Christmas 1950

The Gryphon

One Shilling


gloria in excelsis deo
gaudeamus

There is no rose of swich vertu
As is the rose that bare Jhesu
Alleluia

For in this rose conteined was
Hevene and erthe in litel space
Res Miranda

Be that rose we may weel see
There be o God in persones three
Pares forma

The aungeles sungen the schepherdes to
Gloria in excelsis Deo
Gaudeamus

Leve we all this werldly merthe
And folwe we this joyful berthe
Transeamus

The Gryphon

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

FOUNDED 1895 CHRISTMAS, 1950

Contents

FRONTISPIECE & ILLUSTRATIONS
by
Gerald Robinson

EDITORIAL

ONCE AGAIN we are publishing, in this issue, an article sent to us by a Leeds graduate who is studying at one of the older Universities—at Oxford. Side by side with it we publish a letter from a respected member of the Union protesting against the attitude taken by " R.M.," now studying at Cambridge, in the article which we published in our last issue. In all these contributions the word " Tradition " figures very largely, either in fact, or by implication. It seems to us that in this, our last Editorial written for *The Gryphon*, an excuse exists for the airing of certain personal views upon the subject.

It seems clear that when most people, whether from the Staff or from the student body, talk of University " Tradition," what they really are thinking about, whether they would be prepared to admit it or not, is the sort of thing occurring at Oxford and Cambridge where the Collegiate system is the normal system, and where the housing of students in lodgings still entitles them to feel a certain proprietary interest in one College or another, since even those lodgings are administered by the College which originally accepted them as members. Sooner or later the comparison between Provincial Universities and the older Collegiate Universities is bound to be made in any discussion which revolves round the word " Tradition." We learn that the " Halls " policy of our own University is

eventually to ensure that all students shall have the opportunity of at least one year of that kind of corporate life, formerly possible only to members of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, which " plays so vital a part in the formation of character and personality, and which, at the same time, matures and develops further the sense of leadership and personal responsibility." We would like to feel able to express unqualified gratitude for this declared policy, but it seems to us that one year of residence unless it is a real *minimum* is the wrong target. If it means that in order to accommodate all students in this way no student shall have longer than a year of residence, the very object of the policy itself is defeated, since no single man or woman will ever have long enough in a Hall of Residence to obtain much benefit from the experience. Some continuity of personal association is vitally necessary to the building of a tradition, vitally necessary, too, to the absorption of its influence where a tradition already exists. Traditions are not built up by populations which float *en masse* every year.

This, however, though connected with the argument of this Editorial, is in a sense a digression. What we intended to say is that although we welcome any sign from Authority that it is interested in the less tangible aspects of University life, and that it recognises the necessity for a policy which shall foster corporate feeling, we are perturbed that the official attitude to such matters as " ragging," so far as it has been expressed, seems to be so much at odds with the implied intentions of " Halls " policy. We ourselves are quite open-minded upon the question of whether it is desirable that any tradition which might evolve here at Leeds should follow closely those traditions existing at Oxford and Cambridge. On the face of it, since we are Leeds, and not Oxford or Cambridge, we would say that it was impossible that it should. Nevertheless, since any such tradition must of necessity be the sort of thing which evolves wherever undergraduates live a corporate life, there will necessarily be some points in common. It is worth while, therefore, to look a little more closely at those models which, we feel sure, are envisaged, if

not always acknowledged, in official speeches and the policies which arise from those speeches.

The first thing which needs to be said is that tradition, as it affects the average Oxford or Cambridge College, owes its very continued existence to that corporate spirit, perpetuated through the centuries, which from time to time finds its most natural and most usual outlet and expression in spontaneous and high-spirited ragging. Ragging, together with those other little institutions, sometimes illogical, perhaps, which are individual to a College or a group of Colleges, are the enduring signs, outward and visible, of that inward and spiritual grace which lies at the very heart of a tradition. Tradition of this kind is something which affects not merely the undergraduate, but every member of the University, governing the outlook of both Staff and Student members alike. Spontaneous ragging, especially when it shows signs of wit, individuality, good-humour, and ingenuity, though it is certainly made the subject of reproof or even of stern official measures if it gets too far out-of-hand, is nevertheless unofficially enjoyed and appreciated, never, as "ragging," ruthlessly suppressed or condemned. To condemn or to suppress it would be to deny one of the vital parts of that very tradition for the upholding and perpetuation of which even Authority itself exists.

In such an environment it is assured that every man learns to become a responsible individual, fully accountable for his actions, free to express his individuality as part of his own personal development process, and, provided that he does not overstep the bounds of reason and public decency, he will even be appreciated for his spirit. If a student should break the Law in his ragging he is presumed to have known the risks which he took in order to do so, and therefore to have no grounds for complaint if the Law thereafter should catch and deal with him. If he offends against accepted standards of public decency, or carries his sense of fun to lengths which involve any *real* damage or discomfiture for individuals not of his fellows who have not deserved or expected salutary treatment, he should, and does incur just retribution. (This latter word

is important. " Punishment " is a word which seems, some how to be inappropriate to the very nature of a University).

Whilst all the foregoing is known and accepted by most fair-minded people, it is perhaps not inappropriate to point out, too, that Authority itself has been traditionally the fairest of fair game. Good and enlightened Authority tacitly recognises this, and appreciates that disproportionate indignation makes a mock of some of those things for which Authority is morally bound to stand, as it does also of that unquestioning respect which Authority ought automatically to be able to deserve.

The spontaneous, and, after all is said and done, really rather harmless inter-Hall ragging which took place here in Leeds on " Mischief Night " and on 6th November was the very first sign, (apart from the official Rag, which is officially organised, and therefore of a different order), that there is already growing up in our Halls of Residence an authentic undergraduate spirit, which, handled wisely, might well prove the starting-point for an authentic " Tradition " of that kind to which lip-service, (failing opportunity for any other kind of respect), has been paid for so long.

In all diffidence and with sincere respect we would suggest that this might be a good rather than a bad thing. It is certainly not a vicious thing, and there is little of its more spectacular element which Life will not modify in due time. Whilst we are aware that it will be necessary, from time to time, to take action against the occasional irresponsible individual—who is to be found at Oxford and Cambridge as often as he is found anywhere else—we would respectfully urge those in authority to avoid any temptation to interpret Regulations with unnecessary severity, to exercise their undoubted senses of humour and proportion in all such matters, and, wherever tolerance may legitimately be shown, to show tolerance. We feel that this will increase our already great respect for them, and will, besides, help us, as a corporate body, to develop our own tradition—that tradition which, to judge by their public and private statements, and from the " Halls " policy which they have developed from them, they want to see, and towards the cultivation of which they have given, and still are giving, so much of their time and thought.

Tim Evens
LEEDSMANSHIP

Being practical applications of Lifemanship ploys at Leeds University.

Dedicated respectfully to Potter, S.,
One of our greatest Lifemen.
(" *Ecce non homine abbadabba potens* ").

FOLLOWERS OF LIFEMANSHIP in any of its forms owe Mr. Potter a debt they can never repay. His brilliant expositions of this new philosophy are based upon long and subtle practice of the art of living, and are now being presented lucidly and hebdomadally in a form accessible to the general reader. It is to the latest of these articles* that the author of this humble piece of research owes his initial inspiration.

Leedsmanship may briefly be described as How to Get By at Leeds University, including How Not To. It is a subject with vast ramifications in which much work remains to be done. In what follows I am grateful, directly or indirectly, for much material to fellow-Leedsmen (read—women, *mutatis mutandis*) whose names are inserted in parenthesis. I have confined myself to the student side, and leave it to others better qualified than myself to submit notes on Professor-ploy and Assistant Lecturers' Counter-Gambits. (There is a fascinating account by one of the younger physics men of how he passed himself off as an Acting Head of Department at the Vice-Chancellor's Reception in the Parkinson, but I have no room for it here).

Without further ado I will begin by describing—

FRESHER'S GAMBIT, *or how to act as though you have been here three years when you have only been here a week.* (Gibson, P. H.).† The technique is to mug up knowledge of events in recent sessions and to bring this casually into conversation with second and third year men. A typical application (or ploy) of this is, in the refectory queue, to get into knowledgeable talk

* V. *London Charivari* (Punch), Vol. CCXIX, No. 5738, 8/11/50.
† N.B. Gibson's studies in Freshership are first-rate.

about acting with a Theatre Group man who had a big part in one of last year's productions, and ask him "what he is doing this year," mentioning *en passant*‡ that his performance last time was "not bad." This is guaranteed either (*a*) to bring him down a peg if he thinks his acting was superb, or (*b*) to embarrass him if he is genuinely modest ("*a*" of course is the more likely alternative). If opponent tries a Counter-Gambit, the best ploy is to look at your watch and dash away saying that, hell, you promised to see old so-and-so about the Leather Society's§ annual dinner.

Caf. Ploys are many and complex and I shall content myself with one example, *i.e.*—
Hard Worker Ploy, or *how to sit all day in the Cafeteria and look as if you've just come out of the Brotherton.* (Booth, V. M., and Hutchings, S. N.). This is best carried out by a single Leedsman, though it may also be done in pairs, but *only* if both parties are of the same sex, or the ploy will be ineffective. (But *v.* "Boy-and Girl-friend Ploys," by Fordham, P., Lyddon Hall, 1948). The ploy consists of sitting in the caf. with a half-finished cup of coffee and a carelessly-stacked pile of text-books on the table in front of one. A lone ployer wears an abstracted look directed at the doorway so that people catch his eye as they come in—he of course *does not catch theirs*, and only recognises acquaintances if they come right up to him, when he will give a start of surprise and talk with weary affability. A pair of ployers should appear to discuss one of the books without emotion, and take no notice of anyone. Cigarette-technique may be used here with good effect, but a *sine qua non*‖ is, of course, a mackintosh or overcoat worn either (*a*) unbuttoned, or (*b*) carelessly thrown over the shoulders, thus giving an impression of recent arrival and imminent departure. Ladies with hooded macs. can heighten the effect of intellectual ab sorption by letting the hood hang down the back by one button only.

‡ = in passing (Fr.).
§ Or any other Union Society unlikely to have any connection with Theatre Group.
‖ = *Sine qua non* (L.).

Hair Ploy (Pengelly, A.), is common in most university circles and is very effective when combined with Aloofmanship (Hodges, W. A.) or Older Manship (see below). Hair ploy may briefly be defined as the fostering of above-the-collar hair in unusual quantities and places, and the drawing of further attention to oneself by stroking or scratching it in the caf., lectures, or the Bar (where it may be used in conjunction with various Bar-ploys).

Older Manship. The various ploys in this intriguin branch of Leedsmanship are by no means confined in use to men left over from the war years or to schoolmasters who have come back to finish their education. Anyone can do it by (*a*) wearing thick, dark-rimmed glasses, and/or (*b*) by making the most of any signs of premature baldness or (in ladies) of any noticeable more-or-lessness of figure. Older Manship is especially useful in countering Fresher's Gambit, but is best employed as a permanent technique. An essential of Older Man ploy is never to wear any university colours such as blazer, tie, or scarf, but to look as if one cares for none of these things, by being *different—i.e.*, by wearing an old suit rather than jacket and flannels, and a nondescript scarf. (What Ludlam, L., calls the " F.E.T.S. Touch " is easily attained by wearing a hand-knitted khaki scarf, or a blue sailor's jersey that almost hides the tie). An umbrella may be carried (beginners though, should not attempt this) or a battered leather bag that looks as if it really did once carry dispatches or other confidential documents. When discussing, say, books, ployer should give the impression of a vanished youth by saying that he read Eliot's Quartets " some years ago, now." In political talk an " I lived through it " knowledge should be assumed of events that Leedsman knows occurred when opponent was still in the third form. " But you wouldn't remember that," ployer can say.

In connection with such Greater-Experience talk, many of the best Leedsmen use Travel-ploy, in which casual references are made to foreign parts (" at this time of day the place to be in would be the old Bouillon restaurant in the rue de Buci ")—such as " Rio " or " the Med." or drinking habits in South

Sweden. LANGUAGE-PLOY, or the use of quotations in foreign tongues (*v.* examples in this article) can also be effective but must not be overdone.

The last specimen I have space to mention is INSCRUTABILITY PLOY—also known as the LA GIOCONDA GAMBIT, of which it is really a modification. For example, the well-practised Leedsman who is also an engineer naturally will be the only one who does NOT carry a stick during Engineers' Stick Week. He will make a point of being seen, stickless, among other engineers, by non-engineer friends. When asked why he has no stick he will give a serene little laugh and gaily change the subject. He will thus give an impression of having sound but secret reasons for differing from the crowd. Inscrutability ploy is very effective among Older Men, pretty girls who wish to tantalize, and Union officials.

It is hoped that these few instances will serve to stimulate interest in Lifemanship, and that enough Leedsmen will come forward to form a Union Branch of the National Association of Lifemen. Individualists though we Leedsmen are, our common interests should be a bond between us, and our meetings, where gambit and counter-gambit could be freely ployed and practised, would be events of the university year. Or is that too ambitious a wish—"*une folie de grandeur*"?¶

¶ (Fr.) again.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GRYPHON"

Dear Editor,

I am afraid that "R.M." has allowed herself to be lulled by the quiet water and green lawns of Cambridge into a mode of thought which is only half realistic. Having before her the peacefulness which has encouraged meditation in Oxbridge for centuries she forgets that the tenor of our life over the last hundred years has altered out of all recognition, setting us problems whose solutions must be found in a form perhaps differing widely from those to which we are accustomed. I am

not considering the merely mechanical problems of the technologies, but the terrific problems raised by the increasingly complex and technical nature of our civilisation, and the place of mankind in it.

It is difficult to think in the midst of the whirl and bustle of a big industrial town—that is a difficulty which is not only applicable to the University population—but what constructive thoughts we do succeed in formulating on the edge of our speciality, concerning its relation to the rest of human experience, is a triumph of realism. This problem must be lived-out and thought-out simultaneously if our solution is to be valid, and the days when one could tackle contemporary crises by jotting them down in a notebook and sitting in complete quiet in the middle of a lawn are long past. It is easier to think by the banks of the Cam, but not so easy, perhaps, to avoid being something of an anachronism.

How often one hears people saying that University men "used to be educated, but to-day . . .", implying that our standards of "education," or perhaps "cultivation," have dropped. But a cultivated man of a hundred or so years ago could by no means be termed "educated" if he lived to-day. Education must imply an ability to cast a wise eye over all realms of human experience, based on at least a modicum of observation, and reading the Classics *alone* can do no more towards this end than understanding the workings of a steam-engine can do—its only advantage in that direction is that it gives more encouragement and opportunity for thinking about the general problem than the engine does—or perhaps that it is more difficult to study Classics in a closed circle than it is to study the engine in vacuo.

It is distressing to find these problems so lamentably misunderstood when, with understanding and a determined effort, we could all take hold of our terrific opportunities and turn the position of this University into a great good, instead of bewailing our lack of lawns, and attempting an impossible and thoroughly undesirable "complete emulation."

Yours, etc.,

HONOR M. BURGES.

Michael Lane

LETTER FROM OXFORD

THE REMAINS OF AUTUMN LINGER. Leaves are falling in Parks Road, but the College Gardens with their immaculate lawns, still boast a few flowers. The October sun bathes the scene in a complacent, undiscriminating mellowness. Bicycles are everywhere—vigorous young men in shorts pedal to playing fields, while others, (with a pretence of study), carry books. St. Mary's chimes a solemn and magnificent three o'clock. This is an Oxford afternoon.

My chief surprise is that Oxford is so faithful to its myth—to its vague image in the mind of every Englishman, and to the dream I dreamed of it on lazy Wednesday afternoons in Leeds, gazing at the inexorable modernity of the Union through the sooty trees round Lyddon Hall.

Such a description of Oxford from the outside would be familiar to anyone. Almost every detail of the picture is there. The unexcelled beauty and repose of the colleges seen from Christ Church meadow, the gay activity of the boats on the river, the ubiquitous gown and bicycle, the unquestioned academic traditions, the patient insistence that undergraduates are " gentlemen," the confident atmosphere of a Junior Common Room—all these are of the legendary Oxford, upon which Government Grants and National Service make no lasting impression.

The question, then, is—are these things really the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace ? Are the differences between a University like Oxford and a University like Leeds truly reflected in these differences in outward appearance ? Had I been in Oxford for a year I should probably not know what to say—but on the basis of a few weeks' experience I can attempt an answer with confidence. Fundamentally, I think the differences of outlook between Oxford and Leeds are smaller than the visible signs suggest. The elegance of an Oxford bookshop, and the almost Oscar Wildeian dinner-table conversation cultivated by a few under-

graduates, indicate a sophistication which is by no means synonymous with maturity and wisdom. Yet Oxford does give an impression of maturity and wisdom which is very real. As I see it this lies in the impact, much greater at Oxford than at Leeds, of mature minds upon the undergraduate mind. The phrase " impact of mind upon mind " is one much bandied-about at present by the anthropologists of our Universities. In their eagerness to stress the independence of the student they may have underestimated the effect of senior members. In Oxford, at least, the teaching element is at once more important and less obtrusive than at Leeds. The result seems to be that sweetness and light predominate, instead of existing, as at Leeds, only among a struggling, persuasive minority. The Philistines—though perhaps as numerous here as elsewhere —don't stand a chance. The cultural tradition is firm and accepted and does not seem imposed from outside, although, paradoxically, forms of discipline appear authoritarian to an unnecessary degree to one from a newer University.

Tradition, considered as the respectful perpetuation of the significant act, can be a living thing and a cultural force, but at Oxford the outlook once wedded to that tradition—the training of the upper classes for the service of God in Church and State—cannot be integrated with the modern world. Thus Oxford has become a hybrid—a community of modern individuals within a system based upon a dead outlook.

This should make the newer Universities think. They, if they had any traditions of their own at all, could only have such as perpetuated the ethos of the time in which they were founded—the ethos of either the nineteenth-century Industrialist, or of the Fabian planner. Obviously, then, the working-out of their own salvation must involve for them a different conception of the past. Their special contribution may well be a quicker reaction to the needs of the present time, (not necessarily an acquiescence), and a more conscious leadership of the community earned by a closer contact with the community. Oxford must realise that it is no longer an example of "The University" as it is to-day, but that it still has the responsibility, of reminding people, (in its archaistic way), of the

soundness of the past—of Classical learning, of the mediaeval concept of community, and of the liberal outlook of the Renaissance. But however modern its scholarship, it can only with difficulty be reconciled with the present-day world. In other words, Oxford, in its perpetuation of at least some aspects of a vanished outlook finds itself in a position of inconsistency—its structure and original philosophy not capable of complete integration with its scholarship.

An idealist would dream, perhaps, of the newer Universities becoming as completely integrated as Oxford once was. But as Sir Walter Moberly has pointed out, there is to-day in Western Europe no universally-accepted philosophy on which a community could be based. Yet it is only from a community so founded that a tradition could grow naturally as a positive influence. The solution of the problem will, therefore, be piecemeal and uncertain, and I could not attempt to discuss it here.

Finally, in case you should think that I am putting up too good a defence of my new home, and forget too soon my Alma Mater, I assure you that I belong as much to Leeds as to Oxford, and that I hold Leeds in a nostalgic affection which includes even the sooty red brick, the Yorkshire landladies, and the mournful, rattling trams. I hesitate to talk of "impressionable years," but after all, I learned a great deal at Leeds, and discovered there the intensity of intellectual pleasure, the satisfaction which comes from being part of a community, the certainty that the world was opening out before me—and all the romantic extravagance of youth.

Indeed, if you visit Oxford you may well see the familiar green, maroon and white among the college scarves in the High.

Ralph Soderberg
AMERICAN INCIDENT

IT WAS A MISTAKE to buy the car in the first place. And then to drive twenty-two miles to Lawnville. All to get a few beers. Now here he was, standing beside the defunct '28 Chevvy, his pearl of great price, his heap.

" Heap," he muttered, kicking it on a wheel. The wheel shook a little. It was cold there, broken down on the side of the open highway in winter. A bitter wind snapped at him and the white powdery snow on the frozen ground seemed to him the pure quiet coldness of death. His car was dead and lonely, like an old tree tired of life within it, content to wait dry and quiet for someone to haul it away and burn.

" A defeatist," he thought. " This heap's been a defeatist since thirty-eight. Ten years old then, and ready to give up. Car shortage and war kept it going—brought it to life, in fact—just like vaudeville and the U.S.O. And some sucker bought it at a fabulous price. Me. You've been a fool, you fool." He had a sudden image of himself taking possession of the Brooklyn Bridge paved with golden bricks, as thousands roared.

A car came along the road, going very fast. It was a new car, a long and shiny car, making almost no noise. He watched it a moment, feeling, beside his car, like an Okie placed in a museum. He waved at the car in a feeble, embarrassed way. It gave no sign of having seen him, rushing past with cold efficiency.

" Very impersonal, slob," he said, coldly. " Here I stand, victim of a world I never made, the pawn of a machine as inhuman as yours, and you shoot past, ignoring me. Confess. You are not your master. You are an engineer, the slave of your machine. *It* is the master. It robs you of your humanity." He saw an assembly line, where in the final step a mechanical driver was bolted into place with its head fixed rigidly straight ahead.

He walked around a little, morosely aware of the lifelessness of his car and of its antique inefficiency.

Ten desolate minutes passed until a second car, the twin of the first, appeared from the other direction. It shot past like the first, not noticing his waving arms.

" Rapist," he spat. " Lust-crazed killer. Trunk murderer. Bulb snatcher. That's me—the man whose car broke down. Don't pick me up. Let me die by my machine. Two clinkers. Two clams in a bed. Two lifeless hulks. There's only one real criminal in our society—the man whose machine breaks down."

He was painfully aware of the aged derelict beside him. There ought not to be such cars for men to buy and then find faithless. Women are bad enough. What can a man do when his rod and his staff no longer comforts him, but breaks down and refuses to work? Is there no Divinity in my Chevvy? he wondered.

" Better return to the old faith," he decided. " Until you get enough money to buy a better model."

The thought pleased him. He meditated on Detroit religion for a while. He was on the verge of a brilliant generalization about materialism and a hollow leg, when a violent threshing mechanical sound caught his ear. Down the road an ancient Model T. thundered briskly into sight. He shivered a little and began his signals again, stamping his feet to add pathos to the picture. As the car drew nearer, he could see that it was full—a family outing, evidently, for an indeterminate number of little squashes bobbed about behind the two larger pumpkins in front. The thunder diminished, and he saw that the car was going to stop. It pulled up in front of his vehicle, and a middle-aged, clerkish man got out. The back window of the Model T. filled with little faces pressed against the glass.

" Trouble? " asked the man.

" What else? " he replied, sarcastically.

" Name's Rutgers," the man said. " T. J. Rutgers. I work in a grocery store down the road a piece, and I don't know nothin' about cars. Thought I might help, though."

" Well," he said, " You might push me and it might start."

" We might try it," said T. J. Rutgers. He returned to his car, got in, and tried to start it. It needed cranking. He beckoned to the owner of the derelict.

" Give her a couple turns," he suggested. The owner went to the front of the Model T., and spent several minutes heaving at the crank, as the little squashes peered at him. The car finally started, and T. J. Rutgers backed it behind the Chevvy. Then the pushing began, and the arm waving and the letting-in of the clutch, and the feeble wheezing noises. After several tries, the two cars stopped. T. J. Rutgers, leaving his motor running, got out.

" Don't work," he stated.

" You're so right," agreed the owner, bitterly.

" Wish I could help," said T. J. Rutgers. " I don't know nothin' about these things though. Wish I could give you a ride to town. Ain't got room though. Work in a grocery store. Couldn't say what's wrong. Hope somebody shows up. Good luck."

He boarded his Model T., threw in the gears, and as the thunder augmented with little swelling blasts, rolled slowly away. The little faces were pressed against the glass of the back window. A little hand waved.

" God damn man of good will," he said, aloud. He watched as another new car droned past, ignoring his signals. Faces, cold and incurious, looked at him from behind the glass balcony. He wondered if they were going to take notes during the operation—one appendix with blood—one carburetor with gas—who's counting ?

A butter and egg truck stopped. The driver, a cadaverous rural type, sat down on the running board of his car and looked at the victim.

" I feel for you, brother," he said at length. "I onct had a car wouldn't run thirteen feet but it busted down and had to be towed home. Course, thirteen feet ain't far to tow, but hell, thirteen here, thirteen there, it all adds up. Now I ain't saying you got a heap there—there's some would call that a fine piece of machinery—but chances are it could stand some fixing. We all could, I guess. Still, the world 'd be a hell of a place if nothing needed fixing."

" Do you know how to fix it ? " inquired the owner.

" Well now, I might and I might not. There's lots of things I *can* fix, but I ain't just sure that's one of 'em. Lemme look."

He raised the hood and looked for a long time at the motor. He reached out and tentatively pushed the fan. It moved. He pulled his hand in quickly.

"Sure it's the motor?" he asked the owner, cautiously.

"Pretty sure."

"Hmm. Well now, I'd say it'd take a good mechanic to fix her. You take lots of things, spot 'em right away. Something falls out. Big hole. Fire. Smoke. Explosion. But these little gadgets, they're complicated, like most all life is, and it takes a man with know-how to fix 'em. Now, I've got an *idea* what's wrong, but I wouldn't want to take a chance on doing a jerry-job and having 'er break down in another year or so, say. So my advice to you is to get some professional help in and get her fixed."

After putting the hood down quickly, the butter and egg man moved towards his own car. The victim, eyeing him sourly, followed.

"How about a ride to town?" he asked. "I'll get help there."

"Well now," said the butter and egg man. "I'd like to oblige you, but I live out toward Adamsburg, and I ain't going nowhere near where you want to go, so you better wait. By the way, you ain't got a cigarette you could let me have? Thanks. Now don't forget, watch out for these amateurs. Machine like a car needs know-how to fix. Well, keep 'em rolling."

Laughing heartily, he started his truck and moved off, the vehicle jerking and lurching as he shifted inexpertly.

Sitting in the driver's seat of the Chevvy, the owner gazed sullenly after the departing philosopher. He was quite cold, and the sky was darkening. The smell of gasolene and oil lingered in the car, and the cold fumes were like the cheerless perfume of flowers at a funeral. He wondered what it would be like if all the machines in the world were to stop for ever, and remain nothing but motionless gadgets surrounded by the curious cold scent of oil.

"The machines would have more mourners than the people," he thought, seeing a great funeral procession, with bands and dirges, marching through crowded, weeping streets,

led by a casket containing a dead, but well-oiled auto-engine.

" Say, Mac, your car broke down ? "

He looked up startled, into the rugged face of a short, gorilla-like man who had dismounted from the cab of a giant trailer-truck.

" Why—why, yes. Nobody seems to know how to fix it. I don't know what could be the trouble. It just started to choke and wheeze and then quit."

" These old jobs are pretty sturdy. Lemme look. Yeah. See the gas ? Carburetor's flooded. Here, gimme a wrench. Now."

The truck driver gave the carburetor three sharp raps with the wrench.

" Now try her."

He got in, pulled the switch, adjusted the spark and throttle, and pressed down on the starter. The motor roared to life

" Thanks. Thanks a lot," he shouted to the driver.

" O.K. Mac," the driver shouted back. " Better get that checked—she'll stick again. If she does, let her sit, then whack her. Should do the job. So long."

The owner sat in his car, listening to the steady beat of the four cylinder engine. He was a little boy just run in to a warm lighted room from the dark. His loneliness, his fear had gone. The snow and the fields were remote, outside. So were the wolves. The road stretched ahead like a path through a forest. He threw the Chevvy into gear, and rolled ahead. He hunched over the wheel, and put his hands together in the upper rim, steering with careless ease.

" She's a good old car," he sang. " But you got to whack her, smack her, knick-a-knack-a-crack her, a doodleay bop, a doodleay bop, hey, riggy dig—"

The motor choked and coughed suddenly.

" My God ! " he moaned. " Please not again. Don't do this to me now."

He was approaching a bridge, and it suddenly seemed to him only natural that the bridge should collapse. Something ought to collapse. Then the motor caught again, and resumed its steady beat. He drove on.

" Nevertheless," he said, mournfully. " It *could* have collapsed."

Eric Ackroyd

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN a Theologian and a scientist laying blows about each other's head, the one with his brass-clasped family Bible, the other with his own precious and dearly beloved retort stand ? Not for a moment do I suppose that you have witnessed, even in Leeds, such a scene of bloody skirmish between devotees of those two great studies, Theology and Science. It is just the sort of thing, however, that would appeal to the newspaper cartoonist, and that because it is just the sort of thing that would appeal to the mass of the newspaper-reading public. The " plain man " believes that Theology and Science are inevitably at loggerheads.

If we define " the plain man " as he who knows nothing at all about all the things we know, then it will be clear that we ourselves are often in the position of the " plain man." We are all specialists, at least to a certain extent, and as such we are abysmally ignorant of subjects with which other students are as intimately acquainted as with the number of cigarettes between their proud sense of self-sufficiency and the self-humiliation of mendicity ; and we must be chary of taking a " Middle English " point of view in Human Geography, or a " Third-year-honours Textiles " view of Sartre's Existentialism.

All this is, I assure you, very relevant to the discussion of the relations existing between Physics and Metaphysics. Throughout this short essay I shall maintain that whatever bitterness of feeling there may be between theologians and scientists arises from the tendency of the former to draw metaphysical conclusions from physical data and that of the latter to extend the application of empirical methods of reasoning beyond the sphere of the empirical. The theologian is imitated by the scientist who tells him that if he would have sure metaphysical knowledge he must have recourse to scientific methods ; and he in turn imitates the scientist when he professes to see in (or behind or above) natural phenomena what the scientist himself, by his own processes of reasoning, cannot substantiate.

It might be thought that if Science were to confine its attentions to the physical and Theology were to refrain from digressing from the metaphysical realm, each would be free to go its own respective way without fear of let or hindrance on the part of the other. But it is not quite so simple a problem as this which confronts the would-be peacemaker. Since the evening of the Middle Ages, when Natural Science was conceived in the fertile womb of the Renaissance, the vesper light has brightened into daylight and we have revealed to us, if not a new horizon, at least a vastly altered—more complex—horizon. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have seen the rapid growth to manhood, or at any rate to years of discretion, of the *Geisteswissenschaften*, or Human Sciences. How greatly these complicate any discussion of the relations between Science and Metaphysics is evident when we realise how great is the bulk of the controversy as to the rightful status of, say, psychology. Is psychology really a science? Can its methods be those of Science in general, if it concerns itself with other than purely physiological phenomena; and if psychology is purely scientific, how can it justify its claim to fathom the depths of man's mind?

On the other hand, Theology is not exclusively preoccupied with " pie in the sky " : in Christian Theology even the " pie " is not just skyey. The theologian is obliged to make inroads into the realms of History and Science in order to maintain such propositions as the incarnation of God, and Divine creation and providence.

We are nevertheless able to distinguish, if only vaguely, between the respective functions and characterisics of Physics and Metaphysics. Whereas the scientist is content to know *how* things work, the theologian insists on knowing *why* things work at all, and to what *purpose*. The scientist accounts for colour in terms of wavelengths, but the metaphysician may think that a man blind from birth would still be " in the dark " even if he were taught all about these varying wavelengths. Another distinction between Science and Theology is that the methods of the one are inductive, those of the other deductive. An alternative *modus distinguendi* is to assert the exactness of Science as contrasted to the inexactness of Theology; but

to accept this as valid is, of course, to presuppose the universal validity of the empirical methods of the scientist. On the other hand, if we put all our trust in deduction, we may say that Theology is authoritative, while Science is merely tentative.

The life-work of the scientist is the interrogation of "Mother Nature," the universe of created things. This, we allow, is no crime in itself. The desire to understand the causal connections between natural phenomena has stirred the human breast ever since man became an upright biped and was able freely to use his hands for practical purposes other than that of self-transportation. This desire we should now without hesitation identify as the urge to scientific inquiry. We must remember, however, that only with the advent of functional specialisation did there take place a conscious schism between man's various activities—what we are wont to distinguish as art, morality, religion and science. The magical and theurgic practices of primitive man confound any clear-cut definition one may wish to establish between primitive man's Science and his Religion. What can be said without fear of legitimate contradiction is that, as man grew in the understanding of the way the things around him worked, he began to formulate the "laws" which "governed" their operation. Thus he came to set an other than purely utilitarian value upon his findings: and it is just here that we may observe the beginnings of a tendency to assume a "scientific outlook," to formulate a scientific *Weltanschauung*.

It is this scientific philosophising that excites the blood of a theologian. How dare the scientist make the criteria of the natural sciences the norms of all reality? If the physical world be taken to be the whole of reality, then of course the scientist is justified in judging everything according to his own particular categories. But the scientist *qua* scientist can neither affirm nor deny that the physical is all that has existence. The scientist ascertains his facts *a posteriori* It is, however, in the very nature of this question of the possible existence of other than physical beings that it cannot be answered by any actual observation of facts. The assumption that the physical is (or is not) the whole of reality is an assumption made *a priori* If a scientist wishes to maintain

that there are no spiritual existences, let him do so as a metaphysician, and not claim for this proposition the certainty and exactness which pertain to his scientific studies. Indeed, he should not feel that by arguing deductively he is betraying his avocation, for has he not already made such assumptions as those of the uniformity of nature, of the cause—and—effect relationship as a key category, and of the dependability of the human faculties by which he is able to collate and classify his data and to draw his conclusions? Of these assumptions, all are *a priori*, and none is susceptive of scientific (that is, *a posteriori* proof. The scientist no less than the theologian must confess, "*Credo ut intelligam.*" When this is realised, it seems all the more absurd that the scientist should claim that scientific knowledge is alone knowledge.

One can well understand why the scientist may make such a claim. In the course of his daily work the scientist quite naturally and easily falls into the habit of thinking that material causes account for everything. Since spiritual factors are thus a superfluous category, he invariably concludes, by a somewhat arbitrary and wilful use of Occam's Razor ("lutities are not to be multiplied more than is necessary") that there are no spiritual factors.

A right comprehension of the arbitrarinan of this denial of whatever is above and beyond the strictly necessary, of whatever may not be measured and weighed, will show us the way to a mutually satisfactory solution—or, rather, resolution—of the Science-Theology problem. The theologian must not interfere with the scientist so long as he keeps within the sphere of Science. On the contrary, he must be grateful and the man who by his scientific discipline has provided new insights into the mind of Him who created both the objects and phenomena which the scientist studies and also the faculties by means of which alone he is able to pursue his studies. On the other hand, where the scientist sees efficient physical causation, the theologian may legitimately claim to see the "hand of God." Theological and efficient causation are not incompatible. If I push a man over a cliff, two reasons may be given for the fact that the man subsequently dies in hospital. One may

say that he dies as a result of concussion of the brain due to the impact of his skull against a rock, which collision is itself due to the downward fall of the man's body, which, again, is the result of an initial impulse from my hand to the nape of his neck. But I may with equal truth say that the man dies because I have taken a dislike to him and kill him. Neither of these explanations precludes the other. The difference between them is that, whereas the first contents itself with an account of the sequence of efficient causes leading to the extinction of life in the man's body, the second seeks to answer the question why this sequence of events should ever have been set into operation. This is the essential difference between the function of Science and that of Metaphysics. The theologian sees the same cause and effect which the scientist sees, but he—the theologian—sees them within a system of natural laws which is itself no mere accident but owes its existence and its essential nature to a Mind.*

We conclude, then, that if scientists refrain from indulging in those naturalist philosophisings which in the Herald's College of Philosophy will ever carry on their escutcheon the band sinister, and if theologians cease to adhere to antiquated notions about matters on which the bright light of Science has shone, the result will be one beneficial to both Science and Theology. Science will then continue to help the theologian to sort out the useless—aye, and the hurtful—impedimenta of tradition from the real, the permanent, the true. Science will blow away the cobwebs : and Theology in its turn will be a lovely, sweetening influence in Science. As Science will rid Theology of base sentimentality, so Theology will give a new and nobler incentive to the scientist's search for truth. The reconciliation will come, not by the solution of particular problems, but, as I have remarked previously, by their resolution. In short, what were formerly considered problems will appear as such no longer. Looking forward to such a reconciliation, Sir Oliver Lodge (" Man and the Universe ") says, " . . . mind and matter may be Then no longer two, but one ; this material universe may then become the living garment of God ; gross matter may be regarded as a mere

appearance, a mode of apprehending an idealistic cosmic reality, in which we actually live and move and have our being; the whole of existence can become infused and suffused with immanent Deity." For the Christian this smacks too much of pantheism, of Hegelian idealism. Let us then say simply that a continued state of estrangement and opposition is utterly inconceivable between Science and Theology.

"It is an incredible hypothesis that there are two orders of truth, in absolute and everlasting opposition." So says Herbert Spencer. When this inevitable reconciliation is effected, and fuller and clearer vision will be man's. Both the scientist and the theologian will be at one in acknowledging an ultimate Mystery, and yet . . .

> "Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
> Purpureo. . . . . "

* This principle of the superimposition by the theologian of the idea of God upon the naturalist's "explanations" applies to specific questions such as those of miracles, parthenogenetic birth, appearances post-mortem, conversion, Creation, and others, which—for the sake of brevity and also because of the heterogeneous forum to which I write—I refrain from discussing.

FOOTNOTE.—*The Gryphon* Editorship does not necessarily associate itself with the views of contributors to the magazine. It accepts the principle that if an article is of such a nature as to be of interest to more than the members of one specific faculty it is eligible for consideration, and if otherwise satisfactory, for publication.

Kenneth Muir

G. B. S., 1856-1950

NOT HERE, NOT HERE, among the little great
At Westminster inurned in state ;
Your name,
your fame,
your words we can entrust
To the four winds that blow
Your dust
about the world.
Fly forth, fly far—like Noah's questing dove,
Till you have found
Some future space of earth, undrowned
By hate and fear, stupidity and lies ;
And there, where men are wise,
In scorning what you scorn and loving what you love,
Our age will be redeemed in their clear eyes.

And they will say : *You heard*
Speaking through him, the Word
Of holy Reason ; his perpetual flame
Of wit scorched your pretentions ; and upon the stage
Alone he fought and almost overcame
The madness of the age.

Robin Skelton

IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE

I. The Walk.

SO HE WENT ALONG the dry country road with an ache in his pocket. Somehow, They never understood loneliness, They could never understand the emptiness of conversation when one was young, and afraid for something. But what was there to be afraid of? Only the burning in his heart, and the little leap of his nerves at every footstep round the corner of a house, or the way a jay flew out of the gorse. They didn't understand, and he pulled an apple from his jacket's untidy pocket and rubbed it on his sleeve, and went on down the white road, throwing it up and catching it and watching the pale green and the glow of rose shiny in the sunlight of summer. His mother had asked him where he was going, and he had been angered, irritated, not because she asked him, but because he didn't know quite, because he only understood that he wanted to be alone with the leap in his blood, to walk somewhere with himself, and see something that was waiting for him. He didn't know what he would see; he thought maybe it was a miracle, or maybe a rabbit; he just felt he ought to go and talk with the bubble inside him, and maybe sing a little. He was still playing with the apple, and didn't really want to eat it; somehow, eating it wouldn't help, but after a little while his feet grew heavy and he sat on a log by the side of the road and put his teeth into it gently, kissing it with his teeth, and nibbling, and feeling the smoothness, and the little flecks of rough, with the end of his tongue. And he found he was thirsty, so he walked up to a farm a little way along, up a lane with wire and sheep at either side, and asked for a drink.

The thin woman wiped her floury hands and brought him a big thick glass, and the water was very cool, and he gasped at the end, and it was heavy in his stomach and he didn't much want to walk any more. And she said, "Where are you off to, son?" and he was embarrassed. Then he said, "I'm on a walk," being grown up, "I just felt like a walk and I came

farther than I had thought, and felt thirsty," so she smiled and gave him a pocketful of little ugly rough-skinned pears, some soft in places, and some hard, with very acid white, green and interesting.

So he went back past the sheep, and said " Baa," and then " Ma-a," and they looked up and one said " Baa," and a sparrow flew out of a hawthorn bush near the wire fence. Then he walked home, and there wasn't much song now, and he wasn't very excited, but it grew dull and he knew it was late, though he didn't remember the sun setting. And he walked home with tired feet, and when he got there he went up to his room and put the little knobbly pears on his bed in a row, and looked at them, and was tired and happy, and wondered why they were so interesting. And his mother called up to him, " Supper's ready. Don't forget your hands," and for a moment he laughed, wondering how he *could* forget his hands. So he put them under the running tap and scrubbed them on the towel, leaving a little dirt on his wrists, and a wet patch of it on the hard cloth, and he went downstairs, and his mother was taking the supper-pan from the electric oven, and he stood and watched her, and she asked him where he'd been. He knew that, of course, but he couldn't really make any of Them understand it all, so he said " Macomber's Farm," and she said, " It's a good walk," and he sat down at the table, remembering the six little green pears on the bed, deciding to eat one a day, and wondering how long he could keep them, smiling secretly, and she brought in his supper, and suddenly he found he was still hungry.

That night he slept very soundly, though there were bumps in his pillow because of the pears.

II. The Meeting.

His heart gave a little leap when he looked at her and met her eyes, and he wondered for a moment if he blushed, but she didn't bat an eyelid, and walked on past him for the second time. And he laughed to himself with a catch in his throat, and wandered round the playing field, round the rugger match and the scrums, to see if it could be done again. And he really

wanted to talk to her, but didn't dare, and it happened again just the same, and this time he knew, and felt all warm inside, and carefree, but he still couldn't go up to her, though he thought to. Then the game ended before he'd got his courage up, and as he walked through the gate a little behind her, calculatedly a little way away, she was alone, and he still couldn't speak, though she slowed up, and when she looked at him and said, " It's c-cold . . . isn't it ? " he could only say " yes " and smile, and feel funny about it, and proud as he walked beside her along the pavement, knowing that everyone was watching him, with his feet very big and clumsy, and his hands out of place, and his tongue glued to the top of his mouth and his grin. And he said, " But I think it will be warmer to-morrow," and then she said something else, and suddenly they were at her house, and she said, " This is where I go in," and he asked if he might see her again sometime, and she said quickly, " Sunday, by the little gate at the bottom of Calthrop Hill," and smiled, and went. And he walked back to the school, trying to feel what had happened, trying to remember.

And, by the gate that Sunday, he was early and nervous, and when she came he didn't know whether he ought to take her arm or not, but she took his, so it was alright, and they walked along the road, and after a bit they talked, and he felt strange, and wondered what had happened in this new day. And when they'd walked and talked a lot about nothing he said he'd be late for school tea, so they came back, and, entering an alley between the houses, she said she had a surprise for him, and he thought he thought he guessed but didn't say so. And he stopped in the middle and asked her, and she put her arms around him, and he felt her body tight against his, and she kissed him, and it was burning fire, and he shut his eyes and kissed her too. And she said, " Was that a surprise ? " and he mumbled, " No, but this will be," and she kissed him again. And that night he lived it all over before he went to sleep, and wondered why she pressed herself so hard against him, and tried to dream about it, tried to bring the little leap in his blood again as he was lying on his back in the bed, looking at the ceiling. And after a bit he went to sleep.

And after that he grew interested, and he felt her breasts, and put his hand upon her thighs, and kissed her as they lay beside each other in the rank grass of the summer fields. And she petted him, and he fondled her body, but wasn't so much excited now as interested. And, after a while, she let herself fondle him too, sometimes he thought a little too roughly. And sometimes she was possessive, and it was tiring, so one afternoon he didn't meet her, and one evening he " forgot " to see her, and the last time they met she was somehow ordinary, and her body wasn't so interesting, and her underslip was coarse, and she was too passionate, and her hands hurt him a little, so when he went away he didn't write as he'd promised to, and she started going out with soldiers like she'd done before. But somehow he knew that it wasn't so interesting for her either, and that she would always remember the way he was ever surprised and a little inquisitive about the new days, and he never was kissed quite in that way again, and the leap in his nerves didn't happen so often, and when he heard that she'd died of meningitis, he remembered, and felt a bit ashamed.

And her mother was always very rude in remembering him, and sarcastic, too. And he always thought of her as an adventure he hadn't concluded, an interesting exploration he had never completed, and wondered why he hadn't, and when, later, he came to make love properly for the first time, and needed no helping, he wondered why it wasn't the same as when he'd followed her round the football field, and met her eyes that were steady and didn't say a thing, and his heart gave a queer excited little leap, and the days were all very new, and bright, and experimental.

Frank Granville Barker

A DIVERSITY OF OPERAS

OPERA, TO A FAR GREATER EXTENT than any other art form, lies at the mercy of changing tastes and fashions, so that its history provides a lamentable catalogue of works which once enjoyed a brief season of popularity but which are now as obsolete as the Royal Academy. In many cases the composer has been to blame, but in others he has fallen a victim to technical problems beyond his direct control. One formidable problem facing the creators of opera is the combination of music, drama and stage production so that the separate elements, as well as the work as a whole, create the desired impression. A really bad libretto dooms the finest composer to failure, whilst a new opera that is entrusted to an insensitive producer stands little chance of subsequent revival if this première is unsuccessful. The operas of Handel and Gluck, in which the leading roles were designed for the *castrato*, cannot be performed satisfactorily on the modern stage, since young singers no longer meet with convenient " riding accidents." The operatic repertoire has consequently become restricted to a few favourite works, most of which are in romantic vein, and presents a highly inadequate picture of the scope and development of this complex branch of music. Occasionally, however, the scores of neglected works are taken from their places on the library shelf and given a cautious airing by such upholders of lost causes as the B.B.C. Third Programme or the Musical Societies of our universities. In the near future, Leeds music-lovers will have the opportunity of seeing productions of three rarely performed operas, all of which possess features of considerable interest and value.

Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* belongs to the type of " dramatic opera " that flourished in the Restoration theatre ; this strange mixture of pantomime, masque and opera provided immense scope for scenic display, to which all purely musical considerations were subservient. Indeed, the stage directions in these lavish entertainments would tax the ingenuity of any

Hollywood director, and would make the most spectacular modern " musical " appear an affair of Crippsian austerity. In these circumstances, it is a proof of Purcell's genius that he was able to provide incidental music that has stood the test of time. His success is chiefly due to the ability to absorb into his own individual and essentially English style the best elements of French and Italian music, which he learned from Pelham Humfrey and John Blow respectively. *The Fairy Queen* was freely adapted from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, the most suitable of Shakespeare's plays upon which to base a spectacular opera of this type. Strangely enough, however, Purcell did not set to music any of the original text ; his work consisted of adding songs and dances to the existing material. How splendidly he carried out this task is clearly indicated by the wealth of brilliant solos, ensembles, instrumental interludes and characteristic dances, in none of which is inspiration lacking. The scene of the drunken poet, illustrated by music of a lurching gait, shows Purcell's genius for comic characterisation. His fairy music is quite as delicate as that later provided by Mendelssohn for the same play, and deserves to be equally popular. A contemporary account of the first performance informs us that " the Court and Town were wonderfully satisfy'd with it ; but the Expences in setting it out being so great, the Company got very little by it." The work is still revived occasionally, but the difficulties of providing adequate staging preclude its inclusion in the standard repertoire. In July, 1949, it was presented for the first time in Germany, at the Stadt-Theater, Göttingen, where dancers alone appeared on the stage, the singers performing below stage level. It is hoped that this renewal of interest in Purcell's works for the stage may bring about a wider appreciation of early English opera.

Mozart, when only twelve years of age, composed an Italian *opera buffa* for performance at the Imperial Opera in Vienna. It soon became clear, however, that the promised production would not take place, to the deep mortification of the precocious composer and his scheming father. Yet fortune smiled on them almost at once, for Dr. Mesmer commissioned

Mozart to write a German opera for his own private theatre. This was to be a parody of Rousseau's *Le Devin du Village*, the libretto being supplied by Mme. Favart under the title of *Bastien et Bastienne*. The opera was a simple affair in pastoral mood, having only three characters—the young lovers and Colas, a comic shepherd. For this light-hearted and agreeable work Mozart composed several simple songs and duets for Bastien and Bastienne, with some droll airs for Colas to serve as a contrast, all in the form of the German singspiel. The most interesting feature is the characterisation, which indicates to a remarkable extent the direction in which Mozart's talent as an operatic composer was to develop : even at this early age his musical treatment of comic passages was most effective. Of less importance is the fact that the brief prelude anticipates the opening theme of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony, though in a much different mood since it suggests the music of the bagpipes. *Bastien et Bastienne* can hardly be regarded as an important opera, but its youthful charm merits an occasional revival.

It is difficult to say anything constructive about *The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains*, a " pastoral episode," by Vaughan Williams, since the writer can recall no public performance of this work. (It was produced by students of the Royal College of Music in 1922). Designed for six solo voices, distant chorus and small orchestra, it appears from a study of the score to exert little human appeal, and the allegorical element seems unlikely to prove amenable to stage presentation. Vaughan Williams is primarily an instrumental composer and, though he has given us many excellent songs, his style of vocal writing lacks the dramatic force essential to opera. Nevertheless, the first hearing of any work by a composer of his stature cannot fail to be a valuable experience.

David Marno

HA HA, AMONG THE STRUMPETS

Keep far from hence the bitch that's foe to man,
For she will break and bleed you if she can.

Since generally speaking there are twenty shillings
to every pound,
And a pound for every night at the ballet,
You are lucky if you are repaid in any way.

But sirens do a useful job,
They sow steel in your heart
And take it for granted that you are hardened
To this sort of thing.

Lice may crawl into your clothes,
And women into your affections
Where they do itch incessantly.

For sooner or later
Your sorrow will be my sorrow,
And the lute—the instrument of pity,
Will whine in desert wastes
And plundered solitudes.
But also among populous places,
Among steeples of industry
Among forests of factory stacks
By the heat of the furnace
By the hum of the lathe,
When all are busy, not knowing why,
Or to what end.

They say that " love survives the venom of the snake."
I doubt it.

THREE
SCRAPERBOARD
ILLUSTRATIONS

GERALD ROBINSON

SUNFLOWERS

ŒDIPUS

GIRLS WITH BIKES

W. A. Hodges

TALE OF WOE

ON MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY I decided that I would no longer shave my upper-lip. I wanted a moustache.

That there were risks I was already well aware. My mother could be very scathing when she chose. Not merely that, but I remembered that in my last terms at school, when many of the senior boys were growing their moustaches, it had been a common complaint with them that hair on the upper lip did not necessarily grow out in the same colour as did the hair upon the head, and that such differences of colour did not necessarily manifest themselves early enough in the process to allow the grower to withdraw from his intention without loss of dignity. None the less I decided that it might be worth all the risks involved.

Now it happens that I come from a hairy family. Hence my moustache was not too long in sprouting, and when it had reached the stage at which its colour could be determined it became obvious that Fate was going to be kind. It was the same colour as my hair. Except for a little shadow-base, applied to the skin under the hair with a " 3-B " drawing pencil, most effective, and quite undetectable save at very close range, I was able to pass through the earlier stages of growing without needing to use any of the tricks and stratagems usual in such cases. All things considered I felt that I had little reason to repent of my decision.

Then, one day, with my moustache really well advanced, a rather charming young lady of my acquaintance suddenly detected a resemblance to Clark Gable. This had an astonishing effect upon me. For the first time in my life I felt powerful, inscrutable, irresistible. I decided to become a great lover.

My experience of love had been rather limited. Up to that time the only affair I had had of sufficient importance to be regarded as a " grande passion " had ended in a sad, sad meeting in a public thoroughfare where Evelyn, the beloved in

question, in full sight and hearing of mutual acquaintances, had informed me, in the sweetest and most heartbreaking tones of which she was capable, that I was too damned slow for her, had followed this up by tweaking my school cap from my head, and with one deft flick of that dear, sweet hand which I had pressed often, oh, so often, to my adoring lips, had sent the cap sailing away over a wall into the Thames. She had then ridden off on her bicycle into the October dusk, leaving me with only the memory of her heartrendingly sweet, yet derisive laughter, and a last glimpse of the tail of her green school blazer flapping behind her in a dreadfully final gesture of farewell.

Nevertheless I felt fairly confident. The position was, after all, a little different now. I did not have to wear school caps any longer, besides which I now had a moustache which, on the very best authority, made me look like Clark Gable. I began to remodel my personality to fit the moustache. With judicious combing, I soon found, my hair would settle into a quiff the double of Mr. Gable's. The dimples in my cheeks were Gable dimples. A new technique, which involved the raising of the right eyebrow, the canting of the mouth at an opposite angle to that of the eyebrow, and a peculiarly quizzical, sidelong glance, gave me a smile which bore so close a resemblance to his that even I found it, at times, almost frightening.

All through the ensuing months I practised assiduously before my mirror, and in the summer evenings, in the pleasant wildernesses away from the main drives of Bushey Park, I tried out my skill. It worked admirably. Better than all this, with a little experience behind me, I found how important in matters of this kind is an intelligent use of fiction. I learned to look pensive and distrait, and to produce that slight moistening of the eyes which, when accompanied by a deep tremor of the voice (produced by a short, sharp movement of the diaphragm), hints at tears not very far below the surface, only held in check by an innate sense of manly pride and decency. I learned to tell, at the right moment, the heart-rending story of how I had once had a dearly-loved sweetheart

who, with a carefree smile on her dear, dear lips, crossing the road to meet me, had slipped to her death before my very eyes under the wheels of a passing lorry, and how, since that tragic day, I had had no faith in Life or in God, and doubted very much whether I could ever love any woman again. And I learned to press home my advantage in the touching little demonstrations of feminine sympathy which usually ensued when my hushed voice, hinting at unbelievable depths of sorrow bravely borne, tailed off, with a final, breaking cadence, into silence, its work done.

Life, during that summer and autumn, save for occasional remonstrances from my parents, mostly of a character which I found singularly sordid, was pleasant and interesting. I enjoyed every minute of it.

Then, without warning, I met Elsie. She was sitting pensively upon the fallen tree by Bishop's Pond, which, because of its remoteness from the main traffic of the Park, had been the scene of some of my most interesting triumphs. Approaching over the grass my eye was caught by her red dress which flamed in the late autumn sun. But as I drew nearer I had a strange feeling that this time everything was going to be different. From twenty yards away, sitting there with her head slightly down, her shoe tracing little paths through the brown leaves, she looked virginal, withdrawn, different from all the others. I abandoned my usual tactics. Strolling casually to the railings at the edge of the pond I stood looking into the water, trying to steal a closer look at her without revealing myself as a potential wooer. But as I half turned and raised my eyes, so she raised hers, and then, for a single ecstatic moment, the world seemed to shake, and I was looking into two eyes, blue as a dream of the sea. Somewhere in the Eternity which hung between those two gross lumps of mortal clay which were our bodies, our immortal souls, escaping from our eyes, fused and became one, joined in a mystical, ecstatic union. All but this seemed unreal. Her smile as I came close across the grass was the most agonisingly beautiful thing I had ever seen. And there, by the old, dead tree among the fallen leaves at the side of Bishop's Pond, we slipped into each

other's arms without a word having been spoken between us.

Then, as with a shuddering sigh we drew our reluctant mouths apart, I saw tears start from those eyes, saw the sweet eyelids move to veil that miraculous blueness, and suddenly, her body, held in the encircling tenderness of my arms, was racked and shaken with grief. In short bursts of whispered words she told me her tragic story—of a brutal father who came home drunk every night and thrashed her unmercifully if he thought, in his liquor, that she had so much as looked at a young man—of an unsympathetic mother who used her simply as a drudge, being too mean to employ the domestic help which she could well afford—of a young man who had traded upon her misery and loneliness to the extent of luring her into a series of clandestine meetings, and who then, when she had given him her innocent love, had jilted her for a woman old enough to be his mother, and had gone away to join the Merchant Navy. I wept with her. My own practised story, which I now stumblingly told, for the time being believing every word of it, moved her to a tenderness greater even than her own grief, and, comforting each other, we clung and kissed, how many times I do not know. I only know that the ensuing days were like a dream in which, each evening, my soul found its completion in holy, mystical union with hers.

But one evening Elsie did not arrive at the tree. Sick with foreboding and misery I paced up and down, my eyes fixed upon the little coppice round which she would have to come to meet me. But after a full half-hour I was still alone. I could bear the suspense no longer. I set off towards the coppice, hoping that once I had rounded it I should see in the distance, across the grass, her beloved figure, delayed, perhaps, by some brutal contingency in that tragic home of hers, hurrying to meet me. But there was no sign of her. Then, as I wandered across the grass, under the group of elms which stood away out in the middle of it, I caught a glimpse of a red dress, and, a second later, of a man's figure seated beside whoever it was whom that dress contained. My heart in an agonised turmoil I began to pray—"Oh God, please, please don't let it be Elsie!" But as I came close I saw that it was

Elsie, and that she was locked tightly in the arms of another man. They obviously had no idea that I was there.

I suddenly knew that I did not want to be seen. I only wanted to get out of this and away, like the horse, which, when about to meet its Maker, seeks out some isolated spot where none shall see its last agonies, and there dies. But except for the elms there was not a scrap of cover. I made a slight detour, and shrank behind the elms, waiting for them to go so that I could slink away unseen. And as I waited I heard, only a few yards away, the sweet, beloved voice of my Elsie, half strangled with sobs as she told her companion about her tragic life. She told him how she had had a dearly-loved sweetheart who, when crossing the road to meet her, a gay smile on his dear, dear lips, had stumbled in the path of a passing omnibus, meeting his death under her very eyes, and how she had held him in her arms at the last, there in the middle of the street, where he had lain coughing out his life-blood, with all the grim, remorselessness of Life going on round them as though nothing of any importance had happened. I heard the deep sob which broke from the lips of her companion as he caught her to him, and could bear no more. Almost running I made for the Hampton-Hill Gate, no longer caring whether they saw me or not.

That night I raved through the house like a madman, wondering whether to end it all, to go into a monastery, or to ask my father to let me emigrate. Then, in the midst of my misery, I remembered that Elsie, alone of all the girls I had loved that year, had never once told me that I looked like Clark Gable. Beside myself with grief I made for the bathroom, turned on the hot water tap, lathered my face, and slowly, solemnly, devotionally, shaved my upper lip. And in that sacrament I found purification and peace for my wounded soul.

But Life goes on, and gradually, to my surprise, Life even became interesting again. For though I had sacrificed my moustache upon the ashes of a dead love, and no longer had the heart to put into imitations of Mr. Gable, at least I now had a true story to tell. With slight editing it worked, I found, better than the other had done.

LEECHDOM
FOR A VERY SICK ANIMALL

Bleed the Sick animall and Clip in amongst The Blood som hair Cut of the animals mane Tail and 4 Quarters. Then put in 3 spoonfuls of Salt Then have a Sheeps heart stuck with 9 new pins 9 new needles 9 small nails Then rool The heart well in the blood and at 12 at night put The heart on a Good fire of Coals and ash Sticks and as it Burns Read Those Psalms 35-104 109-56-77 Read Them 3 times over and let all be done by one Oclock make doors and windows fast keep all very Secret and have a Strong faith if this do not answer you must do it twice more at the full and Change of the moon Just as you did the first time with fresh Things should This fail you need go to no one else as Thay will nor Can not Cure your Beast.

Robin Skelton

"SABBHA DUKKHA, SABBA ANATTA, SABBA ANIKKA"

WE WERE TOLD to build our house upon the rock : we have built it upon humbug.

Why does one write for posterity ? Posterity, after all, is only a continuation of to-day with all to-day's obtuseness and all to-day's cant. One writes perhaps, for the Greater Posterity, that of the all embracing Creative Imagination. One writes to create events in ones own soul, to reach out towards imaginative wholeness. One writes, finally, because one wishes to live.

Communism's denial of the mystical, the supernatural, even the fanciful reveals its disease to be intellectual cataract, obfuscation of the essential eye.

Spiritual prolongation of instinctual climaxes is the cause of many a women's disillusion.

"*By the law I came to know sin,*"[1] and through sin the lineaments of law.

"*Il faut souffrir pour l'Art.*"[2] One cannot reveal the sinews without an incision.

The sentimental neurotic is one who hangs suspended between egotism and slavery. A spiritual schizophrenic. Of such are the Strindbergs and masochists of this world.

We are all pensile beings, depending on faithless existences and our own myths of motive forces.

The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality.[3] Hence the compensatory aggressive self-assertion of many Artists, in their non-creative periods.

We fear most those who reveal the consummation of our own most inhibited and dreaded potentiality.

Carnal desire is knowledge of incompletion. Lust is desire to cleanse or perfect. All desire is knowledge of incompletion. Greed is unending humility.

Fear of surrendering to one's emotion is basically the same as fear of losing one's identity, one's individual being : fear that the wall once razed may never be rebuilt, and fear of the visitant who may step over the rubble.

It is peculiar that the most romantic buildings are generally those that have fallen down.

One is bound neither by convention nor conscience, but by a fear of liberating the soul.

Convention is merely the grille, fear the padlock. Most of the prisoners are resigned to their fates ; only the Artist spends his life seeking the key. It is the Saint, however, who notices that the wards are not turned, and opens the door.

It is the symbols of superstition that men acknowledge the significance of living.

The difference between work and play is an attitude of mind. The only difference between forms of effort is the attitude of mind that dictates them or surrounds them.

Pure thought and thought as expression ; the difference between Love and the sonnets of Shakespeare.

The moment in oneself is sacred.

Great Art is that which leads the beholder, by means of the artists' creative pattern and inner being, most nearly to complete comprehension of earthly and spiritual values.

To love is to see through oneself the truth. Love is an inward looking eye that is most lovely when most conscious of the divine introspective image. And when that image is She, and she the light to radiate that inner halo, . . . " *what then, cried Plato's ghost, what then ?* "[4]

Sabbha dukkha, sabba anatta, sabba anikka.[5]

[1] Thomas de Quincey. [2] Rochefoucauld. [3] T. S. Eliot.
[4] W. B. Yeats. [5] Buddha : " Sorrow is everywhere, In man is no abiding entity, In things no abiding reality."

Turner Odell

THE WAGER

ALL AT ONCE IT WAS EVIDENT to the two men watching that he was swimming for his life. They left their work and, as they concentrated their attention on the water, their consciousness was sucked down and absorbed by the drama taking place before them. From that moment, all else ceased to exist. Behind, the wind whispered softly through the spruces and pines, but they did not hear. Around them, they heard no noise of the ocean rollers crashing against the granite rocks that jutted out into the great, curving bay. Above, the high, forenoon sun hung suspended in its motion in the blue dome of the sky.

They watched.

Finally the tall one broke the silence. When he spoke, a certain habit of wrinkling his forehead gave to his cadaverously thin and serious face an expression of anxious, almost naïve, anticipation :

" Goin' along pretty good."

" Ayuh." The stocky one's higher-pitched voice contrasted sharply with the deep growl of his friend. " He's headin' for that rock there."

A pause. Then the gaunt one spoke again :

" How do you know it's a he, Lester? Can't see that good myself."

Lester cocked his head to one side as he looked at his friend. His little pig eyes, nearly lost in the folds of his ruddy face, danced impishly.

" You can't tell when they're swimmin'. No points of recognition. That's no bathing cap on his head though. He's bald. So it can't be a woman, George."

George squinted and shaded his eyes.

" Ayuh. You're right there. That's no woman."

Suddenly his face stiffened in a look of worried concern. He sprang to his feet and stretched up to his full six feet four inches of height.

" Hey, look, Lester, look ! He almost went under. Maybe we ought to help 'im. He's going to be in trouble before long."

He took a step forward toward the water.

" Sit down, George. Relax. Looks like a darned good swimmer to me." The mischievous look crept into his eyes again. " Besides, we've got no boat here. We can't help him."

" Maybe you're right. O.K. We'll watch him though." George returned and sat down on the rocks beside Lester.

" I'll tell you what," said Lester, after a moment of silence. He reached into his pocket and withdrew a coin. " This half-dollar says he'll make it to shore."

" All right." George fished down into his own pants and drew out a handful of change from which he selected two quarters. " This says he won't make it. Also that we ought to help him now."

They placed the half-dollar and the two stacked quarters side by side between them on the rocks. Then, each now with a stake in his welfare or his demise, they looked out again to the object of their bet.

Lester chuckled and cried out : " See, George. He's grabbed that piece of wood. He's using it to float on and pushing it this way. He's not so dumb, he ain't."

" Ayuh. Seems to be doin' all right again. Don't much like the idea of betting against him though. Feel kind as if

I've put a curse on him." A pause. Then : " It's gettin' rough, too. Those waves are pretty big for him."

" Don't worry now. My boy's goin' to do all right." Lester's voice fell as he talked as if he had just thought of something. " Only thing that might hurt him is the tide. Forgot about that."

" If it does bother him, " George said, "it's going to do it pretty quick. Oh, oh ! " A cry of dismay escaped him. " Look, Lester. He's let go of the wood. He's striking out for shore ! "

" What the hell are you hollering about ? If he doesn't make it, you win my fifty cents. Now take it easy."

" Ayuh, I'll win, but that money'll be blood money. Lord ! " He was praying more than cursing. " Swim, you beggar, swim. It ain't right to make a bet like I made."

" Blood money ! That's a good one." Lester threw back his rotund face and broke into roars of laughter.

Then, suddenly, at the same instant, they both sprang to their feet. They stared in silence, fascinated.

Then Lester spoke quietly : " First bet I've lost in two years. Damn that flood tide. Here." He picked up the coins and handed them to George. " Blood money. But he gave us a little rest, anyhow. Now let's get back to mending this net." His small eyes jumped under their heavy brows. The corners of his mouth twisted into a smile, roguish, yet full of good humour, as George gazed sorrowfully and wistfully out to sea.

The towering wave on the incoming tide had surged up, crested and broken, thundering down in a fury of white surf upon its victim. Swirling and sliding, twisting and turning, with its legs thrashing and its eyes bulging, dragged through the kelp and scraped along the barnacle-covered rocks, the beetle had been swept from the tide pool out under the churning sea.

The sun moved again in the sky. The wind threw cat's paws on the surface of the bay. Each succeeding breaker roared higher against the rocks until, as the tide reached its full flood, the pool was obliterated.

Edward Crowther

SOBER REFLECTIONS UPON A UNION HOP

Close cropped child of the urchin cut
With every attribute of girl,
Fame no doubt would fast increase but
For excommunicated curl.

Recall those ruby female lips
Whose gains evoke but small surprise,
A victory is now to slip
To weapons used with closed eyes.

Your heart lies in parenthesis ;
Imprisoned thus it still observes
The conduct in unguarded kiss
Of its emancipated curves.

Open mandatory gesture,
Suspicion of a coy caress,
Touch of such suggestive texture
Makes all my nonchalence duress.

Only a thought commits the sin
Of some attendant fancy's urge
As intuition feminine
Communicates prospective purge.

But welcome aphrodisiac
Unsought but still enjoyed,
Make all intent a maniac
And reason vanquished, void.

W. A. Hodges

THREE PLAYS

"THE PELICAN" and "THE CREDITORS," by AUGUST STRINDBERG, and "X = O," by JOHN DRINKWATER. —Theatre Group Presentation, 2nd and 3rd November.

IT MAY BE THAT STRINDBERG'S "The Pelican" has something worthwhile to say to a modern audience. If it has, then surely it deserves longer or much more careful rehearsal than it seemed to have received for this presentation. It may be, as so often before with Theatre Group shows, that pressure of academic responsibilities, upon producer and actors alike, tended to interfere with the work of production. Nevertheless, this pressure is no new thing. It has always existed. In spite of it Theatre Group, in the past, managed to build up a considerable reputation—a reputation of which it seems to have grown a little careless of late.

The fact is that "The Pelican" was not simply under-rehearsed. It was badly acted, and, save for one moment when an empty chair rocked in a flood of cold light with telling effect, badly lighted. So far as at least two members of the cast were concerned it was miscast.

It would be unfair when criticising a show so obviously under-rehearsed as this one was to single out individual actors for comment. It may well be that those same people who could be severely criticised on the basis of this single production, might, in a later and more thoroughly produced performance, be able to give a much better account of themselves than they were able to do in this one. They were clearly not giving of their best. Nevertheless it may not be out of place to suggest, in all diffidence, that words are meant to be spoken, and not swallowed; that "good pace" is never the result of gabbled dialogue coupled with a noticeable slowness in picking up cues, but is only achieved in the sensitive placing and timing of words, and in the most rapid possible response to cues, and that it can hardly be good characterisation to represent a

cynical, unscrupulous young man-of-the-world who is also an ex-Army officer by adopting a gait and posture which suggests nothing so much as an uneasy cross between a gorilla and a self-conscious barrow-boy. Good stage-presence depends not upon occasional moments of over-elocution accompanied by stylised gesture, nor upon declamation or ranting in any place which offers a shred of an excuse for it, but upon good posture, good movement, sensitivity to the full meaning of words, and all those other little marks of good stage technique, plus that indefinable quality of stage-personality which good production can do so much to develop, bad production so much to destroy. It is suggested, too, with the greatest of respect, that stage-lighting should enhance and not intrude upon a dramatic situation, and that, in any case, lighting cues are so important that electric-light switches clicked upon the stage should at least produce the illusion of turning off electric current, and should not, (not, at all events, more often than once in a single performance), produce a delayed-action effect over some four seconds. It seems reasonable, too, to add that houses-on-fire burn with a wavering, flickering glare, not with a steady, electric glow which gradually fades at the right moment as smoothly as the water-dimmers backstage can make it, and that if it is intended to suggest that two characters upon the stage are alone in a burning house, cut off by the fire, it is extremely bad policy to permit odd stage-hands to wander between the audience and the glare upon a cyclorama to be seen through a set-door opening plumb on to the stage.

Those members of the Union and of Theatre Group's public who care for the Theatre, and for the excellent reputation which the Group has enjoyed until recent times, will have sat through " The Pelican " with great trepidation. How much better it would have been, if it is really true that time or academic responsibilities did not permit of a better production than this one, to have dropped " The Pelican " altogether from this particular programme, and to have substituted either something less ambitious, or something less likely to do harm to the reputation of Theatre Group if produced rather less than well.

Unlike " The Pelican," John Drinkwater's " X=O " was both convincing and artistically satisfying. This difference in quality between the two productions had nothing to do with any difference in feeling between the two plays, as plays, nor with the fact that " X=O " is much better known than the Strindberg. For all we had been able to learn from the performance which we had just witnessed " The Pelican," well-produced and well-acted, might well prove much finer, much more significant Theatre than " X=O." But Mr. Gilbert Gray had cast his play well, and had produced it with an artistic sensitivity and restraint which could not but preserve complete the poetry and the dramatic content. His lighting, too, was in perfect taste, subdued, in harmony with the situation and action of the play, and a perfect background for its poetry. He is to be congratulated, too, for the extreme care with which he had fostered, in all his actors, a feeling for that poetry which was sufficiently sincere to carry-over to the audience. If there is any criticism to be made it is that R. Armstrong as Salirus could have used a little more voice without destroying any of the poetry of his lines and thus have avoided his occasional inaudibilities, which were not, however, so marked from where I sat as to spoil his performance as a whole, and that Ian Wilson's occasional over-elocution, though not in itself sufficiently marked to destroy conviction, was nevertheless noticeable. D. B. Smith played Capys, and Mr. Gray himself played Prorax, sensitively and well. Theatre Group would be well advised to urge Mr. Gray to produce for them upon a larger scale, to judge by this very competent production.

" The Creditors " was given as a repeat performance of an earlier Theatre Group presentation. In this production there was still that same tendency to gabble dialogue which had been so marked in " The Pelican," although the actors playing the parts of Adolf and Gustav were sufficiently experienced, both as actors and as elocutionists, to guard against the worst effects of this tendency. They were both completely audible and save for a slight tendency of Adolf's to overact at dramatic moments, the play, throughout its earlier stages, was gripping and enjoyable. With the entrance of Tekla, however, all was changed, changed utterly.

With the most incredible insensitivity to the situations of the play, to the reaction of the audience, and to the presence on the stage with her of two experienced actors who were as much a part of the play as she was, Tekla, aggressively and without ruth, took complete control. Her deplorable stage deportment, her frantic gestures, her hysterical over-acting beat upon the nerves with all the savage insistence of an Oriental torture. There was at least one member of the audience who left the Theatre feeling as if he had been tied for the last half-hour to the bronze clapper of some gigantic bell, and had been pitilessly swung there until, almost as if by accident, his bonds had suddenly snapped, releasing him, battered and dazed, to escape as best he might. It was an unforgettable experience.

All the same, "The Creditors" was well worth the attempt. It is to be hoped that Mr. Boorman will continue not merely to translate, but to produce the plays of August Strindberg under conditions of casting and production which will enable us to enjoy them as well as to appreciate their theatrical worth.

Derrick Metcalfe

THE DREAM OF GLASS

The wakened eye will break its dream of glass :
Shatter a precious memory and the past.

"My sista, mista ; verr nice ?"

Hot glared the sun upon the street. White its eye upon the buildings.

Sepia and stupid, that's all these ruins are, mentally commented Mr. Pennyfather. Should have gone to Brighton. Now there's a real holiday for you. Brighton, with its pebbled sands and all those people sitting quietly on the front. Never bother you ; keep themselves to themselves. Reena didn't care for the place ; the only defect in her taste. Peculiar.

Said she couldn't care for the bathchairs. Oh, but it was so quiet at Brighton. The sun doesn't stare with such a filching eye as he does here. Seems to count your money . . . very money . . . in your pocket.

" She's nice, nice-a, verr clean, mista."

" No, go away." At Brighton no one asks to sell their sister to you. " No ! Niente ! little boy, or whatever it is."

These buildings *are* stupid ! As if to give emphasis Mr. Pennyfather kicked the stone. Only a new layer of darkness was revealed. And uninteresting, ejaculated that gentleman's mind at this happening.

" And this is . . . " mumbled the guide from amidst a shuffle of people.

Stupid people, too, continued Mr. Pennyfather's thought, stupid people who come to look at stupid buildings explained away by stupid guides. He shifted farther away from the leprosy of the tour-conglomerate. Hardinge warned me. I was adding the receipts column : such a nuisance to be disturbed then ; but he said, " Pennyfather, old man, keep away. They're all commoners who go to the Continent now." Mr. P. glanced along the amber of the street. Hardinge's always right : he was about the missing farthing, too ; always right. At Brighton there'd be no stately drunks. As if through thought communication the tour's drunk, pied since Calais, turned his head above the crowd, looked at Pennyfather, took his pipe from his mouth and belched. Reena would *not* have liked it : though Reena always wished to visit the Continent.

" All ri' mista," said the child who was annoyed with the continued look of abstraction, " all ri' mista, ef y' do'n wan-a ma sistr, y'can have-a me ; cheap mista, verr cheap 'n' clean-a."

" For God's sake go away ! " screamed Pennyfather. He was English and, after all, the thought was rather . . .

" Get out—nasty brute ; " He almost kicked the boy who had stood still, a little stunned after the first outburst.

" And this is . . . " moaned the guide, rapidly attracting the tour crowd into a darker sepia existence further in the building.

Yes, Reena liked the Continent. Pity we could never go. On a clerk's wages . . . " What's the use," he murmured, half aloud. She is most probably enjoying everything she wants with him." " Mr. P. had a vague and fleeting vision of a golden yacht. Not foolish : undefined ideas are always expressed by idealized notions. Reena deserved it. They may say as they like about her going away from me ; she deserves nothing but the best. She was made to have comfort and pleasure, something more than a building society mortgage and housework. People don't understand ; the little people. Thinking a woman should be cooking, or in an office. Never just pleasure and pretty clothes. Purely provincial minds. Woman as a utility, not a luxury : the difference between European and Oriental thought. Money is a basic ; Look at American film producers. That's it, lack of money makes men consider women a utility.

" Hello, big boysie. You're look'n' terr'bly lonely. Like someone t' keep 'oo comp'ny, eh ? "

Mr. Pennyfather turned round. Hardinge said he would be accosted, actually accosted. Hardinge was right as usual. Good accent ; high smear level of the American impact upon Europe. Not quite so exotic as Mr. P. had imagined a foreign prostitute. She was dowdy. The coat didn't quite fit : pulled from the hips. The nails, too : rather nasty with coarse, torn skin along the edges. Similar to the English type ; back street, station . . . There had been one long ago when he was returning from work. Touched him on the hand ; the memory of those dull fingers brought faint sickness into his throat.

" Not lonely, madam. No, I was thinking. I'm afraid . . ."

Reena would not have approved. She had principles. Almost something of the pride. Of course, mother wouldn't have that ; it was an open and shut case to her. How could a woman who ran away from her husband have had principles ? She said Reena was no better than " a . . . a . . . woman." Amazing how mother could make that perfectly simple and delightful word sound much worse than . . . Pennyfather remembered the scene after Reena had gone only too well.

" I knew what it would come to, I said so, even before you were married. I warned you ; I knew what it would come

to. There's no getting past me. I know. Why, you could see she was flighty—written all over her."

" But mother . . . "

" A brazen, painted bitch. The Lord, knows how she picked you up, or you picked her up. Your father and I worked hard enough to give you a good schooling . . . "

" You don't learn . . . "

" A painted and perfumed harlot ! A dirty snivelling strumpet ! "

" No. No ! You mustn't say that about her. She's good, good, I tell you. Reena, Reena is . . . "

" Good ! Good ! Why, she's no better than a walker of the streets, a . . . a . . . 'woman'."

The lowest point of fallen virtue described as virtue triumphant : a true recognition of states. Great minds, and angry people who do not know what they are saying, notice the parity. Acknowledged difference is merely a matter of emphasis. Mother walked out because Reena's photograph was not taken down. Silly ; Why be angry over a picture ? Even a so-called civilised mind cannot reach above the thought sequences of a so-called savage.

" Aw, c'mon, honey. You don' have t' be 'fraid of l'll'e me. The wife'll never know."

Reena was pure. What does running away with another man signify ? Nothing ! Call a Statesman a political whore for changing his party ; a clergyman a whore-priest for changing his religion ? These things just don't happen. Why call a wife a whore merely because she changes her husband ? It can't make her a . . . a . . . 'woman.' Look at this in front, this dull, simpering, coquetting thing. Had she to leave her husband to become a . . .a . . . " woman " ? Reena went because 'he ' could give her those things she wanted ; niceties that cannot be scraped from a clerk's pay. Is there any wrong in a woman plumping for the highest bidder ? Doesn't every man sell his labour that way ? Mr. Pennyfather's eyes glanced at the professional's cheap ear-rings. Reena could not wear gegaws like that. There was something, an inborn love of true beauty, within her. Reena would never wear

trumpery like that, therefore she could never be like that—not even if she wanted. A woman is mirrored by her appearance, her acts ; by what she desires and says. Reena was always smart to look at ; stood so. No one dare say anything bad to her ; she would not listen. No ! society had Reena wrong, absolutely wrong. She had changed to make herself better. There was a meanness in the act, to be sure ; the heartache came . . .

" No, really, madam. I have no wife, and I do not desire company."

Mr. Pennyfather stiffened internally to meet the memory of Reena's meanness. The anger-agony of the first few months. She had never loved him—and after the love he gave her. That anger-agony soon vanished. There was no question of her not loving. Reena had merely bettered herself. To do so is not to stop loving. One may change an old house for a new, be happy in the new, yet still love the old. The little people did not understand : providing a wife kept by her husband it was assumed she must go on loving him. Utterly untrue ! How many wives who stay do remain in love ? A question husbands refuse to answer ; and wives merely look coy, or bridle at when it is spoken. Reena had loved. The time when she was ill brought it out. Her long hair, and he stroked it, so softly, the blond hair. Not like the grey-yellow of the woman in front of him now. And Reena smiling, called him her gentle bank-clerk, had given a look of love. He had been able to show all the power and intensity of his love when she was ill ; mine the deepest rift within himself, bring it to light. Such metal cannot be returned to darkness : it was always there, exposed. Reena knew it was ; she acknowledged it, reciprocated. Love cannot exist in the " above " unless it is returned. Even to the last she had acknowledged, answered that love. Almost : that was most correct, almost ; but not the last, she had missed the last. There ! the shock was over, the meanness mentioned. Stiffness vanished from the internal body of Pennyfather. He would make excuses now, because Reena would be making excuses, too.

" Aw, poor honey ! Ain't got no wife " ?

Perhaps she was rushed into going away. 'He' sprang it on her suddenly. Pennyfather's eyes wandered down to the woman's wrinkled stockings. They looked ugly, as though her skin had given way. Reena would have written if there'd been time; said how much *she* loved, given the final answer. She would have written how happy she was to be: all those things she wanted and was going to have; some sign that Pennyfather's love was not at fault.

"My wife has . . . has gone."

Then after a while, two months or so after Reena disappeared, the hurt feeling, agony-anger, that he thought was permanent, vanished. It returned only at odd unguarded moments. The wave of love swelled back. And Reena *would* be happy. 'He' had lots of money. There'd be travels abroad—Pennyfather remembered the armchair trips—a beautiful house, servants, everything. Reena couldn't fail. She was straight, yes, straight, that was the word. In her quest for happiness she could not fail.

"Aw! sor-ry. Dead"?

And 'he' must look after her. 'He' would realise the treasure she was. Must have done; how could 'he' have gained her else? Luxuries were not the only attraction. If 'he' thought they were enough Reena would soon make 'him' realise: her goodness would show itself, bring matters to rights. Should there be any thought of luxuries without love, Reena would . . . she was straight. Of course 'he' could never give her the same amount of love. Pennyfather had lived for Reena; yet surely she would receive sufficient. 'He' had so much to offer besides love: extras beyond utility. Reena would never notice the little love that might be missing.

"No, she went away with someone else."

Why tell a prostitute that? Amazing what we say to quite casual acquaintances: secrets our best friends don't know; blunt facts we dare not impinge upon their minds. A prostitute? Blowsy mind like her blowsy figure; it could not be hurt, the facts would not register. Why should she care? Who worries about the troubles of people one does not even

know? Possibly the passing thought, a snigger? it might injure, yes, even someone who was not there. Reena would not like to have a . . .a . . . ' woman ' told. Reena the good, the straight; Reena was always straight; just had to look at her to see that. She might be hurt, unconsciously, by his telling a prostitute the bald fact, and Reena must not be hurt.

" Yes," continued Mr. Pennyfather, " she ran away. But Reena was . . . "

He looked into the woman's tears, and turned, stumbling, to find the tour crowd.

" . . . Reena was . . . a . . .a . . . "

Frank Granville Barker

MUSIC ON RECORD

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANIES are to be congratulated this year for adding to their catalogues so many Haydn symphonies, some of which are made available for the first time whilst others effectively replace earlier issues made when the standard of recording technique was comparatively poor. Particularly welcome is *No.* 83 *in G minor* (" *La Poule* "), a neglected work now treated with admirable sensitivity by Sir John Barbirolli and the Halle Orchestra. The Orchestra gives what is probably its most mature performance on records so far, its tone in the Andante being an outstanding feature (HMV, DB 21076/8). The more exhilarating *No.* 99 *in E flat* merits equal praise for Royalton Kisch and the London Symphony Orchestra (Decca AX 340/2). The recording of *No.* 93 *in D*, by Guido Cantelli and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra is unfortunately so harsh that it cannot be compared with the old Beecham recording (HMV, DB 21014/6). The Danish Radio Orchestra offers a most satisfying performance of Brahms' *Symphony No.* 2 *in D*, in which Fritz Busch succeeds in bringing out the full lyrical quality of the work without

sacrificing its rhythmic force—a combination which conductors seem seldom to achieve. Besides being the best version to date, this new issue occupies only four cheap discs instead of five expensive ones in older sets, representing a saving of one pound and fourpence (HMV, C 4006/9).

Malicious ghosts would seem to haunt the studio whenever a new recording of Beethoven's *Violin Concerto in D* is being prepared ; the latest victim is Szigeti, whose performance with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, is disastrous even when compared with those by Heifetz and Menuhin (Col., LX 1298/1302). Glazunov's *Violin Concerto in A minor*, a romantic and somewhat " fruity " work, is made thoroughly enjoyable by the superb playing of Milstein, with the R.C.A. Victor Orchestra (HMV, DB 21085/7). Several years ago Gieseking recorded an authoritative performance of Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 1 in C*, of which he now gives a new version with the Philharmonic Orchestra and a conductor who remains anonymous. Though the recording quality shows the great advance made during recent years, the performance seems less brilliant, and many collectors will favour that by Schnabel (Col., LX 1312/15). The new recording of the inevitable Tchaikovsky *Piano Concerto in B flat minor*, by Solomon, should be the last for some considerable time, since both performance and sound quality could scarcely be bettered (HMV, C 3996/9).

Noel Mewton-Wood, whose broadcasts last year of the Busoni Piano Concerto created a deep impression, is without doubt among the finest of our younger pianists. His playing of Schumann's *Symphonic Studies* displays both his wide range of expression and his sound understanding of this composer (Decca, AK 2361/3). Solomon has been less kindly treated by the recording engineers in his performance of Beethoven's *Sonata in C minor, Op.* 111, since heavy surface noise distracts attention from the artist's impeccable style, especially in the meditative slow movement (HMV, C 4000/3). The grace and clarity which Gieseking brings to his interpretation of Mozart's well-known *Sonata in C* prove that only the most mature musicianship can do full justice to the more naïve works of a

great master (Col., LX 1304). In its performance of Beethoven's *Quartet in F minor, Op.* 95, the Schneiderhan Quartet successfully conveys the tragic, at times almost harsh, mood of this powerful work (Col., LX 8727/8).

First place among the operatic records must be given to a fine issue of the *Love Duet* from *Tristan und Isolde.* Kirsten Flagstad and Set Svanholm are ideal interpreters of Wagner's music. They bring out all the noble eroticism of this work, and Svanholm's voice conveys here the quality of charm which it seemed to lack during his last season at Covent Garden. The Philharmonic Orchestra works splendidly under the guidance of Karl Böhm (HMV, Z 1112/4). Renata Tebaldi, whose portrayal of Desdemona proved a sensational success in the short season of opera presented by the Scala Company in London, shows in her singing of *Ritorna Vincitor* from Verdi's *Aida* that she is one of those rare prima donnas who respect the composer's wishes. Her performance in this difficult aria is faultless, conveying with ease all its rapid changes of mood, bitterness, warmth, despair and tenderness (Decca, X 326). Two vocal quintets from Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, sung by the cast of this year's Glyndebourne season are unfortunately marred by faulty recording (HMV, DB 21117). Victoria de los Angeles is an artiste of remarkable versatility, but her recordings of *Elsa's Dream* from *Lohengrin* and *Elizabeth's Greeting* from *Tannhäuser* do not suggest particular aptitude for Wagner, though each contains some fine passages (HMV, DB 21095). Ludwig Weber's singing of deeply contrasted arias from Weber's *Der Freischütz* and Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani* displays delightful warmth and maturity (Col., LX 1310).

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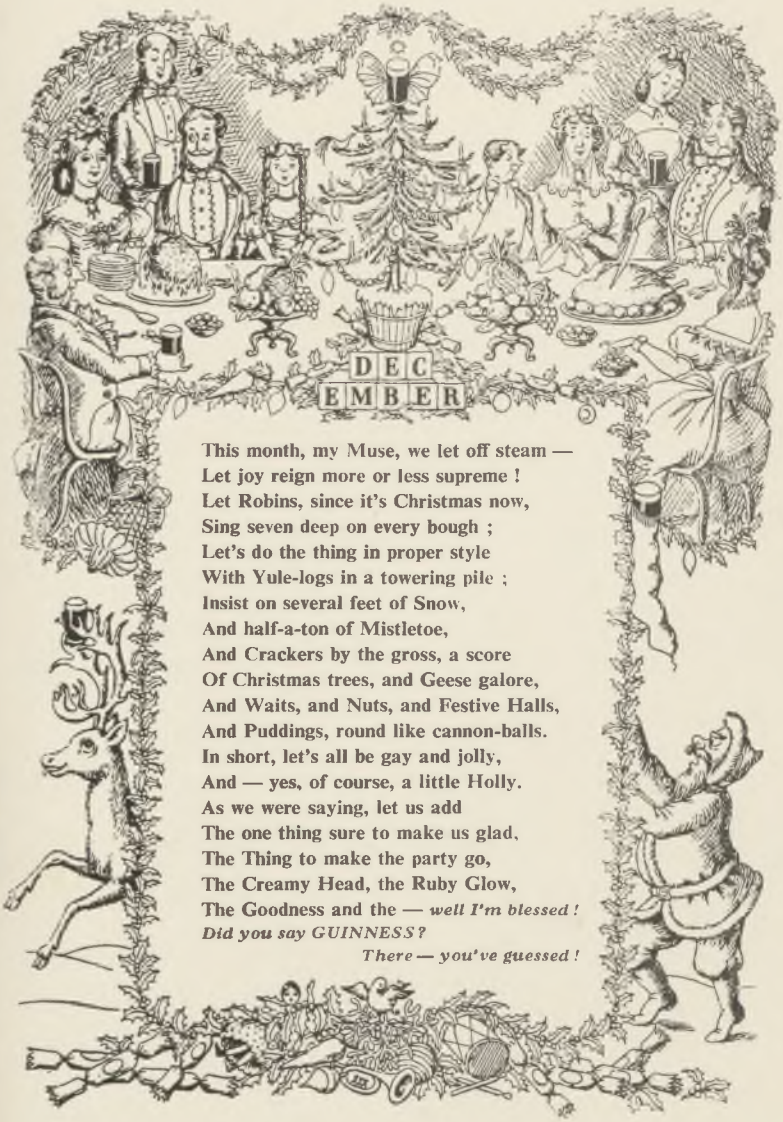

This month, my Muse, we let off steam —
Let joy reign more or less supreme !
Let Robins, since it's Christmas now,
Sing seven deep on every bough ;
Let's do the thing in proper style
With Yule-logs in a towering pile ;
Insist on several feet of Snow,
And half-a-ton of Mistletoe,
And Crackers by the gross, a score
Of Christmas trees, and Geese galore,
And Waits, and Nuts, and Festive Halls,
And Puddings, round like cannon-balls.
In short, let's all be gay and jolly,
And — yes, of course, a little Holly.
As we were saying, let us add
The one thing sure to make us glad,
The Thing to make the party go,
The Creamy Head, the Ruby Glow,
The Goodness and the — *well I'm blessed !*
Did you say GUINNESS?
There — you've guessed !