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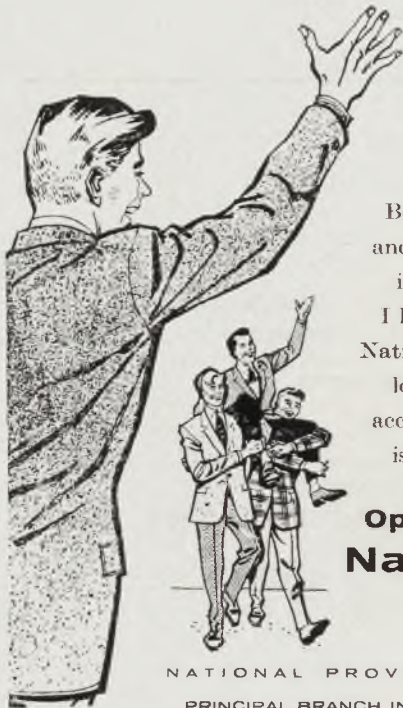
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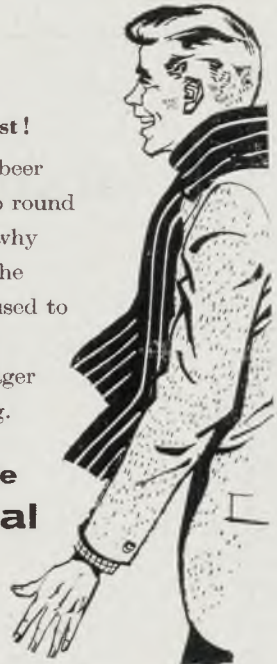
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*Cover and contents page by
Peter Hall*



Editorial

Owing to the unfortunate illness of our Editor, Brian Schneider, this issue has been produced by the reorganised editorial board which appears on page five.

We hope Brian will soon be back in circulation.

Peter W. Hancock

BO'S

The Chelsea set will play a large part in any social history of the 20th century. The *flappers* of the Charleston and Black Bottom era have become the *Bo's* of the fabulous Fifties. But there is little similarity between the exuberance of the nineteenth century creatures of *La Vie Boheme* and the scruffy criminals who now enjoy this title. Recently one advanced practitioner of the cult appeared before one of London's amateur purveyors of justice, and suffered from the practice of his unfortunate and abortive humour — common to the species. What had the poor girl done? She'd only broken into a gas meter, and had the effrontery to wear clothes of an individual style. After all, what could be more delightful, more exceedingly charming, than an outfit of complete black — black shoes, black stockings, black skirt (well-abbreviated), black sweater, black face . . . But this unkempt creature is not really typical of the bright young things who abound in Knightsbridge and Kensington.

Where else but in London could one expect to find a successor to the late Marchioness of Londonderry, who had snakes tattooed up her legs? An inveterate and untiring play-goer who recently appeared at Sloane Square, on the Inner Circle, invariably wears shortie-pyjamas to show off the garter-like selection of crests tattooed round her thighs, of various noble houses, Universities and schools — all the property of past patrons.

Taken by and large (although this involves a contradiction in terms) shortie-pyjamas are distinctly *the thing* today. I remember only a few weeks ago watching an immodest, slightly tipsy, young lady endeavouring to count the number of eyelets on a most unco-operative guardsman's boots — outside Buckingham Palace. Dressed in green tights and lime shorties — most becoming she was — she hopped alongside him lifting his trouser-leg while

she counted. He ground his way silently from post to post, but she finally emerged triumphant. A little later the same night I was privileged to witness the ejection of a pyjamaed youth from Claridges — all with the help of a large red commissionaire — complete with a set of medal-ribbons that would have been the envy of any cornflake manufacturer.

Where, you might reasonably ask, do these butterflies live or sleep during the daylight hours. There are three main roosting-places. First — Harrods. Every morning they arrive, albeit late, and take up positions in departments like *Separates*, *Housecoats* or even *The Baby Department*. Here they stand, lounge or sit, all for the benefit of various males who make special pilgrimages every day to worship at their respective shrines — always with an apprehensive eye on the demi-god or buyer. This is their temple — they the vestal virgins — attended by young eunuchs, also employed by the benevolent super-store. Hence they make pronouncements to the faithful, make love, or if there is simply nothing else to do, attend to the humble petitioning customers. The same system exists in Selfridges and in the *Evening Gowns* department of Dickin and Jones.

To be a successful Chelsea *chap* there are only two occupations — one is Sandhurst, and the other is to have a rich father. There's nothing so distressing as to be forced to remember when one is swilling Scotch or 98 proof gin, that one has just come from work or college, and in the morning must return. There is something basically distasteful and sordid to the sensitive minds of these young gentlemen — in the necessity of earning one's own living.

The only question that now remains is — where to live! The problem is that the most desirable places are too expensive, and there is no room in this society for the economically minded. Therefore either live at home (preferably in the country: there's a tremendous *panache* in *coming up from the country*) or in a complete slum (*my dear, it's too fascinatingly low!*) or bleed your father just a little more, and live in Queensgate.

Now you're ready to invest in a striking pair of shorties and rush out to your very first London party. But before you go, remember one thing — *tattooing is expensive!*

THE ROCKET TO RESPECTABILITY

Jack Smirfitt

Illustration by Michael J. Holly



KONSTANTIN TSIOLKOVSKY

In the field of science, perhaps more than in any other, it matters where you publish almost as much as what you publish. Unless an idea is presented through 'the proper channels' it seldom receives the consideration of those most fitted to discuss it. Work accepted for the aristocracy of scientific journals eventually finds its way to the popular science

magazine, thence to the newspaper and the text book. This traffic is usually one way. It is uncommon for an idea to move 'upwards' from the Magazines to the Journals. The idea which starts in the Magazine is usually destined to be laughed out of court. Thus, in 1898, the article "The Investigation of World Spaces with Re-active Instruments" submitted to the

popular Russian magazine *Science Survey* seemed assured of a speedy passage to oblivion since it was concerned with interplanetary flight. But in 1898 such an article could have damaged the reputation of even a popular science magazine, so the editors debated for five years and then published. As if to stress the point, the magazine folded shortly afterwards.

The author of the article was Konstantin Eduardovitch Tsiolkovsky, a provincial Russian schoolteacher. His father was Polish, his mother Russian and his background sufficiently proletarian to help him in the years to come. Scarlet fever left him deaf at the age of ten, turning the outside world into a frightening chaos, forcing him into a world of dreams and books. From this world he returned, in 1871, a self-taught schoolmaster. At twenty-three Tsiolkovsky submitted several papers on gases and radiation to the Society for Chemistry and Physics in St. Petersburg. There the papers were received with no little astonishment since the work which they described had already been published a year before Tsiolkovsky was born. Poor Tsiolkovsky had no knowledge of this supposing his work to be original until the chemist Mendelyev wrote to inform him of the error. In disappointment Tsiolkovsky turned away from academic studies to devote his attention to plans for large metallic air ships and space rockets.

His work on aerodynamics soon took on a practical aspect with the construction of one of the first wind tunnels. In recognition of this the Academy of Sciences made him a token award of 470 roubles whilst a Press Fund collected a yet more token 55. Tsiolkovsky turned his ideas on space-flight into a novel with the unlikely title "Considerations of Earth and the Universe" but novels — or more correctly fantasies — soon gave way to technical papers in aviation magazines and then in popular science magazines where they found a ready, if uncritical, public.

In America Robert Goddard, a professor at Clark College, Massachusetts, was trying to sell rockets to the world through the accepted channels for scientific ideas. In 1919 his paper "A Method of Reaching Extreme Altitudes" was published by the Smithsonian Institution, feebly disguised as a contribution to meteorological science. The disguise was too good for the paper was

neglected by all save meteorologists and they soon laid it aside when they realised it wasn't about meteorology. Yet Goddard had succeeded in putting rockets in the Journals — and in his immediate object of securing funds for research.

Had Goddard's paper been sixteen pages shorter it would have faded into complete obscurity. In these last few pages, almost as a mathematical example, he had worked out the required speed, efficiency and mass of a Moon rocket loaded with sufficient flash powder to make its impact visible from Earth. The mention of Moon Probes in 1919 might not arouse the world of science but, to Goddard's embarrassment, it aroused the Press who indulged in a nine-day wonder of unrestrained speculation about the professor who was going to fly to the Moon.

With his new grant Goddard made and tested several petrol/oxygen rocket motors and in 1926 flew his, and the world's, first liquid fuel rocket. The support of the physicist Millikan and the flyer Lindberg obtained him a further grant enabling him to move to New Mexico where, throughout the thirties, he secretly perfected and patented his rockets and their control mechanisms. Although Goddard appreciated the military importance of the rocket his secrecy was not in this interest but was self imposed to avoid newspaper publicity such as pained him in 1919.

In Russia Tsiolkovsky, still trying to bring attention to his theories, found an unexpected ally in the new Soviet Government. He had now something of a reputation and could write with authority on space suits and food production in space as well as loose his readers in pages on the mathematics of rocket flight. Like Goddard he realised that multi-stage liquid fuel rockets would be required for interplanetary flight and like Goddard he made his mistakes. Modern astronauts would not support his preference for nose rather than tail drive* nor would they agree that long launching ramps are necessary for large rockets.

In 1923 Hermann Oberth, in law Roumanian but by descent and inclination German, published a long treatise on space travel in which he reached, independently, the same conclusions as Tsiolkovsky. The Soviet Government, not for the last time, claimed prior discovery by a Russian and

to prove it re-printed Tsiolkovsky's 1903 article from *Science Survey*. In America Goddard, who had just married his secretary, was blissfully unaware of the dispute. In Moscow a student society plunged into the conflict and came up with the title "World Centre of All Inventors and Scientist's" but with little else. A more serious group was founded six years later by one of Tsiolkovsky's engineer disciples N. A. Rynin. This society had the more determined title "Group for Investigation of Reaction Motion". By 1930 they had built and tested a liquid fuel rocket motor. The results of the first tests were encouraging so the motor was modified and fitted to a glider for further testing.

Rynin, the group's founder, was at that time engaged in writing a nine-volume handbook of astronautics which, even today, is unequalled in scope or size. The book has never been translated in full and few copies survive outside Russia — in England there are but two sets, both incomplete — yet their contents are widely known. Among the host of workers whose projects are described one finds Goddard and Oberth as well as Tsiolkovsky to whom a whole volume is devoted. From Rynin's book it is evident that in the late twenties and early thirties interest in space travel was widespread in the U.S.S.R. For example, in 1927 an 'Exhibition of Interplanetary - Apparatus and Machinery' was organised in Moscow. In view of the date it is interesting to speculate as to the exact nature of the exhibits.

This 'schoolboys' exhibition' was followed by other exhibitions and lectures organised by the para-military organisation OSSAVIAKhIM to celebrate Tsiolkovsky's 75th birthday. Following these celebrations Tsiolkovsky went to work as technical adviser for the film "Cosmic Voyage" which was produced in 1933 — the first of many Russian space epics. The same year saw the launching of Russia's first liquid fuel rocket. This first rocket was a private enterprise affair but soon the State moved in and the little group which had built this particularly ugly rocket found themselves working in the Institute for Reaction Motors or the Rocket Section of the Military Air Academy.

When Tsiolkovsky died in 1935 Russia appeared to be on the point of making several important discoveries in the field of

rocketry but somehow these never came about. The newly founded organisations studied projects for high altitude research rockets and boost rockets for aircraft but neither project led anywhere. In a decade of great purges failure was liable to be called sabotage thus only the most pedestrian projects were firmly supported by the heads of Soviet research institutions. One adventurous project — a competition for a rocket fighter aircraft — was initiated but ended in near disaster for the three competing designers who were saved only by the outbreak of the "Great Patriotic War".

Goddard continued his work in New Mexico until the outbreak of war. He then offered his services to the U.S. Navy for whom he developed small take-off rockets for aircraft until his death in 1945.

Goddard and Tsiolkovsky do not lie on the direct line of evolution of the modern rocket. This line passes through Germany dividing into two main branches, one to America and the other to Russia. The line passes through Germany because Oberth's book, which so annoyed the Russians, literally inspired a small group of young German engineers. Headed by Oberth this group built and fired rockets often blowing itself into bankruptcy. The group's members were temperamental and the group splintered as easily as did its rockets. One fragment arranged a demonstration for the German Army who were interested in any weapon not restricted by the Treaty of Versailles — as well as many which were. To the group's surprise all went well and they were employed. Shortly afterwards the Gestapo closed down all private research centres and mention of rockets was forbidden. Oberth was offered the choice of a concentration camp or a sinecure and prudently accepted the latter.

The German Army were lucky. From a collection of cranks and dreamers they chose only the practical and capable. The little monopoly worked hard from 1933 to 1945 growing in size from half a dozen to several thousand. Their achievement was the production of the first giant rocket — the 12 ton V-2 — which made the rocket respected if not respectable.

Modern American rocketry is a matter for the newspapers. Much less is known about Russian work and much of what is 'known' is untrue. Most of the spurious information comes from repatriated Ger-

man technicians who are now 'surplus to requirements' of the Soviet Air Force. The West German Press accepts a steady flow of half truths from such sources and occasionally a more sensational story erupts into the one inch heads of our own newspapers. A recent example in Britain was the photograph of a Russian 'missile base' which appeared in the *Daily Express*. Later it turned out that the picture was no more real than Jeff Hawke since it was a frame from a Russian science fiction film but the *Express* didn't worry its readers with this. Now after the 'Planet' and the 'Sputniks' there is enough original Russian material about to make a more realistic estimate of Russian progress possible.

Both Goddard and Oberth lived to see space flight made a respectable subject for discussion in a scientific journal. Tsiolkovsky did not but was confident the day would come. In his will he says, "I bequeath to the Bolshevik Party and the Government

of the Soviet Union, the leaders of human cultural progress, all my works on rocket flight and inter-planetary travel. I am convinced that they will successfully complete what I have begun".

They did.

* * *

Unlike the modern tail drive rocket, a rocket with nose drive has the motor *in front* of the fuel tanks. This odd arrangement was favoured by all the early experimenters, including Goddard, because at first sight it appears to be more stable. They were all wrong but soon found out why. Tsiolkovsky preferred nose drive for a different reason, believing that the compressive forces generated with tail drive would crush the rocket. Oddly enough Russia was one of the few countries which did *not* construct nose drive rockets. The species is now extinct.



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The Living Earth

Talmia is a small country, but a country of contrast. The snowy mountains, rocky gorges, and rushing torrents of the north give way gradually to grass-covered hills and rolling pastures, which smooth themselves out into the fertile southern plain whose broad rivers slide peacefully down to the sea.

Somewhere upon this smiling plain nestled a rambling, stone-built farmhouse in which dwelt an old man, together with his nine sons. And they lived, as their ancestors had done before them, by plucking their livelihood out of the rich earth. The old man looked lovingly on all his sons, but especially did he incline towards the eldest, whose name was Peter.

It was this same Peter who, in the mid-day heat of late Summer, lay drowsily with his back to the sky on top of a haystack near the farmhouse. He loved his home, and had spent long summer hours in past years in just the same position, gazing upon the fields that had sustained his family for centuries, as if he wished to pierce their secret. But this time, he was especially thoughtful, and he drank in the scene before him as nourishment for a long journey. He was about to leave home for the first time in his life. Tomorrow he would set out for the place of tall buildings and motor-cars, far beyond the mountains. He allowed a certain amount of natural excitement to sweep through him at the thought, for, although he had often seen pictures of the wonders of cities, he had never experienced them in real life. But he was not going merely to see the sights; the real purpose of his visit was to study science at the university. His natural aptitude for science had long been a source of pride to his father, who had at

last consented to his spending four years in more advanced studies, in the hope that what he learned would be beneficial to the farm. So he lay under the sun in a state of saddened but pleasurable anticipation.

The following day, he left his father and brothers and began the long journey, leaving smiling tears behind him. For four long years, work on the farm continued through the changing seasons. And for four long years, Peter worked hard and faithfully away in the city, often sending long, cheerful letters to his family.

The happy return came in high summer, and the arms of family and farm were thrown open to greet the eldest son. He had expected such a welcome, and felt satisfaction and pleasure in the actual experience, but the subsequent glow of contentment was curiously missing.

That evening, the sun was setting as the family finished supper. The day had been something of a holiday; only the necessary work had been done, and everyone was still wakeful. All his younger brothers were eager to know the full story of Peter's stay in the city, and so, in the cool of the late evening, men and youths sat in a circle round the huge, stone fireplace, to listen to him telling the wonders of civilisation. He had secretly been looking forward to this moment. He wanted to amaze his brothers so that they would listen more readily when, in the months to come, he started to teach what he had learned. And so he said all he could to impress them. They were duly impressed. They had known something about such marvels before, but a first-hand account by their own brother gave an extra dimension to their own imaginings.

But Peter reserved his most astounding disclosure till the last. Finally, after an hour of talking and of answering the questions, both serious and humorous, which were put to him, he was ready to reveal it. He was determined not to spoil things by over-dramatisation and so, after a slight pause, he began with deliberate reserve: "The thing that interested me most was something that happened after I had been there about a year. It caused quite a stir at the university and, at first, we thought it was just a silly rumour. But it soon came out that a bunch of scientists had discovered how to make a bomb that could destroy a large town at one blow. There was a bit

of an outcry at the time from a few people who said they were frightened at human beings having such power. You always get some folk who lag behind the rest and try to stop the inevitable. Anyhow, they were soon shouted down. But I must say everybody felt happier when the scientists pointed out that their main idea was not to make bombs. It seems the same energy that makes the bomb so powerful has tremendous possibilities for peaceful purposes. Speaking for myself, I'm wholeheartedly behind the scientists. You only need to look at what they have done for us in the past. It's nothing to what they are going to do in the future."

All reservation had been cast aside as Peter had warmed to his subject. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright as he stopped speaking and looked round at the awed faces of his brothers. But his father's eyes regarded him steadily, smilingly: "Do not be too sure. You and your scientists are playing with a fire that will burn more than your fingers".

Peter averted his eyes, surprised and hurt. Surely his father wasn't going to criticize the science he had for so long admired. What could he know of such matters? He had not left the vicinity of the farm for years. The old man saw his son's irritation. His eyes dropped for a moment but the smile remained carved on his lips.

Suddenly, he rose up and stood in the middle of the silent sons, facing them with the fire behind him. The flames flickered brightly in the open grate, which formed a cradle of light in the darkening room. With this light at his back, he seemed to increase in height until he was ten feet tall. The watching men diminished until they were boys again, listening, enchantedly as their father told them tales that had been handed down in their family from generation to generation. But this was a story they had never heard before. The old man's voice was rich and full as it had been in the old days.

"There is a legend belonging to our race that my father once told me in my youth. I would like to tell it to you now.

"Once upon a time, there lived a sorcerer, whose skill was greater than that of any other in the length and breadth of

the land. And he used his magic arts to gain control over men and beasts. He became the most powerful man in the kingdom where he dwelt, and he was feared by all. But despite all his power, he lacked one thing only, which he therefore desired above all else. He desired to find and control the Spirit of the Earth, which could infuse the very rocks, and all inanimate objects, with magical life. If his wish were fulfilled, the sorcerer would thus have everything at his bidding, to use as he pleased.

"And so he devoted the remainder of his life to the task of discovering this Spirit. The philosopher's stone, after which other men yearned so earnestly, became valueless in his eyes. All his labour and aspirations were centred on this one object. So he toiled and studied for more than twenty years. And one night, his hard work reaped its just reward.

Through great diligence he discovered in a mountain side the entrance to a large cavern. This cavern was the home of a race of dwarfs who seldom allowed themselves to be seen by men of the outside world, whom they greatly feared. When they saw this sorcerer, who had penetrated into the very heart of their secret dwelling-place, they were full of dread. And they prostrated themselves before him and promised to do anything he asked if he would leave them in peace. Then the sorcerer smiled to himself, for he knew that these dwarfs were acquainted with the innermost secrets of the earth. So he told them he desired but one service of them, and then they would be free of him for ever. Eagerly, they replied that he had only to name it. Whereupon he cried: 'Show me the place where dwells the Spirit of the Earth!'. They looked at each other in consternation but they had no alternative but to obey, and with six dwarfs as guides, the sorcerer set out upon his final quest.

"Up and up they climbed until they came to a barren plateau where the dwarfs stopped. Their leader turned to the sorcerer and said: 'This is the place. We can stay with you no longer,' and the six of them were gone in an instant. Left alone, the sorcerer looked round in disappointment. This was a most unlikely and depres-

Gordon Sunderland

sing spot; the rocks were harsh and forbidding. Half-angrily, he sat down upon a small boulder and waited for he knew not what. Hours went by.

"Then all at once, an ominous rumbling filled the air, and the ground trembled beneath him. He started up in panic, not knowing where to run or where to hide. He stared wildly around him. Suddenly the ground before him split open with a mighty crash, and a huge pillar of flame shot up to form a burning chain between the sky and the earth. It burned with such intensity that the sorcerer could not bear to look upon it. Crying out in his fear, he turned and fled from the place, and was never seen or heard of again."

So the old man finished his tale, and a thoughtful silence descended upon the room and its occupants. The faces of all the sons danced up and down in the flickering firelight. And Peter's face danced with the rest, but his furrowed brow remained furrowed. It really was unfair of his father to speak like this. An old man and his tales could have no real bearing on the discoveries of modern science. Or could they? the seeds of doubt in his mind were already beginning to grow. His frown became deeper.

As if divining his thoughts, his father moved across to him and put his hand on his shoulder, saying softly but deliberately, "The hour is not yet come". Then he turned abruptly away to see to the lighting of the lamps, and the still, silent circle of men broke up into a thousand fragments of noisy, shifting humanity.

The daily routine of farm life continued with busy regularity during the months of harvesting. Peter worked hard and tried desperately to settle back into his old way of life, but he found that his former peace of mind had completely deserted him. At last, he could endure the vague doubting and wondering no longer and, three months after his arrival, he decided to speak with his father, who eventually yielded to his desire to return to the city where he had studied. Peter felt he would

have a better chance of curing his restlessness away from home and family. As he departed from the farm, winter was already creeping across the plain.

For the second time, he arrived and began work in the city where the life and the people were friendly and interesting. But gradually he felt his attitude to the place and people around him changing. He told himself this was because he was getting bored, but he knew in his heart that it was something more. His work on the farm at home had meant a daily repetition of trivial tasks, but they had never bored him. It was as though the milking of a cow brought him into communion with the earth itself, giving him a sense of divine harmony. Of course, he had never thought of it like that when he was actually doing it. But the distance of space and time seemed to give him greater perception as well as greater enchantment. Perhaps the same harmony was present somewhere in the life of a city. Perhaps, as a countryman, his harmony only lay in the countryside. Perhaps such harmony did not exist at all. Yet at certain moments it was to him the most important thing in his life; it seemed to be the essence of life itself. He knew he could expect no sudden revelation; he could only go on living and thinking and hoping.

Then, one day, after three years had flowed quietly past, he received a letter from one of his brothers telling him that his father had died, and asking him to return home. So he began the journey back to the farm with a curious feeling of contentment at the thought of seeing his home again, despite the natural sorrow caused by the death of his father. His brothers rejoiced to see him and by the evening of his first day among them, he knew he had returned to stay. As his father had always intended, he took charge of the farm. He stayed and he worked. He worked until the sweat soaked his body and ran down into the warm, brown earth. And he prayed every morning and every night.

Beware when they treat you as . . .

ONE OF THE FAMILY

Written and illustrated by Peter Hall

No. 1. IN THE STOMACH

*One potato, two potato, three potato four,
Five potato, six potato, seven potato more.
(Children's game)*

If there was anything which my friend Martin's incipient ulcers couldn't stand it was fatty bacon, easy eggs, and fried potato for breakfast.

The interaction of twenty cigarettes a day and galloping nervous dyspepsia gave his morning tongue a plush cinema seat covering which provided the basis of a long-standing complaint against Mrs. Bagshaw's cooking.

It so happened that Mrs. Bagshaw's most frequent culinary crime coincided with Martin's pet breakfast-time aversion — fatty bacon, easy eggs and loads of fried potato. The problem was how to avoid upsetting either his delicate stomach or his sensitive landlady: he couldn't eat the food yet he couldn't leave it on the plate. At first he simply scraped it onto the fire, but the noise attracted Mrs. Bagshaw's attention. In summer, moreover, there was no fire.

The solution came at 2s. 9d. a week: a roll of grease-proof sandwich paper in a portion of which Martin's breakfast was daily deposited in a litter-basket on the Moor.

One morning when the breakfast was particularly bad Martin's fellow diggers could hardly stifle their indignation as Mrs. Bagshaw protested: "You don't

know what's good for you. I don't know what young men are coming to nowadays. You don't find Martin wasting good food — he always shows a clean plate. And all the better for it," she added looking to Martin for confirmation.



"Shocking," said Martin to his glaring fellows.

That morning Martin's friends obliged him to follow his breakfast into the litter

basket on the Moor. "It was a shame," they said, as they left him to struggle free, "when a good breakfast went without him every morning."

No. 2. IN THE HEART

*Everybody loves my baby,
But my baby don't love nobody
But me, nobody but me.*

(Charleston)

Everyone in digs knows that there are two types of peroxide blonde landladies. There's the hard-bitten tight-fisted variety, far declined into the vale of years, but torn down there between fighting for a gracious old age and preserving their fading looks. Then there are the broadminded fruity hearts who smear four glasses of Guinness a night with a double wedge of lipstick and everything for laughs. Mrs. McQueen belongs in the second class.

The two students rang at her door. A little girl opened it, showed us into the hall and said: "You'll have to wait while a few minutes till me Mam's done in the tub. She's not dressed, d'you see."

Mrs. McQueen soon appeared with a towel-turban on her head, black rimmed glasses on her nose and a cigarette in her mouth. She was buttoning up her blouse.

"Hello, lads. What is it then? Come in here with the fire. It's rooms, I suppose?" She explained her terms: "Thirty-six bob, that does for light, cooking and all, and clean up once a week — that's buckshee." But she went on to say she had no rooms till after the Easter vacation. Then she had a brainwave. "Go and see Mrs. Green over the way. She has a top flat she's doing out. Oh, you'll like Mrs. Green — pretty girl — only twenty-seven and very obliging, not bossy at all, you know — very clean . . ." The two men confirmed one another's resolution with a glance. ". . . she's alright, lads, is Mrs. Green. Tell her I sent you."

The students told Mrs. Green they had been sent, took the flat and confirmed each item of Mrs. McQueen's eulogy. Mrs. Green, that is to say, *was* very pretty. But as Alan, one of the students, said to Mrs. McQueen some days later, "Mr. Green's a very *big* man, isn't he, Doris?" Doris guffawed.

"He stands need to be with a wife like

that."

Then, composing herself, she asked: "Did her husband carry your trunks up single-handed for you?"

"Yes, he did, actually," said Alan.

Doris clapped him on the shoulder, laughed loudly and said knowingly: "Ah, he always does. Saves a lot of trouble if you catch Doris's meaning, love."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself raising our hopes like you did, Doris," said Alan's friend.

"What the 'eck," cried Mrs. McQueen turning to go, "We're all honest women round here. I've done nowt to be ashamed of and I'm damn sure you haven't!" And with that she made off laughing towards the off-licence with the empties.

Definitely in the second class of peroxide blondes, our Doris, the students decided.

No. 3. IN THE PANTS

*I done lika men;
Women I done like too.
Sometimes I tink dat I done even lika
myself,
So what de heck I gonna do?*

(Mexican Rhumba)



P. H. Jones

Mrs. Bell was a blunt old Birmingham battle-axe. She battered on the door at

reveille, she dished up right on the dot, never re-heated cold food, had lights out at 11 o'clock sharp and forbade the issue of hot water after half past ten — the cistern was in her attic bedroom.

One of the things which accelerated the departure of her lady lodgers was the full-time, vulgar dispute about washing smalls and stockings in the bathroom. There was nowhere else to do it and no drying room. But Mrs. Bell objected to the practice even on a weekly basis and, as anyone who has ever read a detergent packet knows, one's 'dainties require frequent dips' rather than periodic rub-a-dubs.

It was over this very issue that Mrs. Bell's last set of girls left Beaumont Crofts. Their hostess reported to the University who carelessly advised her to change her sex.

After six weeks of male lodgers, and as the meaning of the term 'weaker' as applied to gender became abundantly clear, Mrs. Bell began to wish she really had changed sex.

It was nearly Christmas on the day when John's drip-dries were flown from the top, front bedroom window. Mrs. Bell took them down and hurled them on the bed. Twenty minutes later the drip-dries dripped again — flying from the top bedroom window. An argument as to whether Beaumont Croft was either Petticoat Lane of a seedy bazaar in Bombay proved nothing to the onlookers unless it was that the standard of civility and service to be expected in both was infinitely higher than that provided by Mrs. B and John for Beaumont Crofts.

Not only that, but John was a keen rugger player and having fouled the local bendix with his bootlaces twice in one week, he now took up the sink at Mrs. Bell's in an attempt at do it yourself. Peter, an insomniac, never got up for breakfast on time but ceaselessly and fearlessly criticised Mrs. Bell's lack of skill and originality in the kitchen. In fact the only point on which Peter and his hostess could agree was that this was not the style of living to which they were accustomed. Hugh liked Puccini and a bottle of wine any time after eleven — occasionally, many operas, bottles and hours later he would conduct the ear-splitting orchestra. The finishing touches to Mrs. Bell's toppling equilibrium were provided by Alfie and

Colin. Colin insisted on correcting Mrs. Bell's household accounts whenever her claims seemed to him to be extravagant and invariably advised her that she could do still better at providing fuel for the study fire. Alfie brought into the living room the wrapped components of a motorcycle whose scattered remains became a permanent and inelegant feature of Mrs. Bell's back garden. Whereas at first the harrassed hostess had asked, "What will the neighbours think?", she now became daily acquainted with the full, naked truth.

The last straw took the form of a profane

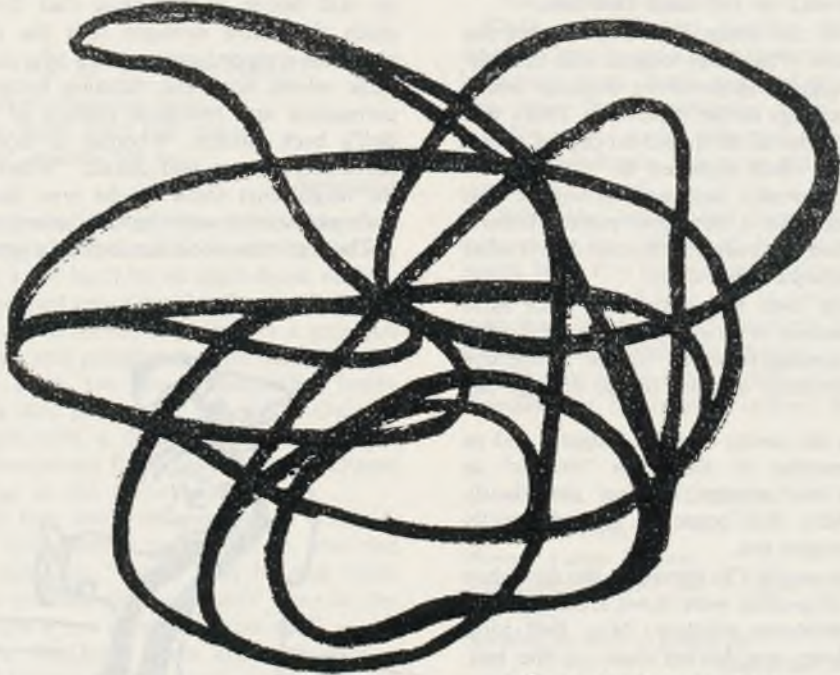


midnight carol service on the attic landing. The groggy singing was bad enough but when Colin went downstairs backwards, twirling his scarf above his head, hic-coughing and exclaiming, "Get out and walk, you dirty beast", Mrs. Bell must have decided there and then — "No students need apply."

The last we heard she was letting two self-contained flats to two self-containing businessmen. Proof, as I take it, that there are no victors in modern warfare and of the wisdom of bilateral disarmament.

A P O L O G Y

The author is prepared to swear that the persons herein depicted are entirely fictitious if necessary — so long as he leaves a reasonable element of doubt.



Peter H. H. H.

And now, to point the contrast between conditions now and those of 50 years ago, we reproduce two articles from *Gryphon* of 1905. Did we say contrast? We leave you to draw your own conclusions!

My theme is one of peculiar interest to many University students. It is with reluctance I take up my pen; for I am naturally of a shy and retiring disposition. However, the world at large needs enlightenment, and if some freshers who are not as yet initiated into all the mysteries of living in "diggings" obtain some useful information from my experience, I shall have my reward.

When first I sought out a place in which to dwell during my sojourn here, I was a verdant youth fresh from the innocence of a small town. Now, alas, I'm a hardened cynic.

The first time, I paid no heed to the cunningly devised fables which one reads

in the "Apartments" column of the newspaper; but I bravely determined to beard the lion in his den. (This metaphor is a trifle mixed as applied to landladies.)

I hid me to a house where I could see the magic word "Apartments" in the window. I timidly knocked at the door, and a portly female of uncertain age came to attend to me. "Excuse me, madam," said I, "but—er—have you any rooms; I mean—" The Fairy vanished and cried down to the kitchen below, "Hi, mother, 'ere's a gentleman to see the rooms." An elderly dame (of course a widow), of rather forbidding mien, then came to the door, and asked me to step into the parlour. Bashfully, with hat in hand, I entered, carefully wiped my feet on the doormat (I soon got out of the habit of that, though), and was introduced to the parlour or sitting room. The first sight that met my astonished gaze was a miscellaneous assortment of bric-a-brac on the mantel piece, in the midst of which stood, like guardian angels, two remarkable china

bulldogs, of ferocious aspect, which reminded one of the curious affinity between these creatures and one's nether garments; also I beheld a piano in the old (very) fashioned style, and several of those slippery horse hair seated chairs which seem to be specially designed for man's discomfort; last, but not least, were two cylindrical shaped objects, open at the ends, in which were placed two huge flower pots. These cylinders might possibly have come from the ruins of Herculaneum or somewhere else; but I am firmly of the opinion that they were originally drain-pipes.

"And what are your terms, Mrs. W.?" I queried. "Well, to you only x shillings a week." On my suggestion that the terms were rather exorbitant, Mrs. W. indignantly remarked, "Really, sir, it is very little; why, Mr. A., who stayed with me last year, used to pay me $3x$ shillings, and I used to get (mentioning a still higher sum) from Mr. B., who left me in July; and but for my brother being in the provision line, etc., etc." After some discussion, I was persuaded to make Mrs. W.'s rooms my abode.

I soon discovered that living in that house was on very economical lines. Mrs. W. believed in folks being abstemious; however, her puddings were fearfully and wonderfully made, and a certain kind of cake was beyond description; while her tea and cocoa (manufactured from cocoa essence, as I found out by a methodical search in Mrs. W.'s pantry) were unequalled for strength (or weakness), purity, and excellence of flavour. Mrs. W. maintained that too much pastry was bad for the digestion (and I could readily believe it, judging from what little I tasted), so I was reduced to the consumption of jam. As I didn't appreciate the eternal plum jam which she brought me, I invested in a large jar of strawberry. Now I estimated that if this were consumed at a certain rate, it would last ten days. Of course it didn't, and Mrs. W. had a cat which I afterwards projected downstairs with my foot, and with great velocity, and Mrs. W. wasn't quite pleased about this. Anyhow, my jam shouldn't have disappeared so rapidly. The illumination was of the penny-in-the-slot order, and its vagaries once placed me in a very critical position. I had been introduced to a young lady friend of Mrs. W.,

and was endeavouring not to be "drawn" by her conversation, being shy as aforesaid, when suddenly the light went out, and while Mrs. W. went in search of change, I was left at the mercy of the fair damsel.

The mechanism which controlled the table was too intricate for me to understand. If a weight such as a slipper, or a piece of my landlady's cake, were placed on one side of it, it would oscillate to and fro about its position of equilibrium until an equal weight was placed on the other side.

I was greatly favoured with musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, from the young lady next door. However, her alluring notes were not conducive to study; only those who have attempted to work the calculus to a double forte "Hiawatha" accompaniment fully realise the truth (or falsehood) of the line "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." At any rate it didn't always soothe mine.

Mrs. W. decided to remove to a more commodious residence after I had stayed with her a few months. The process of removing (technically called "flitting") will remain in my mind as long as anything does. I remember assisting to hoist a chest of drawers through a window on the first floor. Not being used to violent exertion, I might have suffered injury if I had pulled very hard, so I didn't. By dint of great efforts (on the part of the others) we succeeded in lifting the chest off the ground, and it remained suspended between heaven and earth like Mohamet's coffin, and we couldn't make it budge. Those below said "Pull up," while those above cried "Push up." A sudden fit of indisposition hindered me from giving further assistance. On the following morning I descended at half-past ten punctually, and found the sitting room still in a state of chaos. I summoned Mrs. W. upstairs from Hades (the kitchen) and asked:—

"Mrs. W., have you seen my hair brush?" "No." "Where are my slippers?" "I don't know." "What's become of my hat?" "I haven't seen it." Oh, how I longed to explain to that dear, kind woman all my feelings; but delicacy forbade. Mrs. W. and I soon parted after this. Before saying good-bye (not au revoir) I had five minutes' entertaining conversation with her. Said I, "Really, Mrs. W., you have treated me scandalously," and I expatiated *in extenso* on the crimes of the landlady species. I

wrathfully shook off the dust of my feet as a testimony against them, and slammed the door viciously. Mrs. W. had escorted me to the door smilingly, and blandly wished me good-bye as though she had been accustomed to such partings. I vowed that the place should never see my face more; neither has it.

ULYSSES.

Lodgings in Leeds

Did you ever live in lodgings? No? Well, then, thank Heaven that your lot has fallen in pleasant places. Let me tell you why.

I first decide to advertise in the local paper, and I insert a notice and await the result. The result is not long in coming, as each post brings a fresh batch of replies.

Ah! I sigh as I count them, what an amount of struggling respectability they reveal!

Here is one from a former solicitor's wife, who offers to take me as a paying guest, another from a clergyman's widow who wishes to make me one of the family; another assures me that Professor X. stayed with her for three years; another affirms she is on the College list and is recommended by the authorities; another offers as an inducement, that two nice young men are lodging there, and that several pairs have found partners under her hospitable roof. Then there is the piano, the musical family, the good Christian home, the maiden lady, the widow, all eminently suitable, all expressly designed for young lady students from the country, and all ready "*to take me in.*"

I select the most likely dozen of so and arrange a visit to Leeds to inspect the same.

What's in a name? says Shakespeare. Had he advertised for apartments in Leeds he would soon have learnt that there is a good deal in a name; and so did I. I was struck by the high-sounding addresses from which the letters came. Villas, Terraces, Avenues, Parks, Places, Groves, Views, Ridges, but very seldom a Street. How happy is Leeds in its addresses! They seem devised by a beneficent City Council to aid the letter of apartments. They seem to put one in a good humour with one's self to know that she lives at say, *x* Belgrave Villas, etc., or some such place. There is an air of respectability about it. No back

street or side lane is suggested; and as I read the address, a vision of one of the stately homes of England rises before me, with tennis lawn and verandah outside, with powdered and bewigged servants to attend to me and all the pleasures and delights of comfort alluring me to accept without delay the tempting offer before it is for ever too late. However, I was not entirely new to the business, and, moreover I had got several shadowy hints from predecessors, and I decided to call upon those likely to suit me.

I reduced my possible-probables down to twelve, and then on looking over these twelve, all with excellent unimpeachable addresses, I decided to visit these. As soon as I saw the locality of half of them, I turned away without taking the trouble to see inside. Now turn I to the remainder. I advance timidly to the door and ring, feeling all the while as though I should like to run away. It is not pleasant to enter the houses of strangers on such an errand. For when the door is answered and you find yourself within, you stand confronting your possible landlady. She knows that you are eyeing her and her rooms up and down and mentally totting them up, and you know that she is doing the same to you, and there is no wonder that occasionally very awkward pauses occur in the conversation. What a revelation of human nature would be made if the thoughts could be read on such occasions! While frankly admitting that there are good landladies, I am bound to say I believe them to be in a small minority.

Most of them seem to reason thus; she looks green; she is probably from the country; she is coming to the University, therefore she can afford to pay well for her accommodation. She is innocent, I think I will "*take her in.*"

Space would forbid to tell of the various lodgings offered. However, I decided at last, and accept the offer to make me "one of the family".

Ah, my fellow-sufferers, beware of being made "one of the family". I cannot tell you all it means. It often means that your privileges one by one are infringed, that your rooms are more and more encroached upon, that your food, often badly cooked, becomes simpler and simpler, more and more monotonous, that you might safely predict at Easter what your fare at Whit-

suntide would be. You bear it all with a patient shrug till poor nature is tired out and warns you by failing health that you must change.

"Now," you say, "the next place I go to I will take care not to become one of the family, I will board myself and take rooms."

Poor innocent creature! Why bless you, please remember that although you are new to the business, the landladies are old hands; they have been at it for years. They are equally willing to "take you in" on your own lines and gladly let you rooms. In fact, say they, they prefer it. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," says Pope, and you set out upon a new term with new lodgings and new hopes of happiness.

All apparently goes well, provided you have lit upon a decent cook, but as time goes on the idea, at first vague and shadowy, and spurned by your generous instincts as

impossible, forces itself more and more into your head that your landlady must keep an unusual number of cats, whose favourite beverage is tea and whose favourite foods consist of butter, sugar, etc., for your bills increase so regularly as to form an arithmetical progression.

If you should very mildly suggest that your stuff disappeared rather rapidly, your landlady either bursts out into a torrent of abuse or solemnly assures you that it is all consumed by you, or she looks black and sulks and seems to say to you by her manner, that one who can think such things cannot be a lady, and must be the opposite.

I note that the College authorities are very careful to inspect the house to assure themselves that it is sanitary. Might I be allowed to suggest that they inspect the landlady in future and assure themselves that she is sanitary!

'ONE OF THEM'

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To the Moon

Because the sun is bright beyond our vision
Each willful world that light of love creates
With all the days each day anticipates
Makes falling leaves fair subjects for decision.

Caprice contemns her shadow indecision
Wherewith with love futurity debates
A means to wrest advantage from the fates
Implacable for all but their precision.

And yet two twilights pledge a two-fold breaking
And I turn fleeing half but half forsaking
The brilliant theme the absolute debar,

Teaching the weakener of my voice to sing
This crescent curving like a seraph's wing
To shield her glory from a hail of stars.

— — —
W. B. Yeats

The Wager

What light originates within my eyes
And in what echo must I find my voice?
Is it for angels folly to be wise;
How far does Adam have a choice?

Do I decide to play or not to play
The poison off against the antidote,
Venture myself on virtue either way
Or hedge on something less remote?

What is affirmative in saying no
Without the real power to decline?
Or else in ~~my~~ swearing it shall be as though
The form of words could make it mine

To name my peers, according as I chose
To know or to disdain to count the cost,
Those who have greatly loved or those
Who hesitated and were lost?

— — —
W. B. Yeats

Spirit Possession

by Richard Gilderdale

The Ancient Greeks believed that there were three planes of existence; one of ordinary mortals, one of heavenly beings and one of malicious beings of a mischievous nature. These three planes, they thought, were not distinct and separate rather they merged one into another; there was an overlapping in so much as spirits of a higher order, angels, and of a lower order, demons, could be witnessed by the privileged among the mortals. This Hellenic conception has not been discarded by modern theorists. Evidence for these different levels of existence includes the widespread phenomenon of "spirit possession."

Broadly speaking there are two ways in which a spirit of another level of existence may take control of a human personality. By far the most common is the type known as voluntary possession. In this case an individual deliberately seeks to surrender himself to a spirit, perhaps by using artificial stimuli, and the spirit is induced to possess its victim, who then becomes its medium. The other type is involuntary, Langton ("Good and Evil Spirits") describes it in this way: "The act of possession often takes place suddenly and with startling and horrifying effect. At one time the victim is thrown helpless to the ground, at another he is convulsed. Frequently his voice becomes different."

There is abundant evidence of possessions in primitive societies. Often the phenomena are linked with hysteria and the possessed are thought to have super normal powers of intuition and as such they become figures of social importance and of high status. The Shaman of central Siberian tribes induces possession by taking a potent alcoholic drink. Whatever he utters under such conditions is regarded by

his tribesmen as prophecy. A typical example of Shamanistic possession is this one from Polynesia: "The limbs seem to be convulsed, the body swelled, the countenance became terrified, the eyes wild and strained. While in this state he rolled on the earth foaming at the mouth as if labouring under the influence of a god. The will of the gods was then revealed, as was supposed in shrill cries and in violent and often indistinct sounds". The true Shaman seems to be an unbalanced and rather hysterical character who has to undergo a severe and austere training before becoming a recognised Shaman. The same, however, cannot be said for possession among witch doctors in West Africa or among the cultic priests of the Caribbean. These also exhibit all the signs of possession including the speaking of a peculiar jumbled language.

A recent study has been made of the behaviour of Shango worshippers in Trinidad (*American Anthropologist*, April, 1958). What the authors have to say might just as well apply to Vodum worshippers in Haiti or Condombli worshippers in Brazil. They attended many meetings of the cultic groups and noted the marked similarity of behaviour by those possessed. Shango worshippers believe in a number of gods who manifest certain traits — aggression, humour, wealth, and so on. The spirit of the god mounts the victim and rides him, or her, like a horse. By the behaviour of the "horse" the crowd know which god has taken possession. At one Shango ceremony up to 20 possessions may occur in one night and the same individual may be possessed repeatedly. Again, a state of near hysteria is induced, not by drink or narcotics as in the case of Siberian tribes or Red Indians, but by

rhythmic drumming. The authors cite one example, Tanti, a typical Negro housewife, in no way extraordinary, who exemplified the usual behaviour of a "horse". In her case the possessing god was Ogun — St. Michael (Ogun is the Yomba Storm god). The spirit "catches" Tanti. If standing she appears to stagger, begins to sway and may fall to the ground. Her entire body begins to vibrate while her arms are either rigid at her sides or stretched out above her. Her feet are planted widely apart and she may lurch back and forth from toe to heel. The final stages resemble a seizure. She emits grunts or shouts. Her eyes dilate and fix straight ahead. She either dresses herself, or is dressed by helpers in the clothes prescribed for the power of Ogun — St. Michael. She stands with her stomach and pelvis thrust forward, head and shoulders back, legs apart, hands on hips, quite rigid. The power may talk in a mixture of Patois, English and nonsense syllables. She may dance or wave implements aggressively. Finally she may be forced to the ground and to roll in the dust.

This type of possession is commonplace in the Caribbean. It is noticeable that very few can attain a state of possession without the help of drumming. Virtually the Shango priests alone can do this — that is they can, like modern mediums, go into a state of possession at will and without recourse to artificial aid. Those having this power achieve great respect and higher social status, as befitting one with a spiritual gift. The early Christian Church also accorded some value to "speaking with tongues" in an ecstatic condition. In 1 Cor., 14, ², we read "he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men but unto God; for no man understandeth; but in the spirit he speaketh mysteries". This 'glossolalia', a jumbled mixture of language, was deemed a spiritual gift and is still practised by some Christian sects in North America, namely the Shakers and Pentecostals, while possession is frequently induced by the rhythmic singing and hand clapping in the Negro chapels of the South (cf. *Blackways of Kent* by Hylan Lewis).

So much for states of voluntary possession. Now let us look at some cases of the involuntary capture of the individual 'animus'. The same features of paroxysm, speaking with tongues, etc., are present but

these are forced upon the individual who may strive to resist possession by all means possible. It would seem that possession is contagious. If one Shango worshipper becomes a god's 'horse' there is a tendency for others to succumb. The possessive power may be passed by means of physical contact; for example, the possessed may rub heads, chests or arms with those not possessed. Under conditions of mass hysteria or great excitement the transference of ideas seems to be accelerated. In effect it may be said that suggestion, in the psychological sense, is responsible for the majority of possessions. Some Shango worshippers have never been possessed, others are possessed frequently — this would seem to show that some individuals are more open to suggestion than others. When an individual feels he is becoming possessed he may resist it by leaving the ceremony or by asking the drummers to stop. The Trinidadians say the spirit is "too busy to stay at the feast". In some dignified Anglican churches in Trinidad the worshippers may have difficulty in resisting possession when the choir gives out the local variations of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

It is possible to avoid contagious possession but it is much more difficult to fend off possession by devils, or rather demons. From Biblical times up to the present day 'devil possession' has been a very real phenomenon. At one time all possessions were thought to be by devils whereas nowadays the tendency is to ascribe most cases to temporary possession of a medium's organism by the surviving psyche of some dead human being. For Richard Burton writing in the 1600's possession was always by devils, for F. W. H. Myers in the twentieth century always by the departed dead. As Aldous Huxley has pointed out, there is nothing self-contradictory in the idea of possession (*Devils of London Pap* 198). Possession by devils may be treated as a working hypothesis. Miss M. Crookes in an article in the *Expository Times* for May, 1952, argues strongly in favour of demon possession being a fact. She quotes this example from Pierre Janet's "Neuroses et Idées Fixes"— "Normally quiet and unassuming, Achille, when possessed by his devil would be flung to earth uttering the most frightful blasphemies. It was useless for the unhappy

man to protest that the words were not his own; his protest would be followed by worse excesses". In his manner and behaviour he exemplified the personality of a devil. In seeking an explanation for this behaviour the patient, Achille, revealed under hypnosis that he had been unfaithful to his wife and expected to be claimed by the Devil. This then may be a case of auto-suggestion fomented by a feeling of guilt, or as Miss Crookes infers, this is a case of true possession by an evil spirit existing outside our accepted dimensions.

The writer recalls a recent broadcast by a District Commissioner in Melanesia, whose house boy attempted to murder him. The D.C. went into an out-building to fetch his servant in and discovered him standing in the hut with an unsheathed dagger in his hand. He was trembling and appeared to be in great distress. The D.C. ordered him to go outside but the boy replied in pidgin: "Go 'way Master, Joseph got a devil; he will kill you". He threw himself upon the D.C. who repulsed him and the boy fell into a coma and had to be carried into the house. This looks very much like a true demoniacal possession but there is still a possibility that has not so far been proposed that possessions of this type are the result of 'suggestion', in this case by a sorcerer, (sorcerers are rife in Melanesia) who took advantage of a Mission-school boy to achieve the murder of the D.C. The sorcerer may well have suggested to the boy that he had a devil and this would force him to kill his master. This would account for the schizoid nature of the houseboy's behaviour. He was loyal to his master but was forced by some other self to try to kill him.

Demoniacal possession is well illustrated by the famous exorcism which took place at Londun, in France, in the 17th century. As Oesterreich pointed out in 1927 the victim may give evidence that he is possessed by a number of devils. At Londun seventeen nuns under the prioress Jeanne des Anges, claimed to be possessed by seven devils. The whole question of the veracity of mediaeval witnesses to the exorcisms has been recently investigated by Aldous Huxley. He draws the conclusion that although one or two who saw these extraordinary activities were convinced they were the work of devils like Leviathan and Asmodeus, rather more believed the

whole proceeding to be a hoax. Huxley points out that not one of the nuns showed any sign of possession until one Canon Mignon suggested to them that the incubus which obtruded teasingly into their dreams was not the sexual image of the local curé, a well-known lady-killer, but rather a manifestation of the Devil. Even after the first seizure the prioress has left written evidence that she did not believe herself to be possessed. She still thought of herself as an average sensual woman. It was only after the repeated suggestion of exorcizers that the nuns came to believe themselves possessed. The weird activities of these holy sisters make interesting reading. They included speaking in mysterious tongues, rolling about the floor, shouting obscenities and slanderous remarks, blasphemy and biting the hands of exorcizers. Yet, as Huxley says, none of these signs is peculiar to demon possession; they can be found in many forms of mass hysteria. The four tests of devil possession prescribed by the Roman Church are those of levitation, clairvoyance, preternatural physical strength and automatic writing in a language not known to the victim possessed. In none of these tests did the nuns of Londun establish their possession.

Nevertheless we must not fall into the error of thinking that all demoniacal possessions are sham. Two well-known Cambridge psychologists and analysts, Phoebe Payne and Laurence Bendit, say: "In our opinion dangerous psychic entities do exist in their own right". These psychic entities are beyond control of man. They may force him to crow like a cockrel, roll on the ground, foam at the mouth, cavort in the most outrageous manner or lie rigid like a cataleptic. Such victims nowadays find their way to the psycho-analyst's couch. In New Testament times we see it was the Healer, in excelsia, who recognised the powers of the Satan; He dealt with them summarily tearing them from their unfortunate victims. Oesterreich confirms in his definitive work ("Possession Demoniacal and Other") that in the gospel, "excluding the story of the herd of swine, the narrative are of an entirely realistic and objective character. Jesus' success and failure coincide so exactly with what we know of these states from the point of view of present-day psychology that it is impossible to avoid the impression that we are

dealing with a tradition which is veracious. The psychologists themselves do not seem to know very much about the processes of possession; they recognise that 'suggestion' and the past experience of the possessed person are of vital significance and these together may account for many forms of voluntary or 'contagious' possessions. There remain, however, those individuals like the Shango priests and the Spiritist medium, who can go into a trance at will and reveal their possession by a spirit in subsequent utterance. It is widely suggested that such persons achieve this condition by auto-hypnosis. This may be achieved by intense concentration on some object, in the case of Shango priests these were seen to be holy statues. Something verging on the same state can be achieved by whirling dervishes who rotate for fifteen minutes at a time without stopping. Auto-hypnosis seems to be as likely a cause of some possessions as any other. One hypothesis put forward the so-called 'instrumental' theory, which states that the mind is a substance which can exist independent of the body and which uses the body as an instrument, the idea being implicitly that the mind of one being may enter the body of another; another hypothesis is the 'compound' theory which supposes that what we know as a "mind" consists of two factors: "the bodily factor" and "the psychic factor". At death the two are separated. The psychic factor survives dissolution and may temporarily become connected with the medium's bodily factor. With regard to the latter theory we can see that it sheds little light on demonic possession but it is widely supported by Spiritualists.

Spiritualism, currently means a belief that it is possible to communicate with the dead and the dead can manifest themselves through mediums. Now belief that the soul of Man is immortal is as old as Mankind itself. The Australian Aborigenes think when one of them becomes ill that the angry ghost of some dead man is growing in his liver. In East Africa a man's spirit or N'goma is believed to haunt the locality of a man's death. It may enter into a victim and eventually drive him mad. There are parallel beliefs too numerous to mention. Only in recent times has there been a growth in the belief that departed spirits can be induced to return

to this plane of existence by a medium. Psychiatrists have looked into the case histories of a number of well-known mediums. One of them, W. McDougall, ("An Outline of Abnormal Psychology") comes to the conclusion that in those cases known to him true 'possession' did not take place. Trance mediums, he says, have a secondary personality which only comes into its own under the abnormal conditions of a seance. He cites as an example the case of Helene Smith, investigated by Prof. Flournoy in the 'nineties. Helene Smith claimed to have lived upon earth twice before; once more than 500 years ago as an Arab chief's daughter who became the favourite wife of a Hindu Prince. Her name was Simandin. Under trance conditions she was observed to utter a mixture of words including Hindu, a language of which she had no previous experience. She stated quite correctly a number of details about the court life of the little-known principality where she lived, which were later proved correct by research into rare books to which Helene could never have had access. She also wrote Arabic in a fine hand, although she did not know the language. In her second reincarnation, as Marie Antoinette, she made a number of statements which were later proved untrue and her behaviour was not extraordinary since she fulfilled the role of a queen whose activities are common knowledge. Flournoy and McDougall account for some features of this case as "momentary returns of inferior phases which have been left behind for a longer or shorter time". Ideas had passed from the conscious to the sub-conscious level in the patient's mind. Thus under hypnosis she showed some knowledge of Arabic, although consciously she could not recall ever having read the language. Even so, Flournoy confesses that some details of the case, such as the knowledge of 15th century Arabic defied explanation on psychological grounds. He admitted that there seemed to be a case for clairvoyance, but strongly denied "possession".

The history of Spiritualism is so littered with hoaxes, like the recent case of Bridie Murphy, that it becomes increasingly more difficult to believe that Spiritualism is based on fact. Possessions, including demon possessions, do exist and have been

investigated by reliable authorities, mainly anthropologists and psychologists. In some ways they are beneficial in that the person possessed may find an outlet for repressed desires without infringing social sanctions. It is a kind of permitted madness. Among the Shango worshippers the unemployed labourer becomes a master with an audience of hundreds; at London, nuns suffering from 'furor uterinus' due to enforced celibacy found outlets for their exotic desires in bawdy behaviour. Of course, where the invading spirit is evil, and satanic, the effect can be horrific, and in such a condition the victim should be regarded as a patient to be treated by exorcist or psycho-analyst. Such cases of

involuntary possession are rare. Much more frequently the medium desires possession for one reason or another. Perhaps in clinical language the term 'trance' may be applied to the condition brought about by auto-hypnosis and suggestion. But among primitives as among Europeans in the Middle Ages the state was firmly believed to be possession. The one constant attribute to cases of possession, real or unreal, is that the Social group believes in possession as a phenomenon. This would seem to imply that the majority of possessions are the product of learned behaviour, and this is reinforced by the fact that behaviour of possessed persons is remarkably stereotyped.



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The Words of Mr. Cary

David V. Smith

Though in the familiar surroundings of the Blue Restaurant, Mr. Cary was not his usual self. He had allowed his silver hair to stray unbecomingly, and the features of his soulful, handsome face had seemingly lost their inspiration. Even his clothes no longer spoke so lovingly of their Savile Row birth, while the gold at his fingers and wrist had gained in vulgarity.

Let us go even further, and say that Mr. Cary had reached a crisis in his life. He had lost his inspiration. Perhaps, to the ordinary man the loss might seem to be little worth the worry. But then, Mr. Cary was no ordinary man: he was an author. It is true he had never been honoured with a Nobel Prize, or any other prize for that matter; but nonetheless he was the proud occupier of a whole column in his profession's *Who's Who*. For twenty years he had written badly enough for the masses to identify his genius with their own puerile talent. For twenty years they had avidly followed the fortunes of Mr. Cary's own, inimitable creation: that woman, to end all women, Miss Catherine Braumaire. Seducing, being seduced, marrying, and then untying the knot, Miss Braumaire had had fans numbering millions.

But even the most exotic treats pall, in time. Not only had Mr. Cary's recent royalties shown him that the public was tiring of the apparently indefatigable Miss Braumaire, but even he himself was uncomfortably aware that he had exhaustively explored her character. Retire? Mr. Cary's mind had brushed the question aside indignantly. Equipped with an undying faith in his own genius, the idea of pottering away his talent in garden and cottage was too monstrous to be borne. And besides, retirement would also mean

the loss of the adoration he received from those beautiful creatures who found his inspiration so stimulating. No: his only course was to create a new scintillating character, who would once again delight the millions.

Unfortunately, Mr. Cary's inspiration balked at the task. It had flogged poor Miss Braumaire to death, and now, cowardly, tail between legs, it departed, and left Mr. Cary floundering in near vacuity. Desperately he ransacked his genius: but it was useless. Sweat and concentrate as he might, he could think of nothing.

Which brings us back to Mr. Cary's crisis, and to the Blue Restaurant. He had made this visit to his favourite eating-place, hoping, desperately hoping, that a good meal and some drink would restore his lost creative powers. But again, it seemed, he was to be thwarted. Instead of the longed-for inspiration, blankness descended even more heavily, and soon he found himself doodling on the table-cloth, and casting envious glances at the mere mortals around him. Disgusted, he was on the point of leaving, when he suddenly, excitedly, became aware that somebody else was at his table. In a dress the translucent whiteness of a seagull's wings in the sun, sat the woman he had unconsciously been searching for all his life.

His worries immediately dissolved into trivialities before this vision of gold-tinted hair, warm lips, eyes of exciting mystery, and a curving, melting, sensuous body. I have suddenly come to life, thought Mr. Cary with surprise. And when she yawned, her delicate, tapering fingers only half-concealing the moist secret of her mouth, he could hardly restrain his excitement. But the honey-tipped words that had

delighted so many bright young things at publishers' parties, refused to come. Instead Mr. Cary found himself blushing like a schoolboy. The only phrase he could think of was to trite, so stale, that he hardly dare utter it. But at last, frightened by the heavy silence, Mr. Cary was forced to say:

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

She yawned once more, so beautifully.

"Probably."

Mr. Cary was delighted: intimacy had been established. He flicked the waiter to their table, and then asked her: "Would you care to have a drink with me?"

Her eyebrows gave her charming assent, and once more Mr. Cary was overwhelmed. Without any thought at all, he ordered champagne, "the best in the house"; nothing seemed too good for this incredible woman.

As if unconscious of Mr. Cary's adoration, the beautiful creature half-closed her eyes, and leant wearily on the table. Heavens! She is tired, he thought, as, hand and heart trembling, he poured her champagne. In all his forty-nine years he had never felt quite so much in love. With fascination he watched her exquisite fingers tentatively balance the glass, then in a movement of sheer poetry, bring it to her lips. Every slightest tremor of her face he devoured eagerly, possessively. She might have been made for my tastes, he thought with surprise. And when she raised her misty eyes, and looked at him with frankness born of intimacy, his pleasure was complete. Suddenly sure of himself, he got up, paid the bill, and then helped her on with her fur wrap, soft, but no softer than her golden hair.

In the taxi, his inspiration returned, as if from a long journey.

"My darling," he whispered, "Annigoni himself would be proud to paint you."

She yawned.

Mr. Cary had a moment of panic. Had she heard it all before? But a second later his doubts vanished, as a soft, perfumed head nestled against his. He sank back in relief.

She was asleep when they reached his

house, her lips popping wetly against his cheek. The champagne? Mr. Cary asked himself. He stifled his rising disquietude, as he paid the cynical driver, and helped her indolent body into the house.

The sound of the glasses made her tinted eyelids rise slowly. She took the proffered drink, and smiled appealingly at Mr. Cary.

"Just call me Cathy," she said, apropos of nothing, "And you, Mr. Cary, I'll call Antonio."

Mr. Cary was delighted. Antonio. Such distinction. He refilled her glass, and drew closer. Her so-familiar eyes, misty, but glistening with exciting flecks, looked intimately into his. An apple of sweet nothings and caressing hands was poised, ready to be plucked . . .

Instead, Mr. Cary dropped his glass, and screamed. Pain, conceived by horror, was tearing unbearably at his heart. It wasn't only that he found he could see right through the woman, right through to the chintz-covered couch, and anything else behind her transparent body. It was more the fact he suddenly realised where he had seen her before. Desperately he tried to choke out her name, as he felt his heart grow larger and larger, until it burst agonizingly, and all the world fell in fragments about him . . .

The papers made a big story of Mr. Cary. After all, it isn't every day that a famous novelist is found dead of fright. The sales of his novels, too, went up for a short time, but soon the boom was over, and it wasn't so long before Mr. Cary's name and his works were as dead as he was.

Not that his publishers were desperately worried: a breach in the book-trade is soon filled. Sure enough, within a few months of Mr. Cary's death, they found a successor, who, under the pen-name of 'Cathy', turned out novel after popular novel centring on the fortunes of a character called Antonio Cary. In the end too, the public tired of him.

Miss Catherine Brumaire, you might say, had had her revenge. Well — nobody has ever denied the existence of ghost-writers.

A state of tension exists in every human being. In an attempt at disentanglement a person usually achieves relief through drugs (in the wider sense), alcohol, a religion, or some code of behaviour to which he subordinates himself. Such was Nazi-ism.

Nor Glory In Thine Overthrow

A fable by Trevor Webster

Illustrated by Peter Hall

This article is, of course, a fiction, but every word is based on fact and the human experience of real people. It is not a case for National Socialism, nor is it an attempt to justify barbarous and criminal behaviour. Perhaps it will speak as a defence for the German people, perhaps it will serve as a warning for the future . . . and for the present.

It is fourteen years since that memorable day in 1945 — the day when the whole world was finally emancipated from twelve years of fear and apprehension, from six years of hatred and bloodshed — from the Second World War, the most widespread and devastating conflict man had ever known.

The forces of the Third Reich and the Luftwaffe were crushed; in the East Germany's Asian ally had reluctantly surrendered, faced with the threat of nuclear annihilation; two years before, Italy had succumbed to the allied offensive; only the ruins of the once-powerful Fatherland met the advancing forces, in the wake of the destruction wrought by prolonged heavy bombing. The 'scourge' of Nazi-ism had been destroyed. The world was liberated. It breathed again.

In the intervening years films, books, articles in newspapers and magazines, the writings of men who suffered at the hands of the Gestapo, evidence of the demoniacal treatment of the prison-camp, the confessions of the ex-Nazi war-lords, all have contributed to a complete envisagement of the whole theatre of the war and reprehensible performances of the main actors in the ill-fated tragedy.

The villain of the piece, the Fuhrer — Adolf Hitler, of peasant stock, his lowly origins no reflection of the extent to which

one man could materially affect the future of the whole race, yet insufficient for the programme of aggression and conquest he undertook, surely accepting more than he was capable of accomplishing — 'Genius akin to madness' — no doubt, yes, the evil genius. And the Germans? A cruel, insatiable race, fanatical, supercilious, having little or no regard for the Geneva Convention or human rights, and far less that the allies — of Christian or humanitarian instincts. Here is no distortion, no exaggeration, no skillfully-woven veil of myth and propaganda. This is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

It was one of these really hot September days when the American came into our shop. It was so hot that I appreciated the cool, uninspiring atmosphere of the Bottling Room, which I repeatedly cursed when I worked there, numb-fingered, in the winter.

We had almost completed the bottling we had embarked upon earlier in the day, my wife had retired upstairs to prepare lunch. When I heard the sound of footsteps on the stone floor beyond the curtains which separated our little 'distillery' from the shop I wiped my brow and rose.

His "Guten Tag" as I appeared behind the counter would have betrayed his nationality to any German, recognition of it was second nature to one who had spent nearly ten years in an American

prison. Anyway the Kaserne six kilometres along the Kochigstat road had to be accepted as a normal, everyday feature of our village. At first we had resented occupation, later when they showed no signs of leaving we had come to really resent the Americans, but after the Berlin trouble our attitude had changed to one of gratitude for their protective presence. We were used to them now. They came into the shop regularly. My own attitude had always corresponded with general feeling, inasmuch as it too had changed with the passage of time. Any captive resents his imprisonment and consequently his gaolers; but after my release from Nuremburg in 1954 the Americans had not been occupation forces, but rather partners in a common Western alliance. I had several good friends among the soldiers at the Kaserne, I played bowls up there every Thursday, my sister had married a captain in the U.S. Army, after working for him as an interpreter after the war. Thus I respected them as allies working for a common cause — much as I scorned their naivety. I remember when I spoke with a liaison officer in prison shortly after the war. He shocked me. "We have come to bring you Germans culture" he confided in me. It took me weeks to persuade him to acknowledge a mere cornerstone of our heritage. I mentioned Goethe and Schiller; I pointed out that classical music was the product of a mere two hundred years of German art. At first he refused to acknowledge Bach as a German, but later he had agreed that "perhaps" almost as much credit was due to Germany as to the States in the development of culture and civilisation as we understood it in the West."

"Good morning," I replied, "Can I help you?" I could see he was taken aback by my usage of the idiom. After glancing casually around the shop he began: "I'm trying to get hold of a bottle of Koengelwasser. We've just come over from the States, my wife and I. It's my father's birthday next week and he's crazy about this liquor. He was in this area towards the end of the war and he asked me, when I got over to Europe, to try and get hold of a bottle for him. I've tried three shops already this morning and they can't help me. It seems they don't make the stuff nowadays."

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"Yes, it's hard to come by these days. You won't buy it in a shop. My wife's the only woman I know who makes it — several of our friends like it. We could spare you a bottle," I added.

"Really. I'd be real grateful," the Yank appealed to me. He was a lieutenant, a copy of so many young Americans, but he didn't look the combat type. He seemed more sensitive somehow than the others. I felt he was searching for something, and perhaps something more than the liqueur, and I wanted to help him.

I went over to the stairs to call my wife.

"Helgar! There's a gentleman here asking for some Koengelwasser. Can we spare him a bottle?" I spoke in English. My wife had been a prominent member of the Hitler Youth movement. Consequently she, too, had been interned after the war, for two years. Even before the war she had gained honours for English at school, so after the detention centre she could speak the language very well indeed. Those were hard times and she had our two children to provide for. She had taken jobs with the Americans, first as a cook and later as an interpreter.

"I'll be right down." She replied in English.

This seemed to impress the American. It was obvious that he regarded Germans as an alien people, speaking a foreign language. He was accordingly and obviously surprised to come across, not only one German, but a man and wife, who plainly were as conversant with his tongue as their own.

"Say, you speak English well. How come?"

I told him about my imprisonment.

"You must have been a mighty important guy to have earned a stretch like that."

"I was an officer in the Gestapo — the police," I told him hesitantly.

"A very high-ranking officer," my wife interrupted as she reached the foot of the stairs. "He's not very proud of the fact nowadays, but he was once," she added, placing a bottle on the counter.

"You're the very people I'm looking for." He ignored the drink. "I'm doing a series of feature articles for *Stars and Stripes* — that's the U.S. Army newspaper, the European edition — about the war. Maybe you could give me some of your impressions."

"I don't think you'd believe us." My wife was sceptical.

"Oh, I'm not writing from any particular viewpoint. I'm just trying to record other people's experiences. I started the series with an account of my father's war-time adventures. He was the only American to ever escape from Bleiritz." He said this proudly. "Maybe, maybe your account might tie up with his." Maybe. Into my mind flooded memories of what I had read about the war, mainly the writings of British and American authors. They had been only too eager for us to read them in prison. To view the whole field of contemporary literature, you'd think there had only been one side to the war. Films were just the same. I explained this to him.

"I have read your paper; some of this series in fact. You would be doing a great service to mankind if you could print some things I might tell you. But I don't think you could, even if you wanted to."

This made him even more determined. "What have you to lose?" He was obviously determined. I yielded. "Very well, I'll tell you. What is it you want to know." He took out a notebook and pencil. "Let's start from the beginning. Nineteen-thirty-three, I suppose."

"Yes, that would be the beginning." I started to tell him about Hitler's accession, and the period before it. It had been a good day for Germany, when Hitler had assumed power. National Socialism had seemed like salvation. One of the first developments was the Hitler Youth movement. It had resulted in the first organised youth clubs in Germany, encouraging cultural activities of every kind. It had also led to the establishment of the *Jugendhausen*. German youth hostels are still well spoken of throughout the world. In public opinion polls 99 per cent. had always favoured National Socialism, though this percentage had fallen to around 75 per cent. in 1935. After all, it was producing a healthy race, it was stimulating art and literature. The minimum standard of living was continually rising, with education, housing and holiday subsidies. The simplest man could have two weeks' holiday in Spain or Norway for 70 to 80 marks. Unemployment was being successfully combated. Before 1933 some seven million Germans had been out of work; by 1935 all had jobs. many on government

work on swamp drainage, forestry or the construction of the *Autobahns*; others on the manufacturing of armaments. Again, before Hitler, 30 per cent. of our foodstuffs and raw materials were imported. Subsidies and scientific aids resulted in more productive farming. Germany became self-supporting. It was a great age in Germany, an age of prosperity when no-one needed to lock his door at night: everyone had security.

The American interrupted at this point. "Everyone? What about the Jews?" he asked.

I knew that this was a most difficult point to explain. I had tried before. My wife interjected to answer his question. "They were the most dangerous threat to our security. Perhaps they got what they deserved, and yet it was not the right way to deal with them. I'll try to make you understand."

"The Jews were a bad influence. They were disliked. Their moral principles were not ours. They were unpopular for the way they conducted business, because they inter-married with Germans; they corrupted our art and we were a very art-conscious people. Many favoured the *rassengesetz* — the race law. It was enforced in 1935. At first the Concentration Camps had held only political enemies, about this time they were employed for the very bad criminals. Most of these were Jews. Matters were brought to a head by one or two incidents which came into public view. Several women died as a result of abortions, performed by Jews at a time when German doctors would not perform illegal operations. It all blew up in 1938, when German diplomats were assassinated by Jewish fanatics in Paris. The very day on which Heinrich and I were married in November, 1938, was called 'Christallnacht'. Stores owned by Jews and synagogues were destroyed, cruelties were performed on the Jews. Looking back on it, it was horrible. At the time it seemed right. After that Hitler seized the initiative. I think he always had harboured a personal hatred of the Jews. He had smeared them whenever he had a chance. He only needed to stimulate the growing discontent and blame his failure to progress on them as he had done in his early years. Afterwards it was difficult to separate right from wrong where Jews

were concerned. In the early days of the war it was not hard to justify mass killings like those which took place in Russia."

I added a few of my own ideas at this point. The Jews had been used as scapegoats. It had been the real blot on Hitler's copy-book. But, by the time people were beginning to question such things we were involved in a world war.

"Can you justify all this?" the American posed.

"No," I replied, "such things can never be justified. They happen all over the world, even in America, I believe." I could see that he knew what I was referring to. I recollected a passage in a book I had been reading, a book from the American library by Lloyd Douglas — *The Big Fisherman*.

... But when a brief day of peace had brought prosperity, new tyrants rose up and another era of rapine, slavery, and slaughter would bring distrust and terror to the children of men. The sceptre had passed from one bloody hand to another as the nations clamboured for power and yet more power, over the lives of the helpless.

Cornelius: "Now, as for this universal peace and freedom which your kingdom expects in the near future, I fear that you — and all who share your hope — are letting yourselves in for a great disappointment."

Peter: "But does not every sane man desire peace?"

Cornelius: "As an individual, yes, but men are not permitted to exercise their own private desires. They are in captivity to their nation, and nations have neither the talent nor the training for their achievement of peace."

I was not a Christian, but the words had taken root in me. They explained a very crucial problem which had always existed in the world, probably always would exist.

I could see that the American was really interested.

"Yes, I think I understand. How about the war itself?"

Here I could speak with some authority. Through my post in the Gestapo, I had often come into contact with Hitler and the others in the late pre-war days. I knew this side of the story.

"You know, this is no rosy testimony

for any of the countries involved," I began, and started to analyse the world situation which had led to the universal conflict.

Germany had been becoming a rich country. The allies were jealous. After the first war, many territories had been taken away from Germany at Versailles. But Germany, recovering her military and commercial supremacy, was also recovering her lands. She recovered Austria and the Saar. Then Hitler wanted Posen, ceded in 1918. I think England and France suspected Hitler of imperialistic designs. They were wrong, at least as far as they themselves were concerned. But Poland — that was a different matter. Then came 1938, the Non-Intervention Pact and the division of Poland. Poland had agreed to cede back Posen, but England pledged support if the Poles refused. Poland felt strong. When Hitler had taken more of Poland than he agreed to with the Russians, England and France had declared war. After that Germany tried repeatedly to obtain peace without success. Not that she deserved it, I suppose.

There were several things I wanted to explain, once I had begun. "You know, since the war I have read in both English and American books and magazines many stories about Hitler — most of them stories, anyway. I can assure you he was no idiot; a very clever man, in fact. But he was another of these people who believed that the means justified the end. He may have been crazy in the end, but he foresaw the future more exactly than any of his contemporaries. I was at the Potsdam Conference in 1938. There he spoke to a group of my fellow officers and myself of his fears for the future. His greatest fears concerned the destiny of Western European culture and the survival of the European race. He foresaw conflict between the peoples of Western Europe and other powers emerging in the world, especially Communism. It is only since the war that many have come to share his views. I don't think the German people ever shared his imperialistic ambitions but, once again, just as Germany was awaking to realities she had to defend herself.

"On the other hand he was not super-human. There were rumours after the war — I don't know whether they still exist — that Hitler was still alive, that he has escaped to South America, and that



Peter H. ...

he would return to lead Germany in a third world war.

"There is, of course, no foundation for this rumour. Nobody in Germany believes this. No-one would follow Hitler nowadays and anyway he would be too old.

"I have also read many stories about the Concentration Camps and the cruelty of the Germans towards their prisoners. We were not the only ones, you know — not even the worst. I think German troops were probably as humane as any. They would not normally harm women and children. There were one or two instances you might regard as barbarous behaviour. After the assassination of the Chief of our Secret Police in Prague in 1942, there was some cruelty. There was also a case in France, when French partisans killed a large number of German soldiers. In revenge a whole village was burnt and women and children burnt to death in the church. We tortured spies, but so did everyone else. Our camps were no worse than those elsewhere. The Japanese, of course — that's another story."

I proceeded to relate how the Russians had run down prisoners with their tanks, how they had murdered 60,000 German soldiers in Prague after they had laid down their arms, how they treated their prisoners. I had seen them searching their captives for valuables. If they found a ring on a soldier's finger, they would cut off the finger before they'd ask him to hand it over. And the Russians had not been the only ones.

There had been no law or right for Germans. I had been in American prison camps, and what I had seen there had borne out the reports I had heard of what happened elsewhere. I had seen prisoners dismembered. The Americans had their own 'humane' methods of obtaining rings from their prisoners' fingers when the fingers were so swollen with disease that they could not otherwise be removed. A pistol shot at close range. My own personal experiences had been more degrading and humiliating than outrightly cruel. I would remember to my death a day towards the end of 1945. It was some holiday in America and the guards had been celebrating. They were drunk. From their watch-towers they began firing upon the prisoners below: everyone sought cover. In the

corner of the compound was a trench used by all the prisoners as a lavatory. To some people it might seem like a fate worse than death, but the ditch would offer protection and those of us who had survived the massacre did not hesitate. Most of the night we cowered there. Towards morning the guards were all either sober or sleeping; no more shots were fired when we crawled out from our repulsive refuge. The next day we had tried to rid ourselves of the revolting filth by washing ourselves with our drinking water. Before we had managed this the water was removed and we were punished by having our drinking water stopped for three days.

I related this and many other occurrences for the benefit of the American. By the time I had finished, he seemed satisfied. Then he remembered something.

"Gee, all this time my wife's been waiting in the car. She'll slaughter me." Then he remembered what he had come for. The Koengelwasser. "Say, how much do I owe you?"

"That's all right," my wife answered, "I made a large amount only yesterday."

"Waal, that sure is swell of you folks, and I'm real grateful for what you've told me."

"You're welcome." We all smiled at my usage of the idiom. "Perhaps you'll call your article 'Germans, the only Barbarians.'" I suggested, not very seriously.

"Perhaps I will," replied the American thoughtfully. "Perhaps I will. Well, I must go. Guten tag."

"Guten tag."

I peered through the window and saw him opening the door of a sleek Custom-line, parked against the kerb. A blonde woman, nursing a baby, sat on the front seat.

"You've been a heck of a long time?" she queried. "Did you manage to get it?"

He said nothing, but nodded.

"I suppose they put the price up as soon as they saw you were an American? It's just the sort of thing to expect from these Germans. It makes you sick to think of the way we treat them. Just think what it'd been like if they'd won the war."

The American just smiled. He applied himself to the starter. The big car roared away up the street.

The Face in the Ditch

by
Martin Glynne

It was a cold bleak February afternoon, and Rocco opened his eyes. At first everything appeared blurred to him and his head felt heavy.

He was in a dry ditch. His right leg lay twisted in an odd position, and blood was everywhere.

He tried to recollect where he was, why he lay in a ditch, and why the blood; and as these thoughts flashed through his mind, his eyes wandered around the ditch — and he remembered. It was a woman's face that reminded him. It lay there in the ditch just a few feet from where he was. It lay there, staring at him unflinchingly. Its hair dirty yet blonde, its parted lips still showed their redness, and those eyes . . . oh, how could he forget such a face? There was no blood on it.

He felt sick and wanted to sleep. Sleep that would take him away from the unforgettable tragedy into a domain of paradise. Yes, he remembered everything now; too much in fact, and there was no way of escaping it . . .

It had been an easy escape, over the wall and through the wire, and not a soul had seen him. He had really hated that prison.

He had run down that lane like a hare, and at the bottom, in his path, had stood a little red sports car.

Down the twisting roads and lanes he had driven the little car, his only thought being that of flight from captivity.

All nature seemed to rejoice at his freedom. The sun shone down on the meadows, and the corn in the fields wavering like a breeze was like a lagoon of the sea; and all the trees seemed to sway to the monotonous chugging of the engine.

Quite suddenly the wind rose and the sky darkened. A storm was brewing up,

and then without warning the rain came down in torrents.

The wind grew stronger, and Rocco stopped the car under the overhanging boughs of a huge tree.

When the storm had subsided, Rocco went on his way. A thin film of ice lay on the roads and the surrounding countryside was bleak and desolate. The corn in the fields lay smashed to the earth and the trees on the hills were crippled and bent in one direction, vanquished by the angry wind.

Rocco continued his journey. The going was slower than before, but he still kept the accelerator down to the floorboards, for the thought of flight still possessed his conscience.

And then it happened. He approached a double Z-bend and on the second turning the car skidded out of control taking the corner on two wheels. A woman's face loomed up ahead. Rocco jammed on the brakes — there was a screeching of tyres, the car somersaulted and then everything went black . . .

He looked at the face again. It was the same face that had loomed up in front of him before the crash. Then he wanted to peep over the ditch and see if all this had really happened. Slowly he raised his awkward body on to his left leg, and leaning against the muddy bank, he hesitated. He hesitated for he knew what to expect, and then, fear mingled with curiosity, he peered over.

Sure enough it was there. Twisted steel, glass and blood everywhere. He looked at the face. It was still staring unflinchingly at him, its eyes following his movements carefully.

He lay down beside it.

It was a cold, bleak February afternoon and Rocco closed his eyes . . .

REVIEW SECTION

by Warren Taylor



A few months ago I thought that at last the Penguin library was taking shape — I began to see through the massive machinery behind their publications. Where before I gasped in admiration at the cool impudence of their placing of Erle Stanley Gardner next to Dostoevsky, I now blessed them for this simple business foresight which has enabled them to bring out such a magnificent series as their *History of Art*. How do they do it? Simple: they sell pulp literature to make their fortune and then they use their fortune to make their reputation. In other words, while the proletariat openly — and we in private — gloat over the cheap edition of *Woman of Rome*, the Harmondsworth Press can bring out such wonderful productions as E. V. Rieu's translations of Homer's thrillers and the musical scores of such famous works as Beethoven's anything. People of high ideals and low morals — university students, for example — may deplore the necessity of bringing out a scholarly yet cheap edition of Shakespeare under the aegis of Mickey Spillane, but I should think that Shakespeare would have enjoyed the joke, plagiarised and transformed Spillane and then sold the film rights to Hollywood.

The more one learns about the Penguin-Pelican-Puffin (literary) family the more praiseworthy they become. Quality, both of content and production, are their keynotes and quantity their aim. Without the flamboyancy of the latest American paper-backs (and on the whole without their high prices either), they reach a very wide public and sometimes with books which a few years ago would have been gathering dust on the bookshelves of Oxbridge dons and donnas. It is very significant that in the last three months they have only reprinted half-a-dozen thrillers, but nearly two dozen Penguin classics and Pelican technical books. The

great thing now is that they have begun so many things that it will take them a great deal of time to finish their many projects. For this we may be thankful.

Among the new Pelican productions I would like to recommend James A. Coleman's *Relativity for the Layman* and Isidore Epstein's *Judaism*. The first is a very well presented attempt to explain the fundamentals of the Einstein conception of the universe. It is not a uniformly clear exposition of what is only fully understood by a very few, but it certainly clarifies much. The extraordinary thing about the theory for the "layman" is that it requires first of all a suspension of belief in all the appearances of reality which we have up to now taken for granted. For an Arts student the theory requires for its comprehensibility the kind of imaginative surrender which poetry itself demands. The almost poetic simplicity of the primary postulates of the theory leads to the most complicated and fascinating conclusions. In other words Einstein was a poet — well, perhaps not, but certainly I believe the inspiration for his theory came from the same area of the mind — the imagination — that nurtures the raw materials of the artist's creative works. How the imaginative impulse is expressed and developed — how it is put into a tradition — is the theme of this book. Angry young men and long-haired aesthetes, step forward, and learn *real* modern poetry.

* * *

The State of Israel has been described as an "anachronism". None of the reasons put forward for its creation or its staying power in the hot-bed of the Middle East is sufficient to explain the resurgence of a people who have struggled for nearly two thousand years in a rather hostile world. From *Judaism*, a historical presentation of Jewish religious and ethical teaching,

philosophy and mystic doctrine, some sort of answer does emerge, even though the author never explicitly deals with the problem of how a people could set up a State of their own a few years after 6,000,000 of them had been killed by Hitler and his henchmen. The important feature which emerges is that the Jewish religion is basically tough and realistic and yet has the inestimable advantage of hope in the future salvation of the world and the role of the Jew himself in the matter of this salvation. The Jewish race has a complex personality and an interesting one. This book is a good introduction to that personality. (Pelican, 5/-.)

* * *

"There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all." Oscar Wilde said this in his preface to *Picture of Dorian Gray*, and there is a great deal of truth in the dictum. But not the whole truth. Some books are written for immoral reasons, though even then the reasons may not be apparent to the author himself. Of such a kind is *Room at the Top* by John Braine. It is a book that had to be written and ought to be read but it is not really a book which ought to have been written by John Braine. He's got too much of an axe to grind to be completely fair to the society he is describing, and whilst at times his portrayal of the Bradford upper set is devastating and impressive at others he is grossly overstating his case and then the book stops being a good novel and becomes overplayed. Braine can't wait to get at 'em and this leads to his hero's being accepted into society far too easily, with a resultant lack of truth in some of the characters, especially Susan who would, in reality, have been a far more ruthless type.

Of very few books can it be said that the film was better. Unfortunately, it can be said of *Room at the Top*.

* * *

A master of the ghost story was M. R. James, at one time Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, and later Provost of Eton. A self-styled antiquary, he wrote distinctively and with a flavour of tingling horror all his own. Penguin have printed two books of his stories at 2/6 each. They are well worth the money.

Strongly recommended:-

The latest addition to the Penguin Painters series — *Braque* (8/6.)

Thurber's Dogs — a collection of cartoons, stories and articles about the mutt by a man who should know — James Thurber.

Clochmerle - Babylon — Gabriel Chevalier (3/6). Magnificently bawdy. Great stuff.

* * *

Though the theatre exists "not by Brecht alone" yet some knowledge of this remarkable German playwright is necessary in order to realise and appreciate the modern play. Bertolt Brecht was an astonishing man and he lived in an astonishing era. It may be that one day he will be recognised as a great poet rather than a great playwright. Nevertheless, some of the greatest theatrical experiences are to be gained from watching such plays as *Mother Courage* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. Methuen have brought out a book entitled *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht* (36/-). It deals with the evolution of Brecht's art and the background of the time. It is packed with photos — some of them magnificent — and forms, in spite of its sketchiness, precisely that introduction to Brecht which we have for so long needed.

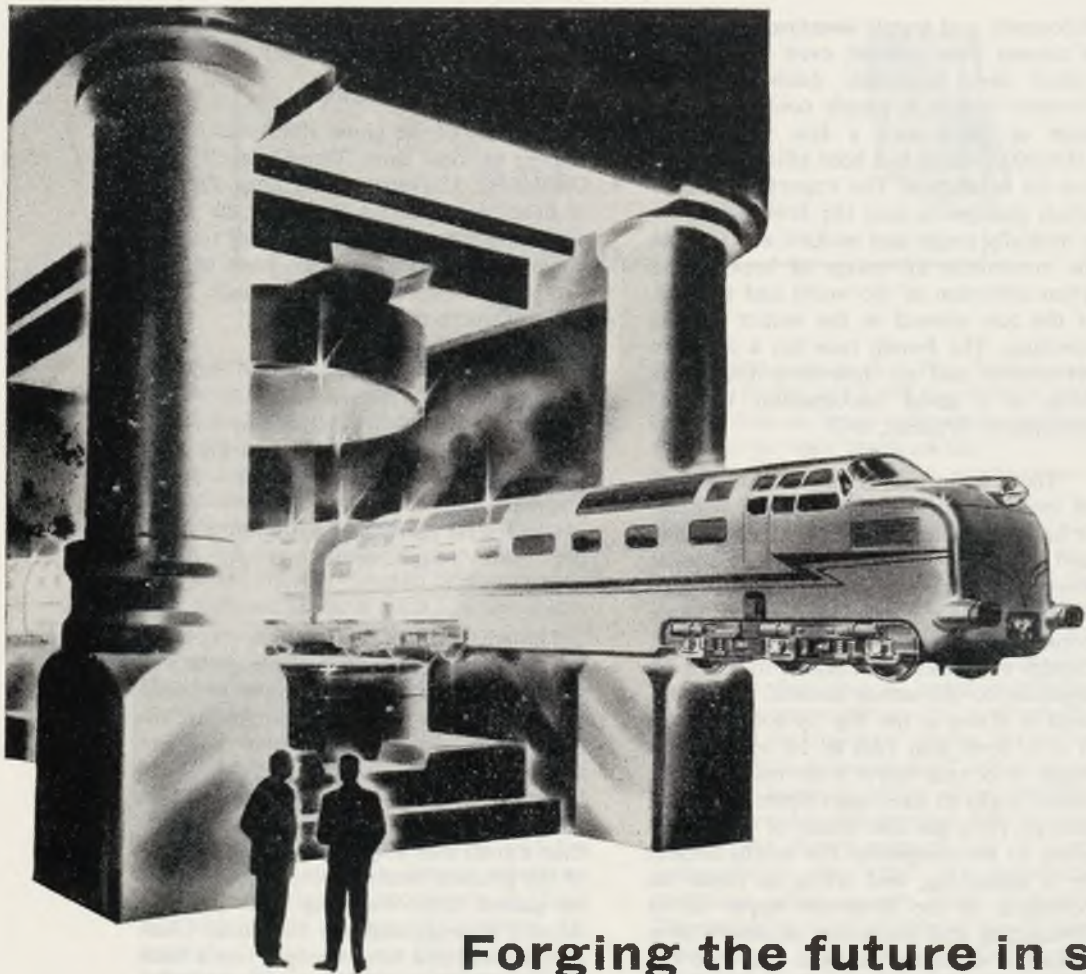


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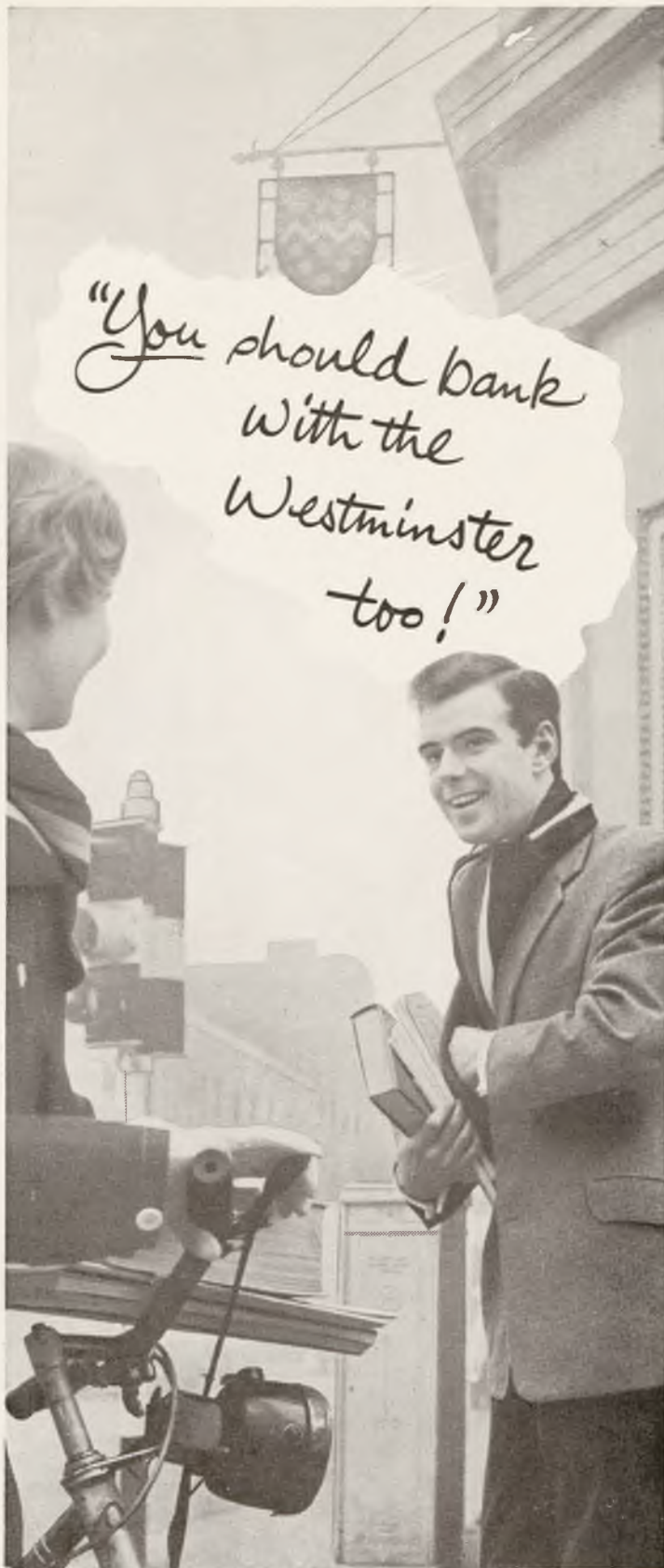
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