are practical and clear, which is no doubt the result of the fact that all of the experiments are in use in classes conducted by Professor Bell or one of his numerous collaborators. The book should be very satisfactory to students in schools where it is set as a class manual, but is of no use to students in other schools. The arrangement of the book with alternate blank pages for students' notes presumably suits the practice of some particular department, but serves no purpose when separate practical note-books are required. Its retention is surprising in these days of high costs, particularly in a book which the student will wish to sell as soon as he has passed 2nd M.B. Greater thrift might be expected in a book used and published in Glasgow.

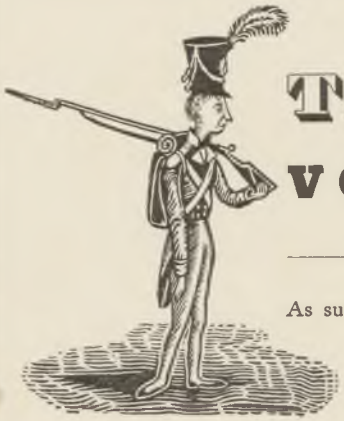
Teachers of Physiology will find the book useful as a source from which to draw experiments for their own classes ; but as they handle the book they may well be led to reflect on the value to the student of the exercises described in it. The 199 experiments in the book include those used in the 2nd M.B. course of most medical schools. In his introduction Professor Bell invites the student to develop in his practical work " the faculty of critical assessment of results " ; but often the only logical conclusion that a student can draw from his experiment is that his equipment and technique are inadequate. Reading these experiments with knowledge of the limitations

of the apparatus and the lack of experimental skill of untrained students, it is difficult to see that the student can "rediscover for himself some of the fundamental facts of the science," in Starling's phrase so often quoted in prefaces to practical courses in Physiology. Yet, although the reasons given by Professor Bell in his introduction may be unsatisfactory, there can be no doubt that students benefit from their practical work. More realistic explanations for this may be that practical courses demonstrate to the student by personal experience the need for manual dexterity in laboratory work, that he acquires some skill and so begins to understand the combination of skill and reasoning which constitutes laboratory investigation. From this viewpoint there is a strong case for presenting to the student a course of a few carefully chosen experiments for which good apparatus can be made available, and allowing enough class periods for the procedures to be repeated until skill is attained. The acquiring of manual skill can be an experience of value even in University education. W. J. O'C.

"Clinical Side Room Methods." 6th Edition. Pp 115 with 4 illustrations. Glasgow: John Smith and Son (Glasgow) Ltd., 1952. 6/-.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS THE methods of laboratory examination of clinical material approved by the Standing Committee on Laboratory Methods of the University of Glasgow. It gives simple, detailed accounts of all the procedures normally performed in the ward laboratories. There are also full descriptions of many of the commoner tests carried out in the hospital laboratories. There are useful appendices giving details of methods of venepuncture, apparatus and reagents, tables of normal values and lists of the specimens required for the commoner biochemical examinations.

One or two of the tests described are of little use nowadays, but the only notable omission is the estimation of the prothrombin content of the plasma which is widely used as a test for liver function and in the control of anti-coagulant therapy. The book is well produced, reasonably priced and pocket-sized. It can be thoroughly recommended to the student of clinical medicine. D.T.



THE BOLD VOLUNTEER

As sung by the most approved entertainers

Come all you bold Britons and you shall soon hear
The edifying history of a valiant Volunteer.
For preserving of his country he drilled all about,
But this Volunteer could never get his chest to stick out.

Then to him one day says the Colonel so grand,
We can't keep you in the Regiment, I'll have you understand,
Along of you're a weakling, as everyone sees,
You will never go a fighting of the Queen's enemies.

He sighed Woe is me,— My! he did carry on.
Whatever shall I do lads to make myself strong?
So his comrades dear told him as Guinness's stout
Was the very thing to make his chest for to stick out.

Now coves and covesses, where'er you may be.
Just attend to the moral of this little history,
He drank Guinness for strength and for jolly good cheer.
And now he's a sergeant, that bold Volunteer.