

Autumn 1967

The Gryphon



One Shilling



“I feel like a Guinness”

“I wish you were”

It's grand to look forward to a Guinness — the very thought of it sustains you through the gruelling game. A Guinness beams with refreshing goodness and natural vigour. It's good to look back on, too.



Awmacks

10-12 THE HEADROW, LEEDS 1

BETWEEN BRIGGATE and VICAR LANE. Telephone 24274.

The . . .
Gift Centre

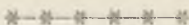
•————— for —————•

Glass, China
Pottery

AND HOUSEHOLD IRONMONGERY.

THE TRADITIONAL STUDENTS' BOOKSHOP
SINCE 1837

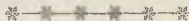
Our Graduate Staff will help you
with your Textbook problems



HENRY WALKER
(Bookseller) LTD.

70 ALBION STREET LEEDS 1

TEL. 22861



OFFICIALLY LICENSED IMPORTERS OF
AMERICAN BOOKS FOR THE AREA

We buy your Second Hand Books for cash

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

The National Union of Teachers is concerned with every significant educational development, both nationally and locally, and with all conditions affecting the professional standing of teachers in all types of Primary and Secondary Schools and Establishments for Further Education.

The Union protects its members in every phase of their professional life : legal advice and assistance on professional matters are given free to members. Every profession has its organisation ; the National Union of Teachers serves this purpose for those who are engaged in education.

JOIN NOW

Students in training may be admitted as Associate members of the Union without payment whilst at College.

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP 1950

EXCEEDED 194,000

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

£2,004,282

Further information about the Union may be obtained from :—

THE GENERAL SECRETARY, NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS,
Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, W.C.1.

AUSTICK'S

THE

STUDENTS BOOKSHOP

Come and look round our Enlarged Premises opposite the Parkinson Building.

Books

172, Woodhouse Lane

Stationery

174, Woodhouse Lane

Leeds, 2 Tel. 22623

RING BOOKS — TEXT BOOKS — NOTE BOOKS

The Assistant Masters' Association

THE INCORPORATED ASSOCIATION OF ASSISTANT MASTERS
IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1891.

Membership 16,000.

INCORPORATED 1901.

Membership of the Association is open to Assistant Masters teaching in Secondary and Public Schools. The Association is represented on the Burnham Committee, and on every important Educational Body.

To INTENDING TEACHERS who enrol as STUDENT MEMBERS

The Association offers

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION and ADVICE

on conditions of service in secondary schools of all types and many other benefits. The JOINT SCHOLASTIC AGENCY, the Appointments Board jointly controlled by the Headmasters and Assistant Masters' Association offers special terms to Student Members of the I.A.A.M. The Association's works on the teaching of Science, Modern Languages, Geography and History are available to members at reduced rates: other books in preparation.

For full details write :

SECRETARY, I.A.A.M., 29, GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.

The Association of Assistant Mistresses in Secondary Schools

Founded 1884

Incorporated 1897

This is the only Professional Association founded and organised by women teachers in Secondary Schools, and as one of the four Secondary Associations it is officially recognised by the Ministry of Education, Local Education Authorities and Teachers' organisations abroad, and has full opportunity of participating in the work of all official bodies concerned with secondary education.

Its representatives sit on the **Burnham Committee**, on the **University Examining Boards** and on the **Secondary School Examinations Council**. It protects the professional interests of its members and provides amenities by its **Loan and Benevolent Funds** and **Hospital Scheme**.

It is in the van of educational progress and development, and publishes memoranda on educational matters in regard to both teaching and policy.

Student Membership. Students in training are invited to join as Student Members, Subscription 1/-. They may use the Joint Agency for Women Teachers at a reduced fee and are urged to consult the Association in regard to posts for which they apply.

For full details, write to :

THE SECRETARY A.A.M.,

29, GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 1

Teaching Posts
for Men and Women

consult—

GABBITAS THRING & CO. LTD

The Oldest Scholastic Agency

Established 1873

BROUGHTON HOUSE

6-7-8 SACKVILLE STREET · PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. 1
REGENT 0161

§ The Sale of Schools and Partnerships §
§ is also negotiated. No charge to §
§ purchasers. §

NO REGISTRATION FEE

Licensed by L.C.C.

The possession of an account at the Westminster Bank can be a considerable asset during your University life—and afterwards. The Bank provides a variety of services, all of which will help in one way or another towards the smooth running of your affairs. These services are available to every customer whatever the size of his account, and the Manager of any branch will gladly tell you more about them



WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

THE GRYPHON



Autumn
1951

JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE	3
EDITORIAL	4
RIDERS OF THE GOLDEN BUCKET	<i>Robinetta Armfelt</i> 8
THE PARKINSON BUILDING : COMMODITY, FIRMNESS—AND DISMAY	<i>Tim Evens</i> 10
FROM THE EAST FROTHING ALARMER	<i>Turner Odell</i> 17
SHAW'S CORNER : A BRIEF IMPRESSION	<i>Brian Cooper</i> 18
THE BOWL OF GOLDFISH : A FABLE	<i>James Kirkup</i> 21
MACHINES WITH MINDS	<i>John England</i> 23
FORENSIC	26
ART IN OUR TIME	<i>Richard Courtney</i> 28
APOCRYPHA	<i>Gerald Robinson</i> 33
THE PETUNIAS	<i>Wilfred Childe</i> 37
THEATRE GROUP IN BAVARIA	<i>Buskin</i> 38
THE HUNCHBACK	<i>Ronald Balaam</i> 40
"O MATTER, AND IMPERTINENCY MIXED . . ."	<i>W. A. Hodges</i> 44
SIMPLE ADDITION	<i>Patricia Ball</i> 47
REVIEWS	50

TITLE-PAGE BLOCK AND ILLUSTRATIONS

by
Gerald Robinson

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE



A UNIVERSITY is a vital and dynamic community. It is a community with much to say and more to learn.

The whole commerce of a university is the acquisition and expression of knowledge. Here is a tremendous trading of notions, a great broadening of character, an infinite deepening of the soul and sensitivity, and a glorious sight of new though distant horizons.

Dull must he be of soul who can pass on unmoved and untouched by what is far more than a course of lectures leading—it is hoped—to a timely degree and eventual security.

Here in *The Gryphon* new voice can be given to old ideas; science and art which are really one can really meet. Tragedy can smile at humour and prose at poetry. It may even be that religion (certainty without proof) will be reconciled with science (proof without certainty).

There is so much to be said, and an undergraduate with nothing to say, by his very silence shrieks failure at the alchemy of academic learning.

To Freshers I would commend *The Gryphon* both to your present reading and your future contribution; and to all I would say that this is *your* magazine. It is made by you, read by you, and perhaps condemned by you. Insofar as you consider it fails—come to its aid; and insofar as you praise its high standards, see that they are maintained.

GILBERT GRAY,

President of the Union, 1951-52.

EDITORIAL

Survival The editor of a university magazine must show no political or religious bias in his choice of contributions but he may express his own opinions in his editorials. Indeed he has a duty to comment on the issues of—literally—life and death which confront us all, and which we prefer, most of the time, to forget.

“Suppose we happened to come across an old copy of some German student magazine published in, say, 1932. As we glanced at its stories and essays on art and philosophy should we not wonder if there were no reference to the growing menace of Hitler? Should we not think those German students foolish and superficial that they were prepared to ignore the most important happenings of their time? Indeed, a few years ago it was customary to regard every individual German as criminally negligent for having allowed Hitler to assume power. In similar manner I now feel that it would be more culpable to maintain a strict impartiality than it is to state my own attitude to the possibility of war.”

Thus a contemporary, the editor of the current Birkbeck College, London, magazine, *The Lodestone*. I realise, as he does, that there is nothing new to say, only that certain things should be said again.

The chances that we on this island—to look no further afield—will be alive in five years' time are not high. We are more likely to be dead or crippled or starving. Only six years after the end of the second world war we are on the brink of a third which, if it occurs, will destroy our already weakened civilisation, and cause even more destruction of life and liberty and high human values than before. No statesman wants a major war, yet all of them act in ways which make war unavoidable. A new approach is lacking. Intolerance grows, propaganda thrives, generosity and truth depart. The bombs and other instruments of agony pile up. Peace can only be secured by the will and skill of all responsible citizens of the world who still have liberty of thought and action. Among

such are members of the universities. It is we who provide many leaders to society, and we who must give a lead now against the drift to war.

To quote *The Lodestone* again : " Our own Government, like those of other countries, still appears to regard war as a possible means by which to carry on its diplomacy. It seems incredible that no political party can bring forward any alternative policy. Yet, despite the lack of any organised opposition, recent Gallup polls both here and, more remarkably, in America and Germany have shown that most people actively disapprove of the war-like policies of their Governments. Surely it is not impossible for the weight of this opinion to change these policies. Meanwhile we are presented with various more personal problems. Whether, for example, it is right to take part in such work as civil defence. On the one hand it could be argued that this at least is humane and that, by taking part, some of us could help to open the eyes of the general public to the full implications of scientific warfare. On the other, that participation strengthens the general military power of the nation and assumes an acceptance of the methods of war. Again it may soon become difficult for those of us engaged on scientific work to obtain employment which is not directly part of the war effort. Already Government representatives, following the precedent of 1939, have been going round to some of the Universities and trying to find men and women who would be prepared to work on the devices required for a new war. It is said that this time they find a very luke-warm response to their appeals. This must be one of the more effective forms of protest against the drift to war. It may not yet be possible to abolish armaments. Is it impossible in the meantime that our policy should be so obviously one of defence that we could not possibly provoke anyone into attacking us ? "

That plea begs many questions and it poses our problem. " Great armaments lead inevitably to war." Even if sincerely meant only for defence, they have a dangerous dynamic of their own. It is no good thinking about peace and war along familiar lines. All the old arguments from truest-blue

patriotism to the highest-minded pacifism must be re-examined in the shifting light of new and brutal facts. We must not only think newly but act in all kinds of ways from petitioning M.P's to tolerating and understanding those people and those ideas that we dislike. Each respite in such danger-spots as Korea must be made an opportunity for making real peace, something better than an armed truce. Calling communists or capitalists names gets us nowhere. Out among the wolves, we must be as wise as serpents *and* as gentle as doves. This is not easy, nor always inspiring, but only by the accumulation of our individual efforts shall we make a state of peace a reality. If we only pursue small personal ends, academic or otherwise, and ignore the great happenings of our time, we shall deserve the fate that our neglect of these will surely bring upon us.

Toothsome Our civilization seems often to give us complex substitutes of doubtful value for things of simple worth. There is now to be had a toothpaste in any one of four different flavours. Not only do we eat bad food and have to clean off its effects with toothpaste, but we also put into the toothpaste the flavours which our bad cooking removes from our food. Yet with very little trouble—and despite rationing, which should only spur our endeavours—we could eat and drink much better than we do and enjoy better taste, better teeth and better health all round. But our neglect of the palate and the stomach has been notorious for centuries. Voltaire's remark that the English have a hundred religions and only one sauce needs little amendment. Besides the Sauce, we now have Ketchup, and Salad Dressing; and no fewer than *two* kinds of ice-cream (strawberry-and-vanilla), and, either as *aperitif* or *dessert*, four flavours of toothpaste. Let no-one say we don't progress. Doubtless the next thing will be scented bootpolish. Heather for brogues, *Chanel* for dancing pumps, and something warm and intimate for bedroom slippers. And if we thus have the world at our feet, what will it matter if they are flat?

At the Edge of Darkness You have seen it: the corner at one side of the lovely garden, under the wall, where the sun never reaches and the flowers will not grow and the stones of the wall are covered with dust. And walking through a field, you have done this too. You have turned over a stone, and watched over the damp earth beneath, the eyeless creatures, the things you could not have thought existed, scurry and slither away from the light. The neglected corners, the dark places, where there is nothing living, or where unwanted, terrible things come to life and multiply . . .

There can be dark places in a man's soul, too: the corner that a man shuts off to himself so he can say: "This part is my own." And then he may shut off, wall up, plunge into blackness more of it, and he will say: "This much more of it is mine." He will not know that all the while the darkness is snuffing the life out of what he has tried to cover up, to call his own. In the dark, the sightless things will breed and swarm. He may allow the blackness to creep to the very edge of his soul, until, in an idle moment, before he can more than catch a glimpse of what is happening, it escapes him, is swallowed up, devoured, by the numberless crawling things, and he is lost.

If somewhere, sometime, he had knocked down the encroaching wall to let the sun come in and warm the earth and draw up the flower from the buried seed into the air, if he had taken courage and rolled over the stone and dried the earth and burned the slithering horrors with heat and light, he might not have died so completely.

If a man wants to live, he must knock down the walls, kick over the concealing stones; if a man wants to live, he must let in the light.

Robinetta Armfelt

RIDERS OF THE GOLDEN BUCKET

(My own Western)

JED WAS SITTING on the top bar of the corral fence, cleaning his nails with a splicing-knife. Every now and then he changed his tobacco quid from one lean cheek to the other, deftly spitting at a moulting chicken that was scratching in the dust below.

Suddenly the sharp crack of a shot ricocheted through the echoing hills. Jed spat. "Guess that's Paw fixin' them rustlers," he murmured to the chicken, and he went on cleaning his nails. A few minutes later there was another shot from way out in the direction of Dead Horse Gully, where the steers of Red X ranch were grazing. Jed spat. "Guess that's them rustlers fixin' Paw," he said. In a flash he leapt onto his black mare Rattlesnake (who was, of course, already saddled) and went galloping off to the little township of One-Eyed Hole, to fetch the Sheriff.

Rattlesnake went like the wind (way out there they never need riding crops). Her hooves hardly touched the ground, and soon she was wheezing like an old pair of bellows, her neck flecked with pale-green foam, when at last they galloped down the main street (the only one) of One-Eyed Hole. Jed pulled up outside the Golden Bucket Saloon, where he knew he would find the Sheriff. He dashed inside. "Sheriff," he gasped, "Them rustlers is fixin' Paw!" Now Sheriff Slugplugger spent all his days looking for rustlers. That was why he was in the Golden Bucket now, for he had once been heard to declare that you could always see rustlers in a saloon provided you stayed long enough and consumed sufficient moonshine. He slid off his bar-stool: "Where?" he barked, pulling his pistol from its holster and potting three bottles on a shelf just above the barmaid's head, just to make sure his eye was in. "Dead Horse Gully," answered Jed, who was by now lovingly comforting the buxom barmaid (Not that she had felt in the least alarmed).

"Come on, boys!" yelled the Sheriff, and everyone in the saloon made a dive for the door and vaulted onto their (already saddled, naturally) horses, and away they galloped towards the Gully.

The noise of thundering hooves alarmed a couple of steers who were grazing peacefully at the mouth of the Gully. They started to run, rapidly joined by others, and soon the whole herd was stampeding wildly up the Gully, a seething brown tide of panic-stricken cattle. "Head 'em off!" shouted the Sheriff in alarm, for in the distance he could see the lone figure of a man, frantically waving his arms, right in the path of the oncoming herd. "It's Paw!" yelled Jed to the nearest rider, Hoppy Abe Spanner, champion of the whole neighbourhood at long-distance spitting and short-distance shooting (weekday occupation: garage mechanic). They and five others galloped past the steers, trying to turn them back. It was no use. All they could hope to do now was to drive the herd as far to the left of the old man as possible, but this was extremely difficult, as the Gully was very narrow. Then the heroic Sheriff had a brilliant idea: "Shoot 'em all down, lads," he cried; and within three seconds all but a few stragglers were stretched out dead on the ground. In their excitement, the Sheriff's men had unfortunately forgotten Paw, and someone had plugged him in the shoulder. As they picked him up and slung him over the Sheriff's saddle, he opened one eye and muttered, "Them was my fifty finest steers, Uriah P. Slugplugger!" "Where are the rustlers?" demanded the Sheriff. "There aint none." Jed gazed at his aged parent in amazement. "But what were you doing then?" he asked. "Shootin' crows," growled Paw.

Tim Evens

THE PARKINSON BUILDING : COMMODITY, FIRMNESS—AND DISMAY

The Roman architect Vitruvius wrote that good architecture should have the qualities of "commodity, firmness, and delight."

IT IS SAD THAT the Parkinson Building should, by force of circumstance, only be completed some 25 years after it was designed. Already going out of date before it left the drawing-board in 1926, it is to be opened in 1951, in the same year as the South Bank Exhibition and the Royal Festival Hall.

In criticising the Parkinson Building and his earlier work, the Brotherton Library, I imply no personal criticism of the architect, Mr. Thomas Lodge. As with King Charles I, it is only his public actions that are called in question. Not that I doubt Mr. Lodge's intentions. He wants to provide the University with fine buildings and does his best to do so. But it is his lack of good architectural values that I deplore. Like that of many architects of his generation, who, when values were changing, looked to the past rather than to the future, Mr. Lodge's work suffers from that saddest of all artistic afflictions, a poverty of the imagination.

Before justifying that remark I must make two comments. First, that criticism must be made now before sentimental associations dull our critical faculties. Sunshine on Portland stone is a pleasant thing, but, we must ask, is its use in the Parkinson block justified? Second, that we get the architecture we deserve. If we don't vigorously and sensibly criticise the buildings we use we can't complain if they are ugly or uncomfortable. Architecture concerns every one of us. We all live in buildings, and architecture is the science and art of making them.

Space only permits a bald summary of recent architectural history. During the nineteenth century the upheavals of the

industrial revolution and the expansion of science were among the causes of a collapse of architectural values. Instead of using, as in previous ages, the new knowledge of the time to design for the time, architects slavishly revived the externals of past styles, even for new things like factories which had not existed in the past. Architecture became more the design of façades and less the design of whole buildings with a proper consideration of their functions. Clothing mills were disguised as Italian palaces, railway stations vanished behind Gothic hotels, churches appeared as lifeless imitations of thirteenth century predecessors. Some shams were successful in a flashy way. Leeds Town Hall is a magnificent specimen of Victorian rhetoric at its height. There were, however, attempts to build in a new way, to let the functions and materials of a structure create the visual pattern, rather than to make the functions fit a façade arbitrarily chosen. This gradual revolution began in England with such things as the Crystal Palace and the works of railway engineers, but from the turn of the century developed more strongly on the continent. Meanwhile most British architects continued down to this day to produce increasingly spiritless sub-classical public buildings (private houses are outside the scope of this article). What these erections lacked in grace and originality they made up for in ponderous perversions of past ornamental features. The *nouveau-riche* gusto of Leeds Town Hall gave way to the tired, pale pomposity of the Civic Hall and the sustained anti-climaxes of the Brotherton and Parkinson blocks. But between the wars, the modern movement began to come back from the continent, with ever-increasing mastery over the problems of new materials and building needs, and possessing a grace and colour and lightness of touch which the less adventurous designers, their imaginations stagnant with the accumulation of architectural clichés of every kind, could not compete with. And so we get, together, the Festival Hall with its assured dignity, its integrity of form and function, and our newer University blocks, with their uneasy mixture of motifs, looking like gawky children dressed in borrowed clothes. They are transitional buildings. The straightforward treatment of lecture-rooms looks forward to the

modern movement; the general emphasis of plan and decoration looks back to the nineteenth century.

By "sustained anticlimaxes," I mean that these buildings fail aesthetically just where they should not do so. There is throughout them a striving for effects that are rarely achieved. Uncertain of his values, the architect is half-hearted where he should be bold, and meretricious where he should be stately. The results are often ludicrous. For example, the Ionic columns of the main entrance demand the pediment which is denied them. The massive pillars support the massive beam which supports . . . a mere flagpole—Bathos No. 1. Bathos No. 2: the entrance to the Brotherton from the Central Court. As one walks from the main entrance one's eyes are raised towards the Doric columns which frame the doorway. What splendours of tall oaken door or of grand vista *do* they frame? Nothing, save a muddle of minor architectural features. Glass doors dwarfed by their surroundings, and above, a frosted glass window. In between these is an afterthought, a memorial clock, which does nothing to redeem the visual situation. Its zodiacal decoration is too small to be properly seen, and the memorial is altogether out of proportion to its grandiose surroundings. After this hotch-potch one is not surprised that the pleasantly carved Rolls of Honour are so placed at the sides as to be barely noticeable. Continuing towards the Library, we enter an antechamber where, after the Central Court, the scale seems shrunken. Busts of the great departed, bored with their surroundings, compete for our interest with commemorative plaques—but these are not the fault of the architect. We enter the Library. The scale enlarges again (why didn't the architect keep on the large scale all the way from the Central Court?). The effect of the Brotherton is impressive—at first visit. The holy of holies, the very heart of the University is here. But not, we hope, its soul. Those colours! brown and dingy green and dirty gilt. The mock-glories of the classic dome . . . and what is that Thing which hangs from it? It is Bathos No. 3. The lantern in all its emphasised angularity, a mess of glass and metal seemingly designed to imprison light rather than to distribute it. The Greeks and Romans had no electric light,

so that the architect could not match his dome and columns with a Corinthian electrolier. Sham-classic being impracticable, Mr. Lodge gives us sham-modern, a style which also unfortunately exists. For it is just when he tries to affect the modern idiom that this architect shows how utterly he fails to understand it. The modern style of design derives its beauty from functional austerity and grace of line. But *pasticheurs*, used as they are to employing fragments from any style of building, new or old, misapply their borrowings. Some elements of modern design emphasise right angles and parallel lines. So in they have gone wholesale to Mr. Lodge's lantern with the clumsy effect we see. Mr. Osbert Lancaster, writing on the Victorians, says, "the old English fondness for disguising everything as something else . . . attained the dimensions of a serious pathological affliction." Surely the architect is here far gone in inflammation of the aesthetic faculties. His lantern looks like nothing on earth.

The design of the reading desks again shows a lack of the functional approach to construction. The architect has gone to great trouble to make the dome and the lantern and the pillars impressive; or rather, imposing, since they are impostures. But he has neglected a more important thing. Libraries do not need florid decoration but they do need good reading desks, and Mr. Lodge fails to provide them. Those in the Brotherton Library might have been designed by an illiterate. There is no good light for one's book—in dull weather or after dark—unless one leans far forward in a cramped position. There is not enough room for one's knees. The chairs are awkward to move. Surely a man who cannot design an efficient reading-desk has no business to be playing about with domes and towers and similar architectural problems? And why a round library? The idea seems well enough at first, but sited as it is the Library is incapable of any rational expansion.

It is not altogether the architect's fault that the Central Court of the Parkinson is neither fish, flesh nor foyer. The benefactor after whom the building is named insisted on a dignified entrance hall, and it was expected—in those days

before the Union was built—that the Court would become a focal meeting place for staff and students. Even so, what a dreary place for human intercourse. Draughty and oppressively high, who on any typical Leeds day wants to linger there? The room—if it can be called that—seems to be by a railway concourse out of an unholy alliance with a Greek temple. It has no cohesion, and its pallid vista is almost divided in two by the pillars which support the unfortunate tower. Its colour scheme is again abominable—green and brown and beige and gilt, the colours of Caution, the first of the Seven Deadly Virtues. The first-floor railings have the coarseness of detail and heaviness of effect which characterise all Mr. Lodge's decorative efforts, and he might well here have borrowed from the eighteenth century. Any Georgian balcony in York or Bath would have a gayer look without any loss of dignity. And from what corner of a starved imagination came the frieze around the tops of the columns and the pattern on the ceiling? Alas! poor Doric, to be surmounted by a rack of soup-plates that the Greeks would have had no word for! If this place was or is to be a meeting-place, why no provision for refreshments? and why no furniture? The answer to the second question gives the answer to the first: there *can* be no furniture. Nothing would fit those surroundings, nothing would look any more at home than the garden seats already absurdly there. Chairs and tables in some sort of vamped-up Greek idiom would be ludicrous, and after the lanterns (the central one in the Library and its smaller brothers there and in the Court), and the reading desks, can we trust this designer to make furniture of any kind? The Central Court is a Great Hall *manqué*. It is a pity that the University has no better place in which to instal the new Chancellor than this ornate corridor. Whether the Court will ever have any real function apart from such ceremonials and on Bazaar Day, is doubtful. One can only suggest that it would make excellent stables for a team of white elephants.

It is still with Mr. Lodge as with the Victorians, to whom a building "was not felt as a unity of plan and exterior, and beauty not as a quality accessible to both, but as something super-added."* The classical trimmings and the Portland stone

* Professor NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, *The Listener*, July 26, 1951.

skin don't go all round the Parkinson—the back is all brick and drainpipes. With the Brotherton the outside is entirely neglected and the façade is internal. The architect has not cared to make his buildings harmonious and pleasant on all sides. This is not a plea for more trimmings, but a question that arises is whether it is good to decorate a steel-framed building with the features appropriate to a stone-built one? The Greeks evolved their patterns of columns and pediments directly from the wood and stone they used, and the best contemporary architects likewise exploit the decorative qualities of these and of the newer materials such as ferro-concrete. Mr. Lodge is so uninspired as to hide his reinforced concrete in the Central Court with stone facings *à la Grècque*. He is like a bad cook who covers the insipidities of his dishes with someone else's sauce—with whichever of the 57 varieties suits his whim—Ionic for the front, Doric for the Court, Composite (with "modern" angular capitals) for the Library, masonic-Egyptian for the tower, with a dash of Chinese pagoda on the top. Such versatility as this is better suited to the design of stage scenery, where a showy façade is all that is required, and where bad designs can quickly be replaced. The new University buildings are made to last a long time. Generations of people coming up Woodhouse Lane will see that heavy front—like a Georgian house unhappily inflated—its passable horizontality marred in the middle by the timid upthrust of the tower, stretching its thin neck in order to be the highest thing in Leeds . . .

You may still wonder what all this fuss is about. You may find these buildings good enough for practical purposes and in many ways admirable. But your attitude will really depend on your state of visual education. Few people have a trained eye for good design whether in architecture or ash-trays. The members of University committees, who over the last 25 years have looked at the plans of Mr. Lodge have been and are all honourable men, but few of them, I suspect, are competent to criticise architecture. The architect's client of to-day still, like his Victorian grandfather, has "neither received the kind of education which had been enjoyed by the gentlemen of

Georgian times and which comprised a good deal of education of the eye, nor has he ever had the leisure in later life to acquire it."* Everyone and no-one is to blame. If his client isn't alive to what is good, the designer is less to blame if he is bad.

To sum up. The Brotherton and Parkinson blocks are, in grand plan and proportion, pretentious and absurd. The application of motifs from the past is clumsy, and their use is as embarrassing to the visually educated person as is to the socially educated, the conversation of one who talks in clichés and uses misplaced literary allusions, and as ludicrous as would be the continued production of motor-cars which looked like horseless carriages. The general decorative treatment shows "the graceless action of a heavy hand." The sense of adventure which led, for instance, the great cathedral builders to exploit their materials with the utmost daring and initiative, giving us the differing glories of the Gothic styles, is missing. The lack of imaginative use of modern building materials is particularly shocking when one knows that this University is the centre of research on, for example, pre-stressed concrete construction.

The designs we have seen for the new staff block on which foundation work has just begun show no advance over Mr. Lodge's earlier structures. There is merely emphasis on a few of the incidental commonplaces of modern design, such as a flat roof and a rounded front, on an otherwise conventional plan. The result looks like being as pedestrian as his other work. A designer who, Procrustes-like, tries to fit function to pre-conceived externals will never achieve the restful grace that marks the best contemporary architecture. He will only achieve a dead pomposity. It is easy to see how money could be saved by a designer who used his materials well and not wastefully (remember those lanterns!). Mr. Lodge has made for the University, buildings which fairly represent the transitional, muddled architecture of the first years of this century. Will not the University have the enterprise, forthwith to secure as its architect one more in tune with the times and with the best traditions of his art?

* Professor NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, *The Listener*, July 19, 1951.

From the *East Frothing Alarmer*, July 5th, 1951—
AMERICAN BANDITS INVADE SOCIAL
GATHERING ; SHOOT AT FEET
OF BRITISH PEER TO MAKE HIM DANCE

by our special reporter, TURNER ODELL.

A BRIEF BUT NOISY disturbance interrupted the after-dinner conversation at Widewater, the residence of Lord and Lady Dumbelby, last evening as two American tourists, dressed as Wild West gunmen and apparently celebrating one of their national holidays, sprang through one of the open ground floor windows into the smoking salon brandishing large revolvers and firing wildly at the ceiling.

Singling out the host and holding the astonished guests at bay with their gleaming six-shooters, the intruders proceeded to subject his lordship to one of the ruder forms of American sport. Lady Dumbelby screamed in fear as the reports of the revolvers, whose muzzles followed her husband's swiftly moving feet, crashed through the room, and the gunmen, shouting in high glee, forced their quarry through the intricate steps of the "Gun-shy Polka" and "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

Later, after they had returned to the night through the open window, it was discovered that the cartridges the interlopers used must have been blanks. However, the ferocious appearance of the American bandits and their cries of: "Dance, you bastard;" stunned the assembled noblemen into quiescence.

Early this morning her ladyship reported from Widewater that her husband is resting comfortably after his ordeal. Scotland Yard is close upon the track of the fleeing culprits, the B.B.C. is co-operating with periodic reports to the nation to be on the lookout for the bandits, and the *New Statesman and Nation* is publishing a special supplementary issue devoted to an analysis of the increasingly baleful effects of American influence on the British way of life and a discussion on the possible identity of the Wall Street backers of the incident, concluding with the warning to the two fugitives that "MacArthur won't save you now."

Brian Cooper

SHAW'S CORNER: A BRIEF IMPRESSION

SHAW AND AYOT ST. LAWRENCE—a new literary shrine has opened to boost our resources, and one wonders if the Hertfordshire lanes are to be filled with pilgrims avoiding by an hour's sight-seeing the obligation to tackle the complete works of the Master.

Shaw and Ayot St. Lawrence—I can remember first hearing about Shaw as one of the celebrities in what, I fancy, was the last year of the peace. He was among the people one read of in the *Daily Sketch* and one came across him in a heterogeneous assembly—the Duke of Windsor and the Viscountess Astor, M.P., the corpulent Aga Khan, and the ascetic Mr. Chamberlain strolling in St. James's Park. Shaw stood amongst a pride of picture-paper celebrities, and one wondered who and what he was.

The discovery of Ayot came a little later; it then meant a village some fifteen miles from home, and we went there on an aimless cruise around the countryside . . . “Why is it called Ayot Saint Lawrence?” “Why not go to Ayot St. Peter?” asked the child in the back of the car. We arrived . . . it was quiet, sleepy, and fresh-smelling. There were a few cottages that might have been waiting for a certain sort of photographer. Of them three were to be let furnished as desirable countryside residences . . . the carefully-preserved ruins of the old church . . . shocking, didn't the villagers want to go to church? We missed the Doric temple in the park: we failed to buy postcards at the Post Office.

Later we heard that Shaw lived in that pretty little village that was so difficult to get to along the narrow, twisting lane all the way from Wheathampstead and all the way to Welwyn. Gradually, I built up my own picture of the Master . . . yes, *Pygmalion* was a good film . . . *Man and Superman* at Birmingham . . . the local rep. performed *Candida* and some

local amateurs, *Arms and the Man* ; one went to see them as though it would do one good later, as though it were something superior to do.

Ayot became more familiar ; the old church has an atmosphere of peace and freshness, roses bloom over the neglected graves of three centuries . . . the new temple is dark and stuffy, its east end backing against a cottage garden inhabited by barnyard fowls. We began to wonder where the great man lived, and tried to peer through hedges and shrubberies which resisted all attempts to break the privacy they maintained. There seemed to be several houses worthy of our inhabitant : one a healthy-looking residence with a row of windows open to the fresh October day, another a dower-house hidden behind massive gates and wire-enclosed pasture. In the end, we began to suspect the large, red-brick Victorian villa on the edge of the village, the " New Rectory," faced by the newer " Rectory Cottage." Then, to confirm its identity, the new gates appeared as a portent of the shrine ; the legend " Shaw's Corner " offered itself to the view of all beholders.

Somehow, one had come to accept Shaw as a permanent feature in the scene of life ; the man who had made love to Ellen Terry, who had known Wilde, who had even arrived in London in the age of Disraeli, who was still active—witness his interviews for Sunday newspapers, his postcards and articles, *Buoyant Billions*, the support of schemes for phonetic alphabets with his own brilliantly ridiculous contentions.

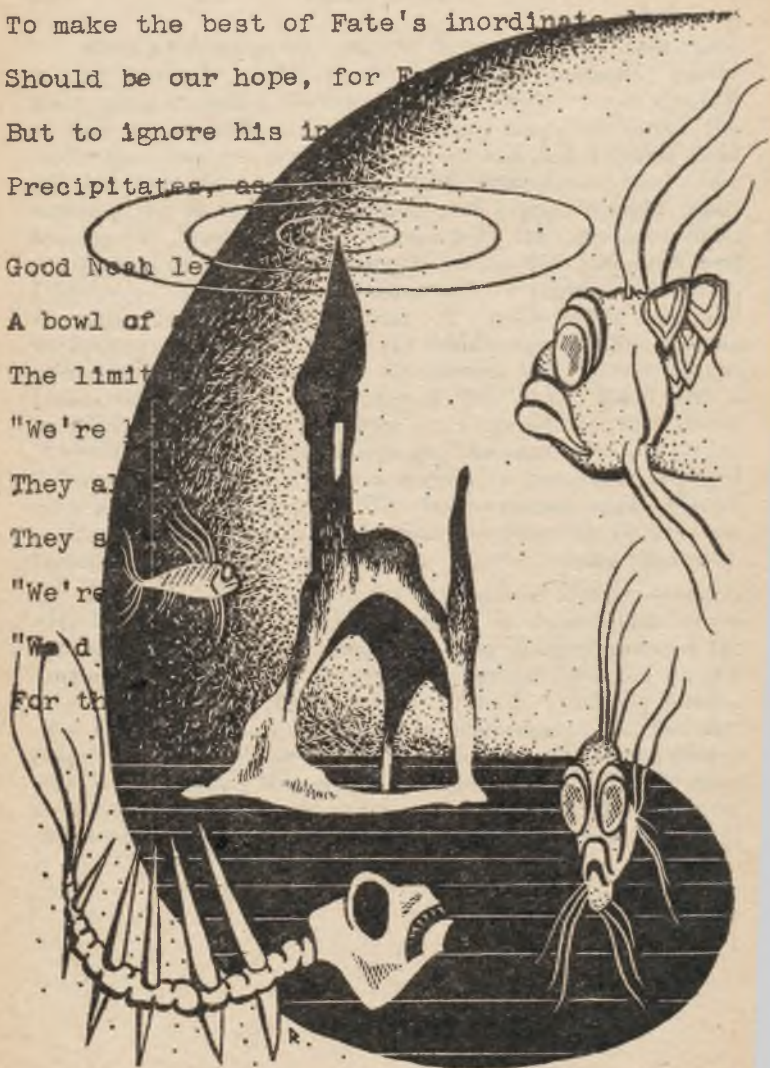
Ayot remained familiar . . . it was crowded on Bank Holidays, when cars parked in a queue and groups of visitors inspected the churchyard with an air of agreeable surprise. Once, we brought some Australian cousins to look at the gate with the legend. It was Shaw's Corner and, probably, in a room on the garden side of the house the Master was at work.

Then there was the accident and the photographs in the newspapers . . . the distinguished patient at the hospital up the road, the final photographs, " The chucker-out," a glimpse of an aged man in an invalid carriage afforded by a newsreel . . . and then, full pages of obituary notices.

Shaw's Corner is now open to the public . . . I went there in the first few weeks, partly excited by curiosity, partly *blasé*, going to pass a showery April afternoon. I was shocked to find an amiable country policeman ready to direct the traffic that had not arrived that week-end and a bored maid opening the door and taking the admittance fee . . . for entering the shrine. A bath-chair and a good upright piano bearing a Wagner score dominated the entrance-hall; a collection of hats and walking-sticks was duly inspected, and I formed a dislike of the ecclesiastical red roping. The study, the sitting-room, the dining-room . . . a guide to the relics and antiquities. Photographs with the middle-aged quality of sepia peered down . . . Shaw with Chesterton and Barrie, Shaw, Lenin, Gandhi, Shaw, a painting of Mrs. Shaw, Ibsen with a bearded resemblance to Shaw . . . I gazed at the cheap Staffordshire figure of Shakespeare, the ugly slickness of an "Oscar": I wondered why a vegetarian teetotaller required such an ample dining-table. The books seemed stiffly placed, as though they were in an uninhabited reference library, the furniture had gained a museum pose of never having been used.

Had this house with its dry atmosphere of ugly deadness ever been lived in? . . . The statue of St. Joan which stared into the shrubbery, the famous revolving summer-house at the bottom of the garden, the over-tidy gravel and the muddy lawns, all these had the appearance of masks gradually settling over the place. Shaw's Corner was beginning to die, the rites being celebrated by the bored maid who had opened the door—who will continue to open it all summer to sightseer after sightseer. The house was dying and the mausoleum was now about to open, to take its place as the most popular feature of Ayot St. Lawrence.

To make the best of Fate's inordinate
Should be our hope, for Fate
But to ignore his inordinate
Precipitates, as
Good Neah le
A bowl of
The limit
"We're
They al
They s
"We're
"We d
For th



James Kirkup

THE BOWL OF GOLDFISH: A FABLE

To make the best of Fate's inordinate demands
Should be our hope, for Fate's the final master ;
But to ignore his ineluctable commands
Precipitates, as we shall see, a self-induced disaster.

Good Noah left behind him, when he launched the Ark,
A bowl of goldfish, three that had long deplored
The limitations of a life so circumspect.
"We're *buried* in this dull provincial watering-place,"
They all would groan. And, though their water frequently
was changed,
They said it was *stagnation*, with the same old faces all
the time.
"We're always bumping into one another," they would moan.
"We'd rather tarnish in some quaint cathedral town ;
For there, at least, one has the salt of scandal : one can
escape, what's more,
To the comparative metropolis of a department store.
But here, we've found, all is not gold that glitters,
when there's iron in the soul.
Two's company, perhaps, but three's a *shoal* !"

Wise Noah then assured them, when the Deluge came,
They would at last be in their element again.
"Après toi, le Déluge," they mournfully predicted,
And hid their glee. Then to the household cats they
waved a fond
Adieu, flicking their fins in sunny lamentations,
And warmed their glassy confines with golden speculations.

The Deluge came. And, as they had foreseen,
 That *El Dorado*, an eternal, rounded rim,
 From an air-sealed entrance to a wave-sprung exit changed.
 Amid the mounting flood, their gold-rimmed eyes looked out
 Upon the rising waters from the porthole of a globe
 That caged their lesser sea, a home from home no doubt,
 All windows, too—but it had cabined them too long.
 Alas! they stared dumbfounded, when other fishes, monsters,
 Merest *dross*, swam sullenly, with vulgar curiosity, around
 The smooth correctness of their snug conservatory,
 As if they themselves, not those of baser metal,
 Were queer fish in some subaqueous observatory!

Now fish in glass houses must not throw stones;
 Still, a privacy had been invaded, they felt it *in their bones!*
 So, like a famous actor resting, each put on his "private" face,
 And delicately drew down weeds, as a marine velarium
 Against the importunity of gazes public as the sun, the
deep disgrace
 Of being taken for a commonplace aquarium.

In vain! For when the outrageous waters reached
 That prison-portal circumscribed by nothing like an O,
 Each linking ocean, turning in the other like a key,
 By interlocking loosed their wards; and golden prisoners
 That long had chafed against a wall they could not see
 Unwillingly escaped, were elevated from their proper station
 And immediately floated in the same sad element.
 But sadder, wilder, rougher, more immense
 This terrifying, finite informality than was
 Their former comfortably infinite and formal O!
 Lost, lost in the shapeless oceans of their foolish wish,
 Like sparks of fire they flashed, and were extinguished,
fish by fish!

One in the gloomy cemeteries of a cold and salty deep,
 One into a shark's vast maw departed, both
 Like gilded butterflies distracted in a cave of endless dark.
 An enormous *catfish*, out of nowhere sprung,
 Swallowed the third (*aurum potabile*), with no
 apparent relish . . .
 Those teeth! those blazing eyes! Alas, poor fish, poor
 fish, poor fish!

To make the best of Fate's inordinate demands
 Should be our hope, for Fate's the final master;
 But to ignore his ineluctable commands
 Precipitates, as we have seen, a self-induced disaster.

John England

MACHINES WITH MINDS

THE PRESENT-DAY WORLD CONTAINS a variety of so-called "labour-saving machines" that have existed for several thousand years, and indeed, one may suppose, from the very dawn of human life. The world of the future will, we hope, contain many more of them; but the development of what might be called "thought-saving machines" is comparatively recent. Such machines, and the scientific and philosophical problems they present, are of great importance, an importance that is not fully appreciated at the present time.

What is the nature of these machines? Let us try to discover a little more about them. Firstly, all thought-saving machines are, of course, also "labour-saving machines," but what *forms* do they take? An ordinary thermostat is perhaps the simplest example that can be cited. It prevents automatically the temperature of a liquid from rising above or falling below a certain pre-arranged value, that is, without the

intervention of a human being. More complex are control systems such as operate in guided missiles or self-navigating aeroplanes and ships. Then—and more important—there are the renowned “calculating machines” which do various kinds of sums at enormous speeds. Lastly, there are the most complicated and most interesting, the so-called “electronic brains,” and in these lies the crux of the problem of mind-matter relationships.

Electronic brains in general depend for their working upon the provision of a “number-code” to represent the information that it is required to give the machine. For instance, the numbers 1 and 0 can be used to denote “yes” and “no” as the answers to questions that could be asked. Thus a whole series of numbers could, if it were long enough, more or less exactly describe a person or thing. Furthermore, the machine needs a memory or store of information from which to draw. There are various ways of providing this, but the simplest consists of punched cards. Finally, the machine has to have some method of selecting the information from the “memory,” that is, it needs a “selector.”

This basic structure can be elaborated to produce machines of great complexity. It is possible to make machines which can speak, answer questions, perform experiments, and organise themselves according to certain rules. It would also be possible, in certain senses at least, for them to learn from experience. They could be made to conduct specific lines of research, working out general rules from the results of experiments and ceasing automatically to pursue fruitless courses, thus providing a plausible substitute for a research scientist! However, the naturally-occurring product will be found more economical than his mechanical counterpart for quite a while. And human qualities will be withheld from future electronic brains and robot devices, not for theoretical reasons but for lack of practical utility. Although it may be possible to simulate emotions such as love and musical appreciation it is unlikely that these would be found valuable in robots!

The most interesting possibility is that of robots duplicating the spontaneous creativeness of human beings, their highest mental achievement. Could an electronic brain think up a theory? It is easily seen that it could "think up" rules and formulae which are arrived at simply by regimentation of data. A robot could be efficient at collecting and sorting a set of figures in an attempt to discover regularity in them. It could extrapolate and interpolate, but a theory is surely more than this. To arrive at one it seems essential to take a mental leap and come to a conclusion not arrived at by pure logic but involving the imagination. Two questions arise—can a machine achieve this mental leap by a roundabout method involving pure logic, and can a machine possess the equivalent of an imagination? The answer to the first question is "yes," for often, after a theory has been proposed, facts have been discovered which would eventually have made the postulates and conclusions of the theory a logical necessity. The answer to the second could also probably be "yes." All that is needed to duplicate the human imagination—at least imperfectly—is to provide some rather random means of associating pairs and groups of facts. Also the difference between the two methods may not be as great as might be thought. Thus we infer that a machine could conduct scientific research quite as well as a human being.

Could a machine *evolve*? Robots could build themselves; could they also build others to *surpass* themselves? One does not need to understand a thing in order to be able to build it. It seems possible that a "diverging series" of intelligences could be produced. But what would be the use of such a robot community—except to man, parasitically acquiring its knowledge—a community which could never feel the joy of the discoveries that it blindly made, nor know the joy of life?

FORENSIC

THE TOXICOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF LAEVOROTATORY ICE CRYSTALS.—J. BEEMAN. (Bull. Bureau Chemical Investigation, New York State Police, December, 1943).

THE AUTHOR, WHO IS A DIRECTOR of the Oregon State Police Laboratory, has studied the characteristics of acute ice poisoning. Moussewitz (Arch.Pchy.u.Norm., 1933, **199**; 276) bombarded snow crystals with the isoclonic cyclotron, using wavelengths in the mega spectral region, and noticed irregularities in the extinction angles of ice crystals when their tips were irradiated with therma particles. Illisden (Swenska, Norska, and Finska Hellegund, 1939, **27**, 645) noticed similar effects when the crystals were infiltrated with methyl chloro-fluoride vapour and expressed his results in a mathematical formula, but the great forensic importance of these findings has so far escaped notice. In the author's expts. tap water was analysed with a mass spectrometer to fix rigidly the concns. of beryllium at not more than 0.0067 μ g per litre, since otherwise therma particles are absorbed and irregular results obtained. The tap water was run into aluminium alloy trays to form 2.5 cm cubes and frozen for 6 hr in a commercial refrigerator. The trays had the following composition: Al, 65.4; Mg, 18.7; Ca, 0.0029; Fe, 5.67; Ga, 12.6%. The resulting crystals were a mixture in equal parts of slowly melting monoclinic rhombs and hexagonal plates. Examination of the mixed crystals (n 1.333) in polarised light showed that the monoclinic needle-like crystals were laevorotatory and the hexagonal plates dextrorotatory. They could be separated by treatment with ethyl alcohol, which dissolved only the laevorotatory crystals and, on evaporating the soln. 99.8% pure crystals were obtained.

Quantitative toxicity studies showed that laevorotatory ice had a toxic index of 3.45 and the dextrorotatory ice an index of 3.45; ordinary ice when melted is thus a

racemic mixture of the two in equal proportions, and the two compounds completely neutralise each other. Animals given parenteral injections of the laevorotatory crystals (10 mg/kilo) developed gastritis, diarrhoea, foul breath, rapid pulse and bulging eyes and were extremely irritable. At autopsy the tissues appeared normal, but microscopical examination showed numerous sharp pointed laevorotatory ice crystals sticking out of the cerebral cortex, making contact with the calcarium.

In human expts. 1 litre of commercial brandy was ingested in 3 hr. in 60 ml. doses with a 2.5 cm cube of ice prepared and treated as described above. In addition to the usual alcoholic intoxication (in some cases extreme) the symptoms observed in the animal expts. were also noted after *ca.* 10 hr., besides frequent eructation, conjunctivitis, sensations of heaviness in the cranial cavity and jabbing pains in the frontal region. Nervous irritation, not relieved by thyamin, was extreme, loss of memory was noted and psychic functions were atypical. In the acutely poisoned subject the sight and odour of an alcoholic beverage produced reflex nausea, in some cases the subject developed a split personality; the average duration of this type of malady was 12 hr. to 7 days. The acute symptoms spontaneously disappeared within 24 hr., apparently owing to the melting of the laevo crystals. Relief was afforded by cold milk and by aspirin (0.3 g. every 30 min.). In a control group of subjects 1 litre of water was given in 60 ml doses with the same amount of ordinary ice as before. No symptoms developed.

(The Analyst, March 1944, 69, 816, p. 97).

We offer this crumb of specialised fare in the sincere hope that he who comprehends all may also not be lacking in forgiveness.—ED.

Richard Courtney
ART IN OUR TIME

“HERE AND NOW”

LET US FACE FACTS. It is an unfortunate and seemingly unalterable condition that we in Leeds are living within an unaesthetic community. It may well be that the Yorkshireman's temperament is unfitted to the artistic experience, or being so concerned with “muck” or with “money” that he has little time for the finer things of life. Certainly my first connection with Leeds was a very bitter and disheartening one. When I arrived my first wish was to become further acquainted with the art of Jacob Kramer. Some time previously I had come across his work through a series of pastels, lent to me by a friend, whose aunt had known the cousin of the model's mother—or something like that. Being naturally inquisitive when the hand of a master is to be seen—or even acquisitive, if my pocket is full—I began to exercise my curiosity about the artist. Kramer had been among the leading painters of the 1920's, but, while still a young man, had buried his head in the sands of Leeds. My thoughts, upon entering on my years at this University, were upon this man. But where was his work? Apart from one major canvas—“Delius”—there was very little on the walls of either the City Gallery or Temple Newsam. I was surprised beyond measure. After all Kramer is a major figure, a stone of sterling worth placed in an unwholesome setting; “Delius” is a portrait of great human value, showing the elemental man beneath the clay, and the clay beneath the elemental man; “Pogroms” is a “cri-de-coeur” concerning the condition of the modern world, with an intensity as overpowering as Rubens' “Christ à la Paille.” Three years after my first shock at his neglect—or comparative neglect—in his home city, I met Jacob Kramer personally. “Do you know,” he said to the man sitting opposite him, “that people don't really ‘care’ about pictures?”

Now that statement enlightens our theme, for being unaesthetic is a universal failure in England to-day.* Leeds may be more uninterested than most communities—and I think it is—but it is a common fault. There are many obvious reasons why this is so. The artist himself is to blame, for he is painting in a medium that is admirable for creative purposes, while the public have been brought up on nineteenth century “subject-pictures.” Picasso’s “Guernica” is intellectual; “Love Locked Out” is sentimental. The artist is guilty of the crime of raising the comprehensive level of art. (We have heard, and still hear, the same criticism levelled at the metaphysical poetry of this century. In many ways “modn” art and “modn” poetry are similar—this is particularly so in time, for Pound, Hulme, Picasso and Matisse were all working in a new medium just after the turn of the century). As a result men like Kramer are ignored and bird-fanciers like Peter Scott sell their works to all bourgeois homes that have an empty space upon their pre-fabricated walls. But there is a far more significant reason for to-day’s lethargy, for the non-enlightenment of Yorkshire and England: while the Victorian age was of belief in materialism, ours is a period of superficiality—this is the time of the Superficial Man, who knows a little of everything but comprehends nothing with depth, who is all skin and flesh but has no bone. It is not that he cannot realise that he has a soul, for realise it he does. But in realising it he considers the Grail is within his grasp. What he does not know is that realisation is not end, it is means. Ruskin has shown that instrument is only means—but where he illustrated it with machinery and physical exercises, I illustrate it with realisation. The Half-way House is Heartbreak-House. Ruskin said that end was the good life: it is the whole man, not the superficial man—it is

* The terms “aesthetic” and “unaesthetic” may lead to confusion if the manner in which I am using them is not explained. By being aesthetic I mean the being captured or intoxicated by a picture, the turning of one’s whole mind into the very experience, so that one is compelled to “do.” By being unaesthetic I mean the non-interdependence with a picture, either known to be such, or assumed to be the reverse.

he who realises his realisation, it is he who enters into art and acts. Ruskin, though in many ways the generator of fallacies, recognised neither the Aesthetic Man nor the Economic Man but the Whole Man. That was the vital touchstone of his teaching.

The Englishman—and the Yorkshireman—is not himself. Perhaps it is because he cannot face the reality of the atomic age that although he knows himself he is not himself. And the amazing thing is that despite this pitiful fact there are groups about us—and even in Leeds and its environs—who are really “doing.” Ernest Musgrave and William Wells in Leeds, and Eric Westbrook and Frank Atkinson in Wakefield have done much to relate art to society; W. T. Oliver has been working with great energy for some considerable time with *The Yorkshire Post*; Professor Bonamy Dobree has held out his helping hand to the members of the University of Leeds over the years, and in the last few months Reg Butler and Maurice de Saumarez have joined him; in the city of Leeds itself work Jacob Kramer and Philip Naviasky, and not so far away rises the monolithic figure of Henry Moore; and within the limitations of the curriculum the art schools of the county do admirable work. But these are the exceptions—the large majority of the people do not, as Kramer said, “care” for art.

To-day, in our “Welfare State,” in our Social Democracy, we still have distinct classes, despite the appeals of idealistic reformers throughout the ages, and each particular class has its own bigoted and essentially limited view of artistic productions. Within the aristocracy, gradually of ever decreasing number, enlightenment is of a comparative large growth. But the class’ lack of size and influence leads us to ignore it. The bourgeoisie is a “striving” class: they are striving towards realisation. Some few have attained it, and keep an open mind; they remain disinterested, inquisitive, and in an over-all state of “feeling.” These are the few: by far the greatest number of those who have attained to realisation have remained static. In their youth they found what realisation was, and they have remained within their setting not knowing that man is a mobile species. They have remained Freudians,

Shavians, Vorticists, Eliotians or Pirandellians, just as the late Victorians remained either Ruskinettos or Arnoldites or Tennysonian, none of them thinking to use their own realisation to become themselves. But the large majority of the bourgeoisie have remained outside either group: they hang "Love Locked Out," or "Early Morning on Newmarket Heath," or "Birds at Sunset," on their walls; the richer members of the class buy from the British school of portraiture, which, having descended from the daguerreotype and Sargent, is a mass of grey splodges; essentially they are provincial, their whole minds centred upon the London Group or Celtic Twilight, upon the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra or Catholic poetry. The working class, too, strives—but to a physical end. Their emotional range is of doubt and fear, hope and joy, and where aspiration enters it does so under the influence of the middle-class. Although entering into the spiritual side of life, the proletariat has no "knowledge" of it. This is largely due to a lack of actual or mental articulation, the natural result of the inadequate educational system of the country.

Art, we know, must be produced by the Whole Man and seen by the Whole Man. The attainment of the quality of mind necessary for the unity of life and the unity of art is in the search. "Seek and ye will find" is the key, and the more you seek when you have already found the greater will be the reward. But impartiality is the moving spirit in the inquisitiveness of man, while on the other side of man's search for truth are the emotions. The intellect is to a large extent at the call of man's feelings, and when either element—which is the over-weening one of the moment—becomes adulterated, the other section of the spirit takes over with a clean and pure beginning. The obvious example is the rise of the intellectual Cubism in reaction from the emotive nineteenth century art, which had become sentimental and derivative. But the largest sections of society, irrespective of class, are sentimental, and so they react from the "modn" way. The alternating process within the self we can see in our everyday lives. We can see it in the temperament of the Yorkshireman: in every-day affairs he is practical, clear-sighted and sure; in things of the spirit he is sentimental

muddle-headed and insecure. During the day Mr. Postlethwaite may be organising or managing a factory, and Mr. Heckmond-wike may not be one half-penny down on his milk-round—but in the evening they will both be off to see “Riders of the Bar-Z Ranch” or “Love on the Lagoon” at the local Plaza, rather than taking a bus to the Wakefield Gallery to see an exhibition of the works of Barbara Hepworth. Yet they cannot help it, for they have not had the advantage of an actual or a moral education to let them see their way out of their sentimental cul-de-sac.

That is our condition. It is pitiful, even tragic. It means that the artist and society—and the condition is manifested “par excellence” in Yorkshire—have become completely dissociated.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Closing date for copy—

NOVEMBER 5TH

Contributions are welcomed now for the Christmas number of *The Gryphon*. All MSS., etc., should be put into *The Gryphon* box in the Union, or handed to one of the editorial staff by the above date.

Gerald Robinson

APOCRYPHA

JESUS CHRIST IS LIVING in this City ; of course he is getting on a bit now as you might expect, and I did not recognise him at first, myself.

It all began when I was reading the proclamations in the market place—you know, those glass-fronted cases full of cards where vice beckons invitingly to young girls and the English realise their vocation as a nation of shopkeepers, it was here that the Lord spake unto me, and for the first time. His message was written not in letters of fire but in laboured pen-drawn capitals, the fading ink had already started to run where the rain was seeping into the case :

FOR SALE

MARCONI 5-VALVE WIRELESS	..	£4
PYE ALL-MAINS SUPERHET	..	£5
1, Julian Street		Anderson Road, 7

almost obliterated by a card offering clean and respectable lodgings for a clean and respectable Young Man, tante de mieux.

Now a wireless set is an absolute and wholly spiritual necessity for anyone hoping ultimately to attain the state of being in tune with the Infinite, and with these higher things in view I swished through the rain in the direction of Anderson Road, which straddles Postal District 7. Red brick and slates, of course, and a few scurrying passers-by securely buttoned-up against the rigours of the English Summer, but so many intersections of Anderson Place, Anderson Grove, Anderson Boulevard, Anderson Court, that I finally asked for guidance at a small post office.

“ Julian Street ? Yes, you just turn down where that car is standing and you’ll find Esme Street, Frances Street and Julian Street. Julian Street is the third one. And who are you

wanting?" He did not believe me when I said I did not know—but if I had said: "I seek the true and living God who created all things!" he would not have believed that either.

Julian Street was very much like the other two, grimy red brick and dripping slates, and about seven houses at each side. I mounted three steps to knock at the door of the first one. I could hardly make out who it was that opened the door but into the void I recited my piece: "Good Evening, have you a wireless for sale," of course he had; probably two. I took a few mumbled words to be an invitation to enter, and found myself in the tiny space between kitchen and living room. I discovered I had been talking to a man of about fifty-five to sixty, fairly tall, very thin, and wearing a dingy green cardigan and grey flannels.

"It's a very old set but it's a good one . . . five valves . . . its only got medium waves, but that's all you'll need . . . that's all we do, my mate and I, when we do them up . . ."

"Five valves: is that five and a rectifier, or five including the rectifier?"—the degradation of having to flaunt this crumb of knowledge.

"Five with the rectifier . . . Er . . . Do you know much about these things?"

"Not much."

"Well its upstairs . . . but you'd better leave your coat down here, its a bit wet . . . leave it over the chair, that's where I leave mine," and then he said the words:

"Follow Me,"

and I knew where I had seen Him before. Walking through the Louvre I had seen many of Him crucified against those clear blue fifteenth century Italian skies, in the Galeries Cendris He was crucified in a sombre Flemish half-light, in the Palais de Tokio He was crucified against a scarlet sunset slashed with green . . .

He led me to an upper room, which contained a bed and a cupboard and had a bath in the corner. The set, which was supported on a packing case, was very old; its three useless

wavebands were calibrated in kilocycles as well as metres. He switched it on, and while we were waiting for it to warm up He took the back off to show me the inside.

"That baretter's a new one, so you can use the set practically anywhere in the country."—wheresoever two or three hundred volts are gathered together.

The set warmed up, and on a rising tide of volume floated a few straggling petals of those evil flowers :

Lorsque tu dormiras, ma belle ténébreuse,

Au fond d'un monument construit en marbre noir . . .

" . . . and this is a tone control," he said, turning a little knob that made no perceptible difference. I cast a rapid glance at His hands but I could not see any scars, I suppose the prints of the nails had healed up years ago.

"Is this all the aerial its working on?"

"Yes, you can have the aerial, too. You'll have to take it down yourself—my eyes aren't very good . . . its best to have it running north and south. There was once a feller and he had a longer aerial than this—a bigger set, too—but he didn't have it running north and south . . ."

"And how much do you want for it?"

"Oh, four pounds ten."

"Four-ten? but you had one advertised for four pounds."

He shrugged his shoulders: "Would you like to wait and listen to it for a bit? I listen to this one myself sometimes."

"No, no, I'm satisfied with it,"—and as He bent down to pick up the set His green cardigan rode up on His arms; they were terribly thin like birds and His flesh was translucent, as if the light of the spirit were already shining through it. Downstairs again and He asked me what I was doing here.

"Oh, I'm doing concrete."

" . . . Concrete?"

"Yes," and while we were talking I drew out four pound notes and laid them on the table. Then I put my mac on again and gave Him the chance to ask for the other ten shillings but He did not take it, so I hugged the set under my arm and descended the three steps into Julian Street.

“ I can easily make you a cup of cocoa if you would like to wait here until the rain stops . . . ”

“ Oh, thank you, I think I had better be getting back.”

“ Just as you like.” And as I retraced my steps through that world of red brick crannied with crumbling mortar and the slates laid sideways, Jesus wept, removing each eye from its socket so that the lids flapped loosely behind His thick spectacles and squeezing them between finger and thumb over His enamel sink ; for He would have made me a cup of cocoa in His dingy kitchen, and when He had given thanks He would have broken the bread and eaten it and the white dove that flies in light and speaks with tongues would have descended from His cobwebbed lampshade to bless with eternity the grey years in the lives of men.

When I got back I tucked the set into that little space between floor and ceiling where I live and switched it on.

. . . j'ai gardé la forme et l'essence divine
De mes amours décomposés !

The tone control seemed to have no effect : there was a condenser connected across the input transformer but it seemed to be a dud one. I suppose that leaving it off altogether would have been too immoral for even a discarded God. And its no use seeking Him even in Julian Street if you have not the humility to be content with only medium waves.

LEEDS, 1951



The clouds and
the rains of slow
Arabia carry me away
to a country and
an exquisite

Wilfred Childe
THE PETUNIAS

Wine-violet of petunias strange and pure
And sad like funeral hangings, yet intense
As the strong draught from an exalted vine,
That fruits amid the clouds and the crying wild swans.

These vases of slow purple veined with dream,
Petunias, carry me away into
Another country and a land of dawns
More subtle and more exquisite than ours :

For these are wingèd flowers whose chalice shapes
Most softly burn, and children's faces here
Appear in triumph throned on dragon cars,

Who do them service—the small charioteers
Fearlessly lash the writhing monster steeds,
Who drag obedient the clear wheels along . . .

Buskin

THEATRE GROUP IN BAVARIA

L. U. U. THEATRE GROUP accepted an invitation to present a play during the Third International Theatre Week at Erlangen in July this year. The Theatre Week, organised by representatives of other German universities besides Erlangen, and supported by various West German and American cultural organisations, and local industrial firms, consisted of performances by some eighteen student drama groups, critical discussions of each production, discussions on the relations of student drama with the present-day theatre, and of closer liaison between European university theatre groups. The West German universities were well represented, and non-German ones by ourselves, Brussels, Niort (France), Padua and Vienna. Two students from Edinburgh were the only other British representatives, and they came as observers, as did a number of Scandinavian students.

Performances revealed great differences in production standards and in ideas as to what constitutes a student drama group. Padua, for instance, put on an excellent performance of Turi Vasile's "L'Acqua," but their cast consisted of students of drama plus one or two professionals. Among the most interesting productions were the Erlangen group's German version of Fry's "Venus Observed"; Münster's two comedies by Plautus, "The Dowry," and "The Little Father"; Padua's "L'Acqua," already mentioned; Brussels' "Spectacle Médiéval" of fourteenth and fifteenth century ballads and short plays; and Kiel's production of Menotti's little opera "The Telephone." There was also a revue put on by Göttingen and a puppet-show by Freiburg. The plays took place in the town's delightful baroque Markgrafentheater, to which I can only compare this country's Theatre Royal at Bristol. The acoustics were excellent and the backstage area enormous. The acting stage was about the same size as that in the Riley-Smith Hall. The only major drawback was the lighting apparatus which was older and less adaptable than that here.

Our production of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex," previously given in Leeds in March, was well-received, though it was a surprise to most of the Germans. It would appear that they are more used to reading the classics than to acting them, and there was much discussion as to whether it was better to act the play as nearly as possible in the Greek manner, or whether a more naturalistic presentation such as ours was better for a modern audience.

We were shown the greatest kindness and generosity by our hosts, and our interpreters—Erlangen students of modern languages—were patiently indefatigable in explaining things, in showing us round the district and round nearby Nuremberg, and in giving us generally a very good time. We came away convinced that the occasion had been a valuable one for the exchange of ideas of all sorts and for the making of friendships among the people we met. One thing that was certainly clear was the eagerness of young Germans to find a set of values to fill in the intellectual and moral vacuum left by the Nazis. Such opportunities for free and equal contact with students of different countries will, one hopes, multiply. Preparations for a Fourth Theatre Week next year are already being made.

BUSINESS MANAGER

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Applications are invited by the Editor for the above posts on *The Gryphon* staff, which fall vacant in October 1951.

Ronald Balaam
THE HUNCHBACK

“. . . is the most completely solitary of all possible men . . . He commits crimes not because he wants to but because he wants to feel certain that he can.”

W. B. YEATS : “A Vision.”

I KNOW A MAN WHO FITS perfectly this Yeats definition of one of his moon-phase types. There's nothing to be done about him—he's beyond all possible retribution save that from a hypothetical divinity in whom he doesn't take a scrap of interest. For he committed a major crime—murder—for the sole purpose of feeling he had it within his power: quite dispassionately, and therefore irrelevantly, and therefore impossible to connect with it.

A good many years ago he lived in a country town, the second largest in a small county (and the county police headquarters were in the county town thirty-five miles away). He'd got this idea that he wanted to kill someone, and was planning mentally ways and means. He couldn't tell me why he wanted to—he'd an interest in occult beliefs, like that which says if a man absorbs the hearts taken from the bodies of three living people under twenty, his life-span is greatly increased. But though he was willing to perform these rites he had nothing but contempt for the credulous optimism which was their real cause—had he practised at all it would have been only to flout conventional religion, always an intellectual's game and always an arid one.

Nor did he want to commit an undetected murder—rather, the opposite. Deaths which arouse no suspicion ever are not always innocent, and he wanted his action to be known. Besides, a careful crime calls for a specific victim, and opportunities for unsuspectedly carrying it out. Not only had he no relative or friend whose death he could contemplate without anguish (for he was, and is, kind-hearted), but the essence of his plan was to have no possible connection with his victim—

not someone in his circle, but someone seen once in the street.

It was this line of argument that led him to his final method. He thought of merely swivelling on a passer-by and hitting him with a heavy weapon: this he rejected as too public and too unsafe. Then he thought of hovering in some ill-frequented place: this was obviously too liable to draw attention to himself—he was fairly well-known in the town.

But he could see that it was in such a way that he could do it, and set about finding a weapon no-one could associate with him. There was never any hurry, for there was no will that might be changed, nor mistress to be won by a wife's death—none of the usual reasons for such a crime, but only a calm interest in the job for its own sake. He picked up a short heavy iron bar from a rubbish dump in the country—he'd seen it when adding his own rubbish after a picnic, and had returned a week later at night to get it. It was ordinary enough to be unidentifiable, and rusty from a long stay: nevertheless he waited for more than a year with it wrapped in a piece of sacking and carefully hidden in his cellar.

One evening, with the moon not due to rise for two hours, he went to the place he'd pitched on—a small public lavatory in a dark side-street. Then, it had a street lamp outside, but was deeply shadowed inside because of the high brick wall. It was an open enough place for his purpose, and was the only point of risk he'd allowed for—and it was the greatest risk. But it offered such opportunities, and the risk was small, and his caution great.

He's somewhat prudish, and wasn't at all easy at telling me just how he'd gone about, but there wasn't anything he could leave out—he wanted my approbation for his methodicalness, though no word of my opinion of his action. It seems he went and stood in a businesslike attitude at the central of five divisions, so that the next comer must take up position between him and one of the two openings to the street. He ignored all his senses save for his hearing—when a man came into the lavatory he must be alone, and there must be no-one else within earshot. Had there been a sound of anyone else he

would, of course, have left normally and let it rest for some months more. But he was lucky first time, and when the man who came was occupied he walked behind him, took the bar from under his coat and dealt one savage blow from as far away as he could manage, so that he would not be splashed with blood. He had been afraid of a cry, but his unknown victim only moaned as he fell. Keeping well back, my acquaintance dealt three more heavy blows all on the same part of the man's head, placed the bar gently down, and left by the other doorway. It hadn't taken twenty seconds. He walked briskly to the dark corner, turned it, and went home at a normal pace, running over his few simple plans.

The weapon was all right—he'd smoothed it off a year before, and would burn the sacking it had rested in. There would be no fragment from, nor rust on his coat, and he had never touched the metal with his bare hands.

At home, he changed his clothes and closely examined them for stains. None. Then his shoes—his heels were very little worn, and he pulled them off and put on new ones of a different pattern. The sole had been worn some time—those, too, he replaced. He would wear them continually the next few days to cover the newness, and the old rubbers would be cut up and flung piece by piece into three rivers in three other counties he was due to visit.

There was nothing else to be done, no alibi to establish, no evidence to conceal, no direction of suspicion elsewhere. He had merely been careful to see that there was nothing that might casually associate him with his crime. Unless he grew a conscience where none had been before and confessed, there was no possible link—indeed, a full confession would hardly have won him a conviction, so complete was the absence of evidence.

He didn't know who it was he'd killed, or even if he'd done the job properly. The next day he learnt in town the answer to the second question, and when the local paper appeared he saw with great interest on its front page who the man was who'd been the instrument of his proving to himself his power. The man had been a clerk it was sad that he'd

left a wife and child, but only remotely so, and it wouldn't do to send them money.

As there had been no robbery, and the dead man had had no great enemies, and widespread questioning had elicited nothing, the matter lapsed. The police heroically baited traps in similar establishments in all parts of the county for some time to come, but the homicidal maniac they'd feared was active never, of course, put in another appearance. Nor could a knowledge of the murderer's reasons have helped them—a whole countryside can be fingerprinted, but never psycho-analysed. My acquaintance rarely thought of the affair again—he had lived with his idea for a long time, but its removal had no effect on him: he merely lost interest. He left the town some years later, but to take a good job, not to escape any associations. He'd wanted to keep the press cutting, but it wouldn't have been wise—and now he's almost forgotten his victim's name, and could not easily remember it for me. It's a part of his automatic caution—he's not haunted by the event, but the red light glows whenever anything connected with it appears. He won't discuss it with me again, nor acknowledge that he's mentioned the subject, because it would be *possible* for me to have introduced behind the curtains a dictaphone or a policeman with a notebook, and trap him into saying something incriminating even after this lapse of time.

I'm worried about my relationship with him. I've not checked on his story, but I believe it, and though I'm not strong on the side of law and order, I'm appalled by his callousness. There's no bringing home of anything to him, and I could only cut him to show what effect it has on me. But I've enjoyed his company and his flat and his books, and he's well-off, unmarried and elderly, and might well leave me his money. Moreover, I feel he could view my abandonment with no great emotion, so I'd be making a futile and perhaps costly gesture. He's made a path for an easy continuation of friendship by refusing ever to discuss the matter—I don't see what I'll do but continue as before. But it's all wrong.

W. A. Hodges

**“O MATTER, AND IMPERTINENCY
MIXED . . .”**

“King Lear,” by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Joint Theatre Group and Staff Dramatic Society Production. Riley-Smith Theatre, June 5th to 7th.

CONSIDERING THIS PRODUCTION from a safe distance the strongest impression which remains is that it was one in which aspiration rather outstripped performance. At this distance it would not be fair to single out individual actors for comment. A few gave good performances, but on the whole the play did not seem to have been strongly cast, or to have been produced with very much conviction.

To say that the choice of a set was a blunder is not to denigrate the work of the designer. Considered purely as decor it was artistically pleasing, with occasional suggestions of Calder “mobiles,” and abstract modern painting. Unfortunately, however, the set went with a rather ordinary and not particularly memorable production and with a lighting scheme which occasionally brought Hollywood to Shakespeare in a most disconcerting manner. The effect of this disharmony between decor and production-approach was to make the use of such a set seem almost pretentious, as though it had been intended to suggest that here was a new, an original approach to the play, when all that was in fact offered was a quite ordinary production, in conventional period costume, which did not even hang together very well as a production. It is true that the title part of *Lear* was extremely well played, but really good productions do not rely upon a single outstanding performance, even when that performance happens to be that of the principal actor.

The general acting standard, as has been said, was rather low. Too much of the poetry was lost, and even *Lear* himself, surprisingly, was not always blameless in this respect. More irritating than this, however, was the re-emergence of a tendency

which has occasionally been noted in earlier productions of Mr. Boorman's—the tendency of individual players to force up the speed of their articulation beyond the limits of intelligibility. This is a major technical crime. An actor's first and most elementary duty to his audience is to make his words intelligible. The responsibility must rest upon the producer to some extent, too, since it is open to him to correct such bad speech habits in rehearsals, or to recast if the offending player is not amenable to correction. As it was, a good half of the lines spoken by one or two players in particular might just as well have not been spoken for all the sense which could be obtained from them. Good pace depends upon slickness of action and the rapid taking-up of cues, not upon uniformity and rapid articulation. Gabble serves no good theatrical purpose whatsoever. Sensitivity of interpretation demands the power in the actor to feel the varying emotional values of the words he has to speak and to convey those emotional values to the audience. To do this he must have an extremely sensitive control of both speed of delivery and of *nuance*, and must be able to deliver his speeches with the utmost flexibility of tone, power, and pace. To gabble words off is only to give them all the same value—to rob them of all their emotional power, and completely to destroy the reality of the situation which provides their dramatic context.

As to general production approach, my own opinion is that the "Tom o' Bedlam" sequences in the part of *Edgar* were played much too strenuously and too much at the same dramatic pitch, losing a great deal of their force and conviction thereby, and that the interpretation of *The Fool*, whilst it had a certain freshness, and perhaps, apart from the vaguely *Iago*-like interpretation of the bastard *Edmund*, was the only really original idea in the production, did not quite come off, partly, perhaps, because the very text itself seems to call for such a very different kind of fool from this cheeky, round-faced buxom sort of a sprig with a none-too-delicate way of bounding about the stage. I felt, too, that the sudden and incongruous turning of the chair, in which *Gloucester* was to be blinded, to face upstage was the one thing in the world

calculated to bring illusion crashing down into reality. It was almost as if it were intended, by this clumsy gesture, to assure the nervous audience that it was, after all, only watching a play, and that although that play *was* rather horrible the presenters were so sensitive to the feelings of the audience that they had taken this step in their protection. It did not seem to have occurred to the producer either that the chair could have been positioned in advance, to avoid the clumsiness of the gesture, or, even, that the back of *Cornwall* would probably have made a screen just as effective as did *Gloucester's* own (he was, after all, seated) for any little bits of trickery required by the situation. As it was, a major climax of the play was robbed of most of its emotional effect by a single, clumsy movement.

I found a certain incongruity, too, in the casting of *Edgar* and *Edmund*, but this was nowhere so ludicrously apparent as in the duel scene, where it became only too obvious that the almost comical contrast in height between the two actors, and the even more obvious contrast in their swordsmanship, could lead to only one end which bore the remotest chance of carrying conviction, and that end, the easy victory of the *Bastard!* Unfortunately, Shakespeare had different ideas. *Edmund's* failure to take advantage of the numerous easy openings offered by his opponent, in deference to Shakespeare's wishes, brought to his killing almost an element of farce.

Generally speaking it was a production with few highlights. Many of the principal players were miscast; a few were both cast well and played well, but the production did not give the impression that it had been either conceived or produced as an integrated whole. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that *Lear* is never an easy play either to cast or to produce, and all concerned deserve some congratulation for their courage in having tackled it, even if it did not prove to be quite the artistic success which some of Mr. Boorman's earlier productions have been.

Patricia Ball

SIMPLE ADDITION

“... Ignorant of his name, they called him *Adductus*, meaning added, because he shared the triumph of Felix.”

THE STREET STRETCHED TAUT under the mid-day glare of the sun. Over it brooded ~~the hush~~ of a waiting crowd, all movement and talk beaten out of it by the heat, but stubbornly enduring at its vantage points.

A glint and flare on distant helmets brought a quiver like wind in grass, and the calm lay deeper than before. That was the first sign, the first move in the well-known routine of the game.

Expectation was ^{heavy} given off by the lurid street. A low muttering stirred among the crowd, as at a signal; three old fathers of the city, beards white as the dust where they squatted, nodded and began their speculations:

“Will this one be able to walk, or will they drag him?”

One of the ancients raised his voice, his tone authoritative: “I’ve seen dozens of them come along here, and I never yet saw one that didn’t have a sort of swagger about him. Can’t help admiring them for it—makes you keep coming back to have a look at the next, to see whether he’ll be the same. Pride, I reckon. That’s what keeps them on their feet along this road. Insolence this Christ-religion breeds, I say—”

“Still, it gives you something to watch.” It was a tall man behind them, lazing against a pillar, who spoke. “Though I suppose at this rate they’ll all have been weeded out soon, or have died naturally. Mostly old men they’ve been recently, if you’ve noticed.” He was a regular too. “Young men got too much sense to join them and their crosses and Christs—eh, lad?”

He leered at a young man standing quietly gazing into the dusty roadway. “Yes, of course they have,” he answered, politely. But was it only politeness in his tone? His

questioner, meeting the young man's look, changed his expression and glanced away, only to turn his head again, as if with a sudden curiosity.

The three old men were also squinting up at the youth, aware of his presence, his individual presence, no longer one of the crowd.

He tried to withdraw himself, return to his former state of isolation, but felt their eyes on him. At once he could hear his heart. "Oh let me keep calm. They think that I am one. I know they do, the way they're all staring."

Awkwardly he tried to pray; awkwardly, because he still found it difficult. He was only a very new convert. "God, don't let them ask me. I'm not on fire with faith. I'm not ready to die like—like him we're waiting to see. I'm not one really, I'm not strong enough. But I let myself be baptised, and it was inspiring—for a moment. But now I don't feel inspired. I'm just in agony in case they ask me: and I know what I shall say. God—why did you call on me. It's no use. I know my title is Christian, and I know just as well that I shall deny it"—his face betrayed some of the bitterness he was feeling—"with as much scorn as I can muster. God, forget I ever thought I could be one of yours. I know they'll ask me, and I can't go away now, that would convince them. Why did I come?"

He knew the answer. "I came because I wanted to share a little in Felix's triumph. To cheer to myself, as he passed along. At least I can do that. But"—his misery closed in again—"it will be hollow cheering if they've asked me."

But now—what? The crowd behind him was straining forward. Were they all going to accuse him? The thought sprang to his mind, to be lost in the shame that poured through him. He had almost forgotten what they were all there to see, in his selfishness. Of course they were not looking at him: the victim was coming at last. His eyes became fixed on the smudge which would grow into the guard and their captive. But still his thoughts battered at his concentration.

defied his concentrated gaze

"Perhaps it will be all right. If I stand here quietly, behave just as they do, they'll not notice me any more, and I can say good-bye to Felix."

Now he recognised the figure moving with dignity despite its dragging pain, and he had to struggle for the careful blankness of his expression.

He could see the dust and sweat on Felix' face ; distinguish his stumbling tread from the steady clanging of the surrounding guard. His hands clenched and he swallowed, near to tears, and the pillar-lounging man saw it. But he too was soon absorbed in gazing at the victim.

As the procession approached the place where the three old men sat and the youth stood, his nails biting into his hands, the tall man glanced again, and leaning forward from his pillar, touched the young man's arm. "I say, my lad," he began, "are you——"

Clash of armour, ringing of steel, the crowd shouting their opinions of the look and behaviour of this one—the rest of his question was lost.

And anyway, the young man had gone. He knew what the rest of the sentence would be. His knees began to shake. His mouth went dry. He shut his eyes for an instant ; then looked straight at Felix.

He walked out into the roadway, stumbling over the wrinkled arm of one of the old men. He saw distinctly the hand splayed out in the dust.

The guards motioned him back ; he ignored them, not hearing the silence of the crowd as he said in a voice which sounded strange to him : "I am a Christian." He spoke as if in answer to the tall man's question.

They would still have pushed him away. But his hand lifted as if compelled, and the sign of a cross appeared, wavering, shaky, but unmistakable. A shout went up : he was surrounded, hustled, gripped.

Felix smiled, the officer gestured sharply, and the marching began again, leaving a patch of white sunlight beside the tall man and his pillar.

mark X

The crowd babbled happily—here was excitement! The tall man frowned.

“What on earth made him do that?” he asked of the three in front of him. Their white heads shook slowly. “I was just asking him, too, whether he was watching his first one. I thought he looked a bit upset, how you do when you’re not used to it, you see. I was going to tell him not to bother himself, they’re such stiff, proud fellows, these Christians.”

REVIEWS

LEEDS UNIVERSITY POETRY, 1950, Lotus Press, 3/-

EDITED BY W. A. HODGES

JAMES KIRKUP CONTRIBUTES TWO “Ten-Finger Exercises” to this volume. The Editor might, without injustice to many of the poems in it, have adopted this title for the whole, remembering that such exercises are essential preliminaries to public performance. But criticism, even of exercises, is salutary, so that there is good reason for their performance before a limited and interested audience which will spare neither praise nor censure.

It is a tired little volume, its pages pervaded by a dim romanticism thinly disguised under a coat of contemporary language and the cynicism which comes dangerously near sentimentality. Its contributors do not appear to have spent enough energy on the search for the suitable word or rhythm but have accepted too often the usual comparison, the worn epithet from their forbears. The younger contributors, especially, have not realised that the more trivial the theme of a poem the better-wrought it must be; where there is an important theme to take some of our attention from the craftsmanship of the verse a certain looseness may pass, but where sense counts for little and sound for much the slightest carelessness shrieks for obliteration. The poet need not be a profound thinker but

if he wants just to sing he must learn to hit the right note plumb in the centre.

Pale shadows of Eliot, Auden, Dylan Thomas and Edith Sitwell flit uneasily through the pages and once I saw T. E. Hulme plain but it seemed neither strange nor new. It is not enough to borrow the word patterns of Thomas and Sitwell unless the music of words is in the blood, not enough to adopt the methods of Auden and Eliot unless one is prepared to spend time and hard work to ensure that the image is exact and incisive and then to apply it.

On the whole, W. A. Hodges comes off best. He knows what he wants to do and achieves some success because he understands what words will do beyond mere description. There is some music and some meaning conveyed by careful imagery. Wilfred Childe's two poems are perhaps more workmanlike and practised but slighter and less compelling. James Kirkup seems always on the point of illuminating something with a well-developed metaphor but what is to be illuminated somehow remains round the next corner so that the result is often a personal description which, on the one hand, lacks the substance and, on the other, the polish which could interest the reader who does not happen to see things as he does. This is true, too, of several of the lesser figures in the collection. If Kenneth Muir's hymn to the sun lacks the ecstasy one would expect from Amenhotep, the sun worshipper, that may be because Mr. Muir has lived too long away from the object of his worship.

Robinetta Armfelt has a feeling for words which she puts to doubtful uses: long and unusual words with a pleasant sound do not of themselves make poetry and there is a virtue in simplicity and, even for the poet, in hard thinking. Mollie Herbert, in her *Ballad of the Over-Forties*, succeeds in showing that the clever lilting ballad such as MacNeice's *Bagpipe Music* has a misleading appearance of ease but requires consummate craftsmanship, which she has not yet achieved. Derrick Metcalfe has an eye for form, Robin Skelton a delicate touch and Ivor Porter some originality and the courage not to shrink from applying his images.

A fair review of the volume would require more space for detailed comment. It is impossible here to discuss all that is worth discussing so I have concentrated mainly on faults that are fairly general. If I conclude by saying that the volume shows promise rather than fulfilment I judge it by high standards, and the promise it shows is its ample justification. Let us hope that many more volumes will follow.

P.A.

THE CREATION, by JAMES KIRKUP. Lotus Press, 3/-.

MR. KIRKUP'S LONG POEMS, of which this most remarkable and original poem is the fourth, all tend toward the creation of a myth, and in this poem the element of myth is most strongly marked. It is nothing less than a recreation of the idea of Creation and a recasting, as it were, of the ideas of space and time, of death and love, into a new form. The protagonist is Love, who though in a sense is absolute, in other senses is imperfect and seems to learn by experience, and is itself involved in the consequences of its own inveterate tendency to create. There is here undoubtedly an analogy, though not an identity, with the orthodox Christian doctrine, for the ultimate victory of this God over Death comes through suffering. Anyone who has read *Paradise Lost*, or some of the Prophetic Books of Blake will be interested to find here a new interpretation of the Fall. Looking out on the world as it is, the poet sees in Death the creation and in a sense the enemy, though also the partner, of the hidden creative Love. This view is decidedly not Dualistic, because though Death appears at times to be the master and in a sense takes part in the Creation—whence arises the imperfection of the phenomenal world—yet ultimately, the poem declares, Love shall be all in all, by a return to the original Nothing. "Nothing" is a positive rather than a negative conception, it is that which conditions existence by being beyond existence. From an orthodox point of view it might be questioned whether at the end of the poem the notion of purpose, of the return of Creation to its Source (as in Vaughan's *The Retreate*) might not have

been most emphasised. The poem is written in a lyrical "free" verse of great beauty with a certain tendency to abstraction most proper to a decidedly metaphysical theme. It is impossible not to apply that word to the work, though I believe I am not the first to have done so. The images are less sensuous and more conceptual than in Mr. Kirkup's other long poems, *The Glass Fable* which is a poem of forests, *The Drowned Sailor* with its profound magic of the sea and the strange buried underground feeling of *The Sleeper in the Earth*.

This is a subtly and powerfully conceived poem. It has a tragic intensity and also a strong note of pathos, and its rather austere form adds to its impressiveness. The cover design by Muriel Metcalfe is a very fine example of this artist's sensitive and spiritual work.

W.R.C.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

R. C. CHURCHILL. University Tutorial Press, 7/6.

THIS IS A THOROUGHLY unsatisfactory book. If it is argued that one cannot say much about an author in three pages (the space, roughly speaking, allotted to Keats, Shelley, Jane Austen and Thackeray; Coleridge the poet, Arnold the poet and Ruskin getting two; Hazlitt and Lamb together two and a half) the reply is that the university examination system is based on the opposite view, and many examinees in my experience have made much better use of less space than Mr. Churchill had at his disposal. In his account of Coleridge, which says almost nothing, he finds room to tell us that the *Ancient Mariner* is among the greatest masterpieces of English literature, that one reads it with the same enjoyment the hundredth time as one did the first, and that it has the quality of many of the most profound works of art, in that it can be appreciated at various levels and at various ages, from youth up. (The latter point which might have been interesting, is not developed). In his treatment of George Eliot, he completely wastes his hundred words on *Daniel Deronda*, to the great merits of which, as a critic with *Scrutiny* connections, Mr. Churchill might have been expected to make some

reference. Again and again he fails to give any idea of the real greatness of an author, yet he pads with quite pointless pieces of information (e.g., "Like George Eliot, Meredith was partly Welsh by descent").

There are a few exceptions to the general disappointing level: for example, his excellent short account of Cobbett, which places him with admirable clarity in relation to his age, and his generous, pleasantly illustrated treatment of Dickens, whom he rightly singles out for the central position among Victorian artists, giving him eleven pages. On the whole he is helpfully informative on the literary aspects of social and religious movements.

D.W.J.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY JOURNAL, 1951

L.U.U. ENGINEERING SOCIETY. 1/-.

IN THIS JOURNAL is a shortened version of Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, written nearly 600 years ago.

Geoffrey Chaucer was a courtier, a diplomat, a soldier, a scientist and a poet. In his day the bounds of knowledge were limited enough for an educated man to be conversant in all its branches. Only later did the unity of knowledge break down as discoveries multiplied and each subject of study became more specialised. Nowadays a grasp of even the bare outlines of the different arts and sciences is rare in an educated person and our society is thereby the poorer. We live uneasily conscious that we know only a little of all that goes on in our world and that we can with difficulty find a satisfactory philosophy of life. Wholeness eludes us.

A minor difficulty of this "dissociation of ideas" is that the present writer, a student of literature, cannot write a critical review of an engineering journal. He can only suggest that readers who are competent to do so should compare Chaucer's article with the others from the standpoint of clarity of exposition. Poets still learn much from his poems. Perhaps technical writers can learn from Chaucer's prose.

The editor of this Journal, Gerald Robinson, is to be congratulated on achieving a harmony of scientific content

with good illustrations and an attractive cover design. It should inspire other university departments to produce technical writings in gay and gracious formats.

T.E.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA

Editor : MICHAEL WOOD, Covent Garden Books, No. 4 5/-.

THIS FINELY PRODUCED souvenir volume presents a comprehensive survey of the twenty-four operas produced at the Royal Opera House from January 1947 to July 1950. Full casts and production details are given, and the book is illustrated with photographs by Baron, McBean, Mandinian, Roger Wood and others. Keen students of opera may well find the company's repertoire too restricted and conservative, but it should be remembered that most of the resident singers who have taken part were new to stage work. In these circumstances, the company's achievements reflect great credit on Karl Rankl, who has recently resigned from his position as Musical Director, and they confirm the hope that Covent Garden is indeed becoming established as a leading European centre for opera.

F.G.B.

“ THE GRYPHON ” STAFF, 1951-52

<i>Editor</i>	- - -	TIM EVENS
<i>Editorial Staff</i>	- -	ROBINETTA ARMFELT, RONALD BALAAM, PATRICIA BALL, JOAN BARBER, RACHEL BILLINGTON, CHARLES KINGHAM, TURNER ODELL, GERALD ROBINSON, RALPH SODERBERG
<i>Business Manager</i>	-	ANTHONY PRATT
<i>Asst Business Manager</i>	-	BRIAN AINSCOUGH
<i>Sales Manager</i>	-	COLIN FALCONER
<i>Asst Sales Manager</i>	-	GILES HOPKINSON
<i>Editorial Advisers</i>	-	Professor BONAMY DOBREE Mr. DOUGLAS JEFFERSON

for sterling quality



THE HALL MARK OF
STERLING QUALITY
IN MUTUAL
LIFE ASSURANCE

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

LEEDS BRANCH: 21 PARK ROW. 1

Branch Manager:
H. W. BRUMFITT

Telephone:
20585 (2 lines)

Telephone - 25345

Lonnergan

Photographer

ESTABLISHED 1899

1 & 3, WOODSLEY RD.
LEEDS 3

★
Specialists in
GROUP Photography

Telephone
24226

LAWSON
HARDY'S
• LTD •

Telegrams
LEEDS
24226

CLOTHIERS and
OUTFITTERS to GENTLEMEN
and their SONS

"NUMBER ONE"
SERVICE and VALUE



Official Outfitters to

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION

BESPOKE TAILORING A SPECIALITY

57-59, NEW BRIGGATE, LEEDS 1.

Opposite The Grand and Tower Theatres.

Late with C. J. Hardy & Co. Ltd

The BEST source of supply for
TEXT BOOKS and STATIONERY

SADLERS BOOKSHOP

University Book Store

201, WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS 2

Telephone 32446 (2 lines)

SADLERS BOOKSHOPS LIMITED

Sneezeless breeze



However warm the weather there's nearly always a cool breeze lurking about waiting to give the unwary a chill. The correct protection is a windcheater—comfortable to wear, easy to stow away or carry. In lots of breezy colours, with open collar, 26/-. With zip front, 36/5 to 39/8 (according to size).

AUSTIN REED

1 & 2 BOND STREET, LEEDS 1.
1060

TELEPHONE: LEEDS 26719

Printed by



A hat does something ..



***..even for film favourite
BARRY SULLIVAN***

Have you seen Barry Sullivan's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film — "*No Questions Asked*"? You'll see that he knows all the answers — especially when choosing a hat to match his crisp line of well-tailored toughness! It's a spruce lightweight snap-brim for him, with the brim bound at the edge to keep its curl just the way he wants it.

For a hat to suit your personality, see your local hatter.

***If you want to get
ahead—GET A HAT!***

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES