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EDITORIAL

THE problems and responsibilities facing mere man are quickly beginning to overwhelm him. A few have grown beards and are shouting about it, many just simmer with righteous indignation. Some have written off thoughts of constructive reform long ago as a time waster. Most undergraduates are usually angry about something, whether it be the bomb, birth control, refugees, apartheid, anti-semitism or Trevor Webster. It is time that we recognize that the most irritating and unnecessary of all problems, and the solution to most, is **apathy**. But this is not a sermon, it is a "commercial."

Gryphon has been revived, reconstituted, and re-dedicated — to YOU. Thus an aristocratic if stuffy pedigree has been risked in the name of what we hopefully call **appeal**. It is our concern that **Gryphon** should attain that new standard of vitality and interest which will not only awaken the sublimely oblivious, satisfy the anxious, and even give a shot of relief to the pessimist, but encourage them to contribute to, and help with, many further editions.

The lights go out in South Africa

By

John Rex

I REMEMBER very vividly my first University bazaar day. Half of us queueing in the corridor were a little more confident than the rest. We had behind us a wider experience of the world than they did coming straight from their schools and homes. But we, too, felt a little tentative about it all. For this world of black gowns and lecture theatres was as remote from our world of the army camp or the mess deck as it was from the narrow world of home. One wondered what the first Professor one was to see in one's life would look like. The academic world could not be, we thought, a world of simple flesh and blood.

In some ways, of course, we were wrong. There is the same mixture of rogues and saints in a University Senate as there are in most other places. But in one way our tentativeness was justified.

For we young South Africans were, by registering as university students, taking a step outside the narrow inward looking world of prejudice, into a world

dominated by an older and more universal tradition. For us university life provided us with an opportunity to discover our humanity.

Now, perhaps, because we know them from the inside, the very University buildings seem to constitute a physical challenge to the closing and ever more oppressive atmosphere of the South African towns. My own University in Grahamstown stands graciously at the high end of a hot valley, looking out over the gate, built in Piet Retief's days, towards the mud-huts and shanties of the native location. The University of the Witwatersrand (to us, "Witz") presses out towards the traffic in the vast sprawling city of Jo'burg, where the white dust of the mine dumps continually reminds one of the city's other life going on miles below the surface. And most magnificent of all, there is the University of Capetown carved out of a mountainside, and looking down majestically on the pigmy life of the plains below.

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Yet today we know that these and other Universities are fighting for their lives. All stand in danger of becoming mere appendages of the apartheid state.

THERE are, in all, eight main university centres in South Africa. These are the Universities of Capetown, the Witwatersrand and Natal, and Rhodes University at Grahamstown, where the language of instruction is English; and the Universities of Stellenbosch, Pretoria, Bloemfontein and Potchefstroom, where the language is Afrikaans. But the crucial differentiating factor is not their language. It is their racial policy.

STUGGLE FOR PREDOMINANCE

Witwatersrand and Capetown admit non-European students to all the facilities of their universities, except for segregated hostels. Natal has one of its constituent colleges for non-Europeans. Rhodes has affiliated to it the South African Native College at Fort Hare. The four Afrikaans-speaking universities are closed to non-white students.

Within these universities two ideologies struggled for predominance. One was that represented by the National Union of South African students, which saw the Afrikaans colleges disaffiliate, rather than refusing to admit non-white students to its membership, and which organised splendid research conferences each year at which some of the social consequences of racial discrimination were laid bare.

The other was the narrow ultra-Calvinist ideology which claimed to expound God's will for the universities, and which urged the separation of nations and races, so that each could pursue separately its own search after its own racial truth. That was the challenge which presented itself to us in the immediate post-war years and we had simply to make up our minds and take sides.

Most of us saw that to side with the pastors of Potchefstroom was to betray everything that university learning stood for, and fought to keep multi-racialism in the universities alive. The Witz students imposed a levy on themselves to pay the fees of Africans, for whom scholarships were withdrawn, and thus offered the first serious resistance to the Government plans for apartheid.

But Universities which must rely on

governments for their funds are ultimately in a weak position to resist. Eventually the battle was to be fought out not in terms of ideas, but at the gerrymandered South African polls. So the Governments of Mr. Strijdom and Dr. Verwoerd are now busily engaged in transforming university life in order to ensure that neither their structure nor their ideas shall any longer exist as an affront to the Apartheid policy.

WITZ and Capetown are to be closed to non-white students. Fort Hare will cease to be even an all-non-white college and will become the tribal college of the Xhosa people. Those of its staff who were held to be opposed to apartheid were summarily dismissed. There are to be created two further tribal colleges where the languages of instruction will be Zulu and Suto, and in these, as at Fort Hare, members of staff will hold their appointments at the discretion of the Government. The Minister has made it clear that subversive teaching will not be tolerated.

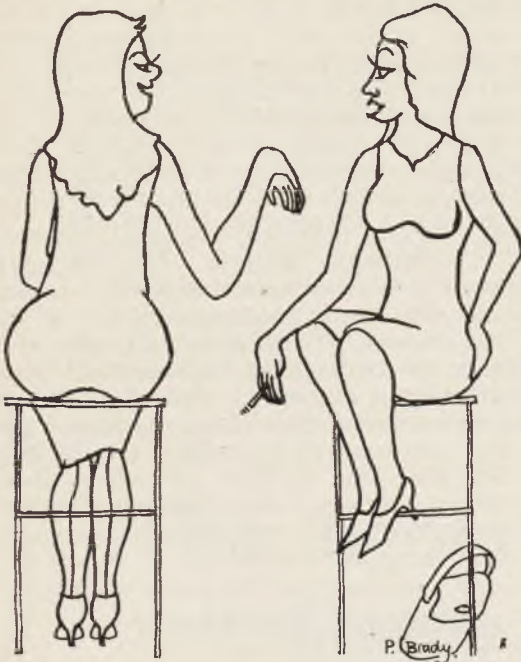
SUBVERSIVE UNIVERSITY

TEACHING

But, of course, all university teaching is subversive so long as it remains university teaching. You don't have a university when a biology teacher with a loyalty certificate teaches the Biblical theory of creation in Zulu. Because it has to destroy subversion the South African Government has had to destroy its universities.

And so the last lights go out. The Universities of South Africa will no longer be there for the generation after ours. The darkness of Christian National Education will be lifelong.

There are still many fine liberal teachers in the South African Universities who will still teach from the old subversive texts like "On Liberty," "Das Kapital" and the New Testament, and they will use all the money which W.U.S. sends them to keep real university learning alive. But for most of South Africa the days of learning and argument are over, and the Government shows no sign of heeding the words of a courageous South African editor, now under house arrest, "While men may dispute, they may yet resolve in peace; with all arguments forbidden, the future rides on the bullet and the knife."



IT'S ALL SAD BITS

By

David Wright

“ — on the beach ”

THE two girls teetered to their desks, bravely resisting the attempts of their pencil-slim skirts and stiletto heels to throw them flat on their faces. They had already been to the “Ladies” and made a cursory 10-minute check-up on their facial appearance, so officially work could begin any time now. Mr. Parsons, however, who believed in time and motion study, had found that an uninterrupted chat until 9.30 produced the best results from the typists, so he would not be in for another 20 minutes.

The girls were curiously similar to look at. Both were dressed in black and both (this week) were blonde. Maureen, the one with the slightly bluer lipstick, had been away for a few days, so her first question was inevitable. “Ow’s it going’, Dil?”

“Went to the pictures with ’im last night,” said Dilys. “Saw that noo film — ‘On the Beach.’”

“Oh yes?” Maureen put down the typing paper she had been prematurely fingering and prepared to listen. It was always nice

to hear about a picture before you saw it. “What was it like?”

“Well, it was odd really,” said Dilys. “You see, we missed the first bit, ’cos Chris was buyin’ some chocolates and some of them salted nuts. Anyway, when we come in, they’re in this submarine. Gregory Peck keeps givin’ orders and in the end they come up in Australia. There’s been this war, see. And everyone in America’s got killed off — ’cept them, of course — and then there’s this cloud that’s killin’ everyone.”

“Sounds gruesome,” said Maureen, as Dilys paused for breath. “D’id you like it?”

“Well, it was all right. Anyway they meet Ava Gardner at this party — and Anthony Perkins. Only ’e’s married.”

“Oh,” said Maureen, disappointed. “What’s *she* like?”

“She’s all right. But not so nice as Ava. Ava falls in love with Gregory.”

Maureen brightened up. “Does ’e kiss ’er?” she asked.

(Continued on Page eight)



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On the Beach (continued)

"Well, not yet. Then they meet Fred Astaire. 'E's a sort of racin' driver. And they all talk about this cloud. I told Mum and she says I got it wrong, 'cos 'e always dances. Still, 'e drives nicely, so I suppose it's all right. Anyway, then I miss a bit, 'cos Chris gives me the chocolates and we 'ave to go right down to the second layer before we find a truffle and nugget. Still, next thing we know they're back in this submarine. They go to San Francisco and some bloke gets off and it's sad 'cos 'e was nice."

"Not Anthony Perkins?" said Maureen, genuinely alarmed.

"Oh, no. 'E's all right. Only 'e's worried about 's wife, 'cos 'e tells 'er about this cloud, only she won't listen. And 'e's got these pills 'e wants 'er to take, only she won't take them, only 'e says she ought to — because of this cloud. Anyway it's all right when Gregory gets back from America, 'cept Fred Astaire kills 'imself — because of this cloud."

"It's all sad bits," said Maureen. "Did you cry, Dil?"

"Bit," said Dilys, "but Chris says don't be silly it isn't real. So it was all right."

"Was that the end?"

"Well, no. There's this service and all these banners and this bloke sayin' brother there is yet time. But Chris looks at 'is watch and says no there ain't we've got to get our bus. So we miss the end."

"Still, I 'spect they get married and live 'appily ever after."

"I 'spect so. I asked Chris and 'e said they were bound to. You ought to see it."

"Mm. I'll get Len to take me. What do you say it's called?"

"'On the Beach'."

"Oh, yes. 'On the Beach'."

By the time Mr. Parsons came in, they were busy typing.

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HALF PINT POT

Alan Andrews' View

BY now there must be somewhere a potential Ph.D. student casting a devouring eye over the material which has been manufactured in attempted explication of the division of learning into what Sir C. P. Snow has designated "The two cultures." A thesis on this phenomenon might make interesting reading; its bibliography should be quite fascinating; since a large number of eminent intellectuals have clearly decided that this is an academic band-wagon they cannot afford to miss. All the recognised media-public lectures, professional inaugurals, Third Programme discussions, articles in learned journals and crude simplifications elsewhere — have been enlisted in support of the industry. The pressure has been sustained and the point has been well made. The arts undergraduate now knows that his scientific friends (if he is so exceptional as to have any) are not likely to appreciate the subtleties of a Henry James novel, while the science man understands that it would be quite unreasonable to expect a student of the humanities to know why milk boils over. The problem has been so persistently subjected to definition and illustration that we are in grave danger now of accepting the situation with a demurring chorus of condescending tut-tuts, and of refusing to realise, firstly, that the situation is not static but grows daily worse, and, secondly, that some of the disadvantages of the division can be mitigated given an enthusiastic initiative by the appropriate authorities.

EXPANSION PROBLEM

IN the larger provincial universities the problem seems to be particularly acute. Our capacity for expansion is, no doubt, very great, but it is regrettable that the

development of the university should be so erratic. Two examples may be cited here. Among the traditional meeting-places of the cultures, the university library and halls of residence have naturally been highly valued. Having reached a situation in which it is physically impossible to accommodate adequately either the book-stock or the potential users in the library, the overflow is accommodated in faculty and departmental libraries, which increase the isolation of the various specialized studies. The situation in the halls of residence is still more depressing. Only a minority of women students are able to go into residence, and the proportion diminishes as the total university population expands. That the provision of such residential facilities constantly lags behind the needs of the university becomes clear when one realises



If only she weren't so . . . so . . . vain.

that the new hall at Weetwood is not likely to accommodate more than the increased number of students who will have entered the university by the time the new hall is opened, and that, for as far as anyone can see, a majority of the students attending the University of Leeds is likely to be living in lodgings and not in halls of residence. Thus the problem is aggravated.

ANTAGONISTIC SLOGANS

IN these circumstances it may be alarming but it is not surprising to see an Arts Faculty Society with militant aims and antagonistic slogans unfurling its banner on the Union flagpole. And what can the Union — that self-appointed promoter of intellectual intercourse — do to assist the mitigation. Assuming that the Union's present accommodation is being put to its maximum possible use (and few will deny

such a claim), it is obvious that, even as a tea-bar and rest-room between lectures, there is not sufficient room for a quarter of the union members to use the building comfortably at any one time. In consequence departmental common-rooms and faculty cafeterias are called into existence and the real issue is again avoided.

WHAT is urgently needed is that the University authorities should immediately consider giving a high priority to proposals for the development of the Union, to enable it to fulfil its legitimate function, not because this will dispense with the problem of culture-divide that is, after all, deeply rooted in our educational system — but it will at least assist a solution. Without the provision of an adequate centre for the social life of the university, the isolation of specialized studies is likely to be rigidly perpetuated.

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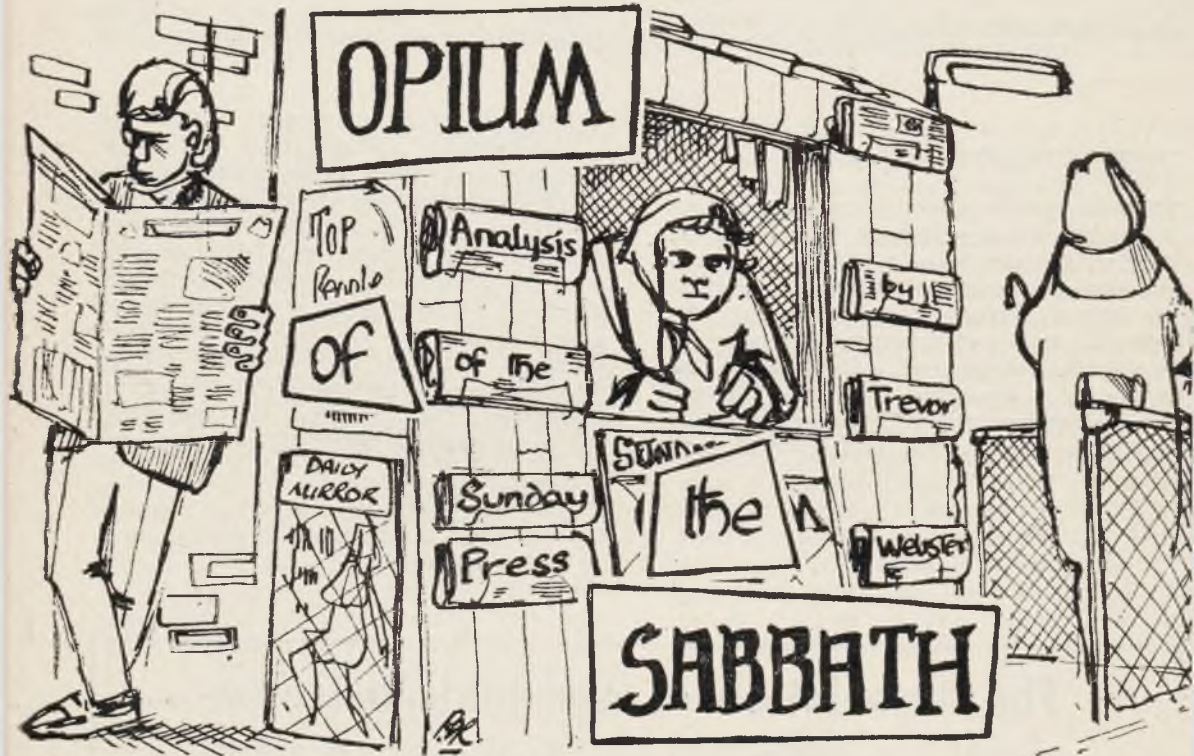
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“SIX days shalt thou labour and on the seventh rest” — and go to Church. So runs the commandment and its rider, and for centuries it stood firm. People rested on the Sabbath and went to Church. Nowadays the commandment is still respected in substance, but, in 1960, a fresh rider ought to be added, so that it reads: “Six days shalt thou labour and on the seventh rest” — and read at least two newspapers.



FOR whereas Sunday Church attendance averages a paltry two or three million, the aggregate readership of Sunday papers in Britain is around a hundred million.

During this century and particularly since the war a newsprint revolution has slowly but surely overwhelmed this country. In the words of Francis Williams (“Dangerous Estate”) — “For good or ill, close on 30,000,000 newspapers go into Brit’ish homes on every working day; on Sundays even more. Most of them are read by more than one person, some by three or more. No other product of modern civilisation has achieved so complete a saturation of its potential market.”

Without wishing to underrate the power of the dailies, it must be stressed that in influence and effect the Sundays are giants by comparison.

PRESS GIANTS

To begin with Sundays — or if you like weekly papers — win by sheer weight of numbers: The **News of the World** with its colossal seven and a half million sales — “one goes through every other letter-box in Britain every Sunday morning”; the **People**, **Sunday Pictorial** and **Sunday Express** who together sell twice as many copies — fourteen million between them — what might be termed the “second string” of popular weeklies — the **Sunday Dispatch**, **Empire News**, **Sunday Graphic** and **Reynolds News**; and, of course, the quality “posh” papers of Osborne’s **Jimmy Porter**, the **Sunday Times** and **The Observer**. There are also local weeklies, too numerous to mention.

Sunday papers are really READ cover to cover. Not like the daily, which usually gets a casual perusal on the bus and another at lunch time; which might only be bought for the crossword or the racing results. After Sunday dinner, and perhaps a visit to Church, pub or relations, the typical British household clears away the dishes and gets down to a serious, religious scrutiny of the papers it has had delivered.

A hundred million readings ensue, most taking an hour or two, a few more casual glances and some lasting six or seven hours, often deep into the next week. In other words something like a hundred and fifty million hours are devoted each Sunday to the papers. No trivial influence. In fact, a tremendous force.

But what of the information the Sundays contain? Why are they so popular? What are people clamouring to read? And how is this information presented to them.

It is difficult to draw the line on what we call "Sunday Newspapers," for the words have about as much descriptive integrity as the time-worn joke of the Holy Roman Empire. The tendency is away from Sunday, if anything. *Reveille*, the *Spectator* and the *New Statesman* all prefer Thursday and

Friday for their launching on the public, and two or three of the most prominent Sundays, *Empire News* and *Sunday Pictorial*, and the *News of the World* can be purchased on Saturday evenings.

SEX FEATURES

As for "news," this is becoming less and less the merchandise, at any rate of the mass circulation media. The major selling-lines of the most popular papers, the *News of the World*, *People*, *Sunday Pictorial* and *Reveille*, which between them have a circulation of twenty millions, are in essence, features. These are based on the old successful selling formula, Sex and Crime, with the occasional concession to social crusading, and dashes of Summit news and sports results.

Sunday newspapers fall, in fact, into three well-defined groups — the serious intellectual press on the one hand, the popular press with emphasis on news in the centre, and the popular mass circulation "scandal rags" on the other.



★ The *News of the World's* entry into the sordid sex race. The Diana Dors Story has brought more readers than any other feature. ★

The first group consists of two newspapers — the **Sunday Times** (circulation about 830,000) and the **Observer** (circulation about 633,000 and rapidly increasing). They monopolise the University market, but constitute only about 1½% of total Sunday readership. Their layout, though neat and clean, is unimaginative in the extreme. They employ old-fashioned, spidery type-faces and huge wedges of unrelieved type to give them a “sophisticated” appearance. In fact, their whole make-up might be devoted to making them difficult to read.

Their news and sports coverage is excellent in that it is wide and scrupulously accurate. Features do tend to be restricted to reviews, biographies and archaeology. Perhaps the valid criticism one might make is that they neglect many vital topical issues in devoting enormous expanses of space to other things.

BEAVERBROOK FORMULA

The second group relies on the Beaverbrook formula of “sophisticated escapism and the bright romantic treatment of news without recourse to the exploitation of sex,” and includes the **Sunday Express** (3,500,000 circulation) and the lower circulation **Reynolds News**, **Empire News**, and **Sunday Dispatch**. They sell news, sport, political comment, reviews and regular biographies of the Duke of Windsor, Edward VII, Mussolini or Goebbels. They are on the decline and are less indicative of modern tendencies than either the intellectual press or the sex-feature populars.

The populars in the third group deserve credit for their layout. With the possible exception of the **News of the World**, they all use a modern variety of type-face and excellent photographs. They are experts in design and presentation. But what of the latest and most revolutionary tendency in content?

The **News of the World** leads the way: for many years it has devoted 85% of its column space to court reports, mainly of sex crimes. After a few probes at intelligent features on medicine, law and “How to win friends and influence people,” coupled with a steady fall from the late eight million circulation, it has leapt whole-heartedly

into the scandal market with its “Sordid Story of Diana Dors” — pornographic fiction at its most sensational and a direct challenge to the **People** (5,000,000 circulation) who’s Errol Flynn’s “Wicked, Wicked Life” is still handing out a few dying convulsions.

But the **People’s** been doing this sort of thing for years with a steadily rising circulation, “unveiling” the Messina Gang, prostitution, shady clubs, and every Hollywood star with more than five divorces to his or her credit. And they have some very imaginative writers on their staff . . . It will be a big surprise to everyone on Fleet Street if the **People** doesn’t manage to invent something hotter. And the **Sunday Pictorial** (5,500,000 circulation) are serious rivals in this field too. They don’t take these articles lying down. The search is on — for anyone with a more dubious past than Diana. The **People** has just signed up Dr. Barbara Moore, but this isn’t their reply.

This is a real indication of what to expect of Sunday journalism in the early 1960s. And who can blame the papers? Cyril Smith, circulation manager of the **News of the World**, made a telling confession: “This feature on Diana Dors has pulled in more new readers than any we have published since the war.”

A new war has started. Between Sunday papers. And there’s no security in neutrality. The **Observer** is out to beat the **Sunday Times**. More important, the **People** is out to out-circulate the **News of the World**; and more important still is the struggle between the Sunday newspapers with a big “N” — for News — and those with a big “S” — for Sunday, Sensation and SEX!



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SPIRITUALISM

Professor Wilson Knight

writes for Gryphon

MODERN spiritualism has enjoyed a century of intense and widespread activity. Eminent men of politics, letters and science have accepted its results, and a vast library on them exists. But our established seats of learning have not felt the influence, official recognition is withheld, and development accordingly slow, since few people think far without official sanction.

The evidence of survival is overpowering and can only with logic be rejected by those who on other grounds regard it as impossible. The great religions have believed in it, the great writers have assumed it, philosophy implies it; and today we have a mass of evidence through mediumistic communications. But normal sense-perception still tells us nothing of it, and we have to rely on those whose faculties are more acute. This arouses distrust in the twentieth-century mind which assumes, perhaps more stubbornly than that of any earlier period, that normality must be our guide.

PHYSICAL MEDIUMS

Mediumistic faculties are of many kinds; clairvoyance, seeing spirits; clairaudience, hearing them; psychometry, reading past events from an object; automatic writing or painting, under spirit-control; spirit-photography; and spirit-healing, through the help of spirit doctors. Some mediums work in trance, the spirit personalities speaking through them. Some are mediums for "physical phenomena"; that is, for materialisations which can be perceived by the eyes, ears or touch of anyone.

Physical mediums are now more scarce than in the past; the great ones of the last century are looked back on as classics; and it may be that other kinds of phenomena will grow rarer. If that happens, it is likely that Spiritualism will take on a new, perhaps even an academic, status. Appearing less dangerous it will be more honoured.

COMMUNICATION

And yet the powers in question have much to offer us. Modern learning is split into so many specialised and mutually exclusive departments that communication between theologian, historian, literary scholar, doctor, psychiatrist and physicist has become far harder than communication between the living and the dead. A modern university, considered as a whole, is an intellectual chaos, a madhouse of incompatible brilliances; and the one key which could, and eventually must, throw these confusions into design lies within the realm of the occult. Spirit knowledge touches each of these specialities. It is not new. Spirit communications have been known for centuries; they were probably the origin of religion and perhaps, since we cannot know what lies behind the inspirations of genius, of all advance; and a clearer recognition of such powers might have interesting effects today on our work in all departments of knowledge.

Here are a few questions. If spirit possession is an actuality, how much labour may be wasted by a psychiatry that works in ignorance of such entities and their ways? What suffering might be avoided were medicine to welcome the collaboration of the spirit doctors who work through healers? Must not a science that has dissolved matter into mathematics eventually recognise the "etheric" world which is said to interpenetrate the

physical and make it live? How much of the New Testament might be newly illuminated by a spiritualistic approach? How much literary study is vitiated by blindness to the occult powers housed in poetry and drama, ancient and modern? And what would be the effect on world affairs were there a general recognition of the established evidence regarding responsibility beyond death?

It is not to be supposed that Spiritualism can replace any of our set disciplines,

but rather that it is, in different ways, basic to all. All our twentieth-century studies, including theology, are conditioned by our twentieth-century mind-structure; and on this surface, chaos is inevitable and development limited. Sources must be tapped from deeper levels which owe nothing to our own minds; which, by their very nature, constitute a challenge to the academic intelligence; and it is from such deeper levels that the spirit personalities speak.

Among the best recent propogandists the following authors may be named: Maurice Barbanell, Anthony Borgia, Shaw Desmond, Lord Dowding, Arthur Findlay, Raynor C. Johnson, Drayton Thomas.

And now Pete Brady:

THERE ARE MORE THINGS ON HEAVEN AND EARTH . . .

Proof for Psychic Phenomena

THE little timorous man who shouts, "Shoot that ref." at the football match is to the psychic researcher one of the most obvious examples of the influence of communal thought. This normally ultra-passive creature has suffered a temporary change in characteristic behaviour due to his telepathic reception of the emotions of the more aggressively impuled beings which surround him.

Most of us, in moments when our brains are relatively inactive are subject to telepathic influences. This is exemplified by the multitude of experiments in hypnosis and auto-suggestion where, whilst a person's brain is rendered inactive by the use of drugs, trances and the like, his behaviour and attitude can be totally changed.

In the last few years intensive research has been undertaken into the nature and power of brain impulses. It has long been known that they can be received by a sensitive, intelligent being in a state of little brain activity, and recently rapid steps were made when it was discovered that these

impulses can be received and recorded by emulsion plates. In 1937 a group of psychic researchers met in London and each member attempted to transmit an idea on to a photographic plate in the centre of the room.

Simultaneously a group in Leeds were trying a similar experiment. The plates were developed in both cases and some of the resultant photographs can be seen on these pages. The thoughts of the London group had been received and recorded not only by the photographic plates in London, but also by those in Leeds. In the first case one group member has transmitted an image of her dead father, W. T. Stead, a pioneer of psychic research. In the second case the member has transmitted a group of flowers. The Leeds plates show in more detail the same images.

It is now believed that inanimate objects can be influenced by thought impulses: in the Delawarr Laboratories in Oxford, and at similar institutions in the United States and Japan, research has been undertaken into the effect of the brain on crop growth. In



London



Leeds

Oxford a field was sown evenly with grain, then the field was divided into strips and alternate strips were blessed by a priest. The resultant crop proved to be much better in the blessed strips than in those which were not. A photograph was taken of water after it had been blessed by a priest who concentrated on the Cross whilst he performed the ceremony. The resultant print showed an image of a cross in the water. Recently experiments have been carried out in the television programme "Lifeline" demonstrating how a person, by concentrating on some personal possession (in this case a watch) of someone unknown to him, can describe the owner so accurately that the phenomenon cannot be explained as coincidence.

It is the opinion of Dr. Macdonald, of the Leeds Psychic Research Society, that poltergeist activity can be explained as being the result of the radiation of the surplus thought energy of some adolescents. Immature teenagers, usually girls, have been present during the enactment of all known Poltergeist manifestations. Dr. Macdonald suggests that the furniture and plate-throwing is caused by excessive

impulses radiating from the adolescent brain with a pronounced sub-conscious destructive tendency. The transmission of surplus brain impulses has already been proved more pronounced in adolescents than in adults by experiments with wireless: an adult by moving his hand towards a wireless speaker can cause an increase in volume, but this increase is much greater when the operation is performed by an immature person.

Clairvoyance is a quite common occurrence, though persons are compelled to leave their experiences untold due to the generally sceptical attitude of modern society. Dr. Macdonald tells me that he has had visions on various occasions: spiritual visions are quite common occurrences in the history of the Church. I have met various people who have had clairvoyant experiences; a Norwegian friend was passing a curtained window in a small Swedish village which she had never before visited. She suddenly had a clear image of one wall of the room beyond the window. The image so obsessed her that she finally asked at the house if she might see into the room. She was allowed in, and there

found the wall and its decorations exactly as she had visualised them.

Such phenomena are the principle interest of the Psychic Research Society. Its members, many of whom are prominent Christians, are particularly concerned with the relation of these occurrences to the stories of the Bible — such stories as the

withering of the fig tree, the vision of Saint Paul, the clairvoyant abilities of Christ. The Society is not a Spiritualist organisation; rather are its members engaged in scientific research. Many more experiments must be performed before man can truly claim to have explored even the periphery of this new science.



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GRYPHON PROFILE No. 1

Whither Hailsham Now?

By David Bateman

"THE eminent politician, writer, Q.C., wit, and thinker has at last gone to grass"—this was one of the many assessments of Hailsham when the news of the third Conservative victory at the polls was announced last October.

There are many who in sorrow or in grief would agree, believing either that as a result of the election the Labour party is finished, and that therefore the Conservatives no longer need the power and inspiration of Hailsham's personality, or that the famous or infamous Viscount has in fact at last fallen from his peak.

For Hailsham was indeed at the top of his political profession: since the publication of the first edition of his "Case for Conservatism" he has been rightly regarded as one of the leaders of Conservative political thought, and also the man with the right gimmick at the right time to arouse the apathetic element of the party, and to infuse some of his vitality and enthusiasm into the thought and political action of the time.

Hailsham is a man of fairly diminutive stature and not of first class health, yet he puts so much into his addresses that he finishes practically exhausted and must take time to recuperate before his next activity, usually yet another platform speech to take even more of his energy and consume still more of his phenomenal working capacity. Nevertheless, to listen to this man is more often than not inspiring though invariably interesting.

When I was fortunate enough to meet Hailsham on his visit to Leeds last year I was immediately struck by his manner and bearing. Scorning the offer of a car, he strode purposefully through one of the crowded main thoroughfares with an energy and determination that turned the heads of many of the people as he passed.

Over tea he proved himself an excellent conversationalist with a seeming unending store of anecdotes concerning personalities from about 1910 to the present day. He has a disconcerting habit of ending any story or capping any humorous remark with a whimsical laugh, and he is a master of the art of being able to change quickly from the humorous to the serious and vice-versa.

The 1959 election is now over: there will probably be at least four years until the next one. Hailsham will not be needed in his role as organiser of the election campaign for some time to come. What, then, is his place? Where will he fit into the party machine, now established and secure, and hardly requiring his

extra ginger.

Obviously much of his time will be taken up with big new official duties, and Hailsham is an ideal sort of man for the work. Yet he can, and surely will, fulfill a vital role in the Party also. Political thought must be kept up to date, and it is from Hailsham as well as the Conservative Political Centre and the Bow Group, that this thinking may well come.



Again, a safe and secure party may also be an apathetic one — “You’ve never had it so good” can so easily become a universal panacea within the rank and file — and once again Hailsham’s dynamic personality may well be seen again to the fore in the next few years, instilling yet more political activity into the ordinary party members.

Here then is a man of vigour and energy, a thinker to whom the

Conservative Party owe so much; a sort of individualist “ginger group” who can instil such vitality into the Party that they might well win even the fourth election in a row.

Hailsham is not a dead personality; he is very much alive; and he is a man the Conservatives cannot afford to forget.

first of the wine

By Brian McClorry

SYMBOLISM is valuable for it may express to the composer his own meaning, whilst other minds happily produce different interpretations. This satisfies everybody except the critics. Similarly wine is symbolic of beauty, thought, laughter and truth. It is a universal aphrodisiac. Wine was first introduced to us, many ages ago, after this fashion:

In the village of Longbarrow in England, before the ice-seas came down from the north there dwelt a man named Djunk who, after some years in the profession as an administrator (being an intellectual by profession) had taken a long house of stone in which to live, rest and think. Although gifted with knowledge and wealth he still desired to be set apart from his fellows, superior to them. To this end he commenced a journey to the mountain of Sp’neriel, where he asked the gods to grant him the gift which would render him unique. He was therefore given a chalice of purple wine which filled him with wisdom, understanding, and that mental spirit which set him apart from all others.

After many days he returned to his own people full of the knowledge of wine and the making of it, but because of an evil inclination, did not speak to them

“Sunday is good for drinking, Monday too,
Nor yet on Tuesday put the wine from you,
Wednesday drink deep, Thursday nor
Friday fail,
On Saturday is nothing else to do.”

Richard Le Gallienne.



concerning his journey. Not until after his death did men learn of wine and its making, spreading the news throughout the world.”

NOW the way of wine is strange, for although it gives much, most is lost, our conversations and our thoughts, for wine is not a resting atmosphere nor a lasting thing and the best we have will finally lie forgotten. Nevertheless for all it loses, wine is for remembrance, and therefore, as the wisdom of Omar Khayyam dictates, we should spill a portion of wine to the dust beneath our feet before we drink, in memory of those who have gone and lie far distant leaving behind the sea of bone-dust as their epitaph. However, in the disappearing moments I would have you each the others chronicler, all passionate scribes undeviated from your task lest one small gem be lost.

But wine is not tolerant of sly fellows and will not allow excesses or evil exploita-

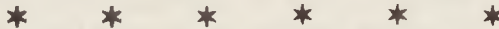
tion without exacting full payment, because wine is the art of fulfillment and this is the justice and the judgement of all who live on the slopes where the vine grows.

Wine is old and the colour of wine has a depth which of its very nature is impenetrable. It was no vain fancy which made Homer write of "the wine dark sea" — the sea and the wine are both capricious, deep and fickle, both can destroy and make new again, both are the poets' imagery.

Wine is the sustainer of energies and

good will, the repositior of knowledge, wisdom and endeavour of the mind, remaining constant amongst all changes. Through all time men have turned to wine in joy and sorrow, in anger and perplexity, and when they went 'over the whale's back' they found no land untouched by its mystery.

Only one thing is comparable to wine, approaching near the vineyard's perfection, requiring a deal of skill in the making and great comprehension by you and me and that is cheese, which is another story.



Author of Henry VIII

Good King Bess!

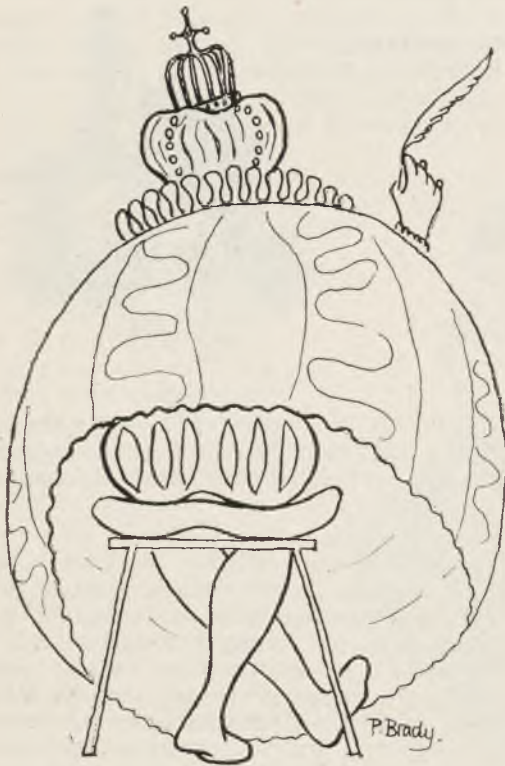
TALES OF (I) HOFFMAN

By David Eastwood

reason we can only accept it as a fact that much has been written in recent years concerning the authorship of the plays and sonnets usually attributed to William Shakespeare.

The rot (3) was started by Mark Twain, who suggested that Shakespeare's plays were not in fact written by Shakespeare, but by someone else of the same name. This set the stone rolling and, moss or no moss, it soon became a mountain. There were numerous suggestions, though after a little while the field split into two roughly equal groups;

1. "The Man Who Was Shakespeare," by Calvin Hoffman.
2. This point will be further elucidated when the projected Gellner-Ryle book appears.
3. In both senses probably.



THE English never harbour the desire to get even with an enemy — which has led to their characterisation as an odd people. Justifiably so, for they produce the greatest playwright the world has ever known and then, resplendent in the radiance of his work, seek to disown him and even question his very existence.

Is this cynicism, or merely the effects of Logical Empiricism? (2) Whatever the

those who advanced Marlowe and a somewhat rasher section which favoured Bacon.

However, it is my thesis that the authorship of Shakespeare's plays can be credited to neither of these and, within the short compass allowed me, I shall show that the only person who could have written both the plays and the sonnets was in fact **Elizabeth I, Queen of England**. My attention was first

1066 and all . . .

called to this startling fact some years ago by a chance statement (4), but backed by unimpeachable historical authority. After further penetrating enquiries (5) into the life and times of the first Elizabethan Age, I uncovered a number of interesting facts which seem to have been neglected by historians, perhaps because they cannot be fitted into any of the general historical schemes.

Whatever faults history has, originality is not one of them — it is not history which repeats itself but historians who repeat one another. What must be realised at once then, is that Elizabeth I was a man. How else, I would ask, are we to explain her longevity, her political genius and . . . her long-preserved virginity? The reason for this stupendous feat of deception is not too difficult to find.

THE political scene was one of unrest (which is a safe thing to say about any age) and it was realised that the only way to play France and Spain off against one another was to inflame the emotions of the Princes with the thought of an alliance both politically and connubially acceptable. The true nature of Elizabeth's identity established, consider again my main thesis, that it was she (6) who wrote the so-called "works of Shakespeare." With the arguments from general probability I will not

4. "The Pelican History of England 5, Tudor England," by S. T. Bindoff.—Page 188.
5. "A Shorter Outline of History," by H. G. Wells.
6. He, in fact.
7. Macbeth.
8. Henry V.

weary you, except to point out the intimate knowledge of Court procedure in Scotland (7), the close familiarity with the French tongue (8), the ample **supply of secretaries** to necessary for playwriting and the comparative freedom from political worries gained by having William Cecil in charge.

Compare also the following parallelisms between authenticated sayings of Elizabeth and the works of Shakespeare:

SHAKESPEARE	ELIZABETH
Julius Caesar:	After a bridge party one evening:
"To part the glories of this happy day . . ."	" . . . to part the spoils this happy play."
Richard II:	Speaking to
"My Lord . . ."	Lord Cecil:
Hamlet:	"My Lord . . ."
"Enough of this."	Same bridge party,
All's Well That Ends Well:	four hours later:
"And he must needs go that the Devil drives."	"I've had enough."
	In a temper:
	"Go to h . . ."

WERE I to rest my case here I would have done no more than the advocates of Marlowe and Bacon, but I have further



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conclusive evidence which proves my case. It is in the form of a cipher which may be found in a madrigal composed by Elizabeth at the age of 38. She dedicated it to the memory of her birthday and modestly called it "The Fair May Queen" (9). The first stanza of this song is, as you will doubtless remember:

"The fair may queen,
Let us hand in hand enchained,
Dance up and down the green."

This refers directly, of course, to the deception which Elizabeth was maintaining at the time. In modern English we would translate this as: "Let me lead you up the garden path." (10) But the cipher . . . have you spotted it? Take the 6th letter of the 2nd line, the 2nd letter of the 3rd line, the 8th letter of the 1st line and the first 3 letters of the 2nd line, and what do we get?

HAMLET

This is only an example. You will scarcely credit this, until you try it yourself as an exercise, but there are similarly concealed in these three lines "The Tempest," "Titus Andronicus" and "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Methodology

UNFORTUNATELY, exigencies of space do not permit further elaboration save for a brief comment on methodology. It is not so much the conclusions reached in this essay which are important, but rather the indications it gives to the possible authorship of a deal of disputed material.

Indeed a line of research which I am currently developing attempts to show that many nursery rhymes are of Elizabethan origin. Is the jump from "Mary had a little lamb" to "Mary's had her little lot" too large for the imagination to bridge?

9. It may be said, and correctly too, that Elizabeth's birthday was in September; May, however, was her official birthday.

10. No U.N. advertisers need apply.



ANTI-UGLINESS



By permission of Yorkshire Evening Post.

By **DAVID ELLAR**

SUCCESSFUL town and country planning must aim at providing the best possible environment for the maximum number of people. For the past ten years this definition seems to have been forgotten by those who are responsible for the nation's planning. 'Subtopia' is the creeping disease which attempts to merge town and countryside with hideous consequences.

The worst cases of this disease are to be seen in the areas of new rural housing. Here ignorance of the existing village design plus strict regard for the throttling bye-laws equals chaotic ugliness. A familiar sight is the conglomeration of army surplus Nissen huts, corrugated iron sheds and dumps of unknown material so typical of rural industry.

In urban areas housing development is divided into that under private and that under municipal ownership. In the former case seemingly demented householders are allowed full vent to their lunacy so that the

landscape becomes pitted with imitation rusticity and "ye olde worlde bungalowes" stuck up alongside ultra-modern sputnik-like concretions.

Modern housing need not be stereotyped. However, nor need it be dull due to restriction of building types. In many cases more advantage might be taken of the natural features of the site. In the new town of Harlow, small sections of the area were allocated to individual architects who were allowed to use their own ideas whilst cooperating with each other on the overall layout effect. This scheme proved extremely successful.

The advertising industry does its best to enlarge the subtopian scene. It has been suggested that advertising would be best if confined to TV, newspapers, buses and railway stations. As it is we have to endure those gigantic hoardings on bomb sites surrounded by the inevitable rockery. Galaxies of neon signs blind us at every

turn as we pick our way through a pavement maze of metal boards and litter bins proclaiming the virtues of 'Slobbo's' ice cream.

The urban scene is often marred by its 'street furniture.' A vast range of objects is included in this category, the majority of which are not subject to any form of planning control. Mr. mythical 'Average Person' tends to keep his eyes down when travelling and consequently these are the things which exert the most influence on the eyelevel view. The modern unrelated hotch-potch of 'street furniture' is undoubtedly due to the dearth of cooperation between government departments and local planning authorities. At the other extreme, regional building traditions have been forgotten so that suburbs look much the same everywhere. Some co-ord'nating body is needed which will view the street scene as a whole and evolve a system of national standards. B. G. King has put forward three major principles for judging the suitability of 'street furniture': (1) Is the object functional? (2) Is the material it is made of appropriate? (3) Is the material fitted to the technique of making the article? General application of these standards would eliminate such horrors as open mesh litter bins which allow litter to drop through, one-sided bus shelters and lamp standard concrete ugliness.



AT LAST — A TREE OF MY OWN !

M.B.

Janet Gray
investigates

Northern Home Service

LOOKING through the big glass panel it was funny to see people talking quite close and no sound coming from their lips. About a dozen of them were sitting in a circle on the green contemporary sofas, more like a coffee-morning than a play rehearsal. A stage manager sat back with her eyes closed, her script unopened on her knee. It was very quiet, even footsteps were absorbed by the fitted carpets, like ink soaking into blotting paper.

This was the B.B.C. At first I just sat, trying to change my previous childish impressions — of actors standing in a bare studio, with only a microphone hanging in the air just above their heads, of technicians rushing round busily with ear-phones and of temperamental producers — impressions gleaned from Boys' Annuals and odd glimpses of behind-the-scenes activity on Television. This was calm and peaceful. The only sound was disembodied voices coming from the left of the producer's office where I was sitting.

BIG BROTHER

The studio was larger than I had expected, and apart from box-like fixtures on the wall, bore as much resemblance to my imagined studio as an igloo to an hotel lounge. It looked modern and quite comfortable, and among the contemporary paintwork and carpet the microphones on booms looked almost out of place. These, the boxes, which, I was told, were to absorb the sounds of different instruments during concerts, and the big double-glass window, behind which I sat like Big Brother, were the only reminders that we were in a studio.

After a while the read-through ended and the rehearsal proper began. The microphone was behind a screen in a corner, and the actors disappeared behind it to say their lines and then emerged periodically to smoke or read the papers before disappearing again. It was difficult to match the voices and people to whom they belonged — it was a north country farce and the broad accents seemed to have no connection with the smartly-dressed group behind the screen. The stage-manager had woken up and was out of sight, arranging the door-banging and noises-off. The atmosphere was still one of peaceful organisation, quiet except for the voices and rustle of pages.

"Right, hold it a minute." The producer turned to arrange the intro music, and the loudspeaker whispered rhubarb-noises as the cast chatted amongst themselves, forgetting the microphone.

WELL KNOWN SOUNDS

"... So I'm trying London soon, there's a better chance there, don't you think?"

"... How do you pronounce that?"

"They're not supposed to talk near the microphone," said the producer. "Sometimes we have to switch off if it gets too personal."

He was much younger than I had expected, as they all were, dealing with actors and technicians with quiet efficiency and getting what he wanted without seeming to do so.

One of the technicians was trying out records of sound effects on a long bench of gramophones that looked like a black cooking-range. From a pile of records, he chose several and played them for me, and cheering crowds, signature tunes and traffic came from the loudspeaker in a succession of well-known sounds. I shut my eyes. With them open I was a stranger in someone else's everyday world. When they were closed I was beside my wireless, where imagination provides the pictures and the voices I could hear were familiar.

We went to the canteen for tea. It was a miniature Caf., and the people were as mixed as the assortment of departments in

the lunch-hour queue. The conversation was all shop; the stage manager was from London where she had been working with the Dale family. "They're very odd. They even say, 'Good morning Mary, good morning Jim.'" They talked about the letters — fan letters, anonymous letters, letters from cranks and letters from people who thought they were being persecuted in the News Bulletins. A woman once sent a cheque for an income-tax rebate to the B.B.C. because she thought the news reader was continually referring to her.

We drifted back to the studio, and the rehearsal began again. Fade in, a short scene, fade out, repeated over and over until it was just right. They had been at it all afternoon and would be there until seven and again all the next day, and then it would be taped ready for transmission in a month's time as Wednesday matinee.

Fade in, act, fade out. A change of emphasis here, a small alteration there, fade out. Find suitable opening music, fade in. "I want the sound of typing there, changing to slower, one-finger typing." "Where's the bell gone? I had it this morning." Fade in, fade out. Timing — "we'll get him to write in a few more lines in the morning." What music to end with? "Who's got that bloody door-bell?" Fade in, fade out...

I slipped through the door and, as it closed behind me, the only sound was the clicketty-click of my heels as I walked down the silent corridor.

Members of the Editorial

Board would welcome

contributions or sugges-

tions for the next issue,

due to appear in May.

FALSE SECURITY—



—Dismiss it with a shrug

ALBERT CAMUS died in January of this year. Most people have heard of him as an artist who unveiled the deeper absurdities of existence to men. This introduction is intended merely to catch the eye because I have no intention of presenting yet another pretentious literary essay.

I would much rather discuss the more patent absurdities we dismiss with a

— By —

P. K. Dodd

nonchalant shrug or a contemptuous smile. These absurdities, or unnatural modes of speech or gesture that we have encouraged are part of our everyday life. They can readily be seen in any surroundings but more particularly in those conducive to physical relaxation — for instance a

waiting room, coffee lounge, or a bar. "In vino veritas" is doubtless the tag that springs most readily to mind, because usually stimulated by alcohol, the pomposities and exaggerated gestures swell to such an extent that we can no longer ignore them. Is it not with wine that hitherto latent traits emerge into the open?

Fortunately we solve the problem with laughter, but should we examine it we may find that these traits were not latent at all, usually they are facets of a consciously fabricated personality. The mind only passes those facets it wishes to have exhibited, and so this new glittering, temporarily exciting personality is sloughed into a world knee-deep in these false coverings.

HOWEVER small your circle of acquaintances, affectation has a firm place. How many habitual gestures are the result of artificial cultivation? Many

feminine gestures — the exaggerated kittenish swirl, the forced laughter ("she threw back her head and silvery peals of laughter, etc."), the flutter of hands, the lowering of eyelids, the flurry of petticoats as she runs needlessly to the door, the legs curled under with a mute appeal for appreciation — must surely have come en bloc from films, books and especially women's magazines.

How many James Deans and Western lawmen have we strutting stifflegged round our dance halls? It is embarrassing, but not very difficult to remember the heavy influence of the screen hero, or perhaps it was the saint? The blank dismay as all that appears in the mirror is a callow adolescent instead of the virile expression one always imagined such a facial muscle formation must surely create.

Do you remember the first time you heard your voice on a tape recorder? But then self-examination is not only difficult but painful — and even if it does happen, the scars tissue over very quickly.

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS

DO your friends classify into arbitrary (and false) groupings? For instance they can be divided into industrious and lazy, quiet and noisy, to name only two. Unfortunately illusions are often shattered when such-and-such an industrious friend who crouches so intently over his books is observed staring glazedly at the same page for a considerable length of time, or is obviously attempting to establish a means of contact, other than visual, with the extremely attractive young lady who sits not far away. The same mistake can be made with one's quiet friends.

The quiet contemptuous sage, brooding, highly disdainful of most human pursuits, is discovered to raise his voice should a stranger be obviously listening and give vent to as many brilliant remarks as he can muster. Indeed those who regard other activities askance are most often those who would join in if they could conquer their pride.

DIRT, VICE, DISEASE

Their discontent is channelled into contempt. Many find other channels. There are those who find university life dissatisfying, and cannot accept it; who will accept from a city only its luxuries and disregard its less pleasant aspects. The proximity of dirt, vice and disease is abhorrent to them. They must steel themselves prior to walking down a back street. They shut mind and eyes to **Life**.

LITERATURE and art pass them by. They retreat to an artificial plastic sphere of light laughter and idle conversation, they alienate themselves from living. They inhabit a world of dancing and dining, cars and coffee, of comfort and fine cloth. It is the unreal umbrella world where others dare not tread for fear of dying spiritually.

They are the Judes seeking the peace and quiet of a cathedral town, a town of soft mellow brick, of muted bells, of ease and perfection, a world which exists only in fiction.

The result of affectation is the scorn and hate poured onto the uncorrupted, until most of them are forced to accept the debased standards and errors of the society they live in.



Poetry and Sanity

By
Terry Brindley

LITTLE poetry is read today. Those who do read it put forward their reasons and remedies. Human limitations almost forbid that there will be any final reasons and remedies in this piece. But who am I to say that I am wrong?

Our society is complacently deformed and arrogantly insane. Sanity, I take it (avoiding obtuse medico - sociological jargon) is merely a full harmonious development of **all** the faculties of a given personality. Harmony embraces the conception of godhead and the balance of the senses. To try and discover how such a condition can be achieved is the quest of the poet. To communicate it is his skill.

Both by exhibiting ugliness for our condemnation and illustrating perfection for our goal, poetry has a function which it serves society to misunderstand. The powerful are educated to perpetuate disfigurement of the natural impulses of trust and love. Money and more power; control of the exterior world, is believed to be more important than wholeness and unity. The materialists despise those who seek perfection. At best those half-educated 'university men' and the wholly ignorant treat art as a palliative for a dirty existence.

The successful of this world are self-seeking machines. Creative thinking is not only superfluous to them but destructive of their mechanical lives. So they leave it alone.

Mistrust of the arts and acceptance of the squalor around them is rationalised away, if necessary. A rancid puritanism imagines it is fulfilling God's higher will in the wilderness. **B e a u t y** is an **u n w h o l e s o m e**

indulgence; a non-essential to the scientist and businessmen. It is neater and less trouble if they manage without a soul.

Some of these pawns conceive a need for poetry. **But it must be on their own terms.** Betjeman is one good example of what they want. Sterile prosaic comfortable. The other result of this desire is delirium. Neurotic poetasters scribble their sore hearts on to the page. They try to find some relation between their futility and their possibility. This despair leads to the brutal incomprehensibility of much modern poetry. I myself tried to write this kind of stuff (see back issues of *Minotaur*). I now feel that this struggle with myself was only a preliminary search for myself.

Belief in poetry is a religious belief. Its mythologies are man's longing for a meaning where the crude eye sees nothing but chaos. Ultimately, faith in poetry is faith in man. Poetry is a continuous search for perfection. And the greater the ideal the more vigorous will be our struggle towards it. Poetry will teach us how to live and what to work for.



Thus die I,
Thw, Thus, Thus!

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The National Coal Board

Coal mining today is very largely a new industry. It is steadily being transformed by the continuous reconstruction which has been taking place over the last decade.

There are two reasons why this process of reconstruction is a never-ending one. The first reason is that we have to use our resources more efficiently. We have to bring in more machinery to reduce human toil and we have to improve our conditions of work so that they help men to give of their best.

The second reason is peculiar to the coal industry and but a handful of others. It is that in mining coal today we are making it more difficult to mine tomorrow. In the coal industry success breeds difficulties. The quicker we exhaust our good seams the sooner we have to turn to less attractive ones.

In order to carry out this programme of reconstruction and development, it is essential for us to have suitably qualified and well trained men.

There are two schemes of management training, one technical and the other non-technical. The Directed Practical Training Scheme combines technical instruction and practice with tuition in the fundamentals of good management. It is designed for suitable men holding degrees in mining, mechanical, electrical, chemical or civil engineering.

On the non-technical side, there is a scheme whereby graduates may be trained for management in such fields as industrial Relations, Finance, Purchasing and Stores, Marketing and Staff. This is the Administrative Assistant Scheme which is open to persons from outside the industry. Those selected are given a comprehensive training lasting from two to three years. During their training they receive experience in most departments and thus have the opportunity of discovering where their main interests lie.

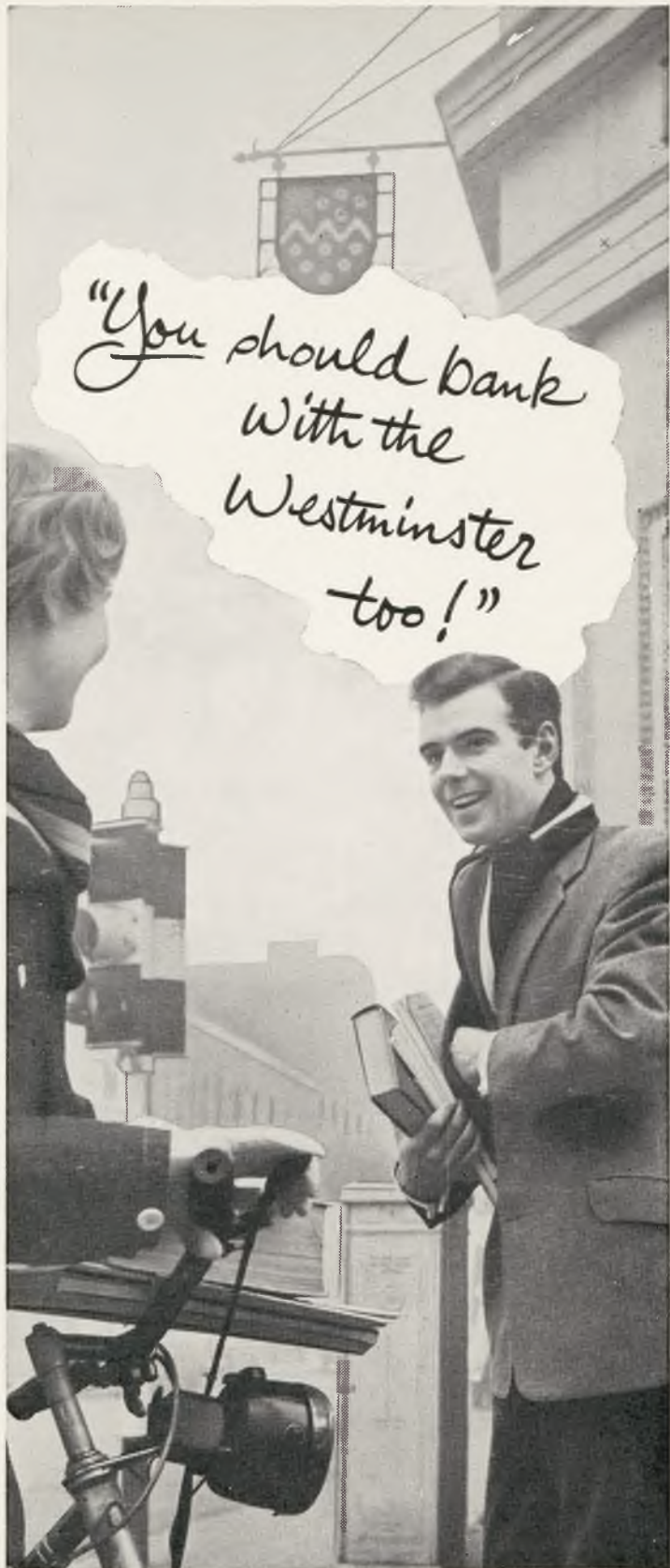
Prospects. After qualifying, there is every prospect of promotion to a really responsible post at an early age, and it is possible to earn a four-figure salary by the age of 30.

Write for full particulars to the Divisional Chief Staff Officer, National Coal Board, 16 South Parade, Doncaster.

Contributors to this issue

- Dr. JOHN REX. Born in South Africa, and lecturer in sociology. He is chief organizer of the local South Africa boycott campaign.
- DAVID WRIGHT. An authority on dreams and an Oxford graduate, this Sadler inmate hopes one day to beat Peter Sellers at his own game. Failing this he might beat Peter Sellers at his own game.
- ALAN ANDREWS. The present J.V.P. He has spoken once or twice in debates. A valuable contact if you want to create, amend or repeal bye-laws.
- TREVOR WEBSTER. Has a vested interest in journalism and the law relating to libel. One day he hopes to turn the News of the World into a scandal rag.
- Prof. G. WILSON KNIGHT. Holds a special chair in English literature. A noted authority on spiritualism and Shakespeare, he is currently appearing in Theatre Group's success "The Merchant of Venice."
- PETER BRADY. A valuable cartoonist and a universal-type publicity manager, he steadfastly denies, amongst other things, the fact that he is Irish.
- DAVID BATEMAN. President elect of the Union and Chairman of Conservative Society — which explains everything.
- BRIAN McCLORRY. May usually be seen at Southampton watching the ships go by. Believes that Engineers are not hairy beasts who live on axle grease and beer. We know better.
- DAVID EASTWOOD. A physicist, cyclist, philosopher and footballer. Reads logic.
- DAVID ELLAR. A very arty man for a scientist. Once a private eye, and interested in telepathy. He will write on anything — often with conviction.
- JANET GRAY. A Tetley girl, but asks you not to hold it against her. Has strong associations with Climbing Club and Bermuda. Ask why and she'll probably slap your face.
- PHILIP DODD. Was a general artist, now spends most of his time at the pictures. When he does make broad daylight it's to criticize them. Loathes sport.
- TERRY BRINDLEY. Third year English. After his poetic license had been endorsed he turned to prose, with which he is hoping to reform mankind. He is not so fussy about the women.
- Cartoons and illustrations by Peter Brady, Martin Bedford, Peter Hall, and Owen Roberts.

Front Cover — African race riots in Banda.



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