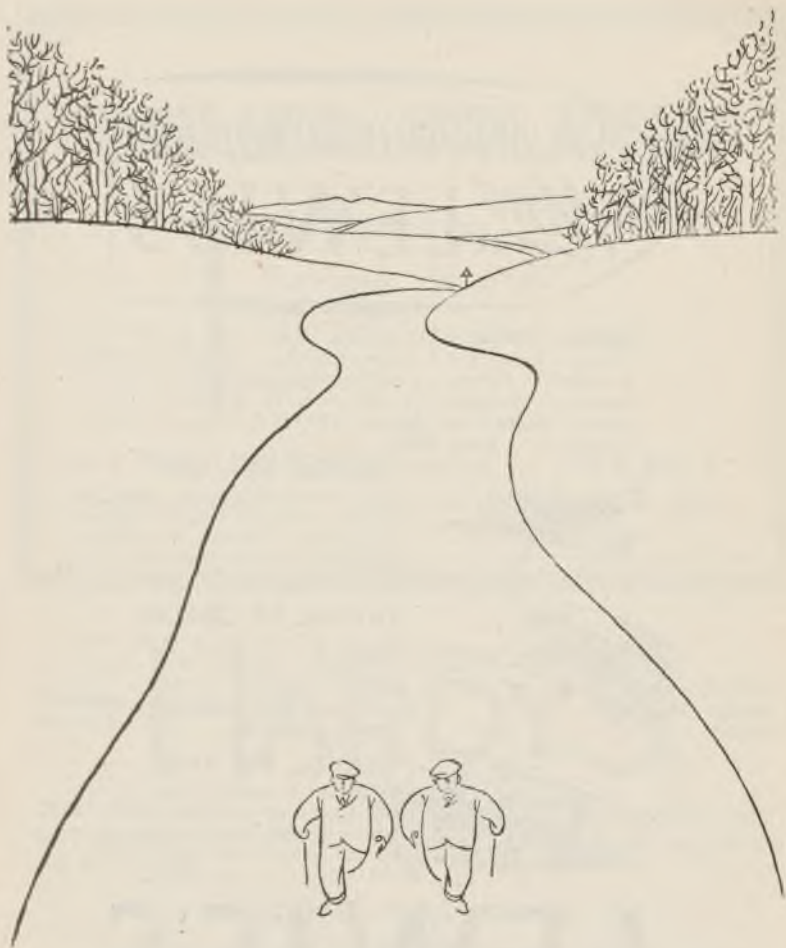


# The Gryphon

February 1952



One Shilling



*“I feel like a Guinness.”*

*“I wish you were!”*

# PLAN YOUR HOLIDAYS *Now* at LEWIS'S

**Holidays Abroad.**—Polytechnic Tours to Switzerland, France, Italy, etc. Also individual travel anywhere arranged. Passport visa, currency problems efficiently handled. Shipping arrangements to all parts of the world. **Festival of Britain 1951**—Admission Tickets. Hotels, etc. **Book Now!**



## TRAVEL BY AIR

Save precious holiday time by getting there and back as quickly as possible. Lewis's are official agents for British European Airway Bookings.

## TRAVEL BY COACH

Five to 14 days tours to all parts of England and Scotland. Comfortable, carefree holidays. For inclusive charges and information enquire at Lewis's.

## TRAVEL BY RAIL

Wherever you wish to go, Lewis's can supply your railway ticket in advance. No extra charge . . . no last minute rush to the booking office . . . no queue.

# LEWIS'S

## TRAVEL BUREAU

LEWIS'S, LEEDS

•

Tel. 31313

# JAMES MILES (LEEDS) LIMITED

*Catalogues Free  
Libraries Purchased  
Old and New Books bought  
and sold*

80 WOODHOUSE LANE • LEEDS 2

TELEPHONE 25327

TELEGRAMS MILES BOOKSELLER LEEDS



Telephone  
24226

Telegrams  
LEEDS  
24226

CLOTHIERS and  
OUTFITTERS to GENTLEMEN  
and their SONS

"NUMBER ONE"  
SERVICE and VALUE

*Official Outfitters to*  
**LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION**

BESPOKE TAILORING A SPECIALITY

**57-59, NEW BRIGGATE, LEEDS 1.**

Opposite The Grand and Tower Theatres.

Late with C. J. Hardy & Co. Ltd

## Friendship Holidays Association

*Haversham Court,  
Ilkley,*

will need Leaders Male,  
for their many Guest  
Houses in Britain, also  
Female Students to  
help generally.

*Particulars from*  
**F. H. A. ILKLEY**

---

---

### STUDY WITH CLOUGH'S

**NEW TEACHERS** . . . who have  
qualified after a one year course at an  
emergency Training College are required  
to undertake a period of two years'  
private study on leaving college.

Under a recent regulation qualified  
teachers with three years' teaching ex-  
perience can sit for the L.C.P. Examina-  
tion without having passed A.C.P. Our  
new Ex-College L.C.P. course has been  
designed to combine the private study  
with reading for the L.C.P. Diploma.  
Write to-day for Leaflet 296, which gives  
full particulars, to Dept. G.R.2.

**CLOUGH & NORMAL COLLEGES**  
**Temple Chambers, E.C.4. Founded 1886**

*Also Postal Tuition for:*

Gen. Certificate of Education, Inter &  
Final Degrees & University Diplomas.

Teachers' Exams., Training College,  
Handicraft, Needlework, College of  
Preceptors Froebel, Nursery School,  
Hygiene, Mothercraft and Civil Welfare.

Civil Service Open & Reconstruction,  
Accountancy & Engineering, Professional  
Exams., R.S.A., L.Ch.Com., and allied  
courses, Interesting leisure studies in  
Journalism, Keep Fit, Gardening, Litera-  
ture, Letter Writing, Education of the  
Adolescent, Psychology, Architecture.

**—AND SUCCEED—**

## HATS TO WEAR

*with more  
formal  
clothes*



The Homburg, with  
its generous curling  
brim, is an asset to  
a business man.

The senior partner  
wears it nearly  
straight. His son  
may set it at an angle  
and get away with it.

*See them at your local hatters*

*Not only is a bowler the perfect partner for  
black coat and striped trousers, but it lends  
man-about-town distinction to almost any  
lounge suit.*



*If you want to get ahead*

**GET A HAT!**



# The Gryphon

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

FOUNDED 1895

FEBRUARY, 1951

## Contents

|   | <i>page</i> |
|---|-------------|
| EDITORIAL   | 2           |
| A SECOND LOOK AT THE U.S.A. <i>Turner R. Odell</i>  | 5           |
| A CONVENIENCER'S VADE MECUM "M."                    | 9           |
| IN DEFENSE OF DILETTANTISM <i>Colin West</i>        | 13          |
| CURLEW <i>Charles Kingham</i>                       | 17          |
| HENRY COPE STENHOUSE :                              |             |
| A PORTRAIT <i>Gerald Robinson</i>                   | 18          |
| RECEIPT FOR GOOD INK                                | 22          |
| GOOD HEALTH <i>D. F. Tunnickliffe</i>               | 23          |
| IN LIMP COVERS                                      | 27          |
| PLAYS TO COME                                       | 28          |
| THIS MINSTREL, DARKNESS <i>Derrick Metcalfe</i>     | 31          |
| POEM <i>Robinetta Armfelt</i>                       | 34          |
| A MODEST PROPOSAL <i>Stanley Ellis</i>              | 35          |
| FRIEDRICH VON ORLANDE <i>Wilfred Childe</i>         | 38          |
| IMPRESSIONS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA <i>Fred Singleton</i> | 39          |
| FUN AMONG THE FAIRIES <i>W. A. Hodges</i>           | 43          |
| FLYING SAUCER <i>Rachel Billington</i>              | 47          |
| MUSIC ON RECORD <i>Frank Granville Barker</i>       | 48          |
| BOOK REVIEWS <i>A. J. Creedy, "N."</i>              |             |
| <i>Richard Courtney</i>                             | 51          |

ART REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR

by courtesy of

*The Director and Committee of Management  
Leeds City Art Galleries*

**"THE GRYPHON" EDITORIAL STAFF AND COMMITTEE.**  
1950—51.

|                           |   |   |   |  |
|---------------------------|---|---|---|--|
| <i>Editors</i>            | - | - | - | W. A. HODGES and RALPH SODERBERG   |
| <i>Editorial Staff</i>    | - | - | - | CHARLES KINGHAM, GERALD ROBINSON<br>TIM EVENS, JOAN E. BARBER,<br>PATRICIA M. BALL, TURNER ODELL,<br>RACHEL BILLINGTON<br>FRANK GRANVILLE BARKER |
| <i>Business Manager</i>   | * |   |   | A. PRATT   |
| <i>Sales Manager</i>      | * | * | * | COLIN FALCONER   |
|                           |   |   |   | THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNION.  |
|                           |   |   |   | THE SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT.   |
|                           |   |   |   | THE SECRETARY OF THE UNION.  |
|                           |   |   |   | THE TREASURER OF THE UNION.  |
| <i>Editorial Advisers</i> | - |   |   | Professor BONAMY DOBREE.<br>Mr. KENNETH MUIR.  |

## EDITORIAL

THERE WAS A TIME in the history of *The Gryphon*, we understand (and for the time being the editorial "we" really means what it says), when an issue of the Magazine appearing at this time of year would have been called a "Valentine Issue."

All the evidence suggests that the festival of St. Valentine, kept by our Victorian forbears with so much sentimental gusto, is almost ignored in these days, and that any sentimentality, at least, of that type which the Victorians saw no reason to suppress in public, is something to be avoided if possible. The very word "sentimentality" itself has assumed, since at least the less-abstruse parts of the Freudian and Marxist doctrines became general "background" knowledge for the readers of popular magazines, almost a critical function in its own right, so that to use it about any work of Art, any piece of Music, any poem, or any process of thinking, is to damn the object utterly.

Yet it is sometimes difficult to decide where "opinion" begins and "sentimental prejudice" ends, and one sometimes wonders whether the motives which make one man choose the completely logical arguments of Dialectical Materialism, for instance, as opposed to the equally logical case to be made out for some other form of political or philosophical theory, may be any less "sentimentally" based than those of the other who chooses differently; whether, indeed, there is any human

course of action which can possibly be taken which is taken on the basis of a reasoning process alone, devoid of any sentimental consideration.

For some time there has been a considerable amount of argument in certain quarters as to what *The Gryphon*, as a University magazine, should attempt to be. Some have argued, and we are among them, that as an organ produced at a centre of learning it should have at least a minimum standard of literary acceptability—that it should not, in any event, follow the pattern of a Boys' School magazine—that it should bear at least some marks of its origin in the general standard of its writing. We have also taken into consideration that it must not usurp the function of the *Union News*, nor trespass upon the preserve of the Rag magazine, both of which publications have their own special identity, well adapted to their own functions, and have the right to preserve it against would-be imitators.

On the other hand there have been those who have suggested that *The Gryphon* should *pay*, and that this should be the sole criterion of judgment to be applied to its editorial policy. As anyone who has ever had anything to do with the production of limited-circulation magazines knows well, deliberately to set out to *lower* standards in the hope that this will sell more copies is to court disillusion. In any event, since most of the contributors to a student magazine are not particularly experienced as writers for publication (how could they be), any talk of over-high standards is nonsensical. The standard can only be as high as the general standard of competence of the writers who write for the magazine will allow it to be.

There are those who have suggested that the argument that a University magazine should necessarily set itself as high a standard as it could, was based upon a false and sentimental assumption that University students ought to be able to develop adult standards of judgment in literary matters. That may be true, but the fact remains that *The Gryphon* is a representative University organ and is not produced for the



undergraduate population alone. Hence we feel justified in continuing to base our policy upon the sentimental assumption in question, and to try to give the best value from all points of view, which contributors and resources will allow us to give.

So far as the Christmas issue was concerned, the policy was justified. Increased quality in the production, plus a fair average *Gryphon* standard in the writing, increased our Sales figures by nearly fifteen per cent. over our previous best of October, 1949 (and by a little more than that over the Sales figure for the last Christmas issue). But we are very, very far from making money, not least because general printing and paper costs have been steadily rocketing since this time last year, and are still doing so. Nevertheless, with the enlightened blessing of Union Committee, we have decided to continue to print colour-plates as circumstances permit—(we owe the inclusion of two colour reproductions of paintings by modern painters—Stanley Spencer and Matthew Smith—to the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Musgrave and the Management Committee of Leeds City Art Galleries, who lent us the blocks, for which we offer them our grateful thanks)—and generally to make the magazine as interesting and attractive as we can without being forced to raise the price.

The present issue is a miscellany of items which should have something of interest for everybody, quite apart from the colour plates, and we hope that we shall be able to continue with our policy, based, though it may be, upon a sentimental assumption. We ourselves, incidentally, do not accept this view of it.

You could help us to do this if you would make sure that those people of your acquaintance, who perpetually claim that *The Gryphon* does not try to please the student body, have at least seen a representative issue at some time during the past couple of years or so (it is amazing how often those who criticise most have not). If they have not, show them yours—but only this once. The confidence which we have, and which the Union Committee has declared itself to have in the present policy of *The Gryphon*, can only be justified if all those who would like to read the magazine will buy their own copies.

*Turner R. Odell*

## A SECOND LOOK AT THE U.S.A.

TO A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES living in Britain and taking part to any extent at all in the activities of some community in this nation, it becomes increasingly evident that there are fundamental differences of outlook between the two countries with regard to certain phases of international politics in general and to the current world crisis in particular. But to me the strength of feeling behind this difference of perspective did not strike home until the occasion of the Montague Burton lecture by Mr. Alexander Werth, on "The Conflict Between East and West," given at the University last November.

These differences of outlook exist as facts. As facts they cannot be argued away. Still less can they be ignored. But since they are factual realities, there are also reasons which lie behind them. And any sort of thinking which does not have as a basis a fairly clear picture of those reasons, those facts behind the apparent facts, will never get very far in trying to reconcile such of those surface facts as seem to be in opposition to each other.

It is as vital for the people of Britain to understand the reasons which lie behind the actions of the United States in the present situation as it is for the citizens of the latter nation to do some intelligent thinking about the basic causes of British action. It is in the hope that more of this sort of thing may be done on both sides that this article has been written. In spite of certain oversimplifications unavoidable in an article of this length, it is hoped that students of both British and American political history will be tolerant and that they will consider these few pages as simply what they pretend to be : an attempt to point out some of the places where clear thinking about the U.S. may easily become confused, and to suggest some ways in which that danger may be lessened.

In the first place, it unfortunately seems to be true that the voices which shout loudest from the United States are those which are most heard in Britain. The recent ravings of Senator Joseph McCarthy in the U.S. Congress, which would perhaps be amusing if they had not had such tragic consequences in the lives of those affected by his irresponsible accusations, are often the first thing brought to the attention of the U.S. visitor, and the latter feels that the question "What about McCarthy?" is equally a challenge to justification. It is impossible to deny that the tactics of McCarthy and others of his kind, who have based their witch-hunting campaign on the principle that to catch one Soviet sympathiser in the State Department is worth the price of ruining the reputations of a hundred other innocent victims, have increased the tendency toward an anti-Soviet hysteria in some segments of the U.S. population. But there *are* parts of that population that are still sane and which consider McCarthy-ism to be as great a danger to the nation as the Soviet menace from which he claims to be defending it. A U.S. senator, speaking from the floor of Congress, is protected from accusations of libel or defamation of character by what is called congressional immunity, and it is significant that McCarthy has repeatedly ignored or refused challenges to repeat his charges outside the Congressional chambers.

The second point I should like to make is that much of what goes on in the United States political scene and much of what the U.S. government does abroad cannot be understood without a knowledge of certain fundamentals of the U.S. political system. Neither the legislative body of the United States, Congress, nor the two principal political parties, the Democratic and the Republican, are similar in composition to their corresponding institutions in the British governmental and political picture. Members of the United States Senate—there are two senators from each of the forty-eight states—are elected by the voters of the state from which they come for a period of six years, while members of the House of Representatives are elected by the voters of the respective states to hold office for two years. The basic unit of repre-

sentation in Congress, then, is the individual state, all states having equal representation in the Senate, while representation in the House of Representatives is proportional to the population of each state. Due to the vastness of the nation this means that, with a few outstanding exceptions, concern in Congressional elections is localised, and the election of a senator or representative is completely a state affair in the sense that only the voters of the particular state participate directly in the election. In Congressional elections, consequently, local issues may often be the chief political factors, and since there may be little correspondence between the vital issues of a state in one region of the country and those of the electorate in another area, there may be a wide difference between the important planks of the political platform of, say, a Democratic senatorial candidate running for election in a state in the north-eastern part of the U.S. and a candidate from the same political party in the south.

This is also the reason why, even in national campaigns for the Presidency, national party platforms are often quite innocuous or even meaningless with regard to any really vital issues, whether of domestic or foreign policy : the party leaders must construct a platform that will satisfy many divergent, if not conflicting, points of view, something that will receive the support of all the party factions, or as many of them as possible, throughout the country. If the party chieftains decide to take a stand on a controversial issue within their party, a split in the national party usually develops. Thus, when, in the 1948 Presidential election, the Democratic Party incorporated Truman's Civil Rights program into the national platform, the unity of the Democratic Party in the South was shattered, the dissenters to this move forming the new Dixiecrat Party and putting up their own candidate for the Presidency. All this is to illustrate the fact that political realities in the United States are sometimes of a different nature from those in Great Britain, and that the U.S. political scene is incomprehensible if the political terms " Democratic " and " Republican " are viewed as, in any sense, irreducible elements.

A third factor which must be taken into account when considering the action of the U.S. government in either domestic or foreign fields is that, since the country is a democratic nation, and a vast one, almost every official action or policy is the result of a compromise. This means that in order to remain in power, a group of men with, for example, a reasonably broad outlook on foreign affairs, must take into account the interests of a minority which may tend toward an isolationist point of view. For this, after all, is part of the democratic process, that the minority view-point is not thrown aside, and that the function of the minority is to force a compromise. So every bill, proposed by a liberal majority in Congress, which becomes law, is the result of a compromise with factions holding the opposite view. And, in addition, there may be other complicating factors. For example, there was some criticism about the amount of tobacco included among the goods exported from the U.S. to Great Britain under the Marshall aid program, the volume of tobacco exported to Britain being out of proportion to the importance of that item in this country's program of recovery. But in order to have the Marshall aid bill pass the U.S. Congress, it was necessary to include the tobacco interests represented in that body, who, of course, would try to include as much as possible of their product among the exported goods. The number of such groups or industries—"blocs" or "lobbies" they are sometimes called—whose separate interests have to be taken into account in order to secure the passage in Congress of any measure, may be very large. Progress in a democratic nation will be slow, and it will be especially so in a country which is as large as the U.S. and which, consequently, embraces a great variety of political, regional, and commercial interests.

There are these three points then, whose importance I should like to underline at a time when clear thinking between the people of Great Britain and the United States is absolutely vital, and when that thinking must be, above all, realistic. First, don't over-estimate the importance of the shouters. They get the headlines at home, too, and they often do a lot of damage—the damaging effects of McCarthy's work seem, at



the present moment, to be increasing rather than lessening—but they are not always representative of the thinking population of the U.S. Second, beware of the fallacy of trying to puzzle out what happens in the U.S. by using as ultimate terms those which are, in fact, by no means irreducible and which, when so used, can only lead to confusion and false conclusions. And third, remember the importance of the compromise in the democratic system and what it may involve in a country which is as vast in size and as heterogenous in composition as the United States.

## “M”

### A CONVENIENCER'S VADE MECUM

I REMEMBER QUITE VIVIDLY the Editor pushing some old manuscripts into my tightly closed fist, wrenching his best Swan away and saying: “here, take your work,” or words to that effect.

Reluctantly handing back his solid silver—so he says—cigarette case, I asked, “look here old man, what is it you really want from your contributors? You ask for articles, essays and the like, then, when you have 'em they're treated as though they were rubbish!”

“I wouldn't say *your* work was refuse, exactly,” murmured he, dragging another page of my latest epic, “The Lady's not for Turning,” from the waste-paper basket.

“What we need,” grunted a gentleman who sits in the office specially to hatch eggs, “is something interesting.” Of course, being young, he did not realise what havoc he caused in my breast, nor what a bomb he had thrown amongst the pigeons.

Something interesting!

I retired in umbrage with *The Sporting Pink*, and thought and thought and ———, much like little Audrey. But there was nothing doing. The task seemed insurmountable. I realised something interesting would mean something everyone could do.

I put the problem before my friend Chilsic, who is a surrealist concertina player.

“Vy nod about your chernyings wride?” he asked. “Everybody is liking the chernyings.”

“*The Gryphon* Editorial Committee wouldn’t! My journeyings usually take me no farther than the nearest public convenience.”

“Thad is all the bedder. Novun has ever before on the subject writ. You your name vill make.”

Our conversation might have reached higher levels had not someone, at that moment, begun to play Chilsic’s own Concerto No. 2 for hacksaw, euphonium and clavichord. The Maestro fell into an immediate ecstatic trance and no further discussion was possible.

Next morning, tucking my bagpipes securely under my arm, I stalked off playing “Gurt na Morra’s Leap,” intent upon confirming some of my impressions before committing them to paper.

The Savoy barricaded itself upon my approach, but the Carlton, not having time to do this, merely chucked me out. Hungrily I turned into Lyons at the “Cross” corner, to the consternation of a bevy of ballet boys seated at the first table. There I tried to think. “Which shall I visit first?” was the nagging question pervading my brain. Even after draining the seventh saucer of coffee my mind was not made up. I wandered out into the insipid daylight and there, half hidden by the bored back of a yawning bobby, I caught a glimpse of the magic inscription. It decided me!

Dashing across the road I passed into the depths. Architecture—late nineteenth century. Stands—real marble relieved with brass. It was a picture of old world charm, from the carved basin at which I shaved, down to the advertisements on the walls which seemed to carry a host of nostalgic memories in their faded letters.

Renewed in spirit, I bounded up the worn steps. The red morning sunlight caressed the wrought iron work—"lettering or, on field vert." Now I was fit to face the world, providing I could dodge the stream of traffic. So, bagpipes at the ready, I prepared to move on.

Piccadilly's example I found was deep in the outskirts of Underground. "A fig for modernity," I remember whispering in the tiled hall, "what good are shaded lights down here? A pickle for chromium! it's a most insipid metal compared with the old-gold glitter of brass." Though no Puritan, I almost sat down to begin an article on the evils of luxury there and then. "Yet after all," thought I, "this is no pampering for the few; here is for all, if they will."

Later in my life, after seeing the glorious edifice at Scarborough, I thought Piccadilly only mediocre.

The Hague at my first visit provided me with a telling shock. There, at a middling, though by Continental standards, palatial toilet, I found my retreat line barred by two nymphs, fortyish, bustyish and uglyish. "Ho!" I wittered from behind a locked door, "at last your worst nightmare has caught up with you."

A hammering appeared at the door, a squawking flinched through the panels. "Now, be brave," said conscience, "go out and face the mob. Sing an Aria from 'Chu Chin Chow,' plead in Siamese; the most they can give you is two months and a twenty guilder fine for being drunk and disorderly." I need not have feared. It was only a door collection taken towards the fabric's upkeep.

France has bitter memories. I'll never be a Frenchman for I do not wear a hat. "There is no embarrassment like Embarrassment," I sighed, as a moustachioed lecher raised *his* titfer to a pretty maiden who smiled at *me*.

Now in Germany, (as in Harrogate), public conveniences are a rarity. This is no doubt due to a Teutonic ideal of the superiority of German manhood:

“but to represent them . . . as being altogether devoid of a back passage seems to me really an excess of chivalry.”

(SOMERSET MAUGHAM, *Cakes and Ale*).

What few toilets there were in Berlin had obviously been built since the Occupation for the decadent British, drunken French, . . . Americans, and . . . Russians. Peculiar how the peoples of those two countries are similarly classified in the German mind.

Let us return, however, nearer to our hearts: Leeds; I might have been harsh, but Richard disarms me. I would have seared the City fathers, but Dawn and Evening charm away my ire. Truly, no town has a more despicable litter of toilets than Leeds. One only escapes perpetual damnation, and that, private enterprise, in the Union building.

When I first entered the nether regions of that place my eyes moved lovingly over the grey, fine textured walls and inspired workmanship of the door panels. During my later visits I occasionally found that art reared its head—after Manet, and in pencil, invariably indelible—on the golden walls. Other muses, except Euterpe, (music to you), are indifferently represented most seasons. Sometimes though, learning does reach the walls: pertinent questions have been asked—and answered, knowledgeably.

For the epitomisation of all that is worst in toilets—excepting the Mediaeval ginnel running through the base of the Brotherton—one must turn to the gentlemen’s cloakroom in the University building. As Shakespeare says:

“ It is a damned and bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand—  
If that it be the work of any hand.”

Here, Erato reigns—since you feigned insult at my telling what the last one meant, find this out for yourself. Inscriptions enshrined upon the walls by knife hacks tempt one to call up thoughts about “the ballad and its source”—das folk dichtet and all that. (This should be a useful line in research!) As my friend Rex,—an able Economist of this University, and an

earnest advocate of plush lavatory seats—said upon first noticing the distortion, “‘M,’ old boy, there is something definitely wrong with this place !”

Yet I see I must end, and a world of information waits still upon my pen. Look out for my book, title not yet decided, on this same subject. It will be appearing some time after I have been kicked out of the University.

### *Colin West*

## IN DEFENSE OF DILETTANTISM

IT IS NOT OFTEN that Alexander Pope and the Spens Committee on Secondary Education agree with each other on anything. Even less frequently do we find them agreeing on something which is quite wrong. Yet consider the following quotations (there is no need to say which is which) :—

“ A little learning is a dangerous thing  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

“ It is impossible to accept the definition of an educated person as one who ‘knows something about everything and everything about something.’ ”

In other words, neither Alexander Pope nor the Spens Committee like dilettantes.

Of course, in these days, very few people do. Life is grim and life is earnest, and one must specialise to live. The man who gets on in the world is the man who knows everything about one highly specialised subject, about which nobody else has ever heard. The fact that such a person knows very little about anything else does not matter. He is an **AUTHORITY**—let us bow down and worship—and let us forget that he is probably narrow-minded, intolerant, and a complete bore,



The basis of this creed of specialisation is, of course, crass materialism. It is perfectly true that a person who knows a lot about any subject, however obscure and valueless that subject may be, will probably be more financially successful than a person who knows a little about a lot of subjects. Even if the specialist has more or less invented his subject, he will easily find enough people to invest him with an aura of sanctity. This is probably because they all live average lives themselves and see in the specialist the embodiment of their own unexpressed aspirations to uniqueness. Or perhaps such a theory is merely the result of lectures in educational psychology. However, whatever the reasons, the facts about this specialisation-mania are apparent everywhere.

Now, what is the opposite of the specialist? Obviously, it is the man who knows a little about a lot; the dabbler, the amateur—in fact, the dilettante. The real reason why such a person is frowned on is that he does not know enough about any one subject to make a living out of it. But I am here concerned, not with the man as a working machine, but as a civilised human being. The modern theory that work is good for a person is ridiculous. It is nothing more than the doctrine or original sin adapted for use in a materialistic society. Just as one had once to spend the whole of one's life being good in order to save one's soul, now one has to spend the whole of one's life working in order to salve one's social conscience (the modern substitute for a soul). And doing things to salve one's social conscience—which, practically, is “for the good of mankind”—is probably the most prolific cause of war and general unrest that the world has ever known.

The work fetish is especially evident to-day in the mania for vocational education. How many times does one see such phrases as “educating the child to take his place in society” or “to be a useful citizen”? And what a ghastly picture it conjures up—a picture painted at its worst in Huxley's “Brave New World,” which is really nothing more than a description of specialisation and vocational education carried to extremes. Obviously, people must work to make a living.

But let us not glamourise the process—it is preferring the theory of living to work to that of working to live. And such a theory is too horrible to contemplate.

Once the basic theory is comprehended, it is obvious that the dilettante is greatly preferable to the specialist. Once knowledge is recognised as being a necessary adjunct to civilisation and not a piece of materialistic equipment, then there is little doubt that the most useful person is he who knows a little about a lot. For it is such a person who can enter into any conversation and get on well in any society; while the specialist must remain dumb in all circles but those connected with his own particular subject. And since getting on well with all sorts of people is the basis of mutual understanding, a society of dilettantes is much more likely to be peaceful than a society of specialists.

There is another awful result of specialisation which is related to this matter of peace and mutual understanding. A specialist can almost be defined as a person who is more interested in his subject than in its applications. For instance, a specialist in Elizabethan stage conditions is much more interested in the actual dimensions of an apron stage than in the actors who played on that stage. In other words, he is more interested in technical details than in humanity. And that is a very woeful condition to be in.

Again, one has only to read two or three articles in such publications such as the *Modern Language Review* or the *Journal of Germanic Philology* to see what specialisation does to a man. In the issue after that in which there appears an article entitled "The Glottal Stop in Primitive Bantu," by Professor Spitzenkeimer, Professor Fluck will write "A Reply to 'The Glottal Stop in Primitive Bantu.'" Next month, Professor Spitzenkeimer, in great annoyance, produces "An Answer to a Reply . . . etc," which probably draws from Professor Tinkelheim "A Note on an Answer to a Reply to . . . etc." This sort of thing can go on for months, each article being more insulting than the last. Surely this is no strong argument for the theory of friendship through knowledge.

And now contrast such a situation with a society of dilettantes. Where the specialist depends for his living on his subject, and has therefore to make every effort to maintain his reputation as an authority, the dilettante is under no such compulsion. True, he may argue ; but there is no possibility of going to such lengths as the specialists. This is prevented by the fact that the dilettante has other interests which do not permit him to waste his time in futile and acrimonious argument, and also by the more tolerant attitude induced by these wider interests. To hear two dilettantes speaking together is to hear a conversation ; to hear two specialists is to hear an argument. One is civilised, the other barbaric ; one is peace, the other war.

Let us, then, however regretfully, refuse to be over-awed by the authority of either Pope or the Spens Committee. Let us forsake the narrow-minded and materialistic creed of specialisation and substitute for it the tolerant civilisation of dilettantism. Let us know a little about a lot, and not a lot about a little. For there is only one end to ever-increasing specialisation. As knowledge widens its boundaries and the population of the world remains static or decreases there will come a day when it will be necessary, if all knowledge is to be at the disposal of mankind, for each individual man to be a specialist in one single subject, and to know nothing whatever about anything else. This will mean that there will be nothing which can be used as a common topic of conversation between any two people in the world. A great silence will fall on the face of the globe, and—well, perhaps that might not be a bad thing after all.

*Charles Kingham***CURLEW**

Drooping a wing across mist-shrouded moor,  
Flying indifferently, as sullen dancers  
Move with dull partners listless over floor,  
Making small-talk while knowing all the answers ;

Or in a blue-enamel scorching sky  
With blackened heather for a landing-ground,  
Venting from boredom a dejected cry—  
Echoing desolation's private sound.

So curlew calls perennial despair  
To blackfaced sheep snatching the upland grass  
For a bare living ; to close-coupled pair  
Of lovers who lift heads to watch him pass,

Then, conscious of short hours, long desiring,  
Fall lip to lip again, noting sheep, bird  
As wordless guardians of their own retiring.  
Dual delight condemns despond unheard,

Holds, all one age-long pulse-beat, the sublime ;  
Then down grey arches of oppressing years  
Falls the warped shadow of malignant Time  
Whose peacock summons clangs in shuttered ears.

*Gerald Robinson*  
**HENRY COPE STENHOUSE :**  
**A PORTRAIT**

**A**T THE TIME of my first memory of Henry Cope Stenhouse he was already growing old, and the tarnish of years was creeping over the superficial glitter of his personality though not yet corrupting the true metal beneath. He was sitting in his scarlet-painted summer house—"My porch," he would call it—in the gold of a Durham summer afternoon, surrounded by a few relics of the fortune he had made and lost in the States. But somehow, in that kaleidoscope of childhood memories of which he is a facet, he has become merged with a brief glimpse through a basement window of two people huddled over some sort of gas-meter or scarlet painted pumping equipment. And this is a Winter's memory.

At the time when I first knew him his literary output had dwindled to a mere trickle, but his mind remained a perfect instrument to the end. He tended to devote his time more and more to finding a philosophy for the living, rather than to creating characters who were adapted automatically to some arbitrarily imposed philosophy. And, like Coleridge, he seemed to understand more thoroughly the nature of the processes of creation when the act of creation was so far withdrawn that he could see in perspective its relationship to the rest of life. In a way it was tragic that he should have become completely inarticulate when his grasp of the problem was most complete, although this failure is perhaps inevitable in every case, as some form of solution is necessary only to him who recognises that a problem exists at all, and in recognising the problem completely will realise that there is no solution. At any rate, he could simplify things sufficiently for the needs of a precocious child: "Light your life with the Sun," he would say, "It's only fools and poets that go after the moon. But light your life with the Sun!"



Time drives backwards. Backwards as quick as forwards, and just as far in any direction, but at this Now, this shifting centre from which the centuries radiate, when Leeds is bathed in fog and fuel cuts and the whole world rocking, there is a Sun slowly receding forwards, and poised like a Bethlehem Star over a slowly receding summer house, scarlet-painted.

"My Porch," he would call it, and I would wait to see if I was going to be treated to some tale of riding on the rods through the Middle West, or going after the honey harvest with a truck-load of bees. But often he would just sit back and fondle the ginger cat that sat on his knee, and smile as he let his eyes wander over Admiral Fitzroy's Nautical Barometer and Meteorological Guide, and an engraved replica of Hodgson's Antique Canister, that he had brought with him on his last crossing.

The rest of his importations were of a less material and more valuable nature : a taste for eating jam and cheese simultaneously, a weakness for laconic spitting, a love of the sun and the open-air life, a passion for bright colours, and an expert knowledge of hydraulic engineering.

It was many years ago. Great Aunt Jenny was still young (as opposed to being preserved) and, one presumes, still capable of some human feelings, as she was prepared to risk a certain amount of social ostracism by associating with young Harry Stenhouse, probably with a view to improving him at leisure, once he had married in haste. However, he must have got wind of this worthy intention, as he and his capital suddenly departed across the Atlantic one blustering March, and the people in the basement wedged the window with a piece of folded paper to stop it rattling.

My mother and her sisters played "shops" with the unused wedding cake, until the long aunts declared that this was too grubby even for the consumption of children.

Over there, he sank his capital into a scheme, advocated by a very plausible gentleman, for running hydraulic mains under the streets of Chicago, with the idea of providing power all over the city from a central pumping station. The idea was very successful, his letters home at this time were full of

optimism, and some of this optimism was communicated to the readers of the *Daily North Eastern Courier and Consett Echo*, which journal paid Aunt Jenny handsomely for the privilege of publishing them.

Energy and drive were the predominant characteristics of his more creative writing at this time, which could be called his (a) period. This is illustrated by the following fragment picked almost at random from "The Golden Trail." (Winch is speaking)—

"If he just looses off and misses yuh, it don't matter. If he aims and hits yuh, well, then nothin' don't matter. But if he aims and misses yuh, that's when yuh gotta start thinkin' fast!"

Four years passed, during which time a Chicago grateful for its mechanisation paid Harry C. Stenhouse a generous, if enforced, rake-off for the effective head of forty-two feet which he applied to the water they supplied; and the people in the basement were satisfied.

But every (a) period merges into a (b) period, and in his case the transfer was effected by the increasing popularity of electricity as a source of domestic power. He found that his hydraulic system had become obsolete before he could withdraw his capital. I suppose his original cast-iron pipes are still rusting underneath the foundations of the city. Expensive lawsuits accounted for most of what he had been able to recover, and his (b) period was one of silence.

What was poison for the man, however, was food for the artist. By plumbing the depths of disillusion he lost his illusions. By reaching to the most distant crannies of despair he learnt the limits of despair, and how what is not despair must lie beyond these limits. He realised how the flames are necessary to the Phoenix's rising, in the same way as his (c) period rose and flowered over what had gone before. His style took on an aspect of decent humility, his metaphors became incisive.

If one sentence can sum him up, it is surely that much-quoted one from his collection of essays entitled, "The Floating Shift" . . .

"The conclusion is more blessed than the conception, the ending successfully wrought than the beginning, for it is in the moment of ending that a man has every beginning in front of him."

These are strange words in the mouth of a starving man. One has only to read one page to be struck by his burning sincerity, which is a thing to be experienced rather than explained. The people in the basement are disconnecting the machinery, but it is difficult to see as the snow is forming a freezing drift against the window. Crisp and white as bread.

He never mentioned it, but it is probable that he was relieved and grateful when he was offered a roof over his head and his fare across the Atlantic. There was certainly a great change in him when he landed on the doorstep with his canister slung from his belt and the case of tubes of mercury and alcohol that went under the name of Admiral Fitzroy's Nautical Barometer and Meteorological Guide done up in brown paper. Domestic bliss—until he saw a back-number of the *Daily North Eastern Courier and Consett Echo*.

It was then that he committed the chauvinist crime of painting the summer house scarlet.

"Light your life with the Sun," he said, and this was a thing much more real than the bristling of the toothed Uncles, or the drained looks of the rattling Aunts.

From one for whom the shadows edge was very real : light your life with the Sun !

## RECEIPT FOR GOOD INK

1 Ounce of green Vitriol 1 ounce of powdered Logwood 3 ounces of powdered Galls to a quart of white or vinegar for common use water Gum 1 ounce put ye ingredients together at once in any convenient vessel shake ye well 4 or 5 times every day and in 10 or 12 days it will be fit for use but colours and durability will be improved if it stand longer on the undissolved ingredients otherwise Boil ye Logwood and Galls in ye Liquor for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour or more add a little more liquor for that which incorporates in the boiling strain the decoction whilst hot and putting it into the vessel where to be kept thereto ye Vitriol and ye Gum as soon as these are dissolved the ink may be used.

*D. F. Tunnicliffe*

## GOOD HEALTH

**T**HE SUMMER OF 1949 saw the birth of a new department at Leeds University, the Department of Student Health.

With it began an interesting experiment in Preventive Medicine which is now beginning to yield its due reward.

Since students are usually considered a reasonably healthy section of the population, it is perhaps rather startling to learn from the results of medical examinations of an average first year intake that 70% of them were found to have some physical defect or deficiency. This high proportion is the result of an emphasis on complete well-being as the definition of health, rather than the usually accepted meaning in which health is regarded as the state of "not being ill." In the official terms, the object of the University Health Service is "to ensure as far as possible, that no student is prevented through ill-health of any kind from *enjoying to the full* the benefits of a University course." Thus the service differs from the existing medical services in this country which are concerned with illness as it arises, and with its treatment. A large number of the 70% mentioned had in fact only minor physical defects, such as teeth, eyes or skin requiring attention. A similar type of examination amongst a rather larger number of individuals of all ages and occupations in what was considered a fairly healthy part of London before the war gave a figure of 91% as the incidence of "physiological defect, deficiency or aberration" discovered,<sup>1</sup> which tends to justify one's assumption about the comparatively good health of students.

In order to achieve and maintain full physical health among the students at Leeds, the new department's first job was the prevention of disease. One student, attending an X-ray examination only three months after a previous examination which had proved negative, was found from the photograph to have developed lung tuberculosis of which he



was entirely unaware. The early diagnosis in this case contributed greatly to the speed and effectiveness of the cure, and enabled the student to resume his studies with the least possible delay. A large part of the department's time and resources are therefore concentrated on the Medical Examination, which includes the X-ray examination and aims at providing a comprehensive assessment of health and its associated factors. More than eight hundred such examinations—each of which takes approximately one hour—were carried out in the course of the first year's work. Students are told about any defects discovered, and advised to consult the appropriate specialist if necessary. All the information obtained is recorded on standard health record cards, which make it possible to analyse the total results by means of a Powers-Samas accounting machine. For example, the first year's results showed that 57% of the men and 72% of the women were non-smokers, and that 21 and 42% respectively were total abstainers from alcohol. A consideration of the type of questions asked in the examination gives some idea of the extent of other factors relating to health. One's various recreations and types of exercise, previous medical history, family background and economic circumstances are all taken into account.

In this respect health is seen to be related to most matters of student welfare and in fact the close connection is realised by workers in both fields. The University Medical Officer has strongly supported the establishment of sick-bay accommodation and the appointment of a full-time lodgings officer for non-resident students, and has also fulfilled the important task of being Medical Adviser to the National Union of Students on "Grants and Welfare" matters. Two-way co-operation is also evident between the departments of Student Health and of Physical Education. Many of those students who were considered to have insufficient outdoor exercise (over 40% of the men and 28% of the women examined) have appreciated the facilities offered by the latter department, whilst 53 students with injuries—most of which were received during games—were able during that first year to attend the former department for advice and treatment. In the new university buildings now

planned, these two departments are to be adjacent to one another.

The present central situation of the Department has, however, considerable advantages. Students in their normal routine find it convenient to call in and fix an appointment, and nearly five hundred of them in fact did so in the course of the first year. This availability of sympathetic and expert advice on health matters is an important aspect of the department's work and makes a valuable contribution to the maintenance of full health within the University.

The importance of this early diagnosis has already been mentioned in connection with tuberculosis. It is rather surprising to learn that in spite of the publicity given to Mass Radiography within the University, less than half the total number of students attended for an X-ray examination last year.<sup>2</sup> The incidence of pulmonary tuberculosis among those examined was 5.7 per 1,000 : the disease is known to be rather more prevalent among students than among other people in similar age-groups. Yet over sixteen hundred students at this University neglected this elementary precaution. There would appear to be room here for an expansion of the educational side of the new department's activities.

In many respects though, the work of the department is largely experimental. One reason for the setting-up of the Department of Student Health in Leeds was to provide previously unknown information relating to the health of the student population. The Medical Officer is expected to continue the true University tradition of linking research with the purely functional aspect of his work. Since the idea of a *health* service is still relatively novel, it is necessary to find out for instance the extent of the effect of economic conditions, of previous illness and of one's family background upon present health. It is also hoped to discover their effect on academic performance. From a single year's results it is difficult to arrive at any conclusions since the numbers involved are too small to be considered statistically reliable. As more data is collected it may be possible to ascertain whether the size of one's family, or whether one's previous education have any

foreseeable effect upon one's exam. results. It may also be possible to reach more general conclusions by co-ordinating the results obtained from other universities. A committee of University Health Officers has been sponsored by the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust partly with this aim.

In the future development of the department it is hoped to repeat the medical examination of each student annually. But the achievement of full health throughout the University will require more than just the prevention of disease. A conscious striving towards this objective should be the aim of every student, and the means of learning the essential principles of personal and public health must be available to all. In some American universities short courses on these subjects are considered an essential part of every student's training. It is found possible to remove many doubts and misconceptions about health matters in this way, and the courses help to ensure that every person leaving the University has an adequate and up-to-date knowledge of the facts relating to personal and national health. For the principle of a health service such as is being developed within our University is more than an abstract ideal; it is economically sound. "It is chronicity more than any other factor that piles up the cost of the Medical Services of the Nation,"<sup>3</sup> so that by emphasising the avoidance and prevention of serious illness we should obtain greater all-round efficiency at a smaller relative cost. It may well be that this important experiment in the field of preventive medicine is the forerunner of a truly national health service.

- 1 "The Peckham Experiment"—Pearse, I. H. and Crocker, L. H.—Allen & Unwin, 1943.
- 2 The figures this year (at present incomplete) are expected to show only a slight improvement.
- 3 Pearse and Crocker—op. cit.

## IN LIMP COVERS

- Ball Room Manual. Paper Covers, 2d. ; Cloth,  
Gilt Edges, 6d.
- Barlow's Cattle Keeper's Guide. Frontispiece. 18 mo.  
Cloth, 6d.
- Beaumont's Cow Doctor, and Barlow's Cattle Keeper's Guide  
combined. Frontispiece. 18 mo. Cloth, 1s.
- Beautiful Thoughts—1,000 choice Extracts. Demy 18 mo.  
Gilt Edges, 2s. Plain, 1s. 9d.
- Brewer's Guide (The). Containing the whole art of Brewing,  
with Numerous Recipes for preparing liquors for Sale,  
&c. Royal 32 mo. Cloth, 6d.
- Buchan's Domestic Medicine. Foolscap 8 vo. Coloured  
Plate. 2s. 6d.
- Carpenter's Scholar's Spelling Assistant. Foolscap 8 vo.  
Cloth, 6d.
- Clater's Every Man His Own Cattle Doctor. Foolscap 8 vo.  
Cloth, 1s. 6d.
- Culpeper's Complete Herbal. Numerous beautiful Coloured  
Plates. Foolscap 8 vo., 4s. Plain Plates, 3s.
- Grandpapa's Tales About Birds. Royal 32 mo. Gilt Back  
and Sides, 10d.
- Heber's Poems. Fcp. 8 vo. Eight Steel Plates. Gilt Back,  
Side and Edges, Bevilled Boards, 3s. 6d. Plain Coloured  
Cloth, 2s. 9d.
- Hoppus's Practical Wood, Iron, &c., Measurer. Leather,  
1s. 6d.
- Mr. Merryman's Broad Grins. Foolscap 8 vo. Limp Cloth, 1s.
- Smith's Food for Hungry Souls. Royal 32 mo. Coloured  
Cloth, 1s. 4d.
- Smith's Bread from Heaven, and Refreshing Dew Drops.  
Royal 32 mo. Coloured Cloth, 1s. 4d.
- Thoughtless Little Fanny. Embellished with Frontispiece  
and Vignette. Royal 32 mo. Gilt Edges. 1s. 6d.

## PLAYS TO COME

**T**HEATRE GROUP ARE PRESENTING *Oedipus Rex*, Sophocles, and *Cece*, by Luigi Pirandello, in the Riley-Smith Theatre, from 6th to 9th March, at 7 p.m.

Oedipus' father, Laius, had been warned by an oracle of Apollo that any son he should beget would murder his father and marry his mother. Nevertheless, Oedipus was born, and to avoid the threatened consequences, Laius and his wife, Jocasta, exposed the baby on Mount Cithaeron. But he was rescued, and survived to suffer the extremes of personal and public ignominy and self-inflicted pain. All this despite the fact that by his wisdom and humanity he has, by saving the city from the ravages of the Sphinx, become both King of Thebes, and husband of Jocasta, by whom he has had children.

Sophocles treats this theme in such a way as to emphasize the ironies of the human situation. The chorus constantly alludes to the tragic events as typical of human affairs, using the action as fit material for moralising. Of all Greek choruses we can identify ourselves most easily with these Theban elders; for they are full of high sentiments and more than a bit obtuse, though the tragic "hero" himself is Fortune's actual Fool. The more Oedipus deliberately tries to escape his destiny, the more effectively does he ensure it. He manoeuvres himself into position on the anvil while a horrified audience beholds the divine hammer gradually rising for the stroke. Here is dramatic rhythm at its most controlled. The recognitions and reversals which Aristotle analysed as necessary elements in tragedy, are here employed to intensify the irony.

The Greeks looked for a moral in their drama, and here it is seen stark. Oedipus has committed the unpardonable impiety of being born; he must therefore suffer whatever penalties the gods choose to inflict, and that penalty is the utmost this side death. Here we see no sentimental moral; Oedipus is not punished for any fault of character. True, his high but noble temper promotes the catastrophe, but he is not morally responsible for the tragedy. Sophocles, as in his other plays,



CONTEMPORARY  
PAINTING

MATTHEW SMITH AND  
STANLEY SPENCER

"Separating Fighting Swans" was painted by Stanley Spencer in 1934. Like so many of Spencer's works the subject is associated with the river at Cookham-on-Thames, in Berkshire, where he has lived most of his life. In these days of strong continental influences his work seems strangely isolated but essentially English. Suggested comparisons with Early Renaissance artists are limited in their effectiveness; his humour and whimsy are North European Gothic and his human sympathy derives from a love of his native Berkshire. Spencer is a narrative painter—the stories that he illustrates so vividly are the stories of his life, the life of the imagination.

"Lilies," painted by Matthew Smith, with characteristic verve, makes an interesting contrast with Spencer's meticulous care. The freshness of vision, the fluency of the painting and the great beauty and economy of colour make this a particularly interesting example of Matthew Smith's work. His mastery is shown in his ability to capture the most intense moment of vision with an exuberance and vibrancy of colour reminiscent of the great Venetians.

Both these paintings are reproduced by kind permission of the Director and Management Committee of the City of Leeds Art Gallery and Temple Newsam House. The City of Leeds collections contain many representative works by contemporary artists of established reputation.

STANLEY SPENCER:  
SEPARATING FIGHTING SWANS





once again reveals to blind humanity that the ways of the gods are mysterious, and that human ideas of justice are irrelevant. God's will must be done, and man must submit, without complaint but with, however, tears and compassion for the victim.

E. F. Watling's translation, in which the dialogue is in modern blank verse, and the choric odes in appropriate lyric forms, has been selected for this presentation by Theatre Group.

In 1921 Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* quite suddenly announced the end of the tradition of the realistic theatre, in truth only prolonged into an artificial old age by the pyrotechnics and logical gymnastics of Shaw.

Pirandello's revolution was a simple one. He saw clearly that the realistic theatre had worked itself out; he saw that in its exhausted frenzy, its frantic desire to make the theatre more and more like everyday life, it was, in fact, saying less and less about the life that matters, the life that is deep down within us.

Pirandello substituted the drama of unrealism. He stated quite simply that relativity applies to the whole of life; it governs personality; it determines our vision of the qualities of man and so determines character. There is more than an element of the obvious about all this and one may wonder that it should cause a fuss.

The fuss arose because Pirandello began to apply the logic deriving from this assertion. He demonstrated the absurdity of the fiction to which we most persistently cling, the fiction of immutable personality. There is no such thing as a fixed personality; each of us is in a state of constant change; each of us, too, is a myriad of impressions held by other people; each impression is as valid as the next, or as any vision each of us has of himself. Quietly he continues to assert this, and we move from the simple statement in *Right You Are (If You Think So)* to the final inescapable implications about the vanity of seeking certainty in personality of *Finding Oneself, When One is Somebody* or *No One Knows How*.

Life, he states, is an ever-flowing force and it will not let itself be deterred in its relentless flood. Hence the folly of our



attempts to fix ourselves in ideal moments. Any such fixing will be an illusion, yet such illusions are necessary, for they are our only refuge from the terrifying process of living. Here is the dilemma of life, at once implying tragedy and comedy, for the two are inseparable :

“ I discern, as it were, a labyrinth where our souls wander through countless contrary paths, without ever finding a way out. In this labyrinth I see a two-headed Hermes which laughs with one face and with the other weeps ; indeed, it laughs with one face at the other’s weeping.”

In our constant need for the comfort of illusion there is a terrible irony. It is clearly to be seen even in *Cece*, a one-act play, written some eight years before *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Yet though Pirandello is no less intent on the changing pattern of illusion and standing to one side and commenting objectively and ironically on it, in this play he is more concerned with the comic aspect of the fantasy of life. When *Cece* anticipates the later Pirandello protagonists with his impassioned outcry about the unreality of personality and the torture that that uncertainty brings, we hear it, not with the deep emotion that comes when we listen to Henry IV or to the Father, but almost as an anticipatory parody, almost as Pirandello mocking his own seriousness.

There is a deceptive quality about the situation—a quick glance and it is Noel Coward, another and you have the forebodings of the Pirandellism of *Six Characters in Search of An Author*. Subtly the worlds are mingled and the superficialities of the drawing-room are deepened into true comedy as Squatriglia is created before our eyes as a truly complete and comic figure, ridiculous and pathetic, as much a victim as Falstaff to his own supposings.

A drawing-room piece and the Pirandello twist, for still there is the firm insistence, “ Nothing is, but thinking makes it so.”

*Cece* has been specially translated by Frederick May for this production by Theatre Group.

A.C. & F.M.

## *Derrick Metcalfe*

### THIS MINSTREL, DARKNESS

“**WE** WILL RUN OVER that again Jon, missing the introduction, if you please. The thirty-fourth bar . . .

“I shall believe” . . . yes, carry on. Te, te, te, te. No, no ! you are not remembering : sharpness it is we want, Jon, and brilliancy. With your fine tenor over David’s bass : sharpness ; jab, jab ; flashes, all colour—understand that, man ? ”

And round the corner came the tubs, all empty ; sounding as thunder at a valley base, rough-dull and clear ; hammer of timpani, crash and tumble, jangle, metal on hollow wood. That is the sound ; ricochetting through the roads.

“Ah, Jon, Jon, we have great music : reaching to Almighty God it is. And Mervyn playing on the organ ; great music indeed. Everything will be still in the Chapel, can’t you imagine it, man ? then the organ, sounding so deep, with rumours of red-veined chords sounding to the pit of the hearers’ souls. Now are you understanding ? You were not right just then Jon. Are you feeling this music rising, rising, higher, higher, until man is stood in the presence of God ? Silence ; then deepness goes from the music . . . ”

After the echoes have died into silent sound of rushing air and the usual toil of men, trip trip of water will flick upon the line, trip trip ; trip trip ; endless. Above, no rain. The mountain behind stands sneering at the tip ; brown, and brown again with gold-brown offset in dull purple-green. Sneering : ridges on its forehead in wind-rasped rock ; sledged lines, hollow-grey. Above, no rain ; only weakened sun tracing lemon rays to half closed eyes. Above, no rain. Trip trip, down there, water that never ceases, trip, to cold pool reflecting violet lined darkness.

“Good, Jon, you captured staccato well there ; possibly too light ; not exactly hammer strokes—I want hammer

strokes. No ; there is no need to go back again ; you have the idea : save your voice, the passage is difficult. Did I ever tell you, now, of a London singer tryin' to do it, eh ? Forget his name, but his clapper got tangled with his flappers, you know. Made an 'ell of a mess of it, he did. Big audience it was too. Alright, back we go again ; take it from page fifty-four, seventeenth bar. It's solo, Jon Darkness bach ; remember how you swing into it. Slow, slow, taa, taa. After four then."

First will be a gentle sound ; babe's gums on mother's breast, loud but unnoticed over the water strike ; loud, yet unnoticed as it is in the house. More feel ; more watching the voice of moving skin as mouth drags. That particle of earth, infinitesimal, caught dull in heavy light, changes formation slowly. And rays make a crystal-snippet alter from crude diamond to . . .

"Stop ! ta ta tut. Beautiful till then. Go back two bars, Jonni boy : right ; two, three . . ."

. . . particle of earth, infinitesimal, caught dull in heavy light, changes formation slowly. And rays make a crystal-snippet alter from sheered and shadowed diamond to a cross, edges pointing inwards, strangled to join—star—now, pressed, snowflake, ice pattern limpet on window, furred and created. Sound is moving. Earth has moved.

"Aye, that will wring their hearts indeed. Make them place pennies in the plate all the faster, if they have any conscience. All my years here an' not once did I hear it sung better. If you can only chant it so on Sunday, Jon lad ! make the angels weep, it would. Yes indeed. Now, can we turn to the duet with David, page . . . page—you got it, eh ? Right ! It's quarrel quarrel almost from the start. Slow at first, then up and fight it out well between you. Gain the top hand, Jon, only not too much voice ; don't forget the rest of the choir will be singing."

Clods. Dropped. From. The. Roof. It happens each now and then. Earth is moving, though ; earth moves.

No, Can't be !

That particle, generous in the light, stepping from shape to shape as too-long watched star at night, dawns the motion.

What does small movement prove. Suppose that diamond, cross, star and iceblade belongs to an unloosened patch of earth. Sufficient reason, surely.

Pressure, pressure.

Pah ! You see, it does belong. There is the crack appearing, dark and wide, wide ; square at corner, fling back, lean . . . n . . . n . . . out !—at your feet.

Prop, the prop, look ;

I see nothing.

Warn the men. I must warn—

Why alarm ? They'll think you just a fool.

No !

It's not reality.

But it moves ; a slow bend.

How can you see ? The lamp-light sends awryness to imagination on reflected beams. Wait : watch and wait. Do not make yourself alarmist.

And sound. Can you not hear the sound, slightly snarling, sibilant in silence, shivering distance ?

A cage descending, air whirling.

Idiot ! let me go.

See, I face you.

I must warn !

See, I halt you ; the way's too narrow.

Get out, out . . . I'll shout. Hey ! . . . hey . . . ey . . . Roof's caving in . . . in . . . i. Now you hear rumble rattling stumbling. Hurry, hurry ! See the sag of the props.

Ha ha ! Sag ? So they do. But the men have not heard you call. Go to them quickly.

I know they heard. I will escape.

Sagging. And if they did not hear ? Sagging.

I will go back. No, I shall escape ! Sagging. Hey . . . hey . . . ey . . .

“Sh ! too loud, Jon boy.”

Hey . . . hey . . . dropping of tools, clang of steel on stone, clap of clay and clatter of shale all mixing. Rumble and break, swifter and spume of slipping slabs. I will go through, I shall escape. Hey . . . hey . . . The Roof . . . roof . . . oup. I will go through, I will go through ! Go through . . . through . . . do . . .

Excellent Jonni bach, a minstrel indeed. The organ will grind, crush to crescendo from there, shiver and shake the rafters and tiles, burst to beauty, brand men with God. Good Jon. Save your voice now. Straight home mind, no standing talking at the corner. And I'll see you at six sharp on Sunday. Six sharp in the Chapel. Workin', Jon? I had no idea you were working. It will be alright, shift finishes in time. Six sharp, even though you come in your dust—in good time, eh?

“ You will be there on Sunday, won't you, Jon Darkness ?

### *Robinetta Armfelt*

#### POEM

Out of the hard earth came  
The bright pain of crocuses,  
Steel-white and flame ;  
Searing the weary soil  
That felt in one shuddering breath  
The sure hand of spring  
And a winter death.

Under a grey sky spread  
The soft mouths of crocuses,  
Sun hungry, rain fed,  
Saffron and cuckoo-colour.  
Look at them now choked with the sudden hail,  
Slashed into tattered sleep by a restless flail.



Stanley Ellis

## A MODEST PROPOSAL

(Inspired by a footnote, P. 176 *Phonetische Grundfragen*, Leipzig, 1904).

**A** RE-READING OF AN OLD ESSAY by someone or other asserting that man's excitability increases in rarer atmospheres and commenting on the greater cheerfulness of those who clamber into attics contrasted with the depression of those who descend into cellars was called to my mind when I heard recently of the researches of a young man in the Physics Department who had at last perceived a difference in the gravity of the Earth at different heights. Exact experiments made on the various floors of the Department indicate that there is a specific loss of gravity weight in any given object as it is measured at increasing distances from the centre of the earth. Certain lecturers in the Physics Department have, since the completion of this unpublished dissertation (which is available on enquiry at the control counter in the University Library) transferred their allegiance to purveyors of rationed goods who sell in the higher outskirts of the city, taking care to go to those salesmen who use spring loaded scales, not the older fashioned type of retailer who uses scales having pans either side of a transverse beam suspended on a central fulcrum.

The main reason for committing these thoughts to paper, however, is an interesting paragraph in the *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altert*, by Heinrich Meyer Benfey (1901) supported by H. Collitz in the *American Journal of Philology*, Vol. 39 (1918), p. 413. The latter work being in English I will use it for my quotes. Says Mr. Collitz : "The habitual use of a larger volume of breath means an increased activity of the lungs." Here we have a statement which is truly breathtaking. Such research appears to be on a par with the previous works mentioned. There is here a rich profundity of knowledge. This is knowledge of a kind which we can find repeatedly in the

works of learned and erudite men. Mr. Collitz continues that, "Here we have reached a point where the connexion with geographical or climatic conditions is clear, because nobody will deny that residence in the mountains, especially in the high mountains, stimulates the lungs." Now there you have it. Modern research in philology relies on older writers, who are in agreement with modern physical research that residence in heights, especially we note, in heights of a higher nature, is stimulating. But what will be more startling to my readers (who will, I hope, retire to an upstairs room to read this) is that upon this evidence eminent philological writers have pinned a great theory of consonantal changes or "sound-shift." Says Mr. Collitz: "The change of media to tenuis and that of tenuis to affricate or aspirate are linked together by a common feature, viz., an increase in the intensity of aspiration." And you all know what that could mean.

An urgent consideration must now be faced, it is this; are we, as a nation to be confronted with the unvoicing of b.d. and g. and are we to be hearing soon an increase of friction in the sounds of p.t. and k. in the speech of those of our community who have recently visited Switzerland, the French Alps, the Pyrenees or even those who spend their holidays in the Scottish Highlands or the Lake District. Are we to suffer in future such mispronunciations as "pride" for "bride," and are we to be blown to an even greater distance when someone says to us "come"? It may be rather disconcerting to people in a church for instance, to be told that "here comes the pride," and some poor maiden about to be wed may enter the church only in time to see the congregation fleeing for their lives before the expected entry of a dozen or so lions.

My friends who are reading this at sea level will by this time no doubt have got the drift (an Americanism insisted on by the Editors) and will thus have cast this article away in depressed horror. For my too optimistic readers on mountains, especially on high mountains, who will scarcely believe me, even when I tell the full story, what I advocate is nothing less than an Act of Parliament designed to stop plain dwellers from visiting hilly districts so that their lungs may not develop

beyond the normal size, and, what is more important, to stop hill dwellers from leaving their homes to visit the plains and corrupting with the speech of their enlarged lungs the pronunciation of the younger generation. As one who insists on purity of the language and is in constant opposition to the idea of any change in the speech-habits of our folk I can see no other way of preserving our great national heritage\* in its present form. Naturally all foreign travel will have to be stopped, all visas for entry into the country from abroad will be cancelled (*e.g.*, Peace Conference) and Britain will become her true self. This proposal will automatically suspend the "Access to Mountains Bill," and indeed might be called the "Prevention of Access to Mountains Bill."

A further point which rises to mind is that such a measure would render superfluous all arrangements for overseas visitors to the Festival of Britain—and since the Festival is planned primarily for overseas visitors it would automatically cancel the Festival of Britain—does anyone really care?

Any correspondence on the above should be addressed to "The Author, Undersøgelse om det gamle Nordiske Sprog Oprindelse, Copenhagen."

\* The English Sunday.

*Wilfred Childe***FRIEDRICH VON ORLANDE**

Green ice-peaks of delirium, fever wastes  
Leading to the Inane—yet there went I  
Alone and have brought back a glacial bunch  
Of downy-crested eidelweiss, that grew

Above the horns of sunrise in a place  
Suspended high athwart the unwall'd abyss,  
Where deep below adown the blackening gulf  
The waterfalls like long tails of white mares

Hung light in spray ; there the lone eagle sailed  
Against the morning, there I set my foot  
And plucked these pale-furred flowers, and these I bring

Back to a land of reasonable men,  
Who light their lamps at sundown, sip their wine,  
And read their journals by the household fire.

*Fred Singleton*

## IMPRESSIONS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE SLOGANS AND BANNERS of the Free German Youth and the Democratic Front, which decorated the quayside at Warnemünde, were the first indication that we had crossed the "Iron Curtain." There were many people with us on the ferry from Denmark, but few of them had any intention of landing in the German Democratic republic. Most of them had made the crossing in order to enjoy the duty free spirits and cigarettes and the excellent cheap food which were available on board, and they intended to return home to Gedser that night after a pleasant day trip across the Baltic. The party which landed was composed of the Danish N.U.S. delegation to the Prague I.U.S. Congress, of which I was a temporary member, and a group of Danish Young Communists who were travelling to a rally of the Free German Youth. I am not sure whether the welcome which awaited was for us or for our fellow travellers of the Young Communist League, or whether both parties were included. Whilst we were waiting to complete the customs formalities with the Russian military authorities the Mayor of Warnemünde made a short speech of welcome and then wandered round shaking hands with the delegates. He was a shabbily dressed little man, who might have been mistaken for an underpaid railway clerk, but on his lapel he bore a badge which was far more impressive than any insignia of office. It was the badge of the ex-concentration camp inmates. Later, whilst we were waiting for the train to arrive, a group of blue-shirted Free German Youth came along the platform waving the banners of their organisation, and entertained us with some of their revolutionary anthems.

The journey through Germany was uneventful. I recall only fleeting glimpses of the monotonous landscape of the North German Plain, a silhouette of the ruins of Berlin, and then, early next morning, the sun rising over the black mountains which surround the beautiful spa of Bad Schandau. Shortly



after leaving Bad Schandau we crossed the frontier into Czechoslovakia. The mountains were soon behind us, and we were moving through the pleasant countryside of Bohemia. We passed through neat little villages where the countryfolk were already busy about their daily work, through large hop-growing districts, and finally our train drew in at the Wilson Station in Prague. Again, a reception committee awaited us, this time laden with bouquets of red carnations. We were lodged at Masarykova Kolej, the largest student hostel which I have ever seen. After staying there for almost three weeks I still found it difficult not to get lost in the maze of passageways and corridors.

The events of the Prague I.U.S. Congress have been retailed at great length and with varying degrees of accuracy by the popular press and by our own observers and delegates, and I do not wish to repeat them here. When we were not attending meetings of the Congress we had time to look around us, and explore something of the life in Prague and the surrounding districts. For some delegates their explorations stopped at the bar of the British Embassy, where the disadvantages of life in a Communist state could be comfortably explored with the willing guidance of the charming members of the staff. For the more adventurous spirits, however, these armchair expeditions were no substitute for the real thing.

One of my most vivid memories of the stay in Czechoslovakia was the visit to Lidice. This little township was completely exterminated by the Nazis, and its name erased from the maps, as a retaliation for the murder of Heydrich. In the museum which has been constructed since the war one can see the pitiful relics of the hundreds who were exterminated—scraps of clothing, diaries, identification papers and photographs. There are brave words written in the visitors' book by prominent political figures from many countries. One theme runs through all of the messages—never again shall we permit the conditions which led to the tragedy of Lidice. Looking around the world to-day one wonders . . .

Outside the museum is the cemetery where many of the martyrs of Lidice were buried. (They were busy exhuming one

of the collective graves whilst we were there). On the other side of the valley, across the ruins of the old town, one can see the red brick houses of the new Lidice. After seeing Lidice I could understand why the Czechs of all political opinions were united in their fear of a revival of German militarism.

Czechs of all political opinions? Can one meet opponents of the regime in Czechoslovakia? This is a question which has been put to me many times since my return. I met many people who were in opposition to the regime, and made friends with three in particular. One had fought in the Resistance during the occupation, and had been honoured by the Allies for his courage. He told me that he and his wife, both of whom spoke excellent English, were regular listeners to Bruce Lockhart's broadcasts from London. Their parents were Party members, and were fully aware of their children's attitude to the regime. I also met a padre of the Czech church who was a friend of Jan Masaryk, and hotly denied that Masaryk had ever supported the new regime in the way which the Communists alleged after his death.

The majority of Czechs whom I met, however, were nominally at least supporters of the Government, and many were enthusiastic advocates of the Communist way of life. They perhaps had some reason to be. The standard of life of a good workman and loyal party member is not greatly below that of his British counterpart, and the excellent provisions for young people must certainly win many vigorous supporters to the cause. Students and working youth, organised in the C.S.M., are given facilities to pursue their sporting and cultural activities to the highest level of their abilities, in ways which make our wartime "Service of Youth Scheme" seem ridiculous. We delegates in Prague enjoyed some of the privileges accorded to members of the C.S.M., without having to conform to the political qualifications for membership. With youth on their side, the Communists can afford to ignore the opposition to the new order which comes from the older Czechs, brought up in the traditions of Masaryk's liberal republic.

The city of Prague provides a strange setting for the new order. I heard a well known Communist visitor from Britain

describe it as the most "bourgeois looking" city he knew. Certainly there is an air of solidity and prosperity about the buildings of Prague—the Hradcany, the baroque Churches and the "nineteenth century Gothic" public buildings. The glory of Prague is the Vltava, which winds through the heart of the city, plunging over the many weirs which obstruct its path. Mirrored in its swift stream are the statues of the saints on Charles' Bridge, the fortifications of Vysehrad—and occasionally the slogans and banners of the New Democracy, as they are borne downstream by boatloads of shouting and singing demonstrators.

But for all its incongruity, the contrast between historic Prague, with its traditions of Protestantism and individual freedom, and the new order of proletarian dictatorship is one that may persist. Prague is not the whole of Czechoslovakia. Communism has much to offer to many Czechs, and although the spirit of the "Good Soldier Schweik" may inspire a certain passive resistance in certain quarters, we should not underestimate the strength of the support which the Communist Party enjoys. Still less should we listen to the voices of those emigré Czechs who talk of a war to liberate the peoples of Eastern Europe. My impression of Czechoslovakia was that such a "liberation" would be largely unwelcome.

*W. A. Hodges*

## FUN AMONG THE FAIRIES

William Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . Theatre Group Presentation . . . Dec. 5th to 9th, 1950, Riley-Smith Theatre.

**G**ENERALLY SPEAKING, this show was a most enjoyable one. Pace was rather better than usual, and whilst much of the acting was not particularly noteworthy, at least this play had been well rehearsed. It is a fact, however, that when a play has been performed as often, both in the professional and in the amateur theatre, as has this particular one, it tends to accumulate a whole crop of production formulae, which, in time, come to have the force of a tradition. Whether this is a good or a bad thing is a question which this critic has no intention of discussing. It remains a fact that it is almost an accepted convention, in professional and amateur theatre alike, that the Duke and his court, and the quartet of bamboozled lovers should be played in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with the comic supremacy of the rude mechanicals and their play, and to avoid, at the same time, any crass, realistic note which might conflict with the ballet-like delicacy of the fairy story.

So far as the "Mortal" characters were concerned, convention was entirely satisfied. There was nothing in the first scene to suggest that this production was going to be other than a reasonably well acted, standard performance.

But no sooner had Patricia Shaw, as Helena, settled comfortably into her stride than one found one's self laughing immoderately in places where, one was sure, one had never been tempted to laugh before in any of the many earlier productions of this play which one had witnessed in a comparatively short lifetime. Yet one felt that there was a strange, hysterical quality about one's laughter, and a certain sense of incongruity which grew so strong as the action progressed that one began to feel that it would be no matter for any particular

surprise were Douglas Byng suddenly to emerge from the wings, dressed only in a grass skirt and a brassiere made of saucepan lids and a model-aeroplane elastic. The feeling that this was burlesque, whether intended or not, was inescapable. The atmosphere generated by Patricia Shaw's interpretation, possibly no more than a spur-of-the-moment decision to play to the already delighted schoolchildren who formed a large part of the audience on that evening, had a feeling about it which grew more deliciously barmy as the play proceeded, and one couldn't help feeling that even had she set out to burlesque deliberately she could not have extracted an ounce more comedy from the part of Helena than she was already getting. In its way it was a real triumph. Whether it was good Shakespeare or not, it was first-rate entertainment. Miriam Senior, with her, at times, rather Hockey-Club Hermia could not possibly have played up better to Miss Shaw's interpretation, once it had been established, and the cup of joy filled to overflowing when, held in the restraining arm of Demetrius, (played by John Walker with a great deal of manly vigour and attack), Hermia, with a verve and determination to be matched only, perhaps, in the East End of London, or in Liverpool's Scotland Bridge Road, reached out her madly clawing hands in the general direction of the offended and departing Helena. The audience shrieked with delight. And why not, after all? Shakespeare certainly intended at least some of the "Dream" to be funny, and this "Dream" was nothing if not that.

One feels, all the same, that an interpretation of this kind, divinely inspired though it may have been in this particular instance, should not be consciously striven after if Miss Shaw should ever happen to play the part again. Such moments of crazy inspiration are best left in gift of the mad gods who give them, to be bestowed as and when they have the whim. It came off this time. It might not do so again, particularly should she happen not to have such a stalwart and spirited supporter to play up to her as Miss Senior proved to be. The justification, in any event, lay in the fact that it *did* come off. It might easily not have done. In the midst of all this hilarious fooling, John Linstrum's entirely decorous Lysander had a hard job to make



himself felt. Demetrius fared a little better because of his energy and drive.

The astonishing thing was that there was no feeling of anticlimax in the scenes which followed. It was not that the mechanicals as a whole were so outstandingly well acted. Denis Syddall played Peter Quince with a dithery fussiness which came off well, and the others were for the most part, one felt, played more or less as Shakespeare might have intended them to be. Tim Evens, though, a surprisingly graceful, gabgifted, spry, slick sort of a Bottom, who could wear an asses head to perfection, gave a performance which was distinguished for an unusually good sense of timing. Malcolm Rogers' Oberon was convincingly handled, and Marie Thomas, though perhaps not quite as convincing, played Titania with grace and lightness. The fairy attendants, too, moved with grace and charm, and their singing of Pam Mellor's delightful setting of "You spotted snakes," composed specially for this production, was a most pleasant thing to hear.

A special word must be said for Gordon Luck, who played Puck. One would not have said that he was an obvious choice for the part because of his tallness, which contrasted oddly with the more moderate stature of Oberon when the two first appeared together upon the stage. One ceased to notice this incongruity almost as soon as it appeared. It was soon clear that Gordon Luck had had the advantage of more stage training than most amateurs. But it was not simply training that made his performance outstanding. He had a naturally mischievous-sounding voice, peculiarly well-adapted to the part, a sense of timing which allowed none of the point or poetry of his lines to escape, and added to this there was not a single one of his stage movements which was not executed with the skill and lightness of a natural dancer. The result was a performance which was as near to perfect as one has any right to expect upon the amateur stage, the only noticeable flaw a slightly fumbled gesture just before the final curtain.

Maurice de Sausmarez's decor, too, was professional in its excellence, though a little conventional, perhaps. It was a pity that the lighting did not always do it justice. It cannot be

emphasised too much that for by far the greater part of the time, in serious theatre at least, light is *to see by*. Special effects can be amazingly effective in helping to create and to sustain an emotional or lyrical atmosphere, but they cannot do this unless they are used with good taste and restraint, to do the job which they are intended to do *and no more*. Once they become obvious in their own right, standing out for attention from the general dramatic situation, they inevitably destroy the very effect which they were intended to produce, jar upon the sensibility of the beholder, and shriek bad taste to every corner of the theatre. It is amazing how often that most important, yet elusive quality of "good taste" is founded upon a sound basis of sheer common sense, and this is just as often true in the theatre as it is elsewhere. Senseless lighting is almost always lighting in bad taste. Red splashes and shadows should never be seen where they do not properly belong.

On the whole, however, Theatre Group, and Mr. Morley, are to be congratulated upon a production which, in spite of its occasional unorthodoxies (perhaps, even, the more so because of them), was entertaining and enjoyable in the extreme. Let us hope, having now achieved their object in terms of box-office receipts (as we are led to believe they have done) that they will now return to their declared policy of presenting plays of literary merit and great theatrical significance *not* usually performed in the professional theatre or by the normal run of amateur groups, and that they will not be led into too many "bread and butter" ventures to the detriment of their more appropriate function as a responsible University Theatre Group.

*Rachel Billington*  
**FLYING SAUCER**

Above the moonlight a face looked at me :  
Through yellow goblet eyes cut no vision.  
Though alone in a naked sky, it was not free  
To crumble in a comfortable transition  
As natural phenomena dreamily dissolve  
In the sight of a wide-eyed sceptic resolve  
Not to bother with wearisome goods and good  
When nothing really matters except some food  
And that not for thought.

But thought went to waste  
In purple haste  
To form a grinning saucer in scientific taste  
Till it erupted from its core  
War.

## Frank Granville Barker

### MUSIC ON RECORD

THE EARLY DEATH OF DINU LIPATTI (1917-50) has robbed the concert platform of one of its greatest figures. There exists to-day a regrettable tendency to judge performers in all fields of music by their technical accomplishment alone, with the result that the importance of more fundamental qualities of musicianship is forgotten. Audiences are too frequently swept off their feet by pianists who perform Liszt's shallowest pieces with dazzling virtuosity, or by sopranos who race through Rossini's coloratura arias with more bravura than sensitivity; that the primary function of such artists is to interpret the composer's work is a point that many concert-goers flatly ignore. It was always an especial pleasure, therefore, to listen to works in the standard repertoire presented with the restraint and understanding which distinguished Lipatti's playing. Shortly before he died, Lipatti recorded the entire set of Chopin *Waltzes* (Col. LX 1341/6), but there is no trace of the illness and fatigue from which he was suffering at the time. His interpretation is less romantic than that of Cortot, but his rhythmic sense is more sure and he does not lapse into the eccentric *rubato* which has marred some of the more recent recordings by the French pianist. An intelligent approach to the music, combined with almost impeccable phrasing and tone, makes this new issue of the *Waltzes* one which all collectors will wish to acquire.

Sir Thomas Beecham has already made one recording of Mozart's *Symphony No. 41 in C*, but his new version has the advantage of improved recording technique. This is undoubtedly a fresh and vigorous performance, and Beecham handles the score with his usual affection for the works of this composer. There are, however, certain traces of eccentricity — for instance, his over-romanticised interpretation of the slow movement — and many listeners will prefer the earlier and more restrained version. This is nevertheless a most enjoyable recording, and the Royal

Philharmonic Orchestra produces a wealth of tone (Col. LX 1337/40). Elgar's *Violin Concerto in B minor* has just been recorded for the first time since Menuhin and the composer made their authoritative version many years ago. Heifetz proves surprisingly sympathetic in his approach, playing with warmth and lyrical sweetness, yet maintaining admirable control; his virtuosity at the close of the first movement and in the accompanied cadenza of the final movement is quite breath-taking. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in a performance that is less urgent but more mellow than that of the earlier recording. On the whole, this new set (HMV DB 21056/60) is the more satisfactory, though some admirers of Elgar may prefer the older recording made under the direction of the composer.

Any hopes with which one may approach Gigli's recording of twelve representative Italian classical songs are only too rudely dispelled, for this set of *arie antiche* by Scarlatti, Carissimi, Fasolo and Monteverdi is performed in a manner that can only embarrass those who admire the singer's usual style. The delicacy of this early music is shamelessly distorted by the sobbing sentimentality generally reserved for the worst of operatic tear-jerkers. The orchestral accompaniments, moreover, are hardly less dreary than a literary luncheon (HMV DA 1896, 1906, 1927, 1934 and 1955/6). Yet in his singing of *Vuanto e bella* from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d' Amore* and *Nessun dorma* from Puccini's *Turandot*, Gigli displays his talents to the greatest advantage. His *mezza voce* in the Donizetti aria is perfection itself, whilst his reserve of power is used with exciting effect in the celebrated excerpt from *Turandot*. The Philharmonia Orchestra and Covent Garden Chorus are admirably conducted by Stanford Robinson (HMV DB 21138). The Glyndebourne Opera Company offer a further recording from *Così fan Tutte*; Sena Jurinac and Blanche Thebom blend delightfully in *Prendero quel brunettino*, and Erich Kunz proves equally successful in ensemble work in *Il core vi Dono*. It is hoped that this fine company will add more Mozart arias to its existing collection of recorded excerpts, all of which are distinguished by tasteful interpretation



and excellent vocal characterisation (HMV DB 21119). The complete lack of this latter quality ruins the performance by Ramon Vinay and Florence Quartararo of *Parle-moi de ma mère* from *Carmen*. These are two fine singers, but they show no understanding whatsoever of the characters created by Bizet. The part of the naive Micaela is sung with a degree of archness that would be almost excessive in the title-role, and both performers race through a nostalgic duet as though it were an opera buffa finale (HMV DB 21062). There is perhaps no finer mezzo-soprano than Ebe Stignani, and all her previous recordings have been valuable examples of the true *bel canto* style. In *Laceri, miseri* from *L'Amico Fritz* she is able to show every aspect of her artistry; the famous *Connais-tu le pays* from Thomas' *Mignon* does not suit her so well, and seems rather incongruous when sung in Italian (Parl. R 30030).

NOTE.—It is regretted that the review of the *Love Duet* from *Tristan und Isolde*, which appeared in the previous issue, omitted to give credit to Constance Shacklock for her admirable support in the role of Brangaene.

## REVIEWS

*The Blessed Pastures*, by WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE.  
Lotus Press, 1950. 2s.

THIS IS THE FIRST VOLUME of a series entitled, *The Acadine Poets*. It contains thirty-two poems, mystical, lyrical, or descriptive. The prevailing tones are those of radiance and silence; the imagery and rhythm preserve a chaste decorum.

We look forward to further volumes in this series, trusting that the editors will maintain the standard set by Mr. Childe. It should be added that the editors are members of our own student body, and are to be congratulated on their initiative and discrimination.

*Leeds University Poetry*, 1949: ed. ROBIN SKELTON.

PROFESSOR DOBREE'S preface has perhaps the most fitting comment on this anthology: "The exploration of thought and sensibility, the variety of form, the experiments with language, attest the vigour of poetic life at Leeds." Although it may be invidious to select, one may point to the following poems in illustration of the remarks quoted:—Mollie Herbert's *The House*; W. A. Hodges' *The Jagged Crystal of a Hand*; Marian Owen's *The Lay of Morlais*; Gerald Robinson's *Solus*; and Robin Skelton's peculiarly haunting and evocative *Elegy*.

We are pleased to read a volume of University poetry to which members of staff have contributed. It is to be hoped that subsequent numbers will include poems from departments other than English. Surely, too, much more poetry of this standard is being written at Leeds, than that represented here. Could the editor cast his net much wider?

A. J. CREEDY.

"Window." Magazine of Contemporary Poetry. Edited : JOHN SANKEY. From Publishers : Villiers Publications, 290, West End Lane, London, N.W.6. Single Numbers, 9d. (or 3/4, including postage).

THIS IS A WORTHWHILE VENTURE, and should recommend itself to anyone who has the slightest interest in contemporary poetry. The price is no more per issue than it would cost to buy a pint of bitter, yet the standard is good, both of writing, and of general publishing quality. It is printed on good firm paper, with a linen-paper cover, small enough to slip into the jacket pocket.

To judge from his editorial and critical remarks, John Sankey seems to have an unusually matter-of-fact, balanced, and witty approach to the job of producing a poetry magazine, and there is little evidence of the kind which was to be found all too frequently in some of the more exclusive poetry magazines of the past, to suggest that editorial taste is likely to be made to serve interests other than purely poetic ones, or that meritorious poetry will be kept out of the magazine for no better reason than that it does not happen to serve some programmatic requirement of the editor's own. There is plenty of variety in the contributions published, and writers represented include Nicholas Moore and Michael Hamburger with other lesser-known poets.

This reviewer does not intend to enter into too detailed a consideration of the twenty-two poems and sundry critical notes which appear in this single number. For less than the price of a packet of cigarettes those interested may see for themselves that this venture is one extremely well worth while supporting. (If harder-up, 9d. and a three-halfpenny stamp sent to the publishers would obtain a "trial" number). Most of the contributions, verse and poetry alike (the distinction is the Editor's own), are well up to the standard set by most of the already existing poetry magazines, and *Window* is more widely representative than some of them. Two poems by Carol Ely Harper, "The Soundless Words," and "The Stubborn Lover," did, however, give rise to the feeling that someone was trying to be a little clever.

One feels that these two poems would have recommended themselves more if the poet had not been so touchy as to the exact way in which he (she?) wanted them to be criticised (*i.e.*, only as "ear-poetry"), and had not created a special method of stress-marking, as unnecessary as it was confusing. (As to "verse-music," one feels, the Hopkins method of scoring was satisfactory enough to make an unnecessary innovation a minor nuisance).

However, this may be no more than the venting of a personal grudge against preciousness-for-its-own-sake, and less than fair to Carol Ely Harper. It cannot alter the fact that John Sankey is doing an extremely good job with this little magazine, and, at its price, it would be a sad reflection on poetry-lovers if it should be forced out of print for lack of support, as so many other excellent little magazines have been, to our shame.

"N."

"An Artist's Life." Volume I. Sir ALFRED MUNNINGS, K.C.V.O.  
P.P.R.A. (Museum Press, 21s.).

**A**T LAST THE MOST FAMOUS (or infamous, depending on one's views) art book of the year has arrived, and needless to say, it corresponds to one's expectations.

As a Suffolk man myself I find it most enjoyable to read countryside tales told by a man who is so much at home with the common earth as is Sir Alfred. How much I agree with his views on the commercialisation of Flatford Mill, and with the opinion that man should create within his environment—but one wonders if Sir Alfred's interpretation of this is legitimate.

Having just re-read Ruskin's "Seven Lamps," how one wished that the P.P.R.A. had written in a more attractive style. He goes from past to present and back again with gay abandon, adding a few phrases on the future together with general moralisings of the "art is long, life is short" type in passing. At times it is most bewildering!

Sir Alfred is one of the "characters" of the art world. We may not agree with his views—indeed, how many of us in youth or middle-age can do so?—but we can enjoy his racy thoughts. Seeing his designs for advertisements one wishes he had taken up commercial art—we are sorely missing the Beggarstaff brothers; or seeing the cartoon sketch of himself one is led to wonder whether, perhaps, he might not easily have taken up where Aubrey Beardsley left off.

If one is looking for art rather than painting, this is not the book to go to—although one can be as pleased with these horse-scapes as with Peter Scott's bird-scapes. The Museum Press has produced a popular volume, and a superb dust-wrapper. And Sir Alfred has written a number of the most brilliant, externalised character-studies (Norman, the Grays, and Butcher could have come from any East Anglian village) since the days of Dickens. And if the artist in the reader cannot approve of the plates he will find the cover a real education.

RICHARD COURTNEY.

---

NOTE BOOKS—TEXT BOOKS—STATIONERY

**AUSTICK'S**  
THE  
**STUDENTS BOOKSHOP**

172, WOODHOUSE LANE.  
LEEDS, 2

Telephone No.  
22912.

ANY BOOK IN PRINT OBTAINED WITH PLEASURE

---

---



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



**WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED**

*Teaching Posts  
for Men and Women*

*consult—*

**GABBITAS THRING & CO. LTD**

*The Oldest Scholastic Agency*

Established 1853

**BROUGHTON HOUSE**

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

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

**NO REGISTRATION FEE**

Licensed by L.C.C.

*for sterling quality*



## SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

LEEDS BRANCH · 21 PARK ROW, 1

THE HALL MARK OF  
STERLING QUALITY  
IN MUTUAL  
LIFE ASSURANCE

Branch Manager:  
H. W. BRUMFITT

Telephone :  
20585 (2 lines)

Telephone - 25345

**Lonnergan**  
*Photographer*

ESTABLISHED 1899

1 & 3, WOODSLEY RD.  
LEEDS 3

★  
*Specialists in*  
**GROUP Photography**

# NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

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

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

## JOIN NOW

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

---

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP 1949  
EXCEEDED 192,000

ACCUMULATED FUNDS  
£1,998,089

Further information about the Union may be obtained from :—

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

---

---

*The BEST source of supply for*  
**TEXT BOOKS and STATIONERY**

**SADLERS BOOKSHOP**

*University Book Store*

**201, WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS 2**

Telephone 32446/7

**SADLERS BOOKSHOPS LIMITED**

*For*

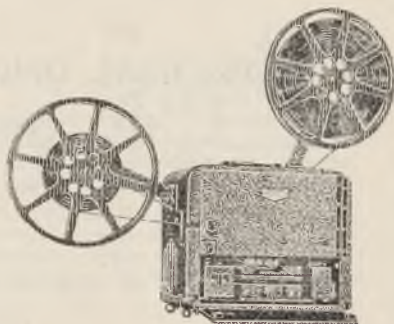
**FILMS**

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

*and* **PROJECTION**

**EQUIPMENT**

*contact*



**16 mm. FILM PRODUCERS**

*Suppliers of ALL THE BEST EQUIPMENT*

**LAURIES FILM SERVICES LTD.**

**27 QUEEN ST.**  
**Tel. HUDD 4475.**

**HUDDERSFIELD.**

---

## **The Association of Assistant Mistresses in Secondary Schools**

**Founded 1884**

**Incorporated 1897**

Women of initiative and progressive ideals who intend to teach in any type of Secondary School are invited to join this Association.

It is one of the four Major Secondary Associations and has representatives on the Burnham Committee on Salaries of Teachers and on the Examining bodies which conduct the First and Second School Examinations. Members are also serving on the Secondary School Examinations Council.

It is in the van of educational progress, and development. It publishes memoranda on educational matters in regard to both teaching and policy. It protects the professional interests of its members. It provides amenities by its Loan, Benevolent and Hospital Funds. Its members may use the Joint Agency for Women Teachers at a reduced fee.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP is open to intending secondary women teachers who are urged to consult the Association in regard to posts for which they apply,

**Address: 29, GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1.**

*Printed by*





**LEEDS UNIVERSITY  
ARCHIVES**